

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee, little man, Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan!

Oh! for boyhood's painless play, Sleep that wakes in laughing day;

Oh! for boyhood's time of June, Crowding years in one brief moon,

Oh! for feasting dainties spread, Like my bowl of milk and bread,

Cheerily, then, my little man, Live and laugh as boyhood can!

THE HEART THAT'S TRUE.

'Tis the heart that's true, Not in regal diadems—

Bring the tulip and the rose, While their brilliant beauty glows;

Ardent in its earliest life, Faithful in its latest sigh—

FACTIVE.

I saw him bare his throat and seize The blue, cold, glimmering steel,

He raised on high the glittering blade; Then first I found a tongue—

He heard me, but he heeded not; One glance around he gave,

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CLEARING A DEBTOR'S PRISON.—The work of clearing the Queen's Bench Prison, London, of its inhabitants is now verging toward a close.

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 scooped 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.

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 Salmon; and to make it more sure from whom the name was derived.

NO MORE DROWNING CASES.—A scientific person, by the name of Montarior, living near Madrid, has, it appears overcome the great natural obstacle of human respiration below the surface of the water, without communication of the atmosphere, by the appliance of art which constitutes the secret of his invention in the submarine boat or ship, which he designates the "Ictneo."

MRS. PARTINGTON ON GOUT.—"As to being afflicted 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 incohered in some families, and is handed down from father to son."

"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 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."

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.

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.

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.

An old gentleman traveling some years ago, inside the Bath mail, had two ladies, sisters, for companions.

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.

A circular from the patent office says the results of the cultivation of sorghum the past year settles the question of its practical success.

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., their was a young naval officer, who was constantly intermingling his conversation with the most profane oaths.

"Sir can you converse in the Hebrew tongue?" "Yes," was the reply, in a half unconscious, but slightly sneering tone.

FEMALE TEMPER.—No trait of the character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper.

EXECUTED.—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 Lamergier, while in the English Channel on the 29th of last September.

ROBBERY IN BOSTON.—On the 20th ult., a young man named Horace R. Leonard, 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.

Gen. Prim, the distinguished Spanish officer who lately visited Gen. McClellan's army, is quoted as saying that the man who was shown himself capable of leading so large an army from the trenches before Yorktown, through so many difficulties, through such a wilderness of country, after so many battles, routing the enemy on all points, after driving them out of so strong a place as Yorktown—and then who displays such a front of well-prepared heroes, in such good condition, all eager and burning to snatch more victories from a malignant and vaunting foe—deserves to be accounted as a second Napoleon in all that relates to the art of war.

Some idea of the trade in 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.

DEFTY OF QUIET PEOPLE.—Some men dawn upon you, like the Alps. They impress you vaguely at first, just like do the hundred faces you meet in your daily walks.

"I have the honor," he said, on entering, "of announcing to you holiness that the Spanish fleet has arrived at Rome by the railway."

Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis recently visited the Swedish frigate Norrkoping in Boston harbor, at the invitation of Captain Adlerspar.

It is announced that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, is about to be married to the Princess Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julie, the eldest daughter of Christop, Duke of Glücksburg, who is heir apparent to the crown of Denmark.

The famous Kissingen well in Bavaria is an Artesian well one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight deep; the last hundred and thirty-eight and a half feet passes through salt rock.

An ambitious young lady, was talking very loud and fast about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if she liked Lamb.

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

A whole cargo of bells intended to be sent to Beauregard to make more cannon, was captured at New Orleans.

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 thim'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.

Five rebel Governors are now absent from their posts, wandering 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.

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 Yaukees don't scare work a d—n."

There should be no complaint at Washington, that the churches of that city have been taken for hospitals.

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 cradled three acres of wheat, and in the night his wife, not to be out done by him, cradled 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 Glee Club.

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

We are very sorry to say that there are a great many rebel shifts in Louisville. But there isn't much in them.

Beware, oh ye rebel women, lest the fierce fire in your bosoms set in a blaze the cotton in the same charming region.

We must not despair of New Orleans. Though far down on the Mississippi, she isn't quite down in the mouth.

Gen. Butler gets the better of the rebels in all his publications. He pens them down as well as pens them up.

When the rebels can no longer get a mouthful to eat, they must do as sots do throw up their eating.

The manufacturers of Confederate notes may just as well leave them uncut. Every body cuts them now.

There is said to be very little bread in the rebel Confederacy; few loaves, but a great many loafers.

Gen. McClellan wins military success as a farmer does a crop of corn or potatoes—he digs for it.

The rebels have given us fewer fights than foot-races, fewer skirmishes than skeddaddles.

Most rebels take an oath as they would take a hickory-nut—just to break it.

The rebels drew Porter on to New Orleans, but they didn't draw him mild.