

The Mariettaian.

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, Disease 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, Dizziness, or a feeling of 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 webs 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 flashes 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 Nerves, Healthy Nerves, Steady Nerves, Bright Feelings, Energetic Feelings, Healthy Feelings,
A Good Constitution, A Strong Constitution,
A Healthy Constitution, A Sound Constitution.
WILL MAKE THE
Delicate Hearty,
Thin Stout,
Depressed Lively,
Sallow Complexion Clear,
Clear and Bright.
Will prove a blessing in every family.
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, containing from 50 to 40 cents per gallon, but taste disguised by Anise or Coriander seed. This class of Bitters has caused and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, under the name of Bitters, a great deal of suffering and death. It 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 Hooplans' German Bitters and mix with five 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 Hooplans' 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 have a surprising effect.
DEBILITY.
Resulting from Fevers of any kind—these bitters will renew your strength in a short time.
FEVER AND AGUE.—The chills 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 to favor or recommend 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 Hooplans' 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 Robert Shumaker, 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 these bottles of these bitters, at the expense of the present year, was followed by gaining of the present year, a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost disappeared 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 Hooplans' 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 Hooplans' 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 Dr. C. M. Jackson, is on the wrapper of each bottle.

PRICES.
Large Size, \$1.00 per dozen for \$5.
Medium size, 75c 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 intemperate salesmen 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,
PHILADELPHIA.
JONES & EVANS,
(Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.)
Proprietors.

For sale by Dealers and Druggists in every town in the United States. [May 30-1864]

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Having recently added a large lot of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., to the Job Office of "The Mariettaian," 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.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

I don't care three-and-sixpence now,
For any thing in life;
My days of fun are over now,
I'm married to a wife—
I'm married to a wife, my boys,
And that, by Jove's no joke!
I've eat the white of this world's egg,
And now I've got the yolk.

I'm sick of sending marriage cake,
Of eating marriage dinners,
And all the fuss that people make
With newly-wed beginners;
I care not now for white champagne,
I never cared for red;
Blue coats are all blue bores to me,
And Limerick gloves or kid.

And as for posting up and down,
It adds to all my ills;
At every paltry country town
I wish you saw the bills;
They know me for a married man,
Their storking says they do,
And charge me as the Scots Greys charge
The French at Waterloo.

I've grown, too, quite an idle rogue,
I only eat and drink;
Reading with me is not in vogue,
I can't be plagued to think;
When breakfast's over, I begin
To wish 'twere dinner-time,
And there are all the changes now
In my life's pantomime.

I wonder if this state be what
Folks call the honey moon?
If so, upon my word, I hope
It will be over soon;
For too much honey is to me
Much worse than too much salt;
I'd rather read from end to end,
The works of Mr. Galt.

O! when I was a bachelor
I was as brisk 's a bee,
But now I lie on ottomans,
And languidly sip tea,
Or read a little paragraph
In any evening paper,
Then think it time to go to sleep,
And light my bedroom taper.

O! when I was a bachelor
I always had some plan
To win myself a loving wife,
And be a married man;
And now that I am so at last,
My plans are at an end,
I scarcely know one thing to do,
My time I cannot spend.

O! when I was a bachelor,
My spirits never flagged,
I walked as if a pair of wings,
Had to my feet been tagged;
But I walk much more slowly now,
As married people should,
Were I to walk six miles an hour,
My wife might think it rude.

Yet after all, I must confess,
This easy sort of way,
Of getting o'er life's jolting road,
Is what I can't gaine say;
I might have been a bachelor
Until my dying day,
Which would have been to sit at least
As far the other way.

A FORTUNE REFUSED.—The grandfather of the printer, Duche, was a protestant refugee from France, and crossed the Atlantic with Wm. Penn. During the voyage, Penn borrowed twenty pounds of the Frenchman, and when they arrived in Philadelphia, offered him, as payment, a square in his city of Philadelphia, meaning thereby to show his friendship, Duche, however, very courteously refused, saying he would rather have the money. "Block-head" said Penn, "thou shalt have the money; but canst thou not see this will be a great city in a little time?" Duche afterwards frankly acknowledged, that he had proven himself a blockhead, when he saw the square he had refused, as an equivalent for twenty pounds, sold for as many thousands.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—The greatest English philosopher was Bacon; one of the finest Scotch poets, Rizz; and one of the pleasantest British essayists, Lamb.
A tree, 325 feet high, was recently cut down in California.

Snoring.

We find in an old number of the New York Mirror the following pithy article on "SNORING":

Has it ever befallen the gentle reader to sleep in a crowded hotel, in an apartment shared by several others; or in a stage traveling all night; or on board a steamboat? If so, you must have suffered from a nuisance, we fear, beyond the reach of satire, viz. snoring. Whether it is an Americanism, like whittling, spitting, putting the feet on the mantel-piece, and wearing hats with a long nap, we do not at this time wish to discuss; nor whether it is one of those general evils incidental to the universal infirmities of human nature, but we do say, that your regular snorer is an enemy to society, and ought either to cure his propensity, or turn hermit. Our object in writing this is to solicit the attention of the learned to a subject intimately connected with human comfort, that some means may be adopted either to have the class of snorers kept distinct from other people, in a different part of the town, and compelled to travel in a line of stages and steamboats constructed expressly for them; or else to check the propensity in early childhood, by a rigid course of education. Our youth are taught to dance, sing, play the fiddle, sit straight, eat with their fork, and be virtuous, but not a word about snoring; not a hint of this faculty, growing up in the secrecy of night, like a rank, luxuriant weed, within their character, to break the peace of innocent families, and ruin, night after night, that precious balmy slumber which lies so "starkly in the traveler's bones." Snorers! Why they are monsters. We avoid them in all our rural peregrinations, and smile inwardly on finding their acquaintance cultivated by unwary strangers, who little think what a trap they are falling into. We are one of that extensive class of human creatures who enjoy a fair night's rest. The day emphatically belongs to earth. We yield it without reluctance to care and labor. We toil, we drudge, we sweat, we play the hack-horse; we do things smilingly from which, in secret, we recoil; we pass by sweet spots and rare faces, that our very heart yearns for, without betraying the effort it costs; and thus we drag through the twelve long hours, disgusted almost, but gladdened withal, that the mask will have an end, and the tedious game be over, and our visor and our weapons be laid aside. But the night is the gift of heaven. It brings freedom and repose; its influence falls coolly and gratefully upon the mind as well as the body; and when we drop the extinguisher upon the light which glimmers upon the round untouched pillow, we, at the same time, put out a world of cares and perplexities. What, then, must our disappointment to find ourselves full length, side by side, with a professed, regular-bred, full-blooded snorer, when the spell of sleep is every few moments forming on us; and then broken by the anomalous, incongruous, nasal vociferations against which, at this particular moment, we are endeavoring to excite the indignation of the reader?

It is one of the advantages of authorship, however, that even evils, by yielding prolific subjects for the pen, may be made a source both of amusement and profit. We experienced this the other night, when returning from a day's absence, the traveler's vicissitudes sent us to sleep on board a steamboat, plying between this city and Albany. Fancy us, good reader, you know (or, for we have been hand and glove with you for so long a time, you ought to know) our sly penchant for comfort—our harmless pieces of epicureanism on a small scale—our enjoyment of a shady, still corner—our horror of being pushed and thrust about "any how." We have even, on occasions, betrayed too many of our secret tastes and antipathies, and have been rated sometimes by anonymous correspondents, (those familiar, invisible gentry,) for preferring a slant sunbeam through a heavy curtain to one that comes in like other beams. Imagine us, then, in a "eight boat," which even the captain confessed was "slow;" the wind and tide against us, a hot night, numerous passengers, the engine-heaving and working laboriously, with a regular and heavy impulse, that jarred through the massive vessel with jerks and shocks like little earthquakes, and the subtle languor of slumber stealing through our limbs, and hanging on our eyelids. A hundred or two travelers had already "tired in;" and we were

rected by a clerk to a berth, where, our guide informed us, we were to sleep. To sleep! We looked at the fellow's face. It was perfectly grave and respectful. A glance satisfied us he had intended no insult. He left us, and we paused to look around. Ah! the cabin of a steamboat is a melancholy affair to a sleepy gentleman, about eleven o'clock at night. A dim lamp, suspended from the ceiling, shed a doleful light upon the long, low, narrow apartment. The curtains of the berths were mostly drawn. Divers boots, which, when enlivened by their respective legs, had clambered mountains or paced over fields, now lay in groups here and there. Hats, valises, umbrellas, rested by their owners, being probably the only vestiges of them we should ever encounter. One fat gentleman had just lifted his unwieldy person into bed, and was tying a bandanna handkerchief around his head, preparatory to his launching off into glorious repose; while a cross-looking lean person opposite, having wound up his watch, and rescued his feet from his boots, with a prodigious deal of straining and ill humor; having with considerable difficulty discovered where he was to dispose of his cloak and other matters; bumping his head, moreover, while getting into his couch, and easing the pain with a smothered execration, at length also disposed of himself to his satisfaction. We do not know any thing which, when a man is really out of humor, exhausts his philosophy more tranquilly than hitting his head sharply against any hard object. My friend cursed the builder of the steamboat, in a half-smothered growl, and then all was quiet.—And now we were floating off into a pleasant sleep, when a low and gradually increasing sound from the berth of the fat gentleman arrested our attention. We listened, all was silent; and then again the same sound, more palpable and better developed. It was at first a low breath, of the consistency of a loud whisper. We turned over, still it went on. We turned back again, there it was yet. We rose on our elbow, in a passion, and peered our head out between the red curtains. There was the fat gentleman's berth. We could just detect a glimpse of the bandanna handkerchief, by a feeble glare of the lamp. Our sleepy eyes passed disconsolately over the boots and valises. We laid down again, but could not "with all the weary watching of our care-tried thoughts," win the coy dame sleep to our bed. What was to be done? Go up and hit the fat gentleman a blow? Impossible. Complain to the captain? He would laugh at us. Never was man so weighed down, so oppressed with sleep, and never did man so suffer from a snorer. The fat gentleman, as if aware of our misery, and mocking it, went on, like an orator getting warm with his subject. He grew loud, vociferous, outrageous. We laid and listened. He inhaled, he exhaled. Now the air rushed in through his extended jaws, now it burst forth obstreperously through his sonorous nose. He took it in with the tone of an octave flute, he let it out again with the profound depth of a trombone. He breathed short, he breathed long; he gasped, whistled, groaned, gargled. He quickened the time; became rapid, agitated, furious.

Hitherto he had snored with the sound of a rushing, regular stream, hastening on over a deep channel—now it was the braw, clash, dash, hurry, and discordant confusion of the same tide, hurled down a cataract of broken rocks—at last he gave an abrupt snort, and ceased altogether. We were thanking heaven for this relief, when a treble voice from the berth directly beneath, announced new trouble. It was some one—whom, we knew not, nor do we ever covet his friendship, who belonged to a different class of snorers. He made a regular, quick, sharp, hacking sound, like that of a man cutting wood. Hack, hack, hack—we heard it at intervals all night. The lean gentleman, in the opposite part of the room, now put in his claim as a snorer. He had four notes. It was a tune. It could be written and played any day. We laughed outright, and inwardly resolved to find the fellow out, and see what he was like by daylight. He played on some time, and then finished with a sudden combination of sounds among the constituent parts of which we could plainly distinguish a hiss and two sneezes. His exit reminded us of those pyrotechnic creations to be seen at "Nibble's, Castle Garden, &c., which whirl round and round around, and then explode with a phiz and a whisk, sure to be heartily applauded by the enlightened audience. There

was something in this gentleman's snoring which touched our feelings. A fine spirited fellow he was, we warrant. Full of life and animation, and not inclined to hide his light under a bushel. What became of him, however, after the explosion, we cannot say. He left a dead silence, and his evaporation we almost lamented. We should like to know, however, whether any law can be put in requisition against these gentry, or why we have not the same right to practise on the trombone, on board the steamboat, that they possess of "piercing the night's dull ear," by such pompous displays of nasal ability?

Bad Breath.

There is nothing more offensive in the world than a bad breath. It is vulgar as well as offensive. In a man it is quite beyond endurance; in a woman absolutely horrible. We would just as soon think of marrying a girl with the small pox as one with impure breath. But as loathsome as the odors of bad breath are, it is the simplest thing in the world to have at times a sweet and inoffensive breath, as sweet as the breath of a newborn babe.

In the first place, keep a clean mouth, which is easily done by having all decay removed by the use of a good tooth brush, with a little soap and water night and morning. Common toilet soap will do, but castile soap is preferable, as it is more strongly alkaline and contains less impurities. The teeth are decayed and filled with tartar, and discolored by the acids and vitiated by secretion of the stomach and the mouth, which may be perfectly counteracted and cleansed by soap which contains alkaline. If it is made by the teeth, and discolored by these directions will thoroughly and surely eradicate it. It may be necessary to go elsewhere for the cause, where it is frequently found—to the stomach. If the breath is bad from this cause, the tongue will be coated, the stomach oppressed with perhaps heartburn and acid eructation. Correct it by taking off all diet of indigestible character—cut off one-half of the quantity put into the stomach at each meal, and our word for it, the remedy will succeed most admirably, and you will be blessed with one of Nature's greatest blessings—a natural breath.

A SHORT CONJUGIAL LECTURE.—Scolding? I am not scolding! I never do, Rasher! If I express my mind about anything you begin to talk about "certain lectures" and all that kind of vulgar stuff. Men have fairly worn out their own tongues talking about women's tongues, yet I've got to live to see the day when a man admired a quiet woman. You always see them running after the silliest chatter-boxes. The faster they can talk, and the more foolish things they can say, the better they like 'em—provided always it ain't their own wife! It's only last night, at Mrs. Yelow Dock's, you was perfectly infatuated with that Mrs. Giggles that we women despise. I had to laugh in my sleeve, to see how you stuck by her side the whole evening. Jealous? Not a bit of it. Me and Grimace were watching you and enjoying ourselves very much. Grimace told me it was surprising to see a man with such a wife as you had, interested in that silly little widow. You were charmed with her good nature? I presume so. You'd rather have somebody with an eternal smile on their face, than to hear the wisest things said in a cutting way. The fact is, Rasher, you're not a judge of the female sex; they can pull the wool over your eyes without the least difficulty. You presume I am as well aware of that weakness as any one? Oh, now, don't be getting sharp—it ain't becoming of you! Give me the money I asked for, that's all I want of you. Of course it's all I ever want of you. Men were made to earn money, and women to spend it; that's what's the matter, Mr. Rasher.

A young man and his sweetheart stopped at a country tavern. Their awkward appearance excited the attention of one of the family, who commenced a conversation with the female, by inquiring how far she had traveled that day? "Traveled!" exclaimed the stranger indignantly. "We did not travel, we did!"

A clergyman, who was counseling a young widow upon the death of her husband, spoke in a very serious tone, remarking that "he was one of the few." "You cannot find his equal, you know." "To which the sobbing fair one replied, with an almost broken heart, "I don't know, but I'll try."

Odds and Ends.

Pray tell me, ladies, if you can, Who is the highly favored man, Who, though he's married many a wife, May be a bachelor all his life?
A clergyman.

What is it that makes every body sick but those who swallow it?—Flattery.
Why is a pair of skates like an apple?—They have occasioned the fall of a man.

What trade is the sun?—A tanner.
What is that which is above all human imperfections, and yet shelters the weakest and the wisest, as well as the wickedest of all mankind?—A hat.

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, he replied, "small as it is, I wish I could fill it with friends." These, indeed, are all that a wise man would desire to assemble for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

Every man, like Gulliver in Lilliput, is fastened to some spot of earth, by the thousand small threads which habit and association are continually throwing around him. Of these, perhaps, one of the strongest is here alluded to. When the Canadian Indians were once solicited to emigrate, "What!" they replied, "shall we say to the bones of our fathers, 'arise, and go with us into a foreign land?'"

When does a cow become real estate? When turned into a field.

What smells the most in a drug shop? The nose.

There is no pride in heaven, because there is no corruption for it to thrive on.

If a lady yawns half a dozen times in succession, you may get your hat.

"Time works wonders," as the lady said when she got married after an eight years' courtship.

What military order is like a lady crossing the street on a wet day? Dress up in front and close up in the rear.

A lady, who was a strict observer of etiquette, being unable to go to church one Sunday, sent her card.

The age of a young lady is now expressed according to the present style of skirts, by saying that eighteen springs have passed over her head.

A lady who was very modest and taciturn before marriage was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty freely afterwards. "There was a time," said he, "when I almost imagined she had none." "Yes," said her husband, with a sigh, "but it's very long since."

"I believe the jury have been inoculated for stupidity," said a testy lawyer. "That may be," replied his opponent; "but the bar and the court are of opinion that you had it in the natural way."

Henry IV., having bestowed the coronation benediction on a gentleman, at the solicitation of the Duke de Nevers, when the cellar was put on, the gentleman made the customary speech, "Sire, I am not worthy." "I know it well," said the king.

"What on earth am I to do with that incorrigible son of mine?" inquired an anxious father. "Dress him in a suit of shepherd's plaid," was the reply. "Why what possible benefit would that be?" demanded the wondering parent. "It would, at least, be the way of keeping him in check."

Young ladies, if you've got a bean to dispose of, now's your time—expose him to the draft.

"What's the use," said an idle fellow, "of a man's working himself to death to get a living?"

There are more lies told in the brief sentence, "glad to see you," than in any other in the English language.

A dish washing machine is the latest invention. It will, among other things, wash knives and forks without wetting the handles.

Some people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed, and their brains knocked out, they will actually go to law, and try to get further damages.

Shoemakers and milkmen make good sailors—they are both used to working at the pumps.

Those who are most weary of life and yet most unwilling to die, are such as have lived to no purpose, who have rather breathed than lived.

One of our cotemporaries says he got a horse given to him. He forgot to add the word "whipping."

Nature, when she makes a beautiful head, is often as absorbed with admiration of her own work that she forgets the brains.