

FEELINGS OF A MAN DURING A BATTLE.

Takes Your Weight in Lead to Kill You—Familiarity with Danger Under Fire of Shot and Shell Increases Courage and Lessens Fear.

Men who have never seen a battle are generally very desirous of seeing one, all the more desirous, perhaps, the less their prospect is. As a rule, they want to take part in a battle, if not for the cause, it represents, for the sake of the experience, which they are apt to be singularly anxious to share. Very few of our rising generation have any personal acquaintance with war, which may account for the eagerness of many to participate in the Spanish conflict, before it is too late. The older and passing generation, who were alive at the outbreak of the rebellion, have or had a realizing sense of the horrors of a long and terrible strife.

When a boy, I fancied, like most boys, that I should be a soldier, and attractive. And the fancy was the more vivid and impressive, perhaps, because our country then enjoyed profound peace, without the least likelihood of its interruption in an ordinary life. Some years later the firing on Sumter brought on the civil war, at which the north was surprised, although it had no reason to be; impartial observers having regarded it as inevitable for years. That was my chance to see something of war.

I was not in the front ranks in active demand, I thought myself to be a New York paper in that capacity and was assigned to the southwest for service. For the first ten months, in my department, the unionists had very little success. We were entirely new to war. We considered skirmishes noted battles, and those who had been in two or three ranked themselves as veterans. I had been in several campaigns without any positive results, though I had had the satisfaction of hearing many a man in my own ranks who had been killed by a few casualties. But we steadily, though slowly, learning the martial trade. I had often heard the whistling of bullets and the bursting of shells, but not in very dangerous proximity. Still, as we were forced to admit to myself, I had not been fairly, fully, squarely under fire, and I felt humiliated by the fact, after being with the army five or six months. I was independent, and could go where I pleased, as I soon learned, having a roving, exclusive, untrammelled, free-and-easy command of one, which pleased me. To be military correspondent in the southwestern armies, as they then were, and to be in the twenties, too, was not quite devoid of compensation, as things go.

The first time I was fairly under fire was at Donelson, fought in February, 1862. The siege lasted three days, though generally reported as but two. During those three memorable days I was introduced to the musket and rifle, and the cannon shot, acting as amateur sharpshooter, and winning a reputation I did not deserve, and having served as aid for General Grant, bearing important orders in a crisis of the battle.

Comparing notes with many a volunteer officer afterward as to his early sensations under fire, I found that theirs were substantially the same as mine. Before any actual experience a man's notions are usually exaggerated, alarming, chaotic. He is inclined to think he will never survive his first engagement; that every shot strikes somebody; that each explosion of a gun is followed by the death of a victim. After he has been awhile among the bullets, whizzing above him, to the right and left, and doing no apparent damage, much less inflicting visible death on all sides, he is likely to reconsider the question somewhat calmly, perhaps to underrate the peril. He may remember that the military declaration that a man's weight in lead discharged in the form of bullets, is required to kill him. Very soon the declaration seems monstrously untrue. He cannot understand what a vast amount of ammunition is wasted on every field.

Raw recruits burn powder at a prodigal rate, and do very little else. To use up their cartridges quickly is their proof of valor and efficiency. They enjoy firing their piece, though they fire it in the air. The sound and smoke of the field are to their minds what mainly constitutes the battle. A cool soldier, however, knows that he has killed anybody, such is the excitement, confusion and uproar of an engagement; but the untried soldier is prone to imagine he has slain many. Long after the latter has learned that the firing of the average musket is commonly harmless, he still believes that his own is a dealer of destruction.

It is hard, if not impossible, to tell just how men feel in the midst of hostilities, so differently are men constituted. But, as a rule, the longer they are engaged the less they feel. Every added moment reduces their apprehensions, their nervousness. No one can calculate time on the battlefield. A minute may seem an hour, and an hour a minute. The excitement is intense. A man is keyed up to his highest, even though unconscious of it. He lives days and weeks, sometimes, in an hour. Fighting in the heat of a battle, work; it is exhausting. The enlisted man is not long actively employed at any time, because he cannot bear the strain. After an hour or two, at the most, he is relieved and fresh troops are sent to the front. Many of those who mainly observe and direct, who should be cool and calm, feel the pressure, too. Only a certain amount of perfect rest, of oblivious sleep, can restore them; and every great general must have the power of snatching rest and sleep under the most adverse circumstances.

No new soldier can think much, the enlisted man least of all, when under fire. The rage of battle, the fury for conflict, possesses and absorbs him. The wild beast is in most of us; it is roused to excess by the clash of arms, by the roar of cannon. Many of those who rarely regret the experience, it is so strange, so tumultuous, so peculiar, and so illuminating. And he is almost certain, so perverse are we, to long for more experience of the same baleful kind.

I remember that, on the first day at Donelson, another correspondent from New York and myself were in a sparse wood, not far from the breastworks, looking around for adventure. We were on foot, having marched from Fort Henry, eleven miles distant, across the neck of land separating the Tennessee from the Cumberland rivers. Many of us had come without horses, tents, or provisions, expecting to take Donelson before breakfast, and we were surprised to find a formidable fortified post, for General Grant had been wholly deceived by his scouts as to the strength of the place.

While in the woods some field pieces opened on the fort, which we could not see for the intervening trees. The enemy's batteries immediately replied, Grape and canister rattled all around us, cutting off the twigs and bringing us the trees over our heads, and giving us a vivid sense of war. We saw that the locality was the reverse of safe, but we stood in the open, trusting to luck. In a few minutes a middle-aged German officer, who had seen service in his own country, stepped from behind a tree and insisted on our seeking similar shelter.

"There is no courage," he said, "I'm exposing yourselves needlessly. You only show that you are not trained soldiers. I have been in a number of battles, and I have never seen a man so exposed as you are. The firing continued and the iron hail still fell all around us, we followed the officer's advice.

The second day I was nearing the fortifications, where hostilities were very active. There I fell in with a company of Birge's Illinois sharpshooters, vainly trying to pick off a confederate gunner, whom we could not see, as he was behind the breastworks, but whose position we could determine, we thought by puffs of smoke from the vent.

He had struck the log with an omniscient aim and appeared to be doing them harm, as he fired steadily at regular intervals. I was very anxious to silence him, and expressed my anxiety. "Do you think you could?" asked one of the sharpshooters. "Here, take my rifle and try."

I accepted the rifle, got down behind a log, as was the sharpshooters' custom; leveled the piece, and waited for the puff. Sharpshooters on the other side were pitted against ours. Every few seconds a bullet whistled near my head, and I was struck with a momentary thought that suggested sudden mortality. Birge's men often drew the fire of the confederates by exposing a cap or a bit of an old garment, which was always duly punctured. And the shells fell not infrequently denoted that the enemy had been detected in thinking that another odious Yankee had been disposed of.

Several times I fired at the invisible gunner, and the familiar puff at the regular interval indicated that I had missed. I tried harder and harder, though I did not privately assume that anything of a shot. At last I fired once more, after preparing myself for several minutes. I had a faint hope that I had succeeded. The interval of the puff passed. The sharpshooter looked at me significantly, and said: "I guess you've fetched him this time. I felt in my bones you would."

I had no idea that I had; but I did not wish to disturb the faith of the Illinoisan. So I replied: "I shouldn't wonder," looked wise, and withdrew to another part of the field before my reputation had been shattered.

My limited experience as a sharpshooter had benefited me. It had greatly steadied my nerves, and I felt I was gradually getting used to be under fire.

The third day I borrowed a musket as I had done before on several occasions, and discharged it on my own account, as I felt inclined to. Strictly speaking, I was not right in so acting, for a military correspondent is supposed to be a non-combatant. But I was liable to be shot at any time, going where I chose, where I had no objection, I felt, if I should be hit, that I would have the satisfaction of knowing that I had shot at the enemy repeatedly. Such a thing would not have been allowed in the Army of the Potomac. Nor was it allowed in the Army of the Tennessee, but if not winked at, it was not forbidden. Each and every man in that field had the broadest liberty, if he did not abuse it, so long as he kept out of trouble. The freedom of the correspondents under Grant was delightful, and they never clashed.

On the third day, on the left, several western regiments scaled the breastworks at Donelson. After they had got inside the entrenchments, a confederate battery opened on them, and there was fear lest they might eventually be driven back, though they stood on ground firmly. Several subordinate batteries saw the threatening peril. We know that a union battery was needed to counteract the confederate guns. But where could it be found, and who could order it up? I turned to the captain of the Missouri battery, and knowing where a Missouri battery and General Grant had been, a little while before, horses as I was, I started on a run to hunt them up. Grant, on being found, listened intently to the message I brought, and sent an order by me to the captain of the Missouri battery to hasten to the place indicated. The circumstance so flattered me that I ran back, over a mile, through a fire of shot and shell, never heeding, never thinking of it. I was big, for the moment, with my own importance, and the sense of responsibility of my mission, which was faithfully discharged, and the Missouri battery rendered good service.

It is plain from what has been written that courage, as clearly comprehended, is chiefly the result of familiarity with danger. Experience and observation both teach this. Bravery and courage, used indiscriminately, regarded generally as synonymous, are very different. Bravery is much the rarer; courage much the higher. One is inherent, temperamental; the other is acquired, and is the result of habit. It is difficult to understand why courage is so much praised, so universally, indeed, by none more than the Anglo-Saxon to whom it is particularly attributed. One might think it a rare gift, an exceptional endowment, from the enormous number constantly bestowed upon it. But it is common enough, and it may be taught by discipline and example. The man of thought, of culture, of character, may be spontaneously timid; but his qualities, natural and acquired, enable him to conceal his timidity.

The most ordinary mortals, without education, intelligence or pride, may be drilled into courage. Many of the raw recruits, who, yielding to panic, ran like hares at the first battle of Manassas, afterward proved themselves heroes. Having grown used to danger, the stimulus of a man are apt to do. We soon learn to discriminate between actual and apparent peril. What we have often escaped from we come in time to disregard. Soldiers eventually grow almost unconsciously into fatalists. They are disinclined to thought, which is troublesome, profligate and undesirable in their calling. They determine to do their duty and let results take care of themselves. Determination ultimately settles into something like instinct and becomes the ruling principle. Physical courage alone is needed for the soldier; for the army, moral courage, as much rarer as it is better and higher, is needful for the long, hard battle of life, whose grandest and permanent victories are always spiritual.

BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

The interest in war reminiscence created by the present difficulty with Spain has influenced me to contribute something to the numerous articles that have already appeared, but upon a subject that is a pretore touched upon. The courtesy of Captain J. Kelly, the obliging deputy commissioner of pensions, I was permitted to unearth certain facts relating to the civil war that will absolutely distinguish it as being a conflict truly titanic; and at the same time it may furnish a surprise to those who are only familiar with the great battles. Captain Kelley, by the way, is a gallant union soldier, and participated in many of the hard fought battles that engaged the armies of the west. He entered the service as a private and emerged from the conflict as captain of company A, Thirty-sixth Illinois infantry. A vast number of engagements were fought in states where only a few are ever spoken of and of the actual number but little is known. For instance, should a civil service examination require an applicant to name the state in which the greatest number of battles took place, he would naturally reply Kentucky or Tennessee, while as a matter of fact more battles were fought in Missouri than in any other state. In fact, the fewest during the civil war of the seceding states, while Florida and Maryland came next in the ascending scale. The actual number of engagements that occurred in each state will doubtless surprise those who have not investigated the matter. As Vicksburg was the great theater of that struggle we hear oftenest of Bull Run, the Seven Days' battles, Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, Chancellorsville, Petersburg and the Valley campaign, but by actual count taken from the records, 627 battles were fought in that state, and we have a total of 284. Louisiana comes next in point of numbers, with 181, among those being the battles of New Orleans, Pleasant Hills and the siege of Fort Hudson as events that will live in history. Georgia, the fourth in point of numbers, the number of engagements of the notable battles of the war, among them Atlanta, Kennesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Resaca, Savannah and Ringgold, the total being 162. In Kentucky there were 153 battles during the war, that of Pelevine being perhaps the most important. In Alabama there were 105 engagements, notable among them being the bombardment of Mobile and battles around Selma and Montgomery. Next on the list comes North Carolina, with a total of 102 battles, and in West Virginia 88 engagements took place. In South Carolina, where the first gun of the war was fired, there were 75 battles, including the capture of Columbia and the numerous bombardments of Fort Sumter and Charleston. In Florida there were 40 battles, and in Florida there were 39, the most important being the battle of Olustee. Maryland is famous for strategic importance because the sea, and the assaults that were made upon her borders, but there were also 38 other engagements. There were 22 engagements in Kansas during the war, and in Texas 2. Gettysburg, the greatest battle of the war, was fought in Pennsylvania, but there were six other engagements in that state, which were overshadowed by that more important event. In Ohio there were 5 engagements, in Indiana 5, Illinois 1 and in the District of Columbia (Earley's raid) 1.

According to the above figures, and taken from the records, the total number of battles that were fought between the union and confederate armies from April 15, 1861, to April 9, 1865, is 3,125. This period embraced the four years of the civil war, and the number of battles that were fought compares with other struggles in which the United States has been engaged, it may be here stated that more battles took place in West Virginia during the civil war than were fought in the entire country during the revolution of 1776, or during the war with Mexico. Of course, there were numerous battles of greater importance during the latter conflicts, but by count the number of engagements by comparison is West Virginia's favor.

His Holy Error.

It was certainly the greatest battle that had ever been waged on the sea. The admiral, by his scientific tactics and superior knowledge of naval warfare, had sunk or destroyed every vessel belonging to the enemy, whose loss of life, too, was enormous. They were absolutely demoralized, and quickly capitulated.

Moreover the victors suffered no loss of a single vessel. It was undoubtedly the most extraordinary affair that had ever taken place since the world began to revolve.

Amidst the hush following the end of the strife the conquering admiral was seen suddenly to shudder violently and then to turn pale.

"Cut all the cables that connect the harbor with the rest of the world!" he cried, in stentorian tones, that nevertheless shook with emotion.

It was done immediately, but everybody wondered at his agitation. He who had been the coolest of all during the fight now trembled like an aspen leaf.

And so the squadron rested upon the heaving billows day after day, doing nothing. It was suggested by several that some communication be made with home, but the admiral refused vehemently, his pallor increasing at each suggestion of the sort.

No, he would not!

At last one of the captains, a personal friend, ventured to remonstrate. "Why do you not send home news of our glorious victory?" he asked anxiously. The admiral shook his head and gazed with a troubled look far out onto the horizon.

"No, no!" he said, "and yet—I suppose it is my duty. But, no! How—how can I bear it?"

"Bear what?" asked the captain, wondering.

"Bear the puns on my name the newspapers will print when they get the news!" burst out the admiral, the drops of perspiration bedewing his brow.

And it was long before he could be reconciled to facing the ordeal.

AMUSING EFFECTS OF THE WAR SCARE.

Rigid Surveillance of Strangers in Washington—Officials as Watchful as the Old Maid who Looked Under Her Bed Every Night.

The timid spinster who never went to bed without looking under it for the burglar was sure would one night be found there, ought to have lived in Washington in war time. She would then have found something actual for her imagination to exercise itself upon, in the ubiquitousness of the secret service operatives. We have no Seward in the state department with his "little bell" at hand, and our fortresses are garrisoned with something else than civil prisoners; but any one is liable to constant espionage and summary arrest as a suspect, and the authorities are in no mood to make light of what would ordinarily be trifling evidence for conviction.

Washington is, of course, not the only place where this state of things exists. The precautions taken everywhere by the government to prevent untoward accidents and defeat, the state of the public face assume as many shapes as Proteus. The sudden suspicion aroused in the mind of Commodore Schley against the Cuban refugees whom Consul Dent had introduced to him as a pilot able to take his feet safely through the tortuous channel in Canada harbor, has not laid Mr. Dent open to any charge against his loyalty and good faith, but it can hardly fail to be annoying, for it puts him at least in the light of possessing indifferent judgment of human nature. News comes from one army headquarters on our southern coast of the dismissal of an ex-filibuster who had been engaged as a guide to a force about to invade Cuba, because the commanding officer felt some doubt as to the man's sentiments. The capture of the incriminating letter written by the headquarters on our southern coast of the dismissal of an ex-filibuster who had been engaged as a guide to a force about to invade Cuba, because the commanding officer felt some doubt as to the man's sentiments. The capture of the incriminating letter written by the headquarters on our southern coast of the dismissal of an ex-filibuster who had been engaged as a guide to a force about to invade Cuba, because the commanding officer felt some doubt as to the man's sentiments.

The telegraph censorship has been a delicate task in more than one sense. It is all very well to assert the abstract principle that an officer should do his duty and harness down a press whose freedom is the common boast of the country. It has been noteworthy that every officer who has been able to shirk the direct responsibility of saying "no" to the newspapers or their correspondents in the field has tried to foist it off upon General Greely, who has thus been compelled to pose as a Spartan judge and issue prohibitory mandates in defiance of the love of individual liberty which he cherishes to a very uncommon degree. But this has to be done by somebody, and the general's shoulders are broader than those of the chief outward sign of an era of uncommon tension are to be found in the increase of the police force at the White House and the extra care exercised about the admission of visitors to the department buildings. On entering the grounds surrounding the executive mansion, the stranger finds himself under the eye of a police officer, and passes from the supervision of one guardian to another all the time he remains there. On entering the White House, the stranger finds himself under the eye of a police officer, and passes from the supervision of one guardian to another all the time he remains there.

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GETTING WAR NEWS.

During the Four Years of the Civil War.

With the breaking out of the war a southern bureau or department was established in the office of the New York Herald. It was the duty of the chief of this bureau to collect and file away all information, of whatever character, that came from the south of the instructions issued to correspondents. The principal one was to obtain rebel newspapers. Neither trouble nor expense were to be spared in their acquisition. Contrabands and deserters, abandoned camps and villages were searched for them, and every opportunity was now in the office library of that journal. The chief of this bureau compiled for these paper lists, or rosters, of the military forces of the secessionists. Occasionally these, in an incomplete form, would be published, but finally a very full and complete list of the rebel army made its appearance in the Herald. When a copy of this paper, with this wonderful array of names and figures, reached Richmond it created a veritable commotion in the war office of that capital. Several of the clerks, accused of furnishing the information, were placed under arrest. On the evening of its appearance in New York one of the attacks of the Herald rode in a Fourth Avenue car with George M. Snow of the Tribune as a fellow passenger.

"If anything were wanting," said Snow to the aforesaid rebel, "I should show the intimacy between the rebels in Richmond and the office of the Herald in New York, the list of the rebel army, as published this morning, is that thing."

"What do you mean?" asked the Herald attaché. "That roster of the rebel army could only have been obtained from the rebel war office. That is quite enough, I should think," replied Snow, with a touch of professional jealousy.

"Why should you not mean to say that the Herald obtained the list direct from the war department in Richmond? That information was wholly made up from advertisements and local news paragraphs of the southern newspapers which were run through our lines."

"Nonsense," said Snow. "Don't you suppose the Tribune and Times could have done the same thing?"

"Let us know," said the Tribune on the 9th of June, 1862, from what source and through what channels the Herald has twice proffered for publication the alleged muster rolls of the rebel army, which were run through our lines."

On one occasion a union prisoner was released from Libby, where several Herald correspondents were confined. This soldier, on his arrival in New York, called at the Herald, cut off one of his hollow military buttons, and presented it to the editor. "You will find a letter in that," said he. On taking it apart a letter was found, written on Libby paper, describing affairs in Richmond, which made three-fourths of a column in the Herald. No one knew how that intelligence reached the office.

THANKS OF CONGRESS.

is an Honor Seldom Conferred and What It Means.

I have received several inquiries as to the effect of the vote of thanks by congress to Admiral Dewey, his officers and men for their gallant victory at Manila. The impression seems to prevail in some places that the vote carried with it a seat in congress. This is a mistake. The privilege of the floor, which is a greater honor, is the right to enter the house of representatives at pleasure, except when the latter body is in secret executive session. It is conferred by law upon the president and the members of his cabinet, justices of the supreme court of the United States, ex-members of congress who are not interested as agents in pending legislation and those who have received by name a vote of thanks from congress. Persons not entitled to the privilege are compelled to enter the galleries to hear the proceedings and to send their cards to members they want to see.

A vote of thanks by congress is an honor seldom conferred. During the civil war it occurred on 12 times. It was first given on December 24, 1861, to Brigadier General Nathaniel Lyon, his officers and men for their gallant conduct at the battle of Springfield, Mo. On March 3, 1863, Major General William S. Rosecrans was thanked by congress for the gallant conduct of his officers and men at the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn. Major General Ulysses S. Grant received the honor and a medal on December 17, 1863; Major General Nathaniel P. Banks on January 28, 1864, for services at Fort Hudson; Major General Joseph Hooker, George G. Meade, Oliver O. Howard and the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, all in one vote on the same day as General Banks, for skill, energy and endurance in covering Washington and Baltimore, and for skill and heroic valor displayed at Gettysburg.

Major General W. T. Sherman, his officers and men twice received the honor, the first time on February 19, 1864, for gallant and arduous services in marching to the relief of the Army of the Cumberland, and again on June 10, 1865, for gallant conduct in the brilliant movement through Georgia. Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Bailey, of the Fourth Wisconsin volunteers, was thanked on June 11, 1864, for distinguished services. Brevet Major General Alfred H. Terry, on January 24, 1865, was mentioned for unsurpassed gallantry and skill exhibited by his command in the attack on Fort Fisher. Major General George H. Thomas on March 3, 1865, received resolutions for the signal defeat of the rebel army under General Hood.

The last on the list prior to Admiral Dewey was Major General Winfield Scott Hancock on April 21, 1866, for his services with the Army of the Potomac in 1863. When peace was restored on May 30, 1866, "the officers, soldiers and seamen of the United States, by whose valor and endurance on land and at sea the rebellion has been crushed," received a joint resolution expressing the gratitude of the nation.

SURVEILLANCE IN PARIS.

More curious than all its strange callings and its strange customs is the police system in Paris. When an Englishman gets to his hotel he remarks, probably to his wife, "Well, my dear, what can we do as we like. No worry about what Mrs. Brown would say if we had met her at Brighton. Here we are free, and nobody knows who we are or cares who we are." But before he has time to dress for dinner the police knock that he is in Paris and his name is inscribed at the prefecture. Every hotel must keep a register of all foreigners and hand it over daily to the special officers who are sent around to collect. In the case of the English or American citizen the interest is taken unless their expenditure is noticeably extravagant, and then a friendly interest is taken in them, and their description sent to Scotland yard.

It is almost impossible to conceive the thoroughness of the French police system. I have never known any one mouchard in France. The waiter who serves you, the man who shaves you, the coacher who drives you, are as likely as not to be in the police pay. They know everything and they know everybody. Here is an instance that occurred on a Friday week only the other day. He received from the prefecture an order to appear on the following day. So far as he knew he had done nothing particularly out of the way, and even if he had done it unintentionally. The magistrate invited him into his private room and put him at ease as he once by explaining that the affair did not concern him personally, but he wanted some information on two or three of the English colony with whom he was associated. The answers were perfectly satisfactory and, in leaving, he turned to the waiter and said, laughing, "Why don't you ask me something about myself?" "But I know all about you," he replied. "Would you like to know what you did on any particular day within the last three months?" My friend replied at random: "I should have followed you to the remotest knowledge as to what happened." The magistrate turned over his dossier and replied: "You got home at half-past two in a cab that you had taken at Madeline. You rode out on your bicycle at half past 9. You looked at the clock at 10. You were in the street at 11. You were in the street at 12. You were in the street at 1. You were in the street at 2. You were in the street at 3. You were in the street at 4. You were in the street at 5. You were in the street at 6. You were in the street at 7. You were in the street at 8. You were in the street at 9. You were in the street at 10. You were in the street at 11. You were in the street at 12. You were in the street at 1. You were in the street at 2. You were in the street at 3. You were in the street at 4. You were in the street at 5. You were in the street at 6. 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