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HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh! there's a power to make each hour As sweet as heaven designed it; Nor need we roam, to bring it home, Though few there be that find it.

We seek too high for things close by, And lose what nature gave us; For life hath here no charms so dear, As home and friends around us,

We oft destroy the present joy, And future hopes, nor praise them, While flowers as sweet bloom at our feet, If we'd but stoop to raise them.

For things so fair still greater are When youth's bright spell hath bound

But soon we're taught that earth has naught Like home and friends around us.

The friends that speed in time of need, When hope's last reed is shaken, Do show us still that, come what will,

We are not quite forsaken. Though all were night, if but the light From friendship's altar crowned us, Twould prove the bliss of earth was

this-Our home and friends around us.

A MELANCHOLY TRUTH .-- When a rak ish youth goes astray, friends gather round him in order to restore him to the life called experience. Tears must be paths of virtue. Gentleness and kindness is lavished upon him, to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when the poor confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is thenceforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, esteemed; but they have been bruised, so genius must there is no peace for her this side of the grave. Society has but few loving. helping hands for her; no smile of peace no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities unknown to heaven. There is a deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.

A Lost BRIDE. - The Patrie publishes rather a queer notice to the public. On the 16th of November last a young married lady, only in the first half of the honeymoon, left her home at 6 P. M. to take a warm bath. She has not yet returned, and all efforts of her husband and friends to find her whereabouts have proved fruitless. Conjugal desertions of this kind are not viewed in their proper light in Paris. The story of the Patrie reminds us of a smart thing in a French paper some time ago. A gentleman calls on a lady, and inquires for her husband. "He has gone out to fatch a cigar." "Has be been gone long?" "Twenty years ago." "Ah, he was right-he wanted to find a good one.

A Boy's Composition on Moonlight. -The following is said to have been read in a city school:

'Twas a calm, still night; the moon's pale light shone soft o'er hill and dale. Not a breeze stirred; not a leaf stirred: not a dog stirred; not a horse stirred; not a man stirred; not an owl stirred; not a hog stirred; not a cow stirred; not a sheep stirred; not a cat stirred; not a mouse stirred; not a hen stirred; not even a goose stirred. Here the teacher interrupted, observing that the composition related more to agriculture than moonlight.

A young lady advertised in the Cleveland Plaindealer for a young gentleman to act as amanuensis. He must be able to write and cipher, and when not engaged he will be expected to read poetry with feeling, and converse with ease, and be able to play cribbage and backgammon. He must expect to be kissed when she is pleased, and cuffed when she is not; but as her temper is acknowledged to be good, there will probably be more kissing than cuffing. There's a good chance for somebody.

A drunken lawyer, going into church, was observed by the minister, who said to him: "Sir, I will bear witness against you at the day of judgement." The awyer, shaking his head with drunken gravity, replied: "I have practiced law twenty five years at the bar, and always found the greatest rascal the first to turn State's evidence."

A countryman sowing his ground two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent sir, "Well, honest fellow," said he "'tis vonr business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." To which the nountryman replied, "Tis very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp,"

Good news for husbands-ladies wear their dresses longer than they used.

A Sad Story,

A correspondent of the American Literary Gazette, writing from Paris, says 'Tis ill playing with edged tools, Today I will tell you the history of an illstarred pair who set out in life with the best, the most laudable intentions, to end their career with weaping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. They play with edged tools. Who cannot call to mind a dozen instances where unhappiness was the fate of people who thought they might play with intellectual gifts and inspiration descend at the crook of their finger, and lure fame as easily as the falconer does his tassel? The child of genius persuades himself that if he had but money, he could soar to the masters' pride of flight. He meets a woman who would gladly share ber dowry to be borne on such pinions. They marry. Wrinkles come. Gray hairs appear, He is a child of genius all the days of his life. Genius will not wear fetters Besides, children of genius too often shut their eyes to the great truth that experience of life is absolutely necessary to give maturity to genius.

She might as well expect to use hemp before it has rotted as to see the loftier talents bloom into genius until they have gone through the fermentation of shed, blood must be spilled, the cheek must burn with blushes, the heart must be wrung, the brain fevered, the soul de pressed to the gates of death, and all this time and again before the genius blooms. As the nightingale sings sweetest after its eyes have been torn out, as the aromatic herbs have no odor until be bowed down to earth before it can dream of scaling heaven. Therefore is it that wealth bath stifled more genius than poverty; therefore is it that the road to immortality does not lie through an heiress' bridal chamber, but rather through the cheerless garret, bereaved of fire, whose calendar contains more facts than feasts, whose wardrobe (a row of nails behind the door) has nothing

but rags. A hundred demons, armed with wea pons more formidable than smithy ever forged, to wit: the world's jeers, the world's contempt, the world's scorn, the world's rebuffs, the world's cruelty, musstand at every avenue leading to the world, and drive one back time and again, until out of sheer despair he shrinks into himself and explores his very fold, his every recess, his every plate and crease. Then knowing him. self he knoweth all things. Heaven and earth have no secrets hidden from him. To expect this initiation from wealth's partner would be as idle as to ask the Æolian harp, packed in bran, to rival the instrument exposed in the window to the current of winter's air. Forgive me this long preface; but the story l proceed to tell you threw me into so many and bitter reflections. I have hitherto been unable to recover my self

Happening to be at St. M, small town in the south of France, I visited the lunatic asylum. I have always been fond of lunatics; I have never met among them a stupid or bad man. I was shown into a tidy cell, occupied by a little old man, bent over a desk and writing with his finger on the board with inexpressible rapidity. He rose timidly, twirling his fingers. He was at least sixty years old, but occasionally did not seem to be above fifteen. His white, almost blonde, hair fell in childlike curls, and his sweet face, smiling and uneasy, wore the expression of infants when they both weep and laugh at the same time. Nevertheless, one could detect profound grief, trembling agony, in his dilated eyes, which were the fixed expression of madness and despair. My attendant made a gesture, and the poor old man resumed his seat with extravagant delight, and began to write as fast as ever he could.

Then, seated in a corner of the cell in front of this infantine old man, my attendant told me the unhappy creature's history. Some forty or more years ago there lived in a small town named St. R ___, a young orphan. She was intellectual, wealthy, beautiful. Every unmarried man in the province was at her feet, his eyes fixed on her fortune. She was so flattered, so adulated, so complicated, her gorge would rise at night when upon going to bed she would think of the suitor forced upon her during the day. At last such was the nansea she experienced, she resolved to give her hand, and all it contained to a "promising young men," who would give her in effection and reputation & subalential

exchange for the beauty and estate she tained the desired sum total, he gives her town a prodigy of eighteen, who its by howling and leaping like some had rhymed from infancy, had "lisped wild beast, see all in numbers." He had already written many a fable, tragedy, sonnet, and epic, and the whole province had firm belief that he would bloom into a great genius.

She married this prodigy that no ma-

terial obstruction might delay his progress on the road to fame. She brought him up to Paris, and so planted him in wealth's hot-house to force him to bear fruit. Strange and inexplicable fatality! unheard of catastrophe! The post bore no fruit. He had a charming study; it was nothing but bronze and black marble. He lived in most favorable quiet. He knew nothing of the thorns of life. And after all he rhymed as he rhymed when he was fifteen, mere dog gerel; fit at best for a confectioner's kiss. He was the best little husband that ever was seen, gentle and timid, amiable and laborious. She was the best little wife that ever was seen, couciliating and encouraging, extremely tolerant, and of an invariable good humor. Nevertheless, by degrees, she became irritable. He became ashamed of himself. Every morning he would lock himself up in his study, write madly, blot quire after quire of paper, read it over, and in despair confess t'was not worth the ink it was written with.

. Every evening she would come, her heart throbbing with anxiety, to see if some good lines had at last made their appearance. She would question the poet, who everyday hung his head still lower. At last impatience and disdain appeared; she could not long check their outbreak; and she upbraided her husband for defrauding her, because in return for her beauty and her money he had not given her genius.

After this scene matters went from bad to worse. The husband became a child scolded by his wife. He lived in a state of constant uneasiness, eternal chame. He lived blushing and trembling; his heart was wrung by all the tortures of the impotent artist and the insolvent man. He suffered the tor ments of the damned by the side of the woman he had robbed (as she said,) and had not abandoned all hope of seeing hattle between them of contempt and and pain. She laughed disdainfully. He shivered with fear and anguish.

He had spent \$2.500 of her money in attempting to become a great poet. This was his galled withers. One morning he refused to do his daily task, set him every morning by his wife. He had found in the office of some joint stock company a copying clerk's place, with a salary of \$150, and henceforward he began to pay his debt to his wife. He lived under the same roof with her, but he paid rent for his room; he took his solitary meal in restaurants whose price was fourteen sous; he dressed himself with his own money, and nevertheless managed to pay his wife a considerable amount of money annually in payment of his debt to her. He lived in this way above thirty years, silent and uneasy, shunning every eye, and blushing suddenly when no one was looking.

His sole pleasure was to consult a little bank book wherein he recorded the money he had paid to his wife in extinguishment of his debt. His wife, seized by pity, by love perhaps, for this great baby, so pure and so young, despite his years, tried to refuse his money and win back to herself the poor heart she had shattered to pieces. Her weak. will less husband refused with energy. He would listen to nothing. Work he would to pay off his wife. He copied letters. He made out bills. When his employer suggested an increase of pay he would blush and beseech them not to jeer his want of intellect. He was crazy -one of those harmless insanities akin to mania for collecting old pipes, old snuff boxes, and the like.

The day when he saw from his blank book that he owed his wife nothing, he became furiously, insane. He turned sommersaults, he danced, he walked on his head, he wrote a sonnet and an eulogy. It became necessary to lock him up in an insano asylum. His insanity is intermitant. He remains whole weeks together, writing with his finger on the board of his deak, and occasionally adhoard of his dess, and occasionary substitution of the family so high that their feet why de U the gayest letter in the on the day when he believes he has ob- could not found its promite.

gave him. There was at that time in way to unbounded joy, which he exhib-If you can read that poor wretch's

> tale without feeling your blood and marrow freeze, you are made of sterner stuff than I am. Frazer's Magazine tells the fol-

> lowing story, which seems to be intended for a part of the biography of Senator J. H. Lane. Whether it is true or not, is more than we know .

A distinguished politician of Indiana, becoming interested in the movement for making Kansas a free state, left his wife and repaired to the territory, intending to return soon. Becoming, however, identified with the struggles of Kansas, the Senator stayed away very long. His wife at length demanded his. return. He wrote back that it was impossible. His wife waited a little, and then wrote, declaring that unless he returned by a stated time, she would sue for a divorce. The Senator made no reply, but gave her a glowing account of the patriotic movements in which he bore an important part. The next letter he received was from the clerk of a court in Indiana, informing him that his wife had filed a bill, with another from a lawyer, offering to defend him. The Senator wrote back to the lawyer as follows: " Dear Sir-Yours to hand. My wife says she will not stand my long absence. If I were she I would not stand it either. I shall offer no opposition to her suit. Yours, etc.,-Two years later, when the divorce had long been granted, this Senator returned to Washington as the Senator of the free State of Kansas, visited his old home in Indiana, and found his wife still blooming and bandsome and surrounded by admirers. With the rest he visited

the accepted lover, and was re-married to her. A NICE FIX FOR A GENTLEMAN.-A very nice young gentleman, whose name we do not deem necessary to ventilate. recently invested a small sum in chickens, which he undertook to take home on the street cars. After proceeding a whose only sentiment for him now was short distance the attention of all the disdainful pity. So long as that woman passengers, a large proportion of whom were ladies, was called to him by one of her husband bloom into a genius. she his purchases raising a loud and continchained him to his writing desk, and ned cackle. In vain he tried to quiet he had killed his brother. made him write a given number of lines | the bird; the ladies "tittered" and every day before dinner. The unhappy pulled down their veils; the gentlemen adise after he sinned?" said an amiable man addressed himself to the task, and on board "haw-hawed," and our young daily wrote worse. Twas an hourly friend, in his ignorance of "the situation," blushed. Growing somewhat restless at being the cynosure of all eyes, he cast a look into his lap, and beholdthere was an egg. He immediately quitted the car and pursued his way home-

her from time to time, became presently

ward on foot. Imagine his "pheelinks." THREE THINGS .- Three things to love -courage, gentleness and affection. Three things to admire-intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness. Three things to hate-cruelty, ignorance and ingratitude. Three things to delight in -beauty, frankness and freedom. Three things to wish for-health, friends and cheerful spirit. Three things to pray for-faith, peace and purity of heart. Three to like-cordiality, good humor, and mirthfulness. Three things to avoid -idleness, loquacity and flippant justing. Three things to cultivate-good books, good friends, and good humor.

"Will you take this woman to be your wife?"

"Well, squire," was the reply, "you must be a green 'un, to ax me such a question as that ar. Do you think that I'd be such a plaguy fool as to go to the bar hunt and take this gal to the quilting frolie if I warn't conscriptuously sartin and determined to have her. Drive on with your business."

An Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a noggin of right good poteen, was accosted by the reviewing General:

"What makes your nose so red?" "Place yer Honor," replied Pat. "I always blush when I spake to a general officer."

A man stopping his paper, wrote to the editor: i think folkes ottent spend ther munny fur paper my dady didnt an ever boddy sez he waz the most intellyginest man in the kentry and got the smarterest famuly uv bois ever that dugged taters."

A person was hoasting that he was spring from a high family in Ireland. "Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen

Stuff for Smiles.

A Richmond paper records the desperate threat of a man there who declared he would have money-if he had to work for it!

"Well, Charley," said a friendly gent to an urchin of three years on Christ. mas Day, "what did you find in your stocking this morning?" "Find," replied the young hopeful, " why I found a big hole." The questioner gave the boy one cent.

The last new thing about the wedding celebrations is the Sugar Wedding. It is the sweetest thing out, and is celebrated at the end of the honeymoon-thirty days after the marriage.

Some say the quickest way to destroy weeds" is to marry a widow. It is no doubt a delightful species of husbandry.

Many a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one, finds she can do nothing with him.

A friend of ours, who left the editorial fraternity a year ago, is now engaged in raising pigs. So he has again taken the pen in hand.

A young lady says the reason she carries a parasol is that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand his ardent glances. It was a starving corset maker who

thus vented her complaint: "Shame, that I should be without bread-I have stayed the stomachs of thousands. Woman is like ivy-the more you are

ruined the closer she clings to you. A vile old bachelor adds : "Ivy is like a woman-the more it clings to you, the more you are rained." Poor rule that won't work both ways. /" I hate doctors' bills," as the man

said when he caught the family physician kissing his wife. Why is a warlike incursion like a lady

in full dress? Because it is a raid (arrayed) for conquest. .-A Yauke charjust taught ducks to

that they lay boiled eggs. A French newspaper says only three of its subscribers are bald, and they are

swim in hot water with such success

is arrears for subscription. The first cane ever cut-Cain, the son of Adam. Everybody "cut" him after

" How long did Adam remain in Parspouse to her busband. "Till he got a wife," was the calm reply.

"Caught in her own net," as a man said when he saw one of the fair sex hitched in her crinoline.

A gentleman complaining of the various imposts and taxes, says he cannot put on his boots in the morning without a stamn. The character of an upright man is

like a pair of boots. The more you black it, the more it shines. See here, my friend, you are drunk."

Drunk, to be sure I am, and have been for the last three years. You see my brother and I are on the temperance mission. He lectures while I set a frightful example." A young lady out West who lately

collided with an ice-bound side walk, remarked, as she assumed a perpendicular position, "I'll have a man to hang on to before another winter."

Every man should keep the wolf from his door, and his mother in law too, if

The fellow who took offence has not yet returned it.

Some individual who had nothing else to do has ascertained that there are 550,000 grains in a husbel of wheat: 520,000 in barley; 260,000 in oats, and 37,000 in horse beans.

A doctor recently gave the following prescription for a lady: A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and a new pair of gaiter boots. The lady, it is needless to say, has entirely recovered.

An inviolable fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper in a wife, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.

Why are hoops like obstinate men? Ans .- Because they often stand out about trifles.

Beer fills many a bottle, and the bottle many a bier.