

The Mariettaian.

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

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1864.

VOL. 10.—NO. 25.

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 effectively 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.
OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS
resulting from disorders of the digestive organs:
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness or Blood
to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea,
Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or
weight in the Stomach, sour eructations, sink-
ing 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 lying in 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 flushes of heat, burning in the flesh,
constant imaginings of evil, and great depression
of spirits.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL GIVE YOU
A Good Appetite,
Strong Nerves,
Healthy System,
Steady
Nervous
Energy,
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.
It will prove a blessing in every family.
It can be used with perfect safety by male
or Female, Old or Young.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.
There are many preparations sold under the
name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, com-
pounded of the cheapest Whiskey or common
rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon,
the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander seed.
This class of Bitters is not only injurious to
the system, as long as they can be sold,
but it is the death of a drunkard. By
their use the system is kept continually under
the influence of alcoholic stimulants of the
worst kind, the desire for more being created,
and kept up and the result is all the horrors at-
tendant upon a drunkard's life and death. Be-
ware of them.

For those who desire and will have a liquor
bitters, we publish the following receipt:
Get one bottle Hoofland's German Bitters and
mix with three 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 Hoofland'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 nervousness, 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 Fevers of any kind—these bitters
will renew your strength in a short time.
FEVER AND AGUE.—The chills will not re-
turn 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 test-
ify to the benefits he believes himself to have
received from any simple preparation, in the
hope that he may thus contribute to the ben-
efit of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's
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 Rob't Shoemaker, esq.,
for the removal of this prejudice by proper
tests, and for encouragement to try them, when
suffering from nervousness and debility. The
use of three bottles of these bitters, at the be-
ginning of the present year, was followed by
evident relief, and restoration to a degree of
bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt
for six months before, and almost dispirited
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 "Hoof-
land's German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths
of the diseases induced by privation and ex-
posure 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 de-
bility. Every case of that kind can be read-
ily cured by Hoofland's 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 hospi-
tals, who have been restored to health by the use
of these Bitters, sent to their friends.
Beware of counterfeits! See that the sig-
nature of "C. M. Jackson" is on the wrapper
of each bottle.
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
articles, do not be put off by any of the intri-
cating 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. 531 Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.,(Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.)
Proprietors.
For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every
town in the United States. [May 30-ly

Great Discovery.

Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.

For the cure of Weak Stomachs, general
debility, indigestion, diseases of the
Nervous System, constipation, acidity of
the stomach and for all cases requiring a
Tonic.
This Wine includes the most agreeable and
efficient Salt of Iron we possess; Citrate of
Magnetic Oxide combined, with the most en-
ergetic of vegetable tonics, Yellow Peruvian
Bark. The effect in many cases of debility,
loss of appetite, and general prostration, of an
efficient Salt of Iron combined with our valu-
able Nerve Tonic, is most happy. It augments
the appetite, raises the pulse, takes off muscu-
lar flabbiness, removes the palor of debility,
and gives a florid vigor to the countenance.
Do you want something to strengthen you?
Do you want a good appetite?
Do you want to build up your constitution?
Do you want to feel well?
Do you want to get rid of nervousness?
Do you want energy?
Do you want to sleep well?
Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?
If you do, try
KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON!

This truly valuable Tonic is so
thoroughly tested by all classes of the com-
munity, that it is now deemed indispensable as a
Tonic medicine. It costs but little, purifies
the blood, gives tone to the stomach, renovates
the system, and prolongs life. I now only ask
a trial of this valuable Tonic.

COUNTERFEITS.
BE AWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.—As KUN-
kel's Bitter Wine of Iron is the only pure and
effective remedy in the known world for the
permanent cure of Dyspepsia and Debility,
and as there are a number of imitations offered
to the public, we would caution a com-
munity to purchase none but the genuine arti-
cle, manufactured by S. A. Kunkel, and has
his stamp on the top of the cork of every bot-
tle. The very fact that others are attempting
to imitate this valuable remedy, proves its
worth and speaks volumes in its favor.
The Bitter Wine of Iron is put up in 75 cent
and \$1.00 bottles, and sold by all respectable
Druggists throughout the country. Be partic-
ular that every bottle bears the fac simile of
the proprietor's signature.
General Depot, 118 Market Street,
Harrisburg, Pa.
For Sale by Dr. Beane & Co., and all
respectable dealers everywhere.

\$100 Reward!
FOR A MEDICINE
That will cure Coughs,
Ticking in the Throat,
Influenza,
Whooping Cough,
Or relieve Consumptive Cough,
AS QUICK AS
GOE'S COUGH BALSAM.

OVER FIVE THOUSAND BOTTLES
Have been sold in its native town, and not a
single instance of its failure is known.
We have, in our possession, any quantity of
certificates, some of them from eminent phys-
icians, who have used it in their practice, and
John it the pre-eminence over any other com-
pound. It does not dry up a Cough, but loosens
it, so as to enable the patient
TO EXPECTORATE FREELY.
Two or three doses will invariably cure tickling
in the throat.
A Half Bottle has often completely cured the
most stubborn cough,
and yet, though it is so sure and speedy in its
operation, it is perfectly harmless, being pure-
ly vegetable. It is very agreeable to the taste
and may be administered to children of any age.
In cases of Croup we will guarantee a cure,
if taken in season. No Family should be
without it. It is within the reach of all, the
PRICE BEING ONLY 25 CENTS.

And if an investment and a thorough trial
does not "back up" the above statement, the
money will be refunded. We say this know-
ing its merits and feeling confident that one
trial will secure for it a home in every house-
hold. Do not waste away with Coughing,
when so small an investment will cure you.
It may be had of any respectable druggist, who
will furnish you with a circular of genuine
certificates of cures it has made.
C. G. CLARK, Proprietors,
Sept. 24-6m New-Haven, Ct.

GEO. W. WORRALL,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Having removed to the Rooms formerly occupied
by Dr. Swartzel, adjoining Spangler & Pat-
erson's Store, Market Street, where he is now
preparing to wait on all who may feel
disposed to patronize him.

Dentistry in all its branches car-
ried on. Teeth inserted on the most approved
principles of Dental science. All operations
on the mouth performed in a skillful and
workmanlike manner—on fair principles and
on VERY REASONABLE TERMS.
Having determined upon a permanent loca-
tion at this place, would ask a continuation
of the liberal patronage heretofore extended
to him, for which he will render every pos-
sible satisfaction.
Ether administered to proper persons.

DAVID COCHRAN,
Pointer, Glazier and Paper Hanger.
WOULD most respectfully inform the cit-
izens of Marietta and the public gener-
ally that he has prepared to do
House Painting,
China Gilding,
Paper Hanging, &c.,
At very short notice and at prices to suit the
times. He can be found at his mother's resi-
dence on the corner of Chestnut and Second
streets, a few doors below the M. E. Church,
and immediately opposite the old Oberlin
Coach Works. [Aug. 3-ly]

The Glatz Ferry.
Formerly Keesey's,
OPPOSITE MARIETTA.
THIS old Ferry—one of the oldest and most
safe crossings on the Susquehanna River—
is now in charge of the undersigned, who has
refitted the old and built new boats, which will
enable him to do ferrying with safety and dis-
patch. No unnecessary delay need be endured.
Sober and experienced Ferry-men always en-
gaged. No imposition in charges as the fol-
lowing list will show:
Farm Wagons, each \$1.00
Horse, per head .25
Single horse and rider, .25
Two-horse Carriage and two persons, 1.00
Buggy, horse and two persons, .50
Foot Passengers, each .12
Stock of all kinds at the old charges.
All Luggage over fifty pounds, 25 cents per
100 pounds extra.
JOHN ECKERT.
July 15, 1863.

Published every Saturday Morning.

OFFICE: CRULL'S ROW, Front Street, five
doors below Flury's Hotel.
TERMS, One Dollar a year, payable in ad-
vance, and if subscriptions be not paid within
six months \$1.25 will be charged, but if de-
layed until the expiration of the year, \$1.50
will be charged.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12
lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and
25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Pro-
fessional and Business cards, of six lines or less
at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading col-
umns, 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 Lard 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.

The Columbia Insurance Co., Of Columbia, Lancaster County, Penn'a

CHARTER PERPETUAL!
THIS Company continues to insure Buildings
Merchandise, and OTHER PROPERTY, against
loss and damage by fire, on the mutual plan
either for a cash premium or premium note
The large and increasing capital of the Com-
pany, consisting of premiums now given
by its members, and based upon
\$1,475,789 35!

INSURED ON THE MUTUAL PLAN.
Affords a reliable guarantee equal to ten
times the average loss on the amount insured;
and the Directors pledge themselves to deal as
liberally with those who may sustain loss or
damage as the case will admit, of consistent
with justice to all parties concerned.
AMOUNT OF PREMIUM NOTES, \$155,049.00,
Balance of Cash premiums un-
expended, January 1st, 1863, \$1,668 57
Cash receipts during the year
'62, less Agent's salary, 6,781 47
Cash receipts in January, 1863, 495 80
—\$9,345 84
Losses and expenses paid during the
year 1862, \$6,329 73
Balance unexpended, Feb'y 2, 1863, 3,016 11
—\$9,345 84

A. S. GREEN, PRESIDENT,
GEORGE YOUNG, JR., Secretary,
MICHAEL S. SHUMANN, Treasurer.
DIRECTORS:
Robert T. Ryan, Abraham Bruner, Sr.,
John Penard, H. G. Minich,
Samuel F. Eozlein, Michael S. Shuman,
Ephraim Hershey, John Shaffer, Geo.
George Young, Jr., Nicholas Mc Donald,
Asa S. Green.

REFERENCES:—The following persons are
all members of this Company:
Bainbridge—R. H. Jones, John H. Smith,
John K. Bunker, B. A. Shaffer, Henry B.
Wilcox, F. S. Bletney, Cassius Yeager, H. C.
Fondermuth, John Shenberger, J. G. Pollock,
Frank Shillit, John Gaus, J. J. & P. S. Mc-
Tague, Michael S. Shuman, R. Williams,
John Cooper, Geo. W. Heise, Washington
Richter, Geo. H. Hildebrand, H. & F. Fletch-
er, Eckert & Myers, Thomas Welsh, Wm.
Martin, Casper Herbst, J. W. Cottrell, Philip
Huebner, Ephraim Hershey, Philip Schalko,
David Hanauer, John Kramer, Jacob Staacks,
Jacob K. Bunker, B. A. Shaffer, Henry B.
John Q. Denney, John Ellis, Sylvester, Vogle,
Samuel Arms, A. Gray & Co., East Hempfield
—Simon Minich. Fairmount—Abraham Col-
lins, Samuel Horst, Michael Hess, Lanca-
ster—John K. Bunker, B. A. Shaffer, Henry B.
Leman, Wm. T. Conner, Geo. W. Heise,
Reese. Marietta—Geo. W. McChaffey, John
H. Summy, Frederick Mahling, E. D. Roth,
Calvin A. Schaffner, John Naylor, Samuel
Hopkins, Martin Hildebrand, H. & F. Fletch-
er. Mount Joy—Jacob Myers, Lemel Bar-
hart, Michael Brandt, John Breeman—
Manheim—John Hosteter, J. E. Cross, Sam'l.
Long, Geo. Weaver, John M. Dunlap, John
Dutt, Phil. Arns, Arab H. Kling, David
Fisher, Maytown—Hiram Beatty, George B.
Murray, Samuel Pence, Simon F. Albright—
Mountville—A. S. Bowers. Manor Township
—Jacob B. Shuman, Christian Miller, Julius
Shuman. Penn Township—Daniel Frey,
Henry B. Wilcox, Geo. W. Heise, H. C. Con-
ner. Rapho Township—Christian Greider,
Edward Givens, Michael Witman. West
Hempfield Township—H. E. Wolf, B. A. Price,
M. A. Reid, J. H. Strickler, Amos S. Bowers,
Jacob Hoffman. Warwick Township—Daniel
B. Erb.

The Company wish to appoint an Agent for
each Township in Lancaster County.—
Persons wishing to take the Agency can apply
in person or by letter.

CHEAP READY-MADE CLOTHING!
Having just returned from the city with a
nicely selected lot of Ready-made Clothing,
which the undersigned is prepared to furnish at
reduced prices, having in a general assort-
ment of men and boys' clothing, which he is
determined to sell low, FOR CASH. His stock
consists of OVER-COATS, DRESS, FROCK AND
SACK COATS, PANTS, VESTS, PEJACKETS,
ROWBOATS, KEIT OYERKETS, CALVARS,
DRAWERS, SHIRTS, HOSE, UNDERWEAR,
GLOVES, SUSPENDERS, &c. Everything in the
Furnishing Goods line. Call and examine be-
fore purchasing elsewhere. Everything sold at
prices to suit the times. **JOHN BELL.**
Corner of Elbow Lane and Market St
next door to Cassel's Store.

ALEXANDER LYNDSAY,
Fashionable
Boot and Shoe Manufacturer,
MARKET STREET, MARIETTA, PENN.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens
of this Borough and neighborhood that he has
the largest assortment of City made, and in
his line of business in this Borough, and be-
ing a practical BOOT AND SHOE MAKER
himself, is enabled to select with more judgment
than those who are not. He continues to man-
ufacture in the very best manner everything
in the BOOT AND SHOE-LINE, which he
will warrant for neatness and good fit.
Call and examine his stock before pur-
chasing elsewhere.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry
H. L. & E. J. ZAHM
RESPECTFULLY inform their
friends and the public that they
continue the WATCH, CLOCK
AND JEWELRY business, and
stand, North-west Corner of North
Queen street and Center Square, Lancaster, Pa.
A full assortment of goods in our line of busi-
ness always on hand and for sale at the lowest
cash rates. Repairing attended to per-
sonally by the proprietors.
Lancaster, January 1, 1863.

BUY one of those beautiful SOFT
BATS at CAULL'S, 92 Market-st.
200 SACKS OF SALT
For sale cheap at Dissenbach's.

HE HAS GONE TO BATTLE.

He has gone, and I have sent him!
Think you I would bid him stay,
Leaving, craven-like to others
All the burden? nay, the triumph!
The glory that awaits my boy!
Is it hard to understand
All the joy that fills the hero
Batting for his native land?

He has gone, and I have sent him!
Could I keep him at my side
While the brave old ship that bears us
Plunges in the perilous tide?
Nay, I blush but at the question—
What am I, that I should chide
All his brave and generous prompting
Captivity to a woman's will?

He has gone, and I have sent him!
I have buckled on his sword—
I have bidden him strike for freedom,
For his country, for the Lord!
As I marked his lofty bearing,
And the flush upon his cheek,
I have caught my heart rebelling,
That my woman's arm is weak.

He has gone, and I have sent him!
Not without a thought of pain,
For I know the war's dread chances,
And we may not meet again—
Life itself is but a lending,
He that gave perchance may take—
If he so, I will bear it
Meekly for my country's sake.

He has gone, and I have sent him!
This henceforth shall be my pride—
I have given my cherished darling
Freely to the righteous side.
I, with all a mother's weakness,
Hold him now without a frow,
Yet, when he returns, I'll hail him
Twice as noble as before.

For The Mariettian. EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

"One of the oldest matrons of our
borough, has gone to her long home.—
Every person knew 'Old Granny Gohn,'
as she was called."

The above brief paragraph, quoted
from the editorial columns of a recent
number of "The Mariettian," affords me a
fruitful text, for the exercise of a world
of reflections—of thoughts and experi-
ences of "long, long ago." Yes, "every
body," in and about Marietta, for the
last half century or more, must have
known "Granny Gohn" and some of
those who have ceased to be citizens of
her loved Marietta for many years, and
who may have known her in the days of
their youth, may have a more lively
recollection of her, than many of those
who became acquainted with her in
their maturer years. Nothing is said
about the age of Granny Gohn, any
more than that she was "old." Old
indeed she must have been; for it is
nearly forty years, since we, who are
a dozen of summers, first became ac-
quainted with her, and she was then a
widow, and walked with a cane, and to
us seemed old, for she was known as
"Old Katy Gohn," among those who
spoke of her in familiar terms. So old,
that I had thought her dead years ago—
an octogenarian at least, if not "ninety-
three." I can never forget, how, in my
unsophisticated boyhood, I looked up to
Granny Gohn as one of the most remark-
able women of my native borough, as
I feel confident now, that she was
one of the most useful ones, in her hum-
ble and unobtrusive way.

Granny Gohn was not the ARCHITECT,
but she was the builder of my first coat,
and if I ever in my life indulged in
"feather-pride," I did in a most magnif-
icent manner on that eventful occasion.
Any attempt to convince me that there
lived a man in the United States who
could make a better coat than the one
she made for me, would have been futile
in the extreme. What a happy and
contented world we should have, if, in
all the relations of society, and through-
out our entire lives, such a state of con-
fidence existed. I know I shall meet
in the response of "non-progressiveness,"
mechanical and mental "bigotry," or
"fossilized" social ideas; but then, is
there not a possibility that our boasted
pretensions of progress and reform are
only superficial, and only the more of-
fensively hide the corruptions, the un-
cleanliness, and the moral chaos that is
within us? Only a few years ago, we
were wont to indulge the idea that we
were the most magnanimous, the most
patriotic, and the most united nation
on earth, and when at last the hour of trial
and temptation came, we fell from our
boasted integrity as a whole people, and
became a byword and a reproach to our
enemies at home and abroad. But I
am digressing. I said that Granny
Gohn was the builder of my first coat,
and this circumstance alone, is calculat-
ed to retain her name and individuality
in my memory, as long as memory lasts.
Perhaps it may be interesting to the
juvenile readers of The Mariettian, to

give a succinct history of the event, and
one or two little adventures connected
with it.

I hired myself to her son, for five
months, at two dollars a month, condi-
tioned to take three-fourths of my wages
in goods out of a country store. The
farm that my employer then occupied
was called the "Henry Hershey Farm,"
and was located in the extreme southern
angle of Rapho township, where the
"Big Chiques" and the "Little Chiques"
creeks form a junction. One could
stand upon the angle of Rapho, and
cast a stone across the Big Chiques into
West Hempfield township, or across the
Little Chiques into East Donegal. I
used to relate this circumstance, when
I visited home, with as much pride and
self-importance, as if these three town-
ships had been three great kingdoms,
and I the monarch of them. The farm
buildings were then in a most dilapidat-
ed condition, and after every storm, we
expected to see the old straw-thatched
barn blown into the creek. The dwell-
ing house was a very little better than
the barn, only that, instead of thatching,
it was covered with oaken shingles, the
edges of which turned up in dry frosty
weather, admitting as much fresh air as
would satisfy the most ample ideas of
modern ventilation. The family con-
sisted of Mr. G. and his wife, their
niece, about my own age, and myself;
and we four, a sort of isolated from
the world, contrived to eke out a cheer-
ful winter. I have never, I believe,
since those days, enjoyed such free and
uninterrupted access to the apple bin—
indeed the room in which I slept, was,
for the greater part of the winter, an
immense apple bin, when I could indulge
in the discussion of Rambos and Bell-
flowers to the "top of my bent." The
girl, Betty, attended a school in the
country, where German and English
were taught; and from her book, and
through her instruction, I learned to
say the Lord's Prayer in German.—
What a wonderful thing memory is—
I have never forgotten that prayer and
its form, as well as the circumstances
under which I learned it. I believe
among German scholars, at that time,
there was some controversy as to the
proper form of the prayer—one con-
tending for "Vater unser," and the other
for "Unser Vater." Literally translated,
to an Englishman, the latter would be
most acceptable, but the party from
whom I learned it, was an uncomprom-
ising stickler for "Vater unser."

When about half of my five months
had expired, Mr. G. and myself drove a
one-eyed ox to a country store, on the
Marietta and Lancaster pike, about
midway between those two places, where
the animal was bartered for dry-goods,
and I obtained the material for my "first
coat"; to which was also added material
for a pair of "pants" and a vest. The
color was blue, with shining brass but-
tons. The cloth seemed to me like the
finest, softest velvet, and the buttons
like burnished gold. If I only could
have been psychologized in that state of
mind upon that special point, and the
influence had never been dissipated, I
should have been saved from a great
amount of subsequent mortification of
feeling, in consequence of the tarnishing
of the buttons, and the entire and abso-
lute vanishment of the color of the
cloth; to say nothing about the coarse-
ness of its texture, which appeared to
become coarser and coarser the longer
I wore it.

On the next morning early, I took my
bundle of material under my arm, and,
with as much importance, as if I was
about to engage a person to do an "im-
mense job," I walked in to the borough
and sought a tailor-shop. Two young
men had just commenced business, in
the building now occupied by that veter-
an of the craft, familiarly known as the
"Old Soldier." Thither I strode, and
had my garments cut, of course, in the
latest fashion. The coat was cut a
double-breasted dress-coat, sometimes
called a "lightbody," which on this oc-
casion, was not a misnomer for any
means. They charged me twenty-five
cents for the three pieces, which I tho't
an immense amount of money for such a
service. In less than half an hour they
had earned as much as I could earn, at
my present wages, in three days, and a
half; therefore there was just grounds
for my amazement. The coat had no
useless cut-off, waist or lapel seams;
and therefore, when "laid out," it fit the
shopboard almost as smoothly as it fit
my back. The operation of cutting
having been finished, I forthwith carried
the garments to "Old Katy Gohn" to
have them made. I do not recollect
how long she worked upon them; but

they were only in her possession for one
week, and she charged me one dollar for
the making. This was far below what
the tailors asked, and yet it required two
weeks for me to earn a dollar. But if
the tailors had agreed to make them for
nothing, such was my faith in Katy
Gohn, that I should have preferred her,
if she had charged me twice as much as
she did. The garments, so far as I can
recollect, had but a single merit, and
that was due to Katy Gohn—they never
rippled.

My first coat was donned upon a
bright, clear, but cold, Christmas Jay—
the Christmas of 1826, and I was almost
beside myself with ecstatic enjoyment.—
I became perfectly profligate, and must
have expended at least a shilling in
ginger-bread and ground-nuts—an ex-
penditure which I did not forget for a
long time, for it was the wages of a whole
week. The river Susquehanna for miles
was covered with a clear smooth-sheet
of ice; and all the lovers of that kind
of sport in the borough, were indulging
in the exhilarating exercise of skating.
I was not content with simply sliding
over its glassy surface, but became am-
bitious to try my hand—or rather my
feet—at skating. A juvenile friend
kindly loaned me his skates for the oc-
casion, and in due time they were buck-
led on. They were of the kind then
called "rockers," because of their ap-
proximation to a rocker of a chair or
cradle in shape. After assuming a per-
pendicular attitude, I was instructed to
"strike out," which I did, or attempted
to do, but simultaneously with the act,
the ice either struck up, or my head
struck down; for they both came sud-
denly and violently in contact, and I
saw a million of stars in the broad open
light of day. The boys all said I fell;
but I could never fully realize that I
did; for it seemed that the ice vaulted
up behind me and struck me a severe
blow on the back of my head, which in
half an hour raised a protuberance the
size of a walnut, making it almost im-
possible to wear my hat, except too far
back, or too far front, to harmonize with
a genteel perpendicular. I unstrapped
the skates in less than quarter of the
time it occupied in strapping them, and
I have never had another pair upon my
feet from that day to the present time,
and in all probability I never will have
as long as I live, even should my days
be prolonged to the number of those
allotted to Granny Gohn. I did not
care so much about the "knot" on my
head, as I did about soiling my new
coat; but, "like the old woman's grease,
it all came off when it was dry."

These events seem to me now as mat-
ters of yesterday, since they have been
revivified in my memory by reading the
paragraph in The Mariettian in relation
to the departure of "Old Granny Gohn"
for the paradisaical realms of the spirit
land. To me she always seemed unob-
scured and pure, and if her external
was an outbirth of a true internal, I
feel sure that she will progress to a
state of perennial beauty, in "that house
not made by hands, eternal in the
heavens."
GRANTLELLUS.

"Old Judge —, who resides not
very far from Cincinnati, is known as
one who never pays a debt if it can be
avoided. Has plenty of money, how-
ever, and is a jolly, rollicking old chap.
Gets pretty drunk, occasionally, when,
of course, some friends take care of him.
Not long ago he fell into the hands of
a man who had his note for a sum of
money, and as it was a last chance, the
friend dived into the old Judge's wal-
let, took out the amount, and put the
note where the money had been. When
the Judge awoke to consciousness, as
was his wont, he took out his wallet to
count how much money he was out.—
Finding his purse almost empty, he
thundered—"How did I spend all my
money?" "You paid off that note I
held," answered the friend. "Well,"
muttered the Judge quietly stowing
away his wallet, "I must have been very
drunk."

A sleepy church warden, who of-
ten played at cards, hearing the minis-
ter use the words, "shuffle off this mor-
tal coil," started up, rubbing his eyes,
and exclaimed—"Hold on! it's my
deal!"

"George, my boy, do you know
that Mr. Jones has found a beautiful
baby on his door-step, and is going to
adopt him?"
"Yes, papa; he will be Mr. Jones
step-son, won't he?"

"Bury me in the sunshine," were
the last words of Archbishop Hughes.