

THE BAREFOOT BOY.  
BY JOHN G. WHIFFLER.

Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan!  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes,  
With thy red lip, redder still,  
Kissed by strawberries on thy face,  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through the torn brim's jaunty grace—  
From my heart I wish thee joy—  
I was once a barefoot boy!  
Prince thou art—the grown-up man  
Only is republican.  
Let the million-dollar ride:  
Barefoot trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy,  
In the reach of ear and eye;  
Outward sunshine, inward joy—  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh! for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day;  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules;  
Knowledge never learned at schools;  
Of the wild bee's morning chase;  
Of the wild flower's time and place;  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood;  
How the tortoise bears her shell,  
How the woodchuck digs his cell;  
How the robin feeds her young;  
How the oriole's nest is hung.  
Where the whitest lillies blow;  
Where the freshest berries grow;  
Where the groundnut trails its vine;  
Where the wood grapes' clusters shone;  
Of the black wasp's cunning way;  
Mason of his walls of clay;  
And the architectural plans  
Of gray hornet artisans!  
For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks;  
Hand in hand with her walks,  
Face to face with her talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy—  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh! for boyhood's time of June,  
Crowding years in one brief moon,  
When all things I heard or saw,  
Met their master waited for;  
I was rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming birds and honey bees;  
For my sport the squirrel played,  
Died the snouted mole his spouse;  
For my taste the blackberry coms  
Purpled over hedge and stone.  
Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispered at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall;  
Mint the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
Mine the Lending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides;  
Still, as my horizon grew,  
Larger grew my riches too;  
All the world I saw or knew  
Seemed but a complex Chinese toy,  
Fashioned for a barefoot boy.

Oh! I festal dainties spread,  
Like my bowl of milk and bread,  
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
On the door-stone gray and rude;  
O'er me like a regal tent,  
Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent,  
Purple curtained, fringed with gold,  
Looped with many a wind-swing told;  
While music was the play  
Of the field-frogs orchestra;  
And to light the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
I was monarch—pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy.

Cheerily, then, my little man,  
Live and laugh as boyhood can;  
Though the nutty slopes be hard,  
Stubble-spear the new-mown award,  
Every morn shall lead thee through  
Fresh baptisms of the dew;  
Every evening from thy feet  
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;  
All too soon those feet must hole  
In the prison cell of pride;  
Lost the freedom of the soul,  
Like the coils for work be shed;  
Made to tread the mills of toil,  
Up and down with ceaseless moil,  
Happy if their track be found.  
Never on forbidden ground;  
Happy if they sink not in;  
Quick and treacherous sands of sin;  
On! that thou couldst know the joy,  
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

#### THE HEART THAT'S TRUE.

Tell me not of sparkling gems,  
Set in regal diadems—  
You may boast your diamonds rare,  
Rubies bright, and pearls so fair;  
But there's a peerless gem on earth,  
Of richer ray and purer worth;  
The priceless, but 'tis worn by few—  
It is, it is the heart that's true.

Bring the tulip and the rose,  
While their brilliant beauty glows;  
Let the storm-cloud fling a shade,  
Rose and tulip both will fade;  
But there's a flower that still is found,  
When mists and darkness close around,  
Changeling, faeless in its hue—  
It is, it is the heart that's true.

Ardent in its earliest tie,  
Faithful in its latest sigh—  
Love and Friendship, godlike pair,  
Find their throne of glory there.  
Proudly scorning bribe and threat,  
Naught can break the seal once set;  
All the evil cold can do,  
Cannot warp the heart that's true.

First in Freedom's cause to bleed,  
First in joy when slaves are freed;  
Their hearts were true—and what could quell  
The might of Washington or Tell?  
Oh! there is one mortal shrine  
Lighted up with rays divine;  
Seck it, yield the homage due,  
Defy the heart that's true.

#### FACTIVE.

I saw him bare his throat and seize  
The blue, cold, glimmering steel,  
And grimly try the tempered edge  
He was so soon to feel.

He raised on high the glittering blade;  
Then first I found a tongue—  
"Hold, madman! stay the frantic deed!"  
I cried, and forth I sprang.

He heard me, but he heeded not;  
One glance around he gave,  
But, ere I could arrest his hand,  
He had begun to share.

# The Mariettan.

In Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor.

Terms—One Dollar a Year

VOL. 8.

NO. 51.

CLEARING A DEBTOR'S PRISON.—The work of clearing the Queen's Bench Prison, London, of its inhabitants is now verging toward a close. Strange to say it has been a very difficult task. Many of the prisoners sternly refused to be made bankrupts, though, by giving their consent, they could have immediately obtained their release. The most curious case was that of Wm. Miller, who had been in prison since July, 1814—forty-eight years! He had lost all desire to go out, and would sign nothing which would have the effect of making him a free man. When at last he was absolutely forced to acquiesce, he begged to be allowed to remain in prison a few days longer; and when his time was up he still lingered fondly within the gates to bid the officials farewell, and to shake hands over and over again. Until he passed the outer gates of the Queen's Bench Prison, a few weeks since, Wm. Miller, who was born nearly eighty years ago, never saw a street gas lamp, nor an omnibus, much less a steamship or a railway.—*London Exchange.*

THE ILLINOIS FISH-POND.—In the report of the committee on Farms of the Illinois State Agricultural Society, we find the following account of an artificial fish-pond on the premises of Messrs. Overman & Mann, of Bloomington:

Fifty by one hundred feet scoped out of a low place in the prairie, and which is supplied with water from the mole-drains running through the depressions of the prairie swells. The pond is six feet deep, and stocked with catfish, some of which are now fifteen inches long, bass, silversides, perch and house-fish.—Thousands of our prairie farms can have just as good ponds with a trifling outlay, and which will at the same time furnish an abundant supply of water. Until we saw this pond we had no idea such luxury could be had upon our farm, but now we are positive that it is of easy attainment and the thing must be done. The earth must be either wheeled or hauled out; and this must be done in winter or other leisure time; a small hand-pump will be needed to keep the water out while excavating the pond.

SALMOND P. CHASE.—The present Secretary of the Treasury was born Jan. 13, 1808, not in Portland, but in Cornish, N. H., and was named for his Uncle Salmond; and to make it more sure from whom the name was derived! *Portland* was taken for the middle name; so that Salmond Portland Chase stands as the representative of the honored and beloved lawyer of Portland who died at the early age of forty-five (nearly a year and a half before S. P. Chase was born), suddenly, in the midst of a very large business and of universal respect, was deeply lamented. The Secretary was educated by his other uncle, Portland Chase, the respected Bishop of Ohio, to whom he was sent at the age of twelve years, and has risen to his present elevated position by a uniform course of industry and honorable conduct, aided by sound intelligence, brilliant talents, a very handsome person, and most pleasing address.

IRON SLEEPERS FOR RAILROADS.—The relative advantages of iron and wood cross-ties for railroads are discussed in railroad circles. The cost of timber is of little consequence, but the expense of relaying thousands of miles of track every year is heavy. The Madras (India) Railroad uses iron sleepers. It is four hundred and six miles in length.—The Philadelphia and Reading company, for several past, have prepared their sleepers at Pottstown, by immersing them in a solution which resists the action of the weather.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DOES.—The Cleveland *Herald* says: Every Saturday morning finds Emma Andrews, ten years of age, at the rooms of the Soldiers' Aid Society in this city with an application for work. Her little basket is soon filled with pieces of half worn linen, which during the week, she cuts into towels or handkerchiefs, and returns, neatly washed and ironed, at her next visit. Her busy fingers have already made two hundred and twenty-nine towels, and the patriotic little girl is earnestly engaged in her good work.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN TRAVELING some years ago, inside the Bath mail, had two ladies, sisters, for companions. The younger, an invalid, soon fell asleep, and the old gentleman expressed his regret to see so charming a young lady in ill health. "Ah, yes indeed," sighed the elder, "a disease of the heart." "Dear me!" was the sympathetic response, "at her age? Ossification perhaps?" "O, no, sir, a lieutenant!"

MRS. PARTINGTON ON GOUT.—"As to being inflicted with gout," said Mrs. Partington, looking very wisely as she stirred her tea; "high living doesn't always bring it on, depend upon it generally does sometimes. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, inherits it from his wife's grandfather."

"I do not say," remarked Mr. Brown, "that Jones is a thief, but I do say that if his farm joined mine I would not try to keep sheep."

GIVING CHLORIFORM.—At a recent meeting of the Obstetrical Society, in London, Dr. Simpson described a plan of administering chloriform which he has now adopted in preference to that at present in use. The present mode is to fold up a handkerchief and pour into the hollow a quantity of chloriform, and then hold it at a distance from the face, so as to admit of atmospheric air being inhaled along with the vapor. The new plan is to lay a single layer of handkerchief over the face, and let the chloriform fall on it drop by drop. The advantages are these: 1. That there is less danger to the patient from the small quantity applied at a time. 2. That anaesthesia is more speedily produced. 3. That the quantity of chloriform required is less. Various gentlemen who had made a trial of the plan confirmed the value of this process, and Dr. Young, in particular stated that he kept a patient narcotized for ten hours with two ounces and a half of chloriform.

THE SPANISH FLEET.—A letter from Rome of the 20th May, says: "Mgr. de Merode presented himself at an early hour yesterday morning to the Pope.—He is not only Minister of Arms, but the most witty visiter at the Vatican and the author of innumerable *bon mots*. 'I have the honor,' he said, on entering, 'of announcing to you holiness that the Spanish fleet has arrived at Rome by the railway.' It was in that manner that he ushered into the Popes presence twenty-five Spanish bishops wearing enormous hats, larger and longer than the classical, one of basile on the stage, lined with green, and having exactly the form of a boat. The expresssion of Mgr. de Merode was too exact to suit the taste of Spanish bishops, who sulked, and did not attempt to conceal their ill-humor.

DROWNING HIS PLAYMATE.—A lad 12 years of age, named Franklin Smith, is under arrest at Bangor for being accessory to the drowning of "Little Eddie" Reed, at Merrill's Mills, last week. It is said that young Smith enticed the deceased from school on pretence of going strawberrying; that he finally induced him to "go in swimming," and got him beyond his depth, and allowed him to drown.—It is furthermore alleged that these suspicions are confirmed by the fact that young Smith rolled up Eddie's cloths in a bundle, tied a stone to them and sunk them in the stream, and he threatened a younger lad who was of the company with death, if he told what had become of the missing boy.

IRON SLEEPERS FOR RAILROADS.—The relative advantages of iron and wood cross-ties for railroads are discussed in railroad circles. The cost of timber is of little consequence, but the expense of relaying thousands of miles of track every year is heavy. The Madras (India) Railroad uses iron sleepers. It is four hundred and six miles in length.—The Philadelphia and Reading company, for several past, have prepared their sleepers at Pottstown, by immersing them in a solution which resists the action of the weather.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DOES.—The Cleveland *Herald* says: Every Saturday morning finds Emma Andrews, ten years of age, at the rooms of the Soldiers' Aid Society in this city with an application for work. Her little basket is soon filled with pieces of half worn linen, which during the week, she cuts into towels or handkerchiefs, and returns, neatly washed and ironed, at her next visit. Her busy fingers have already made two hundred and twenty-nine towels, and the patriotic little girl is earnestly engaged in her good work.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN TRAVELING some years ago, inside the Bath mail, had two ladies, sisters, for companions. The younger, an invalid, soon fell asleep, and the old gentleman expressed his regret to see so charming a young lady in ill health. "Ah, yes indeed," sighed the elder, "a disease of the heart." "Dear me!" was the sympathetic response, "at her age? Ossification perhaps?" "O, no, sir, a lieutenant!"

TOY DRUMS ARE GETTING more and more indispensable to the juveniles, during the progress of the war, and one of the papers mentions a mill at Colebrook, Ct., completing an order for 40,000 feet of quarter-inch board, to be used in the manufacture of those interesting articles. Does anybody realize the amount of noise and botheration lying in forty thousand feet of boards all made up into toy drums?

A TIMELY REPROOF.—Humor and sharp wit are never put to better use than in answering a fool according to his folly, and we could wish that reproofs like the following were more frequent.

Some five or six years ago, in one of the trains of cars running between Newark and Jersey City, N. J., there was a young naval officer, who was constantly intermixing his conversation with the most profane oaths. A young lady was so situated that she could not hear every time he swore. At first she bore it with equanimity; then as it continued, and rather increased in the shocking character of his imprecation, she began to grow fidgety and be soon flushed. We knew a bolt would strike him.

"Sir can you converse in the Hebrew tongue?"

"Yes," was the reply, in a half unconscious, but slightly sneering tone.

"Then," was the reply, "if you wish to swear any more, you will greatly oblige me and probably the rest of the passengers also, if you do it in Hebrew. I watched him. It had hit. His color came and went—now red, now white, he looked at the young lady, then at his boots, then at the ceiling of the cars but did not swear any more, either in Hebrew or English, and he probably remembered that young lady.

FEMALE TEMPER.—No trait of the character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Oh! we can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by good disposition. It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feeling of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty; and to the close of life retains all its freshness and power.

EXECUTION.—On Thursday last, at New York, William Henry Hawkins, a negro, native of South Kingston, Rhode Island, was hung for killing Captain William Henry Adams, of the ship Lammermoor, while in the English Channel on the 29th of last September. On the 28th the captain had occasion to censure Hawkins, who was steward of the ship, in regard to getting meals, and said that he would run the blockade of New Orleans and sell the negro. This aroused the negro so much that on the following day he murdered the captain in his cabin.

ROBBERY IN BOSTON.—On the 20th ult., a young man named Horace N. Leeland, who had been employed as clerk in the store of Daniel Deshon & Son, of Boston, absconded with about \$2000 in gold coin which was intrusted to his charge. He was traced to Lowell, and thence to Nashua, N. H., where he was arrested on the morning of the 21st.—Upwards of \$1700 of the stolen coin was found in the reticule belonging to a female who had accompanied him. The accused stated that he was *en route* for Canada.

ROBBERY IN BOSTON.—On the 20th ult., a young man named Horace N. Leeland, who had been employed as clerk in the store of Daniel Deshon & Son, of Boston, absconded with about \$2000 in gold coin which was intrusted to his charge. He was traced to Lowell, and thence to Nashua, N. H., where he was arrested on the morning of the 21st.—Upwards of \$1700 of the stolen coin was found in the reticule belonging to a female who had accompanied him. The accused stated that he was *en route* for Canada.

AN AMBITIOUS YOUNG LADY.—An ambitious young lady, was talking very loud and fast, about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if she liked Lamp. With a look of ineffable disgust, she answered her interlocutor that she cared very little about what she ate compared with knowledge.

A FEW EVENINGS SINCE a young lady in the city of Georgetown, belonging to a rank Secession family, was married to an officer in the regular army. Her relatives were opposed to the match, and among the presents sent by a very rebellious family was a loaded bombshell intended for the happy couple! A handsome wedding gift.

A book upon the United States from the pen of Mr. Anthony Trollope an Englishman, and a son of Mrs. Trollope, who so scandalously lampooned our country, in a similar book, some thirty years ago, has just made its appearance. Anthony is a true son of his mother, and has followed closely in her footsteps.

A CIRCULAR FROM THE PATENT OFFICE says the results of the cultivation of strawberries may be formed from the fact that one house alone, in Cincinnati, has forwarded five hundred bushels per day for three weeks past, to cities east and west. Besides these, vast quantities were carried and sent to the army.

ANSON P. MORRILL, member of Congress from Maine, declines a re-election

#### LOUISVILLE JOURNAL SHARP CUTS.

The Louisville *Journal* thinks that if any rebel cotton is successfully concealed on the approach of the Union armies, it will have to be hidden in the bosoms of the women. We guess that our inquisitive troops will be very apt to find even that precious treasure there if they once get their hand in.

The women of Poland have a very watchful eye over their daughters. They make them wear little bells on their persons to denote where they are. General Beauregard would demand the surrender of all those little bells to make cannon.

A whole cargo of bells intended to be sent to Beauregard to make more cannon, was captured at New Orleans. Let them be kept till the end of the war and then be all set to ringing together in honor of the triumph of the Union.

Gen. Butler has evidently more regard for Pierre Soule's health than for his own. He remains himself in New Orleans during the sickly season, but sends Pierre to enjoy the salubrious breezes of Boston harbor.

Sixty-nine pounder shell burst near an Irishman in one of the trenches. Pat coolly surveyed the ruins the fragment had made, and exclaimed, Bejaber but them's the fellers to soften the wax in a man's ear!

It is suggested that ladies who know how to preserve everything except their tempers, might save even that on the self-sealing principle. "Keep the mouth of the vessel tightly closed," is the recipe.

Five rebel Governors are now absent from their posts, wondering up and down the country in search of employment. They ought all to be at their posts, and these should be whipping-posts.

A rebel despatch says: "A sufficient force has been left in Mississippi, under the invincible Bragg, to check the progress of Halleck." If Bragg is "invincible," why didn't he defend Corinth?

It is said that fear has been known to turn a man's hair from black to white in a single night. Buckner's flag at Fort Donelson underwent that change within a similar period of time.

The New Orleans rebels try in vain to scare our soldiers by stories of the yellow fever. The N. O. Picayune exclaims in its despair that "The Yankees don't scare wake a d—n."

There should be no complaint at Washington, that the churches of that city have been taken for hospitals. They were never more devoted to the service of God.

A strong party in the South are threatening to depose Jeff Davis. Let them wait a very little while and the U. S. Government will save them the trouble.

A wag has invented a new telegraph. He proposes placing a line of women thirty steps apart, and communicating the news to the first of them as a secret.

One day last summer a farmer in Illinois eradicated three acres of wheat, and in the night his wife, not to be outdone by him, eradicated three babies.

"Will you open the services?" asked the deacon of an oysterman, who was dozing near the altar. "No," said he, half waking, "I have no knife."

At the recent Commencement of Princeton College the name of Jeff Davis was by a unanimous vote stricken from the rolls of the Cliosophian Society.

A thousand incidents in this rebellion have proved that even the soft bosom of beautiful woman may be a cage of unclean devils.