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NO. 21.

Written for "The Mariettian." "WE SHALL MISS HIM." "We shall meet but we shall miss him" On the coming Christmas Day, And often shall our morning hearts Feel sad that he is away.

"When a-year ago we gathered" Around the Christmas Tree, No one was then more radiant With joyous life than he.

Our home now oft feels lonely With all the inmates there, Because we cannot see him Join in our morning prayer.

I wren we'll long remember The advent of that day— And the sorrow that o'erwhelm'd us— When cold in death he lay.

When by the hands of neighbors He was rescued from the tide, But not our darling "Frankie" As he was before he died.

Our tears we freely mingled Although full well we ken'd, Our son and brother's spirit Was in the "better land."

Affections claims we could not Howe'er unwise, deny, But still to breathe "Thy will be done" We did not fail to try.

And now we faint would think of him As a bright angelic boy, Drinking nectar draughts of bliss Than we on earth enjoy.

Yet I know that we shall miss him On the coming Christmas Day, And often shall our mourning hearts Feel sad that he is away.

GRAFTLETT, LANCASTER, DECEMBER 20, 1861.

INFLUENCE OF THE TEACHER'S EXAMPLE. An Essay Read before the Lancaster County Teachers' Institute. By Miss M. Lennard.

Mind distinguishes man from the lower orders of creation, fits him to be lord over all else that has been made, and assimilates him to Deity. If, like the frail tenement which it inhabits, it were liable every moment to pass from the sphere of usefulness for which it was being prepared, we might consider its culture of but little importance.

A man whose early days were passed amid the innocent pleasures of wood and field will be likely to surround his home, wherever it is, with birds and flowers, and when his aim of acquiring a competency has been in some way accomplished, he will not build himself a palace in town but a home in the country.

It would be a happy thing if children could be reared surrounded only by the elevating and the good. But in our present state of society this is impossible. Still let home control be what it may, the teacher possesses an influence second to none.

pertinent and familiar language of another,—if the teacher is neat, and becomingly careful, in relation to dress and personal appearance and habits, prudent in his movements, and chaste and dignified in his deportment and conversation, he will exert a most salutary and powerful influence, over the minds, the habits, and the speech, of the "little immortals who meet to learn of him."

How important then when other characters are thus fashioned after the teacher's, that his should be a model of all that is attractive and beautiful,—and how doubly important that his moral, and religious principles, should be firm and good. Beauty will fade, wealth may be rested away, strength of mind may be shattered, and knowledge may fail to bring happiness, but pure and virtuous principles are a present and eternal blessing, to their possessor.

A well trained will and a "heart for any fate" are of untold advantages to one just commencing life, and the teacher, if in all his intercourse and actions he is controlled by those principles, which ever influence the good and upright, has the power by his example to give the mental energies this turn.

If the teacher would be a pattern worthy of imitation, his conduct must be uniform, gentle, and kind, under unpleasant as well as pleasant circumstances,—strict in little things, as well as firm in great things, dignified, and just, with parents as well as pupils, consistent in action as well as in principle.

From The Mariettian, of 1854. THE DARK CHRISTMAS. A TALE OF THE SUSQUEHANNA. BY A. E. GROSS.

Indenumerable are the instances in which the weaker sex have proved themselves in possession of the stronger minds; in which, when the courage of man has changed to cowardice, and his strength to weakness, woman's cheering fortitude has infused animation into his pulseless heart, and her energy awakened his powers to strength and activity.

On the northern bank of the Susquehanna river, about fifty miles from the Chesapeake bay, a small village or rather two united villages were just emerging into being, about thirty-five years ago. So recent indeed, were the twin villages of Waterford and New Haven, that the place was yet most commonly known by its more ancient name, "Anderson's Ferry."

Nor did they alone feel the horrors of their situation. The friends they had left behind were looking on in agonizing suspense, watching with an intensity which scarcely allowed their pulse to play, while observing every movement of those in the boat. It was seen at last, that assistance must be sent them, or they would perish. But how assist them? Fearful question, to which but one answer could be given, and it was given in action, not in doubting, or in words of debate and delay.

foot passenger could possibly clamber the hills and rocks which then intervened on both sides of the river between the two places.

Such were the ordinary features of the scenery, such the difficulties of direct intercourse between the two ferries.—Let them be born in mind while I proceed with my narrative, in which they form prominent objects.

December had been unusually cold in the year 18—, the period of my tale, and Christmas eve came in increasing severity. The night was cold and gloomy.—Two youthful female travelers; one a mother, bearing in her arms an infant, arrived late in the evening, at the ferry house kept by Mr. Snyder, on the northern shore. They were on horseback, and avowed their desire to cross the river early in the morning.

On the banks, and from every window facing the stream, might be seen countenances agitated with mingling emotions of hope and anxiety, and fear—the countenances of the wives and parents, and children, and friends of the ferry men and their volunteer aide.

hour was an age to those in eminent danger, paralyzed with fear, and suffering from fatigue, cold and hunger.—Leave we, then, this active band to their arduous and human efforts, and let us return to those in the boat.

For hours they had suffered and toiled, and now the accomplishment of their passage seemed more distant than when they started. The boat stood still against the wall of ice on the lower side, while the ice from above rushed in as fast as they could throw it overboard.—Their hands were cold and stiff, and their bodies shivered with cold; their hearts grew faint at the near approach of death, and, as one after another gave all up as lost, the despair of the more courageous and active increased, until all ceased to hope and to labor.

The mother laying her child in a dry spot in the bottom of the ferry-boat, commenced throwing the ice overboard with her own hands, and with a vigor and energy totally unlooked-for, and by her voice, looks and example, encouraged the men around her to a renewal of their efforts. The movement was electric. It seemed as if her exertions were a token of success vouchsafed from heaven.

A walk of a mile and a half brought the company to the ferry house on the southern shore, kept by Mr. Anderson. The courageous female, on entering the house, was presented with her child, which in her anxiety and subsequent stupor, she had utterly forgotten when she immediately fell into a death like swoon, from which she with difficulty recovered.

Thus was a Christmas day, began in anxiety and continued in terror and dark despair, closed with almost maddening joy and rejoicing. Hay was carried to the boat for the horses, one of which however, perished during the night, in attempting to reach the shore, and the other was rescued, on the next day in safety. After a day or two spent under the hospital roof of Mr. Anderson, the villagers were able to cross on the ice, and again clasp their families and friends to bosoms glowing with gratitude to God for their wonderful escape from a fearful grave.

LAFAYETTE AT SEVENTY-ONE.—In person he was tall and strongly built, with broad shoulders, large limbs, and a general air of strength, which was rather increased than diminished by an evident tending towards corpulency. While still a young man, his right leg—the same, I believe, that had been wounded in rallying our broken troops at Brandywine—was fractured by a fall on the ice, leaving him lame for the rest of his days. This did not prevent him, however, from walking about his farm, but it cut him off from the use of his saddle, and gave a halt to his gate, which, but for his dignity of carriage would have approached to awkwardness. Indeed, he had more dignity of bearing than any man I ever saw.