

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, NOVEMBER 7, 1863.

VOL. 10.—NO. 14.

Not Alcoholic.
A Highly Concentrated Vegetable Extract.
A PURE TONIC.

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHIL'A, PA.

WILL effectually cure Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, chronic or nervous Debility, diseases of the Kidneys, and diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach. Such as Constipation, inward Piles, Indigestion or blood, flatulency, acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, acid Eructations, loss of 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, difficulty of Peristalsis, yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., sudden flashes of a King posture, dizziness, constant imaginations 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 six 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 medicinal value of the 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 HOOFLAND'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 Aise or Corned Beef.

This class of Bitters has caused and will continue to cause, long as they are sold, hundreds of deaths in the ranks of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually 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 and will have a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt: Get one bottle of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS and mix with three quarts of good brandy or whisky, and the result will be a preparation that will excel in medicinal virtues and taste the excellence any of the numerous Liquor-Bitters in the market, and will cost much less. You will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'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 the Bitters will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposure and privations incident to camp life. In the lists published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be found that a very large percentage are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by HOOFLAND'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 would be lost.

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

PHILADELPHIA, August 23d, 1862.
Messrs. Jones & Evans:—Well, gentlemen, your HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS has saved my life. There is no mistake in this. It is vouched 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 Sheridan's Cavalry, and under the immediate command of Captain J. B. Ayres. Through the exposure attendant upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with inflammation of the lungs, and was for several 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 did not get home until 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 I had to force a morsel down, it was immediately thrown up again. I could not ever 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 restore me from the grasp of death, 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 named Steinborn, of Sixth Street, advised me, as a fortune hunter, to try your Bitters, and kindly procured a bottle. From the time I commenced taking them the gloomy shade of death, getting better. The now, 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 been separated for eighteen months 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 again ascribe the privilege of again clasping in 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, and were glad to hear of his recovery. J. G. Appleback, 1st New York Battery.
John A. Ackley, Co. C, 11th Maine.
Lewis Chevrolet, 2d New York.
I. E. Spencer, 1st Artillery, Battery F.
J. B. Newell, Co. B, 4th Vermont.
Henry B. Scoville, Co. B, do.
Henry F. Macdonald, Co. C, 6th Maine.
John F. Ward, Co. E, 5th Maine.
Nathaniel B. Thomas, Co. F, 5th Penn.
John Jenkins, Co. H, do.
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 be 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 ANGLE STREET,
JONES & EVANS,
(Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.)
For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States.

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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, Guts, 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.

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

I feel that thou art near, mother,
When death abroad is spread;
Thy form seems with me, 'e'en among
The dying and the dead.
Thy voice comes to me with each breeze
Thy smile where sunlight gleams;
And through the night thy hand doth trace
Bright visions in my dreams.

Thou whisperest in mine ear, mother,
When sins my path beset;
And then I tear myself away,
Without the least regret.
Thy words, once spoken, ever kept,
Are priceless gems to me;
My peace on earth, my hope in Heaven—
I owe it all to thee.

This world is not so bad, mother,
As some pretend to say;
'Tis good enough for him who tries
To walk in virtue's way—
Who in his early days was taught,
Sin's beaten track to fear—
Who has a pious mother's words
Still living in his ear.

'Tis good enough for me, mother,
Though cold and drear at times,
For memory takes thee with me through
All trials and all climes.
Thy voice comes to me with each breeze,
Thy smile where sunlight gleams;
And through the night thy hand doth trace
Bright visions in my dreams.

A NOBLE PURPOSE, and the Glorious Result.—There are as many roads to fame and fortune as there were gateways to ancient Thebes. Your ambitious warrior is for carving his way with the sabre. Your aspiring politician for manœuvring his way by subtlety and consummate art; but there is one broad grand path to the goal, along which nothing base can travel. It is the path set apart for the march of talent, energy, and noble purpose, and, though full of obstacles, it contains none which a great man cannot surmount.—This fact has been exemplified in innumerable instances, but in few more forcibly than in the career of Doctor HOLLAND, of London. For twenty-five years he may be said to have been climbing

"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar," scattering blessing at every step. He appears to have reached the summit at last. The staff upon which he has leaned in his ascent has been ADVANCE, and by its aid has not only realized a world-wide celebrity and a splendid fortune, but has been enabled to familiarize millions of the sick with the healing properties of his Pills and Ointment, who would never otherwise have been benefited thereby. The victims of dyspepsia in this country, and unfortunately their name is legion, have good cause to rejoice that so wide a publicity has been given to the virtues of his Pills through the columns of the American press; for, if we are rightly informed, they have cured, and are now curing more cases of this distressing complaint than all other medicines combined.—We hear, too, of cures of scrofula and other external disorders by the Ointment, which, if they were not vouched for by the best authority, we should pronounce incredible. These medicines seem to do what no other medicines have ever done before—fulfill the promises of the advertisement.—N. Y. Police Gazette.

"My dearest Maria," wrote a recently married husband to his wife.—She wrote back: "Dearest, let me either correct your grammar or your morals. You address me, 'My dearest Maria.' Am I to suppose you have other dear Marias?"

"Those who, before a glass, look most at themselves, are apt to know least of themselves."

"What do we often drop, yet never stoop to pick up? A hint."

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

By Cassellus.
CHAPTER VIII.
[A RATIONAL PHASE—Before.]

"With equal grace and equal virtue formed—
Here, the mild luster of the blooming morn;
And his, the radiance of the risen day."

This world is perhaps not so much a place to look for unalloyed happiness in, as it is a place to make the necessary preparation for a higher state of happiness in the world to come; and the more it is regarded in this light, the more happiness there will be even here, and the less it will require, to make mankind generally happy. True happiness is not predicated of merely earthly possessions or honors; for these often impose upon their possessors a bed of iron or a crown of thorns; nor does true happiness appertain to merely intellectual and mental endowments; for these are as often cursed with the demons of vice and discontent, as they are blessed with that peace of mind which "passeth understanding." The real happiness of any condition of life, but most especially that of married life, consists of singleness of purpose, disinterestedness, and a foregoing and forgetting of self, in all the relations and intercourses of the married partners.—So long as either the one or the other have thoughts, intents, and purposes that are studiously and premeditatedly concealed from the other, or so long as one party is not deemed worthy to be initiated into the secrets of the other, there is a want of that mutual confidence and affectionate esteem, which is so necessary in constituting them a harmonious and united pair. The constitution of the female mind and its affections must necessarily differ in kind and degree from that of the male mind, although not in its qualities or its general aims and ends; but these two minds must severally from a half mind,—no more nor no less—in order that when they are united, they may form a perfect and congenial whole. Any pride of heart or position, which may suggest a fear that the man or woman may appear less in the eyes of the world than they deserve to be, is foolishly and fatally detrimental to a true marriage union, and is as inimical to the real happiness of the married pair,—no matter what their condition and expectations in life may be—as any diverse contingency that can possibly arise between them.—These are rational considerations that ought to have their weight with the sexes, in their future determinations of life, in order that blind and misguided passion, may not assume the dominancy over minds, that enlightened reason ought to direct and control.

Perhaps in all the valley of Twickenham, there was not to be found a female in whom was blended the most graceful and at the same time most domestic accomplishments, than was to be found in the person, the manners, and the general conduct and bearing, of Miss Lilly Twickley. At the period of Lilly's life to which we have special reference, she was a blooming maiden of five-and-twenty summers, but physically did not appear more than eighteen or twenty. In body and mind she seemed to be in the full, and equally poised development, of mature womanhood. The most fashionable and juvenile Misses of the valley, as well as a few of the most superficial of their mothers, thought her a little old-fashioned, or perhaps eccentric; because under no circumstances whatever, would she allow herself to assert anything more or anything less, than what she conscientiously believed to be the truth; and yet she never studied to be grave or prudish. Lilly possessed great singleness and purity of mind, and never for a moment dreamed of advancing any worldly or moral interest in which she was concerned, by any of those artful schemes and advances which are so prevalent among the sexes of the present day, and which so many feel in duty bound to resort to. Some of her best friends,—those who imagined they had the highest appreciation of her worth, and were exceedingly solicitous about her worldly welfare—thought that she was too indifferently to her own interests—too unselfish and self-sacrificing, to be left to her own guidance in those matters of the heart, upon which so much of the present and future happiness of the human family depends. The consequence of Lilly's course and conduct was, that, although she was universally esteemed, yet all of her immediate associates had been married some four or five years, to young

men or women of, apparently the most unexceptional characters and standing in society; without eliciting the least anxiety on her part—indeed she seemed to be the only person in the valley, that was at all unconscious of her advancing years and apparently lessening opportunities. This was not because she was indifferent to the esteem and the legitimate advances of the opposite sex, because from her childhood up, she had cultivated all the affections and graces that may adorn the heart of the true sister, sweetheart, wife and mother, and faithfully believed that in his own good time, the Lord would provide, and that until then it would be an evil thing in her to desire a change in her condition. If ever Lilly had a counterpart, that counterpart was to be found in the person of Mark Lane; and yet he did not seem like her in any special respect, but rather to supply what she appeared to be deficient in, without being in any sense an example of perfection himself. Mark was of good parentage and was substantially self-educated, without pretension to embellishment, and yet his manners, from their naturalness and unaffectedness, were, to sound minds, unexceptionable. Mark Lane had attained the age of thirty-five, and had acted as groomsmen for half of the weddings that had taken place in the town of Kentdale for the past ten years; and yet, strange to say, he never had—to the knowledge of his most intimate friends—had an affair of the heart, although it was distinctly known that he was not committed against marriage; but on the contrary, on all suitable occasions, had stood up manfully as one of its most strenuous champions and advocates.—There was not a maiden nor yet a maid's mother in all the town of Kentdale, that would not have regarded an alliance matrimonial with Mark Lane, not only as happy, but also as distinguished honor. He seemed to have such a clear perception of the duties of a son and brother, that no one doubted he would also make a model husband; and yet the sons and daughters of the good citizens were being paired off in marriage all around him, without his seeming to think there was anything else for him to do in the matter, than to officiate at their ceremonies. Although no one in Kentdale, either old or young, male or female, would attempt for a moment to gainsay the peculiar opinions which Mark Lane entertained upon the subject of marriage, and the moral and social relations of the sexes, yet, many of the younger portion of the community thought them a little prosy, or void of that agreeable romance which, so many of the thoughtless admire; and the elder portion looked upon them as notions that would be exploded when he came to realize as much of married life as they had. Mark especially combatted the idea of "marry, come weal come woe," believing the common weal of the parties would follow, if they would but honestly, "first seek the Kingdom of God and his righteousness;" and if a woe came, it would be through themselves, or the other, or both—as instrumentalities. Although Mark had not yet been married, still he believed sincerely that if it was best for him, in this life, such an end would be finally consummated; if otherwise, he would endeavor to be content. Mark Lane had no faith whatever in the doctrine that the goods or ills of life depended on chance; or that human lottery, upon which so many of the thoughtless avails, and maidens of his day, were wont to cast the "hazard of the die." He sincerely believed that if there was a supreme intelligence which presided over and directed the general affairs of the universe, that same intelligence would determine and shape out ultimately, all the many hundreds and thousands of particulars, of which those general providences are composed. He believed that it would be good if society was so renovated and restored, so as to make it not only expedient, but a solemn duty for all mankind to "marry and be given in marriage"—that this state was man's normal condition—but at the same time, he did not let the matter so far concern him, as to disqualify him for the present and immediate duties of life, by which he was surrounded. Neither Mark Lane nor Lilly Twickley were wealthy, or came from wealthy parentage. Mark at a very early age had been deprived of an amiable and intelligent parentage, and had grown to manhood in the plodding but industrious and "wealthy" families of strangers. At the age of twenty he commenced that judicious and prosperous system of self-education before alluded to, sometimes assisted by the worthy

parson of the parish of Kentdale, whose distant relative he was. By an honest, industrious, and intelligent combination of his physical and mental powers, he had become one of the most honored and esteemed men of his native parish. Without intending it, and without ostentation, he became a leading man; and in all his leadings, he acquitted himself with so much gentleness, and artlessness, that he found a large portion of the virtuous community who were willing to follow him. He was enterprising without being madly speculative—he took a prominent position in all matters of improvement calculated to benefit his fellow men, without letting at naught those wholesome maxims of economy, which he had imbibed from his venerable teacher. His living, and his attire, together with all his domestic appointments, were simple, and yet elegant; and all that seemed to be necessary in perfecting his household, was that "other half" without which, he always maintained there could not be a perfect man. Truly courageous, and endowed with a physical constitution calculated to cope with the sterner duties of life, it would have been his chief delight, to offer a vow of his "love, support and protection" to some tender little "ewe lamb" that, might some day, by intelligent means, be led into his domestic path.

Lilly Twickley was placed deservedly at the head of her father's family, in lieu of a most excellent mother of whom they all had been deprived for some ten years before the present epoch in her history. Her father was in what the world terms "easy circumstances;" and Lilly, without making herself in any manner a mere drudge, administered his affairs with such a fund of intelligence, economical, and yet, liberal management, as to daily add a little to their worldly means, in addition to a generous distribution among the poor of her native village. Although Lilly had reached the age of twenty-five amidst a round of daily and weekly duties, yet such was the judicious system by which she managed the affairs of the household, that to each member was allotted a portion, which became to them a pleasant labor, imparting health, cheerfulness, and contentment; and therefore, although she was next in age to the senior member, she did not appear to be more than a subordinate. Besides unexceptionable and practical domestic qualities, she possessed all the accomplishments that add grace, interest, and usefulness to the female character. The most commendable trait in her character, and the one that elicited the greatest admiration of those who could appreciate it, was her perfect resignation in all things, to the will of God. Although Mark Lane and Lilly Twickley had only met incidentally at a wedding party, whilst she was on a visit to Kentdale; and once again at a picnic in Twickenham valley, yet they had heard much of each other; and that much was even increased in affectionate regard, by these personal interviews. They both possessed that happy combination of character, that is the more esteemed the more it is developed and known, for neither of them were in the least tainted with that duplicity, which keeps one set of manners for the home circle, and the other for public occasions. In short, Mark Lane sought Lilly Twickley to wife, and without making any studied efforts to that effect, he yet communicated the fact to a few of his bosom friends, for no one could be a bosom friend of his without being worthy of such a trust. As to Lilly, she occupied that position in the matter, which the dictates of sound morality, female discretion, and the honest impulses of her heart suggested. An affection for Mark soon grew up in her heart and mind, and upon that basis met with a cordial return from him. After a season of pleasant mutual intercourse, destitute of the usual flirtations, but at the same time proper to their age and circumstances, in life, Mark proposed, and accepted, and they were in due time married.

Their wedding day was ushered in under auspices no more favorable, to all external appearances, than those which are the usual accompaniment of such occasions. They had real sunshine in their hearts—and were especially warmed by those rays that can only beam from the "sun of righteousness"—although they assumed nothing that God does not vouchsafe to every child of Adam, if they become willing and obedient recipients of his bounties and his blessings. There was no self-willed adorning and fixing on the part of Lilly, and no boyish diffidence or whimsical notions

on the part of Mark. Neither of them worthy pair affected anything that did not naturally and gracefully belong to them; and as their external actions were a literal outbirth of their internal affections—affections which were the result of high moral culture—therefore the intercourse between themselves, and their friends and associates, was of the most unreserved, and proper character. Mark Lane sincerely believed in the unpopular or misunderstood dogma, that "All religion has relation life," and that the life of religion is to do good; and Lilly Twickley seemed to reflect, thro' the affection of her will, these governing principles of her lover's understanding. This was no Sabbath day profession, or conviction of this worthy pair; for in accordance with an injunction of holy writ they felt that it would go well with the world in all things, if its inhabitants were to "pray without ceasing"—instead of having only set times to pray, in the intervals of which, there was such a propensity to forget prayer, and to re-lapse into sin. Therefore their wedding was not attended with that presumptuous and arrogating ceremonious display, which sometimes characterizes such events; nor was it destitute of that healthful recognition of ceremony, which is the true manifestation of an inner acknowledgement of the Lord's presence in all things, where his presence is sincerely desired. They indulged in no unnecessary apprehensions about the future, for they believed that if they performed their duties in this life in a christian manner and in a christian spirit, they would surely be kept within the stream of God's providence; but if from any cause they should wander out of that stream, they would still bear the currents of God's permission; and as "Heavenly eternal ends in view, all his dealings with men; they therefore felt that his over-rulings would result in a greater good—even in the greatest calamity of life—than is perceptible to mortal eyes. There was not a particle of reservation or self-evasion of mind, in their answers to the ministerial interrogations, when they were united in bonds of holy wedlock. There was no feeling that they were resigning their liberties, but on the contrary, they indulged the idea that they were coming into a true state of freedom—a freedom based upon enlightened reason—and that it was a perversion of freedom, where the subject of it indulged in unbridled license.

How many of the misguided sojourners in this "vale of tears," unite themselves in marriage under a tacit or implied protest, the world will never know; but Mark Lane and Lilly Twickley prayed sincerely that such a demon of falsehood would never mar the sanctity and the purity of their union, and they had reason to believe, that if they were true to their troth, their prayers would surely avail, for they had the encouragement of the sacred oracles, that "the prayers of the righteous availeth much." It was a beautiful sight to see them, in life's prime, with glowing health and happy hearts, and surrounded by those who were truly their friends; and to hear the venerable "man of God" confidently pronounce them "husband and wife." There is a deeper significance attached to these endearing words, than is usually appreciable to the world at large. Thousands of men and women in the world have no idea of the proper depth and meaning of these terms. We do not allude to the root or derivation of the bare words themselves, or to any modification of the same; but we allude to the spirit of the compact they imply, and "all the duties and beatitudes involved in this relation of the sexes." In their progress to this altar, all their plans of life were unreservedly communicated to each other, so that their marriage experience should not be tainted in the outset, by the development of tendencies, propensities and characteristics, of which they had previously been entire strangers. Where two or three are met together in the Lord's name, he has promised that he would be there "in the midst of them." Now to meet in his name, is to desire to be imbued with his graces; and this desire both Mark Lane and Lilly Twickley had, if they were at all conversant with their own reasonings and feelings; and therefore it was not presumption in them to believe, that the Lord joined them together in marriage.

A man in New Hampshire had the "misfortune" recently to lose his wife. Over her grave he caused a stone to be placed, on which, in the depth of his grief, he had ordered to be inscribed, "Tears cannot restore her—therefore I weep."