

## BEHAVIOR OF MEN WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

Varied Expressions of Soldiers Slightly or Mortally Shot in the Fight of the Wilderness.

Men wounded in battle behave in various manners, according to the nature of their wounds, the degree of physical courage possessed.

While the subject of the dead and wounded in the least touched on by writers on the war, it is nevertheless a topic equally as interesting, if not so pleasing, as those having to do with the glory of war.

On the second day of the battle of the Wilderness, when I fought as an infantry soldier, I saw men killed and wounded as I never did before or after the same time. I knew but few of the men in the regiment in whose ranks the men had fallen, but I knew the Christian names of some of the men. The man who stood next to me on my right was called Will. He was cool, brave and intelligent.

In the morning when the Second corps was advancing and driving Hill's soldiers slowly back I was hurried. He noticed it, and steadied my nerves by saying kindly: "Don't fire so fast. The fight will last all day. Don't hurry. Cover your man before you pull the trigger. Take it easy, my boys, take it easy, and your cartridges will last the longer."

During the day I had learned to look up to this excellent soldier, and lean on him. Towards evening, as we were being slowly driven back to the Brock road by Longstreet's men, we made a stand. I was behind a tree firing, with my rifle barrel resting on the stub of a limb. Will was standing by my side, but in the open. He, with a groan, doubled up, and dropped on his hands as he fell.

He looked at me. His face was pale. He gasped for breath a few times, and then said, faintly: "That ends me. I am shot through the bowels." I said: "Crawl to the rear. We are not far from the entrenchments along the Brock road." I saw him sit up, and he said: "I will try to crawl." He crawled until he had fallen from his hands as he fell.

Again I spoke to him to go to the rear. He looked at me and said impatiently: "I tell you I am as good as dead. There is no use in fooling with me. I shall stay here. Then he crawled forward, dead, shot again and through the head. We fell back before Longstreet's soldiers and left Will.

When we got to the Brock road entrenchments a man a few feet to my left dropped dead, shot just above the ear. He did not groan or sigh or make the slightest physical movement, except that his chest heaved a few times. The life went out of his face instantly, leaving it without a particle of expression.

It was plastic, and as the facial muscles contracted it took many shapes. When the man's body became cold and his face hardened, it was horribly distorted, as though he had suffered intensely. Any person who had not seen him killed would have said that he had endured supreme agony before death released him.

Behind the dead smile, again they stare with glassy eyes and lolling tongues and dreadfully distorted visages at you. One death was as painless as the other.

After Longstreet's soldiers had driven the Second corps to their entrenchments along the Brock road a battle exhausted infantryman, who had been a large oak tree. His back rested against it. He was very tired and held his rifle meekly in his hand.

The confederates were directly in our front. This soldier was apparently in perfect safety. A shell shot from a confederate gun struck the oak tree

squally about four feet from the ground, but it did not have sufficient force to tear through the thick wood. The soldier fell dead. There was not a scratch on him. He was killed by concussion.

While we were fighting savagely over these entrenchments the woods in our front caught fire, and I saw many of our wounded burn to death.

The smoke rolled heavily and slowly before the flames curled around the victims. The spectacle was courage-snapping and pitiful, but I do not believe that the wounded soldiers, who were being burned, suffered greatly, if they suffered at all.

Wounded soldiers, it mattered not how slight the wounds, generally hastened away from the battle lines. A wound entitled a man to go to the rear and to a hospital. Of course there were many exceptions to this rule, as there would necessarily be in battles where from 20,000 to 30,000 men were wounded.

I frequently saw slightly wounded men who were marching with their colors, remembering seeing two men wounded who continued to fight. During the first day's fighting in the Wilderness I saw a youth of about 20 years skip and yell, stung by a bullet through the thigh.

He turned to limp to the rear. After he had gone a few steps he stopped, then he kicked over his leg once or twice to see if it would work. Then he tore the clothing away from the leg so as to see the wound. He looked at it attentively for an instant, then kicked out his leg again, then turned and took his place in the ranks and resumed firing.

There was considerable disorder in the lines, and the soldiers moved to and fro—now a few feet to the left, now a few feet to the right. One of these movements brought me directly behind the wounded youth. I could plainly see that his position had shifted in the gapping line and began to bleed.

In a minute or two the wounded soldier dropped his rifle, and, clasping his left arm, exclaimed: "I am hit again!" He sat down behind the battle rank, and fired off the sleeve of his shirt. The wound was very slight, not much more than skin deep. He tied his handkerchief around it, picked up his rifle and took position alongside of me.

"You had better get away from here," he said. "I turned my head to answer me. His head jerked, he staggered, fell and then regained his feet. A tiny fountain of blood and teeth and bone burst out of his mouth. He had been shot through the jaw; the lower one was broken and hung down. I looked directly into his open mouth, which was ragged and bloody and tongueless.

He cast his rifle furiously on the ground and staggered off.

The next day, just before Longstreet's soldiers made their first charge on the Second corps, I heard the peculiar cry of a stricken man utter, as a bullet tears through his flesh. I turned my head as I loaded my rifle to see who was hit.

I saw a bearded Irishman pull up his shirt. He had been wounded in the left side just below the floating ribs. His face was gray with pain. The wound looked as though it was mortal. He looked at it for an instant and then poked it gently with his index finger. His face flushed and he smiled with satisfaction. He tucked his shirt into his trousers and was fighting in the ranks again before I had capped my rifle.

ANCIENT CONJURERS.

Conjurers in ancient times were not very respectable members of society—when successful they enjoyed the reputation of being sorcerers who conjured evil one, and when of inferior ability they gained notoriety by being either drowned or burned. The mediaeval magicians as well as the Egyptian magi and the Chaldean sages were only a strange mixture of chemist, conjurer and charlatan, and as these gentlemen were in the habit of using their supposed occult powers to their own advantage, they were naturally unpopular.

The feats of jugglery were for the mystification and not the amusement of the public, and the conjurers had to had to it only a black side. The amateur conjurer of today is not always a popular individual, save with children and the unsophisticated yokel; to the general public he is merely a bore of greater or less magnitude, whose performance is so obvious as to divert the attention of the spectators from the conjurer.

It is hard to realize that this person is no mushroom growth of modern society, but in point of fact his role is one of a respectable antiquity, for he is to be found treading closely upon the heels of the magicians, and in the days when witchcraft was still rampant. This is significant of his reputation even in those early days, for had any one taken his tricks seriously he would doubtless have been run to earth and done to death as a wizard.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, in the earliest years of the Restoration, a number of tricks were published in one of those facetious books which seem to have occupied the press to a great extent at that time, but which, owing to their popularity, have for the most part perished. The chief recommendation of the greater number of these tricks is that no apparatus beyond the utensils of everyday life is necessary; also it is suggested to the performer that he can make some small profit out of his entertainment by prevailing on his audience to bet with him on the result of the trick. "To set a horse's or an ass's head upon a man's head and shoulders" seem impossible out of the land of fakers, but we are informed that by boiling the head cut from a living animal "the flesh and skin may runne into experiment on some one else's brow." "To make a shoal of ginslings draw a timber-logs" sounds interesting, but unfortunately the directions are vague. "To make a shoal of goslings or a gaggle of geese to swim draw a timber-logs" is a trick which verie means that is used when a cat draws a fool through a pond, but handled somewhat further off from the beholders.

"It is a strange thing to me," said a well known druggist of F street, Washington, and an ex-confederate soldier, "that the national air of the south is. Most everybody in the north looks upon that lively tune, best known as 'Dixie,' as the southern national air. But it is a fact that it was written by a northern man, both words and music, as you may see by the name 'Dixie' which easily indicates. The national air of the south is 'The Mocking Bird'—and it was so adopted by a confederate congress. I don't know just when. Very few people seem to know this, even in many southern states, but being aware of the fact, but it is true, nevertheless."

THE OTHER FELLOW.

It is a debatable question among his friends whether John Allen depends more upon memory or invention for his inexhaustible fund of stories. Colonel William R. Morrison, who is something of a story-teller himself, once felt called upon to explain Mr. Allen's staying powers, after a bout in which he and the Mississippian had alternated in entertaining a party of railroad men while the interstate commerce commission was having a sitting at Tupelo.

"I can't compete with John Allen," said Colonel Morrison, apologetically, because "I haven't got the gift of invention." My story, he said, are true. They are actual occurrences. Everybody in Washington knows that John Allen's stories are made up as he goes along. Now, I once heard him tell of an army experience that was pure fiction on his part. He said that a comrade and he were on a log behind the log in the woods. He was going on in front of them. The fighting was pretty hot, Allen and his comrade were a good deal in doubt as to how long that log would protect them from the bullets. They got into a discussion as to which should poke up his end first, and take a view of the surrounding. Finally, Allen says, his comrade urged: "John, you look and see where the Yankees are. You know you are a single man and haven't got any family." Now," concluded Colonel Morrison, "that was something that never happened. I have heard Allen tell it repeatedly and always raise a laugh."

There was a general smile at John Allen's expense, and then Edward L. Russell, the president of the Mobile & Ohio railroad, said: "Colonel, you are mistaken. That was a true story." John Allen of Mississippi would rather tell a story than write a letter. The shrewd, kindly natured, but too neglectful, representative isn't as attentive to his correspondence as becomes a member of congress. His fault in respect is a source of regret to his friends. It is only by his returns home that Mr. Allen makes amends and secures forgiveness for his unfamiliarity as a correspondent. There are those who believe that if Mr. Allen had cultivated the politicians and people with his typewriter as assiduously as other statesmen are wont to do, he might have attained a seat in the United States senate before this time. Edward L. Russell, president of the Mobile & Ohio railroad, had a recent experience with Mr. Allen's readiness in averting the evil consequences of his disinclination to touch a pen. Mr. Russell and Mr. Allen have been friends since war times. They have seen each other climb national reputations, one in railroad management, the other in politics. Several months ago Mr. Russell was elected to the presidency of the road, with which he had been connected for a quarter of a century or more. He came on to Washington later, and meeting Mr. Allen, he said, with a touch of reproach in his tone:

"John, I received, I suppose, 500 telegrams and letters of congratulation upon my recent promotion. I don't find any from them from you."

Mr. Allen, he said, was waiting for me to meet your train, which you are not meeting. And then I was going to congratulate the company."

## CHARLEMAGNE'S SERMON.

"All that a man hath will he give for his life,"

The Lord doth not say it, but Satan said it to the Lord when the evil one wanted Job still more afflicted. The record is: "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils." And it had been the author of all eruptive diseases since then, and he hopes by poisoning the blood to poison the soul. But the result of the diabolical experiment which left Job victor proved the falsity of the Satan's remark: "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Satan's words were not true when he stood on the bridge of the steamer till his passengers got off and he drowned; many an engineer who has kept his hand on the throttle valve or his foot on the brake, until the most of the train was saved, while he did not stand through the open draw bridge; many a fireman who plunged into a blazing boiler to get a sleeping child out, the fireman sacrificing his life in the attempt, and the thousands of martyrs who died for the cause of Christ, and the thousands of men who were massacred and headman's ax and guillotine rather than surrender principle, proving that in many a case my text was not true when it says: "All that a man hath will he give for his life."

But Satan's falsehood was built on a truth. Life is very precious, and if we would not give up all, there are many things we would surrender rather than surrender it. We see our precious life is from the fact that we do everything to prolong it. Hence all sanitary regulations, all study of hygiene, all fear of draughts, all water-proofs, all doctors, all medicines, all struggle in crisis or accident.

ONE PRECIOUS LIFE.

An admiral of the British navy was court-martialed for turning his ship around in time of danger, and so damaging the ship. It was proved against him. But when his time came to be heard he said: "Gentlemen, I did turn the ship around, and I admit that it was damaged, but do you not know why I turned it? There was a man overboard, and I wanted to save him, and I did save him, and I consider the life of one sailor worth all the vessels of the British navy."

The fact is that no intelligent and right-feeling man is satisfied with his past life. However successful your life may have been, you are not satisfied with it. What is success? Ask that question of a hundred different men, and the replies will give you a wide variety of answers. One man will say, "Success is \$1,000,000; another will say, 'Success is world-wide publicity; another will say, 'Success is gaining that which you started for.' But as it is a free country, I give my own definition, and say, 'Success is fulfilling the particular mission upon which you were sent, whether to write a constitution, or invent a new style of wheelbarrow, or take care of a sick child.' Do what God calls you to do, and that will give you success. You are worth \$1,000,000 at death or are buried at public expense, whether it takes fifteen pages of an encyclopedia to tell the wonderful things you have done, or your name is never printed but once, and you will live the same life, and whatever your success has been, you are not satisfied with your life."

WOULD TRY IT AGAIN.

We have all made so many mistakes, stumbled into so many blunders, said so many things that ought not to have been said, and done so many things that we shall never repeat, that if we could we can suggest at least 95 per cent of improvement. Now, would it not be grand if the good Lord would say to you: "You can go back and try it over again." Will, by a word, turn you hair backward, and your wrinkles, and your smooth all the wrinkles out of your temple or cheek, and take the bend out of your shoulders, and extirpate the stiffness from the joint, and the rheumatism twinge from the foot, and you will be 21 years of age, and just what you were when you reached that point before. If the proposition were made I think many thousands would accept it.

But some of you would have to go back over the 21 years of age to make a fair start, for there are many who manage to get all wrong before that period. Yea, in order to get a fair start, some would have to go back to the father and mother and get them corrected, for a success, whether your grandmother, and have their life corrected, for some of you are suffering from bad hereditary influences which started 100 years ago. Well, if your grandfather lived his life over again, and you lived your life over again, what a cluttered-up place this world would be—a place filled with miserable attempts at repairs. I begin to think that it is better for each generation to have only one chance, and that for their parents, or give another generation a chance. Besides that, if we were permitted to live life over again, it would be a stale and stupid experience. The zest and spur and enthusiasm of life come from the fact that we have never been along this road before, and everything is new, and we are alert for what may appear at the next turn of the road.

AN EMPTY PRIVILEGE.

Suppose you, a man of middle life or old age, were, with your present feelings and large attainments, put back into the thirteenth century, and then, for the sake of a nuisance you would be to others, and what an unhappiness to yourself! Your contemporaries would not want you, and you would not want them. Things that in your previous journey of life were your joyful ambition, or gave you pleasurable surprise, or led you into happy interrogation, would only call forth from you a disgusted "Oh, pshaw!" and "I have done the same thing over and over again at forty, and unendurable at fifty. The most insane and stupid thing imaginable would be a second journey of life.

Besides that, if you took life over again you would have to take its deep sadnesses over again. Would you want to try again the griefs and the heart-breaks and the bereavements through which you have gone? What a mercy that we shall never be called to suffer them again! We may have others bad enough, but those old ones never again. Would you want to go through the process of losing your father again, or your mother again, or your companion in life again, or your child again?

Besides that, would you want to risk the temptations of life over again? From the fact that you are here I conclude that, though in many respects your life may have been unfortunate and unaccomplished, you have not got on so far tolerably well, if nothing more than tolerable. As for myself, though my previous journey of life I have offered to God as I would like to have had it, I would not want to try it over again, lest next time I would do worse.

FARTHER FROM HEAVEN.

Besides all this, do you know, if you could have your wish, and live life over again, it would put you so much further from reunion with your friends in heaven? If you are in the noon of life or the evening of life, you are not very far from being taken, which you are, to meet your companions, and be surprised ones. You are now, let us say, twenty years, or ten years, or one

## ANTS WAGE SCIENTIFIC WAR.

They Conduct Strategic Military Operations and with Almost Human Skill They Attack and Defend Fortifications.

The art of war is understood and practiced by only one kind of animals besides man. Those animals are ants. Ants are adepts in military science. They know the whole business, from a guerrilla movement to the siege of a fortified city. Not all ants are warlike, it is true, but many species are extremely so, and of these the best example is furnished by the Eciton ants. The Ecitons may be called exclusively military, inasmuch as they have no permanent homes, but spend nearly all their time in warlike expeditions. Some species are found in Texas and elsewhere in the United States, but they are most numerous in Brazil. Their armies often number millions, and move in serried columns. Nothing living can successfully oppose them, and the largest, fiercest creatures of the tropical forests fly before them to escape being crushed. Whenever they move the whole animal world is in commotion, and put to precipitate rout. The main body of the army of Ecitons, as it moves forward in steady, disciplined march, is made up of the weaker ants, so called, though they are fighters as well as toilers. For every 1,000 workers there are perhaps fifty soldier ants, which are the same breed, but specially built for fighting purposes, having enormous heads and powerful jaws.

These soldiers never carry anything, or attend any other business apparently, but troop along on the flanks of the column, being distributed at regular intervals like subaltern officers. Their shining white heads make them very conspicuous, bobbing up and down as the regiments pass over inequalities in the road.

An army of Ecitons, as it moves forward, clears the ground of all animal matter, dead or alive. Every living creature that can get out of the way does so. It is especially the various tribes of wingless insects that have cause to fear, such as maggots, caterpillars, etc. If a man making his way through the tropical forest happens to encounter a marching column of these ants he is instantly attacked.

Numbers of the ferocious insects swarm up his legs, and wherever they find a bare spot they take it, each one driving its pincer-like jaws into the skin, and stinging with its tail with all its might. The Eciton stings like a bee, being strictly "business" at both ends. There is nothing for the man to do but to run for it, and when he gets to a place of safety he proceeds to pluck off insects one by one.

Dr. H. W. Bates, in his work entitled "A Naturalist on the River Amazon," describes an attack of a column of Ecitons upon a fortress—I, e., a great mound-shaped communal dwelling of another species. The army began its assault upon the works in a most systematic manner, excavating a series of mines.

Operations were so thoroughly organized that some of the assaults did the digging, while others carried away the earth, and others yet brought out the larvae of young ants which were found in the chambers of the structure besieged. As fast as the larvae were brought out they were torn to pieces, their weight being too heavy for a single Eciton to bear.

There are very small ants, though in some species the big-headed

towns which resisted him, until the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle placed France in a pinnacle of glory. He lived until 1750, enjoying himself tolerably, after his days of active service were over. He had accumulated a handsome fortune and had received all the honors kings and people could show him. Although the worst spell that ever lived with Andrew Jackson came to darken his honor, Marshal Saxe wrote a very fine book, for which the French Academy proposed to elect him a member. This, however, he declined in a letter full of bad grammar, worse spelling and extreme good-bye to a clerk's coat as an ornament to the profession of soldiers of fortune.

The greatest Englishman in the business was undoubtedly Lord Clive, Baron of Plassey—the man that the elder Pitt described as a "heaven-born general," and of whom Macaulay says no man except Napoleon Bonaparte ever did anything more in military respect at the age of 25. He was an English country boy, rather dull at his books, but of a fighting and predatory disposition always. In 1744 his family shipped him to India to get rid of him. For three years he made a good job of it, and then, this man, born to fight and conquer the mighty empire of India and to administer to governments greater in territory and population than in Europe. Then he was given a cornet's commission in the handful of English troops employed by the East India company. At that time—1745—It looked as if the English were about to be driven out of India and the French were to dominate in the east. The natives were up in arms against the English. They were almost as far removed from England as if they had been on another planet; their case was so desperate that only a transcendent man like young Clive would have seriously expected to conquer. He, however, conceived an original scheme of marching against Arcot, a city of 1,500 men, a few of them Frenchmen, but mostly natives. Clive's originality consisted in undertaking this with about 200 British infantry and 300 Sepoys. The queerest part of it was that he succeeded—the men in the fort were panic-stricken, and retreated before him.

Clive's career after this requires the pen of a Victor Hugo. He swept like a tornado one stupendous victory to another. He terrorized the Indian rulers so that one of them declared that he made three salaams to Clive's jacks every morning. He destroyed the hordes of native soldiers led against him by gallant Frenchmen as the scythed mows down the ripe wheat.

An amusing thing happened to a very smart wedding not far from London the other day. The bride's parents sent to some fashionable city florists to decorate the chancel of the parish church, but when the bridal party arrived not a flower was visible, and the place was bare as a barn. Indignation and surprise consumed all concerned, and violent inquiries were sent by wire to the fashionable florists to learn why they had failed to obey instructions. The answer came in due time with the bill, and on enquiry it was discovered that the florists had been deceived. The florists had arrived just before and profusely adorned the church, but as soon as the ceremony was over, supposing it to be "the evening for which they were engaged," they carefully removed all the decorations and bundled them off to town. The moral of which is: Don't leave bride arrangements to hirelings, and send the best man or a bridesmaid to inspect the parish church before the bride starts off for it.

## PICTURESQUE FIGHTERS.

In the days when it was esteemed almost the only general trade, soldiers of fortune were common enough, for they could fill their pockets while wearing a sword. But in these degenerate times, when war is considered a bore, and fighting bad form, these enterprising gentlemen have but one solitary representative left at the end of the century—and his name will be presently given.

The Latins have produced most of these long-headed swashbucklers; the Anglo-Saxons and the Teutons have made only a few, though brilliant ones. The Eciton, a native of the East Indies, is one of the few who still fill their pockets, it can not be denied that they had a true and gentlemanlike taste for fighting and took actual pleasure in uprooting governments, knocking down dynasties and slaughtering kings. Pizarro and Cortez, the best examples of their tribe—and who shall say they were not considerable fellows? But Maurice, Count Saxe, was about as big a man as any in his business of fighting for love of it, and incidentally feathering his nest with gold. He was a perfect beauty of a man, irresistible among the ladies, and Frederick the Great said of him: "This general could teach all the generals in Europe."

Perhaps this count, afterward Marshal Saxe, did not himself exactly know where his allegiance belonged, and he had a fine time in Flanders for a year or two. Things, however, not going to suit him, in 1711 he transferred himself to the united armies of Russia and Poland, then fighting Charles XII. of Sweden, as long as there was anything to be done. Count Maurice enjoyed himself very much. Things, however, quieting down, he returned to Poland, where he fought gallantly in civil wars until 1723. By that time he was 24 years old, he was a veteran not only in war, but in love, and having disinterested himself of a wife whom he had taken in a moment of rashness, he went to Paris, where he belonged. For six years he had a glorious good time, smashing hearts and studying what remained for him to learn in the art of love.

Six years of Paris peace having bored him, however, in 1726 he got himself elected Duke of Courland. He had the pleasure of fighting both the Poles and Russians a whole year. The war was returned to Paris, where he joined the army of that other gallant adventurer, the Duke of Berwick, natural son of James II. of England. From that on the life of Marshal Saxe was one long carnival of joy in victory. He was equally great in fighting and maneuvering. He beat his enemies in the field, and when they locked themselves up in fortified cities he sat down in front of them, and before they knew it were forced to capitulate. He destroyed the Duke of Cumberland with his English, Dutch and Austrians at the battle of Fontenoy, that famous battle where the French politely requested the gentlemen of the guard to fire first. By the time he was a marshal of France, and having led a very gay life, with much eating and drinking, he was so far gone in drowsy that he could not mount a horse, but had to be carried about in a litter. This did not prevent him, though, from beating all the generals who opposed him, and taking all the

The beautiful colors seen in the soap bubble arise from the fact that the light which enters is reflected light from both the outer and inner surfaces of the film.