

The Weekly Mariettian.

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

F. L. Baker, Editor and Proprietor.

Terms, One Dollar a Year.

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SONNET.
THE PRAISE OF HIS LADY'S HAND.
[Of the expression, beauty, meaning and enchantment in a lady's hands, all of us have been, at some period or other of our lives, duly sensible. We shall doubtless chance to hit the taste of some few of our readers by publishing the following which we find in an old no. of the New-York Home Journal.]
How beautiful it is
To see my lady's hands;
Whether adorned with rings,
Or with their snowy lengths
And rosy tips,
Undecked with gems or gold.
When her light work she plies,
Creating mimic flowers,
Or drawing the fair thread
Through folds of snowy lawn.
How beautiful it is
To see my lady's hands;
Often I, sitting, watch
Their gliding to and fro,
Their lovely birds of snow.
Sometimes the evening shades
Draw around us as we talk,
Sometimes the tired sun,
Drooping towards the West,
Makes all the fields of heaven
With autumn's colors glow;
Sometimes the sailing moon,
Unclouded and serene,
Rises between the misty woods
That crown the distant hills;
Then most I love to sit
And watch my lady's hands
Blush with the sunset's rose,
Or written in the moon,
Or lucid in the amber evening air,
Folded, repose.
Sometimes she paces slowly
Among the garden flowers,
Above her the trees tremble,
And lean their leafage down,
So much they love to see her;
The flowers, white and red,
Open their fragrant eyes,
Gladder to hear her coming
Than bird's singing,
Or bee's humming.
She, stopping, clad in grace,
Gathers them one by one,
Lily and crimson rose,
With sprigs of tender green,
And holds them in her hands.
Nothing can sweeter be
Than, lying on the lawn,
To see those graceful hands
Drop all their odorous load
Upon her snowy lap,
And then, with magic skill
And rosy fingers fine,
To watch her intertwine
Some wreath, not all unfitting
Young brows divine.
How beautiful it is
To see my lady's hands;
In moonlight sorrowful,
Or sunlight fine,
Busied with graceful toil,
Or folded in repose,
How beautiful it is
To see my lady's hands.

A GOOD DIALOGUE.
"The Potatoes, they are small,
Over there, over there."—Old Song.
Mr. Smith—How is it, neighbor Jones, that your potatoes are so large and fine, while just over the fence, on similar soil, mine are as small as pullets' eggs, and precious few at that?
Mr. Jones—I manured this field with brains.
Mr. Smith—Pshaw.—All the Cincinnati hog-killers couldn't supply brains enough for this ten-acre field.
Mr. Jones—I used human brains, of which there are plenty.
Mr. Smith—Nonsense—No w don't make fun of me because I'm unlucky, and Providence has sent you a good crop.
Mr. Jones—Providence helps those who help themselves. I used my own brains on this field.
Mr. Smith—So did I mine, and they are as good as anybody's.
Mr. Jones—Ah! There's the trouble. You know it all yourself; I don't, and so I get all the outside help I can. I've been collecting other men's brains for my land for twenty years, and you see one result in this crop.
Mr. Smith—Yes, I see the result, but I don't understand it.
Mr. Jones—Well, when we began here 20 years ago, I thought myself a good farmer, but I believed others had good ideas, too, and I made it my business to get at their thoughts; some I found in agricultural books and papers, others I picked up at the County Fairs, by asking how the big things were raised, and often I've got a good hint from a neighbor.
Mr. Smith—I've always been down on this "hook farming," but your crops stagger me, they're real knock down arguments; I'm sick of the poor show I get for all my work, and am desperate enough to try anything for improvement.
Mr. Jones—It'll give you my experience; it may aid you. About nineteen years ago I heard that some men who had been brought up on farms had clubbed together, and one of them was going to publish a paper, which should consist mainly of accounts of how different farmers cultivated various crops, and such like matters. I sent for the paper and have done so every year since, and now I have nineteen large volumes, every page of which I have read, a little at a time, and the whole has not cost the produce of a single acre. Why I am astonished when I think over the ten thousand thoughts, and hints, and suggestions I have thus gathered. What a blank would be left in my head, if these thoughts were taken away.
Mr. Smith—But does the practice of farmers on other kinds of soil and with a different climate, suit your wants?
Mr. Jones—Why no, not exactly, perhaps. But then, every thought I get from another, starts a new thought in my own mind, and thus I am constantly improving my own skill and practice. You see, I get all the brains I can from other men's heads, and compost them well in my own head with a mixture of common sense, and then make the application to my fields. In that way, I have manured this crop of potatoes with plenty of brains. The editor called here last week on his Western tour among farmers, and seeing my good crops, he asked me to write out just how I have treated this field for years past, and I promised to do it as soon as my crops are gathered. He will probably print it, as he constantly prints all such practical matters, and perhaps a hundred thousand persons will read it; and though nobody else may do just as I do, many will get a new hint, and improve upon it. You may read it if you will.
Mr. Smith—I would like to borrow your paper.
Mr. Jones—Better take it yourself, for then you will be more likely to read it. You will find hundreds of plain talks about various kinds of crops, during a single year. One hint gave five bushels of corn on each acre of a large field in a single year.
Mr. Smith—I can't afford to take it this year.



A GOOD DIALOGUE.

REARING CHILDREN.
1. Children should not go to school until six years old.
2. Should not learn at home during that time more than the alphabet, religious teachings excepted.
3. Should be fed with plain substantial food, at regular intervals of not less than four hours.
4. Should not be allowed to eat anything within two hours of bed-time.
5. Should have nothing for supper but a single cup of warm drink, such as very weak tea of some kind, or cambric tea or warm milk and water, with one slice of cold bread and butter—nothing else.
6. Should sleep in separate beds, on hair mattresses, without caps, feet first well warmed by the fire, or rubbed with the hands until perfectly dry; extra covering on the lower limbs, but little on the body.
7. Should be compelled to be out of doors for the greater part of daylight, from after breakfast till half an hour before sun-down, unless in damp, raw weather, when they should not be allowed to go outside the door.
8. Never limit a healthy child as to sleeping or eating, except at supper; but compel regularly as to both; it is of great importance.
9. Never compel a child to sit still, nor interfere with its enjoyment, as long as it is not actually injurious to person or to property, or against good morals.
10. Never threaten a child; it is cruel, unjust and dangerous. What you have to do, do it, and be done with it.
11. Never speak harshly or angrily, but mildly, kindly, and when really needed, firmly—no more.
12. By all means, arrange it so that the last words between you and your children at bedtime, especially the younger ones, shall be words of unmixed lovingness and affection.

Mr. Jones—You would think nothing of spending two cents a week for extra tobacco, or a cigar, or candy, and that's all the paper will cost. How little a week it costs to supply yourself and family with a large amount of information through any good paper.
Mr. Smith—What are the politics of that paper?
Mr. Jones—It doesn't touch politics. It is devoted to such subjects as Field and Garden, Crops, Animals, etc., and has, besides, a good deal about Women's Work, which wife says is worth more than ten times the few pounds of butter it costs to pay for the paper. There is also a department for the young folks containing many things which please the children—not mere trashy stuff such as is too often printed for them, but information that will have a good influence on them. I would sell a dozen bushels of wheat to have my young people get the good reading in that paper, but the average price of one bushel will pay for it a year. My John says he can pay for it easy, with the eggs from two or three hens. If I was a mechanic or merchant and had only a little garden, I should take the paper to tell me how to make the best use of the little plot; and if I had not a foot of land I should still want it for my wife and children.
Mr. Smith—Does the editor know anything about farming?
Mr. Jones—The editor who owns and publishes the paper was brought up on a farm, where he learned to work. He has studied all the books on farming, and experimented for years in the laboratory and has besides, traveled all over the country to see what was doing. Then he has several associates—Farmers, Gardeners, and Housekeepers, who know what they write about, and among them all they do gather up a wonderful lot of information every year. The language, too, is so plain, so like talking with you, that I enjoy reading it. Then, too, every paper has engravings, which show one exactly how animals and plants; and implements, and household furniture look much better than words could describe them. Among these are plans of buildings, that help one to plan others; and also many very fine large pictures, which are worth more than the cost of a whole volume.
Mr. Smith—I suppose those engravings and descriptions are partly to help the editor sell implements or fertilizers.
Mr. Jones—Not at all. The editor keeps nothing of the sort to sell, so that he may be perfectly free to praise or condemn anything, according as it may be valuable or worthless to his readers. You would laugh to see how he comes down on poor inventions, patent manners, and all kinds of humbugs.
Mr. Smith—Is the paper adapted to our part of the country?
Mr. Jones—Exactly. Soils and crops and climates differ, but the general principles of cultivation are the same everywhere, and here is the benefit of a paper published for the whole country. Every reader gets new ideas by learning what is done somewhere else; and further, I find that the paper has letters from every part of the country, and one or more associate editors in different sections, so that we get information from many regions and our own too. One thing I must mention particularly. The editor is constantly warning his readers against humbugs, telling how sharpers take the advantage of people. Why, I was just going to send a dollar for an article advertised in glowing colors, when I found it shown up as a humbug in this paper. But I can not stop to talk more now—I have such a lot of potatoes to harvest.
Mr. Smith—I wish I had, I must try that paper a year, and see what there is in it. I can manage to save two cents a week.
Mr. Jones—Never fear.—If you don't find it pays, I'll buy your copies at cost for my boys to keep.
Mr. Smith—What did you say the paper was called?
Mr. Jones—The American Agriculturist. It is published in New-York City. The editor, though one of our country farmers, and living in the country, finds he can publish it cheaper there, where printing and paper, and mailing facilities are all convenient.
Mr. Smith—How shall I get it?
Mr. Jones—Simply inclose a dollar bill in a letter, giving your name, Post Office, County, and State plainly, and direct to ORANGE JUDD, 41 Park Row, New-York City.
Mr. Smith—When does a volume begin?
Mr. Jones—The twentieth volume begins January 1st, but all who send in the

dollar now, get the remaining numbers of this year; in addition to the whole of next year's. So if you subscribe now, you get fourteen months' papers. The proprietor also offers some valuable premiums to those who get up lists of subscribers. Send for the paper, and you may afterwards find it well worth while to make up a club. Some 1700 persons have got good premiums in this way during two years. Some of your German neighbors would join you, perhaps, for the Agriculturist is printed separately in German. I did intend to start a club myself, but I have so many potatoes, to dig. I can not get the time. My sister-in-law in Iowa, got up a club last year, and received a premium of a \$50 Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine; an old acquaintance in Wisconsin got two or three good farming implements, and a young nephew of mine in Ohio got a beautiful copy of Webster's great Dictionary. These things only cost them a little time, showing the paper evenings and election day. Send in your subscription and the first paper will tell you all about the premiums. I forgot to tell you that every year the publisher also sends out to all his subscribers who want them a lot of choice garden and field seeds.
Mr. Smith—What does he charge for them?
Mr. Jones—Nothing; they are sent free, except the postage. They are of the best kind and one single parcel I got last year was worth more to me than the price of the paper.
Mr. Smith—I'll try it a year, any way; if half what you say is true it will be a good investment.
Mr. Jones—You'll find every word I have said true.
Mr. Smith—I'll send this very night, while in the spirit of it.
Mr. Jones—Do it, and you'll always thank me for this talk. Good day, I must hurry up digging my potatoes, I've such a lot of them—thanks to a hint in the Agriculturist.
Mr. Smith—How did you say I should direct the letter containing the dollar?
Mr. Jones—To Orange Judd, 41 Park Row, New-York City.

Taglioni in Her Old Age.
The Glory of a Dancing Divinity Departed.—What can be imagined more melancholy, says a recent number of the New York Express, than the sight now presented of the rehearsals at the Grand Opera in Paris. Taglioni, once la Déesse de la Danse, has been obliged by Time, who, like pallida mors, knocks at every door, to abdicate her divinity; she no longer delights admiring crowds nor by her enchanting grace extorts the plaudits of the echoing theatre. And yet the souvenirs of her former glory are too strong to allow her to live elsewhere, and every morning she visits the stage to superintend the rehearsals of a ballet in which she is not to dance.
The incomparable gyrations that go to fascinate the world can never more be renewed, but she groups the corps and arranges the tableaux, and directs the movements of the huddling ballet girls. Instead of coming at night, amid flowers and lights, and the incense of adulation, to whirl herself into attitudes of such grace that none could resist their charms, she now appears in the morning in bonnet and shawl, with wearied and rheumatic limbs, her elasticity departed, her wondrous fascinations withered.
No more can she twine her arms in subtle movements that tell the language of passion or of sentiment more delicately than words; no longer can she inspire her pedestals with an expression as ineffably graceful as that of the old Greek statues; no longer can she elevate one nether extremity to a high unparallelled in the annals of physical history, and sustain it, pointing to the stars, as long as the plaudits of the house continued to excite her nervous frame.
Alas, these glories are all past. Now her sinews bear her but stiffly up; her old bones are racked with aches; her movements are angular, and should she attempt the feats which once were unrivalled, and indeed which are unrivalled still, stubborn nature would soon remind her that age has staled her infinite variety. So she covers up the limbs that were first displayed for the admiration of one sex and the envy of another; wears long petticoats and veils; and haunts like a ghost the scene where once she reigned supreme.

WASHINGTON GAMBLING HELLS.—A Washington correspondent says that the proprietors of the principal gambling halls in Washington city are making extensive preparations for the business of the coming winter.
The mother of Hon. John Hickman, died at West Chester, on Wednesday of last week.

The Last Hours of Lafayette.
No life, says Goizot in his memoirs, had ever been more passionately political than his; no man ever placed his ideas and political sentiments more constantly above all other prepossessions of interest. But politics were utterly unconnected with his death. Ill for three weeks, he approached his last hour—his children and household surrounded his bed; he ceased to speak, and it was doubtful whether he could see. His son George observed that, with uncertain gestures, he sought for something in his bosom.
He came to his father's assistance, and placed in his hand a medallion which he always wore suspended round his neck. M. de Lafayette raised it to his lips; this was his last motion. That medallion contained a miniature and a lock of hair of Madame de Lafayette, his wife, whose loss he had mourned for twenty-seven years. Thus already separated from the entire world, along with thought and image of the devoted companion of his life, he died.
In arranging his funeral, it was a recognized fact that M. de Lafayette had always wished to be buried in the small cemetery adjoining the convent of Picpus, by the side of his wife, in the midst of the victims of the revolution, the greater part royalists and aristocrats whose ancestors had founded that establishment. The desire of the veteran of 1793 was scrupulously respected and complied with. An immense crowd—soldiers National Guards and populace accompanied the funeral procession along the streets and boulevards of Paris.
Arrived at the gates of the convent of Picpus, the crowd halted; the interior enclosure could only admit two or three hundred persons. The family, the nearest relatives and the principal authorities entered, passing through the convent in silence, and then across the garden, and finally entered the cemetery.—There no political manifestation took place; no oration was pronounced; religion and the intimate reminiscences of the soul alone were present; public politics assumed no place near the death-bed or the grave of the man whose life they had occupied and ruled.

BUCHANAN'S PRESENT TO ABD EL KADER.—The New York World's Constantine saw a few weeks ago, on its way to Syria, a magnificent present "from the President of the United States to his Excellency Said Abd-el-Kader, of Damascus." It consisted of two Colt's holster pistols, mounted with silver and beautifully ornamented with arabesque work, in a rich wood case, also silver mounted. It was designed by the government for some notable in Syria, as a token of their appreciation of the handsome treatment which our ambassador, Hon. James Williams, received in Syria last year. It now goes to Abd-el-Kader, as an expression of not only this feeling, but of gratitude for his having protected the Christians of Damascus, including the American consul during the late riots there.

ROASTING A CAT ALIVE.—On Friday last an old lady residing in Rochester, N. Y., built a fire in her cooking stove as usual, and soon after heard the mewing of her cat. Supposing, from the suppressed sound, that the cat was under the kitchen floor, she thought no more of it until an hour later, when she opened the doors of the oven to her stove, and there she discovered the remains of her poor cat litterly roasted. The animal had doubtless gone into the oven during the night, when the stove was cold, and thus became a prisoner for life, and was doomed to a terrible death.

A WHOLE REGIMENT OF ZOUAVES.—The Chicago Zouave Cadets have resolved to form a whole Regiment of their style of military, to consist of eight companies, Col. Ellsworth to be the chief officer. The old Company will be Company A, and the rest B, C, &c., in the order of their organization. We learn that the work of organizing the new companies is progressing steadily, and that in a few months the Regiment, which is to be known as the "Independent Regiment of Illinois Light Infantry," will be full.

CURE FOR NEURALGIA.—An excellent paper gives the following as a sure cure for neuralgia: Half a drachm of sal ammoniac in an ounce of camphor water, to be taken a teaspoonful at a dose, and the dose repeated several times, at intervals of five minutes, if the pain be not relieved at once.