

OFFICE in Crull's Row—Second Street—Front street, five doors below Mrs. Flury's Hotel, Marietta, Lancaster County, Penna.

Subscriptions be delayed beyond 3 months, \$1.25; if not paid until the expiration of the year, \$1.50 will be charged.

No subscription received for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

Any person sending us five new subscribers shall have a sixth copy for his trouble.

Advertisements: Sixty cents for the first insertion (12 lines, or less) 50 cents for the second, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Notices in the reading columns, five cents a line. Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcements, FREE; but for any additional lines, five cents a line.

Having recently added a large lot of new JOB AND LEAD TYPE, we are prepared to do all kinds of Plain and Fancy Printing, SUCH AS Large Posters, with Cuts, Sale Bills of all kinds, Ball Tickets, Circulars, Cards, Programmes, &c. &c.

Everything in the Job Printing line will be done with neatness and dispatch, and at the lowest possible rates.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR EACH! 10,000 Beautiful Steel Plate Engravings of the Lord's Prayer for sale.

VALUABLE PROPERTY GIVEN AWAY!! The idea of representing the Lord's Prayer by an engraving, and of ornamenting and arranging it in such a manner as to produce at once a model of neatness and taste, was conceived and carried out by ORMSBY, the celebrated Bank Note Engraver of New York.

It commences with exquisitely executed words of "Our Father," and then follows in succession the other parts of the prayer, every phrase of which is engraved in the most elegant and tasteful manner.

Near the bottom of the picture is a superbly executed head of Our Saviour, and crowning the upper part of the engraving are ten angels, each bearing one of the TEN COMMANDMENTS.

The engraving has received the most unqualified praise from the religious community, as there is nothing of a sectarian character about it, having been recommended by clergymen of all denominations.

As a work of art this valuable and beautiful engraving is worth more than the dollar asked for it, it will readily be acknowledged on an inspection of it; but the subscribers intend to make a Gift Distribution to purchasers of the engraving of valuable presents of the following kind:—

1 House and Lot in York Borough. 2 Buggies, (Quinn & Palmer's make, warranted.) 1 Rockaway. 2 Building Lots in York Borough.

100 Valuable Books already sold. 50 Bibles, (Quinn, Warranted.) 1000 Gold Gilt Frames to suit Engraving of the Lord's Prayer.

500 Steel Plate Engravings, Birth of Christ. Magnificent Looking Glasses. Gold and Silver Watches.

All kinds of Jewelry, embracing Cameos Florentine, Mosaic, Gold Stone, &c., &c. A Gift worth from 50 cents to \$500.00 with each engraving sold.

When the engravings are sold a meeting of the purchasers will be called at Washington Hall, York, Pa., when the Gifts named above will be distributed in such a manner as the purchasers may determine.

The proprietors from the favorable manner in which this Gift Enterprise has been received, and the number of engravings already sold, hope to be able to have the amount disposed of by the 1st of July, '61, and when all are sold they will notify the purchasers, and have the distribution of the Gifts proceeded with.

The engraving has received the commendation of the Reverend Clergy, our first citizens, and indeed of all classes, who eagerly take it with interest and spirit.

Send One Dollar, and a red stamp, to pay postage on Engraving, and you are sure to get it by return mail with a Ticket in the Drawing.

Address: AUSTIN & WEBBLY, J. M. AUSTIN & GEORGE WEBBLY, RECOMMENDATIONS: From Rev. C. W. Thompson, Rector of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, York, Pa.

Messrs. Austin & Webbly.—The engraving of the "Lord's Prayer," which is now offered for sale by Messrs. Austin & Webbly, of this Borough, is "got up" with much taste and beauty, and ought to recommend itself to public attention—anything that will keep that noble composition before the mind and memory is likely to do good.

The work seems to me only to require examination in order to be admired, and I cannot but hope that the gentlemen who have in hand its distribution at so moderate a rate, will be abundantly successful in their undertaking.

C. W. THOMPSON. From Rev. F. F. Hagan, Pastor of the Moravian Church, York, Pa., Feb. 20, 1861.

Messrs. Austin & Webbly.—Having had the pleasure of inspecting Messrs. Austin & Webbly's splendid engraving of the Lord's Prayer, I would cordially recommend it to the favorable attention of all your friends at York and elsewhere.

It is not only a beautiful ornament for the dwelling of every Christian family, but also a useful and edifying acquisition for Sunday Schools and similar benevolent institutions.

Mr. John Fuks, Market-st., agent for Marietta and vicinity, where specimen engravings can be seen and purchased.

JOHN BELL, Merchant Tailor, Cor. of Market-st., and Elbow Lane, Marietta. GRATEFUL for past favors I would return many thanks to my numerous friends and patrons and inform them that I still continue the old business at the old stand, where I will be pleased to see them at all times, and having a full and splendid assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES & VESTINGS, which will be made up to order at the shortest notice by the best of workmen, and on reasonable terms, I would be pleased, therefore, to wait upon my old customers and all who see proper to patronize me hereafter.

25 BARRELS Monongahela Whisky just received, which will be sold at the lowest market rates by the barrel or gallon at the Est. Market Wine & Liquor Store. A. D. REESE, Mount Joy.

BUY one of these beautiful SOFT HATS at Crull's, 92 Market-st.

The Mariettian

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor.

Terms—One Dollar a Year.

VOL. 8.

MARIETTA, AUGUST 3, 1861.

NO. 1.

THE NOBLEMAN OF EARTH.

The truest nobleman on earth, Is he who loves to be The first companion of the good, The hero of the free.

Who works undaunted for the poor, Who sees no rank in names, Whose hopes ascend to heaven in crowds, As sparks fly up in flames!

Give me that nobleman of mind, Who loves a noble cause; The right of labor's sturdy sons, And freedom's righteous laws! The hater of evil schemes A tyrant may advance;

A giant's strength about his heart, Thoughts brilliant in his glance! I love the nobleman of earth, Who strives to bless the age; And leaves a glory that is caught On history's faithful page!

Who sees the millions love to live, Truth's sure unflinching guest, Who shines in love as does the sun In palace of the West!

He's deathless as the mighty skies, When jewelled through with stars; Could feel God's beauty in a blaze Burst through the prison bars! No mandate from the tyrant breaks His spirit's upward bound;

While high on every liberal creed His name is blazoned round! And perjured kings may pass from earth, Their pomp and lustre fade; But nature's nobleman unclaspes The cruel laws they've made.

His worshipped monarch is his God, He leaves a name behind, Flashed with effulgence that reflects His majesty of mind!

STRIKINGLY TRUE.—Quill, of the Boston Post, gives the following as an infallible recipe for worrying an enemy; having seen it tried on:

If any one wishes to know The best way to worry a foe, Don't go to impeaching his gins; Don't call him opprobrious names; Don't say that he tipsles or games;

Don't twit him of dyeing his hair; Don't sneer at his "2.40 mare"; Don't threaten his limbs or his life; Don't laugh at his daughter or wife;

Don't tell him to "look in the glass"; Don't call him a fool or an ass; Don't tell him he rides very ill; Don't dun him with that "little bill";

Don't stab him, or slap him, or kick him; Don't stab him, or stick him, or lick him; There's a crueler trick to employ— Give a dram to his favorite boy!

INFLUENCE OF SMILES.—A smile is indeed a thing of beauty. Whether living on the lips of gladsome youth, or flickering on the dying features of worn out age, it holds its beauty still.

Whether making loveliness yet more winsome, or rendering ugliness less repulsive than its wont, a smile yet holds its nature—yet it is beautiful. Magic lurks therein, and always the human heart as words never can—quickens its quiet pulse, or soothes and calms the hurried throbs as they may need.

And beneath the encouraging influence of one sweet, upholding smile, the heart itself may change its mood—may yield its mad intent, if not cast out forever its evil promptings and its dark propensities. And so may the smiles of derision madden beyond what the utmost words can do, even as the smile of praise will spur humanity to great and noble deeds beyond the approach of all other promptings.

LIFE OF A JAIL BIRD.

I am not going far to tell you my life, like a song or a story book. But to give it to you short and handy, I'll put it at once into a mouthful of English.—In jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail, in jail and out of jail. There, you've got it. That's my life pretty much, down to such times as I got shipped off, arter Pip stood my friend. I've been done everything, to pretty well—except hanged.

I've been locked up as much as a silver tea-kettle, I've been carted here, and carted there, and put out of this town and put out of that town, and stuck in the stocks, and whipped, and worried and drove. I've no more notion where I was born than you have—if so much. I first became aware of myself down in Essex, a thieving turnip for my living.

Summon run away from me—a man—a tinker—and he'd took the fire with him, and left me very cold.—I know'd my name to be Magwitch, christen'd Able. How did I know it?—Much as I know'd the birds' names in the hedges to be chaffinch, sparrer, thrush. I might have thought it was all lies together, only as the birds' names come out true I suppose mine did.

So far as I could find, there warn't a soul that see young Abel Magwitch, with as little on him as in him, but wot caught fight at him, and either drove him off or took him up. I was took up, took up, took up, to that extent that I regularly grow'd up took up. This is the way it was, that when I was a ragged little creature, as much to be pitied as ever I see (not that I looked in the glass for there warn't many inside of furnished houses known to me), I got the name of being hardened.

"This is a terribly hardened one," they says to prison visitors, picking out me. "May be said to live in jails, this boy." Then they looked at me, and I looked at them, and they measured my head, some on 'em—they had better measured my stomach—and others on 'em gave me tracts what I couldn't read, and made me speeches what I couldn't understand.

They always went on agen me about the Devil. But what the Devil was I to do? I must put something into my stomach, mustn't I? Howsomever, I'm getting low, and I know what's due. Dear boy and Pip's comrade, don't you be afeard of me being low. Tramping, begging, thieving, working sometimes when I could—though that warn't as often as you may think, till you put the question whether you would have been over ready to give me work yourselves—a bit of a poacher, a bit of a laborer, a bit of a waggoner, a bit of a hawker, a bit of most things that don't pay and lead to trouble, I got to be a man. A deserting soldier in a Traveller's Rest, wot lay hid up to the chin under a lot of fatus, learnt me to read; and a travelling Giant, wot signed his name at a penny a time, learnt me to write.

I warn't locked up as often now as formerly, but I wore out my good share of key-metal still.

PATRIOTIC CATHOLIC CLERGYMEN.—In a late sermon before one of the Catholic churches in Albany, New York, the Rev. Father Creedon said: "I wish every man who can leave his family, to enlist. This is the first country the Irishman ever had that he could call his own country.

The flag of the stars and stripes is the only flag he can fight under and defend as his own flag. Now, in the time of the nation's peril, let every Irishman show that he is worthy to be part of a great and glorious nationality. Now, when the American flag is bombarded and struck down by traitors, let every Irishman show that he is true to the flag which always protects him. I want every Irishman who hears me to enlist if he can. There are two classes whom I most despise—cowards and traitors; and those who can enlist and do not are either one or the other."

The treatment of persons poisoned has hitherto been that of a chemical decomposition of the poisonous substances. It is now proposed to correct their effects by another method—that of administering poisons of a depressing character to counteract those of an exciting one. This is the new Italian practice. Thus laudanum has been neutralized by belladonna.

The Latest Novelty in gentlemen's apparel, and one that is well suited to these war times, is shirtfronts, collars and wristbands of enameled steel. They are said to be perfectly elastic and not to suggest to the wearer that he is handcuffed.

LAST DAYS OF BEAU BRUMMEL.

Brummel made one grand mistake in his career as a Beau; he outlived himself. For some twenty-four years he survived his flight from England, to which country he never returned. For a time he was an assiduous writer of begging letters and the plague of his friends.

At length he obtained the appointment of consul at the good old Normal town of Caen. This was almost a sinecure, and the Beau took good care to keep it so. But no one can account for the extraordinary step he took soon after entering on his consular duties.—He wrote to Lord Palmerston, stating that there were no duties attached to the post, and recommending its abolition.

This act of suicide is partly explained by a supposed desire to be appointed to some more lively and more lucrative consulate; but in this the Beau was mistaken. The consulate at Caen was vacated in accordance with his suggestion, and Brummel was left penniless, in debt and to shift for himself.—With the aid of an English tradesman, half grocer, half banker, he managed to get through a period of his poverty, but could not long subsist in this way, and the punishment of his vanity and extravagance came at last in his old age.

A term of existence in prison did not cure him, and when he was liberated he again resumed his primrose gloves, his Eau de Cologne and his patent *vern* i his boots, though at that time literally supported by his friends with an allowance of £120 per annum. In the old days of Caen life this would have been equal to £300 a year in England, and certainly quite enough for any bachelor; but the Beau was really a fool.

For whom, for what should he dress and polish his boots, at such a quiet place as Caen? Yet he continued to do so, and to run into debt for the polish. When he confessed to having, "so help him Heaven," not four francs in the world, he was ordering this *vern* i *de Guillon*, at five francs a bottle, from Paris, and calling the provider of it a "scoundrel," because he ventured to ask for his money.

What foppery, what folly was all this! How truly worthy of the man who built his fame on the reputation of a coat.—Terrible indeed was the hardship that followed his extravagance; he was actually compelled to exchange his white for a black cravat. Poor martyr! after such a trial it is impossible to be hard upon him. So, too, the man who sent repeated begging letters to the English grocer, Armstrong, threw out of the window a new dressing gown because it was not of the pattern he wished to have.

Retribution for all this folly came in time. His mind went even before his health. Though only some sixty years of age, almost the bloom of some men's life, he lost his memory and his powers of attention. His old ill manners became positively bad manners. When feasted and feted, he could find nothing better to say than "What a half starved turkey!" At last the Beau was reduced to the level of that slovenliness which he had considered as the next step to perdition.

Reduced to one pair of trousers, he had to remain in bed till they were mended. He grew indifferent to his personal appearance, the surest sign of decay. Driveling, wretched, in debt, an object of contempt to all honest men, he dragged on a miserable existence.—Still with his boots in holes, and all the honor of beaudoom gone forever, he clung to the last of his Eau de Cologne, and some few other luxuries, and went down, a fool and a pop to the grave. To indulge his silly tastes he had to part with one piece of property after another, and at length he was left with little else than the locks of hair of which he had once boasted.

He is described in his last days as a miserable, slovenly, half-witted old creature, creeping about to the houses of a few friends he retained, or who were kind enough to notice him, still jeered at by the gamins, and remarkable now, not for the cleanliness, but the filthiness and raggedness of his attire.

Poor old fool! one cannot but pity him, when wretched, friendless and miserable as he was, we find him, still graceful, in a poor *cafe* near the Palace Royal, taking his cup of coffee, and when asked for the amount of his bill, answering very vaguely "Oui, Madame, a la pleine lune, a la pleine lune."

The driveling of old age are no fit subjects for ridicule, yet in the case of a man who had sneered so freely at his fellow creatures, they may afford a useful lesson. One of his fancies was to give imaginary parties, when his tallow

dips were all set alight, and his servant announced with proper decorum, "The Dutchess of Devonshire," "Lord Alvanley," "Mr. Sheridan," or whom not.—The poor old idiot received the imaginary visitor with the old bow, and talked to them in the old strain, till his servant announced their imaginary carriage, and he was put driveling to bed. At last the idioty became a mania. He ate enormously, and the man who looked upon beer as the *ne plus ultra* of vulgarity, was glad to imagine it champagne. Let us not follow the poor maniac through his wanderings. Rather let us throw a veil over all his driveling wretchedness, and find him at his last gasp, when coat and collar, hat and brim, were all forgotten, when the man who had worn three shirts a day was content to change his linen once a month.

It was a peaceful community—the minister's wife was an excellent woman, notwithstanding her love of snery—and Deacon Hobbouse was of all men the least disposed to make trouble in the society. Hence the sensation which is produced when the report circulated that he had used almost blasphemous language in speaking of the amible lady. The sweetest-tempered woman would not like to hear of a grave and influential deacon declaring that "she sets a worse example than Satan." The minister's wife, whose ear was in due time reached by the report, felt in a high degree incensed, and sent her husband to deal with the honest old man. The latter was astonished when told of the charge against him.

"I never said so!" he solemnly averred. "You are quite positive that you never did!" said the minister. "Heaven knows! It's as false as can be!" exclaimed the deacon. "Whatever thoughts I may have had about your wife's extravagance—and I am now free to say I do think she has set our wives and daughters a running after new bonnets and shawls, and such vanities—whatever thoughts I've had, though, I've kept 'em to myself; I never mentioned 'em to a living soul, never!"

The good man's earnestness quite convinced the minister that he had been falsely reported. It was, therefore, necessary to dig to the root of the scandal.—Mrs. Brown, who told the minister's wife, had heard Mrs. Jones say that Mr. Adams said that Deacon Hobbouse said so; and Mr. Adams, being applied to, stated that he had the report from Stevens, who said that he heard Deacon Jacob say so. Stevens was accordingly brought up for examination, and confronted with the deacon.

"It's an outrageous falsehood!" said the deacon. "You know, Stevens, I never opened my lips to you on the subject—nor to any other man." "I heard you say," remarked Stevens coolly, "that the minister's wife sets a worse example than Satan; and I can take my oath on it."

"When? where?" exclaimed the excited deacon. "In your barn," replied Stevens, "when I went to borrow your half bushel." "There never was such a lie!" Stevens—Stevens, said the quivering deacon, "you know!"

"Wait, till I explain," interrupted Stevens. "I was on the barn floor, you was up on the scaffold pitching hay, and talking to yourself. I thought it too good to keep; so, just for the joke, I told what I heard you say."

The deacon scratched his head, looked humble, and admitted that he might in that way, have used the language attributed to him. To avoid trouble in the society, he afterwards went to apologize to the minister's wife.

"You must consider," said he, "that I was talking to myself, and when I talk to myself I am apt to speak my mind very freely."

A GRADUATE AT WEST POINT.—The first graduate in the first examining class at West Point, last week, was a poor Irish boy, named Peter O'Rourke, who at the age of sixteen years did not know his letters. This lad had saved the lives of several persons on Lake Erie, who, out of gratitude, offered him a considerable sum of money, which he declined on condition that they would secure him an education. They complied with his request, sent him to school, and afterwards secured him a situation at West Point where he has just graduated with the highest honors. It is out of such stuff that the great men of this country are made.

Hon. Robert J. Walker is now at Washington, being all in his power to assist the Government to crush out the rebellion. In the winter of 1857 Mr. Walker, in his famous Kansas letter to President Buchanan, predicted the present state of things as the present state of things as the natural result of the hypocritical and pusillanimous course of the President.

W. S. Cochran, of Rockland, Me., has obtained a contract from the United States Government, for the manufacture of army tents to the value of \$70,000.

SPEAKING HIS MIND.

Old Deacon Hobbouse had a habit of frequently thinking aloud. Especially if any matter troubled him, he had to talk over it with himself before his peace of mind could be restored. One day he was alone in his barn, pitching hay from the scaffold to the mow, when his neighbor Stevens went to find him. Stevens heard a voice and listened. It was the deacon talking to himself. He was condemning in the strongest terms the extravagance of the minister's wife.

"She sets a worse example than Satan!" exclaimed the deacon, by way of climax.

And having freed his mind, he was preparing to come down the loft, when Stevens glided out of the barn, and came in again just as the deacon landed on the floor.

"How d'ee do, deacon?" cried Stevens, "I want to borrow your half bushel an hour or two."

"O, sartin, sartin," said the deacon.—The measure was put into the neighbor's hands, and he departed.

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