

# The Marietta.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal: Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, News of the Day, Local Intelligence, &c.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1863.

VOL. 10.—NO. 12.

Not Alcoholic.

A Highly Concentrated Vegetable Extract.  
A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.  
PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHILA., PA.

WILL effectively cure Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, chronic or nervous Debility, diseases of the Kidneys, and bad diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach. Such as Constipation, indigestion, flatulency or blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, disgust for food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour Eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult Breathing, fluttering at the Heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of Vision, dots or webs before the Sight, fever and dull pain in the Head, deficiency of Perspiration, yellowness of the Skin and Eyes pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., sudden flushes of Heat, burning in the Flesh, constant imaginings of Evil, and grief, depression of Spirits. And will positively prevent Yellow Fever, Bilious Fever, &c.—They contain no Alcohol or bad Whisky—They will cure the above diseases in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

The proprietors have thousands of letters from the most eminent Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, and Citizens, testifying of their own personal knowledge, to the beneficial effects and medical virtues of these Bitters.

Do you want something to strengthen you? Do you want a good appetite? Do you want to build up your constitution? Do you want to feel well? Do you want to get rid of Nervousness? Do you want energy? Do you want to sleep well? Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling? If you do, use Hooiland's German Bitters.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whisky or common rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander seed.

This class of Bitters has caused and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard.

By their use the system is kept sound, equally under the influence of alcoholic stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death.

For those who desire to live and will take a Liquor Bitter, we publish the following receipt: Get one bottle of Hooiland's Bitters and mix with three quarts of good brandy or whisky, and the result will be a preparation that will far excel in medicinal virtues and taste, excelling any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will cost much less. You will have all the virtues of Hooiland's Bitters in connection with a good article of liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS! We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that Hooiland's German Bitters will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposure and privation, and will save life.

In the late, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hooiland's German Bitters. Diseases resulting from disorders of the digestive organs are speedily removed. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise will be lost.

We call the particular attention to the following remarkable and well authenticated, cure of one of the nation's heroes, whose life to use his language, "has been saved by the Bitters."

PHILADELPHIA, August 23d, 1862.  
Messrs. Jones & Evans.—Well, gentlemen, your Hooiland's German Bitters have saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouchsafed for by numbers of my comrades, some of whose names are appended, and who are fully cognizant of all the circumstances of my case. I am, and have been for the last four years, a member of Sherman's celebrated battery, and under the immediate command of Captain R. B. Ayres. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflammation of the lungs, and for seventy-two days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, heightened by an attack of dysentery. I was then removed from the White House, and sent to this city on board the Steamer "State of Maine," from which I landed on the 28th of June. Since that time I have been about as low as any one could be, and still retain a spark of vitality. For a week or more I was scarcely able to swallow anything, and if I did force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again.

I could not even keep a glass of water on my stomach. Life could not last under these circumstances: and, accordingly, the physicians who had been working faithfully, though unsuccessfully to rescue me from the grasp of the dread Archer, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a clergyman, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me. An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Steinborn, of Sixth Avenue, Arch street, advised me, as a forlorn hope, to try your Bitters, and kindly procured a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shadow of death receded, and I am now, thank God for it, getting on my feet. I have taken but two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feel sanguine of being permitted to rejoin my wife and daughter, from whom I have heard nothing for eighteen months; for, gentlemen, I am a loyal Virginian, from the vicinity of Front Royal. To your invaluable Bitters I owe the certainty of life which has taken the place of vague fears—to your Bitters will I owe the glorious privilege of again clasping to my bosom those who are dearest to me in life.

Very truly yours,  
ISAAC MALONE.  
We fully concur in the truth of the above statement, as we had despaired of seeing our comrade, Mr. Malone, restored to health.  
John G. Gifford, 1st New York Battery.  
George A. Ackley, Co. C, 11th Maine.  
Lewis Chevalier, 92d New York.  
I. E. Spencer, 1st Artillery, Battery F.  
J. B. Esawell, Co. B, 3d Vermont.  
Henry B. Serome, Co. B, do.  
Henry T. Macdonald, Co. C, 6th Maine.  
John F. Ward, Co. E, 5th Maine.  
Nathaniel B. Thomas, Co. F, 95th Penn.  
John Jenkins, Co. B, 106th Penn.

Beware of counterfeits! See that the signature of "C. M. Jackson," is on the wrapper of each bottle. Price per bottle 75 cents, or half dozen for \$4.00.

Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory,  
No. 631 Arch Street.  
JOHN B. EVANS,  
(Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.)  
For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States.

The Marietta  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT  
One Dollar a-year; Payable in advance.

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ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12 lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, five cents a-line. Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, FREE; but for any additional lines, five cents a-line.

A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.

Having recently added a large lot of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., to the Job Office of "The Marietta," which will insure the fine execution of all kinds of Job & CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the largest Poster, at prices to suit the War times.

## WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

We'll meet, again! how sweet the word—  
How soothing is its sound!  
Like strains of far-off music heard  
On some enchanted ground.

We'll meet again! thus friendship speaks  
When those most dear depart,  
And in the pleasing prospects seek  
Balm for the bleeding heart.

We'll meet again! the lover cries,  
And oh! what thought but this  
Can e'er assuage the agonies  
Of the last parting kiss!

We'll meet again! are accents heard  
Beside the dying bed,  
When all treas'ur'd grief is stirred,  
And bitter tears are shed.

We'll meet again! are words that cheer  
While bending o'er the tomb;  
For oh! that hope, so bright and dear,  
Can pierce its deepest gloom.

For, in the mansions of the blest,  
Secure from care and pain,  
In heaven's serene and endless rest  
We'll surely meet again.

WOMAN.—Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness, and sometimes folly—annoyed by a dew drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, and ready to faint at even the rustle of a beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rose bud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then; how her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle, and give her a child, a bird, or anything she loves or pities, to protect, and see her, in a relative instance, raising her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimson her untarned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of earth and awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes, lurch by lurch, the stripe of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortune hounds her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of colors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but untended in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle—a mystery, the centre from which radiates the great charm of existence.

An awakened, bashful man who was getting into a stage at Norwich, Conn., a few days ago, pushed his foot through the hoop skirt of a lady passenger. In the course of several ingenious expedients to extricate himself he only succeeded in putting his other foot through the hoops of another lady. Sinking back in seeming despair he shouted, "Hullo, driver, hold on! I thought I was getting into a stage, but I find myself in a cooper's shop!"

The finest idea of a thunder-storm was when Wiggins came home tight one night. He came into the room where his wife and daughters were, and just then he tumbled over the cradle, and fell whop on the floor.

After a short time he rose and said;  
"Wife, are you hurt?"  
"No."  
"Girls, are you hurt?"  
"No."  
"Terrible clap, wasn't it?"

Lord Bacon beautifully said, "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and his heart is no island cut off from other islands, but a continent that joins them."

For The Marietta.  
BEFORE AND AFTER; or, Five Phases of  
Married Life.

By Grantellus.  
CHAPTER VII.

[AN UNCONGENIAL PHASE—Before.]  
"To me he came: my heart with rapture sprung,  
To see the blushes, when his faltering tongue  
First said, I love. My eyes consent reveal,  
And plighted vows our faithful passion seal."

In the present organization and status of society, there are often social and legal connections formed, which at first, would seem to have been founded upon proper grounds, and from proper principles; but which subsequently prove to have been altogether injudicious, or erroneous, in conception, in consummation, and in interior purpose. Not that the parties to such connections are, or have been, willfully evil or perverse, but that they have acted altogether from the dictates of their own, proprium or particular selfhood, and have been ignorant or indifferent about the qualities of their own hearts, and the character of the affections which have been instrumental in leading them into association and connection. The uncongenial and repulsive aspect of these unfortunate connections become more apparent when it is discovered that, mentally and morally, one or more of the parties manifest evidences of fossil fixedness, or retrogression, whilst the others are imbued with a laudable spirit of elevation and progression. But in no other connection that is possible to be formed between human beings, are the consequences more disastrous and more detrimental to the happiness and real welfare of the parties, than they are in cases of marriage union between the sexes; for, in such a connection, not only may the happiness and present and future welfare of the immediate participants be concerned, but they may also involve the temporary and eternal condition of generations unborn; or according to the testimony of scripture, "the thirtieth or fourteenth generation" of their posterity. In illustration of this unfortunate state of things, we may be permitted to cite one of the constantly occurring examples, which may daily be met with in any of the walks of life, from the occupant of the humble cottage to that of the gaudy palace.

At the age of two and twenty, Mr. Theodore Thomew was a poor mechanic, of ordinary intellectual and physical capacity; and, having sprung from a very ordinary and commonplace parentage, he had not the antecedents necessary to stimulate in him any extraordinary postcedents; and therefore, up to this period in life, he had done little more than vegetate under the control and guidance of whomsoever should happen, for the time being, to be his master or his employer. Two or three circumstances in the history of Mr. Thomew, when a mere boy, may have had a tendency to make him humble and diffident, and place a very low estimate upon himself and his parentage. Endowed with a reasonable share of observation and reflection, he discovered that his parents were very poor, and did not bear their poverty contentedly or harmoniously—evinced that they both had seen better days in early life, and before they had joined their fortunes together in this world. This discovery led Mr. Thomew to rely upon his own energies, and therefore about the age of ten or eleven years he had already left the paternal domicile;—without education; without special parental guidance; without a fixed purpose, and almost without God—to commence the battle of life on his own account. Too grateful in obtaining patronage and employment, under any circumstances and on any conditions, he was content to work, more for the mere privilege of having something to do, than from what he might reasonably expect to obtain for his labor. After having been boxed about some four or five years in his tenderer youth, Mr. Thomew had finally, at the age of fifteen, been bound an apprentice to a kind-hearted, but dissolute and sensuous master, whom he faithfully served for five long years, in forming habits for the wants of the merely external man; and, without having been encouraged in, or having availed himself of any opportunity, to cultivate and minister to the wants of his own moral and intellectual nature, or to that of his "fellow craftsman."

About the same age, but somewhat more fortunately circumstanced in life, was Miss Doretha Dollman, at the period when Mr. Thomew had attained his twenty-second year. Miss Dollman's parents were of the class called "poor," but they were still industrious and pro-

vident; and having little or no appreciation of the wants of the mental man, they were contented and happy in providing for the wants of the physical, with an additional laudable, yet very blind, devotion to an unfathomable and dogmatical faith, the mechanical performance of whose rites, pass current in this world for religion. Miss Dollman's parents were not hypocrites—far from it—but they were illiterate and unsophisticated, and could comprehend very little that was not susceptible of an ocular and tangible demonstration, and doubtless they had long since concluded, that "where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise." Miss Dollman had been sent to school and had learned to read and write, but to judge from her subsequent practice and course in life, it is doubtful if she ever for a moment supposed that what she learned in the school room, was ever intended to be made use of anywhere else,—in the daily intercourse or business concerns of the domestic circle, or in society at large.

Miss Dollman was a "right down" pretty girl at twenty-two—albeit she considered it no sin to pass for eighteen—with her heavy dark curling locks and her large blue eyes, but her figure was short, and her gait inclined to hobbling. She was also humane, and pure-minded; and, with all her illiteracy, was endowed with more than an ordinary share of industry, economy, prudence, and propriety. Under different auspices and circumstances, with two or three inches added to the height of her stature, she might have made a most noble specimen of a woman, but unfortunately she took the fossil and non-progressive status of her parents as her standard of excellence, and remained through life as fixed and immovable as they.

At the period when this history opens, Mr. Theodore Thomew and Miss Doretha Dollman were socially, pecuniarily, and intellectually equal,—not morally so—Miss Dollman was always more moral than Mr. Thomew, but this was perhaps not so much from the greater efforts on her part to cultivate an intelligent code of morals as her guide and minister in life, as from a strong hereditary predisposition, transmitted to her by her parents. Some of her exhibitions of humanity, however, were considered ridiculous, even in the estimation of her best friends; for, like "Uncle Toby," she would open the door and bid an annoying fly depart into a cold and ungrateful world, rather than put an end to its importunities and its existence, by crushing it in an instant under her heel. This was directly in opposition to the seemingly cruel trait in Mr. Thomew's character, which was to consign a thing to an immediate and prompt punishment or death, when it became manifest that the object deserved to be so disposed of.

Mr. Thomew and Miss Dollman had now been on terms of intimacy, with little or no interruption, for two or three years already, and the good citizens of the village of Goodhaven, with their accustomed judgement and promptitude, had pronounced them a very proper "match" to be united together in bonds matrimonial. Miss Dollman may have coincided in this judgement of the male and female savans of the village, but somehow Mr. Thomew never for a moment dreamed of such a contingency, until his fondness for, and his monopolization of Miss Doretha's society, left him, in strict honor, no other alternative than to propose,—prospectively at least—which was of course accepted; for Doretha being already twenty-two, her gossiping female associates of the elder class, had faithfully instructed her that now was the time,—and to "strike while the iron was hot." Before the consummation of their nuptials, however, Mr. Thomew conceived, that it would enlarge his mind and experience if he were to see something more of the world than was to be met with in the village of Goodhaven, and in the meantime Miss Doretha would be benefited by a session or two at a country school, for deficient as he himself was, yet she was eminently more so, in those essentials of education which constitute the groundwork of a progressive and useful life. True to their mutual promises, made and consecrated upon a beautiful moonlight evening, beneath the waving boughs of a weeping willow, they wrote each other often, after Mr. Thomew had taken his departure for a distant city, where he resided for several months. The parting shock was a sad one to Miss Dollman, but she survived it; and the first letter she received from her lover, which

was full of protestations of constancy, restored her mind and feelings to their usual equanimity. Mr. Thomew, however, was not favorably affected with Miss Doretha's epistolary replies to his letters. They were too commonplace and did not contain the least particle of poetry or romance in their composition; moreover, the sphere that seemed to emanate from them did not breathe the artlessness of his Doretha of the earlier days of their acquaintance; and they pained him so much that he felt it a difficult matter to read them over a second time, and therefore as he read them once, he destroyed them. Nor could he trace anything of the diligent school-girl advancement in them; in short, they seemed like the hand-to-hand compositions of a second or third rate amanuensis. Mr. Thomew's mind had made a step or two forward in the world of literature; a world, the existence of which he did not seem to be conscious of before; and therefore he felt anxious that his Doretha should share with him the pleasure which it afforded, and be a sympathizer with him in all the trials and labors which his exploration involved. Her letters did not satisfy him that such would certainly be the case, even if they were united in marriage. Mr. Thomew suddenly returned to his native village after an absence of a year, and found his Doretha improved in appearance and unworried in constancy. He was too humane to bring about a repetition of the scene of their former parting, and therefore after a brief period, Mr. Theodore Thomew and Miss Doretha Dollman were quietly married.

Perhaps within the social sphere in which Mr. Thomew and Miss Dollman moved, there was not a pair of individuals that were more favorably regarded and known; and in their way, these good opinions of their fellow associates may have been fully merited. They were both orderly, industrious, economical, affable, and of pleasing person and address; and although making no special profession of religion or morality, yet they in their lives were governed by rules of conscience. From Mr. Thomew's humble beginning in life, and from the contumely and reproach which he suffered in his early youth on account of his subject and seemingly forlorn condition, he had come to think so disparagingly of himself, that he could hardly realize the thought even that any being on earth could entertain any feelings of affection for him. He never had come, into social contact with any female since his juvenile school days, except those who had exercised the functions of an austere or sharp mistressship over him and some of these had imbued him with feelings of terror. Under their criticisms and commands, he would often tremble and sweat, in a paroxysm of embarrassment. As he approached a state of manhood—or perhaps the stature of manhood—he very naturally developed a growing love for the opposite sex, and Miss Doretha Dollman was the first female of his choice, who had received his advances with kindness and modest affection. He himself regarded it also an act of condescension, in her receiving those uncourtly attentions, which he was alone capable of giving. Often would he consult the little, cracked looking-glass, suspended from a nail, in a beam of his humble chamber, and wonder how any female could possibly think sufficient of him, to allow him to call her wife, or even friend. But Miss Doretha, even in opposition to a manifest disinclination on the part of her family, would treat with studied indifference—though not with rudeness—the attentions of all other suitors,—of whom there were a number—and observed a singleness of attachment for Mr. Thomew that seemed somewhat surprising; and no doubt justly surprising, in the eyes of the merely mercenary; for it was known that Mr. Thomew had hardly "two coppers to rub against each other"—as it was elegantly expressed by some of her female foes—whilst other suitors of Miss Doretha, were the possessors of sufficient of worldly wealth to establish her immediately as the mistress of a goodly mansion.

"What in the world can she see in that raw-boned and slender-shanked knight of the jack-plane?" was often repeated by a few of the disparaging busy-bodies by which Miss Dollman was sometimes surrounded in the domicile of her parents,—aye, what can she see?"

Under these circumstances it was not at all wonderful that Mr. Theodore Thomew should remain constant and consistent in his plighted faith to Miss Doretha Dollman, even when through

an intuitive perception, he was admonished that the dissimilarity in their undeveloped tastes, and habits of thought, might ultimately manifest themselves on planes too diverse, for them to unite in an unalloyed and congenial companionship for life. It cannot be laid down as criminal in Miss Doretha that she had no taste for music, or dancing, or general literature, and that her greatest delight was in the performance of domestic duties alone; for her proclivities in this direction had been inherited from her parentage, and she did not seem to be any more able to forego them than a duck is able to forego the water. She seemed to be honestly laboring under the impression that those who devote themselves to book-learning and other accomplishments, were altogether unfit to perform the business or domestic concerns of life. In this opinion she was not alone, for her parents and many of her associates, and many of the world at large entertain the same opinion; and upon a merely superficial view of life, there seems to be much to justify an opinion of this kind; for many of the educated females with whom Miss Dollman came in social contact, were as verdant and as shiftless in essential domestic affairs as a South sea Islander. Neither Mr. Thomew nor Miss Dollman had made sufficient advancement, morally or intellectually, to realize that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and therefore they had not learned to understand that the highest accomplishments and the most essential domestic occupations, could be so blended in the same individual, as to add a grace, and an efficiency in their happy combination, that could not be attained by the ignorant and the boorish. Moreover, what ever Mr. Thomew's ideal may have been in this respect, it is certain that his pecuniary circumstances were such as to preclude the possibility of his entering into the marriage state at all, unless with one possessing the very patient and self-denying qualities of Miss Doretha Dollman; and therefore, having in honesty of purpose plighted his faith to her, he entertained no more idea of doing violence to that pledge, than he did of throwing himself from the steeple of the village church. He had never violated his word even in the smallest thing, for which he did not feel the keenest lashings of conscience, and his pledge with Miss Dollman he held sacred above all other engagements, whatever consequences to his or her welfare or happiness might ultimately grow out of it; and so they were accordingly married.

A college student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relation to the Deity, was asked: "What relations do we most neglect?" when he answered with much simplicity, "poor relations, sir."

The rebel Government talks of paying the soldiers liberally after the war. Its liberality reminds us of the poor fellow's will—"I have nothing; I owe everybody; the rest I give to the poor."

Cicero made the following wise remark: "As I approve of a youth who has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man who has something of the youth in him."

Charles Lamb's opinion of the Water Cure—"It is, neither new nor wonderful, for it is as old as the deluge, when, in my opinion, it killed more than it cured."

Canada seems to be afraid of annexation to the United States. A poor and ugly girl might as well be afraid of being married to a rich, handsome, and worthy gentleman.

Artemus Ward says there are no daily papers published in his town, but there is a ladies' sewing circle, which answers the same purpose.

The Richmond Whig boasts that the Confederacy is now giving bread and board to a good many Union prisoners. It might add that their bed is but a board.

Tom Thumb retires upon a quarter of a million.—His sometimes boasts that he is a fortune by littleness than by greatness.

The rebel money isn't, like the Federal money, green, but those who take it except upon compulsion are.

Some like their beef-steak rare, others well done. With the rebels all sorts of meats on the tables are rare.

The best thing out—out of debt.