

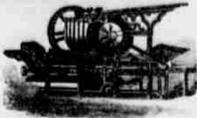
The Columbian.

VOL. I.—NO. 23.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1867.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE COLUMBIAN.



A Democratic Newspaper,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT
BLOOMSBURG, PENNA.

The principles of this paper are of the Jeffersonian School of politics. Those principles will never be compromised, yet courtesy and kindness shall not be forgotten in discussing them, whether with individuals, or with contemporaries of the Press. The unity, happiness, and prosperity of the country is our aim and object; and as the means to secure that, we shall labor honestly and earnestly for the harmony, success and growth of our organization.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—One square (ten lines or less) for three insertions \$1.50; each subsequent insertion 50 cents.

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MOSES COFFMAN.

Having followed the profession of Public Venditor for many years, would inform like friends that he is still in the field, ready and willing to attend to all the duties of his calling. Persons desiring his services should call or write to him at Bloomsburg, Pa. [initials]

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From and after October 2, 1867, the trains will pass through as follows:
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GEORGE WEBB, Supt.

Original Poetry.

FOR THE COLUMBIAN.

RAIN-DROPS.

BY MARIAN EDGINS.

PATTER, pitter, on the pane;
Softly, and the drowsy rain
Course, like far-off murmurs, breaking
On the ear, and softly waking
Memories, that have slumbered long;
Forgotten strains
That come again,
Smiles of a favorite song.
Every crystal drop that falls,
Some sweet memory recalls;
As they come, like music, stealing,
Walking sweet and tender feeling—
Thoughts of loved ones gone before—
Softly falling,
Softly falling,
Echoes from the heavenly shore.
Lightly, easily, now they play,
Like the notes of merry lay,
With their constant dropping, dropping,
Never for a moment stopping,
In their deathful, ceaseless pouring,
Sounds of warfare we hear;
And they patter
Like the clatter
Of an army passing by.

Select Tale.

THE INN AT CRANSAC.

BY ZSCHOCKE.

"WHAT place is that before us?" said I to the postilion.

"Cransac, Mr. Captain."

"Cransac? Can I get a comfortable lodging over night there?"

"Right easily. There is an excellent inn. None better far and wide."

It was a very agreeable piece of information, for I began to feel very tired. It is no trifling to be compelled to raise half-recovered from a sick bed, and make a journey of several hundred leagues. My regiment lay at Perpignan, and I had come from Nantes. Something of a journey! And from Perpignan there awaited me a pretty march at the head of my company through the cursed Catalonia, where already many a brave Frenchman had found his grave.

We entered a small village prettily situated at the foot of a wooded hill. We stopped before a neat house. Thomas, my servant, sprang down and assisted me out of the carriage. The landlord, a kindly man, conducted me into his parlour, after he had given the necessary directions to his people about my baggage.

The room, which was large, neat and cheerful, swarmed with little girls. Some were seated at a table and some under it, while others were gathered at the window, and the smallest were playing on the floor. A young maiden of about sixteen carried a child of a year old in her arms, and was dandling round with it amongst the rest. In the corner of the room sat a young man, who, leaning his head on his hand, appeared to be sunk in thought, and to trouble himself very little about the noise of the children, or the grace of the fair dancer.

"Hush! hush!" cried the landlord as he entered the room. "Annette, carry this wild troop out of doors! And, Fanchon, do thou prepare a room for this gentleman, No. 8. He will remain overnight."

In obedience to this command, Annette, a lovely *maquette* of about fourteen, led out the swarm of little ones. Fanchon, dancer, with a slight but graceful bow of welcome to me dived up to the thoughtful young man, and exclaimed: "Here, Mr. Philosopher, please to be so kind as to amuse my little sister. I hope you will be gallant!" With these words she put the child she was carrying into his lap. He did not appear pleased, but he took the child.

"You are plentifully blessed, Mr. Landlord," said I, and pointed to the playing group of children: "do they all belong to you?"

"I should be very well satisfied if they were all mine, just for the curiosity of the thing," said Herr Albert, so the landlord was named: "but only about one-half of them are mine. The other half are their playmates, who have come to celebrate the birthday of my third child."

"And how many children have you, Mr. Albert?"

"Six girls, no more."

"Heaven help us! all girls? six girls?"

"Heaven be praised, you should say, Mr. Captain. A father can desire no better fortune, if the girls are pretty. For something of their brightness is reflected upon him. All the world cares for him, because all the world loves his pretty maidens. I have some experience of that already, and Fanchon gains much favour for me. When she is gone, folks will bow to me for Annette's sake. And when Annette goes, then Juliette will take her place, and then—whichever comes next."

"Yet confess, Mr. Albert, the prospect is not very agreeable. By and by, they will have their husbands, and your house will be desolate."

"I see the case differently. I only put my capital out at interest, when I give away my daughters. Then I shall become a grandpapa, and the young folks will bring their children to me. That's a new pleasure in life."

"You know how to console yourself, Mr. Albert. But six fine boys, instead of six girls, might well have made you proud?"

"Boys? God forbid! The wild chaps would have turned my hair gray before this time with their tricks and

rogueery, while my daughters are making me young again every day. Had I sons, one would dry up a tradesman, over the multiplication table, another would be crippled for his fatherland, a third killed in the same cause, a fourth would be wandering over land and sea, the fifth would be more cunning than his father. It would all come to nothing.

At this moment Fanchon hopped lightly in, and with a gentle bow said to me, "Your room is ready. You can take possession of it." The landlord was called away. I took my hat to seek my room.

"Permit me," said Fanchon, "let me have the honour of showing you the way." Then with a spring or two she stood before the young man to whom she had entrusted the child: "Mr. Philosopher, you are very naughty to your little lady. See how Lisa laughs at you. Come quickly, kiss her hand and beg her pardon." With that she put the little hand of the baby to his lips. The young man smiled gloomily, and scarcely looked up.

Then she sprang towards me and repeated: "Let me have the honour." So she flew before me up stairs. She opened the door of a neat little room. She had to wait awhile for me. I apologized for the slowness of my movements on account of my late illness.

"You will entirely recover with us," said she: "the baths of Cransac will do wonders, you know."

"I know nothing about them, fair Fanchon. Then you have baths here?"

"The most celebrated in the world. Folks come hither even from Toulouse and Montpellier. Every one goes away perfectly cured and happy."

But who could leave you and be happy fair Fanchon?"

"Let me take care of that when the time comes for folks to go, Mr. Captain. I know how to tease them until they are glad to get rid of me."

"O, I pray, do me the honour to tease me a little bit."

"I will see about it—but now I must go and take the baby from the philosopher down below."

"Who is the gentleman, may I ask, whom you call your philosopher?"

"A very amiable, intelligent and agreeable young man, who has only one fault, that he can't laugh, seldom speaks, and when he speaks, it is only to express his dissatisfaction. He calls himself Herr Von Ormy, and is a visitor to the baths, and wishes them to the—because they smell so of brimstone."

With these words she courted and vanished.

I confess the maiden was pretty enough to tease any of us. I resolved to remain the next day at Cransac and try the baths. Where could I find better company and entertainment? I needed the recreation.

The solitude of my chamber grew wearisome. I went down to look at the beautiful butterfly, Fanchon. She fluttered about, God knows whither. I found no company but Herr Von Ormy who stood drumming a march on the window-pane.

I inquired of him concerning the nature of the baths. He replied, "They smell worse than rotten eggs." I remarked that I had not come particularly on account of the water: "So much the better for you." I observed that the country round seemed to be very agreeable.

"What if it is?" said he, "the folks are so much the more disagreeable." "One might, however, endure a Fanchon pretty well," added I. "As well as a hornet that is forever buzzing about one's head."

Just then I turned my back upon him and he gave a loud cry. I started. I was about to assist him, when I saw Fanchon standing before him in a lovely, menacing posture, with a needle in her hand, with which she just picked his shoulder. "Don't you know, then, my gentleman, that we hornets know how to sting? That is the lightest of my punishments, beware of the heaviest!"

"Then you are going to sting his heart?" said I.

"O, one can do nothing there with Herr Von Ormy," replied she, and quickly vanished.

The young man murmured something and left the room. It was a strange sight to me. I had never before seen a young man, who appeared to be possessed of so many advantages, so insensible to the roguery of a pretty girl.

I cared not to remain alone. I went out to look at the house and its surroundings, and stepped into the garden close by, where Fanchon's younger sister, Annette, was watering the flowers. I watched with pleasure the activity of the pretty creature. I recounted her father's happy. This angel, on the borders of childhood, with all the innocence of that period, and yet already blooming in the opening charms of womanhood, hovering now among the flowers, seemed more bewitchingly ideal than Leonoroda Vinci's Madonna of the Rock.

"Who comes there?" she asked without looking round, when she heard my footsteps.

"A thief!" said I.

"What is he going to steal?" she asked with a laugh, but without looking towards me.

"Annette's prettiest flowers."

With that she sat down the watering-pot, and came half timidly towards me and said: "I should like to see which they are."

I cast my eyes round and saw a half-blown moss-rose. "May I break it?" I asked.

"A thief! must not ask!" she replied, and handed me a little pair of scissors. "I do not steal it for myself!" said I. "To whom will you give that little rose?" she asked.

"To the prettiest girl in Cransac."

"Well, sir, that I will permit. But do you know the girls of Cransac already?"

"You have been here scarcely an hour."

"I only know the prettiest one."

"You make me very curious, sir; pray let me go with you."

"I pray you now, stand still just a moment!" I replied, and quickly stuck the rose in the ribbon which confined her rich brown locks.

"You are mistaken! you are mistaken! My sister Fanchon is the prettiest of all."

"How can you contradict me, lovely Annette? Are you to be the judge in your own case? If I insist that I hold you to be the prettiest of the pretty in Cransac, what have you to say to that?"

"Nothing, but that you convince me that the maiden who is nearest to you is always the prettiest in your eyes."

So we prattled on. She kept the rose. She led me round among all her flower treasures. We were soon very well acquainted, and before the day was over, I was well established in the family. Frau Albert, the mother of the six girls, was an amiable woman, talkative, full of spirits like the rest. Only the surly Ormy kept to his humour amidst all our jests and laughter.

My one day at Cransac grew into eight days. Every evening I packed up for the following morning, and every morning I unpacked. Fanchon kept her word honestly, and, and teased me even more than the philosopher, who remained insensible to all her tricks. Never was I teased so sweetly, so painfully. How could I look unmoved upon the lovely tender, airy Sylphid playing her antics around me? I felt how dangerous she was to my repose, but I armed myself in vain. She herself, scarcely entered into her sixteenth year, dreamed of no peril. She played with Love's arrows, without dreaming of their sharpness. To all the magic of maiden loveliness she added the simplicity of a child. If she said any thing to her particularly tender, she turned it instantly into a jest.

I sometimes thought that some feeling for me was stirring in her heart, when she sat silent, when her look seemed to rest on me with pleasure, and an indefinable, intelligent smile lightened her eyes and seemed to wish to say: "Understand me, incredulous!" But no. It was only her good nature, a certain warm-heartedness which, through her ignorance of the world, finely accorded with the generosity of her mind. She remained ever the same, and evidently felt for me no more than she felt for all to whom she wished well. Coquetry she was not and had no need to be. For she pleased and won all hearts, and knew that she pleased. This did not make her vain, but only inspired her with that thankful friendliness towards all the world, which children show, with whom every one loves to play. And the womanly tenderness, the maidenly goodness which is always found in union with innocence, gave even to her roguery a dignity which permitted none to forget that he could not infringe the bounds of delicacy without for ever forfeiting her esteem.

It sometimes seemed as if the young, misanthropic, Ormy, had greater influence over her than any other. It must be confessed he was a man whose exterior was very pleasing. Even his moody humour had something attractive in it. While nothing went right with him, his bearing towards all was strictly correct. And although he was continually grumbling, he was thoroughly good-hearted. Once I entered the parlour when Fanchon, while he sat with folded arms, and did not even look at her, was parting the hair from his forehead and pretending to smooth the wrinkles out of his brow. I confess, the sight of this intimacy awakened my jealousy. But she was so little serious that, although her parents came in at the same moment with me, she did not alter her position in the least, but went on with the jest, until we all had to laugh. When mention was made of his going, she gave him her advice with a comical gravity: "Go," said she, "with Mr. Captain to Spain. There is the true paradise of man-haters. They kill one another there whenever they meet; and there, Mr. Von Ormy, you will be certain to get clear of folks in one way or another."

Her sister Annette had the same imperturbable joyousness, the same vivacity and grace, only she was more of a child. Consequently there was more earnestness in her than in Fanchon. There was a wondrous elevation in this innocence. Her features were more regular. One might say that she was more beautiful than Fanchon; but it was impossible to determine which was the most lovely.

It delighted me to observe the differences and peculiarities in these two fair creatures. Annette took more to me. The surly mood of Herr Von Ormy did not please her. "It goes against me," said she; "I love the sky, blue and clear." With childish confidence she communicated to me all her little secrets, sought my advice in whatever she proposed. Even about her dress, and what she should wear, my opinion must be given.

The child wove her chains around me. Annette knew how to beseech one to her will most movingly. When I had

intimated my unchangeable determination to leave Cransac at the end of the eight days, I was forced to yield to her, if Ormy, who had resolved to go with me to Perpignan, and who was even more bent upon going than I, would consent to remain a couple of days longer.

I was surprised when Ormy came and begged that our departure should be delayed some days longer. "Have you let yourself be persuaded by Annette?" I asked; "that is what I had not expected of you."

"Ah!" said he, and he passed his hand over his face as if he would chase away a faint smile that stole upon him: "I could not put off the poor child, when I saw that my refusal brought tears into her eyes. I had to enter into an capitulation with the little witch, and she talked me out of eight days more, under the promise that she would not utter a syllable then. And when I yielded at last—and how could I help it?—she fell into a rapture of delight, and even gave me a kiss, a right hearty one."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "for such a price one would readily sell himself or a fellow-traveller."

"You may travel, Mr. Captain, if you will, but my promise binds me. It would be very pleasant to accompany you upon your journey to Perpignan."

I assured him that I was so dependent upon the pleasure of his company, that I should delay my going for a week and besides, that the rest would be beneficial to my sorely restored health.

When I next saw Annette, she hopped and danced with an air of triumph before me.

"Hurrah!" said she, laughing, "one can tame a half-savage, like Mr. Von Ormy, after all!"

"I believe it," said I; "with such powerful means as you used with him, you might overpower me also. But I envy him less the art with which you brought him to capitulate, than the reward which you afterwards gave him."

She smiled and remained silent with an air of indescribable sweetness.

"At least, I may ask," I continued, "without being unreasonable, the same sweet reward which he received without asking."

She looked at me earnestly, with a strange, penetrating expression, while a gentle blush overspread her angel face. Suddenly she turned round and danced off, trilling a ballad. The reward I did not receive. Now first I began to suspect that with her, as with Herr Von Ormy, I had been playing the good-natured fool. I had taken to myself in part what was meant only for Ormy. I pretended to be contented.

The eight days soon passed away. I regretted often afterwards that I had so protracted my stay at Cransac with this captivating family. For ever nearer and closer had I woven my affections into their hearts. Fanchon's beauty had made too deep an impression on me. I loved the maiden with increasing ardour, and was the more unreservedly attached to her as I was convinced that it was not in the slightest degree returned. She was neither more reserved nor more cordial than on the first day we met. She appeared to have a greater interest in the moody Ormy. But truly Ormy was not older than I, nor I any younger than he.

Hitherto, I confess, I had trifled with women without understanding myself. But Fanchon was my first love, and I had need of all my strength to save myself from being ridiculous. At last the hour of departure came; and I was glad it did come, however painful it might be.

The parents were as friendly at the parting as at the arrival. Von Ormy was as cold and dry as any one can be who leaves an inn to continue his journey. Fanchon, who never appeared to me more lovely than at this moment when I was about to leave, showed herself wholly unchanged. They all wished us, with equal kindness, a pleasant journey, accompanying the farewell with some lively sallies, and seeming to make it a point to lessen, as much as possible, the disagreeableness one feels in separating from persons with whom he has spent a number of pleasant days and weeks.

The little Annette alone showed more emotion. She held my hand long; then she ran off, and returned with a fresh-blown moss-rose and put it into my hand, while she showed me a withered one, which I immediately recognized as the one I had given her on the first day of our acquaintance. She uttered not a word. Her countenance wore an expression of melancholy. When I kissed her hand at parting she fell upon my neck, kissed me, and sobbing violently, hastened away.

Now for the first time I saw tears in the eyes of Fanchon and her mother.

We entered our carriage and drove off.

We said little for the first hour or two. Herr Von Ormy sat gloomy in one corner of the carriage, and I in the other. This suited me well. I had to do violence to myself if in his presence, for I could have wept like a child. Fanchon hid her tearful eyes, flitted ever before me.

The next day I was somewhat more composed. We passed through Toulouse and the badly built Carcassonne. My companion, besides not being talkative, opened his mouth only when he found something to blame. "People exist only to plague one another with their folly and crimes," said he. "In palaces and hovels, it's all the same. I am a torment to others, I suppose; but

I am so because they are a torment to me."

"Yet you did not seem to be a torment to the fair Fanchon," replied I "or were you cruel enough to be unjust to the most harmless creature under heaven?"

"I deny it not," he returned. "Children are upon earth like angels of light in hell. And Fanchon is a true child. I avoided the maiden, because I had never in my life seen a lover. I would have remained longer in Cransac, for the nature of the people, who at least did not understand how to hide their weakness or their knavery; but I did not remain because Fanchon was there."

"What a contradiction!" cried I.

"None at all," answered he; "the maiden would perhaps have succeeded in robbing me of all the fruits of my worldly and of myself. She would have made a fool of me, or doubled my wretchedness."

With these words he broke off. I endeavoured in vain to lead him into further conversation about the Albert family with whom he had been living nearly a quarter of a year. He either did not speak, or answered only with a nod of the head or a shrug of the shoulders.

As he had already said at Cransac, it was his intention to go with me to Perpignan and there leave me. His business I knew not. At the second stage beyond Carcassonne he found in the inn a map hanging on the wall. He stood before it for some time, rubbed his forehead, then wrote something in his pocket-book and came to me and said:

"I had best go to Marseilles, and thence to Italy."

Notwithstanding, he took his seat again in the carriage. We rode until it was quite dark. The moon shone brightly. It was impressive almost to solemnity, the ride along the mountains, the sharp outlines of whose cliffs were painted on the clear sky.

Suddenly Mr. Von Ormy, who had appeared to be asleep, turned and looked out to consider the country.

The scenery touched him; he opened his heart, and related to me his story.

It appeared that he had been betrayed both in friendship and in love. And though of noble descent, he had been harshly treated by his mother, his only surviving parent.

While my companion was relating to me the history, we arrived at the post-house of a small town. We determined after a few hours' rest, to continue our journey. I had become deeply interested in my unhappy companion.

The next morning we sat at breakfast. He suddenly broke out: "I have resolved—I shall go to Marseilles, and then to Italy. I must leave you."

I expressed my sorrow at the loss of his company, but did not urge him to accompany me. "Mr. Von Ormy," said I, "through your friendly confidence you have awakened in me the deepest sympathy. I wish it were in my power to show you how highly I esteem you. But alas! I have nothing to give you but good advice."

"And what is that?" said he, gloomily.

"You are unhappy, very unhappy, because with all your excellent qualities you have become very unjust through the worthlessness of persons who deceived you, and who were thrown by chance near you in youth. But it is a common case; whoever begins with trusting too eagerly and rashly, ends with believing and trusting altogether too little. On account of some worthless persons, one must not despise the whole world. How many a noble heart that would gladly have opened itself to you have you probably repulsed! Do not go to Marseilles, or to Italy. You will not recover there. Go to Cransac. You will find your cure in the lovely circle of the Albert family. There they know you. There they have patience with your weakness, and honor for your virtues. And you know that family. Tell me, which member of it is of a worse temper than your own? And if the good people at Cransac resemble yourself, why do you struggle against your conviction, to find them lovely?"

All this I said from my heart. He took no offence at my freedom. But murmuring a word or two, he went out to order horses. He accompanied me to my carriage. We embraced like old friends. He seemed to be much moved. I pressed him once more to my breast and whispered to him: "In Cransac is your physician." So we parted.

Arrived at Perpignan, I learned from the General that my regiment had already six days before set out for Catalonia. At the same time he very agreeably surprised me with a brevet. The emperor had made me a major. I hastened and entered immediately into active service.

We fought with the Spaniards a couple of years with various fortune. I will not here enter into any of the particulars of our engagements. They are known, and the deeds of individuals disappear in the mighty mass of events.

We had a hard service, almost daily marches and skirmishes. Soil and climate were against us. My pleasant moments were when I could be by myself and dream. And of what did I dream? Of Cransac and Fanchon. Her image was so continually before me that I amused myself by cutting out her profile in paper, and I always succeeded in hitting it.

For the rest, I lived in Spain as in garrison, very retired. My comrades called me the misanthropic. Indeed I almost fell into the state from which I

would so gladly have delivered Herr Von Ormy. But I reached the same condition by a very opposite way. I had become indifferent to society—I avoided it, as I could, not because men had deceived me but because I never hoped to find people so amiable as the Cransac family. Whoever has become possessed of the rare, cares not for the common. The death of my father, who left me a respectable estate and the hopelessness of retiring from the service aggravated my peculiar mood of mind.

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