

# The Weekly Mariettan.

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

F. L. Baker, Editor and Proprietor.

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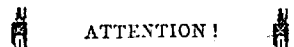
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SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR. An old and crippled veteran to the War Department came; He sought the Chief who led him, on many a field of fame— The Chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his banner rose, And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foe.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried, "The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I was at your side? Have you forgotten Johnson, who fought at Landy's Lane?" "Tis true, I'm old and pensioned, but I want to fight again."

"Have I forgotten?" said the Chief: "my brave old soldier, No! And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you so: But you have done your share, my friend; You're crippled, old, and gray; And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood to-day."

"But, General!" cried the veteran—a flush upon his brow—"The very men who fought with us, they say, are traitors now: They've torn the flag of Landy's Lane—our old red, white and blue—And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true."

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good old gun, To get the range of traitors' hearts, and pick them, one by one; Your Minie rifles and such arms it ain't worth while to try; I couldn't get the hang o' 'em, but I'll keep my powder dry."

"God bless you, comrade!" said the Chief— "God bless your loyal heart! But younger men are in the field, and claim to have their part; They'll plant our sacred banner in each rebellious town, And we, henceforth, to any hand that dares to pull it down!"

"But, General!"—still persisting, the weeping veteran cried: "I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're my guide: And some, you know must bite the dust, and that, at least, can I; So, give the young ones place to fight, but me a place to die!"

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the Colonel in command Put me upon the rampart, with the flagstaff in my hand: No odds how hot the canon-smoke, or how the shells may fly, I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them till I die!"

"I'm ready, General, so you let a post to me be given Where Washington can see me, as he looks from highest Heaven, And say to Putnam at his side, or may be, 'There stands old Billy Johnson, that fought at Landy's Lane!'"

"And when the fight is hottest, before the traitors fly— When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the sky— If any shot should hit me, and lay me on my face, My soul would go to Washington's, and not to Arnold's place!"

A SONG OF THE SHIRT.

To the quiet nooks of home, To the public hall so wide— The women of Boston hurrying come And sit down side by side; To fight for their native land, With womanly weapons girt, For dagger, a needle—scissors for brand, While they sing the song of the shirt.

O women with sons so dear, O tender, loving wives, It is not money you work for now, But the saving of precious lives. 'Tis roused for the battle we feel,— Oh, for a thousand experts, Armed with tiny darts of steel, To conquer thousands of shirts!

Stitch—stitch—stitch Under the sheltering roof, Come to the rescue—poor and rich, Nor stay from the work aloft, To the men who are shedding their blood— To the brave, devoted band— Whose action is honor, whose cause 'is good, We pledge our strong right hand.

Work—work—work, With earnest heart and soul— Work—work—work To keep the Union whole. And 'tis, oh, for the land of the brave, Where treason nor cowardice lurk, Where there's all to lose or all to save, That we're doing this Christian work.

Brothers are fighting abroad, Sisters will help them here, Husbands and wives with one accord Serving the cause so dear. Stand by our colors to-day— Keep to the Union true— Under our flag, white yet we may Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue.

Jeff. Davis has been afflicted with atrophy of the heart for several years, and his sudden death at any time would not surprise his family or his friends.

LAST HOURS OF SENATOR DOUGLAS

At about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, Bishop Dugan called at the request of friends to converse with Mr. Douglas, who was then, for the first time, perfectly rational. Mr. Douglas immediately recognized the Bishop, and expressed his gratification at the visit. Bishop Dugan soon asked:

"Mr. Douglas, have you been baptized according to the rites of any church?" Mr. Douglas replied: "Never."

The Bishop continued; "Do you desire to have mass said after the ordinances of the Holy Catholic Church?" The answer was: "No, sir; when I do I will communicate with you freely."

The Bishop then turned to Mr. Rhodes and said: "I do not know—perhaps you had better ask him again."

The Bishop repeated his question, to which Mr. Douglas answered in a strong, full voice: "You perhaps did not understand me. When I desire it, I will communicate with you freely."

The Bishop then remarked to Mr. Rhodes, "He is undoubtedly in his right mind, and does not desire my office." He then withdrew.

During the day (Sunday) Mr. Douglas seemed to be much better, and strong hopes were entertained of his recovery; he slept most of the day, and in the evening seemed much refreshed. Mrs. Douglas and Mr. Rhodes remained with him during the night. At 4 o'clock on Monday morning he seemed to be much worse, and sank rapidly; his friends were sent for, and at the request of Mrs. Douglas, Bishop Dugan again visited him. Soon after the Bishop entered, he approached the bedside, and, addressing the patient, said:

"Mr. Douglas, you know your own condition fully, and in view of your approaching dissolution, do you desire the ceremony of extreme unction to be performed?" Mr. Douglas replied: "No, I have no time to discuss these things now."

The Bishop then withdrew. After he had gone, Mrs. Douglas requested Mr. Rhodes to ask her husband if he desired the ministrations of any other clergyman. Mr. Rhodes then said to Mr. Douglas: "Do you know the clergymen of this city?"

To which Mr. Douglas replied: "Nearly every one of them." Mr. Rhodes. Do you wish to have either or any of them call to see you to converse upon religious subjects.

Mr. Douglas. No, I thank you. Soon after this about 5 o'clock, he desired to have his position in bed changed, the blinds opened, and the windows raised. Mr. Rhodes lifted him to an easier posture, where he could look out upon the street, and drink in the fresh morning air. For a few moments he seemed to gain new life. Then he began to sink away; his eyes partially closed, and in slow and measured cadence, with considerable pause between each accent, he uttered:

"Death!—Death!—Death!!" After this he seemed to revive slightly, and Mr. Rhodes asked him whether he had any message to send to his mother, or sister Sarah, or his boys, "Robby" and "Stevie," to which he made no reply, evidently not understanding the question. Mrs. Douglas then placed her arms around his neck, and said:

"My dear, do you know 'Cousin Dan'?" "Yes," he replied. Mrs. Douglas continued: "Your boys, Robby and Stevie, and your mother and sister Sarah—have you any message for them?"

The dying man replied; "Tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States." At about five o'clock Dr. Miller came into the room, and noticing the open shutters and windows inquired:

"Why have you those windows raised and so much light?" Mr. Douglas replied: "So we can have fresh air."

At Mr. Douglas's request, Mr. Rhodes changed the dying man's position again in bed for the last time. He now lay rather down in the middle of the bed, upon his left side, his head slightly bent forward and off the pillow. His wife sat behind him, holding his right hand in both of hers, and leaning tenderly over him, sobbing. Mr. Rhodes remarked to Mrs. Douglas—

"These were his last intelligible words. From five o'clock he was speechless, but evidently retained his consciousness.—When, a few moments before his death, his wife leaned lovingly over him and sobbingly asked: 'Husband, do you know me? will you kiss me?' he raised his eyes and smiled, and though too weak to speak, the movements of the muscles of his mouth evinced that he was making an almost dying struggle to comply with her request.

His death was calm and peaceful; a few faint breaths after nine o'clock; a slight rattling of his throat; a short, quick, convulsive shudder, and Stephen A. Douglas had passed from time into eternity.

THE MAN WITH A SNAKE IN HIS HAT.—Dr. Dixon, in his New York Monthly Scalpel, states that a gentleman of the "highest varacity," related to him the following snake story, which beats anything that we have read lately:

Going into a very public ordinary for dinner, he was surprised to observe the extra care with which a gentleman who took the seat opposite to him, took off his hat; he turned his hat as nearly upside down as possible without breaking his neck; then placing his hand over the inside of his hat, he again turned it, and received its carefully guarded contents, concealed by a pocket handkerchief, in his hand; then gently laying the back of his hand on the cushion, he slid the hat and its contents off, and commenced his dinner. The attention of my friend was irresistibly directed towards the hat; and his surprise greatly increased, on observing the reader may well imagine, on observing the head of a sizeable snake thrust out, looking sharply about him. The gentleman, perceiving the discovery, addressed him:

"My dear sir, I was in hopes to have dined alone and not annoyed any one with my poor pet. Allow me to explain; he is perfectly harmless; only a common black snake. I was advised to carry him on my head for a rheumatism; I have done so for a few weeks and I am cured—positively cured of a most agonizing malady. I dare not yet part with him; the memory of my sufferings is too vivid; all my care is to avoid discovery, and treat my pet as well as possible in his irksome confinement. I feed him on milk and eggs, and he does not seem to suffer. Pardon me for the annoyance—you have my story; it is true I am thankful to the informer for my cure, and to you for your courtesy, in not leaving your dinner disgusted."

"ROBBERY BY A HENX RUSTE."—In the morning we found out that sum feller had bin kommittin a salt on Gran mar's poetry and several other hens.—Mr. Eddyter, when I gazed around upon the reek of matter and the crush of chickens, I war led to eksclame in the language of the Poit when he sez—I feel most like a feller who treds along sun bankit haul deserted, whose lits are ded, whose gals are fiod, and all 'cepting him and an ole rooster and a few defunct hens departed. Yes, sir, that sot that nohil ole foul like Melacholly on a rok laffing at Patients, as mister Shape spear says in his Pistol to the Ruchaus. That war Gran mar's favorit Rooster, and I could bot lament in my very gizzard to see him a scttin up thar without enny of his noomeris wives to kumfort his drooping spirits. Whar war they now? and Ekko answered whar?

A POOR WOMAN'S IDEA OF A POOR-HOUSE.—Not long ago a destitute daughter of Erin walked into a broker's office, and in a very insinuating tone begged for a little aid to support her starving family.

"Why, my good woman," said the comfortable-looking gentleman to whom she addressed her petition, "you ought to take your family and go to the poor-house, instead of begging about the streets this way."

"Sure, yer honor," she replied, "it wouldn't be aisy to go to a poorer house nor my own."

The rich man could not answer this clincher with anything less than two shillings, and Norah went out with a smiling face.

A Man had migrated from church to church, breaking up each as he passed. At length he found himself in the Presbyterian church, where he was making great progress. The preacher, in great distress, said to one of his elders:

"What shall we do with him?" "Oh!" replied the elder, "I have been praying the Lord to send him to hell." "Oh! brother, what do you mean?" "Mean what I say; I hope he will get to hell; he would do good there; he would break up the establishment in six weeks."

GENERAL JACKSON'S THREE SWORDS.

Jackson's life, says the New York Times, was full of opportunities for the display of patriotism and courage, if not always of practical wisdom and calm statesmanship. He was certainly, to an unexampled degree an object of popular idolatry. Tennessee presented him with a sword; the citizens of Philadelphia gave him another; and the riflemen of New Orleans endowed him with a third. We mention only these among the hundred other testimonials that honored his active career or graced his retirement, because they have a history connected with the present as well as the past—a history which, were the dead permitted to speak, would evoke a voice of indignant denunciation from the old hero's grave.

By his will, Gen. Jackson bequeathed the first of these three swords to his nephew and adopted son; Andrew Jackson Donelson; the second to his grandson, Andrew Jackson, Jr., and the third to his grand nephew, Andrew Jackson Coffee. The clause relative to the first runs thus:

"Seventh—I bequeath to my well-beloved nephew, Andrew J. Donelson, son of Samuel Donelson, deceased, the elegant sword presented to me by the State of Tennessee, with this injunction, that he fail not to use it, when necessary, in support and protection of our glorious Union, and for the protection of the constitutional rights of our beloved country, should they be assailed by foreign enemies or domestic traitors."

Where is Andrew J. Donelson now, and to what uses is he applying this legacy of his great kinsman, confided to his presumed patriotism, accompanied with so solemn an injunction? In the ranks of rebellion, fighting against "Our glorious Union?" Among "domestic traitors," battling for the overthrow of "the constitutional rights of our country," through the destruction of the Constitution itself. Again:

"I bequeath to my beloved grandson, Andrew Jackson, son of Andrew Jackson, Jr., and Sarah his wife, the sword presented to me by the citizens of Philadelphia, with this injunction, that he will always use it in defence of the Constitution and our glorious Union, and the perpetuation of our Republican system."

And where is this Andrew Jackson, honored by his patriotic grandfather, and where the sword intrusted to his keeping? It is rusting in its scabbard at home, while treason is hewing at the Constitution, and the cannon of rebellion thundering against the Union.—The degenerate grandson is himself on the side of the traitors, aiding by his influence and his money the conspirators who are thus in arms against both, and who are battling for the overthrow of "our republican system."

And again: "To my grand nephew, Andrew Jackson Coffee, I bequeath the elegant sword presented to me by the Rifle Company of New Orleans, commanded by Capt. Beal, as a memento of my regard, and to bring to his recollection the gallant services of his deceased father, Gen. John Coffee, in the late Indian and British wars, under my command, and his gallant conduct in defence of New Orleans in 1814-15, with this injunction, that he wield it in protection of the rights secured to the American citizen under our glorious Constitution, against all invaders, whether foreign foes or intestine traitors."

Where again is Andrew Jackson Coffee, and in what cause is he wielding the gift of his benefactor? He too is among the traitors, and the sword placed in his hands for the "protection of the rights secured to American citizens under our glorious Constitution," is pointed at the hearts of loyal men and whetted for the destruction of that "glorious Constitution" that he was so solemnly enjoined to defend.

Such is thus far the melancholy history of these three swords, each the legacy of a great man to his kinsmen, and such the uses to which they are applied. If facts were wanting to illustrate the commonplace touching the degeneracy of the ancestors of great men, how abundantly are they furnished in the story of this will and its consequences?

The anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday, was appropriately celebrated in New York city. The British flag was displayed on all English vessels in the harbor. A salute was fired at the Cunard dock at Jersey City. On the British counsel's office there was a profuse display of the English ensign.—The Queen has now reached the mature age of forty two years.

PRAYER FOR THE COUNTRY.—When the treacherous enemies of the Jews at Shushan conspired for their destruction, Esther, the Jewish Queen of Ahasuerus, commanded a solemn fast to be observed, and prayed to be offered in view of the impending danger. It was not till this appeal to God had been made, that the Queen resorted to any other means of salvation. But, having prevailed with God, she prevailed with man. Her people were saved, and their enemies destroyed.

A solemn responsibility now rests on the people. God of old declares that, in answer to the prayers of His people, He would give peace to the land. Many are the instances in which national deliverance has been accorded to the faithful intercession of praying souls. Even in the revival of patriotic feeling which we are now witnessing all through the North, we think we see the answer to prayer. For many months, the earnest cry has been going up to God that he would bring deliverance to the people. This fact, taken in connection with the miraculous change which has just been witnessed in the temper and speech of thousands among us, (a change which brings [such extremes as] Dr. Nebemiah Adams and Wendell Phillips, the New York Herald and the Boston Courier, to the open support of the Government in its efforts to vindicate its authority against Southern traitors) is to us clear evidence that something more than the power of man is engaged in this work. Let the people of God continue to pray that God will move on the hearts of men in arms against the Government, till they shall submit to its righteous claims.

WHISKEY SA BULLERS.—An old soldier offers the following excellent advice to volunteers:—"My boys! If any among you have been in the habit of drinking much whisky, quit it! If you continue to drink hard, you are dish'd—your more sober comrades will bury you. In the service you have to undergo, whisky will kill you with more certainty than the ball or shell. If you are exhausted after a long march, a jorum of strong tea and a chunk of stale bread will do more good than all the whisky that was ever concocted. The boatmen of Canada will tell you that. Coffee is not good; but a jorum of strong tea will check a tendency to dysentery and bowel complaint. Soup is good. Much meat is bad in hot weather; the less meat the less blood, the less blood the less load to carry—bone and sinew make the soldier, not blood. A light diet may go hard on men of strong appetite; but he that is soberly and lightly will recover of wounds quicker and trouble the boss less than the man that drinks hard, gorges himself incessantly."

PARSON BROWNLOW'S DAUGHTER.—A gentleman just arrived in this city from Knoxville, Tenn., says the Chicago Journal, brings intelligence of affairs in that city. He informs us that 2500 secession troops are stationed there, for the express purpose of overawing the Union men. It is a part of their business to engage in quarrels in saloons, and in street fights, with all who are not friendly to secession. Two men were shot last week for no other offence than speaking words of loyalty to the Federal Government.

The house of the celebrated bold-hearted and out spoken Parson Brownlow is the only one in Knoxville over which the Stars and Stripes are floating. A few days ago two armed secessionists went, at 6 o'clock in the morning, to haul down the Stars and Stripes. Miss Brownlow, a brilliant young lady of twenty three, saw them on the piazza, and stepped out and demanded their business. They replied they had come to "take down them d—n Stars and Stripes." She instantly drew a revolver from her side, and presented it, said, "Go on, I'm good for one of you, and I think for both!"

"By the looks of that girl's eye, she'll shoot," one remarked. "I think we'd better not try it; we'll go back and get more men," said the other.

"Go and get more men," said the noble lady; "get more men, and come and take it down, if you dare!" They returned with a company of ninety armed men, and demanded that the flag should be hauled down. But on discovering that the house was filled with gallant men, armed to the teeth, who would die as dearly as possible than see their country's flag dishonored, the secessionists retired.

When our informant left Knoxville, the Stars and Stripes still floated to the breeze over Parson Brownlow's house. Long may they wave.

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