THE STORY OF A CONSCRIPT. (From the Catholic World.)

Zunnier, saying:

artillerie a cheval?

'I have that honor, monsier the carrier.'

other, handing him a little package and a large

Zumner was stupified, never having received

a letter or anything from home or anywhere

else. He opened the packet-a box appeared

-then the box-and saw the cross of bonor.-

He became pale: his eyes filled with tears, he

'Satisfied! I need but one thing more.'

'You must ask Monsieur Tardieu, the surgeon

He went away laughing, while we ascended

'Pardon, major; but I am more than usually

· I can easily believe you,' said Monsteur

'If you will be so good, for myself and my

The surgeon had examined my wound the day

before. He took out his portfolio and gave us

passes. We sallied forth as proud as kings-

I walked dreamily through the streets, led by

'There-there is the church of St. Nicholas;

He seemed to remember every stone, having

been there in 1807, before the battle of Fried

'We are the same here as if we were in

France. The people wish us well. After the

Saxony, and gave him a good since of Poland.

'Hold! Here is the Golden Sheep Brewery.

The front is on the other street, but we can

I followed him into a narrow, winding passage,

which led to an old court, surrounded by rubble

walls. To the right was the brewery, and in a

corner a great wheel, turned by an enormous

dog, which pumped the beer to every story of

The clinking of glasses was heard coming

from a room which opened on the Rue de Tilly.

The sweet smell of the new March beer filled

the air, and Zunnier, with a look of satisfaction,

'Yes, here I came six years ago with Ferre

bones at Smolensk; and Ferre must now be at

At the same time he pushed open the door,

saw, through the thick, gray atmosphere, a long

row of tables, surrounded by men drinking-the

were mostly students, and the oldest of them-a

tall, withered looking man, with a red nose and

ing upon a table, reading the gazette aloud .-

He held the paper in one hand, and in the other

listening with the deepest interest; and as we

entered, they shouted 'Vaterland! Vater-

They touched glasses with the Saxon soldiers.

while the tall student bent over to take up his

arm in arm, to ask permission of the surgeon

major, an old man, who had heard the 'Vive l'Empereur!' and demanded gravely:

Zonnier showed his cross and replied:

Tardieu; 'you want a pass to the city.'

Zunnier of his cross, I, of my letter.

three balls rang and rang again.

' You are satisfied,' he said.

' And what is that?'

' What is the matter?'

comrade, Joseph Bertha.

kept repeating:

is the Hotel de Ville?

land, and continued:

and cried:

enter here. Come.'

merry.?

The carrier looked on smiling.

' Permission to go to the city.'

'You may imagine my wrath, Josephel; I could not see clearly; I wanted to demolish everything; and, as they told me that Passauf was at the Grand-Cerf brewery, thither I started, looking neither to the right nor to the left. There I saw him drinking with two or three other rogues. As I rushed forward he cried, "There comes Christian Zunnier! How goes it, Christian? Margredel sends you her compliments.' I seized a glass, which I hurled at his head, and broke to pieces, saying, 'Give her that for my wedding present, you beggar ! The others, seeing their friend thus maltreated, very naturally fell upon me. I knocked two or three of them down with a jug, jumped on a table, sprang through a window, and beat a retreat.'

'It was time,' 1 thought.

But that was not all, he continued, 'I had scarcely reached my mother's when the gendermerie arrived, and they arrested me. They put me on a wagou and conducted me from my brigade to my regiment, which was at Strasbourg. I remaind six weeks at Finckmatt, and would probably have received the ball and chain, if we did not have to cross the Rhine to Hohenlinden.

From that day, Josephel, the thought of marriage never troubled me. Don't talk to me of a soldier who has a wife to think of. Look at our generals who are married, do they fight as they used to?"

I could not answer, for I do not know; but day after day I waited anxiously to hear from home, and my joy can be more easily imagined than described when, one day, a large, square letter was handed me. I recognized Monsieur Goulden's bandwriting.

'Well,' said Zunnier, laughing, 'it is come at last.

I did not answer, but thrust the letter in my pocket, to read it at leisure and alone. I went to the end of the garden and opened it. Two or three apple-blossoms dropped upon the ground, with an order for money, on which Monsieur Goulden had written a few words. But what touched me must was the handwriting of Catharine, which I gazed at without reading a word, while my heart heat as if about to burst through my bosom. At last I grew a little Metz, or Strasbourg, or any other city in once more in the street, he continued: calmer and read:

I yet love you alone, and that, day by day, I for us. The citizens would take three or four them in something? love you more.

My greatest grief is to know that you are wounded, in a hospital, and that I cannot take care of you. Since the conscripts departed, we have not had a moment's peace of mind. My mother says I am silly to weep night and day, but she weeps as much as I, and her wrath talls. heavily on Pinacle, who scarcely now dare come to the market-place. When we heard the battle had taken place, and that thousands of men had fallen, mother ran every morning to the rost-office, while I could not move from the house. At last your letter came, thank heaven! to cheer us. We hope now to see you again, but God's will be done.

' Many people talk of peace, but the Emperor so loves war, that I fear it is far off.

' Now, Monsieur Goulden wishes to say a few words to you, so I will close. The weather is beautiful here, and the great apple tree in the garden is full of flowers; I have plucked a few which I send in this letter. God bless you, cried: Joseph, and farewell.'

As I finished reading this, Zunnier arrived, and Rousillon. Poor Rousillon! he left his

and in my joy, I said: 'Sit down, Zunnier, and I will read you my home in his village, for he lost a leg at Wagsweetheart's letter. You will see whether she ram.' is a Margredel.?

'Let me light my pipe first,' he answered; and we entered a lofty hall, full of smoke. I and having done so, he added: 'Go on, Josephel, but I warn you that I am an old bird, and do not believe all I hear; women are more greater number in short coats and little caps, cusning than we.'

Notwithstanding this bit of philosophy, I read Catharine's letter slowly to him. When I had ended, he took it, and for a long time gazed at long flazen beard, stained with beer-was standit dreamily, and then handed it back to me, say-

There, Josephel. She is a good girl, and a long porcelain pipe. His comrades, with their sensible one, and will never marry any one but long, light hair falling upon their shoulders, were you.

'Do you really think so?'

'Yes; you may rely upon her; she will never land!' marry a Passauf. I would rather distrust the emperor than such a girl.?

I could have embraced Zunnier for these words; but I said:

'I have received a bill for one hundred francs. Now for some white wine of Alsace. Let us

try to get out." moustache and putting his pipe in his pocket .- | do not object to hear the news.

ward them, when they became silent. That is well thought of,' said he, twisting his not disturb yourselves. Go on reading.

' Gesundheit! Gesundent!'

glass, and the round, fat brewer cried:

'I do not like to mope in a garden when there But they did not seem included to profit by sue him to Counewitz; but how could we find are taverns outside. We must get permission.' our invitation, and the reader descended from him among four or five hundred houses?

We arose joyfully and went to the hospital, the table, folding up his paper, which he put in when the letter-carrier, coming out, stopped his pocket.

'It is finished,' said he, 'it is finished.'
'Yes; it is finished,' repeated the others, 'Are you Christian Zunnier, of the second looking at each other with a peculiar expression. Two or three of the soldiers rose and left the Well, here is something for you, said the room, and the fat landiard said:

> 'You do not perhaps know that the large hall is on the Rue de Tilly ?'

> 'Yes; we know it very well,' replied Zunnier, but I like this little hall better. Here I used to come long ago, with two old comrades, to empty a few glasses in honor of Jena and Auerstædt. I know this room of old.'

staggered against a balustrade, and then shouted 'Ah, as you please, as you please,' returned Vive l'Empereur! in such a tone that the the landlord. 'Do you wish some March

> 'Yes; two glasses and the gazette.' 'Very good?

The glasses were handed us, and Zunnier, who observed nothing, tried to open a conversawith the students; but they excused themselves, and, one after another, went out. I saw that they hated us, but dared not show it.

The gazette spoke of an armistice, after two new victories at Bautzen and Wurtschen. This armistice commenced on the sixth of June, and a conference was then being beld at Prague, in Bohemia, to arrange on terms of peace. All this naturally gave me pleasure. I thought of again seeing home. But Zunnier, with his babit of thinking aloud, filled the hall with his reflections, and interrupted me at every line.

'An armistice!' he cried. 'Do we want an armistice, after having beaten those Prussians and Russians three times? We should annihilate them! Would they give us an armistice if they had beaten us? There, Joseph, you see the emperor's charcter—he is too good. It is his only fault. He did the same thing after Austerlitz, and we had to begin over gain. I tell you he is too good; and if he were not so, we should have been masters of Europe.'

Zunnier, who recognized every corner, and As he spoke, he looked around as if seeking assent; but the students scowled, and no one that large building is the university; that yonder

replied. At last Zunnier rose.

'Come, Joseph.' said be; 'I know nothing of politics, but I insist that we should give no armistice to those beggars. When they are down, we should keep them there.

After we had paid our reckoning, and were

"I do not know what was the matter with My Dear Joseph: I write you to tell you campaign of 1800, they used to do all they could those people to-day. We must have disturbed

> of us at a time to dinner with them. They even 'It is very possible,' I replied. 'They cergave us balls, and called us the heroes of Jena. tainly did not seem like the good-natured folks Let us go in somewhere and see how they will you were speaking of.' treat us. We named their elector King of

'No,' said he. 'The students, long ago, used to pass their time drinking with us. We Suddenly he stopped before a little, low door, sang Fanfan la Tulipe and 'King Dagobert' together, which are not political songs, you know. But these fellows are good for nothing.

I knew, afterward, that those students were members of the Tugend-Bund. No wonder they hated Frenchmen!

On returning to the hospital, we learned that we were to go that same evening to the barracks of Rosenthal-a sort of depot for wounded, near Lutzen, where the roll was called morning and evening, but where, at all other times we were at liberty to do as we pleased. We often strolled through the town; but the citizens now slammed their doors in our faces, and the tavernkeepers not only refused to give us credit, but attempted to charge us double and triple for what we got. But my comrade could not be cheated. He knew the price of everything as well as any Saxon among them. Often we stood on the bridge and gazed at the thousand branches of the Pleisse and the Elster, glowing red in the light of the setting sun, little thinking that we should one day cross those rivers after losing the bloodiest of battles, and that whole regiments would be submerged in the glittering not be alarmed; we will pluck the chicken ac waters beneath us.

But the ill feeling of the people toward us was the remainder in the Saxon uniform. They shown in a thousand forms. The day after the conclusion of the armistice, we went together to bathe in the Elster, and Zunnier, seeing a peasant approaching, cried:

'Halloa, comrade. Is there any danger deprecatingly: here?

'No. Go in boldly,' replied the man. Zunnier, mistrusting nothing, walked fifteen or food at hand. eighteen feet out. He was a good swimmer, but could not even catch the branches of the willows mind: which hung over him; and were it not that he he would have been swept between two muddy thing. Scarcely had we made half a dozen steps to- Islands, and certainly lost.

Zunnier was wild with wrath, and wished to pur- proached the bivouac, the sentry challenged:

Returning to Leipsic, we saw joy painted on the countenances of the inhabitants. It did not display itself openly; but the citizens, meeting, would shake bands with an air of buge satisfaction, and the general rejoicing glistened even in the eyes of servants and the poorest workmen.

Zunnier said : 'These Germans seem to be merry about something. They do not always

look so good natured. Yes, I replied; their good humor comes from the fine weather and good harvest.'

But when we reached the barracks, we found some of our officers at the gate, talking eagerly together, and then we learned the cause of so much joy. The conference at Prague was broken off, and Austria, too, was about to declare war against us, which gave us two hundred thousand more men to take care of.

The day after, twelve hundred wounded were ordered to rejoin their corps. Zunnier was of the number-I accompanied him to the gates. My arm was yet too weak for duty. My existence was then sad enough, for I formed no more close friendships, and when, on the first of October, the old surgeon, Tardieu, gave me my orders to march, telling me I was fully recovered, I felt almost rejoiced.

It was about five o'clock in the evening, and we were approaching, the village of Risa, when we descried an old mill, with its wooden bridge, over which a bridle-nath ran. We struck off from the road and took this path to make a short cut to the village, when we heard cries and shrieks for help, and, at the same moment, two women, one old, and the other somewhat younger, ran across a garden, dragging two children with them. They were trying to gain a little wood which bordered the road, and, at the same moment, we saw several of our soldiers come out of the mill with sacks, while others came up from a cellar with little casks, which they hastened to place on a cart standing near; still others were driving cows and horses from a stable, while an old man stood at the door, with uplifted hands, as if imprecating Heaver.'s malison upon them.

'There,' cried the quartermaster, who commanued our party, an old soldier named Postevin, 'there are fellows pillaging. We are not far from the army."

But that is horrible!' I cried. 'They are robbers.'

' Yes,' returned the quartermaster coolly; knew of it, they would be shot like dogs.

We crossed the little bridge, and found the thieves crowded around a cask which they had pierced, passing around the cup. This sight guerillas. Things are spoiling. roused the quartermaster's indignation, and he

lage? Several turned their heads, but seeing that we

were but three, for the rest of our party had gone on, one of them replied: 'Ha! what do you want, old joker? A lit-

tle of the spoil, I suppose. But you need not curl up your mustaches on that account. Here, drink a drop.

The speaker held out the cup, and the quartermaster took it and drank, looking at me as he

'Well, young man,' said he, 'will you have some, too? It is famous wine, this.? 'No, I thank you,' I replied.

Several of the pillaging party now cried: 'Hurry, there; it is time to get back to

amp. be had here.

'Comrades,' said the quartermaster, in a tone of gentle reproof and warning, ' you know, com-

rades, you must go gently about it? 'Yes, yes, old fellow,' replied a drum major, with balf closed eyes, and a mocking smile; ' do

take care.' The quartermaster said no more, but seemed to overtake our companions, and, at length, said

He was afraid I would report him; he would the current carried him away so quickly that he of being captured. I replied, to relieve his

'Those are probably good fellows, but the was carried to a ford, where he gained a footing, sight of a cup of wine makes them forget every-

The peasant stood to see the effect of his ad- | vouac fires, on a gloomy bill-side. Further on, | but they were almost beyond musket-range. Come, come, comrades, cried Zunnier, do vice. I rushed at him, but he laughed, and ran, in the plain, a great number of other fires were of disturb yourselves. Go on reading. We quicker than I could follow him, to the city.— burning. The night was clear, and as we ap-

'Who goes there?' 'France!' replied the quartermaster.

My heart beat, as I thought that, m a few moments, I should again meet my old comrades, if they were yet in the world.

Two men of the guard came forward to reconnoitre us. The commandant of the post, a gray-haired sous-lieutenant, his arm in a sling under his cloak, asked us whence we came, whither we were going, and whether we had met any parties of Cossacks on our route. The quartermaster answered. The lieutenant informed us that Sonham's division had that morning left them, and ordered us to follow him, that he might examine our marching-napers, which we did in silence, passing among the bivouac fires, around which men, covered with dried mud. were sleeping, in groups of twenty. Not one moved.

We arrived at the officers' quarters. It was an old brick-kiln, with an immense roof, resting on posts driven into the ground. A large fire was burning in it, and the air was agreeably warm. Around it soldiers were sleeping, with happy faces, and near the posts stacks of arms shone in the light of the flames. One bronzed old veteran watched alone, seated on the ground. and mending a shoe with needle and thread.

The officer handed me back my paper first, saying:

'You will rejoin your battalion to-morrow. two leagues hence, near Torgau.'

Then the ald soldier, looking at me, placed his hand upon the ground, to show that there was room beside bim, and I seated myself. I opened my knapsack, and put on new stockings and shoes which I had brought from Leipsic, after which I felt much better.

The old man asked:

'You are rejoining your corps?'

'Yes; the sixth at Torgau.'

'And you came from---'
'The hospital at Leipsic.'

'That is easily seen,' said he; 'you are fat as a beadle. They fed you on chickens down there, while we were eating cow-beef.

I looked around on my sleeping neighbors.-He was right; the poor conscripts were mere skin and bone. They were bronzed as veterans. and scarcely seemed able to stand.

The old man, in a moment, continued his train of questions:

'You were wounded?' 'Yes; at Luizen.'

'Four months in the hospital!' said he whistit is contrary to discipline, and if the emperor ling; 'what luck! I have just returned from spain, flattering myself that I was going to meet the Kaiserlik: of 1807 once more-sheep, regular sheep - but they have become worse than

He said the most of this to himself, without according me much of his attention, all the while On what authority do you commit this nil- sewing his shoe, which from time to time he tried on, to be sure that the sewn part would not. burt his foot. At last he put the thread in his knapsack and the shoe upon his foot, and stretched himself upon a truss of straw.

I was too fatigued to sleep at once, and for an hour lay awake.

In the morning I set out again with the quartermaster Poitevia, and three other soldiers of Sonham's division. Our route lay along the bank of the Elbe; the weather was wet and the wind swept fiercely over the river, throwing the spray far on the land. We hastened on for an hour, when suddenly

the quartermaster cried:

'Attention!'

He had halted suddenly, and stood listening. We could hear nothing but the sighing of the 'No, no,' replied others; 'there is more to wind through the trees, and the splash of the waves; but his ear was finer than ours.

'They are skirmishing yonder,' said he, pointing to a wood on our right. The enemy may be toward us, and the best thing we can do is to enter the wood and pursue our route cautiously. We can see at the other end of it what is going on; and if the Prussians or Russians are there, cording to rule. We will take care; we will we can beat a retreat without their perceiving

We all thought the quartermaster was right: asbamed on my account. He remained in a and, in my heart, I admired the shrewdness of meditative mood for some time after we started the old drunkard, for such he was. We kept on toward the wood, Postevin leading, and the others following, with our pieces cocked. We marched What would you have, young man? War slowly, stopping every hundred paces to listen. is war. One cannot see himself starving, with | The shots grew nearer; they were fired at intervals, and the quartermaster said:

'They are sharp-shooters reconnoitering a his left arm was yet weak, and the strength of have remained with the pillagers but for the fear body of cavalry, for the firing is all on one side. It was true. In a few moments we perceived, through the trees, a battalion of French infantry, about to make their soup, and in the distance, on the plain beyond, platoons of Cossacks defiling from one village to another. A few skirmishers At length, about ten o'clock, we saw the bi- along the edge of the wood were firing on them,

'There are your people, young man,' said

Poitevin. 'You are at home.' He had good eyes to read the number of a regiment at such a distance. I could only see ragged soldiers with their cheeks and famine-