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THE STORY OF A CONSCRIPT.

(From the Catholic World.)

'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.'

We arose joyfully and went to the hospital, when the letter-carrier, coming out, stopped Zunnier, saying: 'Are you Christian Zunnier, of the second artillerie a cheval?' 'I have that honor, monsieur the carrier.' 'Well, here is something for you,' said the other, handing him a little package and a large letter. Zunnier was stupefied, 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 honor.—He became pale: his eyes filled with tears, he staggered against a balustrade, and then shouted 'Vive l'Empereur!' in such a tone that the three balls rang and rang again. The carrier looked on smiling. 'You are satisfied,' he said. 'Satisfied! I need but one thing more.' 'And what is that?' 'Permission to go to the city.'

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 hands with an air of huge 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.'

My heart beat, as I thought that, in 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-papers, 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.'