

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1867.

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BRITTON & MUSSER'S FAMILY DRUG STORE.

Market Street, Marietta, Pa.
BRITTON & MUSSER, successors to Dr. F. Hinkle, will continue the business at the old stand, where they are daily receiving additions to their stock, which are received from the most reliable importers and manufacturers. They would respectfully ask a liberal share of public patronage. They are now prepared to supply the wants of the public with everything in their line of trade. Their stock of
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
PURE AND PURE, HAVING JUST ARRIVED.
Pure Wines and Liquors
FOR MEDICINAL USES ONLY,
ALL THE POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES.
The Staffs of all kinds, Fancy and Toilet Articles of every kind, Alcoholic and Fluid Extracts, Alcoloid and Rosinoids, all the best Trusses, Abdominal Supporters, Nipples, Shells and Shields, Nursing Bottles, and a large supply of
HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL AND CLOTHES BRUSHES.
Tooth Powder and Pastes, Oils, Perfumery, Soap, Combs, Hair Dyes, Lavigatoria, &c.; all the Lamps, Shades, Chimneys, Wick, &c. Medicines and Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded all hours of the day and night, by Charles H. Britton, Pharmacist, who will pay special attention to this branch of the business. Having had over ten years experience in the drug business, and a determination to guarantee entire satisfaction to all who may patronize the new firm.
Hanson's Compound Syrup of Tar, on hand and for sale.
A large supply of School Books, Stationery, &c., always on hand.
SUNDAY HOURS:
From 8 to 10, a. m.—12 to 2, and 5 to 6 p. m.
Charles H. Britton. A. Musser.
Marietta, October 20, 1866. —if

JACOB LIBHART, JR.,
CABINET MAKER
AND UNDERTAKER, MARIETTA, PA.
I would most respectfully take this method of informing the citizens of Marietta and the public in general, that having had a lot of seasoned Lumber, is now prepared to manufacture all kinds of
CABINET FURNITURE,
every style and variety, at short notice. I have on hand a lot of Furniture of his own manufacture, which for fine finish and good workmanship, will rival any City make. I give special attention paid to repairing. He is also prepared to attend, in all its branches, the UNDERTAKING business, being supplied with an excellent Herse, large and small Coffins, &c., &c.
I COFFINS finished in any style—plain or costly.
Ware known and Manufacture, near Mr. Hinkle's new building, near the "Upper Square," Marietta, Pa. —if Oct. 23.

H. L. & E. J. ZAHM,
Jewellers,
Corner of North Queen-St.,
and Centre Square, Lancaster, Pa.
We are prepared to sell American and Swiss Watches at the lowest cash rates. We buy directly from the Importers and Manufacturers, and can, and will, sell Watches as low as they can be bought in Philadelphia or New-York.
A fine stock of Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, Silver and Silver-plated ware constantly on hand. Every article lastly represented.
H. L. & E. J. ZAHMS
Corner North Queen Street and Centre Square
LANCASTER, PA.
First National Bank of Marietta.
THIS BANKING ASSOCIATION
HAVING COMPLETED ITS ORGANIZATION
is now prepared to transact all kinds of
BANKING BUSINESS.
The Board of Directors meet weekly, on Wednesday, for discount and other business.
From 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
JOHN HOLLINGER, PRESIDENT.
AMOS HOWMAN, Cashier.

DR. J. Z. HOFFER,
DENTIST,
OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE
OF DENTAL SURGERY,
LATE OF HARRISBURG.
OFFICE.—Front street, next door to R. Williams' Drug Store, between Locust and Walnut streets, Columbia.
F. Hinkle, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
HAVING removed to Columbia, would embrace this opportunity of informing his former patients and families in Marietta and vicinity, that he can still be consulted daily, at his office in Marietta, between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock, P. M.
Marietta, February 9, 1867.—if

H. S. TROUT, M. D.,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Marietta and vicinity.
Office.—In the Rooms formerly occupied by Dr. F. Hinkle, Market-st., Marietta.
G. W. Worrall,
Surgeon Dentist,
MARKET STREET, ADJOINING
Spangler & Rich's Store, second floor,
MARIETTA, PA.
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.
MARK THE SEASON!
Another arrival of those incomparable Gas
Stoves, Parlor Stoves, Also,
THE IMPROVED VOLCAN HEATER.
Call and see them at J. SPANGLER'S.

ATTENTION! SPORTSMEN!
Eley's Gun Caps, Eley's Gun Wads,
Duck Shot, Sporting and Glazed Duck Powder,
Baltimore Shot, Shot Pouches, Powder Flasks,
JOHN SPANGLER'S

TERMS.
The Mariettian is published weekly, at \$1.50 a-year, payable in advance. Office in "Lindsay's Building," near the Post office corner, Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa.
Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: One square, ten lines or less, 75 cents for the first insertion, or three times for \$1.50. Professional or Business Cards, of six lines or less, \$5 a-year. Notices in the reading columns, ten cents a-line; general advertisements seven cents a-line for the first insertion, and for every additional insertion, four cents. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.
Having put up a new Jobber press and added a large addition of job type, cuts, border, etc., will enable the establishment to execute every description of Plain and Fancy Printing, from the smallest card to the largest poster, at short notice and reasonable rates.

Sleep.
Sleep! gentle sleep!
Descend and keep
Thy vigils kind o'er those that weep:
Wipe sorrow's eye,
Bid trouble fly,
While in thy soothing arms they lie.
Visit the child,
With accents mild,
Until within thy power beguiled,
In sweetest rest,
Upon thy breast,
Rocked in its cozy cradle nest,
Its eyelids close, while deep repose
Steals far away, all infant woes.
Charmers of care!—
Guardian so fair—
Watch o'er the poor with pitying care;
And in their dreams
Show them bright scenes,
Arcadian vales, and murmuring streams:
Drive care away and with them stay
Until the dawning of the day.
At midnight still
When in thy vale
Lie woodland, mountain, vale and hill
In silence creep
And slyly creep
And if thou speakest eyes that weep,
Exort thy way, make them thy prey,
And till the daylight with them stay.

Wanted—A "Gurl."
The following piece of burlesque is designed to set off the ridiculous and insolent demands of "help" in these days of liberal ideas and "equal rights."
Wanted—A "gurl," to dwell in my family, assist my wife in doing the work and give directions generally.
One of the Irish-German-American lecent will answer, if she was born in Ireland, and knows a flap-jack from a boot jack.
We also expect she will use something besides matches to get breakfast with. Wages not much object, if she will only leave me enough of my income to pay for the crockery ware that she breaks.
If she should not be satisfied with having five evenings in a week, an effort will be made to give her eight; she may decide what we shall have to eat, and whether it shall be overdone, underdone, or done at all, and do, in fact, as she pleases, except wear my wife's gloves or shoes (unless her hands and feet are within four sizes of being too small).
P. S.—We always expect to give our help Christmas and New Year's gifts, worth from one dollar to one hundred dollars, just as we prefer.
P. P. S.—Feather beds or mattresses, as preferred.
A "sick sister" or "old mither" will be no objection, as we have a spare chamber, and will, if necessary, hire a "nuss" to take care of her.
Apply at 99 Gray street, between 9 A. M. and 4th of July.
A scoffer once asked, "What advantage has a religious man over one like myself? Does not the sun shine on me as on him this fine day?" "Yes," replied his companion, a pious laborer, "but the religious man has two suns shining on him at once—one on his body, the other on his soul."
If you love others they will love you.—If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. If you would hear a sweet and pleasing echo speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.
Candor, in some people may be compared to lemon drops, in which the acid predominates over the sweetness.
Wait for others to advance your interests, and you will wait until they are not worth advancing.
"Parents," said a solemn preacher, "you have children; if you have not children, you have a duty to perform."

Another Arrow For the Rumseller.
BY SAGITTARIUS.
A carpenter, who was tired of making an honest living, came to a gentleman in Philadelphia with a petition for a tavern license, which he requested him to sign. The gentleman looked at him, and asked him why he did not stick to his plane and bench. The answer was "Tavern-keeping is a more lucrative trade; I want to get richer." "Well, but do you not think you will be afforded additional facilities to drunkards to destroy themselves?" "Perhaps I shall." "Do you not believe that at least five men every year will die drunkards if you succeed in getting a license?" "Why, I never thought of that before, but I suppose it would be so." "Then, if the Lord lets you keep tavern for ten years, fifty men will have died through your agency—now what becomes of the drunkard? Does he go to heaven?" "I suppose not," was the somewhat reluctant reply. "I am sure he does not, for no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. What becomes of him then?" "Why—he must go to hell." "Well, do you not think that it will be just, if the Lord at the end of ten years, sends you down to hell too, to look after those fifty drunkards?" The man, who are glad to be able to add, threw down his petition, went back to his useful and honorable occupation, and was never tempted to desire a license again.
The story, my friends needs no comment. It speaks for itself. It is "argumentum ad hominem." [Argumentum ad hominem.] Right glad indeed are we that the good people of both State and Nation are taking hold of this great subject in such noble earnest. Such conventions as that recently held in our State Capital will do immense good, we trust. They are omens of richer blessings in store, for this goodly land of ours, so long cursed with the giant evil of Intoxication. They seem to be, in the interest taken by those high in authority, an evidence that our nation is at least aroused to a sense of the degradation and shame to which we are exposed by such disgraceful scenes as have recently transpired upon the floors of Congress, to say nothing of a still more conspicuous platform.
Yes, thank God, the nation is aroused, and we believe that the fate of the Rumseller is sealed. They had better begin at once to "close out," for—
From the high Rocky Mountain,
To the Atlantic strand;
Where many a purring fountain
Flows through our youthful land,
From many a Northern river
To many a Southern plain,
They call us to deliver
Our land from Bacchus' chain.
And who is he who dares to cry:
"Hold! the hour is not yet come!"
A new Test.—What is he?—How to tell!
A Traveler called lately, about night-fall, at a farmer's house near Albany. The owner being from home and the mother and daughter being alone, they refused to lodge the wayfarer.
"How far, then," said he, "is it to a house where a preacher can get lodging?"
"Oh! if you are a preacher," said the lady, "you can stop here."
Accordingly he dismounted, deposited his saddle bags in the house and led his horse to the stable. Meantime the mother and daughter were debating the point as to what kind of a preacher he was.
"He can't be a Presbyterian," said one, "for he is not dressed well enough."
"He is not a Methodist," said the other, "for his coat is not the right cut for a Methodist."
"If I could only find his hymn book," said the daughter, "I could soon tell what sort of a preacher he is," and with that she thrust her hand into the saddle bags, and pulling out a flask of liquor, she exclaimed, "La! mother, he's a hard shell Baptist!"
An Irish girl was ordered to hang the wash clothes on the horse in the kitchen to dry. Her mistress shortly after found a very gentle family horse standing in the kitchen completely covered with the articles that had been washed that day. Upon interrogating the girl she replied was, "Och, to be sure ye told me to hang the clothes upon the horse in the kitchen, and the baste is the kindest I ever saw, sure!"
That young man to whom the world owes a living, has just been turned out of doors—the landlord not being willing to take the indebtedness of the world upon his own shoulders.

Dreams and Dreaming.

From The Express.

—Many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
Which neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be."
Without attempting to enter into the cause or the philosophy of dreaming, I intend, in this paper, to confine myself to a mere narration of the "circumstantial facts." In another paper on the subject, I may discuss the "why and the wherefore" of these phenomena, and also what they indicate. Many years ago, when I was an apprentice, my master left home on a two weeks visit to his relatives in the centre of the State, and gave me a task to perform during his absence. The task could easily have been performed in eight or ten days, but I became dilatory, and at the end of that time it was not yet finished. On the tenth night I dreamed that he would return the next day at three o'clock in the afternoon. After I awoke I became so deeply impressed with the dream, and so mortified that I had not performed the task he gave me, that I could not sleep, and so I arose and immediately resumed my work, and by a great effort had it finished the next day at half past two, and at three o'clock my master walked into the door, dressed precisely as I had seen him in my dream, although none of his family or friends had expected him for three or four days yet. Later in life, I had a dream, equally as distinct, that I had received, or rather would receive, a visit from a friend whom I had not seen for a number of years, at two o'clock on the next day. So confident was I that my friend would come at the expected hour, and so similarly was I impressed, that I made preparations for his reception, but when the hour arrived he did not appear; and he subsequently informed me in a letter, that he never for a moment entertained an intention of coming at that time. In neither of these dreams did a thought of the parties enter my mind, when I went to sleep. On another occasion, I attended one of those night abominations, called, by way of distinction, *terrapin suppers*, and ate profusely of an indigestible compound, composed of terrapin soup, stewed oysters, lobster sauce, chicken salad and pickles. At one o'clock I retired and went to bed, and almost immediately fell into a sleep and almost immediately also, into a dream, which continued the remainder of the night. But, such a dream! mammoth terrapins, with glaring eyes and lolling tongues, and armed with great butcher knives, menacing me on every side! huge lobsters pinching me and leading me by the nose, comic oysters jeering at me from beneath their rough coated shells—and fierce chateausiers screaming defiantly in my ears. On a former occasion, under circumstances very similar I had sunk into a gentle and refreshing slumber, without a dream of any kind, and perfectly oblivious of all thought, feeling or affection whatever. Again, I have laid myself down weary and forlorn, with a mind heavily charged with the perplexities and responsibilities of life, and in utter despondency, desiring a temporary solace, at least, in a hopeful and pleasant dream. But, although through the weary counterthips of my care-tired thoughts, I could win sleep to my bed, I could not win a dream of any kind. In substantially the same condition of mind, and apparently the same condition of body, at another time I have dreamed the most happy, pure and heavenly dreams. My spirit seemed, to be entirely out of, and free from the trammels of the material body, for although superlatively happy, I experienced none of the pleasures of sense. Sights, scenes, sounds and objects of the most lovely character, met my view on every hand, and seemed to be special ministrations to my comfort and happiness; and when the pleasing charm became dissipated by the wakeful realities of this nether world again, their elevating and refining influences have been felt for days. And yet, again, in the happiest and most self-satisfied state of mind, I have fallen asleep, and have dreamed such dreams of horror as no pen can describe. Dreams of wallowing sensuality, and bitter remorse—of fierce conflicts and terrible goadings—of demonic infestations, through which I felt myself utterly overthrown and "sinking down." And when I have awoke from these, I have thanked God that it was but a dream, and that I was still on this side of the fatal Styx, although for days I have ruminated upon, whether it did not also involve "a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream."
But, to me the most mortifying of my dreams have been those of a dual or triple char-

actor—that is, dreams within dreams; and especially so, because my dreams are usually vivid and distinct; and even after I awake, it is sometimes before I can realize that I was only dreaming. Some of these dreams have been more than mortifying—they have been perplexing and terrifying.

For instance, I dreamed that I met and married a beautiful maiden altogether unconscious that such a relation already existed between me and another of the fair daughters of Eve. After rambling for a time through the sylvan groves of what appeared to me a perfect paradise, I suddenly awoke to find myself in my earthly home, surrounded by my family; but there also was the "beautiful maiden;" and the perplexity was how to reconcile this duplicate relation without degenerating into Mormonism. Happily for me, just at the moment when a conflict of domestic jurisdiction was about to occur, I awoke, and found my unconscious lawful frauline, softly slumbering at my side. On another occasion, in a dream, I either killed a human being, or was found in such a manner connected with his death, as to devolve its whole responsibility on my head, and largely also upon my conscience. I was sorely troubled about the matter, and went to work in secreting the body. For this purpose I cut up and carried it away and buried it piece-meal, which occupied me some days, for I had to watch my opportunities. After this was accomplished I was in a most forlorn and melancholy state of mind, for I did not know who the individual was whom I had slain, and as little by what means I had slain him. In this state of mind I awoke, and was congratulating myself that I had only been dreaming, when I was accused of the murder, and told of the different places where I had buried the parts of the body. Feeling certain that I had been dreaming, I triumphantly accompanied my accusers, but my triumph was of short duration, for, true enough, there were all the pieces, examined and confronting me. I do not think that all the sorrow, disappointment, mortification and remorse, which I experienced in my waking moments during a life of fifty years, constituted a tithe of that which I felt in that dream, and when I eventually awoke out of it, I was covered all over with a clammy sweat, and in great terror. On another occasion I was in a most beautiful grove, sparkling with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, and other precious stones, of the most beautiful colors and brilliancy. Forthwith I began to fill my pockets with these, and after I had them all filled, I began to reflect upon "the situation," and ask myself whether, after all, I might not have been dreaming. From this state I soon after awoke, and although this involved a change apparently of place and surroundings, yet, so far as the precious stones were concerned, they were all still in my pocket, and I now ventured to show them to others, and to feel quite sure that all this was real and not a dream. But I was doomed to disappointment, for about the time I thought of disposing of my miser treasures and converting them into cash, I was suddenly called to breakfast, and found that after all I had been merely dreaming. Divers other dreams I have had; such as going to bed very hungry, and dreaming all night of sumptuous and magnificent feasts and festivals, in which the more I ate and drank the more hungry and thirsty I became; at other times being in a desolate and barren waste, with nothing to eat or drink, and almost famished for the want of these. Dreaming also of being on the roofs of high steeples and towers, and gradually sliding off towards the edges of them, and there holding myself up by a convulsive grasp of the eaves; then, after being no longer able to continue my grasp, from sheer terror and fatigue, letting go and falling plump upon the hard pavement beneath, which happily always awoke me out of my dreams, feeling rejoiced that my bones, and especially my neck and back, were not broken. The foregoing dreams, in a multitude of phases, have been duplicated over again and again; nor do I suppose they are anything more than what is the common lot of men in their somnambulo experiences. All these things are but effects of some prior cause. Some of them may have been ends, and others may have been effects of which the ends were still in the womb of the future. Taking them either as effects or ends, it would seem difficult to suggest any certain or specific theory, which to base their causes; although to account for some of them it would ap-

pear to be plain enough. But, as at the outset, I did not intend to say anything about the philosophy of dreaming, I will therefore leave this simple narrative of facts to the cogitations of the reader at this time, as a matter of general concern; leaving, also, their solution to be effected by such fundamental principles as have been applied to such phenomena, by those learned in the hidden love of dreamland. GRANTELLOS.

Stuff for Smiles.
A splendid ear but a very poor voice as the organ-grinder said to the donkey. A schoolmaster "struck ile" the other day—a juvenile.
If you wish to strike for wages strike with the axe or hoe.
Drive your cattle upon the ice, if you want cowslips in the winter.
Woman is a delusion: still, men will hug delusions.
"Speech is silver, but silence golden." Hence the expression, hush money.
Simon spells rescue thus—res q.—He also spells easy in this way—a-z.
"Millions for de fence!" as the nigger said when a bull chased him across a ten acre lot.
Who is the laziest man? The furniture dealer; he keeps chairs and lounges about all the time.
What is a lover? One, who in his desire to get possession of another, loses possession of himself.
An old bachelor says the ladies are like Scotch snuff, because they will bring a foolish man to his knees (sneeze).
The man who "couldn't stand it any longer" has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.
Why cannot a deaf man be legally convicted? Because it is not lawful to condemn a man without hearing.
That man is not good enough for any place who thinks no place good enough for him.
"I feel too lazy to work," said a loafer, "and I have no time to play. I think I'll go to bed and split the difference."
A contraband who witnessed the explosion of a shell for the first time exclaimed: "See dar! hell hab laid an egg!"
"Are you the mate?" said a passenger to the Irish cook of a vessel. "No," answered Pat, "but I'm the boy that boils the mate!"
Jones called on the man who "restores oil paintings," and requested him to try to restore one stolen from his residence a year ago.
A London furrier advertises that ladies who wish to have muffs made of the genuine article "can select their own skins."
The principle of an academy gave a pupil, who was an aspirant for the situation of school teacher, a certificate which read: "This young man is capable of filling any position for which he is qualified."
"Landlord," said Jonathan the other day, stepping up to the bar of a public house, "jist give us a cents worth New England, and put it in two tumblers. Here Jim take hold, I'll pay—d—n the expenses, I say when a fellow is on a bust?"
An Irishman speaking of the excellence of a telescope said, "Do you see that small speck on yonder hill? That is my old pig, though it is hardly to be seen, but when I look at him with my glass, it brings him so near I can plainly hear him grunt."
One day as Patrick O'Nill was riding home with a sack of potatoes before him discovered that his horse was getting tired, whereupon he dismounted, putting the potatoes on his own shoulder, again mounted, saying "that it was better he should carry the praties, as he was fresher than the poor bast."

Staff for Smiles.

"Pa," observed a young urchin of tender years to his fond parent, "does the Lord know everything?"
"Yes, my son," replied the hopeful sire; "but why do you ask that question?" "Because our preacher, when he prays, is so long telling the Lord everything, I thought he wasn't posted." The parent reflected.
"William," said a carpenter to his apprentice, "I'm going away to day, and I want you to grind all the tools."
"Yes sir."
The carpenter came home at night, and Billy was asked if he had ground all the tools right sharp.
"All but the hand saw," said Bill, "I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that."