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F. I. Balker, Blitor and Proprietor.

Terms-one Dollar a Year

## SEVENTH YEAR.

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|  <br>  und har cex |
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| Any persen sending un ryy neit fubserie |
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| One column, 6 months, $\$ 20$; 1 year, $\$ 30$. |
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|  |



To his MaRENEMEAAN Friend! !
 BUOT AND SEOE STOR
BOTHE


| THE DOLIAR. |
| :---: |
| They brought him a dollar. He took it, clatched his long, skinny |
| fingers, tried its sound against the bed post, and then gazed at it long and intently with dull leaden eye. | tently with dull leaden eye.

That day, in the hurry of business,
Death had structs him. even in the streat. Death had struck him. even in the street.
He was burrying to collect the last month's rent, and was on the verge of
the miserable court where his tenents
herded like wild beasts in their tenies herded like wild beasts in their beniels
-he was, there with bis band upon him He was carried home to his splendid
mansion. 'He was laid on a satin covermansion. ' He was laid on a satin cove
let. The lawyer, the relations, and the
preacher were sent for. All day loig $b$ preacher were sent for. All day long
lay speechless, moving his right hand, as
though in the act of counting money though in the act of counting money.
At miduight he spoke. At miduight he spoke.
He asked for a dollar,
He asked for a dollar, and they brought
one to him ; lean and gannt te lay ypon
his death bed and cluthed it with then grip of death.
A shaded lamp stood upon the tabie
near the bed, and the lofty ceiling a said gold! as plain as the human lip could say it.
His hair an
 His cheeks sulken, and his lips surroun
ed by wrinkles that indicate the passio of avarice. As he sat np in his bed with his neck bared and the silken cov
erlet wrapped about his lean frame, his erlet wrapped about his lean frame, his
white hair and eyebrows contrasting with his wasted and wrinkled face, h looked like a guost. And there was lift
in his leaden eys; all that life was certred on the dollar, which he gripped in
bis clenched fist. bis clenched fist.
His wife, a pleasant faced, matronly
woman, was seated at the foot of the bed His son, a young mau of twenty-one
dressed in toe last touch of fashion, sa dressed in the last touch of fashion, sat
by the lawger. The lawyer sat befor the table, pen in hand and gold specta
cles on his nose.' There was a huge cles on his nose. There was a huge
parchment spread before him.
"Do jou think he will make a will?" asked the son
"Hardly compos mentis yet," was ihe
whispered reply. "Wait, he will be lucid after a while."
"My dear," said his wife, "had I not
beter She arose took her dying husband by the hand, but he did not mind. His ey
was upon the dollar. mas upon the dollar.
He was a rich man, He owned pala
ces on Walnot street, and hovels anal courts in the outskirts. He had iro mines in this State; copper mines o
the lakes somewhere and lie had golde interests in California. His name wa
bright upon the records of twenty banks, bright upon the records of tweaty buaks
he had half a dozen papers in his pay.
He knew but one crime-to be in deb withoot the power to pay.
He knew but one virtue- to get money. That crime he had never forgotten in
the long way of thirty five years. the long wiy of thirty five years.
To unut down a debtor, to distres To hunt. down a debtor, to distress
tenant, to turn a few thonsands by a sharp
speenlation-these were the achieve tenant, to turn a few thonsands by a sharp
speculation-these were the achieve-
ments of his life.
He was a good man-his name was apon a pow door of a velret cushione church.
He wa He was a benevolent man-for avery
thousand dollars he wraug from the tenants of his coarts, or from the debtor
who writhed beneath his heel, he gav who writhed beneath his heel, he gav
ten dollars to some beaerolent instity. tion. jail always found ham a faithful and an
swering adocate.
And now he is a dying man-see! A he sets on the bed of death, with the dol
lar in his clecilced fist. - Oh! holy dollar! 'obje long pursnit, what comfort hast thou for him now on his bed of death ! At length the dead man revired an
dictated his will. It was strange to dictated his will. It was strange to se
the mother, the son and the lawyer mut the mother, the sol and the lawyer mut
tering and wrangling beside the bed o death. All the while the testator clench ed the dollar in his right hand. While the will was being made the
preacher came-senen he who held the pastoral ebarge of the great church
whose pew doors bore saintly names on Whose pew. doors bore saintly names on
silver plate, and whose seats, on Sabbath day, groaped beneath the load of
tability, broudeloth and satin. tability, broudeloth and satin. ously and th dying mani relax the holl
once did the on the dollar.'
"Can't you quickly, don't you see I'm gothing-sa
preacher.
The preacher, whose cravat was of th whitest, took a book with golde
from a marble table and read:


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