

The Marietta.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED K. L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1866.

VOL. XII.—NO. 26.

GRAND PRIZES: For Subscribers to the
American Statesman,
A National Weekly Family Journal.
AT \$150 PER ANNUM.

The following splendid prizes are sent to clubs:
For every club of forty subscribers a Wheel-
wright & Wilson best \$50 Sewing Machine, with
extra copies to the getter up of the club.
For every club of twenty, and less than 40
subscribers, we will allow \$1.25 for each sub-
scriber on the price of said machine.
For every club of six, a splendid steel en-
graving of President A. Lincoln, full length,
Andrew Johnson, Gen. Grant, or Sherman, on
back, worth \$3 each, with an extra copy to
the getter up of the club.
For every club of three, one of those splen-
did steel engravings of the Union series of
NATIONAL PORTRAITS
Comprising Presidents Johnson and Lincoln,
Gen. Grant, Gens. Sherman, Sheridan,
Thomas McClellan, Fremont, Admirals Far-
well and Porter, and George and Martha
Washington, each 19x24 inches, worth \$2.
These splendid portraits should adorn
every parlor.
The Statesman is the largest, cheapest and
best family paper published, suited for every
family. Try it once and you will never be
without it. Send for copies and get up your
club. Address,
AMERICAN STATESMAN,
67 Nassau-st., New-York.
January 13-66

WATCHES.
H. L. & E. J. Zahm,
Corner of North Queen-St., and Centre
Square, Lancaster, Pa.

American and Swiss Watches
IN GOLD AND SILVER CASES.
Clocks,
FIRST DAY AND 30 HOUR,
IN GREAT VARIETY, AND FROM
THE BEST FACTORIES.

REPAIRS in every style of
clocks and watches made to order.
We have need articles and. We have twenty
years experience in this business.

SILVERWARE.
SILVER, Forks, Butter Knives, &c. stamped
with name and warranted standard.
PLATEDWARE.
The best platedware in the United States.
We warrant our best Tableware—Spoons,
Forks, &c.—to wear ten years in daily use.

JEWELRY.
Rings, Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs and a va-
riety of every article in this line.

HAIR JEWELRY.
Hair Jewelry made to order. Two hundred
styles or samples, constantly on hand.
Repairing of Watches, Clocks, Specta-
cles, Jewelry, done neatly and promptly.
H. L. & E. J. ZAHM,
Corner North Queen Street and Centre Square,
LANCASTER, PA.

STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!!!
COOK STOVES,
STOVES
JOHN SPANGLER'S.

MAJOR STOVES, PARLOR STOVES,
PARLOR STOVES,
BURNING STOVES AT
JOHN SPANGLER'S.

STOVES—VULCAN STOVES.
HEATING
TWO OR FOUR
ROOMS WITH
ONE FIRE—FOURTH
SEE THEM AT
See them at
Market Street, Marietta, Pa.

F. L. Baker,
Scribbler and Conjurancer.

With most respectfully take this means of
expressing his friends and the public generally
that he has commenced the drawing of
DEEDS,

MORTGAGES,
JUDGMENTS,
and in fact everything in the CONVEYANCING
line. Having gratuitous intercourse with a
member of the Lancaster Bar, he will be en-
abled to execute legal instruments of writing
with accuracy.

He can be found at the office of "THE
MARIETTA,"—Lindsay's Building, (sec-
ond floor) near the Post Office corner, or at
his residence on Market street, half a square
west of the "Donkey House," Marietta.
He transacts all Mortgages, Judgments and
deeds always on hand and for sale.

THE MASON & HAMLIN
Cabinet Organs,
Twenty different styles, adapted to sacred and
secular music, for \$80 to \$300 each. Fifty
years Gold or Silver Medals, or other first pre-
miums awarded them. Illustrated Catalogue
sent free. Address, MASON & HAMLIN, Bos-
ton, or MASON BROTHERS, New-York.
September 5, 1865-16-ly

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
Lancaster of the Urinary and Sexual Systems
and new and reliable treatment. Also, the
Lancaster Chamber, an Essay of warning and
dangers, sent in sealed envelopes, free of
charge. Address, Dr. J. SKILLER HOWARD,
Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth-st.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
[Jan. 1, '65-ly]

DANIEL G. BAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, PA.
Office—No. 24 North Duke Street
opposite the Court House, where he will at-
tend to the practice of his profession in all its
various branches.

FOR PRINTING of every description ex-
ecuted with neatness and dispatch at the

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Office in "LINDSAY'S BUILDING," second
floor, on Elbow Lane, between the Post
Office—Corner and Front-St., Marietta,
Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

ADVERTISING RATES: One square (10
lines, or less) 75 cents for the first insertion and
One Dollar and a-half for 3 insertions. Pro-
fessional and Business cards, of six lines or less
at 85 per annum. Notices in the reading col-
umns, ten cents a-line. Marriages and Deaths,
the simple announcement, FREE; but for any
additional lines, ten cents a line.

A liberal deduction made to yearly and half
yearly advertisers.

Having just added a "NEWBURY MOUNT-
AIN JOBBER PRESS," together with a large
assortment of new Job and Card type, Cuts,
Borders, &c., &c., to the Job Office of "THE
MARIETTA," which will insure the fine and
speedy execution of all kinds of Job & CARD
PRINTING, from the smallest Card to the
LARGEST POSTER, at reasonable prices.

The Second Wife.

They told me he had won before
Another's heart than mine,
And laid his first and dearest love
Upon an earlier shrine.

They said my spirit oft must grieve,
If I my lot would cast
With one who held so sacred still
Remembrance of the past.

I heeded not; my bark was launched
With his own life's swift tide,
And earth holds not a happier heart
Than mine—a second bride.

I knew that he had loved and lost
What life may never give back,
The flowers that bloomed in freshness
Once

Have withered in his track.
I knew that she—the angel called—
Looked out from yon blue heaven,
A watcher o'er the earth-bound soul
From which her own was riven.

Together did we oft recall
This dream of other years,
Nor do I love him less to know,
He once had cause for tears.

More blest am I that it hath been
My love's appointed task
To wake anew the 'charms of home,'
In which his soul may bask.

DIFFICULTIES OF LAWYERS.—A testy
lawyer in court found himself bothered
with a knotty witness who wouldn't ex-
plain, as he desired, the difference be-
tween the 'thick' and 'long' kinds of
whalebone.

"Why, man," said he, "you
don't seem to know the distinction be-
tween thick and long." "Yas I dew,"
"Explain it, then." "Wa'al you'r thick-
headed, but you ain't long-headed, no
how!" said he. Another was non plus-
ed in the following conversation: Law-
yer. Did the defendant knock the wit-
ness down with malice prepense? Wit-
ness. No, sir; he knocked him down
with a flat-iron. L.—You misunder-
stood me, my friend; I want to know
whether he attacked him with any evil
intent. W.—Oh! no, sir; it was out
side the tent. L.—No, no, I wish you
to tell me whether the attack was at all
a preconcerted affair? W.—No, sir; it
was not a free concert affair, it was in a
circus.

A maiden lady, not remarkable
for either beauty, youth or good temper,
came for advice to Mr. Arnold as to how
she should get rid of a troublesome suit-
or. "O, Mary, marry him!" was the ad-
vice. "No, madam, marry him, as I
said to you, and I assure you it will not
be long before he hangs himself."

The natives of Bombay, India,
are greatly astonished at the lighting of
the streets with gas. The lamplighter
is followed by a large crowd every even-
ing. They will sit for hours and watch
the flames, feel if the posts get hot,
wonder why it don't, and thus they sit
and argue the ins and outs of the ques-
tion until they get tired and go home.

Tom Moore said to Peel, on look-
ing at the picture of an Irish orator,
"you can see the very quiver of his lips."
"Yes," said Peel, "and a arrow com-
ing out of it." Moore was telling this to
one of his countrymen, who said, "he
meant arrah coming out of it."

Lucy Stone says: "The cradle is
a woman's ballot box." Then we've
known some unlawful voting where two
ballots were deposited at a time.

What is that which occurs once
in a minute, twice in a moment, and not
once in a hundred years? The letter

Captain Jack Ballast's Story.

My story? Well, I don't see why I
shouldn't scratch it down. There's
nothing to be ashamed of in it, so far as
I know, and though you regular story
writers mayn't call it "romantic" I think
the wind sets that way myself; and
there's a bit of lore in it, too, though
you'd never think I was a subject for a
love story to look at me. I'm old
enough, dy'e see, to feel safe about the
draft, and brown enough to be a Hotten-
tot; and as for flesh—well, no matter;
some of you slim young dandies will be
as stout as I be if you live as long.
Besides, that fracas at Gibraltar didn't
improve my looks. I'll tell you about
that before the story is over. I reckon;
at present I'd better leave ahead.

As I am and old as I am, there
was a time when I was as slender as a
young fellow as ever shipped afore the
mast again his parents' leave. They,
Lord bless 'em! wanted to make a coun-
ter jumper of me; and I tried measuring
rags about a year. Then I couldn't
stand it any longer, and jumped the old
counter for good, and cut and went to
sea. I had a banker's for it a good
while, and the only thing I ever regret-
ted was the way my poor mother took it
to heart. Wait a bit. Honor bright,
there was one thing.

That was Jenny Blush, old Blush's
only daughter, and the prettiest girl I
ever cast eyes on. Her skin was just
as soft and fair as any baby's. As for
her hair, I've got a bit in my old desk
upstairs; and though it's crossed, the
ocean about a dozen times, it's so bright
now, you'd take it for a gold chain coiled
down under the bit of blue ribbon it's
tied with.

Old Blush was my captain ashore. I
mean to say, he was the head of the big
dry goods store where they first sent me
to measuring rags, and Jenny used to
come over every day after ribbons and
calico, and the like, and, Lord love ye!
I don't find fault with the women-folks
looking after such things, though it don't
seem a man's place to sell 'em. She
looked mighty pretty when she put 'em
on, did Jenny. Father and old Blush
were fast friends, and when they found
out that I was sweet on Jenny they put
their heads together and resolved to
sanction the match. I was to be taken
into partnership, dy'e see, and was to
step into the rag business when the old
man stepped out. "Dry Goods, Whole-
sale and Retail," was the sign, but I
always called 'em rags.

Well, Jenny and I were fond of each
other, and knew it already; so, the old
folks being agreeable, we saw a good
deal of each other, Sundays and even-
ings, to say nothing of the errands she
made to the store. And I used to wish
I could make up my mind to it and stay
ashore; but I couldn't, not if I'd died
for it. I heard the waves beating about
my bed in my dreams. I hated the
cloth yard and the scissors so they made
me ill. And one night I told Jenny so.
She cried a bit; but by-and-by she own-
ed that she didn't hate me for it, and
we talked of the time when I should be
a captain, and she should make every
voyage with me, and have a cabin like a
parlor to herself.

Then she let me kiss her. P'raps she
kissed me back; and I cut off the yel-
low curl I told you of with a pair of scis-
sors—the only pleasant job I ever did
with the confounded things in all my
life.

That night I ran away, and though I
blubbered like a baby when I passed
mother's door, you couldn't have coaxed
me back again. What a man wants to
be he will be; and there are men meant
for their cradles for the water as sar-
tin as the fish are.

I got a letter from old mammy that
cut me up, I don't deny; but I knew
she'd come round, and I didn't guess
the worst—how should I? When it
first came to me that a man that sold
rags was better than a sailor it took my
breath away. This was when I first
went home, dy'e see! Mammy, she
scolded and cried, and kissed me, but
Martha and Melinda, and brother
Charles Augustus picked into me fero-
ciously. Says they: "You've disgraced
your family—we have been respectable
and genteel folks all our lives, and now
we're to have a common sailor for a
brother." I caught it—a regular gale;
and father put in his oar regarding dis-
obedience. When that came I cleared
out and marched over to old Blush's.
Nobody was at home but Jenny, and she
ran into my arms. Well, we were bill-
ing and cooing, as sweethearts mostly
do, I reckon, when old Blush came home
to tea. I never heard a gale of wind

"What do you want here, sir?" says

he. Says I "Don't you recollect me, Mr.

Blush? I'm Jack Ballast."

Says he "I recollect you well enough,

and how dare you show your face here?"

Says I "I came here to see my Jen-
ny."

"Your Jenny?" says he. "My good
fellow, Miss Jenny Blush is no match
for a common sailor before the mast;
and whatever there may have been be-
tween you when you were entitled to my
respect is all over now. You have your
choice of walking quietly out yourself or
of being kicked out."

Any one but Jenny's father would
have been floored for that. I just look-
ed down and saw my fists shut up of
themselves, and tried to keep 'em so.

Says I, cool as I could, "I don't mean
to be before the mast all my life, sir. I
expect to be a captain some day."

"And," says old Blush, "a man with
no advantages, brought up to the sea,
might boast of that; but you might have
been a partner in our firm, sir. You
might have been a gentleman, and had
as good a business in the dry-goods line
as any man alive. And you have chos-
en to be a roving rascal. And I'd see
my daughter in her grave before I'd give
her to you. Sam, show this person out."

That was the bigger just come aboard
the parlor with the coal bod. And when
he said that my fists were beyond my
control, and the last I saw of old Blush
he was on his back on the hearth-rug.
Then says I to the darkey, "Touch me
if you want to, you rascal," and started
out.

I saw Jenny on the next day and
tried to get her to run away; but the
girl had a will of her own and knewed
her duty.

Says she, "I can't disobey my father,
Jack. I love you dearly, and I'll never
marry any one else; but it must be all
over between us. I don't think pa would
have relented even if you hadn't been
so violent; but now he never will.
You've done it yourself, Jack," she said,
turning quite white and looking away
from me, "You like the sea best, and
you've got it instead of me."

Those were the last words she said
and I was going away when I heard her
give a little cry, and turning saw her
arms stretched out towards me; then I
went back and folded her to my bosom,
and kissed her a hundred times. And
I'm afraid I cursed her hard old father
from the bottom of my soul, though
'twasn't loud; for mind ye, a woman is a
woman, and words good 'enough for
other men's ears ain't to be spoken be-
fore her. The sight of Jenny as I left
her, with her yellow hair blown back un-
der the bare tree branches, all bright
with icicles, haunted me for many a long
day; and though I loved the sea, there
were times when, looking over the side,
I used to fancy a voice deep down in the
waves whispering her words over again:
"You've done it yourself, Jack, you
liked the sea better than me, and you've
got it."

It doesn't take long for the years to
go by, either on land or ocean. They
went with me as with other folks. I
got on well enough. Before I knew it
I was second mate, then first mate; then
captain. I suppose I should have sail-
ed the sea until they buried me in it if
it hadn't been for my first mate, John
Hamlin. I loved that fellow as I might
a brother; if I'd had a better one than
Charles Augustus. At Gibraltar Ham-
lin got into a row with some English
soldiers. They'd all been drinking to-
gether, of course I took his part. They
had fire-arms about them; and used them
on each other. I didn't save Hamlin
for they shot him dead; but I got a
couple of bullets in me, and I was pick-
ed up just as near Davy Jones' locker as
any man ever was, who didn't go into it.

I got well again, but was on the invalid
list; and as I'd laid up a handful of mon-
ey and was past 40, I made up my mind
to stay at home and take care of John
Hamlin's orphan children. He had two
of them, both girls. I settled down in
New York and fetched them home, poor
half-starved creatures; for the woman
they boarded with was given to drink,
and kept them on bread and treacle;
and as they told me "must, I put them
in black frocks—they'd have felt just as
bad in red—and settled down to be com-
fortable. Soor I looked out for a chap-
lain to pass Sunday as it ought to be;
and the Rev. Eben Tooker's church
being handy, I shipped him along with
the girls; and as I always did my duty,
never pretended how to see the plate
when the steward shoved it up our pew.

Rev. Eben Tooker was a sociable man.
He used to drop in evenings and talk to

me about my soul; and though I can't
say but what I dropped asleep some-
times, he knewed his duty when he did
it. A captain's duty is one thing, and a
chaplain's is another.

One day he spoke about poor Ham-
lin's gals. Says he, "You send them to
school, I hope." Says I, "I haven't
done it yet—gals are better without
learning, if they can read their Bibles
and cipher out their butcher bills."

But he kept on, and pretty soon I let
him examine 'em. Lord love ye, they
hardly knew their letters. The school-
in' as well as the board had gone for gin.

"The poor heathen are scarcely more
benighted," said our chaplain. He in-
sists on my saying pastor, but 'tother
sounds the best.

"We must find an instructress for
them, captain."

"Surely," said I—I wanted to do the
best by poor Tom's children that I could
—"surely; just mention a schoolmarm,
chaplain."

Said he, "My own are under the care
of the person who plays the organ—a
highly estimable lady in reduced circum-
stances. Her school is close by. No.
—Broome street."

So we wrote the name and address on
a card, and I promised to take the gals
there.

Monday morning we set sail. I bought
'em spelling books and satchels and
staves, and by nine o'clock we were at
the door. Then I looked for the card,
and, behold ye, I'd lost it! However, I
was in port, and could hail the lady as
"school-marm."

Betsy was piping her eye, and Peg
was bawling that she wanted to go home.
But, says I—"No, no, gals, I don't want
you to grow up benighted as the heath-
en, and think what the chaplain calls ye
now."

So I lugged 'em in and made my re-
verence.

"Duty, ma'am," says I; "here's two
gals as needs instruction. Rev. Eben
Tooker recommended ye to give it to 'em,
and whatever extra it is for playing the
organ let 'em learn it; for it's you that
works it in the top of the loft 'o Sundays—
you know how to do it. Capten Jack
Ballast at your service. Send your bills
to him, and he'll foot 'em."

I ain't bold with women. I'm a bit
bashful afore strange 'uns, even yet.
And I hadn't looked at her. But when
I spoke out my name she gave a little
scream and started back. Of course I
couldn't help looking at her then, and
she was sitting down with her handker-
chief before her face.

Says I, "Beg pardon, are you ill,
mum?"

Says she, still not looking up, "Did
you say your name was Captain Jack
Ballast?"

"Jack Ballast, at your service," said I.

Says she, "Oh, Jack! don't you know
me?"

Says I, "Look up and I'll make sure."

—And she lifted up her face and I saw
—well, if it wasn't the pink-cheeked girl
I knew. It wasn't a girl at all, but in a
minute it was Jenny Blush again—a
great deal more than I was young Jack
Ballast.

"Jenny," says I, "Oh, Jenny, is it re-
ally you?"

And then the color came into her
cheeks, and her eyes glittered, and she
whispered, "oh, not before the school,
Jack;" for I had caught her to my
heart and kissed her.

We had not much time to palaver
then, but I came for her again in the
evening and took her for a walk. And
she told me how the rag-store had been
shipwrecked, and old Blush dropped
dead of apoplexy when he knew of it.
And how my brother Charles Augustus
had offered her his hand, but she had
said no, and preferred to earn her own
living by marrying one she didn't love
while there was one living whom she did.
And now it was fifteen years ago—fifteen
weary years.

Then says I, "Jenny, darling, I love
you better than ever, now I've found
you again. When you told my brother
there was some one living you loved did
you mean me?"

"Yes, Jack," said she.

Says I, "Now you've seen me—a
weather-beaten scarred old sailor—do
you think the same?"

Says she, "I always shall, Jack."

"Come on then," says I. And not
another word until we came to the Rev.
Eben Tooker's. There I rang the bell.

Says she, "Why have you brought
me here, Jack?"

Says I, "To make the chaplain mar-
ry us, love."

Says she, "It's too sudden. I can't.

What would people say?"

"No matter for people," says I
And in we walked. And for all she
told me that no woman was ever married
before in a delaine dress and straw bon-
net, the chaplain didn't find it any ob-
stacle, but spliced us. And so after
nineteen years I got my Jenny for my
own.

I don't think she's sorry for it, and I
know I ain't; and as for poor Tom's
children, she's a mother to 'em. And
whether there's any romance in my story
or not, it's a happy one for me in the
ending, as sure as my name is Jack
Ballast.

INCREDULITY PERSONIFIED.—There is
living on Martha's Vineyard an old man
who has never been off the island, and
the extent of his knowledge is bounded
by the confines of his home. He has
been told of a war between the North
and South, but as he has never heard the
din of battle, nor seen any soldiers, he
considered it a hoax. He is utterly un-
able to read, and is ignorant to the last
degree. An excellent story is told of
his first and only day at school. He
was quite a lad when a lady came to the
district where his father resided, to
teach school. He was sent, and as the
teacher was classifying the school he
was called up in turn and interrogated
as to his former studies.

Of course he had to say that he had
never been to school, and knew none of
his letters. The schoolmistress gave
him a seat on one side until she had fin-
ished the preliminary examination of the
rest of the scholars. She then called
him to her and drew on the black-board
the letter A, told him what it was and
wished him to remember how it looked.
He looked at it a moment and then in-
quired (he stammered):

"H-h-how do you know it's A?"

The teacher replied that when she
was a girl, she had been to school to an
old gentleman who told her so.

The boy eyed the A for a moment and
then asked, "H-h-how did he know?"
This was almost a stunner, but the
teacher suddenly recollected that he had
told her that when a boy he had been to
a school to a lady, who taught him that
it was A.

The boy eyed the letter a little longer,
when he burst out with "H-h-how
did he know but she li-li-ied?"

The teacher could not get over this
obstacle, and the poor boy was sent
home as incorrigible.

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.—"My
dear friends, there are three things I
very much wonder at. The first is, that
children should be so foolish as to throw
up stones, clubs and bricks into fruit
trees, to knock down fruit; if they would
let it alone it would fall itself. The
second is, that men should be so foolish,
and even so wicked, as to go to war, and
kill each other; if let alone they would
die themselves. And the third and last
thing I wonder at is, that young men
should be so unwise as to go after the
young women; if they would stay at
home, the young women would come af-
ter them."

A shrewd preacher, after an elo-
quent charity sermon, said to his hear-
ers: "I am afraid, from the sympathy
displayed in your countenances, that
some of you may give too much. I cau-
tion you, therefore, that you should be
just before you are generous; and wish
you to understand that I desire no one
who cannot pay his debts to put any-
thing in the plate." The collection was
a rare one.

To be a woman of fashion is one
of the easiest things in the world. A
late writer thus describes it: "Buy ev-
erything you don't want, and pay for
nothing you get; smile on all mankind
but your husband; be happy everywhere
but at home; neglect your children and
nurse lap-dogs; go to church every time
you get a new dress."

The truest Christian politeness is
cheerfulness. It is graceful, and sits
well on old as well as young. It is the
best of all company, and adorns the
wearer of it more than rubies and dia-
monds set in gold. It costs nothing, and
yet is valuable.

Genuine neighborly love knows
no distinction of persons. It is like the
sun, which does not ask on what it shall
shine, or what it shall warm; but shines
and warms by the very law of its own
being. So there is nothing hidden from
its light and heat.

A shrewd little fellow who had
just begun to read Latin, astonished the
master by the following translations:
"Vir, a man; gin, a trap—Virgin, man-
trap."