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THOMAS WELSH,

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To Prompt attention given to all business entrusted whise care.

November 28, 1857.

DR. G. W. MIFFLIN, DENTIST, Locust street, a few doors above the Odd Fellows Half, Columbia, Pa.

H. M. NORTH, A TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW Columbia, Pa.
Collections, Fromptly made, in Lancaster and York Sounties. Columbia. May 4, 1850.

J. W. FISHER. Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Columbia, September 6, 1856-if C. D. HOTTENSTEIN, M. D.,

SURGON AND PHYSICIAN, Columbia, Pa. Office in the rooms lately occupied by Dr. L. S. Filbert. May 14, 1859-1f. S. Atlee Bockius, D. D. S.

PRACTICES the Operative, Surgical and Mechan-lical Departments of Dentistry.
OFFICE Locust street, between the Franklin House and Post Office, Cotumbia, Pa

Nov. 13. 1858. Corner HENRY SUYDAM. GEORGE J. SMITH, WHOLESALE and Retail Bread and Cake

W Baker.—Constantly on hand a variety of Cakes bo numerous to mention, Crackers; Soda, Wine, Seroll, and Sugar Bisenti; Confectionery, of every description, &c., &c. LOUST STRIET, Fob. 2, '56. Between the Bank and Franklin House. TUST received, three dozen Dr. Brunon's

Vegetable Bivers, a certain cure for Dyspepsia also, a fresh lot of vap Sago and Pine Apple Cheese Parina and vorn Starch, at D. HERR'S Sept 5, 1857. Grocery and Liquor Store. TUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Glass Ink Stands, at the News Depot. Columbia, April 18, 1857.

CHEWING TOBACCO. AT HENRY PFAHLER'S, Locust street, opposite the AFranklin House, can be had CUBA LEAF, CON-GRESS, and several other brands of the best Chewing Tobacco, to which the attention of chewers is invited. May 1, 1835.

IMPORTED Lubin's, also, Glenn's Double Extraction the handkerchief, at

L tor the handkerchief, at HARRY GREEN'S,
Feb. 19, '59. Opposite Cola, Bridge, Front St. NOTICE.

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The Best Sweet Caven lish,

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BAGLEY'S GOLD PENS. FRESII lot of lot A. G. Bugley's Gold Pens, A of different sizes and prices, just received, at SAYLOR & McDONALD'S, Head Quarters and News Depot, Front street, see and door above Locust.

Murch 27, 1858.

DROOMS .-- 100 Doz. Brooms, at Wholesale J or Retail, at Dec. 12, 1857 H. PPAHLER'S, Locust street. CINE'S Compound of Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Hoarhound, for the cure of Cou-te, Whooping Cough, Croup, &c. For sale at McCORKLE & DELLETTS

McCURKLE & DELLETT'S Family Medicine Store, Odd Fellows' Hall October 23, 1858. Patent Steam Wash Boilers. THESE well known Boilers are kept constantly of hand at Locust street, opposite the Franklin House. Columbia, July 18, 1857.

Oats for sale by the bushel or larger quantity by B. F. APPOLD, Columb in Dec. 25, 1858.

Canal Basin.

FXTRA and Superfine Plour, Buckwhent Flour, Corn Meal, and whole Corn and Onle, a ner of Third and Union streets. [Jan. 8, 159.

THORN'S Extract of Copaiba and Sarsaparilla, for sale at the Golden Mortur Drug Store.

March 27, 1858. TOBACCO and Segars of the best brands,

BRUNER'S. PRESERVE YOUR FRUITS. WILLOUGHBY'S Putent Air-Tight Stopper, for Pruit Preserving Cams and Jers. This is a new patent, and is entirely effectual in excluding the nirreless to be dued to any kind of Jar or Can. The subscriber he sole agent for Columbia. A farge supply of Jars and Cans of all kinds and sizes kept constantly on hand.

HENRY PFAILER.

HENRY PFAHLER. Locust street, Columbia, Pa. June 13, 1859-Soap. 25 Boxes of Duffey Brown Soap on hand and for sale low at the corner of Third and Union Sts.
August 6, 1859.

JUST Received another beautiful lot of Vanilla
Beaus, at J. S. DELLETT & COS
Golden Mortar Drug Store, Front Street.

Suffer no longer with Corns. A T the Golden Mortar Drug Store you can procure A an article which is warranted to remove Corns to 43 hours, without pain or soreness.

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SUPERIOR article of Fly Paper, for the destruc-tion of Piles, &c., has just been received at the rug Store of R WILLIAMS, Front street.

Harrison's Columbian Ink. W HIGH is a superior article, permanently black. W and not corroding the pen, can be had in any quantity, at the Family Medicine Store, and blacker yet is that English Boot Polish.

New Brand of Chewing Tobacco. FENDRICH & BROS, Front street, Columbia, Pa

Aug. 13, '59.

Selections.

Monsieur Bodry's Apparition.

CHAPTER I. Exactly one hundred years ago, there lived in Paris, in the Rue Saint Martin, a rich silk merchant named Gombert. He was an only child, a beautiful girl of nineteen. who was no less admired for her personal which she was likely one day to inherit. Madeleine Gombert was, indeed, the great match of the quarter in which the silk merchant dwelt, and if she did not marry it was not certainly for want of suitors. A hundred years ago the reign of the Encyclopedists had begun, their doctrines had penetrated far and wide, and religion was going out of fashion; but a stranger accidentally dropping into the church of Saint Merri, on a Sunday morning, would men who knelt at mass and sat out the sermon, that devotion had-at all events-lost no ground in that quarter of the city. He would, however, have been wrong; the cause of this crowd of devotees arising simply from the fact, that Saint Merri was the parish church of Monsieur Gombert and his daughter, and that to see and possibly attract the notice of the beautiful Madeleine, had a great deal more to do with their attendance than the sincerity of their faith, or their admiration for the preacher .-Whether Madeleine Gombert was aware, or not, of the sensation which her presence excited, I will not pretend to say; the chances are, that feminine instinct set her right on this point, though it did not influence her conduct. As for Monsieur Gombert, he

ly in all he saw. Of course, it was never intended by nature or custom, by Madeleine Gombert or her father, that the possessor of so much wealth should go to the grave unwed. Her marriage had, in fact, been a thing decided on, after the usual French mode of that time-where there was anything to marry for-while she was yet a child. The busiess of the silk merchant of the Rue Saint Martin had thrown him in very close relations with a rich manufacturer of the city son should marry Mons. Gombert's daugh-

Although the proposed marriage of Hentheir parents, which needed no consent on mote. the part of the contracting parties, still, with the view of making them acquainted, Mons. he came of age; on which occasion the nuptials were to take place. The young man felt, without doubt, a certain degree of curiosity respecting the person who was to be his partner for life; but-if the truth must be told .- he was, though of feeble constitution and uncertain health, extremely Merri. fond of pleasure. Then as now. Paris was the focus of enjoyment, and to have his full wing of the capital before he settled down for good was the thing of all others which the young Lyonuese most ardently desired .-Supplied then with a full purse and the letwhich constituted his sole credentials, Henri Bodry set out from his native city about the latter end of November, in the year seventeen hundred and fifty-seven.

A hundred years ago, the journey from Lyons to Paris was an affair of time. Ordinary travelers usually went by roulage, and consumed nearly twenty days on the road; but the wealthier middle classes aspired to the coche, a lumbering carriage without springs, nearly as heavy and almost as slow as the public wagon, but infinitely more genteel. As the roulier did not comport with the dignity of Henri Bodry, he took the coche. In those days of rare intercourse between places separated by any great distance, it seldom happened that the traveller, who was going all the way, met with a companion similarly intentioned .-For the most part, people descended at intermediate towns, where others supplied their places; but it not unfrequently chanced that a dreary blank with no new faces interrened, creating that worst of all sensations a Frenchman can experience, the intolerable

nnui of having nobody to talk to. occupant of the coche, and this irksome sola large room, containing four beds, the of the case. usual compliment at that time, Henri was left to sup and sleep, and make it out how ho might until eight o'clock on the follow- Blaireau should go as he proposed; but he here at this hour?" ing morning, when the vehicle would be once more in motion.

supper, a stranger entered the apartment, man, apparently about the same age as Bodry, good-looking, and of a cheerful, pleasant countenance. After bestowing a glance on the occupant of the chamber, the stranger about sixty years of age, a widower, with looked about him, as if to see which bed was unoccupied, and then took possession of one of them by throwing his cloak, hat, attractions than for the handsome fortune and valise upon it. This act of appropriation performed, he approached the table asked him if he was traveling, and which his age, Henri at once told him his destina-Bodry was delighted to have a companion

> wine for which Macon is still so famous, the young men rapidly made acquaintance. At twenty years of age there are no reerves; Bodry entered into his own affairs without the slightest concealment, described marriage.

most rerdily; the supper was soon served,

and over a bottle of Moulin a Vent, the

eau,--the son of an avocat at Bourg enwas as far as possible from putting a right Bresse; that he was not over-burthened with construction on this peculiar demonstration; money, but hoped to acquire it by following to doubt was not his habit. He accepted his father's profession, after he had studied everything literally, and believed religiouswas not his choice; he would rather have a tribute to his own personal qualities. spent a fortune than be at the trouble of making one, -but what would you have?

was sure to agree to.

of Lyons, of the name of Bodry. As the during the latter part of their journey was sion of every other. Even when conscious connection increased, the desire arose on the question where they should lodge on of his own danger, he still continued the each side to cement it by the union of the their arrival in the capital. Bodry knew theme. two families. Monsieur Bodry had an only nothing of Paris, and therefore made no obson, Monsieur Combert an only daughter. jection to the Quartier Latin when it was never felt before as I feel now. Should I the house with the rest, was thought the in the guttural German. "I see nothing." Could anything be more natural than a proposed by Blaireau; so they went to the die, Henri Blaireau, promise me here, that compact between two capitalists, the terms | Ecu d'Argent, in the Rue des Carmes-an | you will still be Henri Bodry. Think what of which should be, that Monsieur Bodry's auberge which the latter had heard his a desolation it would be to Monsieur Gom-Bodry and Madeleine Combert was an ar- part of the town, but the college was near husband she expected. No, no, I am not rangement of ten years' standing between and the residence of Mons. Combert not re- light-headed, I know very well what I say.

Notwithstanding this proximity, it seemed that neither love nor law was meant to be

home, accident led them through the Rue and then fell back dead. Saint Martin, and a qualm of conscience came over Bodry when he remembered that he had been already three weeks in the capter of introduction to Monsieur Gombert, tion or making any inquiries after Monsieur the ticking of one of those large clocks, He sat by his friend's bedside all night, very great. ministered to all his wants, soothed him by his care and encouraged him by his conver-

the latter cheerless character; for, after sisted in declaring that the visit must imme-

This last suggestion operated singularly tion gave him a glimmer of courage. on the mind of the feverish invalid. Yes! must present himself as the real Bodry-| sepulchral voice.

With a long November evening before keep Blairenu entirely out of sight—and by, "How! Death! Has any misfortune ar- mate elevation in rank, and extreme pros- deed ultimately proved more valuable tohim, the prospect was not a pleasant one; and by, when he was able to appear in per-rived?" but, while he was waiting for his promised son, they might make merry over the joke dre sed as if for a journey, and carrying a bated this proposition at first; but, finding invite you to his funeral?" small valise in his hand. He was a young | that his objections only increased his friend's nervous irritability, he consented.

His task was not a difficult one, for Monsieur Gombert knew very little of his correspondent's domestic affairs, and nothing personally of his future son-in-law. The falling, Madeleine and old Petronille, the the progress and termination of the first Na- aspiring to aid his troops in their temporary with all the effusion which the approaching rushed into the counting-house. They connection seemed to warrant, and met with supposed Monsieur Combert was in a fit, a demonstration no less cordial. It was in and hastily applied such remedies as they where Bodry sat, and, without any preamble. Monsieur Gombert's counting-house that the could devise. After a few minutes the silk greeting took place, but, the greeting over, way he was going. With the frankness of the scene was changed to an inner apartment, where Madeleine with her bonne, who tion, at which the new-comer expressed had nursed her from her cradle, was occugreat satisfaction, he being also bound for pied with her embroidery. A feeling al-Paris, and, as freely as he had inquired, most akin to envy was Blaireau's first senwent on to say that he had come some dis- sation on seeing the beautiful girl to whom tance across the country, was very cold and Bodry was betrothed, but it lasted only a hungry, and, if Monsieur had not already moment, being quickly superseded by the have concluded, from the number of young eaten his supper, would be most happy in pleasure he experienced in looking at, and being permitted to share that meal with him. conversing with her. At the end of a couple the instant you called out. There was not of hours he found himself head over ears in the shadow of a person in the room." so agreeable, and acquiesced in the proposal love. On the other hand, the impression which he appeared to have made on Monsieur Combert and his daughter, and on the was no living being." old nurse, who had a voice in everything. was all he could have desired, provided al- leine, "to tell us what is the matter. You and, for anything we know, could make when bullets whistled around, and she was ways that he had been Henri Bodry, and not his temporary substitute.

Unwillingly at last, he rose to take his his position, stated the object of his journey departure, and lingered as he pressed the and fairly acknowledged, in reply to a hand of Madeleine Gombert, which was not, laughing question from the other, that he he fancied, too suddenly withdrawn; neither had no great vocation for his impending did the expression of her countenance convey the idea that he would not be welcome In return of this confession, the stranger when he renewed his visit. All this was supped well on that famous goose of Alenaid his name also was Henri-Henri Blair- consistent enough with the relation in which Henri Bodry stood towards the family Gom- gundy, in honor of Monsieur Bodry"-the and vigor, milk-maids are not prone-that ninety-nine Frenchmen out of a hundred enough law at the college in the Rue St. would have entertained-that no small Jean de Beauvais. As to the law itself, it share of the reception accorded to him was

On his return to the Rue des Carmes, he found Henri Budry much worse. A physi-The intimacy which thus sprang up be- cian was sent for; Blairens was unremitting tween the travelers was not diminished by in his attention, but the fever increased the time they reached Paris. On the con- alarmingly, and as evening drew on, he betrary, it had grown into a strong friendship. gan to fear for his friend's life. At Bodry's Their habits and tastes were so closely al- request, Blaireau related to him all the par- them, dreading to behold some hideous aplied, that what the one proposed, the other ticulars of the interview in the Rue Saint parition. Martin, and the subject still engrossed the Amongst the subjects which engaged them | mind of the sick young man, to the exclu-

"I have often been ill," he said, "but father traise, when slightly in his cups, as bert and Madeleine to be told of my death! being the only place in Paris for drinking Marry her, for my sake; then, I shall feel Vin de Beaune. It was not a fashionable that I have done my duty in giving her the half an hour he returned, with a counte-Unless you promise this, I cannot die con-

Blaireau felt convinced that his friend's Budry one fine morning, consented to the request of his son, that he might go to Paris and Blaireau. Together they saw the Mar- he again promised all that was required. ionettes on the Boulevard du Temple, to- For half an hour Bodry remained silent, and gether they went to dance at the gardens of his anxious attendant believed he slept; but the Colisee: together they dined at the Mou-suddenly he rose up in bed, and a distresslin de Janelle, the most celebrated of all the ing change was apparent; his breathing beextra-mural taverns of Paris; together, they came short and thick, his voice was faint went everywhere, in short, except to the and low, the hand of death was evidently College of Law and the Church of Saint upon him. Grasping Blaireau's arm convulsively, as if striving to draw him closer. One evening, when they were returning he feebly whispered the word "Remember!"

CHAPTER II. It was ten o'clock at night, and Mons. Gombert was alone in his counting-house. ital without delivering his letter of introduc- Everything was silent in the apartment but Gombert and Mad'lle Madeline. A qualm white-faced, blue-figured, and highly beof conscience sometimes arises from a physi- dizened with gilding, which we call of the cal cause. Henri Bodry was a little out of age of Louis Quatorze, though they belong sorts, and proposed-like a certain gentles to the time of his great grandson. That man when he fell sick-to do something ex- clock had just struck ten, and the last stroke traordinary by way of amendment. When had hardly coased to vibrate when Monhe reached the Ecu d'Argent, however, he sieur Gombert, who happened to raise his felt so much worse that he went directly to head, became aware of some one who was bed; in the course of the night he was seized standing near the door. He had not heard

"Who is there?" he asked with hesitation. "Is that-you-Jacques?"

Jacques was Monsieur Gombert's confi Bodry's discourse turned chiefly on what detial clerk; but no Jacques replied, and the loss of her lover. She also sought comwas uppermost in his mind at the moment the silk merchant remained speechless, with fort in devotion, and instead of going now of his seizure; and his desire to make the his eyes still fixed on the figure, which now and then when the day was fine, went regulong-neglected visit was increased by a let- slowly advanced a few steps, and, as it larly morning and evening to mass in the ter which arrived from Lyons, asking him seemed to him, without a noise. As the church of Saint Merri. many questions respecting the silk mor- figure drew nearer, though the light from his chant's family. But it was in vain he strove solitary candle was very dim, Monsieur to rise; the fever still held him in thrall; Gombert perceived a pale, hollow face, Heuri Bodry's prospect at starting was of yet, in the perversity of his malady, he per- which were an expression of great anxiety; the eyes were wide open and glittered expassing Trevoux, he found himself the sole diately be paid. Henri Blaireau arged that ceedingly, and a quantity of dark hair names are famous in history or prominent think the look of gratitude which beamed called golden, her ruddy checks blooming, Monsieur Gombert was not aware of his streamed wildly. Monsieur Gombert gasped among the heroic traditions of war, how itude lasted until he reached the ancient being in Paris, with various other argu- for utterance, but it was denied him. The large is the proportion composed of those city of Macon. The coche, as soon as it ments, and concluded by saying that, if his appearance came nearer still, and then who have greatness thrust upon them, comwas dark, put up for the night at the au- friend desired it, he would go to the Rue Monsieur Gombert imagined-but doubted, berge called the Cross of Bargundy, and in Saint Martin and explain the circumstances notwithstanding—that—that he recognized true courage, perseverance, boldness and safeatures he had lately seen. This supposi-

"The greatest that can happen to man

"You! you! But you are Henri Bodry!" "I was-this morning!"

"Ah! Mon Dieul" exclaimed the me chant, and fell senseless from his stool. At his outcry and the noise he made i worthy silk merchant embraced his visitor bonne, who were at work in the next room, poleon's wars.

> "Where is he?" he said, looking round with horror. "Who, sir?" asked Madeleine. "Wha

merchant opened his eyes.

do you mean?" "Who?" he repeated slowly, again look-

ing round him, "Who? Henry Bodry. He was here this moment." "Impossible, sir!" said Petronille. "You

were alone when we came, which we did on

"I beseech you, my father," said Made-

look ill and frightened." "I have reason to be so," replied Mons.

Gombert. 'I have seen a spirit." He then, as collectedly as he could, re-

lated what had occurred "This is a fancy," said Madeleine. Mon-

sieur Gombert shook his head. "A dream," observed Petropille. very sleepy, an indigestion arrived-therel" Ingenious reasoning, but not satisfactory

to Monsieur Gombert. "I saw him," he persisted, "as distinctly Madeleine and Petronille with some of his and in this narrative, with the courteous own fear; they also looked timidly about readers leave, shall be called Caroline.

Mademoiselle Gombert was the first to egain her presence of mind. "Let somebody be sent at once to ask

news of him." This suggestion was immediately adopted. Jacques, the confidential clerk, who lived in most proper person to employ; and, without being made aware of the motive which had Johanna, raising her hand and pointing. led to his errand, was directed to ask if Monsieur Henri Bodry, would come and see and loud reports, which gave her an idea, Monsieur Gombert directly. In less than expressed curtly enough. nance much discomposed:

gentleman who came here this morning so you." For Caroline showed symptoms of full of life and spirits, died about an hour

Madeleine Gombert was thunderstruck. She could scarcely believe her ears. But which ought to reconcile us to her ultimateit was more than astonishment. There was ly. "Come on, I tell you, foo!! they won't a pang at her hear." That fine, handsome hurt us!" young man, who so much interested her!

Monsieur Gombert felt very ill, and went at once to bed. Old Petronille and his the milk-let the people want their breakdaughter kept watch beside him with as fasts for once." many candles burning as there were candlesticks in the house to hold them; and, further, to scare away all evil spirits, Made- lion's mouth. When it was too late, even of how great a victory had been wen. leine read aloud the Office des Morts, Monsieur Gombert joining fervently at the end found themselves right in the midst of Prusof every psalm with the anthem "Hen mihi!'

silk merchant by the sudden death of his a momentary forced cessation of hostilities correspondent's son, that he did not get the on the side of the assaulting party, and, in feared perhaps to return to Grimm, where better of the shock for several days. To fact, the French were rapidly gaining the attend Henri Bodry's funeral was entirely advantage. An accident had occurred .out of the question; and the knowledge that Close before Johanna and Carolino, a cart it had taken place while he was confined to laden with cartridges had been overturned, his room, materially contributed to his re- and its contents were strewed on the ground. covery.

"Once fairly underground," though Monwith a violent fever, and, though it in some anybody enter, perhaps because he had sieur Gombert, "he is not so likely to pay degree abated the following morning, he re- been absorbed in his accounts, and his one another visit, unless-unless"-and this to this wretch, and held a draught of milk mained very ill. Nothing could exceed the astonishment-not unmixed with fear, for doubt harrassed him sorely, "unless he is to his dying lips, but Johanna claps her scallion soldiers, who ate, drank and dekindness and attention of Henry Blaireau. he was of a nervous and timid nature-was vexed at my not having complied with his hands, crying outrisbes.'

As for Madeleine, poor girl, she talked ver the sad event with old Petronille; it was the only consolation she could find for

TTO BE CONTINUED.

The White Apron. It might be a surious question, worth asking and ascertaining, of persons whose

gacity, have achieved it for themselves? It is at all events one that rises to the "My friend," he said, "what brings you mind after hearing the story of Johanna quent homage, the brilliant fortune show- comes to every beholder as Venus' own; must not say a word about his illness, he "Death!" answered the figure, in a deep, who, by no particular effort of her own, avaricious grasp, was busily employed in mystified by the bandage of her own eyes,

perity. In 1813 the French, greatly to the disgust

and laugh itentirely away. Blaireau com- Henri Bodry died an hour ago. I come te of the conquered, still occupied Luneberg. around. A time, however, was at hand when the power that deemed itself all but omnipotent, was to totter, and presently fall down amidst lonel rides hastily up. He has no idea of the well earned execrations of all Europe. maid which is the object of this paper, not citement of action-as an ardent heroine-

> On the outskirts of Luneberg there stood then, and very possibly still remains, a lit- hold enough; fill your apron. Quick! here, tle settlement of milch farm-houses. The young woman!" (to Caroline, who still knelt inhabitants of this village which is called by the dying,) "do the same-as one goes Grimm, carried on a brisk trade by supply- the other can come back!" ing the lacteal fluid in large quantities to these farms for the important article of diet. flaming with loud voice, stern in command, Our heroine, Johanna, was employed in one indisputable in authority. Johanna was of these rural dairies, and was, in short, just quite unconscious of the admiration with a milkmaik and nothing more. Truth com- which the great man, whom she took for a Little enough of the picturesque in our Jo- made the girl obey, and, indeed, as her re-"The shadow!" returned Monsieur Gom- charms accompanied moreover by locks ance of the duty imposed was, however, as

> > headed, dairy-woman.

dection.

Little indeed Johanna dreamed whenders-she issued forth on a certain morning. pher fairly owns to have been unable to ascertain: little did she dream or think-supnosing she was even in the habit of thinking. cou-you had more than one glass of Bur- to which practice, luckily for their health bert; but, somehow or other, Blaireau could silk merchant shivered-"over your books fortune was waiting still, in no far-off nook, not divest himself of the notion-which after supper, a wrong time, you became to invest her with all that the heart of woman is said-mind, only siad-to love best, viz.: rank, homage, wealth, and fame.

By Johanna's side, on that memorable morning, came forth at the same time, simas I see either of you. It was the face of larly laden, a being, gentler and fairer dend man. He invited me to his funeral." though in all likelihood no better nurtured These words and the earnestness with or cultivated than her companion. This which Monsieur Gombert spoke infected young person was an assistant dairymaid,

> These girls were bound on their usual errand, taking to Luneberg supplies of rich creamy fluid. They chatted and sang and laughed on their road from Grimm to Luneberg, a distance of probably not more than a mile and a half. Suddenly, as they were nearing the city, Johanna halted.

"What dost thou stare at?" says Caroline "Canst hear neither, perhaps," answered And now indeed Caroline heard sharp

"Fighting, eh!" quoth Caroline.

"Come on," answered Johanna; "the turning back towards Grimm, a tendency to cowardism which plainly proves her to have no pretensions to be a heroine, and

"No; but the bullets may. Hark! there they go-pop! pop! Johanna, never mind

But, arguing thus, they still walked on: and, as it proved, marched right into the for women as they were, to retreat, they sian and Russian soldiers, who, up to that moment, had been pouring their fire against So much affected, indeed, was the honest Luneberg. There was, however, just then, No one was near it save a dead trooper or two, and one who was just expiring. Caroline, tender and thoughtful woman, ran up

"Rouleaux! rouleaux! Come quick, and help me Caroline!"

She took the cartridges for rouleaux of coin, which they somewhat resemble. Johanna and her companions both wore large white aprons with big pockets, not like those of grisettes on the stage, but good substantial ones, fit to hold a half-quartern loaf .-Johanna filled these as quickly as she could pick her spoil up, quite oblivious to the bul- the Schloss Luneberg, and Johanna sat at lets from Luneberg, which hailed around the monarch's right hand. Robust and her-as oblivious of them, in her thirst for florid as she was, no belle attracted such getting quickly rich, as was Caroline, for a universal notice or admiration as this fortuhetter, holier motive. In after times, I hate mill ma'd. Her glowing hair was from the dying soldier's eyes, the broken and her form was admired for its strength, words of blessing which dropped from his lif it was not exactly extolled for grace; white lips, must have been a dearer, more Success is your true beautifier-the elixir pared to individuals who, by the virtues of blessed memory to the heart of her who, which bestows youth and beauty; and which naturally timid, forgot that timidity under fails in its effect only when the sun of Forthe influence of woman's holiest promptings tune sets. The girdle of good luck once of tenderness and mercy, than the subse- thrown around the thickest waist, it be-Stogen, a fortunate milkmaid of Luneberg, ered on the being who, with eager eyes and and those whom the blind goddess has

wards her aggrandizement than the gold for which she took the packages strewed

But Johanna's career of greedy acquirement is speedily stopped. A Prussian cothe girl's self-deception. He hastily dubs But it is the story of the fortunate milk- her in his mind-a mind heated by the exdistress.

"My brave girl! these pockets will not

There was no murmur of disobedience Luncberg, which city depended mainly on possible. Here was the terrible Prussian pels her biographer to state that there was general at least, viewed her. I'car alone hanna's personal appearance, and that she treat was by this time cut off by a body of had even more than the usual bucolic attri- advancing troops, to go back was impossibutes of robust health and florid bloom, ble, to go forward unadvisable. Her accepthert. "Ah, that is it. The shadow. It whose redness was a fact beyond all contra- prompt and ready as if the action had really emanated from herself. Sae was always But Fate, the mighty, can overcome all; sturdy and bustling, and not less so now, even an empress, of a short, stout, red- in mortal fear. Quickly she filled her apron and as quickly ran with her burden to the poor fellows who, for the want of them, her milk-pail slung from her square shoul- were rapidly picked off by the French fire, man by man. As she returned, Caroline the exact date of which the present biogra- performed the same good office; so, backwards and forwards, amidst a rattling fire, midst vollies of no less fiery oaths, midst blood, carnage, the groans of the dying, the carcasses of the dead, did Johanna Stegen and Caroline Burger carry pail after pail of eartridges, distributing them to the troopers till the day advanced, and the allies had gained the victory-gained it, as all to a man declared by the heroic conduct of a woman-that woman Johanna Stegen.

Caroline, her pale face heated by the danger and stern excitement of the scene, equally arduous, equally-even more generously--oblivious of danger, is permitted, unnoticed, unthanked, to make her way back as best she can to Grimm, there to umaze the pastoral inhabitants with the recital of that adventurous and blood stained morning

Our Johanna was not too much overpowered by bashfulness to remain on the field, waiting for applause and thanks. She had wit enough to see that she was appreciated beyond what she merited. However. just then, every one was too basy with rejoicing and hopes of plunder to notice her,

whom they considered victress of the day. As, weary and disappointed, she was about to return to Grimm, the same Colonel who had directed the milk-girl's effort rode up to her, hot, and ready to drop off his horse with fatigue.

"My girl-quick-your apron-give it to "Sir," said he, to Monsieur Gombert, "I milk must go to Luncberg, if Bony himself me! Not a word-off with it-that's right. bring you very sad tidings. The young be there! We're late enough now, I tell Now your name-Johanna-Johanna what? Johanna Stegen. So! Now my lads, on ward! Stragglers, fall back!"

And thereupon one of the stragglers, who could not comprehend what that grand, terrible, tierce suldier could want with her apron, now half dirty, stained with blood and the moisture of her weary brow, fell back at the word of command, and presently changing her mind about Grimm, she slowly followed in the rear of the army, who acknowledged her as its preserver, and who by this time had hoisted her apron in front of the troops as an ensign and emblem

Arrived at Luneberg, our milkmaid-who as yet, knew not she might place the adjective fortunate before her name-went at once to the house of her mother, who (a noor widow) gained hard bread and little enough salt by cleaning and washing. She heroism was likely to kick the beam when weighed against the loss of sundry pails of milk, wasted or seized by thirsty fellows as lawful spoil, and for which she had not the means of paying. She claimed the shelter of the maternal roof, and related her adventure to her mother-not without many repronches on the part of that virtuous matron for interfering amongst a parcel of rapvoured that night at the expense of Lune-

But Johann 's triumph rose next day with the sun. The King of Prussia took possession of the city, and the first act of royalty was to make a proclamation for the owner of the White Apron, who was by no means backward in creeping forth from her obscurity.

That night a grand banquet was held at save a forced compliance, rose to fame, ulti- cramming her pockets with that which in lare, at any time, ready to swear black is