

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, DECEMBER 26, 1863.

VOL. 10.—NO. 21

Great Discovery.

Hoopland's Bitter Wine of Iron.

FOR the cure of Weak Stomachs, general debility, indigestion, diseases of the Nervous System, constipation, acidity of the stomach and for all cases requiring a Tonic.

This Wine includes the most agreeable and efficient Salt of Iron we possess; Citrate of Magnesia Oxide combined, with the most energetic vegetable tonics, Yellow Peruvian Bark. The effect in many cases of debility, loss of appetite, and general prostration, of an efficient Salt of Iron, combined with our valuable Nervous Tonic, is most happy. It augments the appetite, raises the pulse, takes off muscular Debility, and restores the patient to health, and gives a florid vigor to the countenance.

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 better? 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?

Hoopland's Bitter Wine of Iron!

This truly valuable Tonic has been so thoroughly tested by all classes of the community, that it is now deemed indispensable as a Tonic medicine. It costs but little, purifies the blood, gives tone to the stomach, renovates the system, and prolongs life. I now only ask a trial of this valuable Tonic.

COUNTERFEITS.

BE AWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.—As Hoopland's Bitter Wine of Iron is the only sure and actual remedy in the known world, for the permanent cure of Dyspepsia and Debility, and as there are a number of imitations offered to the public, we would caution the community to purchase none but the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. C. M. Jackson, and has his stamp on the top of the cork of every bottle. The very fact that others are attempting to imitate this valuable remedy, proves its worth and speaks volumes in its favor.

The Bitter Wine of Iron is put up in 5 cent and \$1.00 bottles, and sold by all respectable Druggists throughout the country. Be particular that every bottle bears the fac simile of the proprietor's signature.

General depot, 118 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

For Sale by Dr. Beane & Co., and all respectable druggists everywhere.

DR. HOOPLAND'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 WILL EFFICIENTLY CURE

Liver Complaint,
Dyspepsia, and
Jaundice.

HOOPLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach.

OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS resulting from disorders of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness or Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Distress for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of 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 wyes before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, chest, limbs, &c., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits.

HOOPLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL GIVE YOU

A Good Appetite, Strong - energy, Healthy Nerves, Steady Temper, Brisk Feelings, Energetic Feelings, Healthy Feelings.

A Good Constitution, A Strong Constitution, A Healthy Constitution, A Sound Constitution.

Will MAKE THE WEAK STRONG, Will make the Delicate Hearty, Will make the Thin Stout, Will make the Depressed Lively, Will make the Sallow Complexion Clear, Will make the Dull eye Clear and Bright.

Will improve a blessing in every family. Can be used with perfect safety by male, Female, Old or Young.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, composed of the cheapest Whiskey or common Rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander seeds. This class of Bitters has caused and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die 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. Be aware of them.

For those who desire and will have a liquor bitters, we publish the following receipt: Get one bottle Hoopland's German Bitters and mix with three quarts 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 liquor bitters in the market, and will cost much less. You will have all the virtues of Hoopland's Bitters in connection with a good article of liquor and at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

DELICATE CHILDREN.

Those suffering from marasmus, wasting away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones, are cured in a very short time; one bottle in such cases, will be most surprising effect.

DEBILITY.

Resulting from Fevers of any kind—these bitters will renew your strength in a short time.

FEVER AND AGUE.—The pills will not return if these Bitters are used. No person in a fever and ague district should be without them.

From Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D., Editor of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.

Although not disposed in favor or commendation of Patent Medicines in general, 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 Hoopland'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 chiefly 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 regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them.

J. NEWTON BROWN.

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 Hoopland's German Bitters will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by privation and exposures 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 Hoopland's German Bitters. We have no hesitation in stating that, if these bitters are freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of 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 these Bitters, sent to them by their friends. Beware 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 dozen for \$5. Medium size, 75¢ per bottle, or dozen for \$4. The larger size, 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, but send us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

Principal Office and Manufactory, No. 631 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA. (Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.)

For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every city in the United States. [May 30-ly

Published every Saturday Morning.

OFFICE: Cor. 11th Row, Front Street, five doors below Flury's Hotel.

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 (19 lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, five cents a line. Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, FREE; but for any additional lines, five cents a line. A liberal deduction made to yearly and half yearly advertisers.

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

IF I CHOOSE.

If I choose to love the maid,
What is that to you, I pray?
Do you think I am afraid
Of your sneers
And your jeers?
Do you think so, say?

If I choose to wind my heart
Deftly round and round her own,
What is that to you, I pray?
That you go
Scolding so,
Leaving me alone?

She is humble, it is true,
And perhaps not rich—in gold;
What is that, I ask, to you,
That your eyes
Look surprised,
And your voice grows cold.

You're a fool! I and I am wise;
You love money—I love her;
What care you which most I prize?
Go at once,
Sordid duce,
I'll not hear you, sir.

What care I for gems and gold?
Bring their peace or happiness?
Bring their youth when we are old?
Bring their aught
That's sought,
Human hearts to bless?

No! but true love brings them all;
It is full of blessings rare—
It brings joys that do not pall,
Pleasures bright,
Sweet delight,
Antidotes for care.

So I'll love my little maid,
And you shall not say me nay;
Do you think I am afraid
Of your sneers
And your jeers?
For a moment, pray?

ADVICE TO BOYS.—"You were made to be kind," says Horace Mann, "generous and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is within hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fist."

A young couple about to be married, had proceeded as far as the church door, when the gentleman stopped his intended bride, and said:

"Dear Eliza, during our courtship I have told you most of my mind, but I have not told you the whole; when we are married, I shall insist upon three things."

"What are they?" asked the lady.

"In the first place," said the bridegroom, "I shall sleep alone, I shall eat alone, and I shall faint when there is no occasion; can you submit to these conditions?"

"O yes, sir, very easily," was the reply—"for if you sleep alone I shall not—if you eat alone, I shall eat first—and, as to your fainting fault without occasion, that I think may be prevented, for I will take care you shall never want occasion."

A lady, remarkable for having a high sense of her own dignity, being one day detained in her carriage by the unloading of a cart of coals, in a very narrow street, leaned both her arms upon the door, and asked the man, "How dare you, sir, stop a woman of quality in the street?" "Woman of quality!" said the man, "yes, follow!" rejoined the lady; "don't you see my arms upon the carriage?" "Yes, I do indeed," he replied, "and a pair of coarse arms they are, too!"

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

A Little German story, rendered from memory.

The poet Bernhard sat in his little dwelling-room in the fifth story of a picturesque old house in a closely built street of a ducal capital. Near him played his three rosy boys; while Ermingarde, his sweet blonde wife, plied her household tasks, only pausing now and then to turn a cheerful glance toward the dormer window pook where Bernhard was writing, or softly to leave a kiss on his broad, white brow, as she passed to and fro behind his chair.

It was the week before Christmas; and the three boys gathered in a knot before the blazing fire, were recounting the last year's gifts of the good Christ-kindchen, and innocently wondering what they would receive this year.

"I know what I would like!" exclaimed Paul, earnestly clasping his little hands, "if the dear Christ-kindchen will find me worthy of it—a book of fairy tales, filled with beautiful pictures, like the one we saw in the bookseller's window."

"And I," said Herman, "can think of nothing I would like so well as a rocking-horse a very little larger than that of our neighbor's son Heinrich, down in the third story."

"As for me," piped little Perti, "I would choose a basket of sugar-plums, wrapped in gold and silver paper and—"

"Oh, I have it!" joyfully interrupted Herman, "Let us write the dear Christ-kindchen a letter, asking for these gifts!"

"Papa, papa!" and the children sprang to his side—"will you be so kind as to write a letter for us?"

"And to whom, my little men?" asked the father, looking up in a smiling surprise.

"To Christ-kindchen, papa; we will tell you what to say."

And Bernhard prepared to write, at his boys' dictation.

"Dear, Good Christ-kindchen:—Do, please, bring us a rocking-horse, a book of fairy tales with lovely pictures, and a basket of sugar-plums, this Christmas, and do not forget dear Christ-kindchen, that we live in room No. 20, fifth story; of House No. 340, Linden Strasse. Your PAUL, HERMAN, AND LITTLE PERTI."

When the letter was written neatly folded and addressed to "Christ-kindchen," the boys persuaded Bernhard to open his window, and cast it far out on the roof, confident that those heavenly eyes would look down and see it, all in good time.

That night there arose a great storm of wind and snow, and the little white messenger was lifted up and borne over the high roofs of more than one street to the Government Square, where it rested at last on the ledge of one of the upper casements of the palace of the Grand Duke.

Long after the next morning's sun had risen over the snow-covered city, a blue-eyed lady stood at this casement; and, looking out on the bright Winter picture, beheld the tiny letter without—the address, "To Christ-kindchen" in full view. Hastily summoning her maid, the Countess Victoire directed the window to be opened, and the folded paper handed to her. She lost no time in reading it.

"Dear children!" and, as the fair lady finished the little petition, tears stood in her beautiful eyes, "God has guided their simple words to me, perhaps that I may take the place of their dear Christ-kindchen!"

Christmas-day dawned brightly on the little group of eager expectants, and as Bernhard and Ermingarde watched their happy faces and listened to their impatient longings for night to come—this night, when as the children firmly believed, Christ-kindchen would answer their letter with the so desired gifts—the fond parents had very often to turn away to conceal their emotion. Alas! their slender purse would not allow the luxury of procuring these little presents for their children!

After their early dinner, in preparing which Ermingarde had exerted all her skill, besides expending the best part of her last florin in a Christmas cake, to which Bernhard and the boys did full justice, the dear little woman prepared them all for a walk in the brilliant Christmas streets, trusting that the children would become absorbed in the gay scenes without, and forget their expected visit from Christ-kindchen.

With this hope-see and Bernhard permitted them to linger at pleasure before the beautifully arranged windows, and before the lottery booths, where Bernhard was tempted to risk a few krent-

HOW TO PRODUCE A HUSBAND.

The following true story might, perhaps, furnish matter for a little comedy, if comedies were still written in England. It is generally the case that the more beautiful and the richer a young female is, the more difficult are both her parents and herself in the choice of a husband, and the more offers they refuse. The one is too tall, the other too short; this not wealthy; that not respectable enough. Meanwhile one spring passes after another, and year after year carries away leaf after leaf of the bloom of youth, and opportunity after opportunity. Miss Harriet Selwood was the richest heiress in her native town; but she had already completed her twenty-seventh year, and beheld almost all her young friends married to men whom she had at one time or other discarded. Harriet began to be impatient for an old maid. Her parents were really uneasy, and she herself lamented in private a position which is not a natural one, and to which those to whom nature and fortune have been so generous of their gifts are obliged to submit; but Harriet, as we have said, was both handsome and rich. Such was the state of things when her uncle, a wealthy merchant in the north of England, came on a visit to her parents. He was a jovial, lively, straight-forward man, accustomed to attack all difficulties boldly and coolly.

"You see," said her father to him one day, "Harriet continues single. The girl is handsome, what she is to have for her fortune you know; even in this scandalous loving town, not a creature can breathe the slightest insinuation against her; and yet she is getting to be an old maid."

"True," replied the uncle; "but, my dear brother, the grand point in every affair in this world is to seize the right moment; this you have not done. It is a misfortune; but let the girl open her eyes with me, and before the end of this month she will return home with the choice of a man as young and wealthy as her own self."

A happy event the niece then confided to the way home; but she did not go far, when she said to her mother: "Mind what I am going to say. My are no longer Miss Selwood; I am now Lumley, my niece, as young and wealthy as childless widows. You had better take care to lose your husband, or I will have a happy union of my own."

Her mother and father were surprised, but they could not see her uncle's meaning. "Let me manage, if you please," said the uncle. "Here look you; this is the best band. Jewels, and whatever else you need, your aunt will supply you with, and accustom yourself to call upon my eyes."

The keen-witted uncle introduced his niece everywhere, and the young lady very quickly secured a great number of suitors. Her uncle managed to get her choice out of twenty suitors. Her uncle advised her to take the one who was deepest in love with her, and a rare chance indeed. She should be precisely the most desirable and opulent. The match was soon concluded, and on the day she was to say a few words to the future groom in private.

"My dear sir," she began, "we have a told you an untruth."

"How so?" "Are Mrs. Lumley's affections—"

"Nothing of the kind, my niece; I am sincerely attached to you."

"Then her fortune, I suppose, is not equal to what you have told me?"

"On the contrary, it is larger."

"Well, what is the matter, then?"

"A joke, an innocent joke, which came into my head one day when I was in a good humor—we could not well recall it afterward. My niece is not a widow."

"What! is Col. Lumley living?"

"No, no; she is a spinster."

The lover protested that he was a happier fellow than he had conceived himself; and the old maid was forthwith metamorphosed into a young wife.

Some time since, two young ladies near Newmarket, fell into company with a gipsy, who, for a trifling sum, proposed showing them their future husbands' faces in a pail of water. The water being procured, they were desired to look. They did so: when discovering nothing strange, they exclaimed: "We see only our own faces." "Well," replied the gipsy, "those will be your husbands' faces when you are married."

A fine beaver hat isn't felt; but the coat is.

zers for his little people, and won, to his great delight, a cornet of most delicious bonbons.

When night came on, and the lamps began to twinkle along the crowded street, the little party found themselves some distance from the Linden Strasse, whereupon the careful mother prevailed upon them to turn their footsteps homeward. But now, to her sorrow, the children's thoughts again reverted to Christ-kindchen and the expected gifts.

"We will find them awaiting us; nicht so, lieber mütter—nicht so, lieber papa!" was the question of each little heart.

Impatient wings to their feet, and springing through the door opening upon the stone stairway leading up to their attic home, the three boys reached the narrow fifth story landing in advance of their weary and heavy-hearted parents.

A joyous shout from the boys, and a flood of light falling in waves over the winding stairway now fastidiously Bernhard and Ermingarde. Hastily mounting to the side of their children—what a sight met their eyes! The door leading into their little room was wide open, and in the centre of the tidy room rose a beautiful Christmas-tree—a tapering dark green fir—in whose graceful branches blazed innumerable waxen tapers, between which hung the loveliest toys that ever were seen, golden and silver covered fruits, nuts and sugar plums; on a little round table beneath lay three pretty bound books, and near by stood a fine rocking-horse, just as if he were awaiting a rider.

Let the curtain fall on the transports of the children, the bewilderment of the parents, their gratitude to the unknown, as they watched their darling boys around the radiant table. There were happy glowing hearts in the little attic home that Christmas night.

The next day two letters were brought to Bernhard: The first announced to him that the volume of poems submitted by him to the court bookseller a few weeks before had been received, accepted and would be published at the earliest possible day. Good news; but the other letter which bore a government seal, raised the happiness of the family to a height still greater: It was Bernhard's appointment to an office under the Grand Duke, the duties of which were little more than nominal, but whose salary would at once place his family in a position of comparative ease.

Years later, when Bernhard's name as a poet had become known and honored throughout his fatherland, the still lovely Countess Victoire confessed to him and Ermingarde the part she had taken in answering the letter of Paul, Herman and Perti—now grown to manly youths—to Christ-kindchen, and also the fact of her having exerted her influence with the Grand Duke and Duchess (after learning that the father of the three boys and Bernhard the rising poet, were one and the same person) in obtaining for them the government appointment.

THE LAWYER AND THE IRISHMAN.—As a number of lawyers and gentlemen were dining at Wiscasset, a few years since, a gay son of the Emerald Isle appeared and called for dinner. The landlord told him he should dine when the gentlemen were done.

"Let him crowd in among us," whispered a lawyer, "and we will have some fun with him."

The Irishman took his seat at the table.

"You were born in this country, were you, my friend?"

"No, sir, I was born in Ireland."

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir, he is dead."

"What is your occupation?"

"A horse jockey, sir."

"What was your father's occupation?"

"Trading horses, sir."

"Did your father cheat any person while he was here?"

"I suppose he did cheat many, sir."

"Where do you suppose he went to?"

"To heaven, sir."

"And what do you suppose he is doing in heaven?"

"Trading horses, sir."

"Has he cheated any one there?"

"He cheated one, I believe, sir."

"Why did they not prosecute him?"

"Because they searched the whole kingdom of heaven, and couldn't find a single lawyer."

A recent popular writer says that women should be won by degrees.—Certainly, win first her ears and eyes; then her heart, then her lips, and then her hand.