

# The Lancaster

VOL. LVIII.

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 10, 1857.

NO. 4.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR OBTAINS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

## THE WANDERING JEW.

The Wandering Jew, said to me,  
I passed thro' a city in the year;  
A man in a garden plucked from a tree,  
I asked—'How long has the only been here?'  
And he answered me, and he plucked away—  
'It has always stood where it stands to day,  
And here it will stand for ever and aye.'  
Five hundred years rolled by, and then  
I traveled the self same road again  
No trace of a city there I found;  
A shepherd sat blowing his pipe alone,  
His flock went quietly nibbling round.  
I asked—'How long has the city been gone?'  
And he answered me, and he piped away—  
'The new coat bloom and the old decay—  
This is my pasture ground for aye.'  
Five hundred years rolled by, and then  
I traveled the selfsame road again.  
And I came to a town, and the waves did roar,  
And a fisherman threw his net out clear,  
And, when heavy laden, he dragged it ashore.  
I asked—'How long has the sea been here?'  
And he laughed, and said, and he laughed away—  
'As long as you billow has the only been here.'  
They've fished and they've fished in this selfsame bay.  
Five hundred years rolled by, and then  
I traveled the self same road again.  
And I came to a forest, and trees  
And a woodman stood in a thicket near,  
His axe laid at the foot of a tree.  
I asked—'How long have these woods been here?'  
And he answered—'These woods are an ever  
'—  
My ancestors died here always,  
And the woods have been here since creation's day.  
Five hundred years rolled by, and then  
I traveled that selfsame road again.  
And found there a city, and far and near  
Resounded the hum of toil and glad,  
And I asked—'How long has the city been here?'  
And where it is the people, and the wood, and the sea?  
And they answered me, as they went their way,  
'Things have always stood as they stand to-day,  
And here it will stand for ever and aye.'  
I'll wait five hundred years, and then  
I'll travel the selfsame road again.

## MARY.

She blossomed in the country,  
When sunny summer things  
Her rosy arms about the earth,  
And brightest blessings bring.  
Health was her sole inheritance,  
And she was never sick or long,  
I never dreamed the wildwood  
Contained so sweet a flower.  
Far distant from the city,  
And inland from the sea,  
My Mary bloomed in goodness,  
As pure as pure could be.  
She taught her dewy freshness  
From hill and mountain bow,  
I never dreamed the wildwood  
Contained so sweet a flower.  
The rainbow must have lent her  
Some of its airy grace,  
The willow tree must have done,  
That nestled on her face.  
The sunbeam got entangled in  
The long waves of her hair,  
Or she had never grown to be  
So modest and so fair.  
The early birds have taught her  
Their joyous main song,  
And some of their soft innocence,  
She's been her only doing,  
And for her own, it need be,  
I'd part with wealth and power,  
I never dreamed the wildwood  
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## A VISIT TO AN UGLY MAN.

As we stepped over the low fences, I  
heard the hum of a spinning wheel, and  
another moment one of the sweetest, rosiest  
faces I ever beheld, looked out of the  
door. It was Lucy Wallis, the pretty  
daughter of the Ugly Man! Saluting us  
modestly she asked us in—and to be seated—  
and resumed her work. There he was  
more livelier girls than Lucy. In her  
moist blue eye, was a blended expression  
of mirthfulness and something more tender,  
that went into your heart without  
ever asking leave. Clad in a homespun  
froxy, coarse but tasteful in its colors and  
adjustment—an oh! how brilliantly  
adjustment—her fingers tipped with the blue  
of the indigo tub—her little feet in buxkin  
moccasins—she plied her task industriously;  
now with an arch toss, shaking into  
place her rich auburn hair, and now, with  
a bound forward, gracefully catching the  
thread that slipped from her fingers.  
Sweet voiced, too, was Lucy Wallis, as she  
stood at her wheel, spinning two threads.  
One of cotton on her spindle, and the other  
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friend Dick McCoy.  
Plague take the girl! She had made me  
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got there—having been on a visit to a sick  
neighbor—but in half an hour they returned.  
"That they come!" said Dick, as he  
heard voices outside the cabin door: "but  
yourself are not so set at ease." Then  
looking at Lucy,  
"You're never seen dandy, 'Squire, have  
you?" she asked, slightly coloring and  
pouting.  
"Never have—always had a curiosity?"  
but the wounded expression of the girl  
stopped me, and in another moment the  
Ugly Man was before me.  
Truly, had McCoy said, "nothing on  
the breathing year could match him."  
His face generally had the appearance of  
a recently healed blister-spot. His prominent  
eyes seemed ready to drop from his  
face, and were almost guiltless of lids.  
Red, red, red was the almost prevailing  
color of his countenance—even his eyes  
partook of it. His mouth—ruby red, looked  
as it had been very lately kicked by a  
rough-shod mule, after having been originally  
made by gouging a hole in his  
face with a nail bar! The *tout ensemble*  
was horrible, unspeakably ugly!  
"So you've come to see the Ugly Man,  
have you, 'Squire? I've heard of you before,  
you're the man as took the sensers of this  
country, last. I was in Georgetown then.  
Well, you're mighty welcome. Old 'omah,  
fyre round, get s'mthin' on the 'Squire and  
Dick to eat. Lucy, ain't you got no fresh  
sigs?"  
Lucy went out at the suggestion, and  
her father went on: "They all call me  
ugly 'Squire, and I am. My father before  
me was ugliest man that ever lived in  
Hancock county. But I'll give you my  
experience after supper. Belikes you've  
learned that I've been through the ruff. No,  
Well, when we get s'mthin' to eat, I'll  
tell you more about it: old 'oman, for heav-  
en's sake, do fly around that!"  
The old lady did "fly around," and Lucy  
got the sigs, and between them and  
got an excellent supper.  
The purity of the table cloth, the excel-  
lency of the coffee, and the freshness of  
eggs, not to mention Lucy's good looks,  
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to eat quite heartily, to the evident satisfac-  
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tertainer.  
Supper over, Bill drew out his large  
soapstone pipe, and filling it and lighting it,  
he placed it in his mouth. After a  
whiff or two he began:  
"It's no use worryin' the matter—I am  
the ugliest man now on top of dirt. That's  
nary nither like me. I'm a crowd my-  
self. I'll allers was. The first I knowed of  
it, though, was when I was 'bout ten years  
old. I went down to the spring branch  
one mornin' to wash my face! That's the  
time I've seen my countenance—I  
darsen't but shut my eyes when I go about  
water.  
"Don't you use a glass when you shave?"  
I inquired.  
"Glass! Thunder! what glass could  
stand it—would burst if it were an inch  
thick. Glass! Pish!"  
Lucy told her father he was "too bad,  
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"Yes," he continued, "it's so. I have  
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"Oh, you was nat uncommon hard-forded  
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"Ooncommon! I tell you when I was  
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"It's no wuss," put in Lucy, "to be run-  
nin' one's own self down that way, daddy!"  
It ain't that.  
"Runnin' down! Thunder and light-  
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as John Dozeman, your sweetheart!" As  
she said this, old Bill looked at me, and  
succeeded in covering the ball of his left  
eye, by way of a wink. Lucy said no more.  
The old man continued:  
"Well, hard as I thort it 'ud be to get  
a wife, fust thing I know'd I had Sally,  
here, and she is, or was as pretty as any  
of them.  
"Old Mrs. Wallis knitted convulsively,  
and coughed slightly.  
"However she never kissed me afore  
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"Blamed if I don't thort—it's the  
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Lucy pouted and was quiet.  
"Yes, I went out to the lot, and thar,  
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## THE WANDERING JEW.

ness of Billy, so that Dick and I contrived  
to eat quite heartily, to the evident satisfac-  
tion of our hospitable though ugly en-  
tertainer.  
Supper over, Bill drew out his large  
soapstone pipe, and filling it and lighting it,  
he placed it in his mouth. After a  
whiff or two he began:  
"It's no use worryin' the matter—I am  
the ugliest man now on top of dirt. That's  
nary nither like me. I'm a crowd my-  
self. I'll allers was. The first I knowed of  
it, though, was when I was 'bout ten years  
old. I went down to the spring branch  
one mornin' to wash my face! That's the  
time I've seen my countenance—I  
darsen't but shut my eyes when I go about  
water.  
"Don't you use a glass when you shave?"  
I inquired.  
"Glass! Thunder! what glass could  
stand it—would burst if it were an inch  
thick. Glass! Pish!"  
Lucy told her father he was "too bad,  
and that he knew it was no such thing,"  
and the old man told her that she was a  
"sassy wench," and to hold her tongue.  
"Yes," he continued, "it's so. I have  
seen my face in forty years, but I know  
how it looks. Well, when I grew up, I  
thor'd it would be hard to find a woman  
that'd be willing to take me, ugly as I was."  
"Oh, you was nat uncommon hard-forded  
when you was a young man," said old  
Mrs. Wallis.  
"Ooncommon! I tell you when I was  
ten years old, a fy would light on my  
face, and it can't be much wuss now! Set  
up and let me tell 'Squire my experience."  
"It's no wuss," put in Lucy, "to be run-  
nin' one's own self down that way, daddy!"  
It ain't that.  
"Runnin' down! Thunder and light-  
nin', Lucy, you'll have me as good lookin'  
as John Dozeman, your sweetheart!" As  
she said this, old Bill looked at me, and  
succeeded in covering the ball of his left  
eye, by way of a wink. Lucy said no more.  
The old man continued:  
"Well, hard as I thort it 'ud be to get  
a wife, fust thing I know'd I had Sally,  
here, and she is, or was as pretty as any  
of them.  
"Old Mrs. Wallis knitted convulsively,  
and coughed slightly.  
"However she never kissed me afore  
we was married, and it was a long time  
after afore she did. The way of it was,  
we had an old one horned cow, right or  
near (ordinary) lookin', old as the world  
star, and as poor as a black snail. One  
day I went out to the lot—  
"Daddy, I wouldn't tell that," said  
Lucy, in a persuasive tone.  
"Blamed if I don't thort—it's the  
truth, and if you don't keep still, I'll  
send for Bozeman, to hold you in the  
corner."  
Lucy pouted and was quiet.  
"Yes, I went out to the lot, and thar,  
sure as life, was my old 'oman swung to  
the cow, and the old thing flyin' round  
and outting up all sorts of shins!" "Ses I,  
"What the deuce are you up to old 'oman?  
"She's been her only doing."  
"And for her own, it need be,  
I'd part with wealth and power,  
I never dreamed the wildwood  
Contained so sweet a flower."  
A VISIT TO AN UGLY MAN.

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