

The Marrettram.

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

BY FRED K. L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1863.

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DR. 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 STIMULANT OR INJURIOUS DRUGS, AND EFFICACIOUSLY CURE
Dyspepsia, and Jaundice.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach.

WILL GIVE YOU
A Good Appetite,
Strong Nerves,
Healthy Blood,
A Good Constitution,
A Healthy Stomach,
Will make the
Will make the
Will make the
Will make the

PARTICULAR NOTICE
There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, but this is the only one that is pure and safe. It is made from the most delicate and purest ingredients, and is perfectly adapted to the human system. It is a powerful tonic, and will cure all diseases arising from a disordered stomach, and a weak constitution. It is a safe and reliable medicine, and is highly recommended by all the leading physicians of the day.

DELICATE CHILDREN
Those suffering from marasmus, wasting away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones, and in a very short time, one bottle in such cases, will have most surprising effect.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS
We call the attention of all our friends in the army, to the fact that Hoofland's German Bitters will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by privation and exposure to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a 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 used among our soldiers, a hundred of those who might be saved, that otherwise would be lost.

PRICES.
Large Size, \$1.00 per bottle, or 6 dozen for \$5.00.
Medium Size, 50c per bottle, or 12 dozen for \$5.00.
The larger sizes, on account of the quantity the bottles hold, are 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. Write to us, and we will forward securely by express.

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TERMS, One Dollar a year, payable in advance, and if subscribers be not paid within six months \$1.25 will be charged; but if delayed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50 will be charged.
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 five 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, Cutts, Borders, &c., to the Job Office of "The Marrettram," 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.

LE MARAIS DU CYGNE.
BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.
The massacre of unarmed and unoffending men in Southern Kansas took place near the Marais du Cygne of the voyageurs.
A bluish as roses
Where rose never grew
Great drops on the bunch-grass,
But not in the dew
A taint in the sweet air
For wild bees to shun
A stain that shall never
Blanch out in the sun!

Soft, steady of the prairies!
Sweet song-bird, fly back!
Wheel hither, bad vulture!
Gray wolf, call thy pack!
The foul human vultures
Have feasted and fled
The wolves of the border
Have crept from the dead
From the hearths of their cabins,
The fields of their corn,
Unwarmed and unweaponed,
The victims were slain
By the whirlwind of murder
Swooped up, and swept on
To the low, ready fen-lands,
The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy
No stout knee was crooked;
In the mouths of the rifles
Right manly they looked.
How low, the May sunshine,
German-Marais du Cygne,
When the death-sink blow over
Thy lonely ravine!
In the homes of their living,
Yet warm with their rearing,
Yet wait the dead only
Poor children and wives!
Put out the red forge-fire,
The smith shall not come
Unyoked the broken oxen,
The plow man lies dumb.

Wind slow from the Swan Marsh,
Oh! dreary death-tide,
With pressed lips' bloodless
As lips of the slain!
Kiss down the young eyelids,
Smooth down the gray hairs,
Let again quench the curses
That burn thro' your prayers.
Strong men of the prairies,
Mourn bitter and wild,
Wail, desolate woman!
Weep, fatherless child!
But the grain of God springs up
From ashes beneath,
And the crown of His harvest
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial
Th' shade moves along,
To point the great contrasts
Of right and of wrong;
Free hopes and free fears,
And fields of ripe wheat,
The reeds of the Swan Marsh,
Whose bloom is of blood.
On the lintels of Kansas
That blood shall not dry;
Henceforth the bad Angel
Shall go harmless by;
Henceforth to the sun
Unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow
The march of the day.

Independent Questions.—To ask an unmarried lady how old she is.
To ask a lawyer if he ever told a lie.
To ask a doctor how many persons he has killed.
To ask a merchant if he ever cheated a customer.
To ask a young lady if she would like a beau.
To ask an editor the names of his correspondents.
To ask a subscriber if he had paid the price.

At the dinner table of a hotel, somewhere in Ohio, not long since, a "green" man, unable to restrain the vigors of his appetite, pitched into a large dish of rice before him. A waiter mildly informed him that it was intended for dessert, and that he had better eat something else first. "Greasy replied: "Desert be blamed, I don't care if it's a wilderness, it's good, and I'm going to eat it."

LOVE—OLD STYLE AND NEW.
"A pleasant man in his sweet brier has. Look, what a long spray! I have picked the thorns off—made a garland—if any one would wear it for my sake!"
"Would any one refuse it?"
"Then you do!" "Oh! Kitty, would keep you always crowded with the freshness of May."
"They were walking in a shaded country road. He turned her face to the moonlight gently, as if to admire the wealth of her eyes met young eyes, full of love. In adjusting his work he broke one blossom that touched her cheek; the cheek was warm with blushes." "The blossom was placed in his coffin long years afterward."
"And so they were betrothed."
"How can you like me so much, Joseph? only a country girl, and you all ambition and genius!"
"Because you are as sweet as these wild roses, dear! But this is not all—because you are a good, sensible girl, and have learned to make butter and sweep the kitchen, and sew, and assist the poor; because you are healthy in body and mind, and heart; this, to be frank, is why I have chosen you for the dearest of all my blessings."
"So they were betrothed."
Forty years thereafter Judge Joseph Willard died—if it were not translation—passed by a sudden stroke of paralysis, from his happy home to a happy heaven.

Yes, there were sons and daughters left, old enough for the giving and taking of sweet-brier crowns; and there was a widow left—an her brow, the white garland which time remorselessly weaves for us all; but in her heart it was May. All her life, long, year by year, the sweet-brier, wreath, had budged and blossomed there, filling her home with beauty, fragrance, and the dew of gentle affections. She had shared her husband's first, but helped him to win, and then, the good sense and good heart that had kept home orderly and comforted the poor of an humble village, came at length to act in wider ranges of society, to devise and carry out great plans of order and beneficence. Raced will degenerate, for in only the time to do a good deed, and to do it well.

Madam Willard—for no one called her Kitty now—was dead; our heroine's venerable dow, middle room on the bedsides her, as a hard-earned youth entered the room and out of it.

"What's the matter?" "You don't know, mother? Where are the girls? Talk with you myself? Oh! certainly, certainly, should be glad to enjoy it, but so hurried engagements. What's this evening do? Stay! I'm engaged this evening."
"Dear boy! I do not wish to be impertinent, to abridge your pleasures; but your old mother has an engagement with Ambrose, when the imperative summons shall come!"

"I declare, for once, I've caught you in the dolefuls! Why, bless your heart, you're the youngest in the house! You are not pining for the old Judge? Be candid now—wasn't he, with his morbidities and rheumatisms, rather fussy before the end?" "Oh! I was but sure, his sons would reach an old age, as full of honors and virtues!"
"Kind fate will transfigure us after we are dead, at least to the eyes of our friends!"
"You talk too flippantly, my son. It pains me sometimes—I fear you will never be in earnest—Oh! for a strong, gifted young man like you; to go down to the grave a mere butterfly, kindless, useless, helpless!"
"That I shall never do!" "I can be in earnest, mother—Oh! at this moment, on one point, I am in love!"
"She took his face in both her hands, as when he was a little child, and her knees kissing his forehead, she looked into his eyes, that, alas! were no more the sweet eyes of childhood. "What kind of love, Ambrose, tell me, tell your mother!"
"Oh! most fervent, impassioned love. She's lovely, mother, as a dream; and I worship the dust under her feet, and could kneel to her shadow, and envy the hair that touches her cheek, and envy my soul for a glance of her blessed eyes. Is not this earnest enough?"
"Dear boy!" "She looked at him so tenderly, the words were not cruel; it seems to me that far to be only with and feverish. What qualities have attracted your regard? Why are you so in love?"
"Is love a matter of what and why? It is a divine instinct—a celestial flame that kindles and never consumes!"
"Yes, dear, poetry has no praise too

strong or too impassioned for the highest love. It is a divine instinct—a celestial flame that kindles and never consumes!"
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