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F.I. BAISER, Editor and Proprietor.

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1 IIighly Concentrated Vegetnible Extract. PURETONIO DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
PREPARED BY DR, C, M IACKSO PHU'






TIE SOLDER TO HS HOTLER.

Angels watching.jer me, mothor
Till the brea
king of the day.
I lay thinkiug of you, mother,
And the loving ones atiziom
Till to ouridear cottase, mother

He to whom you taught me, mother,
On my minant knee to pray, Ken my mifant kniee to pray, Kept my heart fram fainting, mo
When the vision pasis
In the the gray of morning, mother, Comrades bore me to the tow From my bisom tender fingers
Washd the blood that trickled do

1 must soin be going, mother
Going to the home of rest:
Kias me ta of old, my mother
Would I could repay your, mother,
For your faithrul love and care :
For your faithful love and care :
Gor uphord and bless you mother,
Inthiis bifter woe you beagr.
Kiss me for my little brother,
Kiss my tisters, loved so well
When you sit together, mother,
Tell them tiefegtory, mother,

Leaning on the merit, mother,
Of the 0 Ove who died for all


 A DIRGE.
Softly

> Trcadithe fioor of the cot by the hill.

Soflys ${ }^{\text {Shut the door }}$
Froni the sound of the mill
Softly :
Hear the vesper
$\boldsymbol{A s}$ twilight hours are sped
Softy 1 Speak in whisper
Meekly : Bena in prayer $\begin{aligned} & \text { Down by thie toldiors side }\end{aligned}$
Genty! speakk words there Speak words there-
To calm the youthful bride
"Brighty ! Suys the eoldier,
"I look oner the river's tide
$\underset{\text { Did he murmuri }}{\text { Brighty }}$ ded brid 1 am dying! , The dying soldier said.

> Quickly!
: To bim hieing, She found life fied.
"The Rain---The Babel of the Prayers," We heard a dozen men complain,
When Wediesday it began to rian Just as before, whien it was dity, They mournecto drought with inny,
And seemed mant tstangely to forget,
Tha And geemed mast strangely to forpe,
The Lord made water rather wet!
If .ull men's payaers were heard tog If all men's prayers were heard together,
The world would have the guecrest weather
 "My corn is parched!" "Ah, Stssa
Don't jet a drup of water on it



So, 'mid the murmera of the wofld,
The cloude luke banners are unfuried; The cloudd hike banners are unfurled ;
The raindeseculs, the bow is sent,
The sks smoiles cleagr, God's uzure tent


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