

The Marietta

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

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

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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 EFFECTUALLY CURE

Liver Complaint,
Dyspepsia, and
Jaundice.

HOOPLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the
Kidneys, and Disorders arising from a
Disordered Stomach.

OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS
resulting from disorders of the digestive organs:
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness or
Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sing-
ling of Perturbation, yellowness of the skin and
sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh,
constant imaginations of evil, and great de-
pression of spirits.

HOOPLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL GIVE YOU

- A Good Appetite.
- 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 Eyes Clear and Bright.
- Will improve a bleared and watery eye.
- Can be used with perfect safety by male or female, Old or Young.

PARTICULAR NOTICES

These are highly recommended to all who are afflicted with the following ailments:

- Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and Disorders arising from a Disordered Stomach.
- Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Singling of Perturbation, yellowness of the skin and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginations of evil, and great depression of spirits.
- Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and Disorders arising from a Disordered Stomach.
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ATTENTION! SOLDIERS, AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relatives or friends in the army to the fact that Hooplund's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, Pa., is the only medicine that has been found to be of any benefit to soldiers, and is the only one that is safe, and can be used with perfect safety by all. It is the only one that is safe, and can be used with perfect safety by all. It is the only one that is safe, and can be used with perfect safety by all.

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A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

They're stepping off, the friends I know,
They're going one by one;
They're taking wives to tame their lives,
Their jovial days are done.
I can't get one old crony now
To join me in a spree;
They've all grown grave domestic men,
They look a-kissed to me.

I hate to see them sober'd down,
The merry boys, and true;
I hate to hear them sneering now
At pictures fancy drew.
I care not for their married cheer,
Their puddings and their soup,
And middle-aged relations' frolics
In formidable groups.

And though their wife perchance may have
A comely sort of face,
And at the table's upper end
Conduct herself with grace,
I hate the pinn' that she regards,
The canny and the sage,
I hate to see my friend grow vain
Of furniture and page.

Oh give me back the days again
When heaven was wondrous free,
And stole the dew from every flower,
The fruit from every tree.
The friends I loved, they will not come,
They've all deserted me;
They sit at home and toast their toes,
Look stupid, and slipshod.

By Jove! they go to bed at ten,
And rise at half-past nine;
And seldom do they now exceed
A pint or so of wine.
They play at whist for sixpences,
They've rarely a dance,
They never read a word of rhyme,
Nor open a romance.

They talk—good Lord!—of politics,
Of taxes, and of crops;
And very quietly, with their wives,
They go about to shops.
They get quite skill'd in groceries,
And learn'd in butcher meat,
And know exactly what they pay
For every thing they eat.

Alas! alas! for years gone by,
And for the friends I've lost,
When no warm feeling of the heart
Was child'd by early frost.
If these be Hymen's votive joys,
I'd have him shun my door,
Unless he'll quench his torch, and live
Henceforth a bachelor.

A SILENT AGENT OF MORTALITY.—

Reflect Deeply—Judge Wisely.—War, Pestilence and Famine are looked upon as the most dire calamities to which humanity is subject; yet there is a silent agent at work among us, slaying by night and by day, whose victims are scarcely less numerous. The scourge to which we refer is the *interfering disease*. That thousands of human beings annually drug themselves to death, or are drugged to death by others, is a fact that no one will have the temerity to deny. The question is, "and is this evil to be obviated? Are there not remedies in existence competent to the cure of nearly all the internal and superficial maladies to which our bodies are liable?" Dr. Holloway, certainly one of the most eminent physicians of our age, claims that he has originated two preparations, one called *Holloway's Ointment*, which strikes directly at the germ of disease in the blood and other animal fluids, and obliterates them. How shall we test the truth of this claim? If we call for evidence, we find the witnesses in favor of the remedies are a multitude that no man can number. They are of all countries and races. The Chinese, the Malays, the South American Indians, the red men of our own territories, join with the civilized world in according to these medicines "most extraordinary curative properties."

THE GRAVE.—

It buries every error, covers every defect, and every resentment from its peaceful bosom springs up, but tender recollections who can look down upon the grave of an enemy and not feel a compassionate throbb that he should have warren with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him? The best thing a man can take with him to the grave is CHARITY.

The day after the death of Mrs. Lincoln's young son, a gentleman called at the White House to press his claims for a position that had been promised to him. The President heard him through, and replied in very explicable anger, "Really, I don't think you ought to wait till I bury my boy." [The applicant looked a little discomfited, picked up his hat, and replied, "Certainly, Mr. Lincoln, when does the funeral take place?" And sure enough, the fellow called the day after the funeral.

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