

The Mariettian.

An Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Home Circle.

BY FRED'K L. BAKER.

MARIETTA, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1865.

VOL. XI.—NO. 42.

Reading & Columbia Railroad.

TRAINS of this road run by Reading Rail Road time, which is ten minutes faster than that of Pennsylvania Railroad.

TRAINS ON THIS ROAD RUN AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE COLUMBIA AT

4:45 A. M.—WAY FREIGHT a d Passenger train for Reading and intermediate stations, leaving Landisville at 5:46 a. m., Manheim at 6:20; Litz at 6:52; Ephrata at 7:12; Reinholdville at 8:55; and reaching Sinking Springs at 9:45 A. M. Here passengers holding through tickets for New York only are transferred to the Fast Line, reaching New York at 2 o'clock, P. M.; other passengers remain in the train and reach Reading at 10:30 A. M., in time to connect with trains for Philadelphia, Pottsville, New York and the Lebanon Valley.

P. M.—MAIL PASSENGER

2:25 Train for Reading and intermediate stations, connecting at Landisville at 3:00 p. m., with train of Penn'a. R. R., for the West, leaving Manheim at 3:21; Litz at 3:20; Ephrata at 4:08; Reinholdville at 4:35; Sinking Springs at 4:58 and arriving at Reading at 5:20 p. m.

LEAVE READING AT

6:00 A. M.—MAIL PASSENGER train for Columbia and intermediate stations, leaving Sinking Springs at 6:10; Reinholdville at 6:44; Ephrata at 7:11; Litz at 7:40; Manheim at 7:58, making close connection at Landisville at 8:20 a. m., with train of Penn'a. R. R., for Lancaster, and also with trains for the West. At Columbia, connecting with train of Penn'a. R. R., for Upper Merion, Middletown, and Harrisburg; also by the Ferry for Wrightsville with trains of Northern Central R. R., for Baltimore and Washington, arriving at Columbia at 8:55 a. m.

P. M.—WAY FREIGHT

7:00 Passenger Train for COLUMBIA and intermediate stations with passengers from New York, Philadelphia and Pottsville same day, leaving Sinking Springs at 2:33; Reinholdville at 3:30; Ephrata at 4:35; Litz at 5:30; Manheim at 6:13; Landisville at 6:52; and arriving at Columbia at 7:50 p. m.

Further information with regard to Freight or Passengers, may be obtained from the Agents of the Company.

MENDEL COHEN, Superintendent.

W. F. PURCELL, General Ticket Agent.

E. F. KEEVER, General Freight Agent.

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Dyes, Pomades, Tooth Soap, Tooth

Washes, Hair, Nail, Cloth and

Tooth Brushes, of all descrip-

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Handkerchiefs, Colo-

gnes, Ambrosia

for the Hair,

and many other articles too tedious to mention

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—

On The Beach.

Hand in hand on the beach we walked,

In the summers long ago;

The waves came up and kissed the beach,

Then murmuring back would go;

The stars shone bright in the tranquil

sky,

The moon looked down with a ghastly

eye,

And the sweet south winds came moan-

ing by,

And the still, small hours of night drew

nigh,

Yet hand in hand on the beach we walk-

ed,

And of Love's sweet fancies idly talked

In the summers long gone by.

Ah, how the old, old love comes back,

As I think of it to-night;

Strange, such a foolish, childish dream

A woman's heart can blight!

For love is only a flower of June—

The waning light of an autumn moon—

The tender notes of a tender tune.

That breaks in a dreamy afternoon,

Charming the heart and the senses away,

Alluring us on with childish play,

That endeth so very soon.

We dreamed the dream—'tis over now,

We have cast the toy away,

And never will touch the broken thing—

The fragments that round us lay.

Yet oh, how oft in my dreams I see

The spectre of things that used to be;

My soul is weighed with a memory

Of music and moonlight, love and thee.

In dreams we walked on that silvery

shore,

Hands clasped in hands as in days of

yore,

When our hearts were young and free.

Well, it was best we did not wed,

For we both were poor, and oh,

When poverty comes in the door,

Love flieth away, you know.

Now, you are wedded to Lilly Vane,

She holds your heart with a golden

chain.

To-morrow (would it were o'er, the pain

Is searing my life, madd'ning my brain)

I must kneel at the altar, careless, cold,

And sell myself for an old man's gold,

Ay, wear the golden chain.

—

He calls me his queen, his bird, his

My Plain Lover.

I was a coquette. Many a lover's

heart I had lacerated by refusing his of-

fer of marriage, after I had lured him on

to a declaration. My last victim's name

was James Frazer. He was a tall, awk-

ward, homely, ungainly man, but his

heart was true as steel. I respect him

highly, and felt pained when I witness-

ed his anguish at my rejection of him.

But the fact was, I had myself fallen

in love with Captain Elliot, who had

been unremitting in his devotion to me.

Mr. James Frazer warned me against

Elliot; but I charged him with jealousy,

and took his warning as an insult.

A few days afterwards Elliot and I

were engaged, and my dream of roman-

tic love seemed to be in a fair way of

realization. I had a week of happiness.

Many have not so much in a life time.

Many awake from the bright short dream

to find themselves in life-long darkness

and bondage from which there is no es-

cape. Thank God, I was not to be so

miserable as they!

My mother was a widow in good cir-

cumstances, but having very bad health.

She was also of an easy, listless, credu-

lous nature—hating trouble, and willing

to take things just as they happen to

present themselves. She therefore made

no inquiries about Captain Elliot—but

fondly believed that inasmuch as he was

a captain he must necessarily be a man

of honor also, especially as he had ser-

ved in the Crimea and India and had

won medals. His regiment was quarter-

ed in our neighborhood, and he had

the reputation of being one of the

wealthiest as he was certainly the hand-

somest officer in it.

I remember well the day we became

engaged. He was on duty, but had

managed to ride over to our house in

his uniform, and while we were walk-

ing in the garden he made the tender avow-

al. I referred him to "mamma," he

hastened to her—returned in three min-

utes and led me into her presence to re-

ceive the assurance that the maternal

consent had been readily and freely giv-

en.

My dear mother hated trouble, and

she moreover loved me tenderly; so

that she was well pleased to find a hus-

band presenting himself in a form and

manner apparently so eligible for her

beloved and only daughter.

Well, a week passed quite delightfully

as I have said; and at the expiration

of this there might have been seen an

equestrian party winding through our

old Devonshire woods and quiet country

roads. Elliot and I led the cavalcade.

I rode my own beautiful brown Bess.

Captain Elliot was mounted on a hand-

some black horse that had been sent

him from London. Following us was a

bevy of merry girls and their cavaliers;

and among them was tall, awkward and

silent James Frazer. His presence had

marred all the pleasure of my ride, and

I was glad to be in advance of them all

that I might not see him.

And as we rode on through the woods,

I listened, well pleased, to the low but

animated words of the gallant Elliot,

who wished himself a knight and me a

fair lady of the olden time; that he

might go forth to do battle and compel

all men to recognize the claims of his

peerless love. Very eloquently he

I remember no more. I felt a sudden

shock, a fearful rushing through the air,

and knew no more until days afterwards

I woke to a faint, weak semblance of

life in my chamber at home.

I never saw Captain Elliot again.

The last words I ever heard from his

lips were those of knightly daring. The

last action of his life in connection with

mine, was to follow in the train of fright-

ened youths who rode after me; to con-

template the disaster from afar, and as

soon as he saw me lifted from the shal-

low bed of the river, into which I had

been thrown when my frightened horse

stopped suddenly on its banks, to ride

hastily off. That evening he sent to

make inquiries, and learning that I was

severely, but not fatally injured, he

thenceforth contented himself with such

tidings of my condition and improve-

ment as could be gained from mere rum-

or.

At last it was known that I would

never recover entirely from the effects

of my injury, that very day Captain El-

liot departed suddenly from the neigh-

borhood. He made no attempt to see

me, nor sent me any farewell. When I

was once more abroad, and beginning,

though with much unalloyed bitterness

to learn the lesson of patience and resig-

nation that awaited me, I received a

letter from him, in which he merely said

that he presumed my own judgement

had taught me, that in my altered cir-

cumstances our engagement must come

to an end; but to satisfy his own sense

of honor (his honor!) he wrote to say

that while entertaining the highest re-

spect for me, he desired a formal renun-

ciation of my claim. Writing on the

bottom of this letter, "Let it be as you

wish." I returned it to him at once, and

thus ended my brief dream of a roman-

tic wedding.

I heard ere this of Elliot's cowardly

conduct on that day; but now I first

thought me to inquire who had re-

deemed me from that imminent death.

And then I learned that James Frazer,

his arm already broken by the jerk with

which Brown Bess had torn away from