Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

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[For the Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.]

## JESUS AND THE FLOWERS.

DEDICATED TO HIS EMINENCE, THE LATE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

Around the lonely brow of Olives' Mount
The shades of night had fallen dark and drear,
When Nature wak'd her favorite flowers
That slept on Olive's garden bowers,
And bade them watch, "for the end hour is near
When He, whose feet so oft have sanctified
This hallowed spot, shall visit it no more.
He comes, dear flow'rs, mourn with your Lord,
Whose soul is pierced by sorrow's sword,
And beg His blessing e'er He leave our shore."

Thus Nature spoke. Alas! man heard it not;
And though by countless arts she strove
To win his heart to Jesus' love,
Man would not hear—and Jesus Was alone.

Alone in that sad hour the Saviour knelt!
Not one of all the thousands whom His hand
Had healed! His words of love had cheered,
Stood by Him; e'en the Apostles feared,
And treason lurked amid the chosen band.

Was no one with Him? At a stone's throw lay
The favored three, whom Jesus called to share
His midnight watch. Alas! they slept!
And while with tears of blood He wept,
They knew it not, nor heard His plaintive prayer.

Of all His creatures, trees and flow'rs alone
Were witness to that agony of death,
And bending humbly to the ground,
While fast their dewy tears fell round,
They wafted towards their Lord their fragrant breath.

In tender sympathy, Love blushing came,
With her pure, snowy petals opened wide.
"Dear Lord, I thirst—I thirst to share
The grief which Thou dost deign to bear,"
With weeping eyes and loving tones she sighed.

A prayer so fervent touched the Saviour's heart,
And from its depths a drop of blood there fell,
Which still upon her petals lies,
Changing their white to ruby dyes;
And ever thus a tale of grief doth tell.

With modest head downcast, the Snowdrop spoke:
"Let me help mortals in Thy path to tread;
And though a flowret poor and weak,
Let me, in my mute language, speak
Of Thee, Lord, to Thy children's hearts," she said.

The Sensitive Mimosa plead that she
Might live for Him alone. Lowly she stands.
Her sweet petition He receives,
The hand of Jesus touched her leaves,
And now she shrinks, with dread from mortal hands.

Silent with grief, one gentle flower
Painted His sufferings on her bosom pure
And now, when gazing on her face,
The lovers of the cross may trace
The wounds, the nails, the thorns, He deigned endure.

In low sweet tones the fragrant Rosea spoke:
"Dear Lord," they said, "no longer can we bear
To be but joyful, when we know
Sharp thorns will soon entwine Thy brow,
O, give us, too, the thorns that Thou must wear."

One beauteous Rose bent to the Saviour's feet—
"My sister flowers would seek Thy thorns," she said,
A gift more precious I implore;
This sacred blood that trickles o'er,
O, let it fall upon my drooping head."

"Dear Lord, deign to the Lily of the Vale
Impart Thy blessing; grant that still like Thee,
Unknown and lowly, I may bloom
Without bright robes or rich perfume,
But clothe my flowers in snowy purity."

With drooping branches bending to the ground,
The Willow came: "My God, thine agony
And Thy loved Mother's grief have won
My heart, oh! let it ever mourn,
Reminding man to weep and grieve with Thee."

Hid 'neath the grove, a little modest flower
Presumed not to approach that hallowed spot,
But softly breathed her evening prayer,
Which, borne upon the evening air,
Is lingering still, "Dear Lord, forget me not."

F. L. J.

# THE CONSCRIPT;

A STORY OF THE FRENCH WAR OF 1813.

From the French.

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[Continued.]

X.

At Frankfort I learned to understand military life. Up to that time I had been but a simple conscript. Then I became a soldier. I do not speak merely of drill—the way of turning the head right or left, measuring the steps, lifting the hand to the height of the first or second band to load, aiming, recovering arms at the word of command—that is only an affair of a month or two, if a man really desires to learn; but I speak of discipline—of remembering that the corporal is always in the right when he speaks to a private soldier, the sergeant when he speaks to the corporal, the sergeant-major when he speaks to the sergeant, the second lieutenant when he orders the sergeant-major, and so on to the Marshal of France—even if the superior asserts that two and two make five, or that the moon shines at midday.

This is very difficult to learn; but there is one thing that assists you immensely, and that is a sort of placard hung up in every room in barracks, and which is from time to time read to you. This placard presupposes everything that a soldier might wish to do, as, for instance, to return home, to refuse to serve, to resist his officer, and always ends by speaking of death, or at least five years with a ball and chain.

The day after our arrival at Frankfort I wrote to Monsieur Goulden, to Catharine, and to Aunt Gredel. You may imagine how sadly. It seemed to me, in addressing them, that I was yet at home. I told them of the hardships I had undergone, of the good luck that had happened to me at Mayence, and the courage it required not to drop behind in the march. I told them that I was in good health, for which I thanked God, and that I was even stronger than before I left home, and sent them a thousand remembrances. Our Phalsbourg conscripts, who saw me writing, made me add a few words for each of their families. I wrote also to Mayence, to the good couple of the *Cavognier-Strasse*, who had been so kind to me, telling them how I was forced to march without being able to thank them, and asking their forgiveness for so doing.

That day, in the afternoon, we received our uniforms. Dozens of Jews made their appearance and bought our old clothes. I kept only my shoes and stockings. The Italians had great difficulty in making these respectable merchants comprehend their wishes, but the Genoese were as cunning as the Jews, and their bargainings lasted till night. Our corporals received more than one glass of wine; it was policy to make friends of them, for morning and evening they taught us the drill in the snow-covered yard. The *cantiniere* Christine was always at her post with a warming-pan under her feet. She took young men of good family into special favor, and the young men of good family were all those who spent their money freely. Poor fools! how many of them parted with their last sou in return for her miserable flattery! When that was gone they were more beggars; but vanity rules all, from the conscripts to the generals.

All this time recruits were constantly arriving from France, and ambulances with wounded from Poland. What a sight was it before the hospital St. Espérit on the other side of the river! It was a procession without an end. All those poor wretches were shot—some had their noses, some their ears frozen, others arms, others a leg! They were laid in the snow to prevent them from dropping to pieces. Other got out of the carts clinging and holding on, and looking at you like wild beasts, their eyes sunk in their heads, their hair bristling up; the gipsies who sleep in nooks in the woods would have had pity on them; and yet these were the best off, because they escaped from the carnage, while thousands of their comrades had perished in the snow or on the battlefield. Klipfel, Zebede, Furst and I often went to see these poor wretches, and never did we see men more miserably clad. Some were jackets which once belonged to Cossacks, crushed shakos, women's dresses, and many had only handkerchiefs wound round their feet in lieu of shoes and stockings. They gave us a history of the retreat from Moscow, and then we knew the twenty-ninth bulletin told only the truth.

These stories enraged our men against the Russians. Many said, "If the war would only begin again, they would have a hard job of it then—it is not over! it is not over!". I was at times almost overcome with wrath after hearing some tale of horror, and sometimes I thought to myself, "Joseph, are you not losing your wits? These Russians are defending their families, their homes, all that man holds most dear. We hate them for defending themselves; we would have despised them had they not done so."

On the eighteenth of February we received orders to pack our knapsacks, and left Frankfort for Selingenstadt, where we remained until the eighth of March, by which time all the recruits were well instructed in the use of the musket and the school of the platoon. From Selingenstadt we went to Schweinheim, and on the twenty-fourth of March, 1813, joined the division at Aschaffenbourg, where Marshal Ney passed us in review.

The captain of the company was named Florentin; the lieutenant, Bretonville; the commandant of the battalion, Gemeau; the captain, Vidal; the colonel, Zapfel; the general of brigade, Ladoucette; and the general of division, Souham. These are things that every soldier should know.

XI.

The melting of the snows began about the middle of March. I remember that during the great review of Aschaffenbourg, on a large open space whence one saw the Main as far as eye could reach, the rain never ceased to fall from ten o'clock in the morning till three o'clock in the afternoon. We had on our left a castle, from the windows of which people looked out quite at their ease, while the water ran into our shoes. On the right the river rushed, foaming, seen dimly as if through a mist. Every moment, to keep us brightened up, the order rang out, "Carry arms! Shoulder arms!"

The Marshal advanced slowly, surrounded by his staff. What consoled Zebede was, that we were about to see "the bravest of the brave." I thought "*If* I could only get a place at the corner of a good fire, I would gladly forego that pleasure."

At last he arrived in front of us, and I can yet see him, his chapeau dripping with rain; his blue coat covered with embroidery and decorations, and his great boots. He was a handsome, florid man, with a short nose and sparkling eyes. He did not seem at all haughty; for, as he passed our company, who presented arms, he turned suddenly in his saddle and said, "Hold! It is Florentin!"

Then the captain stood erect, not knowing what to reply. It seemed that the Marshal and he had been common soldiers together in the time of the Republic. The captain at last answered, "Yes, Marshal; it is Sebastian Florentin."

"Faith, Florentin," said the Marshal, stretching his arm toward Russia, "I am glad to see you again. I thought we had left you there."

All our company felt honored, and Zebede said, "That is what I call a man. I would spill my blood for him."

I could not see why Zebede should wish to spill his blood because the Marshal had spoken a few words to an old comrade.

That is all I remember of Aschaffenbourg.

In the evening we went in again to eat our soup at Schweinheim, a place rich in wines, hemp and corn, where almost everybody looked at us with unfriendly eyes.

We lodged by threes or fours in the houses, like so many bailiff's men, and had meat every day, either beef, mutton or bacon.

Our bread was very good, as was also our wine. But many of our men pretended to find fault with everything, thinking thus to pass for people of some consequence. They were mistaken; for more than once I heard the citizens say in German, "Those fellows, in their own country, were only beggars. If they returned to France, they would find nothing but potatoes to live upon."

And the citizens were quite right; and I always found that people so difficult to please abroad were but poor wretches at home. For my part, I was well content to meet such good fare. Two conscripts from St. Die were with me at the village postmaster's—his horses had almost all been taken for our cavalry. This could not have put him into good humor; but he said nothing, and smoked his pipe behind the stove from morning till night. His wife was a tall strong woman, and his two daughters were very pretty; they were afraid of us, and ran away when we returned from drill, or from mounting guard at the end of the village.

On the evening of the fourth day, as we were finishing our supper, an old man in a great-coat came in. His hair was white, and his mein and appearance neat and respectable. He saluted us, and then said to the master of the house, in German, "These are recruits?"

"Yes, Monsieur Stenger," replied the other; "we will never be rid of them. If I could poison them all, it would be a good deed."

I turned quietly, and said, "I understand German—do not speak in such a manner."

The postmaster's pipe fell from his hand.

"You are very imprudent in your speech, Monsieur Kalkreuth," said the old man; "if others beside this young man had understood you, you know what would happen."

"It is only my way of talking," replied the postmaster. "What can you expect? When everything is taken from you—when you are robbed, year after year—it is but natural that you should at last speak bitterly."

The old man, who was none other than the pastor of Schweinheim, then said to me, "Monsieur, your manner of acting is that of an honest man; believe me that Monsieur Kalkreuth is incapable of such a deed—of doing evil even to our enemies."

"I do believe it, sir," I replied, "or I should not eat so heartily of these sausages."

The postmaster, hearing these words, began to laugh, and, in the excess of his joy, cried, "I would never have thought that a Frenchman could have made me laugh."

My two comrades were ordered for guard duty; they went, but I alone remained. Then the postmaster went after a bottle of old wine, and seated himself at the table to drink with me, which I gladly agreed to. From that day until our departure, these people had every confidence in me. Every evening we chatted at the corner of the fire; the pastor came, and even the young girls would come down stairs to listen. They were of fair and light complexion, with blue eyes; one was perhaps eighteen, the other twenty; I thought I saw in them a resemblance to Catharine, and this made my heart beat.

They knew that I had a sweetheart at home, because I could not help telling them so, and this made them pity me.

The postmaster complained bitterly of the French; the pastor said they were a vain, immoral nation, and that on that account all Germany would soon rise against us; that they were weary of the evil doings of our soldiers and the cupidity of our generals, and had formed the *Tugend-Band* or "League of Virtue" to oppose us.

"At first," said he, "you talked to us of liberty; we liked to hear that, and our good wishes were rather for your success than for those of the King of Prussia and Emperor of Austria; you made war upon our soldiers and not upon us; you upheld ideas which every one thought great and just, and so you did not quarrel with peoples but only with their masters. To-day it is very different; all Germany is flying to arms; all her youth are rising, and it is we who talk of Liberty, of Virtue and of Justice to France. He who has them on his side is over the stranger, because he has against him only the evil-minded of all nations, and has with him youth, courage, great ideas—everything which lifts the soul above thoughts of self, and which urges man to sacrifice his life without regret. You have long had all this, but you wanted it no longer. Long ago, I well remember, your generals fought for Liberty, slept on straw, in barns, like simple soldiers; they were men of might and terror; now they must have their sofas; they are more noble than our nobles and richer than our bankers. So it comes to pass that war, once so grand—once an art, a sacrifice—once devotion to one's country—has become a trade, for sale at more than one market. It is, to be sure, very noble yet, since epaulettes are yet worn, but there is a difference between fighting for immortal ideas and fighting merely to enrich one's self. In order of time to the reason why a thing was will be a sorrowful one for you. All thinking men, from simple students to professors of theology, are rising against you in arms. You have the greatest general of the world at your head, but we have eternal justice. You believe you have the Saxons, the Bavarians, the Badenese and the Hessians on your side; undeceive yourselves; the children of old Germany well know that the greatest crime, the greatest shame, is to fight against our brothers. Let kings make alliances; the people are against you in spite of them; they are defending their lives, their Fatherland—all that God makes us love and that we cannot betray without crime. All are ready to assail you; the Austrians would massacre you if they could, notwithstanding the marriage of Marie Louise with your Emperor; men begin to see that the interests of Kings are not the interests of all mankind, and that the greatest genius cannot change the nature of things."

Thus would the pastor discourse gravely; but I did not then fully understand what he meant, and I thought, "Words are only words, and bullets are bullets. If we only encounter students and professors of theology, all will go well, and discipline will keep the Hessians and Bavarians and Saxons from turning against us, as it forces us Frenchmen to fight, little as we may like it. Does not the soldier obey the corporal, the corporal the sergeant, and so on to the marshal, who does what the King wishes? One can see very well that this pastor never served in a regiment, for if he did he would know that ideas are nothing and orders everything; but I do not care to contradict him, for then the postmaster would bring me no more wine after supper. Let them think as they please. All that I hope is that we shall have only theologians to fight."

While we used to chat thus, suddenly, on the morning of the twenty-seventh of March, the order for our departure came. The battalion rested that night at Lauterbach, the next at Nenkirchen, and we did nothing but march, march, march. Those who did not grow accustomed to carrying the knapsack could not complain of want of practice. How we traveled! I no longer sweated under my fifty cartridges in my cartridge box, my knapsack on my back and my musket on my shoulder, and I do not know if I limped.

We were not the only ones in motion; all were marching; everywhere we met regiments on the road, detachments of cavalry, long lines of cannon, ammunition trains—all advancing towards Erfurt, as after a heavy rain thousands of streams, by thousands of channels, seek the river.

Our sergeants kept repeating, "We are nearing them! there will be hot work soon;" and we thought, "So much the better!" that those beggarly Prussians and Russians had drawn their fate upon themselves. If they had remained quiet, we would have been yet in France.

These thoughts embittered us all towards the enemy, and as we met everywhere people who seemed to rejoice alone in fighting, Klipfel and Zebede talked only of the pleasure it would give them to meet the Prussians; and I, not to seem less courageous than they, adopted the same strain.

On the eighth of April, the battalion entered Erfurt, and I will never forget how, when we broke ranks before the barracks, a package of letters was handed to the sergeant of the company. Among the number was one for me, and I recognized Catharine's writing at once. This affected me so that it made my knees tremble. Zebede took my musket, telling me to read it, for he, too, was glad to hear from home.

I put it in my pocket, and all our Phalsbourg men followed me to hear it, but I only commenced when I was quietly seated on my bed in the barracks, while they crowded around. Tears rolled down my cheeks as she told me how she remembered and prayed for the far-off conscript.

My comrades, as I read, exclaimed, "And we are sure that there are some at home to pray for us, too."

One spoke of his mother, another of his sisters, and another of his sweetheart.

At the end of the letter Monsieur Goulden added a few words, telling me that all our friends were well, and that I should take courage, for our troubles could not last forever. He charged me to be sure to tell my comrades that their friends thought of them, and complained of not having received a word from them.

This letter was a consolation to us all. We knew that before many days passed we must be on the field of battle, and it seemed a last farewell from home for at least half of us. Many were never to hear again from their parents, friends, or those who loved them in this world.

XII.

But, as Sergeant Pinto said, all we had yet seen was but the prelude to the ball; the dance was now about to commence.

Meanwhile we did duty at the citadel with a battalion of the Twenty-seventh, and from the top of the ramparts we saw all the environs covered with troops, some bivouacking, others quartered in the villages.

The sergeant had formed a particular friendship for me, and on the eighteenth, on relieving guard at Warthau gate, he said, "Fusilier Bertha, the Emperor has arrived."

I had yet heard nothing of this, and replied, respectfully, "I have just had a little glass with the sapper Merlin, sergeant, who was on duty last night at the general's quarters, and he said nothing of it.

Then he, closing his eye, said, with a peculiar expression, "Everything is moving—I feel his presence in the air. You do not yet understand this, conscript, but he is here; everything says so. Before he came, we were lame, crippled; only a wing of the army seemed able to move at once. But now, look there, see those couriers galloping over the road—all is life. The dance is beginning! the dance is beginning! Kaiserliks and the Cossacks do not need spectacles to see that he is with us—they will feel him presently."

And the sergeant's laugh rang horsely from beneath his long mustaches. I had a presentiment that great misfortunes might be coming upon me, yet I was forced to put a good face upon it. But the sergeant was right, for that very day, about three in the afternoon, all the corps stationed around the city were in motion, and at five we marched under arms. The Marshal Prince of Moskowa entered the town surrounded by the officers and generals who composed his staff, and almost immediately after, the gray-haired Souham followed, and passed us in review upon the square. Then he spoke in a loud, clear voice, so that every one could hear, "Soldiers," said he, "you will form part of the advance-guard of the Third corps. Try to remember that you are Frenchmen. *Vive l'Empereur!*"

All shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" till the echoes rang again, while the general departed with Colonel Zapfel.

That night we were relieved by the Hessians and left Erfurt with the Tenth hussars and a regiment of chasseurs. At six or seven in the morning we were before the city of Weimar, and saw the sun rising on its gardens, its churches and its houses, as well as on an old castle to the right. Here we bevouacked, and the hussars went forward to reconnoitre the town. About nine, while we were breakfasting, suddenly we heard the rattle of musketry and carbines. Our hussars had encountered the Prussian hussars in the streets, and they were firing on each other. But it was so far off that we saw nothing of the combat.

At the end of an hour the hussars returned, having lost two men. Thus began the campaign.

We remained five days in our camp, while the whole Third corps were coming up. As we were the advance-guard, we started again by way of Buttstadt and Werthau. Then we saw the enemy; Cossacks who kept ever beyond the range of our guns, and the further they retired the greater grew our courage.

But it annoyed me to hear Zebede constantly exclaiming in a tone of ill-humor, "Will they never stop; never make a stand?"

I thought that if they kept retreating we could ask nothing better. We would gain all we wanted without loss of life or suffering.

But at last they halted on the further side of the bread and deep river, and I saw a great number posted near the bank to cut us to pieces if we should cross unsupported.

It was the twenty-ninth of April, and growing late. Never did I see a more glorious sunset. On the opposite side of the river stretched a wide plain as far as the eye could reach, and on this, sharply outlined against the glowing sky, stood horsemen, with their shakos drooping forward, their green jackets, little cartridge-boxes slung under the arm, and their sky-blue trousers; behind them glittered thousands of lances, and Sergeant Pinto recognized them as the Russian cavalry and Cossacks. He knew the river, too, which he said was the Saale.

We went as near as we could to the water to exchange shots with the horsemen, but they retired, and at last disappeared entirely under the blood-red sky. We made our bivouac along the river, and posted our sentries. On our left was a large village; a detachment was sent to it to purchase meat; for since the arrival of the Emperor we had orders to pay for everything.

During the night other regiments of the division came up; they, too, bivouacked along the bank, and their long lines of fires, reflected in the ever-moving waters, glared grandly through the darkness.

No one felt inclined to sleep. Zebede, Klipfel, Furst and I messed together, and we chatted as we lay around our fire.

"To-morrow we will have it hot enough, if we attempt to cross the river! Our friends in Phalsbourg, over their warm suppers, scarcely think of us lying here, with nothing but a piece of cow-beef to eat, a river flowing beside us, the damp earth beneath, and only the sky for a roof, without speaking of the sabre-cuts and bayonet-thrusts our friends yonder have in store for us."

"Bah!" said Klipfel; "this is life. I would not pass my days otherwise. To enjoy life we must be well to-day, sick to-morrow; then we appreciate the pleasure of the change from pain to ease. As for shots and sabre-strokes, with God's aid, we will give as good as we take!"

"Yes," said Zebede, lighting his pipe, "when I lose my place in the ranks, it will not be for the want of striking hard at the Russians!"

So we lay wakeful for two or three hours. Leger lay stretched out in his great coat, his feet to the fire, asleep, when the sentinel cried, "Who goes there?"

"France."

"What regiment?"

"Sixth of the Line."

It was Marshal Ney and General Brenier, with engineer and artillery officers and guns. The marshal replied "Sixth of the Line," because he knew beforehand that we were there, and this little fact rejoiced us and made us feel very proud. We saw him pass on horseback with General Souham and five or six other officers of high grade, and although it was night, we could see them distinctly, for the sky was covered with stars and the moon shone bright—it was almost as light as day.

They stopped at a bend of the river and posted six guns, and immediately after a pontoon train arrived with oak planks and all things necessary for throwing two bridges across. Our hussars scoured the banks collecting boats, and the artillerymen stood at their pieces to sweep down any who might try to hinder the work. For a long while we watched their labor, while again and again we heard the sentry's "*Qui vive?*" It was the regiments of the Third corps arriving.

At daybreak I fell asleep, and Klipfel had to shake me to arouse me. On every side they were beating the reveille; the bridges were finished, and we were going to cross the Saale.

A heavy dew had fallen, and each man hastened to wipe his musket, to roll up his great coat and buckle it on his knapsack. One assisted the other, and we were soon in the ranks. It might have been four o'clock in the morning, and everything seemed gray in the mist that arose from the river. Already two battalions were crossing on the bridges, the officers and colors in the centre. Then the artillery and caissons crossed.

Captain Florentin had just ordered us to renew our primings, when Gen. Souham, General Cheminean, Colonel Zapfel, and our commandant arrived. The battalion began its march. I looked forward, expecting to see the Russians coming on at a gallop, but nothing stirred.

As each regiment reached the further bank, it formed square with ordered arms. At five o'clock the entire division had passed. The sun dispersed the mist, and we saw, about three-fourths of a league to our right, an old city with its pointed roofs, slated clock-tower, surmounted by a cross, and further away a castle—it was Weissenfels.

Between us and the city was a deep valley. Marshal Ney, who had just come up, wished to reconnoitre this before advancing into it. Two companies of the Twenty-seventh were deployed as skirmishers, and the squares moved onward in common time, the officers, sappers and drummers in the centre, the cannon in the intervals and the caissons in the rear.

We all mistrusted this valley—the more so since we had seen, the evening before, a mass of cavalry, which could not have retired beyond the great plain that lay before us. Notwithstanding our distrust, it made us feel very proud and brave to see ourselves drawn up in our long ranks—our muskets loaded, the colors advanced, the generals in the rear full of confidence—to see our masses thus moving onward without hurry, but calmly marking the step, yes, it was enough to make our hearts beat high with pride and hope. And I said to myself, "Perhaps at sight of us the enemy will fly, which will be the best thing for them and for us."

I was in the second rank, behind Zebede, and from time to time I glanced at the other square, which was moving on the same line with us, in the centre of which I saw the marshal and his staff, all trying to catch a glimpse of what was going on ahead.

The skirmishers had by this time reached the ravine, which was bordered with brambles and hedges. I had already seen a movement on its further side, like the motion of a cornfield in the wind, and the thought struck me that the Russians, with their lances and sabres, were there, although I could scarcely believe it. But when our skirmishers reached the hedges, the fusilade began, and I saw already the glitter of their lances. At the same instant a flash like lightning gleamed in front of us, followed by a dense report. The Russians had their cannon with them; they had opened on us. I know not what noise made me turn my head, and there I saw an empty space in the ranks to my left.

At the same time Colonel Zapfel said quietly, "Close up the ranks!"

And Captain Florentin repeated, "Close up the ranks!"

All this was done so quickly that I had no time for thought. But fifty paces further on another flash shone out; there was another murmur in the ranks—as if a fierce wind was passing—and another vacant space, this time to the right.

And then, after every shot from the Russians, the colonel said, "Close up the ranks!" and I knew that each time he spoke there was a breach in the living wall! It was no pleasant thing to think of, but still we marched on toward the valley. At last I did not dare to think at all, when General Cheminean, who had entered our square, cried in a terrible voice, "Halt!"

I looked forward, and saw a mass of Russians coming down upon us.

"Right rank, kneel! Fix bayonets! Ready!" cried the general.

As regards me, I was now, so to speak, in the front rank. On came the line of horses, each rider bending over his saddle bow, with sabre flashing in his hand. Then again the general's voice was heard behind us, calm, tranquil, giving orders as coolly as on parade, "Attention for the command of fire! Aim! Fire!"

The four squares fired together; it seemed as if the skies were falling in the crash. When the smoke lifted, we saw the Russians broken and flying; but our artillery opened, and the cannon-balls sped faster than they.

"Charge!" shouted the general.

Never in my life did such a wild joy possess me. On every side the cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* shook the air, and in my excitement I shouted like the others. But we could not pursue them far, and soon we were again moving calmly on. We thought the fight was ended; but when within two or three hundred paces of the ravine, we heard the rush of horses, and again the general cried, "Halt! Kneel! Fix bayonets!"

On came the Russians from the valley like a whirlwind; the earth shook beneath their weight; we heard no more orders, but each man knew that he must fire into the mass, and the file-firing began, rattling like the drums in a grand review. Those who have not seen a battle can form but little idea of the excitement, the confusion, and yet the order of such a moment. A few of the Russians neared us; we saw their forms appear a moment through the smoke, and then saw them no more. In a few moments more the ringing voice of General Cheminean arose, sounding above the crash and rattle, "Cease firing."

We scarcely dared obey. Each one hastened to deliver a final shot; then the smoke slowly lifted, and we saw a mass of cavalry ascending the further side of the ravine.

The squares deployed at once into columns; the drums beat the charge; our artillery still continued its fire; we rushed on, shouting, "Forward! forward! *Vive l'Empereur!*"

We descended the ravine, over heaps of horses and Russians; some dead, some writhing upon the earth, and we ascended the slope toward Weissenfels at a quick step. The Cossacks and chasseurs bent forward in their saddles, their cartridge-boxes dangling behind them, galloping before us in full flight. The battle was won.

[To be Continued.]

SOMETHING FOR THE GIRLS.—If a young man greet you in a loud, free and hasty tone; if he know precisely where to put his hand on his hat; if he stare you right in the eye, with his own wide open; if he turn his back to you to speak to another; if he tell you who made his coat; if he squeeze your hand; if he eat heartily in your presence; if, in short, he sneeze when you are singing, criticise your curls, or fall to be foolish in fifty ways every hour, then don't fall in love with him for the world. He only admires you, let him do or say what he will. On the other hand, if he be merry with every one else, but quiet with you; if he be anxious to see that your tea is sufficiently sweetened and your dear person well wrapped up when you go into the cold; if he talk very low; if his cheeks are red, and his nose only blushes, it is enough. If he romp with your sister, sigh like a pair of bellows, look solemn when you are addressed by another gentleman, and, in fact, if he be the most still, awkward, stupid, yet anxious of all your male friends, you may "go ahead," and make the poor fellow happy.

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