

The Mariettian.

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BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

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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 WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE

Liver Complaint, 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.

OBSEIVE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS resulting from disorders of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward Heat, Bitterness or Sourness to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Digestion for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the Pit of the Stomach, swimming of the Head, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, chest, 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, Strong Nerves, Healthy Nerves, Steady Nerves, 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 Healthy, Will make the Thin Stout, Will make the Depressed Lively, Will make the Sallow Complexion Clear, Will make the Dull eye Clear and Bright.

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, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the true excellence of 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 and at a much less price than these inferior preparations will have most surprising effect.

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

FEVER AND AGUE. The chills will not return if these Bitters are used in the early stages of the 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 to recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects; I yet know of no such useful remedy as a man may not testify to the benefits he believes himself to have received from 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 and at a much less price than these inferior preparations will have most surprising effect.

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

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 hesitations 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.

PRICES. Large Size, \$1.00 per bottle, or 1 dozen for \$5. Medium size, 75c per bottle, or 1 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 to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.
Principal Office and Manufactory, No. 631 ARCH STREET, JONES & EVANS, (Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.) Proprietors.
For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. [May 30-ly]

KUNKEL'S CELEBRATED BITTER WINE OF IRON.

Bitter Wine of Iron.
The Great Tonic.
The Great Tonic.
The Great Tonic.

For Dyspepsia and Indigestion, For Dyspepsia and Indigestion, For Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

For weak Stomachs and General Debility. For weak Stomachs and General Debility. For weak Stomachs and General Debility.

Reliable and sure to do good, Reliable and sure to do good, Reliable and sure to do good.

It costs but little and purifies the blood, It costs but little and purifies the blood, It costs but little and purifies the blood.

Of this valuable Tonic. Of this valuable Tonic. Of this valuable Tonic.

Manufactured solely by S. A. KUNKEL & Bro., No. 118 Market-st., Harrisburg, Pa.

Dr. Beane & Co. WOULD TAKE THIS Method of informing their patrons and friends that they have just received a COMPLETE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

Drugs, CHEMICALS, TOILET ARTICLES, DYE-STUFFS, PERFUMERY, &c.

Also, a well assorted stock of Coal Oil Lamps, Shades, Globes, Burners, &c., Pens, Paper and Envelopes, Fresh Seidlitz Powders, Citrate of Magnesia, Cologne of the best quality, Hair Oils, Pomades, Sago, Tapioca, Bermuda Arrow Root, Pure

Ground Spices, Pecked Books, Soaps, Combs, Brushes, Gum Rattles, Balls and Rings, Taylor's Shaving Compound, Burnett's Cocaine and Kaillist, Flavoring Extracts of Lemon, Vanilla, Pine Apple, Rose, Strawberry and Almond, Infant Powder, Powder and Puff Boxes, Balm of a Thousand Flowers, &c., &c., &c.

SUPPLEE & BRO., IRON AND BRASS FOUNDERS

And General Machinists, Second street Below Union, Columbia, Pa.

They are prepared to make all kinds of Iron Castings for Rolling Mills and Blast Furnaces, Pipes, for Steam, Water and Gas; Columns, Fronts, Cellar Doors, Weights, &c., for Buildings, and castings of every description;

STEAM ENGINES, AND BOILERS, IN THE MOST MODERN AND IMPROVED Manner; Pumps, Brick Presses, Shafting and Pulleys, Mill Gearing, Taps, Dies, Machinery for Mining and Tanning; Brass, Bearings, Steam and Blast Gauges, Lubricators, Oil Cocks, Valves for Steam, Gas, and Water; Brass Fittings in all their variety; Boilers, Tanks, Pipes, Heaters, Stacks, Bolts, Nuts, Vault Doors, Washers, &c., &c.

BLACKSMITHING IN GENERAL. From long experience in building machinery we flatter ourselves that we can give general satisfaction to those who may favor us with their orders. Repairing promptly attended to. Orders by mail addressed as above, will meet with prompt attention. Prices to suit the times. T. R. SUPPLEE, Columbia, October 20, 1860. 14 tf

GARDENER'S MONTHLY, Published by W. G. P. ENCKE, 23 North Sixth-st., Philadelphia. TERMS:—\$1.50 A-YEAR. EDITED BY THOMAS MEHMAN.

THE MONTHLY CONTENTS ARE: Hints—Flower-Garden and Pleasure-Ground; Fruit-Garden; Vegetable-Garden; Window-Gardening.

Communications.—Embracing the views of the best writers on Horticulture, Arboriculture and Rural Affairs.

Editorial.—Giving the Editor's views on the important Horticultural improvements.

Scraps and Queries.—New Fruits—New Plants—Domestic and Foreign Intelligence—Foreign Correspondence—Horticultural notices. With each department handsomely illustrated. These general features will be retained, and the publisher pledges himself that no labor or expense shall be spared to render the succeeding issues of the magazine every way worthy of the favor, with which his previous efforts have been amply rewarded.

SEND FOR A SPECIMEN.

Black Hawk Iron Ore Washer. THE undersigned having just completed new patterns for the manufacture of the celebrated Black Hawk Iron Ore Washer. He has removed several objections to the old pattern, and now feels certain of being able to wash one-third more iron ore per day, and much cleaner. Machines manufactured and put up anywhere desired at the shortest notice, and the working of the machine guaranteed. He can refer, by permission, to Col. James Myers, of I. O'Neal Furnace, Marietta, and to James L. Shu, Esq., adjoining Marietta.

SAMUEL HOPKINS, Marietta, Lancaster Co., Pa.
HAMMERED AND ROLLED IRON. A General assortment of Hammered and Rolled Iron, H. S. Bars, Norway, Nail Rods, American and Geeman Spring and Cast Steel, Wagon Boxes, Iron Axles, Springs for Smiths, &c.
For sale at PATTERSON & CO'S.

THE DISCONSOLATE WIDOWER.

Mr. Jones—an uncommon name, reader—never discovered that he loved his wife to distraction until the very day of her death. When that sad event occurred, he seemed suddenly to become conscious of the wonderful fact that he could not possibly exist without her. He plunged at once into the deepest purgatory of woe; and though he groaned, wept, wrung his hands, and tore his hair, he regretted exceedingly that he was still unable to express his grief in a manner more adequate to the occasion. Mr. Jones literally waded in agony and swam in despair; he refused utterly to be comforted, and touchingly requested his friends to bury him in the same grave with his Sophronia.

It was a singular circumstance, well known to the neighbors, that he had never appeared sensible of his wife's virtues during her lifetime; but now, while she lay dead in the house, the bereaved husband enumerated such a catalogue of good traits and dazzling qualities as would tire the reader to hear them repeated. It was truly astonishing to hear from his own lips what a marvelous woman Mrs. Jones was—so kind, so affectionate, so prudent, so self-sacrificing, so industrious, and such a good mother! He wept all the time of the funeral service, and at the church yard tried to throw himself into the grave, in an exacerbation of grief. He returned home looking so crushed and woe-begone that the neighbors said he would never recover from the shock.

Mrs. Smith met him and tried to assuage the awful pangs of sorrow which convulsed his breast. She advised him to be reconciled to the will of Heaven, and not to rebel against the Divine mandates.

"Mrs. Smith," he replied solemnly, "all my hopes of happiness are blasted. With Sophronia I have buried all my earthly prospects."

"Now, don't take on so," rejoined Mrs. Smith; "but bear your bereavement patiently, for the sake of your children."

"I really wish I was dead, Mrs. Smith—I wish I was dead and buried with her!"

And he capered about as some of the martyrs might have done when subjected, barefoot, to the tortures of the iron floor.

"Remember that death is the common lot," added the persevering lady.

"Death doesn't terrify me," returned the widower, in an impressive tone.—"It's being left behind."

"Believe me, neighbor Jones, time will soften your sorrow, and God will give you strength to bear this visitation."

"Never!" he exclaimed. "I do not wish my sorrow softened, and I don't care about strength; in fact, I hope it may fail, and my bodily powers decay, that I may soon follow her to the silent earth."

"Such feelings are sinful, Mr. Jones. Conduct yourself with becoming fortitude, and in due time find a companion for yourself, and a mother for your children."

Here the afflicted man had a fresh paroxysm of grief, and struck some highly tragical attitudes, favoring his kindly-disposed neighbor with some of the most lugubrious expressions ever attempted and successfully achieved, either on the stage or off.

"I shall never marry again! The sainted Mrs. Jones has not her equal on earth! The bare idea of a second wife seems like the rankest treason to departed worth; but I forgive you, Mrs. Smith, for I da-d-dare say you m-mean well!"

The worthy woman now realized that such woe was altogether out of her depth, and that she could not possibly fish up any comfort from the common waters-of-consolation; and so with a sigh she left the bereaved Mr. Jones to wallow alone through the mire of his affliction.

Everybody said Mr. Jones would never get married; and the idea was of universal prevalence—a settled question, ceded by all parties by unanimous consent.

In just one month from the day of Mrs. Jones's decease, Mrs. Smith, from a window, saw a remarkably well-dressed gentleman driving by quite gaily, with a youthful-looking lady at his side.

"Who in the world can that be?" she asked, turning to her friend, Mrs. Hopkins.

"That is Mr. Jones," was replied.

"Isn't it possible," exclaimed the questioner.

"And why not?" inquired Mrs. Hop-

OFFICE.

CAULL'S Row, Front Street, five doors below Flury's Hotel.

TERMS: One Dollar a year, payable in advance, and if subscriptions 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) 40 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 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.

"BURY ME IN THE SUNSHINE."

LAST WORDS OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

Bury me in the sunshine, Beneath God's azure dome, Where dews will weep Above my sleep, And star-beams earthward roam;

Soft and slow They'll come and go Above my long, long home.

Bury me in the sunshine, For now my work is done; In earth's deep breast I'll soon find rest, Beneath the gracious sun—Lay me low.

Oh! lay me low, The crown I sought is won.

Bury me in the sunshine, Far from my native land, Beneath the sod, By freemen trod, I'll join Death's silent band—Angels say—

"Oh! haste away," And wave a shining hand.

Bury me in the sunshine, When my glad soul takes flight, O'er sun and star, To shores afar, To dwell in bliss and light—Near, more near, This dawning year, I draw to my delight.

Bury me in the sunshine, In earth's enraptured breast, No marble cold, Above the mould, When I am with the blest—O'er the sod The cross of God To mark my place of rest.

Bury me in the sunshine, And now a long farewell—Go before To Heaven's shore, With God elect to dwell; Hark! they say—

"Now, come away!" Lament in Death's dark spell!

LOVE IN A WELL.

"Thirty years ago, when my hair was brown and my limbs young and active, I was sent, by the firm in whose service I was engaged, to collect money in some of the New England villages. The country was new to me, but I had full directions given to me, and started off for a few months to make our customers pay for their silks, calicoes and notions.

I had fared pretty well on my errand, and was putting up at a country inn, when one of our customers invited me to a gathering of young folks at his house. I at once accepted the offer. There I met with Mary Lee, and lost my heart instantly.

As I was returning to the inn, after leaving the party, I met with an accident that colored my whole future life, gave me its greatest joy and its heaviest sorrow. Crossing a field, in the darkness I set my foot upon a plank which tilted, and I fell down, losing consciousness before I reached the end of a subterranean descent. How long I lay insensible I cannot tell; but I awoke in bitter agony, feeling that I was fearfully injured. I called and groaned, but the darkness above was unbroken by any friendly gleam of light—the heavy silence cheered by no soothing voice. Day dawned, finding me still senseless, suffering and alone. As the streaks of light broke above me, I saw that I had fallen down an old well, half-filled with rubbish, and covered with loose boards at the top. One of these boards had given way under the pressure of my foot. This well, I learned later, was out Mr. Lee's place, and was gradually being filled up with any dirt that would have been otherwise carted away. The distasteful stone work around the top had been long ago removed for the convenience of backing up the carts. How I had strayed from the road on the large, open field, can only be explained by my ignorance of the locality, and by my castle-building, inspired by the sweet face of Mary Lee.

Morning dawned, and I was lying almost frantic in my agony, when I heard a young, fresh voice, singing above me. I called out, loudly—

"Help! help!" "Where?"

The singing ceased, and the question came in a startled tone.

"Here! I have fallen down the well."

The boards above me were pushed aside, and the daylight, further advanced than I had perceived in my darkened position, poured in.

"Down here? Oh! you must be fearfully hurt. George! John! Come quick!"

Hurrying feet came above me. "Some one must go down," said the voice. "Have you a rope?"

"Aye, the old rope is here, but it's not over and above strong; it won't bear a man."

"I will trust it. He has fainted," I was too much exhausted to answer any of the questions they shouted to me. The reaction of promised relief was too great after such a night as I had passed. Before I could realize the purport of the last sentence, I knew, by the darkening of the open mouth of the well, that some one was descending. I felt the dress of the brave girl touch my cheek; I heard her pitying tones; I knew she raised my head as she stood in the twilight beside me; but I could not speak. Others had hurried to the house, and one for the surgeon. Wine was lowered, and she knelt beside me to revive me, by it. Two long hours, as I learned afterwards, passed before the arrangements were completed to hoist us up, and she had not left my side. She bathed my face with the water they lowered; she gave me wine; she spoke words of cheer and comfort; she aided me, when the basket was at last lowered, in rising from my painful posture, and almost lifted me into the carriage after reaching the surface of the earth. And when the long fainting fit that followed above ground was succeeded by days of delirium, she was my faithful nurse.

When the truth became known that my left arm and leg were crippled and useless forever, then I tried to smother my love, and learned of her love for me. Mary Lee, the 'pet' of the village, the idol of home, the centre of many loving hearts, left all to follow her crippled husband to his city home.

If by the exercise of my brain I have made work for my hands—if my right hand has earned a luxurious home—by the love of a lifetime I have humbly endeavored to make her happy—did not earn all this, and more, aye, more than I can ever give her?

A LARGE PRINTER GONE.

Mr. Austin B. Williams, a well-known printer of New York, died very suddenly in that city on Sunday morning. He had worked upon the New York Times for twelve years past. His weight was 420 pounds, and it required no less than seventeen yards of broadcloth to complete his exterior outfit. His humor and ready wit were of a superior order, and these, with his extraordinary proportions, made a "host" among his associates. Mr. P. T. Barum repeatedly sought him for his popular resort as a natural curiosity, but his exceeding sensitiveness and peculiar character would never permit him to become an object of popular curiosity. He was extremely timid and bashful when in the presence of ladies, and would resort to any subterfuge to escape their company. Still more notable characteristics of Mr. Williams may be found in the simple fact that he never knew the taste of ardent spirits nor tobacco, never wore an overcoat, and eschewed the common ways of mankind to a degree seldom annulled. He was a native of Exeter, N. H., and in the 31st year of his age.

About a week since, while on his way home, he was seized with an attack of apoplexy, and lingered until Sunday morning, when he passed away.

DROWNED WHILE SKATING.—The St. Louis Union of the 22d ult., says this deplorable accident occurred six miles from the city, upon a quarry pond, about 250 yards from the residence of Mr. Salisbury. Young Douglas and Miss Mary Salisbury stood conversing together, in the centre of the pond, when Miss Elliott and young Salisbury came skating towards them, and had just reached them, when their combined weight caused the ice to give way, and all four went under the water. Young Douglas saved himself by swimming.

The young ladies and gentlemen were in the water an hour before they could be rescued. The pond was about forty feet square, and from ten to twenty feet deep. Miss Ada Elliott, who was drowned, was the daughter of Rev. Dr. Elliott, a minister highly esteemed in the West.