In Independent Pennsylbania Journal for the Bome Circle.

FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1866.

VOL. XIII.-NO. 18.

DR. H. LANDIS, DR. HENRY LANDIS, DR. HENRY LANDIS, At the "Golden Mortar," At the "Golden Mortar," Market Street, Marietta. Mariet Street, Marietta.

Keep constantly on hand

violons carefully compounded. Remember the place. Remember the place, Dr. Grove's old Stand.

Pr. Grove's old Stand. Give us a call. Give us a call. PITTON & MUSSER'S

FAMILY DRUG STORE.

Mariet Street, Marietta, Pa. h Muster, successors to Dr. F the business at the old they are daily receiving additions, which are received from the importers and manufacturers.

a respectfully ask a liberal share a stronger of the design of the design of the public with everything in their add. Their stock of BRUGS AND MEDICINES

er iso pube, having just arryven? Fire Mines and Liquors OR MELICINAL USES ONLY, THE POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES. after all kinds, Fancy and Toilet Ar-

Alcoloid and Resinuids. all best Trusses, Abdominal Sup-orers, shoulder Braces, Broast Pomps, Nipple Skells and foi-ids, Nursing Bottles, A large supply of TOSTIL NAIL AND CLOTHES BRUSHES.

cor and Pastes, Oils, Perfumery, oct and rastes, Olis, Periumery, octs, Hair tyes, Invigorators, &c.; Lump, Studes, Chimneys, Wick, &c, and supplied at reasonable rates. said Prescriptions carefully and acceptabled all bours of the day and illustes H. Entton, Pharmaceutist, ply especial attention to this branch of the day have been over the years. Having had over ten years experience in the drug business enaparrouse the new firm.

sc., always on hand. SUNDAY HOURS: m ,-12 to 2, and 5 to 6 p. m. A. Musser. 9, 0ctaber 20, 1866. H. Britton.

Ladies' BAXEL BARS at John Farcira's OLD ESTABLISHED Fur Manufactory,

No. 718 ARCH Street, above 7th Philadelphia. new in store of my own importation actacture one of the largest and most selections of FANCY FURS, for

and Childrens' wear, in the city. Also FUR G' OVES AND COLLARS. trabled to dispose of my goods at very able prices, and I would therefore soli-

mber the name number and street. JUHN FAREIRA, 718 Arch-st., ha, south side, PHILADELPHIA.

have no pertner, nor connection with ser store in Philadelphia. [10-17t.

STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!!! OF NIOVES, COOK STOVES,

STOVES, GLOR STOVES, PARLOR STOVES PARLOR STOVES, ABURNING STOVES AT

JOHN SPANGLER'S. OVES, STOVES, - VULCAN STOVES FOR HEATING

TWO OR FOUR ROOMS WITH ONE FIRE-FOURTH PILY NOW READY-CALL AND

SEE THEM AT Spangler's Hurdware and Stone Store Market Street, Marietta, Pa.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, PA. FICE No. 24 NORTH DUKE STREET

the practice of his profession in all its CROIX AND NEW ENGLAND RUM cultary purposes, warranted gan uin H. D. Benjamin. I HANDLES, a choice lot received.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Office in "LINDSAY'S BUILDING," second Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (10 lines. or less) 75 cents for the first inscition and One Dollar and-a-half for 3 insertions. Professional and Business cards, of six lines or less at \$5 per annum. Notices in the reading columns, ten cents a-line. Marriages and Deaths, the simple announcement, FREE; but for any additional lines, ten cents a line. A liberal deduction made to yearly and half

yearly advertisers. Having just added a " NewBURY MOUN-TAIN JOBBER PRESS," together with a large assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts, Borders, &c., &c., to the Job Office of "THE

MARIETTIAN," which will insure the fine and speedy execution of all kinds of Jon & CARD PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

THE GOOD WIFE.

It is just as you say, Neighbor Green, A treasure indeed is my wife; Such another for bustle and work I never have found in my life. But then she keeps every one else As busy as birds on the wing; There is never a moment for rest, She is such a fidgety thing.

She makes the best bread in the town. Her pies are a perfect delight, Her coffee a rich golden brown.

Her cruilers and pudding just right. But then, while I eat them, she tells Of the care and worry they bring, Of the martyr-like toil she endures, O, she's such a fidgety thing !

My house is as neat as a pin, You should see how the door-handles

And all of the soft-cushioned chairs And nicely swept carpets are mine. But then she so frets at the dust. At a fly, at a straw or a string, That I stay out of doors all I can, She is such a fidgety thing !

She doctors the neighbors, O. yes. If a child has the measles or croup, She is there with her saffrons and quille, Her dainty made gruels and soup.

But then she insists on her right To physic my blood in the spring, And she takes the whole charge of my

O, she's such a fidgety thing!

She knits all my stockings herself, My shirts are bleached white as the snow:

My old clothes look better than new. Yet daily more thread bare they grow, But then if a morsel of lint Or dust to my trousers should cling, I'm sure of one serman at least, She is such a fidgety thing.

You have heard of a spirit so meek, So meek that it never opposes. Its own it dares never to speak— Alas, I am meeker than Moses! But then I am not reconciled The subordinate music to sing; submit to get rid of a row, She is such a fidgety thing!

It's just as you say, neighbor Green, A treasure to me has been given; But sometimes I fain would be glad To lay up my treasure in heaven. But then every life has its cross,

Most pleasures on earth have their ating. She's a treasure, I know, neighbor Green,

But she's auch a fidgety thing.

Thomas, my son," said a father to a lad in my hearing, the other day, won't you show the gentleman your

last composition?" "I don't want to," said he. "I wish you would," responded the

father. "I won't!" was the reply; "I'll be goy-blamed if I do!"

A sickly, half approving smile passed over the face of the father, as he said in explanation of his son's brusqurie: oned to death. But we have not the "Tom don't lack manners generally; space, or we should give some examples but the fact is, he's got such a cold, he's resulting from a want of proper ventilaalmost a fool!" Kind parent! happy tion.

There is a chap in Philadelphia who says he never minds the bot weather, so your album, Miss Jenkins?" "No, but long se he is with his wife. She is such some of my friends have favored me with an intense scold.

boy !

Speaking of tilting boop skirts, the Louisville Journal valiantly says: "Tilt as much as you please, ladies; we can ing an old gobbler trying to swallow a J. SPANGLER'S. Hand it if you can." cotton string.

Samuel State State Advantage Commence

For the Mariettian. Temperance.

In our last we endeavored to enforce upon temperance men the necessity of resided wo arthodox descons ; one, floor, on Elbow Lane, between the Post | abstaining entirely from all drinks that Office Corner and Front St., Marietta, contain alcohol. From personal observation we are induced to call your attention to a subject closely allied to the above.

> While it is very important that we should know what we drink : it is no less important to see that we breathe the proper material; as physical beings we are compelled to owe the continuance of our lives to the elements and objects by which we are surrounded. One of these is air, the first and the last demand of our lives, we are incessantly inhaling it from birth to death. Air in its natural state, consists of four substances, two elements oxygen and nitrogen, and two compounds carbonic acid gas, and vapor; not chemically combined as some suppose, but merely mixed, so as to be easily separated.

The nitrogen of which there is in pure air about seventy-seven per cent. is the neutral or diluting principle; and oxygen of which there is about twentythree per cent, is the active or life supporting principle, the percentage of with carbonic acid gas. This is the kind tem demands. In the process of breathing the air is conveyed through the bronchial tubes and received into the air chambers where it is brought into contact with the venous blood to which it yields a portion of its oxygen and in return receives Carbonic acid gas. It is by this process, and by this alone that our blood can be purified and revitalized. It comes into the lungs a dark liquid, meets the air freighted with the life giving elements, and exchanges its poisonous load for this element, and thus returns to the different parts of the system robed in a beautiful crimson. It is this vitalized blood that imparts the hues of health to the skin, that gives the rosy cheek and ruby lips, to the fair ones. Let those who desire to be in possession of these remember that pure air is the only chemical necessary to procure them.

Eyerytime we breathe, a certain portion of air is deprived of a large portion of exygen, if taken the second time into the lungs, another portion of oxygen is abstracted and so op, until it will no longer sustain life. But this is not the only way breathing effects pure air for while it looses cxygen it receives in return from the blood, poisonous gases, which are exhaled and mixed with the

The best authorities tell us that we breathe every minute from seven to ten cubic feet of air, and hence unfit that quantity for respiration every minute. Think for a moment of our crowded workrooms, a room sixteen feet square and nine feet high will contain 2304 cubic feet of air, which will supply four persons for about an hour, and yet not unfrequently twice that number of persons, and three times as long, are seen working in such a room. Is it any wonder then that such persons should become sickly and be continually complaining of dyspensia?

Look at our evening parties crowded into parlors for three or four hours the only means of ventilation being the occasional opening of the door.

Thak of two or more persons sleeping in an almost air tight bed room, from seven to eight hours; and then be not surprised at the many pale faces. If we could but see the mass of vitiated and poisoned air in which we pass so large a portion of our lives, should it for a moment become visible; we should flee from our stove heated, unventilated rooms as from a city swept with cholera or yellow fever. But these remarks are. not only applicable to home; but in almost all of our public meetings. Not unfrequently you sit listening to au excellent sermon until you are asleep, because you are inhaling poison all the time. It is time people should see to this, rather freeze to death than be pois-I. 8, G.

Marietta, December 4, 1866.

"Have you any original poetry in very original spelling."

"That's the last attempt to introduce cotton into Turkey," said a wag, on seeInspired Eloquence.

It ene of the most populous of the

western towns of the Commonwealth Deacon Biddle, a wealthy resident of the principal village, the other Deacon Crawfoot, a plain farmer, and living in the outskirts upon the mountain side. During a protracted meeting, held in the village, Deacon Crawford came in to attend it, and received and accepted an invitation to dine with his brother deacon. The latter (it was a good many years ago) had champagne upon his table, and asked Deacon Crawfoot to take a glass of wine. "No." said Deacon Crawfoot, "I never take wine." "But." urged his entertainer, "this is as harmless as cider, and no more intox icating. "Well," replied the farmer, "if that be the case, I will drink of it." And he did drink, and drank freely. The dinner ended, the brethren returned to the meeting, which was a conference. Very soon after entering Deacon Crawfoot, who evidently felt the inspiration of his generous dinner, started to his feet and addressed his brethren as follows: "It seems to me, brethren, that I never had such spiritual views and emotions as I experience now. And I moisture is small and variable, the same | thought it best to inquire whether these are confined to myself; or whether this of air which the human respiratory sys- may not be indeed a pentecostal season. Why, brethren, I never had such spiritual views and emotions. It seems as if I was sitting astride the roof of this our consecrated temple, the organ swelling beneath me, the bells pealing above me, and every shingle on the meeting house playing on a jewsharp ! '-New Bedford Mercury.

"Who pese dese Local Editors?"

The Cincinnati Times has the follow-

Detective Harry Hazen was met yesterday by a keeper of a beer saloon on Vine street, over the canal, who was laboring under considerable apparent excitement. Recognizing Hazen he stepped up to him with the exclamation: "Who pese dese wut you calls local

editors ?" "They pick up items," said the officer, "dead head into shows, &c."

"Dey pick up items? I tink so. Is gold watch items? Is sixty tollar tema? Hey?"

He was asked to explain what he meant, which he did as follows: "Dis mornin' I was drinkin' lager mi

mine friends all de while in mine saloon und in comes a young man-py tam he was such another nice young man wot dere never was already-and he pulls out a little sheepskin book and a lead pencil, and he says he pese local editors, and he wants me to tell him all vot there vos pout the row mit mine peer saloon last night.

"I asks him wot kind o' business he was that row, py tam, wot kind of right? "Und he says he reports um in de

"So I tells him all vot I don't know nont the rows vot some tam rowdies tries to kick out of mine saloon last night. Und mine poarders gets around und they dells more tings vot I recollects, and de nice young man he sticks em down in his sheep-skin pook, mit his lead pencil. Den he drinks glass lager, which he don't let himself pay for, py tam. (I felt sure as never was he was one little newspaper fellow when he didn't make pay mit mine lager. But dat makes nothing tifference. Der's no brinciple in dat)-aud den he goes out. and I don't sees him agin all de wile.

"Den one of mine poarders he finds himself stolen away from his gold watch py tam. Und my neighbor Schmidt he found sixty tollar what he hadn't got!"

"The nice young man who pretended to be a local editor, was a pickpocket." said Hazen, "who took that means to carry on his trade, and he succeeded pretty well if he got a gold watch and sixty dollars."

"I tinhs he succeeded pretty well, mine got! De next time a man comes in my saloon mit his tam sheepskin pencil and lead pook, and says he is local editors, py tam he don't gomes in !"

"Dan." said a little boy of four years, give me ten cents to buy a monkey." "We've got one monkey in the house

now," said the elder brother. "Who is it Dan?" said the little fel-

"Then give me ten cents to buy this menkey some candy." His brother 'shelled out' immediate-

"You," was the reply.

A Piece of Betsy Jane's Mind.

To Artemus Ward, London:

reputable old show, has got in it. a toady- think yourself underrayted by home in little paragraf which you oughter folks ;-when you do get off a good blush for, if blushin was in your line, thing we make the most of it; we are

Here it is, bad spellin and all: "It will be remembered that on the occasion of the first battle of Bull Run, it suddenly occurred to the Federal soldiers that they had business in Washing- come home! Hurry up your collecktion ton, which ought not to be neglected, of furrin beasts and wax figgers-(it's a and they all started for that beeutiful nice place to colleck the former)-don't and romantic city, maintainin a rate of wait for all the Queen's children and speed during the entire distance that grandchildren, for you'll be gray, as well would have done credit to the celebrated as bald, before you get through :- quit French steed, Gladisteur."

and tell the truth, it's jest that sort that's for your bad debts. BETSY JANE WARD. meaner than the common run of lies; and you know that you concockted that nasty little Bull Run "goak" just to ring in with the snobs and Tories over there, and git the British Lion into your show. But I can tell you that you are makin a gratooitus old fool of yourself. They won't admire you in a sprawlin attitood. Thuy'd respect you a heap more if you'd stand right up to 'em and give em a touch of true blue Yankee independence and spunk. You may say that you can't be expected to exhibit what you haven't got; but I say that if your capital in the show bizness. I can tell you, too, that the English have had Bull Runz of their own, and they know that jest sich fellers as you be are the ones that figger in 'em,

Other folks may flatter and applawd. and "lafe at little jests," but I shall continer to do my duty by you, without flinchin. Your morall sistim es relaxt. You need tonix of the homebrewed sort. You need a piece of my mind-you're kinder wiltin for it.

Some of the Baldwinsville folks are a little took aback by your turnin tail on your country, and fawnin on her enermies in sich a sicknin stile. When the Minister read the piece, he muttered somethin about its bein "tu Brutty"-and the Doctor, he says to me, "I should think it a clear case of softenen of the brain, if Mr. Ward"--" had any brains to soften," says I. "Jest so," says he. But you didn't spring a mine on me. Nobody knows a man's weak pints, nor

what mean tricks he may be up to, like the wife of his bozum. An incident of domestic life will exhibit you jest as Nachur and the show bizness made you. Twas the mornin after the twins were born, and as you stood gazin on lem in pensive mood with your hands under your coat tails, and I was weak enough to hope-(for I'm but a woman, like the rest of my sect,) that the double blessin had somehow made a new man, and a hull one out of yoo, till you gushed forth-"Oh. Betsy Jane, would they had been hitched together, Siamese fashion ! What a mint of money they'd a been for

Now, a man mean enuff to turn the misfortins-spozen they'd been thus jined-of his innercent children to account, in the show line, along with twoheaded calves and five-legged pigs, might be expected to make capital out of the misfortins of his coun'ry, spozen she had been thus misfortinit. But you wouldn't have gone and done it, if I had been like a gardin angel at your side, or if I had had you anywhere within broomstick range. You wouldn't have fawned and frisked about the heels of a bloated aristockracy much. I know how it isyou're goin it on your old demoralizin' principle. "When you're with the Mormons, do as the Mormons do;"-but you disremember a better sayin'-"It's a base bird that fowls it's own nest."

There, old man, put that in your pipe

and smoke-it!

It may be the climit—it may be the lickers - but your Punch "esseys" ain't the gay and festive effewsions the world looked for, standin on tiptoe on two sides of the Atlantic. It don't look as you was a goin to "set the Thames afire" and burn the Britishile. I should talked about has struck in—there's such a faint show of it about your stile at present. It's a jerky, exhausted sort of sweats. You're out of your ellerment it a handsome marble, with an epitaph in sich classick sellums, and flop about descriptive of his virtues and services.

uncomfortable. You know you're expected to be ever sparklin' and "earcastical," and the old wit won't come, MISGUIDED MAN! The Baldwinsville and you're kinder strainin of yourself. Spread Eagle" has printed a piece of You're gattin too much of Punch, mayyourn out of " Punch," which amongst be, and if I'm not much mistaken, Punch other stuff and nonsense about your dis- is gettin too much of you. Don't go to thankful for small favors from that quarter. " How are the mitey fallen!"

If you don't want to hear from me publickly, through the Atlantic Cabal, expozin of yourself to strangers, and If the truth isn't to be spoke at all come home to your lovin frens and natimes, which it isn't-no more is it to be bors, who are prepared for the worst spoken in all places—and on no account | you can do, and never expected much of whatever when it tells agin one's country | you ;-come home to your faithful wife, and tickles her dedly foze. Now I know who is tired of bein condoled with for that when you break out in a new spot your melancolly "goaks" and dunned

Baron de Kalb.

Among the enthusiastic foreigners who generously espoused our cause at an early period of the Revolution, and joined the American army, few are entitled to more grateful recollections, by the present and future generations, than the Baron de Kalb. He was by birth a German, and had attained a high reputation in the military service; he was a Knight of the Order of Merit, and a brigadier general in the armies of France. He accompanied the Marquis de Lafayyou have arey faculty, it's for doing jest ette to this country, and proffered his that identical thing. 'Twas more'n half services to Congress, which were accepted; and in September, 1777, he was appointed to the office of major general. His aims and deeds were of a high order; he labored for the liberty of all who were oppressed. He did not esteem rank but for the sake of performing greater uses to mankind. He was second in command in our southern army, under Major General Gates, when arrangements were making for the battle of Camden (which proved so disactrous to our army, in August, 1780), and cautioned Gates against a general action. But Gates said, "Lord Cornwallis will not dare to look us in the face." And when an officer, who was present, said, "I wonder where we shall dine to-morrow?" "Dine, sir," replied Gates, "why at Camden, to be sure; I would not give a penny to be insured a beefsteak in Camden to-morrow with Lord Cornwallis at my table."

Baron de Kalb was decidedly opposed to the proceedings of Gates, and foretold the rain that would ensue, and expressed a presentiment that it would be his fate to fall in the battle.

In a council of war, while the enemy was approaching, the baron advised that the army should fall back and take a good position, but this was rejected by Gates, who insinuated that it originated

De Kalb instantly placed himself at the head of his command on foot, and replied. "Well, sir, a few hours, perhaps, will prove who are brave."

The conflict had scarcely commenced when the militia under Gates broke and fled, leaving the gans behind. He immediately pursued, as he said, to bring them back, but he continued his flight till he reached Charlotte, eighty miles from the field of battle.

De Kalb, at the head of a few hundred Continental troops, contended with the whole British army for more than an honr; hundreds of brave men had fallen around this hero when he was overpowered, baving received eleven bayonet wonnda.

At the entreaty of his aid, Chevalier de Buysson, the British officers interposed, and prevented his immediate destruction; but he survived the action only a few hours. To a British officer, who kindly condoled with him on his misfortune, he replied, "I thank you for your generous sympathy, but I die the death I have always prayed for-the death of a soldier, fighting for the rights of man; and, though I tight no more in this world, I trust I may be still of some service in the cause of freedom."

General Washington, many years after, visited the grave of De Kalb, and after looking on it awhile, he exclaimed: "Bo there lies the brave De Kalb, the generous stranger who came from a dissay the "genuine American humer" they tant land to fight our battles, and to wa-

ter with his blood the tree of liberty." . Congress ordered him a monument, but it was never erected, though the cit-izens of Camden, after waiting a long a stile, as suggests spazums and night- time, enclosed his grave, and placed oe