

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

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.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12 lines, or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Having recently added a large lot of new JON AND CARD TYPE, we are prepared to do all kinds of PLAIN AND FANCY PRINTING.

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

PAPA, WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER? Organs that gentlemen play, my boy, To answer the taste of the day, my boy,

News from all countries and climes, my boy, Advertisements, essays and rhymes, my boy,

Articles abate and wise, my boy, At least in the editor's eyes, my boy,

The funds as they were and are, my boy, The quibbles and quirks of the bar, my boy,

On a rising theatrical star, my boy, The age of Jupiter's moons, my boy,

Statistics, reflections, reviews, my boy, Little scraps to instruct and amuse, my boy,

For wise-headed folks to pursue, my boy, The price of butter and grain, my boy,

Directions to dig and to drain, my boy, But 'twould take me too long To tell you in song

A quarter of all they contain, my boy.

FAREWELL TO THE SWALLOWS. BY THOMAS HOOD.

Swallows, sitting on the eaves, See ye not the gather'd sheaves, See ye not the falling leaves?

Swallows, on your pinions glide O'er the restless rolling tide Of the ocean deep and wide;

Swallows, in your pinions glide O'er the restless rolling tide Of the ocean deep and wide;

Swallows, in your pinions glide O'er the restless rolling tide Of the ocean deep and wide;

Swallows, in your pinions glide O'er the restless rolling tide Of the ocean deep and wide;

Swallows, in your pinions glide O'er the restless rolling tide Of the ocean deep and wide;

Swallows, in your pinions glide O'er the restless rolling tide Of the ocean deep and wide;

Swallows, in your pinions glide O'er the restless rolling tide Of the ocean deep and wide;

Swallows, in your pinions glide O'er the restless rolling tide Of the ocean deep and wide;

Swallows, in your pinions glide O'er the restless rolling tide Of the ocean deep and wide;

Swallows, in your pinions glide O'er the restless rolling tide Of the ocean deep and wide;

Swallows, in your pinions glide O'er the restless rolling tide Of the ocean deep and wide;

Swallows, in your pinions glide O'er the restless rolling tide Of the ocean deep and wide;

The Marietta

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor.

Terms—One Dollar a Year.

VOL. 8.

MARIETTA, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

NO. 17.

[From the Lutheran Observer.]

Reminiscences of John C. Baker, D. D.

BY REV. E. W. HUTTER.

A man so amiable, so gentle, so sweet-tempered, of such noble simplicity, so perfectly unspoiled by his labors and their rewards, as JOHN C. BAKER, is very rare upon this earth, even among the ministers of the Gospel of the blessed Jesus.

These are best conveyed by the recital of a simple incident of actual occurrence. It was the case in the city of Lancaster, that a pious lady was taken to her reward in heaven, who had long been an active member of the Lutheran church under Dr. Baker's ministry.

"A Bishop, indeed," replied Dr. Baker, with earnest manner and gentleness, "a Bishop, indeed! I very much fear, my worthy friend and neighbor, you don't know who I am, whom you are talking with, whom you are talking to."

"You a Bishop! you a Bishop!" retorted the other doctor, with seeming surprise. "Well, sir, you were right; I did not know you and what you are, and now, lest I forget that you are a Bishop,—smiting the action to the word,—I will make a knot in my pocket handkerchief."

HIS PERSONAL INTEGRITY.

There never lived a man who was more strictly conscientious in his pecuniary dealings. He was exact to the half cent, if it was possible to be so, and we once knew him to walk eight squares, when he was quite lame, to pay his butcher a balance of three cents.

"Now," said the Doctor, with his usual emphasis, "if at any time you have occasion to write to a friend, on business of your own, I exhort you, pay the postage on your letters, for it is enough, in all conscience, that you lay claim to your friend's time and subject him to all this trouble, without making him pay for the privilege of serving you."

While he uniformly rendered all legitimate deference to wealth and station, there never was a man more elevated, by the serenity of a calm and well-balanced mind, above the petty and adventitious distinctions which divide society.

"I ought to know," replied the accomplished Doctor Bowman, "for we have been living near neighbors these twenty years and upwards."

"You a Bishop! you a Bishop!" retorted the other doctor, with seeming surprise. "Well, sir, you were right; I did not know you and what you are, and now, lest I forget that you are a Bishop,—smiting the action to the word,—I will make a knot in my pocket handkerchief."

tion on the street, at a casual meeting of three or four of his most prominent church-members. As usual, he became very animated, and spoke at the top of his voice. With the utmost kindness, one of the party remarked: "Don't speak so loud, Doctor, the people are hearing every word you are saying."

A dangerous talent in a minister of the Gospel is wit. To the man of the world, of gay and lively parts, and found of admiration, the ability to entertain with facetious repartees and pleasant drolleries, is without doubt an agreeable accomplishment.

These were limited only by the measure of time and his powers of physical endurance. During the greater part of his ministry at Lancaster he preached three every Sabbath—morning and evening, to his large congregation in English, and in the afternoon, in the lecture room, to a small assembly of Germans.

These were limited only by the measure of time and his powers of physical endurance. During the greater part of his ministry at Lancaster he preached three every Sabbath—morning and evening, to his large congregation in English, and in the afternoon, in the lecture room, to a small assembly of Germans.

These were limited only by the measure of time and his powers of physical endurance. During the greater part of his ministry at Lancaster he preached three every Sabbath—morning and evening, to his large congregation in English, and in the afternoon, in the lecture room, to a small assembly of Germans.

THE SCENES OF HIS DEATH-BED.

The recollection of these we shall carry to our own bed of death, they were so solemn and impressive. Lingered on the shores of time, and waiting to be launched into the spirit-world, he was still the conscientious man, the tender father, the devoted friend, the affectionate, gentle-hearted, guileless Christian.

ANECDOTE TOLD BY DANIEL WEBSTER.—Hon. Daniel Webster had an anecdote of old Father Searl, the minister of his boyhood, which has never been in print, and which is too good to be lost.

"Brethren don't be alarmed. The word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches."

On his memorable journey home from Washington, shortly before his death, Senator Douglas remarked to a distinguished Kentuckian whom he had engaged to meet at Indianapolis, "I know your man Breckinridge better than you do yourselves. Mark my words, sir within a year from this time, John C. Breckinridge will be a General in the rebel army!"

Washington as a Hunter. General Washington, with regard to fox-hunting, was a representative man in his day, and was probably one of the best riders of his time—an accomplishment which gave him dignity and efficiency when he became the Commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary army.

Washington dressed, for a fox-hunt, must have been a most splendid specimen of a man, his fine person set off by the true sporting costume of blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, boots with yellow tops, silver spurs, velvet cap, and a showy whip handle supporting a long, tapering, but heavy lash.

Occasionally the lady visitors of Mt. Vernon, mounted on their palfreys, would go out as charming witnesses of the sport; and that they might gratify their wishes without endangering life or limb, Washington caused roads to be cut through various places in the woods, so that by "short cuts" the most eligible places to see the chase could be reached.

AGAINST LOW NECKED DRESSES.—Bishop Timon, of Western New York has issued a letter addressed "to the honored and pious Christian women of the diocese" upon a subject which he has long refrained to touch, though pressed apparently by Divine impulse, low necked dresses. He discoursed at much length on the modesty of dress, quoting largely from the Scriptures on the score of morality, and from the writings of Catharine Beecher, Dr. Ellis and others, as respects health.

NOT TO BE DISPISED.—An awkward looking youth made his appearance at the recruiting office at Lancaster, N. H., a few days since, and desired to enlist as a sharp-shooter. His extremely verdant appearance created considerable merriment among the spectators, and it was proposed that he should try his skill on a head of Jeff. Davis at the required distance.

On his memorable journey home from Washington, shortly before his death, Senator Douglas remarked to a distinguished Kentuckian whom he had engaged to meet at Indianapolis, "I know your man Breckinridge better than you do yourselves. Mark my words, sir within a year from this time, John C. Breckinridge will be a General in the rebel army!"