

The Weekly Mariettian.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Horticulture, The Fine and Useful Arts, General News of the Day, Local Information, &c., &c.

F. L. Baker, Editor and Proprietor.

Terms—One Dollar a Year.

SEVENTH YEAR.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1861.

NO. 42.

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Five doors East of Mrs. Flury's Hotel.

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No subscription received for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. No notice of withdrawal of subscription at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

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. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, five cuts a-line. Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, FREE; but for any additional lines, five cents a line. 1 square 3 months, \$2.00; 6 months, \$3.50; 1 year, \$5. Two squares, 3 months, \$3; 6 months, \$5; 1 year, \$7. Half-a-column, 3 months, \$5; 6 months, \$8; 1 year, \$10. One column, 3 months, \$20; 6 months, \$30; 1 year, \$40.

Having recently added a large lot of new JOHNSON AND CO. TYPE, we are prepared to do all kinds of PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTING, at short notice and reasonable prices.

BOROUGH DIRECTORY: Car Hours: The following is the starting time from this place:

Marietta Accommodation,	7.50 a. m.
Harrisburg Accommodation,	5.16 p. m.
GOING WEST.	
Mail Train,	11.41 a. m.
Harrisburg Accommodation,	6.58 p. m.

A train will leave Columbia at 1 o'clock and connect at Lancaster with the Fast Mail East, and leave Lancaster for Columbia at 2.45 p. m. Chief Burgess, James Park.

Just Arrived, Charles Gird.
Town Council: (President) H. S. Libhart, (John Fuchs, Frederick Blehling, Samuel Hippie.

Town Clerk: Theo. Hiestand.
Treasurer: John Anker.
Justices of the Peace: Emanuel D. Roath, John Anker.
High Constable: A. S. Emswiler.
Assistant Constable: Isaac Woltersberger.
Beneficial Societies: THE HARMONY, A. N. Cassel, President; John Jay Libhart, Treasurer; Hartung, Secretary. THE PATRIOT, John Jay Libhart, President; Adam Cassel, Treasurer; Wm. Child, Jr., Secretary.
School Directors: John Jay Libhart, President; E. L. Roath, Treasurer; C. A. Schaffner, Secretary; John F. Fidler, Aaron B. Grosh, Jonathan M. Larzicic.

COLUMBIA INSURANCE COMPANY.
This Company is authorized by its charter to insure in the county, or in other parts, against loss or damage by fire, on the usual plan, for any length of time, limits of or perpetual, either for a cash premium, or a premium note.

PREMIUM NOTE SYSTEM.
Those who insure for a premium note will be insured for five years, and subject to assessments in case of losses.

CASH SYSTEM.
Those who insure for a cash premium will be insured for any term not exceeding 5 years, and not subject to any assessments. One per centum premium will be charged on farm property for the term of five years.

DEPOSIT SYSTEM.
Farm property will be insured for the term of ten years, for a deposit of three per cent of the amount insured, the whole amount of the premium note to be returned at the expiration of the policy, without interest, or the policy will be renewed for ten years, without any expense, at the option of the insurer.

C. S. ROATH, AGENT, Marietta, Pa.
J. S. ROATH, AGENT, Maytown.
March 30, 1861-ly

ERISMAN'S
Saw Mill and Lumber Yard,
MARIETTA, PA.
CONSTANTLY on hand a full assortment of all kinds of Seasoned Lumber, which he offers at reasonable prices.
Boards, Plank, Joist, Scantling, Rafters, Sills, Shingles, &c., &c., &c.
OAK, PINE & HEMLOCK TIMBER.
All orders attended to with dispatch.
J. M. ERISMAN.
Marietta, April 11th, 1861-ly

JOB PRINTING OF KINDS, SUCH AS
Large Posters, with cuts,
Sale Bills, all sizes,
Circulars, Blanks, Cards,
and every description of Job Printing, neatly and cheaply done at short notice, at the office of "THE WEEKLY MARIETTIAN."

GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
S. Bars, Norway, Nail Rods, American and German Spring and Cast Steel, Wagon Boxes, Iron Axles, Springs, &c., for smiths.
STRETT & CO.

DANIEL G. BAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, PA.
OFFICE:—No. 24 NORTH DUKE STREET,
opposite the Court House, where he will attend to the practice of his profession in all its various branches.
[Nov. 4, 1861-ly]

WILCOX'S Celebrated Imperial Excelsior Steel Spring Skeleton Shirt, with self-adjustable Bustle. The latest and best in use, for sale cheap at Duffenbach's.

BUGGY and Sleigh BLANKETS of various styles and at much lower prices than the same sold last fall. Spangler & Patterson.

ST. CROIX AND NEW ENGLAND RUM for cutting purposes, warranted genuine at H. D. Benjamin & Co's.

BALTIMORE BLACK FAT Tobacco, Greener's Cavendish, Fire Fly Segars, at Wolfe's.

GUM DROPS: Stewart's New-York Gum Drops, 5 varieties, at Wolfe's.

BUY one of those beautiful S O F T HATS at CRULL'S, 92 Market-st.

BOYS Spring Caps, at CRULL'S, No. 92 Market-st.

WINES & LIQUORS.
H. D. BENJAMIN,
Wine & Liquor Dealer, Picot Building,
Front Street, Marietta, Pa.

DEGS leave to inform the public that he will continue the WINE & LIQUOR business, in all its branches. He will constantly keep on hand all kinds of Brandy, Wines, Gins, Irish and Scotch Whiskey, Cordials, Bitters, &c. Benjamin's justly celebrated ROSE WHISKEY always on hand.

A very superior OLD RYE WHISKEY just received, which is warranted pure.

All H. D. B. now asks of the public is a careful examination of his stock and prices, which will, he is confident, result in Hotel keepers and others finding it to their advantage to make their purchases from him.

Iron Masters look to your Interests!
THE IMPROVED BLACK HAWK
EAST IRON BAR WASHER,
MANUFACTURED AND SOLD BY
BRYAN & HOPKINS,
Marietta, Lancaster County, Pa.

The undersigned will constantly keep on hand and make to order at short notice the above celebrated machine, the best in the United States! They will warrant their machines to run lighter, last longer and wash cleaner and with less water than any other machine now in use. They can be easily put together on the bank. All orders addressed to either of the undersigned will meet with prompt attention.

They are also prepared to sell individual County and State Rights.

BERNARD O'BRYAN,
SAMUEL HOPKINS,
October 13, 1860. vt-no. 1 ly

J. R. HOPFER,
Civil Engineer, Surveyor, Conveyancer
and Draughtsman,
Main-st., Mountjoy, Lancaster Co., Pa.

ALL kinds of land surveying and dividing, levelling of water courses, roads, &c. Accurate and neat plans and ornamental Mapping and drawing of town plans, large landed estates, &c. Mechanics', Quarries' and Earth work measured and estimated. Deeds, Releases, Powers of attorney and other legal instruments neatly and accurately drawn. Executors', Administrators', Assignees' and Guarantors' accounts stated.

He is also Agent for the sale of the Ridgeway Farm and Land Company's Lands in Elk County, Pa. Communications by letter promptly attended to.

THE GLATZ FERRY.
FORMERLY KEESY'S.

THE undersigned having leased the above named old established Ferry and Hotel, in Hellam Township, York county, opposite the borough of Marietta, where he is prepared to entertain the public at his bar and table with the best market alfordia. He would very respectfully inform the traveling public that having obtained

FIRST CLASS FERRY BOATS,
and efficient ferrymen, and is now fully prepared to accommodate persons wishing to cross the Susquehanna with vehicles or other property without delay or detention. JOHN NOEL.
October 1, 1859. ly

JOHN BELL, Merchant Tailor,
Cor. of Market-st., and Elbow Lane, Marietta.

GRATEFUL for past favors I would return my 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. [Oct. 29-'56]

H. L. & E. J. ZAHM
RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public that they still continue the WATCH, CLOCK AND JEWELRY business at the old stand, North-west Corner of North Queen street and Center Square, Lancaster, Pa. A full assortment of goods in our line of business always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash rates. Repairing attended to personally by the proprietors.

Great Discovery
I have made a discovery of the utmost importance to every married person of either sex, and will send the full particulars concerning it to any one on receipt of a stamp to pay return postage.
Address
Dr. J. H. MARTELL,
7-39-iswly.] Alfred, Maine.

The Bodgger.
THIS wonderful article, just patented, is something entirely new, and never before offered to agents, who are wanted everywhere. Full particulars sent free.
Address
S. H. W. & CLARK,
Biddeford, Maine.
March 2, 1861-ly.

JUST RECEIVED at Anderson's Confectionary and Variety Store, in Market-st., a fine assortment of children's gins, baskets wagons, perambulators, wheelbarrows, toys rocking horses, wagons, drums, Children's Gigs, Wheel Barrows, Sleighs, Hobby Horses, Chins and Paper Toys, Dolls of every size material Black and White. Animals of all kinds and an endless variety of Holiday gifts.
J. M. Anderson's, Market-st.

LADIES AND GENTS Anderson has just received an elegant assortment of Perfumery, consisting of Toilet Soaps, Hair Oils, Extracts and Colognes at prices much below the usual rates. Also some very handsome Canees for gentlemen, Portmonies, &c.

FRESH HOME GROUND SPICES AT ANDERSON'S. Attention Butchers and Housekeepers. Having a great demand for our famed SPICES, I have concluded to continue to keep a constant supply of Ground Pepper, Ground Coriander, and Sweet Marjoram.

WALL PAPERS—We have just received another supply from the New York and Philadelphia manufacturers. Purchases can rely upon the newest styles, which will be sold unusually low at J. R. Duffenbach's.

LAMPS! LAMPS! SHADES, &c. The undersigned has received another lot of Fluid and Coal Oil Lamps, and Lamp Shades of every variety and price. Call and see them at Dr. Hinkle's Drug Store.

EQUAL OR REGULAR TIMEKEEPERS can be had of H. L. & E. J. ZAHM, Corner North Queen-st., and Center Square, Lancaster, Pa., in the shape of Equilibrium Levers—the best article of Swiss levers now in the market. They are lower in price than any watch of equal quality and just as true for timekeeping.

THE MEN WHO FELL IN BALTIMORE.
BY JOHN W. FORNEY.

Our country's call awoke the land
From mountain height to ocean strand,
The Old Keystone, the Bay State, too,
In all her direst dangers true
Resolved to answer to her cry,
For her to bleed, for her to die;
And so they marched, their flags before,
For Washington, through Baltimore.

Our men from Berks and Schuylkill came—
Lehigh and Mifflin in their train:
First in the field they sought the way,
Heads beating high and spirits gay.
Heard the wild yells of fiendish spite;
Of armed mobs on left and right;
But on they marched, their flag before,
For Washington, through Baltimore.

Next came the Massachusetts men,
Gathered from city, glade and glen:
No hate for South, but love for all,
They answered to their country's call.
The path to them seemed broad and bright;
They sought no foeman; and no fight;
As on they marched, their flag before,
New England's braves through Baltimore.

But when they showed their martial pride,
And closed their glittering columns wide,
They found their welcome in the fire
Of maddened foes and demons dire,
Who, like the fiends from hell sent forth,
Attacked these heroes of the North:
These heroes bold, with travel sore,
While on their way through Baltimore.

From every stifling den and Street,
They rushed the gallant band to meet—
Forgot the cause they came to save—
Forgot that those they struck were brave—
Forgot the dearest ties of blood
That bound them in one brotherhood—
Forgot the flag that floated o'er
Their countrymen in Baltimore.

And the Great strong their son had penned,
To rally freedom to defend
The banner of the stripes and stars,
That makes victorious all our wars,
Was laughed to scorn, as madly then
They greeted all the gallant men
Who came from Massachusetts shore
To Washington, through Baltimore.

And when, with wildest grief, at last,
They saw their comrades falling fast,
Full on the hell-hounds in their track
They wheeled, and drove the cowards back.
Then, with their hearts overwhelmed with woe,
Measured their progress, stern and slow;
Their wounded on their shoulders bore
To Washington, through Baltimore.

Yet, while New England mourns her dead,
The blood by treason fully shed,
Like that which flowed at Lexington,
When Freedom's earliest fight begun,
Will make the day, the month, the year,
To every patriot's memory dear.
Sons of great fathers gone before,
They fell for right at Baltimore!

As over every honored grave,
Where sleeps the "unretiring brave,"
A mother sob, a young wife moans,
A father for his lost one groans,
Oh! let the people never forget
Our deep, enduring, lasting debt
To those who left their native shore
And died for us in Baltimore.

The Good Wife.—She never crosses her husband in the spring-time of his anger, but stays till it is ebbing water; and then mildly she argues the matter, not so much to condemn him as to acquit himself. Sure men, contrary to iron, are worse to be wrought upon when they are hot; and are far more tractable in cold blood. It is an observation of seamen, that if a single meteor or fire-ball falls on their mast, it pretends ill luck; but if two come together (which they account Castor Pollox), indicates good success. But sure in a family it bodeh't most bad when two fire-balls—husband's and wife's anger—come both together.

A New Hampshire editor was lately robbed while traveling. How much the thief made by the operation may be discovered by the indignant epistle he immediately sent to his victim, returning the pocket-book:—"You miserable cuss, here's your pocket-book. I don't keep no such. For a man dressed as well as you was to go round with a wallet with nothing in it but a lot of newspaper scraps, a pair of wooden combs, two newspapers stamps, and a pass from a rail-road director, is a contemptible imposition on the public. As I hear you are an editor I return your trash. I never rob only gentlemen."

Kerosine oil, which in its pure state is not explosive, has recently, it is alleged, been adulterated by dealers with camphene and other cheap substances, making it very explosive. Several accidents have recently happened in consequence, causing injury and even death. The effect of such unscrupulous conduct in dealers will be to discredit kerosine, and cause its disuse by any person who has a regard for his life.

The first passenger railroad in London commenced running on the 25th of March.

H O M E.

Thank God for Home and all the joys that cluster round and make it of all pleasant places the most pleasant.—There are languages of the earth in which there is no word that corresponds to "Home." The French have no word like it now. The old Romans did not know the term. Many who have the word itself are ignorant of its meaning. And it is not easy to define it. I like the definition which the child gave when asked by a friend "What is Home?" Looking up at his mother; he replied "Where she is." "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!" For its pleasures it does not depend on spacious halls and costly furniture, or extended landscape, or surrounding acres. It may not be in the most fashionable quarter of the town, nor in a rural region where the mingled beauties of forest, river, hill and dale make the place an Eden.—Where love is there is home. In the domestic circle, where the sweet bonds of holy affection unite all hearts, each seeking the other's happiness, and striving, by mutual acts of self-denial, to make the rest, more blessed, there is "the only bliss of Paradise that escaped the Fall!"

In the centre of the circle sits the mother, radiant with maternal pride and hope and joy; around her play the children whom God has given, and the fond husband and father looks on with serene and holy comfort, as he blesses God that he is the happy possessor of such a home. This is the picture that poets and painters draw. And there are millions of such groups in this land to-day. Wealth and honors may not be part of their possessions; but greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt, are the friends, and companions of one's friends; the lights of his house, the joys of his heart. This is a world of labor, a life of care, a time of toil. We have our business and burdens, all of us. Few of the many, none of the useful, have ceased to work, while yet they have health and strength. But he who returns from his daily labor, tired and vexed and worn, and perhaps disappointed and anxious and desponding, and finds a home where smiling faces and cheerful voices and loving lips receive him, surely may exclaim—and if he has a heart to appreciate and enjoy the bounties of the blessed Giver of all good, he will exclaim, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." Not even the shadows of great sorrows can darken such a home. The changes of this uncertain world may work wondrous revolutions in the circle, but if the heart be true, no change can work the ruin of domestic peace. Reverses of fortune may overtake the house and dry up the streams of wealth, and all the comforts that wealth brings to the door (for it is very inconvenient to be poor, and doubtless very pleasant to be rich) but love triumphs over circumstances, and makes the cottage happier than lordly halls, for "better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith." "Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith." Death itself may spread its wings over the sanctuary of our affections, and hide from our sight the dearest object of domestic love, but death is not destruction. Love sacrifices such sorrow and makes the memory of the departed "sweet, though mournful to the soul." And when afflictions yield the fruits of peace, and joy in God, the home that was despoiled and blighted, becomes fragrant with the odors of Heaven, for angels have been there.

Honored by the custom that prevails so widely among us, of gathering the scattered members of the household on Thanksgiving-day around the social board, to bless God in the midst of His good gifts, for the comforts of a happy home. It is a feast of love. Long may it continue to be one of our most cherished, hallowed, conservative institutions! And each of every one that comes to the old homestead, from the country or the city, or the sea, and sits down with sire or mother, or wife, or son, or daughter, or brethren and sisters, or friends, rejoicing in the bounties of Providence, and above all in love that makes home an antipast of HEAVEN shall say, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage."

An Irishman who was engaged at a drain and had his pick-axe raised in the air just as the clock struck twelve, determined to work no more till after dinner, let go the pick-axe and left it hanging their!

As we were strolling through the market on Saturday morning our attention was attracted by a pile of hearts (beef's hearts, fair ladies) that were exposed for sale; they were stacked up in the form of a pyramid, and as we stood looking at them—all shriveled up as they were—and marked up with white pencillings of muscle and deep seated lines of blue color, where the veins ran, we couldn't but commiserate the brutes whose brief lives finally had to yield to the block and executioner's axe. We were jostled in our mood by a passer-by, and turning around we saw a pale-faced woman tagging along with a basket of provisions, and looking, alas! as if the fates had dealt more with malice than with love toward her. Strange that it should have suggested it, but as we moved on we thought to ourselves, are those hearts we have just left, the only hearts in the world for sale; are there no human ones borne to share companionship with immortal souls; that are bartered away day by day for the gold and silver of the earth.

Let us see. A young maiden is just coming to occupy that sphere in life when her affections are to be sought and won; generous, and full of young hopes, she listened to the tale, told tremblingly of her first lover's love. The words fall upon friendly soil, and she pledges her affections away forever. Why should the pleasant dream be disturbed and broken up? Alas! he is poor, and must put his hands down to the earth and grapple with the things thereof, in order to live, while those who stand as her nearest guardians for weal or woe, have resolved that she shall marry only where wealth, and glitter of false life are to be found. And so this heart goes down on the auction stand, knocked off to gold, and sent to dwell in wretchedness through splendor, in death through life—gone heart has been sold.

A young man starts in life, proud but poor; he is taught by frequent reminders that when he does he must make an "available match," that love in a cottage will do for the rich to speculate upon, but for him, he must gauge respectability by the standard of money, and that a true, noble soul, is an extravagant luxury unless it can pay its own way.—But he breaks down when he meets her, whose soul comes straight to his, as the needle flies to the magnet, and "under the rose" he tells the old tale of love, which is told not in vain. Ah, but she is now poor, and pa and ma have picked out a queen of Ophir, who can buy a palace with her own gifts, away up on the ladder of earthly prosperity, a fit one for "our proud king's mind," and so, between threat and command, tears and expostulations, the fruit in the green ear is given—up to die out, and a man weds a thing—two more hearts are sold.

A wife sits in the midst of her household, the mother of a goodly group of children; the work for the rest of her life—a noble work—is marked out for her, to rare up these tender spirits to a true manhood and womanhood for life; but fashion reigns the God of her soul, and moving in and out, she sets the daily picture to the young eyes that follow her, of a painted face, a hollow soul, a woman of the world, and as plants that are not trained, trail on the ground, so they grow up to be sold at the market of a desolute and fashionable life.

Hearts for sale! hearts for sale! Yes, hearts for sale wherever we may go—the father sells his son to commerce who would wear the robes of a priest—the priest-sells his heart for fashionable applause, and comes finally to believe the infidel's belief—the youth sells his heart to passion and gets ashes in return—woman trades her virtue for gold and jewels, that crumble with the frost of her repentance. Yes, human hearts are for sale upon the streets of every city, upon the cross roads through the wide land, and around the firesides of homes that fain would be believed Christian and true.

The world, alas! the day, seems but a vast market-place where human hearts, like the hearts of the slaughtered brutes, are bought and sold for so much cash. Silver for our best hopes, gold for our blessed manhood.

One of Cromwell's followers, who filled the important station of an Irish justice, at the period of 1661, having occasion to write the word "usage," contrived to spell it without using a single letter of the original word; his improved orthography was "zowzitch." When some remarks were made on similar facts, he averred that "poboggy could spell with pens made from Irish gages."

HEARTS FOR SALE.

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An Irishman who was engaged at a drain and had his pick-axe raised in the air just as the clock struck twelve, determined to work no more till after dinner, let go the pick-axe and left it hanging their!

A RESPECTABLE MARRIAGE.

HEAVEN help the man who, having wearied his soul with delays and doubts, or exhausted the freshness and exuberance of his youth, by a hundred little dalliings of love, consigns himself at length to the issue of what people call a nice match—whether of money or of family!

Heaven help you when you begin to regard marriage as only a respectable institution, and under the advices of staid old friends, begin to look about you for some very respectable wife.—You may admire her figure and her family, and bear pleasantly in mind the very casual mention which has been made by some of your penetrating friends, that she has large expectations. You think that she would make a very capital appearance at the head of your table; nor, in the event of your coming to any public honour, would she make you blush for her breeding. She talks well, exceedingly well; and her face has its charms, especially under a little excitement. Her dress is elegant and tasteful, and she is constantly remarked upon by all your friends as a "nice person." Some good old lady, in whose pew she occasionally sits on Sunday, thinks she would make a fine wife for—somebody.

She certainly has an elegant figure; and the marriage of some half dozen of your old flames warns you that time is slipping, and your chances falling. And, in the pleasant warmth of some after-dinner mood, you resolve—with her image, in her prettiest palisade, drifting through your brain—that you will marry. Now comes the pleasant excitement of the chase; and whatever family dignity may surround her only adds to the pleasurable glow of the pursuit. You give an hour more to your toilette, and a hundred or two more, a year, to your tailor. All is orderly, dignified and gracious. Charlotte is a sensible woman, every body says, that you believe it yourself. You agree in your talk about books and churches and flowers. Of course she has good taste, for she accepts you. The acceptance is dignified, elegant and even courteous.

We were amused at hearing the story of an old lady whose only exclamation on hearing of the execution of a man who had once lived in the neighborhood, was, "Well, I know'd he'd come to the gallows at last, for the knot of his handkerchief was always slipping round under his left ear."

A middle-aged man lately presented himself at the matrimonial alter. The clergyman, having surveyed him for a moment said:—"Pray, friend, I think you have a wife already living."

"It may be so, sir," said he, "for I have a very treacherous memory."

A gentleman was called upon to apologize for words uttered in wine. "I beg pardon," said he, "I did not mean to say what I did, but I've had the misfortune to lose some of my front teeth, and words got out every now and then without my knowledge."

As the volunteers were about leaving Easton, for the war, a young man, a member of one of these companies, shed tears when he bid his mother "Good Bye." The old woman encouraged him, saying, "Dry up Joe, and show your spunk!"

"I say sambo, can't you answer dis counterfunt; suppose I give you a bottle of whiskey corked shut wid a cork; how would you get the whiskey out without pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle?" "I gives dat up." "Why, push de cork in. Yah, yah!"

It is said "the hare is one of the most timid of animals, yet it always dies game!" Why shouldn't it, when it is made game of?

On Friday last, Old Abe mingled among the roughs of New York, known as the Fireman's Brigade of Zouaves.—He asked one of the b'boys if he really thought they could have passed through Baltimore. "Lookes here old boss," said the rough, taking off his cap and exposing his closely cropped head, "we've had our tops fled—ther couldn't a held us back—we'd a just went through or Baltimore like a dreg of salt!"

The Confederate States having abolished Yankee Doodle as a national air, it is suggested that they adopt "Rogue's March," as a substitute. The chaplain of the Southern Congress, it is understood, opens the session with prayer, and reading the hymn which commences, "I love to steal," &c.