

# The Mariettaian.

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 14, 1863.

VOL. 10.—NO. 15.

Not Alcoholic.  
A Highly Concentrated Vegetable Extract.  
A PURE TONIC.  
DR. HOFFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.  
PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, PHIL'A, PA.

**W** L effectually cures Liver Complaint, Biliousness, indigestion, chronic nervous debility, diseases of the Kidneys, and bad diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach. Such as Constipation, inward Piles, flatulence of blood to the head, acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, indigestion, 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, obstinate melancholy, Hysteria, grief, depression of Spirits, and will positively prevent Yellow Fever, Billious 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 medicinal 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 Hoffland's German Bitters.

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

This class of Bitters has caused and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds of deaths of the drunkard. It is owing to the use of the system kept continually under the influence of alcoholic stimulants of the worst kind, the active for liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life.

For those who desire a safe and efficacious Bitter, we publish the following receipt: Get one bottle of Hoffland's Bitters and mix with three quarts of good brandy or whiskey, and the result will be a preparation that will far exceed in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will cost much less. You will have all the virtues of Hoffland'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 Hoffland's German 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 noticed that a very large portion are suffering from debility. Every soldier who has not taken Hoffland's German Bitters, cured 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 in consequence of these Bitters was saved by the Bitters.

PHILADELPHIA, August 23d, 1862.

Messrs. Jones & Evans.—Well, gentleman, your Hoffland's German Bitters have saved my life. There was no mistake in this. My stomach was affected by my comrades, some of whom were accused, 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 L. B. Ayres. Through the excessive attention upon my arduous duties, I was attacked in November last with induration of the lungs, and was for seventy-two days in the hospital. This was followed by great debility, which was aggravated by dyspepsia. 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 as low as any man 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 vital action, frankly told me they could do no more for me, and advised me to see a physician, and to make such disposition of my limited funds as best suited me.

An acquaintance who visited me at the hospital, Mr. Frederick Stearns, of Sixth Avenue, New York, advised me, as a last resort, 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 better.

I have taken but two bottles, I have gained ten pounds, and I feel as if I were permitted to remain with 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 a life which has taken the place of vague fears—to your Bitters 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 Childsack, 1st New York Battery.  
George A. Ackley, Co. C, 11th Maine.  
Lewis Chevalier, 2d New York  
L. E. Spencer, 1st Artillery, Battery F.  
J. B. Fawcett, Co. B, 3d Vermont.  
Henry B. Serone, Co. B,  
Henry F. Macdonald, Co. C, 6th Maine.  
John F. Ward, Co. E, 5th Maine.  
Nathaniel B. Thomas, Co. F, 50th Penn.  
John Jenkins, Co. B, 100th Penn.

Beware of counterfeiters! 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.

The Mariettaian  
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 Mariettaian," 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 FALSE ONE.

What is the feeling of a heart  
That loved, and loved in vain?  
To walk and find it all a dream,  
A sharp and stinging pain:  
To see the one I loved so well  
A traitor in my view:  
To know the one I thought so fond  
Is anything but true.

To know the lips I oft have pressed,  
Which claimed me for their own,  
Were all the while but perjured lips,  
And false their every tone:  
To know those eyes of deepest blue,  
Whose depths I've sought in joy,  
Have all the while looked other eyes,  
And I was but a toy.

To know those dark and glossy curls,  
Which I have oft caressed,  
By other hands have been the same,  
By other lips have been pressed:  
To know that proud and graceful head,  
That stooped to me alone,  
No longer owns my claim to it,  
No claim! my soul, oh none!

To know that it is all in vain,  
I've loved his very breath:  
What is this feeling? Can ye tell?  
My God! 'tis worse than death!  
Yes, worse than death—'tis very gloom  
Who'd be a welcome guest,  
For who could tear its darkest frown  
Upon a loving breast!

A bond of fire doth girt my brow,  
My heart suffere to sigh;  
Around me all is dark despair;  
Oh! Lord, could I but die!  
To live! and he not smile for me;  
Another has his heart!  
Ah! no, it will not—cannot be,  
That he and I must part.

To know the step, which sent the blood,  
Seeking to heart and brain,  
Is fled from me forever now,  
To never come back again;  
To know the voice, whose every tone  
Was music to mine ear,  
Has now from me forever flown,  
That voice so loved and dear.

Oh! strength, my breaking heart!  
Take courage—courage—pride!  
And though beneath my trials I sink,  
My woes with joy I'll hide.  
And let my laugh right joyous ring,  
And bellow though it be;  
Bear up, proud heart, this cannot last,  
Support will come to thee.

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

By Grantellus.  
CHAPTER X.  
[A RATIONAL PHASE—After.]

"If we are two, we are two so  
As stiff twin-compasses are two;  
Thou the fix'd foot which makes no show  
To move, but doth if 'toher do."  
So shalt thou be to me, who must  
Like 'tother foot eccentric run,  
Thy firmness makes my circle just  
And makes me end where I began."

The idea of oneness, or perfect unity of thought, intent, and purpose, in any social relation in this world, is a most beautiful one, but most especially so when it pervades and gives character to the marriage relation. Mutual hopes, mutual confidence, and mutual forbearance, which are so essential in perpetuating a mutual state of harmony and affection between parties united together by the ties of relationship, are nowhere so becoming and so beautiful, and nowhere else tell with such redeeming and regenerating effects upon posterity, as they do in the marriage relation. Between those who are congenially and conjugally united, there will be a visible quality, and perhaps a diversity of purpose that seems to lead in different directions. But this is only an appearance, for, mutually understanding each other, and acting from the affections as well as the intellect, they will combine the male and female principles of the mind, in all they do, in such harmonious action, as to give every duty and obligation of life, its highest degree of efficiency. They will mutually feel, that without each other they are mere nothing; and that in order to the accomplishment of any good word or work, they must rely upon each other. Not that they themselves do the work, but that, as willing and reciprocal instrumentalities in the hands of God, they have endeavored to promote each other's happiness, and this will not only ramify through their posterity to the thousandth generation, but will influence for good, all who may come in social contact with them, or who may be cognizant of their example. No matter how much, or how far, they may be separated from each other, they will still be spiritually present, and will lean towards each other, acknowledging their insufficiency when separated, and their concentrative power when acting in matrimonial union and harmony, in carrying out their plans, uses, and duties of life. There cannot possibly be a more beautiful phase of married life, than that state of confidence and content which may exist between married partners, when their personal good or the public good, demands a temporary separation; and no event in life may be better calculated to exhibit how dear they are to each other, and to illustrate the real depth of their affections. Under such circumstances, if their hearts and hopes are rightly attuned, and in harmony with the will of God, such occasions will not be the source of peevish and unnecessary frets and fears. Of course there will not be, either an assumed or a real state of indifference; but on the other hand, contented for the time being with a thought-presence, they will be resigned to that state of things which seems to be ordained, or which they are conscious is quite beyond their control.

There is a grave doubt as to the christian propriety of a well-ordered married pair, in excluding themselves entirely from the outer world, and building up an unsocial wall between themselves and those with whom they had been formerly on terms of intercourse. Whatever may be their intellectual and moral attainments, and whatever may be the degree of affection between them, there is strong ground to suspect that they are selfish, and disposed to put their light under a bushel, where none may feel the benefits of its rays but themselves. The domestic relation of marriage was intended for the moral and spiritual advancement of all those who unite in assuming its obligations and its duties; and that end can be better effected by imparting to others the benefits of a "twain made one" in acts of kindness; and also a rational concern for the welfare of others as well as those immediately concerned. If marriage enhances the disposition to do good, and multiplies the opportunities for doing so, surely a rationally and intellectually wedded pair, will not discard any of the duties and obligations devolving upon them as christian citizens; for, although a promiscuous intercourse is not by any means desirable, yet a limited social sphere—a sphere within which the welfare of our fellow man may be advanced,

is commendable; and these ends may be attained in a higher degree through the instrumentality of a happy wedded pair, than they can be by those who are acting unsupported and singly in the world;—at least so thought Mark Lane and Lilly Twickley, and so they lived.

Between Mark Lane and Lilly Twickley there had existed from the first beginning of their social intercourse, a congeniality of mind and sentiment, that could not well do otherwise than seek a closer and a more familiar union, without the senseless practice of those arts, calculated to leave an impression that an opposite state of feeling between them existed; and therefore, when their partialities for each other became manifest to others, all the usual gossip in reference to them ceased, and they were looked upon as already man and wife. People seemed to wonder why it was that they had not met before, or had not been married years ago; for, even the commonest perceptions among their acquaintanceship, seemed to regard them as eminently calculated to make each other happy, and to disseminate their own felicities among their friends.

When their wedding was announced it occasioned only a slight ejaculation of surprise for a single moment, and then all the feeling and sentiment of both Kentdale and Twickenham valley, seemed to acquiesce in so desirable a consummation, and even the little children joined in an ardent and audible *God bless them*. Few persons seemed to have a clearer view of the nature of the new relations they assumed in becoming united in the holy bonds of matrimony—how many in the world regard those bonds as holy, at all?—and therefore their mutual aim had been, to understand and truly carry out in the *ultimates* of life, all the functions, duties, and beatitudes, that constitute the *intimates* of a true and legitimate marriage union. Their wedding day was hailed with infinite delight by their friends; and although an entirely new epoch in the history of their lives, yet they seemed to realize all the responsibilities of it; and to understand all the proprieties of the occasion, as well as if they had gone through the ceremony a hundred times. Without presumption or self-assertion, they still believed that all true "matches" are made in heaven; and they sincerely hoped that their may have received a consecration among the angels. In addition to the institution of marriage being instrumental in the regeneration of mankind, they also believed it to be a means of colonizing the heavenly kingdom through the human race, as its highest end; and therefore, all selfish, connubial joys and delights were sanctified by a desire for offspring as the proper objects of affection, instead of living in this world only for themselves. In becoming thus united in heart, in mind, and in intent and purpose, they did not feel that they were relinquishing any moral, social, or political "rights," nor assuming any new ones, not before enjoyed.

After a sojourn of about six months, in the town of Kentdale, from the date of their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Lane took up their residence on a plain but well and neatly cultivated little farm, near the lower end of Twickenham valley, and about midway between their previous places of residence. This homestead was the result of many long years of labor by Mark Lane, in the various capacities of day-laborer, school teacher, scrivener, and surveyor, in which he had acted during a period of fifteen years. Mark had acquired habits of industry, if he was not born with them; and although he was never fearful of doing too much for the wages received, yet so trustworthy was he, and so punctual and efficient in all his engagements that he was always profitably employed.—Indeed he believed that if he "cast his bread upon the waters," it would return to him again "after many days." With a judicious distribution of public and domestic duties, and without the least invasion or interference with each other's rights and immunities, their affairs, in all their departments, moved with apparently as much order as the planetary spheres of the solar system. It cannot be said that they were entirely without their afflictions, or enjoyed an immunity from the trials and temptations that are incidental to a fallen humanity; but they were entirely free from all willful criminations and reacquaintances, and believed that the unavoidable ills of life were permitted, for some good to them or some one else, and would be so overruled as to manifest that good in the Lord's own time; and therefore, in all their trials and temptations, they

practiced mutual forbearance, patience, and calm resignation. And when their wedded life was finally crowned with children, if they imposed new duties and trials upon them, they also opened up new fountains of affection, that exalted in their realization all their most sanguine ideals. Mrs. Lane never manifested any of the masculine and morbid anxiety about "woman's rights" that has so much occupied many other female minds, for, well she knew, from her husband's high appreciation of the relations between them, that no legitimate right of hers would be invaded. Knowing fully what is proper to the different positions of the sexes; she never felt a desire to unsex herself, in order to shift her sphere of action to a more conspicuous and more recognizable plane. Tenderly and rationally devoted to her husband and her children, her highest ambition was to become a worthy and true wife and mother, leaving to the good judgment of her husband, the management of all those affairs that did not devolve necessarily upon her; or come within the sphere of her duties, in their present circumstances of life. With a mind imbued with a real christian charity, hers was not a blind devotion to, and a blind affection for, those only, who sustained the relation of husband and children to her; but on the contrary she had tender sympathies and affections for all; and because she could not render material aid to all, or could not extend her social intercourse and courtesies to all, she did not therefore feel warranted in supinely folding her arms, and shutting herself up from the approaches of those by whom she was surrounded.

If any man in Twickenham valley and its vicinity, had reason to be proud of his wife, and to feel that entire satisfaction which is the lot of so few on earth, that man was Mark Lane; and yet, neither of them felt that this was an arbitrary result, that was without a cause, although they were loth to claim any merit for it on their own accounts. That significant season in married life which the world calls the "honey moon," they certainly never experienced at all, or always experienced it without intermission; for they daily fell more deeply in love with each other, as they daily became more sensible of the necessity of each other's presence in completing their happiness. They were not blind to each other's faults and infirmities, but on the contrary they saw them and acknowledged them—at least as many of them as mortals usually see—and through this acknowledgment of evil, and a desire to shun it as a sin against God, they hoped to finally effect their regeneration. In their outward worldly affairs, they were not characterized by any higher degree of prosperity than that which usually attends industry, economy, and judicious and intelligent management everywhere; but internally they possessed "a peace that passeth understanding," because they cultivated a disposition to bear with each other's imperfections,—to do their whole duty to God and man, and to yield a cheerful resignation to the Divine will, so far as they were able to comprehend it.

Twenty years after the marriage of Mark Lane and Lilly Twickley, they seemed as vivacious and as juvenile as they did upon their wedding day, although he had reached the years of fifty-five and she forty-five; and were surrounded by half a dozen blooming children, the eldest of which was just developing into pristine womanhood. An orderly, temperate, and God-fearing life in all things, had left them in the very prime of their days, at ages when so many of the thoughtless and dissipated ones of this world, are already on a rapid physical decline. Their fear of God was not a slavish and terror-stricken fear, but on the contrary, it was that state of reverential trust and confidence, which is "*the beginning of wisdom*."

Burning out the candle of life in the service of sin, and then blowing the soufflins in the face of the Almighty in the hour of death, was no part of the religious ethics of Mr. and Mrs. Lane; for they sincerely believed that the only true way to enter into life, was in keeping the commandments, according to the testimony of Jesus. They also believed that if they truly entered into life through this door—which involved a practical daily taking up of the cross, and following the Captain of their salvation in all their words and works on earth—they need indulge in no fears of death, or in apprehensions of the future. They felt that, setting in moral freedom, as well might you expect the Ethiopian to change his skin or the Leopard his spots, as for those to do good who have

accustomed themselves to a life of evil, and therefore upon God's help, through the *good of life*, they leaned their hopes of final disentanglement from evil. How many persons in this world commit themselves to God with a mental reservation, or under a sort of protest, when they make a profession of religion—accepting *externally* the declaration, "My words they are spirit and they are life," and *yet internally* and practically, indulging in nothing, and believing in nothing;—but the rankest materialism.—The Protestant charges upon the Papist that his church sells indulgences in advance for the commission of sins, and yet the Protestant hugs a more fatal indulgence to his heart, in that he fosters the dogma, as an article of his faith, that in the twinkling of an eye, even against his own will, he may be changed from a sinner to a saint. Whether these dogmatisms be true or false, they formed no part of the religious creed of Mark and Lilly Lane; for, their chief concern was to keep clean their "book of life" in the flower of health and the vigor of age, so that when the messenger of death appeared, they could be judged out of it, with a "well done good and faithful servant"; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many." Without ostentation, they made religion their chief and leading principle of action, and this was the grand secret of their domestic success, and the fountain from whence flowed the waters of truth, which washed from them the defilements that are inseparable from a daily contact with a sinful world.

It would perhaps be manifesting a morbid unfaithfulness to human history, to say that the demon of selfhood and discontent, had never obtruded his presence in the usually happy domicile of Mr. and Mrs. Lane; but, in whatever form, or under whatever specious pretensions he interposed his poisonous suggestions,—buckling on the armor of faith, good works, and charity, they fought him on the threshold, and beat him out towards the circumference of their sphere of life, if they could not entirely extinguish him. In this work they mutually engaged, working as though all depended upon their own individual efforts; yet with the full and sincere acknowledgment, that all power to war against evil successfully, comes from the Lord, to whom also the glory is due.—The children of Mr. and Mrs. Lane grew up to manhood and womanhood, somewhat freer from the taint of worldly evil, than the larger portion of the children of their neighbors, although they were not people of sanctimonious pretensions; but, having commended the education of their own affections before they begat children, they transmitted to them less of the mutual proclivities and tendencies towards evil, than would have been the case, had they never practiced a rigid christian self-denial in themselves.

These worthy people attained a green old age, surrounded by their children and grand-children, retaining all the hallowed affections of their earlier days for each other. The longer they lived, the more united they became in thought, in feeling, and affection, and the more their minds and intents formed a *one*. In their long married life, there had been necessary intervals of bodily separation, in the discharge of the various duties that devolved upon them, but this did not involve a spiritual absence from each other, nor any fretfulness or unnecessary anxiety about each other's welfare, for they always hoped that their destinies were in the hands of God, and that his angels had "charge over them to keep them in all their ways." And when they returned again to each other's bosoms, they only felt the more sensibly their inefficiency when separated, and their power for good when they were personally and mentally present to each other. They did not regret when they became old, for their days had been well spent in laying up "riches, where neither moth nor rust corrupts." Like two travelers upon the green banks of a sunny stream waiting to be ferried over to the paradise beyond, even so they waited until the ferry-man came and gently passed them over to the *promised land*. But "She in her girls again was courted, and he went wooing in his boys," for their memory on earth was enshrined in the hearts of their children and their friends.

We must not undervalue physicians. Perhaps the fabric of society would fall without them—they are its pillars.

Gen. Buel is to be Grant's chief of staff.

A lady sometimes gets so much intoxicated at her glass as a toper does at his.

The men bear arms in war; the ladies bare theirs in peace.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers in the United States.