

The Mariettian.

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 28, 1863.

VOL. 10.—NO. 17.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
Prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, Pa.
Is not a Bar Room Drink, or a Substitute for Rum,
Or an intoxicating Beverage, but a highly concentrated Vegetable Extract, a Pure Tonic, free from alcoholic stimulus or injurious drugs, and will effectually cure
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Jaundice.
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Biliousness, Nervous Debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach.
OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS resulting from disorders of the digestive organs: Constipation, Headache, Fullness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Disgust, for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, sour eructations, sinking of the Pit of the Stomach, swimming of the Head, hurried and difficult Breathing, fluttering of the Heart, or fainting 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 chest, back, limbs, &c.; sudden flushes of heat, burning in the face; constant imaginations of evil, and great depression of Spirits.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL GIVE YOU
A Good Appetite,
A Healthy Stomach,
A Good Constitution,
A Healthy Constitution,
A Sound Constitution,
Will make the Weak Strong,
Will make the Delicate Healthy,
Will make the Thin Stout,
Will make the Depressed Lively,
Will make the Yellow Complexion Clear,
Will make the Dull eye Clear and Bright.
Can be used with perfect safety by male or female, Old or Young.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.
These are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest Whiskey or common Rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coumarin seed. This class of Bitters has caused and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds of deaths of a 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. Beware of them.
For those who desire and will have a liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt: Get one bottle Hoofland's German Bitters and mix with three squirts of good Whiskey or Brandy; and the result will be a preparation that will far excel in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous not fit 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 and at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

DEBILITY.
Those suffering from *marasmus*, wasting away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones and cured in a very short time; one bottle in such cases, will have most surprising effect.
Resulting from Fevers of any kind—these Bitters will restore your strength in a short time.
From *typhoid fever*.—The chills will not return if these Bitters are used. No person in a fever and ague can be cured without them.
From Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D., Editor of the *Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge*.
"Although not capable of being recommended as a Patent Medicine, I feel bound, through distrust of their ingredients and effects; I yet know of no sufficient reason why a man may not testify to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others."
I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson because I was prejudiced against them for a number of years, under the impression that they were merely an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend, Robt. Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them when suffering from great and long debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of obtaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them.
Philadelphia, June 23, 1862.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.
We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that Hoofland's German Bitters will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by privation and exposure 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 proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, many needless lives might be saved that otherwise would be lost.
The proprietors are daily receiving thankful letters from sufferers in the army and hospitals, who have been restored to health by the use of Hoofland's German Bitters. See the signatures of counterfeits! See that the signature of "C. M. Jackson," is on the wrapper of each bottle.

PRICES.
Large Size, \$1.00 per bottle, or 4 dozen for \$4.
Medium size, 75c per bottle, or 4 dozen for \$3.
The larger size, on account of the quantity the bottles hold, is much the cheaper.
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, the quantity you require.
Office and Manufactory,
No. 631, Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Successors, JONES & EVANS,
(Successors of C. M. Jackson & Co.)
Proprietors.
For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. [May 30-ly]

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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 Mariettian," 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.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.
There's music in the air
When the infant morn is nigh,
And faint its blush is seen
On the bright and laughing sky;
Many a harp's ecstatic sound
With its thrill of joy profound,
While we list enchanted there
To the music in the air.
There's music in the air
When the noontide's sultry beam
Reflects a golden light
On the distant mountain stream.
When beneath some grateful shade
Sorrow's aching head is laid,
Sweetly to the spirit there
Comes the music in the air.
There's music in the air
When the twilight's gentle sigh
Is lost on evening's breast,
As its pensive beauties die.
Then, oh, then, the loved ones gone,
Wake the pure celestial song,
Angel voices greet us there
In the music of the air.

THE VACANT CHAIR.
We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to careen him,
While we breathe our evening prayer.
When a year ago we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye,
But a golden cord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie.
At our fireside sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
How our noble Willie fell;
How he strove to bear our banner
Thro' the thickest of the fight,
And uphold our country's honor,
In the strength of manhood's might.
True they tell us wreaths of glory
Evermore will deck his brow,
But this soothes the anguish only
Sweeping o'er our heart-strings now.
Sleep to-day, O early fallen,
In thy green and narrow bed,
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

THE DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH TO ME.
The dearest spot on earth to me
Is home, sweet home—
The fairy-land I've longed to see
Is home, sweet home.
There how charmed the sense of hearing,
There where hearts are so endearing,
All the world is not so cheering,
As home, sweet home.
The dearest spot on earth to me
Is home, sweet home—
The fairy-land I've longed to see
Is home, sweet home.
I've taught my heart the way to prize
My home, sweet home.
I've learned to look with lover's eyes
On home, sweet home.
There where vows are truly plighted,
There where hearts are so united,
All the world beside I've slighted,
For home, sweet home.
The dearest spot on earth to me
Is home, sweet home—
The fairy-land I've longed to see
Is home, sweet home.

NATIONAL HYMN.
God bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Thro' storm and night,
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.
For her our prayer shall rise,
To God above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be thou forever nigh,
God save the State!

Bless thou our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Thro' storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.
HONEY VINEGAR.—Mix 1 pound of honey with a gallon of water, and expose it to the sun, or keep it where it is warm, and in a few months it will be so strong that water will be necessary to dilute it.

A WARNING TO LADIES.
"Why did you never think of marriage?" I asked of my friend Lyman Robbins, who is some ten years older than myself and a confirmed bachelor. "I have thought of it," said he. "Well, why didn't you marry, then?" "I will tell you. You know Frank Palmer, don't you?" "Yes; he failed last week to the tune of twenty thousand dollars. But what has that to do with your story?" "Something, as you will see. I was never seriously tempted to make a proposal but once, and that was to Frank's wife—before she was married, do you understand?" "Oh," said I, growing interested. "And why didn't you?" "You shall know. I was young and romantic at that time—she was beautiful and accomplished. We were thrown together in society, and I was just at the age to yield to her fascination. Though I had never expressed my love in words, I suppose my looks betrayed me, and I was quite sure that she was aware of my feeling towards her. Our families being somewhat intimate, we were on the same footing, and she treated me in much the same confidential manner as she would a favorite cousin." "Do you think," I inquired, "that she was in love with you?" "No," said he; "I never thought that. I presume, however, she would have liked to have lured me on to a declaration, and then would have acted as fancy dictated. One day, when I had made a morning call and was about retiring, she told me she was going out shopping, and laughingly proposed to me to go with her and carry the bundles. Having nothing of importance to take up my time, and not being averse to the proposal, partly on account of its novelty, and considerably, I rather suspect, on account of the agreeable character of the company I should have, I consented in the same spirit, and in a few minutes we were fairly en route." "I have but little to buy," said my companion. "You may congratulate yourself upon that, as you will have the less to carry." "We made our first visit to a dry goods establishment. "Have you any lace collars?" inquired Caroline. "A large quantity were displayed, but they were only five dollars each, and they were too cheap. At length one was found at seven dollars, with which, it being declared the best in the store, my companion at length professed herself satisfied and decided to take it. "I suppose," said she, on going out, "that I don't really need it, but it was so beautiful I could not resist the temptation." "A beautiful shawl at the door of a store next caught Caroline's attention. "I must certainly go in and look at their shawls," said she; "I never saw any precisely like them. New kind?" inquired she of the clerk. "Yes, Miss. Just imported from France, and warranted to surpass in firmness of texture and in durability any now extant. Will you have one?" "The price?" "Seventy-five dollars, and cheap at that." "Caroline was startled at this announcement. "That is high," said she. "Not for the quality. Just feel it—see how soft it is, and you will not call it expensive." "I did not think of getting one to-day; however, I think I must. You may charge it to my father." "The shawl was folded, wrapped up and handed to me by the clerk. "I suppose father will scold," said Caroline; "but it is such a beauty." "We reached ere long another dry goods store, the placard of which, 'Selling at a cost!' proved so seductive that we at once stayed our steps and entered. Caroline soon began to examine the silks. The first specimen offered, which to my unpracticed eye seemed a superior quality, was cast contemptuously aside, and she desired to see the very best they had in the store. Some were shown her at two dollars and a half per yard. After a while she ordered twelve yards to be cut off for her. This was done, and the bundle handed to me. The bill, of course, was sent to her father. "What with the shawl and silk, each of which made a bundle of no inconsiderable size, I was pretty well weighed down, and began to be apprehensive of the consequences in case my companion should make any more purchases. She, however, soon relieved my anxiety by saying that she intended to purchase

nothing more. She was only going to step into a jeweller's to have a locket repaired. Accordingly, we repaired to the store of a fashionable jeweller. The locket was handed over with the necessary directions. But this was not all. A lady at the counter was engaged in examining a very costly pair of earrings which she was desirous of purchasing, but demurred at the price. At last, she laid them down reluctantly, saying— "They are beautiful, but I do not care to go so high as twenty-five dollars." "Let me see them, if you please," asked Caroline. "They were handed to her. She was charmed with them, chiefly, I imagine, on account of the price, for they had little beyond that to recommend them." "Now I must absolutely go home," said she, "without purchasing anything more." "For once she kept her word, and I was released from my attendance. But the thought that she had expended one hundred and thirty-five dollars in a single morning's shopping, and on objects none of which, by her own confession, she stood in need, could not help recurring to me, and I decided that, until I could find some more rapid way of making money, such a wife would be altogether too expensive a luxury for me to indulge in. How far I am right you may judge by Frank Palmer's failure. At all events, that is the reason I didn't propose."

THE OLD CONNECTICUT BLUE LAWS.—The old Connecticut blue laws are wonderful. I have thought it best to preserve some of them for the benefit of our future posterity who can after us. **JOSH BILLINGS.**
No man shall chew tobacco on Sunday, unless he swallows the spit.
It shall be lawful for every man to set down in a harvest field west rest, unless he sets on a sharp stone.
No man shall have a rite to kiss his wife more than three times in a day, unless he has written request in writing.
If a man finds a pease or munny in the highway on Sunday, when he is going to work, it shall be lawful for him to watch it, but it shall be lawful for him to pick it up until after the setting of the sun.
If a Deacon swops horses, and gets cheated, he shall be turned out of the church, and pay a fine of not less than 4 gallons of Nu England rum.
A Bachelor over 25 years old shall pay a fine of 1 pound, 7 shillings and 6 pence each year, for the support of guide boards and bastards.
Every man who swears out loud shall pay a fine of 10 shillings. If he swears to himself he shall pay a fine of 3 shillings and 6 pence of korte.
No man shall have a rite to vote or get married who kant, etc pork and mullazess and repeat the 10 kommandments.
No young woman shall have a rite to get married who kant maik good punkun pize without eggs into them, and who kant maik a dough nut that will keep at leaste one year without loozing its twist.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—The cheapest postage stamp is the French, at one centime; and the dearest is that of the horse-post of California, which costs four dollars (21 francs). The best engraved of all the stamps are those of France, Greece, and particularly that of New Caledonia, which merits the first place. The next are those of Belgium and the English, at one penny. The largest are those of Siberia, and the smallest those of Mecklenberg-Schwerin, which bears the head of an ox.

RURAL SIMPLICITY.—During the flight of Professor King's balloon on the 14th ult., from Bangor East, it passed over the clearing of a settler who does not take the newspapers. The flock of children round the floor, spied the monster booming on, and alarmed the mother, who, rushing to the door, screamed out, "Come in, children, it's one of Jeff. Davis's bomb-shells." This is a fact.—*Catalis Herald.*

An epitaph which graces the church-yard of Moriston-in-the-Marsh runs thus:
"Here lies the bones of Richard Swinton, whose death, alas! was strangely bro't on; Trying, one day, his corns to mow off, His razor slipped, and cut his toe off. His toe—o, rather what it grew to—An inflammation quickly flew to, Which took, alas! to mortifying, And was the cause of Richard's dying."

The only people with whom it is a joy to sit silent, are the people with whom it is a joy to talk.

AUTUMN.
The year is fading into a mellow and genial old age. The summer of its existence has been lengthened far into the autumn, presenting a picture of calm and peaceful old age not often witnessed in human life. Autumn, always a fine season, has this year been more than usually delightful. The days, as they have shortened, have grown softer, richer in color, and in all the bountiful returns of the harvest. No frost has troubled the farmer's crops, and the leaves have had time to mature their buds for next year's fruit, and then to drop quietly to their forest graves. And, by the way, what tireless workers are the leaves, and how dependent we are upon them for nearly all the necessities of life. Food and clothing, light and heat, come to us through the labors of the leaves, those wonderful alchemists, who transmute earth and air into golden fruit and all useful things. Now, the farmer's barns and cellars are full of the well-ripened corn, potatoes, turraips, beets and carrots. Potatoes have yielded well, and the quality was never better. Some of those mealy fellows, in their bursting jackets, are almost equal to an apple. At all events, we may as well say so. Grapes we have, though not in the abundance we might have were they more generally cultivated.

This year, even November has lost its usual gloomy character. The poets usually associate with this month all that is sombre and dreary.

As the butchering season is at hand, that valuable family journal, the Germantown Telegraph, gives the following receipt for curing meat:
To one gallon of water,
Take 1 1/2 lbs. of salt,
1 lb. of sugar,
1/2 oz. of saltpetre,
1/2 oz. of potash.
In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together, until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, &c., leaving the meat fresh and clean.

Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well; though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar.
If this receipt is properly tried, it will never be abandoned. There is none that surpasses it, if so good.

A French physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and gaping in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those persons who give way to their natural feelings, more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or to cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of two hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy, about anything, let them go into their rooms, and comfort themselves with a loud, bo-hoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterwards.

In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed, the result may be St. Vitus's dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by their free indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence of noisy bursts of grief, on the part of children as well as of older persons, and regard the eyes and the mouth as the safety valve through which nature discharges her surplus steam.

THE DECAY OF CONVERSATION.—The ancient art of talking is falling into decay. It is an ascertainable fact that, in proportion to the increased population, the aggregate bulk of conversation is lessening. People nowadays have something else to do but talk. Not only do they live in such a hurry that there is only leisure for just comparing ideas as to the weather, but they have each and all a gross quantity of reading to do, which puts talking out of the question. If persons remain at home, they read; if they journey by the rail, they read; if they go to the sea-side, they read; we have met misguided individuals out in the open fields with books in hand; young folks have been seen stretched underneath trees, and upon the banks of rivers, poring over the opened page; on the tops of mountains, in the desert, or within forests—everywhere men now pull printed sheets from their pockets, and in the earliest, latest, highest occupation of this life, they read. The fact is incontestably true that modern men and women are reading themselves into a comparatively silent race. Reading is the great delusion of the present time; it has become a sort of lay piety, according to which the perusal of volumes reckons as good works; it is, in a word, the superstition of the nineteenth century.—*Chamber's Journal.*

A CONTENTED MAN.—A druggist was aroused by the ringing of the night bell, went down stairs, and had to serve a customer with a dose of salts. On his return his wife grumbled out, "What profit do you get out of that penny?" "A ha'penny," replied the assiduous druggist. "And for that ha'penny you will keep both me and yourself awake for a long time," rejoined the wife. "Never mind," added the placid druggist, "the dose of salts will keep him awake much longer."

A gentleman, one evening, was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around were proposing conundrums to each other. Turning to his companion, he said, "Why is a lady unlike a mirror?" "She gave it up." "Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking; a lady speaks without reflecting." "Very good," said she. "Now answer me, 'Why is a man unlike a mirror?'" "I cannot tell you." "Because the mirror is polished and the man is not."

"What grows bigger the more you contract it?" "Doubt. What do we often drop yet never stoop to pick it up?" "A hint. When is a builder like a mountain?" "When he looks down on a valet (valley). Why is the pupil of the eye like a bad boy at school?" "Because it is always under the lash. Why is a lamp-lighter like a cowardly soldier?" "Because he fires and then runs away."

One day little Mollie, six years old, said to her uncle, who was visiting at her father's—"Uncle Harry, do you say your prayers to God?" He replied, "Certainly, everybody does who is good." "No, they don't," said Mollie, "for ma is good, and she always says hers to a chair."

It was a solemnly funny joke that of the *bon vivant* who said there were only two occasions when a gentleman could drink brandy without a sacrifice to dignity and self-respect—namely—"when he has had salt fish for dinner, and when he hasn't."

A little girl of three years, from beyond the Mississippi, who had never seen an apple-tree in full bloom, beheld one in Ohio. She lifted her fat hands in the attitude of devotion, and exclaimed—"See God's big bouquet!"
An American tourist was visiting Naples, and saw Vesuvius during an eruption. "Have you anything like that in the New World?" "No," replied the other; "but we have a Niagara that would put it out in five minutes."
At a young ladies' school, not the most promising pupil was asked, "Mary, did Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the prompt reply, "he was excommunicated by a bull."
"Bob," said a young fellow to his companion at a fancy fair, "you are missing all the sights on this side." "Never mind, Bill," retorted Bob, "I'm sighting all the misses on the other."
The individual who attempted to raise colts from horse chestnuts went into the market the other day and inquired for a mock turtle to make "mock turtle soup" of.