

The Marietta

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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 Pains, 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 wells 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, 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, and containing any of the numerous liquor butters in the market, and will cost much less. This class of Bitters has caused and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of a drunkard. By their use the system is kept constantly 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 to have a liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt: Get one bottle Hooplанд's German Bitters and mix with three quarts of good Whiskey or Rum, and the result will be a preparation that will far excel in medicinal virtues and taste any of the cheap Bitters and will cost much less. You will have all the virtues of Hooplанд'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 have most surprising effect. Resulting from DEBILITY. The pills 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 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 medicine, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

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WHAT THE BIRDS SAID

BY JOHN G. WHITT. The birds, against the April wind, Flew Northward, singing as they flew: They sang, "The land we leave behind Has swords for corn-blades, plow for dew." "O wild-birds, flying from the South, What saw and heard ye, gazing down?" "We saw the mortar's upturned mouth, The sickened camp, the blazing town!" "Beneath the bivouac's starry lamps, We saw your march-worn children die: In shrubs of moss, in cypress swamps, We saw your dead unclothed lie." "We heard the starving prisoner's sighs: And saw, from line and trench, your sons Follow our flight with home-sick eyes Beyond the battery's smoking guns." "And heard and saw ye only wrong And pain?" I cried, "O wing-worn flocks!" "We heard," they sang, "the Freeman's song The crash of Slavery's broken locks!" "We saw, from new, uprising States, The Treason-nursing mischief spru'd, As, crowding Freedom's ample gaps, The long-estranged and lost return'd." "O'er dusky faces, seamed and old, And hands horn-hard with unpaid toil, With hope in every rustling fold, We saw your star-dropped flag uncoil."

THE OLD COUPLE.

The old man sits, with folded arms, In his easy chair to-day; His happy wife, with crossed palms, Hums snatches from the olden psalms, In a cheerful kind of way. 'Tis sweet to see this aged pair, Who have loved so long and well, Each other's joys so fondly share, And every little grief and care Allie's each bosom swell. 'Tis fifty years since they were wed, Just fifty years to-day; They have outlived the early dead, But age has bowed each silver head— They soon will pass away.

ACROSTIC.

Great Mars was cheated, Bellona defeated: "Mac" the "Little" retreated, Covered with dust; Left with impunity, Earned no immunity, Lost opportunity, Lived on community, Anatomized unity, Now let him rust!

An Editor in Missouri announces that the publication of his paper will be suspended for six weeks, in order that he may visit St. Louis with a load of bear skins, hoop poles, shingles, oak bark, pickled cat-fish, &c., which he had taken for subscriptions. He is bound to raise the cash on them.

"I never shot a bird in my life. For my part I never shot anything in the shape of a bird, except a squirrel, and I shot that one for the sake of his fine tail feathers. I shot a lot of good breed-

MY WEDDING NIGHT.

It was my wedding-night. For three months the hand of Ella Graham had been promised to me, and this night was to see her mine—mine forever. How I had set this night up in the future, as the beacon to steer my bark over the troublesome shoals! and now I thought I was at last entering the still haven, where all would be peace and joy. I had known Ella Graham for years—had seen her long as a bright star in the firmament, to be worshipped from afar. She was then above my reach—above even my hopes. I had looked upon her, with admiration, as thing of beauty I could never obtain. Her father was a rich merchant, and I a poor orphan clerk in his employ; and what chance had I to aspire to her regard? much more, her love? still more, her hand? Time passed on, and Ella and I became thrown together too often for my peace of mind. I was several years her senior, and, being much in favor with her father, was occasionally invited home with him and taken into the heart of the family-circle, where I came in contact with Ella in all her playful sweetness and child-like simplicity and purity. Little then dreamed he or any other, of the true state of my feelings.

But though my tongue was silent for the time, my heart spoke through my eyes and in my unguarded acts, and soon the quick perception of the object of my idolatry saw and understood all; but saw with pleasure, not with scorn; for secretly her own noble heart beat responsive to mine. "My heart is yours," sweetly murmured the blushing Ella, "but ask not my hand till you gain my father's consent."

Oh, well do I remember how I trembled, and, as it were, shrank into myself, when I approached that father, to avow my almost guilty secret, and ask the greatest boon that earth could give! In silence he heard my confession. "Walter Mowbray," he at length replied, with a sternness that startled me, "I was not prepared for this revelation. Another time you shall have my answer."

I bowed, and withdrew with a sinking heart. Nearly a week passed away before Mr. Graham and I exchanged another word. Then he sent for me. When I entered the counting-room, where he was sitting alone, the place grew dark, and I was obliged to take hold of a chair to steady my reclining frame. "Walter Mowbray," he said, "what answer do you expect from me?" "I am without hopes," I faltered. "Then shall your modest merit not go unrewarded. Three months from to-day, my daughter's hand shall be yours; and on the first day of next year, you shall be greeted as a partner of this house!"

I heard the words; but, after the first few, they seemed as if coming from a great distance. It may have been unmanly—I certainly feel no pride in confessing it—but my strange emotions completely overpowered me, and I fainted and fell.

This, then, to return, was the night so hopefully and joyfully looked forward to as the one that was to crown my happiness, and I was already on my way to the splendid mansion of the bride. As I was hurrying on through a quiet street, a wild cry of murder rung out upon the still air. At the first corner before me, I saw a man running, as if to escape, and impulsively I sprang forward. When I reached the spot from which I saw the man start, he was already out of sight; but leaning against the wall of the corner house, I perceived a female, who was in the act of falling. Without a thought of the consequences, I ran up to her, impulsively threw my arm around her, and inquired if she was hurt. She sank heavily upon my arm; and as I eased her down, I discovered to my horror that there was blood upon her dress about the region of the heart, while a glance at her rather handsome features, showed the ghastly look of death. Terrified at the thought of being found alone there with a murdered woman, under circumstances calculated to fasten suspicion on me—and which, to say the least, would result in my detention beyond the hour fixed upon for my nuptials—I sprang away and ran up the other street. I had not gone far, when I heard a voice shouting: "Stop him! stop him! stop the murderer! Stop thief! stop thief!" I looked back, and saw a man, without a hat, and having on what appeared to be a dressing-gown, as if he had just come from a bath, coming after service during the night, calling out at every breath. I ought to have stopped, turned back, and made a truthful statement of the whole matter, let the result have been what it might; but the horror of being suspected, arrested and detained, at such a time of all others, determined me to escape if possible, and I bounded away as if I were the guilty wretch indeed. Windows flew up; other voices were soon added to those of my pursuer, and in a very short time a dozen persons had joined in the chase. There chanced to be no one immediately before me; and in less than half-a-minute I had darted down a small, narrow street, having a start sufficient to turn the second corner before my nearest pursuer could reach the first. At length I entered a wide, pleasant street, and saw an empty coach passing. I hailed it, and in less than half-a-minute was inside.

"No 9, Ashland Place, as quick as possible!" I said to the driver. He shut the door, sprang to his seat, and away we flew. I trembled still, but breathed again. What a narrow escape from a troublesome night! and what an amount of painful anxiety had I thus saved to my expecting friends—to the sweet being of my love! Should I tell her, tell them, of my horrid adventure? At some future time perhaps—but not at once—not on the eve of my marriage. Considered as an omen, it was certainly not a pleasant one, and I resolved to be silent.

Within fifteen minutes from entering the carriage, I was set down at the door of Richard Graham. I handed the driver double fare and hurried into the mansion. I was in good time, and the expected guests had not yet begun to assemble. I received an affectionate greeting from Miss and Mrs. Graham, but both remarked that I was deadly pale and agitated.

"It is an occasion of such momentous consequence to me, that I have not the power to be calm," was my only explanation.

When alone with Ella, she inquired, with affectionate interest, if I was ill. "No, dearest, no bodily ailment," I replied.

"Something has occurred to trouble you then, Walter!" she pursued, with tender earnestness; "oh, tell me what it is!"

"Why do you think so, dearest Ella? Is not the present occasion, so long and tremblingly hoped and prayed for, sufficient to affect me in the manner you see?"

Our *te-te* was not of long duration; and when interrupted by one of Ella's bride's-maids, I was glad of the opportunity of getting away by myself, for the purpose of collecting my thoughts and steadying my nerves. It was a task, however, not easy to accomplish; for, though perfectly innocent of any wrong, I somehow felt like a guilty being—and when the time at last arrived for the performance of the solemn ceremony, that was to make forever mine what I most coveted on earth, I had all the depressing feelings of a criminal being conducted to his execution.

When, supported by our bridal friends, I led the pale and trembling Ella forward, amid a blaze of light and throng of beauty and fashion, to take upon us the holy vows of marriage, it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep my feet.

At last the ceremony was begun, amid a hushed and death-like silence. Suddenly there was a violent ring of the street bell, as in cases of the most urgent haste, and every one started perceptibly and exchanged glances with some other, and even the clergyman made a momentary pause and turned his eyes anxiously toward the hall door, as if the idea of an unpleasant interruption were flitting across his mind. He still went on speaking, however, till the interest of the assemblage began to be divided between his words and some strange voices in the hall, when he stopped abruptly, and turned toward Mr. Graham, with the evident intention of asking for the restoration of silence and order. At that moment, to the astonishment of all, two rough-looking men appeared in the doorway; and one of them, taking off his hat with a rather nervous jerk, and reddening with embarrassment, exclaimed, in a quick, gruff tone: "Beg your pardon, gentlemen and ladies, for interrupting you at such a time! but we—that is, my partner here, and me—we has got our duties to do, ye see!"

"Speak out, man," said Mr. Graham, in a stern tone, "and say what indeed you want here at such a time as this!"

"Yes, sir—exactly, sir! Well, sir, and gentleman and ladies all, and no offence meant—but, ye see, there's been a woman murdered to-night, and the man what killed her was fetched here in a coach about two hours ago, and we've come here with a warrant to take him away again."

The horrified astonishment of the whole company at these words, can better be imagined than described. As for myself, I was like a statue of marble—as cold, as silent, as motionless—froze, as it were, with horror.

"Well," cried Mr. Graham, "do you see the guilty man here?" The constable advanced into the very centre of the shrinking group, looking eagerly into every face till his eyes fell upon mine, when he stepped up, laid his rough hand upon my shoulder, and said: "This here's the man we want."

I heard my dear Ella and others shriek wildly, and I dropped to the floor in a swoon.

A Word to Apprentices.

In what way do you spend your leisure evenings? In idleness—in frivolous amusements—or in the company of those who will corrupt your morals? Remember if you would prepare yourselves for future usefulness, you must devote every spare moment to study. First, be industrious in your several employments during the hours of business; never complain that it is your lot to work; count it an honor; go about it with cheerfulness and alacrity; it will become a habit and by becoming so will be a delight. Make it your first business to promote the interest of your employer; by taking care of his, you will learn to take care of your own.

Remember, that it is one of besetting sins of the young men of this extravagant and indolent age, to endeavor to get rid of work; to seek for easy and "lazy" employments, and the consequence is that many of them turn out worthless vagabonds. Avoid this whirlpool as you would a plague spot; banish from your bosom the desire to live without work.—Labour is honorable, dignified; it is the parent of health, wealth and happiness; look not upon it as a burden and a curse. Shun idleness; pursue some honest calling and be not ashamed to be useful.

BEWARE OF PORK; Of this meat, Dr. Trall writes rather appallingly: "In condemning it we know we assail the prejudice of many, and offend the ignorance of others. But the best teachers on the subject of health utterly condemn its use. It is gross and corrupting. There are marks of disease in all swine, and in those most highly fattened disease is most conspicuous. We have been surprised and enlightened by the fact that many farmers who annually take to market large quantities of pork, use but little in their families, convinced by experience that it is not wholesome for them. Doubtless there is too much flesh-food used by our people; but the ox and the sheep are not naturally unclean creatures, as the hog is. The hog, like the buzzard, is a natural scavenger. Let him fill his office, and in the end, be converted into oil, light and lubrication, and his grosser material into soap grease."

ANECDOTE OF GEN. HOWARD.—A soldier lay in a lady's house, badly wounded. A Major general rode up to the door.—His orderly took his horse. He got off, went in, and sat down by the dying man's side. Taking out a little book, he began to read: "Let not your heart be troubled," &c. He then knelt down and offered up a prayer to God for the dying soldier.—Arising from his knees, he bent down and kissed him, and said: "Capt. G.—we shall meet in heaven." He then rode off.—"That General was Maj. Gen Howard.

Beecher and the King of Belgium.

Mr. Beecher gives the following account of an interview with the King of Belgium:

"When I was in Ghent, at the request of the American Minister, I consented, in the hope of doing some good to our country, to call on the King of Belgium. It would not do for me to go without some preparation. As to borrowing a court suit, I would not; but I did consent to get a white vest; and I did consent to get some white gloves; and I did consent to get a stiff hat. When I had got myself arranged for going to Court, in a manner unlike that which I had been accustomed, I procured a splendid carriage and started. As I rode through the streets, all the boys looked at me, and I felt very much like a fool going to court. And as I came to the king's residence, I thought the soldiers knew that I was dressed up for the first time in my life in such things—which was the fact. I did not know what to say to the servants at the foot of the stairs, or to the servants at the top of the stairs; but I made my way along somehow; they conducted me through a hall, and whisked me at once before the king. He is a venerable personage. He speaks the English language beautifully. He is the mentor, he is the adviser of European monarchs. If you were to see him dressed in ordinary clothes, you would think him a plain American citizen, but he was dressed, from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, in all sorts of beautiful things and ornaments. He walked towards me in a very stately manner, with his sword rattling on the floor by his side, and I walked toward him the best way I could. He bowed and I bowed. We talked together and I called him 'Sir' all through, and said a good many things that I should not have said. I could not get it out of my head that I was not afraid of the King, and that I was doing something disreputable. I wanted to observe Court forms; but the very desire to do so rendered the thing impossible. I saw that he knew it; for he smiled benignantly, and seemed to have a fatherly consideration for me. Finally on leaving the room, I ought to have backed out. I did go backward for one or two steps; but then I turned and whisked through the door, face foremost."

William Willis under sentence of death, in Kingston, for murdering the widow Rockwell, because she married his rival after having promised to become his wife, writes a long letter to the Kingston Argus, in which he rehearses the history of their courtship, and concludes as follows: "In conclusion, and without the desire to palliate my crime, except that which truth will sanction, I have been the dupa of a heartless coquette and hypocrite—one in whom I placed unlimited confidence—one whom I loved not wisely but too well. She is now in eternity. She met her untimely end by my hand, and I would willingly give the wealth of the universe, if it was mine, to erase the record of that deed from my history, but that is impossible. There is one thing, however, that consoles me, and that is the consciousness that I knew not what I did; had I been sane, she probably would now be alive, and I would be at the seat of war or wrapp'd in the cold embrace of death. My only remembrance now of any thing connected with the tragical circumstances is, I felt that it would be a laudable and praiseworthy thing to take her life; otherwise my mind was a perfect blank."

Gutta serena is now used to protect the feet of horses from tenderness and slipping. It is first cut into small pieces and softened with hot water, then mixed with half its weight of powdered sal ammoniac, and the mixture melted in a tinned saucepan over a gentle fire, keeping it well stirred. When required for use, melt in a glue pot, scrape the hoof clean, and apply the mixture with a knife.

One farmer made a scarecrow so very frightful that an old crow went and brought back all the corn he had stolen for several days. Couldn't the farmer be induced to try his hand in the Government corn field?

Grace Greenwood, in her late lecture, said that Gen. Sickles, since he lost a leg in the defence of his country, has stood on a better footing than he did before.

Many ladies think themselves unable to walk a mile, who would gladly dance three times that distance.