# TERROR IN BATTLE.

## PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF A VETERAN.

# Anecdotes of Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Malvern Hill, Antietam, etc.

During the war we used to read of companies falling back, regiments giving ground, and brigades becoming demoralized, and the average reader took it for cowardics and openly expressed his contempt. No man ever went into battle twice alike. No company, regiment or brigade were ever situated twice alike. A man may be very brave in one battle and very timid in the next. His "physicial and mental conditions have much to do with it. A private soldier knows the position of his entire brigade in a fight. If the position is a strong one he is encouraged; if the flanks are exposed or the defenses weak he is nervous and apprehensive.

It is a grand stake the soldier plays for in battle. If he wins he may live on until the next fight. If he loses he gets a headstone in a national cemetery. I cannot make you understand the situation better than to give you personal experiences. The great majority of soldiers had the same feeling and passed through the same experiences.

At first Bull Run my brigade gained ground for several hours. This, with a small loss of men, kept us encouraged. Indeed, it was hard for the officers to restrain us. Every man was hopeful and determined, and any single company would have charged a ful. regiment. The panie had upset thousands before it touched us. Indeed, the retreat had been going on for two hours before we got word. We were well in hand and ready to advance when the news reached us. In five minutes every man was shaky. In ten minntes men whose faces were powder-stained were sneaking out of the ranks to gain the rear. In a quarter of an hour half a company of confederates could have driven the whole brigade like a flock of sheep. I saw men cry like children. I saw others tremble and sit down from weakness. Every fresh report added to the feeling of terror, and by and by pride and discipline gave way to a grand rush, and it was every man for himself. No one would stop to reason. No one cared whether his comrade was ahead or behind. This was called cowardice, but it was not. It was panic-the terror of battle-a senseless but powerful something which seizes the bravest men and makes children of them.

In the streets of Fredericksburg I saw Federal soldiers discharge their muskets into the air, when the enemy was within point-blank range. I saw plenty of them drop on their faces and tremble and groan and cry. This was a case where every man saw the hopelessness of attack. He felt that he was pushed forward to be shot down. There was no way for retreat until the lines should fall back. On the other hand, the confederate troops posted behind the stone wall at the foot of Mayre's Hill joked and smoked, and known for his love of bright colors, were in the highest spirits, feeling themselves secure from bullets and from shoulder to shoe. knowing they could beat back any force. One of them told me that after taking a dead aim on thirteen different men and dropping every one of them he refrained from firing the next quarter of an hour out of sheer pity for the human targets being shoved up to meet death.

had only a slight loss in killed and wounded. As 'he confederates charged across the fields we felt to pity them. of danger in return, and out of five used. confederates who rushed into our lines in their bewilderment three were crving and sobbing. It wasn't cowardice but terror. No coward could have been induced to march across those meadows in the face of that terrific fire from cannon and musketry. At Cold Harbor, after beating off everything in our front, and while most of the men were cheering, some one started the report that the confederates had gained our rear. Two thousand men broke back like a lot of boys, some even throwing their guns away, and the jeers of the other troops had no effect until the frenzy had had time to evaporate. At Gettysburg my regiment had the cover of a stone wall, and we knew that we were well supported. We hoped for a charge, and when it came every man was cool and calm and confident. One band of prisoners numbering about thirty was led past us on their way to the rear, them which is easily found by the and I noticed that many were erving microscope, though not noticeable to and all were whitefaced. I have seen the taste.

the best soldiers and the oldest fighters win their medals in one battle and show the white feather in the next. I saw a second lieutenant almost cry for the privilege of leading a charge at Antietam, and vet at Chantilly he fell into a ditch and pretended to be so

hit as to drop behind in the charge. Cowards never go to war. If they get into the ranks through the draft they desert or commit suicide. It is only brave men who face the grim monster on a field of battle, and next to the foe his worst enemy is a terror which siezes him as a chill or fever might come on, and there is no remedy for it except to get away from the screaming missiles of death until one's nerve and sand return.

## Old Gabriel.

Old Gabriel was one of the most remarkable characters on the coast. So far as can be learned by tradition, he was born about 1740; though there is no record of his birth, and even in the early days when California was still the roving ground of the Mission Indians, been built. Gabriel was too aged for the old men of the time to remember his childhood. As a venerable chief, who died a few years ago at the age long after we have forgotten all his of 115, put it, "Gabriel was an old man when the Indians of his age werd still boys."

The story of the old fellow's life is interesting, chiefly on account of the length of years it covered, and not by reason of valorous deeds or relentlest warfare. He was on the whole a peaceable creature' ignorant and faith

The story of his life has been handed down among the Franciscan missionaries, who came into California Father Junipero arrived in Monterey in 1769 Gabriel, then a grandfather, was among the little band who received him. The missionary took an interest in the man, who was at the time a strapping fellow of six feet and not long after baptized him and guided him into the Catholic faith. He worked for the Church, conscientiously continuing his devotions until a few years since, and one of the few things which during his last days brought eyes was the mention of Father Junipero's name.

It drew out from him in broken Spanish the story of Father Junipero's first mass under a tree, and the building of the Carmelo mission of adobe, its obliteration, and its reconstruction in stone, much of which was cut by old Gabriel's own hands. His services were also demanded during the building of the Soledad and San Antonio missions in 1791.

From that time on his life seems to have been unusually quiet, and though Father Sorrentine made a search of the records and gathered together all the current stories of the remarkable fellow, little of a sensational nature ever came to light, though his great age was clearly established. Gabriel lived in Monterey for years, but toward the close of his career he was a familiar figure on the streets of Salinas, wellwith which his clothes were patched

His personal habits were worthy a cultured white man, and to them no doubt, was due his long life. His food was of the simplest character and his practises a model of regularity. He paid particular attention to bathing, and, as old age and circumstances deprived him of the means of attending

At Malvern Hill my regiment lay in to this custom, in lieu of his bath he the dry bed of a creek at the foot of scraped his skin with an old knife, lishing houses in London, which gave It was a natural rifle- thus keeping the pores open. There him a satisfactory round sum for a pit, and sheltered us so well that we are some old residents of the county short volume of stories, with an agreewho well remember the sweathouse ment for one-fourth after leducting that old Gabriel had on the bank of a creek where he lived many years ago We poured in our volleys without fear | and the persistency with which it was His memory up to about five or six the then coming month of January. years ago was very good and and was equal to what it had been for the fifty years preceding; but since that, and more particularly during the last two This letter enclosed a check for 48 years, it gradually failed, as did his speech. The Indians all attribute Gabriel's for the year 1889 .- Philadelphia Inlongevity to his having been the first quirer. to submit to the priest's baptism. They looked upon him with great reverence, and even to white men he was a remarkable character, for had George Washington lived he would have been scarcely older, and in all modern history there are few such cases as that of the old, ignorant Mission Indian Gabriel.-San Francisco Chronicle.

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Truth in one age is error in the next. Good manners cover defects for a time.

The best government is self-government.

Better a crust with honor and integrity than untold millions won by fraud and dishonor.

The more business a man has to de the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

Love is the loadstone of life. Smiles, cheering words, and helpful deeds are the sunshine of our days.

Kill out the superstitions with the truths of science. Banish gods and ghosts by the light of knowledge and reason.

The good can never be happy while seeing others miserable around them. The truly kind will share their last crust even with the starving cur.

Be ready to face all thy words and all thy deeds, and life will then have around whom so many romances have no pitfalls for the; nor wilt thou have cause to fear death or aught that may come after it.

> How a man's truth comes to mind. words! How it comes to us in silent hours, that truth is our only armor in all passages of life and death!

#### Styles For Horsewomen.

The lively discussion concerning the attire of lady riders seems to have borne fruit, for a few days ago Bournemouth was scandalized by the appearance of a lady riding on a cross-saddle, in trowsers. She certainly was a brave woman, for the staring and laughter of the populace seemed to have no effect more than a century ago, and when upon her. Habit-makers, however, deny that ladies intend to adopt the manly saddle, and they ought to know. One tailor has devised a novelty which is a kind of adaptation of the divided skirt for riding purposes. The habit skirt is dived at the back, and the loose material forms wide leglets. The great advantage of this skirt is, that should the rider have a fall, there is nothing that could catch on to the saddle, and I should not be surprised if it was adopted by many enthusiastic back the old light in Gabriel's dim followers of the hounds. I believe there is one suddler in London who confesses to making cross-saddles for ladies; but he admits that the sale for them is extremely small. Some women there are to whom riding is the be-all and end-all of existence, and these occasionally ride out on cross-saddles. But this only in the privacy of their own grounds. Perhaps now, with the example of the Bournemouth lady before them, they may grow more bold; but though I rejoice in the freedom of woman, it is a change that should be very sorry to see. The manly costume is never becoming to the form of lovely woman, and I hope that, for the sake perhaps of a little extra comfort, they will not adopt masculine habiliments. -Philadelphia Telegraph's London Letter.

#### What an Author Got.

Among many agreeable people interested in the passage of the International Copyright bill before Congress, which is intended to protect American authors from the piratical publishers abroad, is Julian Hawthorne, the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author of "The Scarlet Letter," and President Frank Pierce's Consul to Liverpool. Julian Hawthorne is just 40 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches high, educated at a German university, and is an athlete.

Julian Hawthorne tells his experience with one of the best known pubexpenses of publishing.

An Ingenious Walking Stick A very ingenious combination walk-ing cane has been put on the streets and has met with a ready sale. In appear-ance the stick looks like an ordinary ebony one, with a large silver-plated mounting. This head screws off, and in it are stowed away the scat of a comp mounting. This head screws off, and in it are stowed away the seat of a camp stool and a set of dice. It can be used as a drinking cup or dice-box. The fer-rule also screws off and has concealed in it a fan. The stock itself is composed of three pieces of bamboo that make the camp stool. The weight of the cane camp stool. The weight of the cane complete is only thirteen ounces, and the stool is guaranteed to bear with ease a person weighing 200 pounds. This new spring novelty would be a handy com-panion for camping out, excursions, baseball, races, fishing and all outdoor tournaments or games - New York tournaments or games. - New Tribune.

## A Superfluity of Madisons

There are twenty-two Madison Postoffices in twenty-two of the United States, Madison, Wis., and Madison, Ind., being most noted. The Post-masters of these cities advise each other masters of clicks critics advise each other of uncalled for and undelivered letters in their respective offices each week, and thus get many letters for parties intended that would otherwise be sent to the dead letter office and destroyed. A few years since a letter was advertised in Madison, and It was for a Madison Wie were Ind. It was for a Madison, Wis., man nad had a ten-dollar bill enclosed. Madison, Ohio, and Madison, Minn., also receive frequent letters that belong to Madison, Wis.—Madison (Wis.) Journal.

## A Freak of Pashion.

A freak of fashion that attracted much attention a year or so ago was the red, blue and yellow barred shirt of the heavy swell. One of the peculiarities of this style was to wear a white linen collar. Thus the poor dude at first re-ceived the sympathies of his astonished and unitiated friends, who imagined that he could not positively find in the wide, wide world, a collar to match the outlandish style of shirt he had chosen to put on his back. This shirt was made more impressive by being worn with a low cut vest, thus giving the grid-iron bosom full opportunity to loom up after the style of Sing Sing prison bars.-Detroit Free Press

#### Meat Cured Without Ice.

B. F. Plummer, of Indianapolis, Ind. has invented a process for curing meat in warm weather without the use of ice and has applied for a patent. He claims that he can cure meat ready for smoking in thirty days and that he uses nothing ex-cept natural agencies. The pork pack-ers of Indianapolis are very much interested in the matter, and surprising re-sults are promised. Packers who have seen the meat cured by Plummer's pr4seen the mean current by Primmer's pre-cess say that it is equal to icc-curred mean if not better, and that it will result in a great saving to them if it proves to be what they now believe it is.—*Chicago Havald* Herald.

#### An Adamless Eden.

An Adamless Eden is about to be established-in Colorado, this time. Mrs. Olive Wright has promoted a company, entirely of women, to open the Diana Park. Camping lots of from three to five acres are to be sold or leased to women only, which, it is suggested, may be utilized for poultry or beckeeping or fruit and flower growing. The prospec-tus does not state whether the proscribed and hated male sex may be employed for the digging and building.—New York Press.

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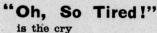
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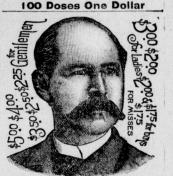
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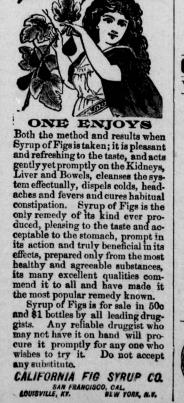


Keep Engs Out of the Refrigerator. An English medical journal says that eggs become unwholesome when kept in a refrigerator, as a fungus forms in

Last July Mr. Hawthorne received a polite letter from that firm stying they could not make up his account before About the middle of last January a letter came to Mr. Hawthorne enclosing an itemized account of the firm. cents, which was the sum total of Julian Hawthorne's prefits on his book

## Gen. Schenck's Birthplace.

There is a mistake current in regard to the birthplace of the late General Schenck. It is true that while Robert C. was yet an infant his father removed to Franklin, Ohio, hence the error. General Schenck's father was pastor of the old presbyterian church at Baliston Centre, Saratoga County, N. Y., and in the old parsonage, yet standing, on Oct. 4, 1809, Robert C. Schenck was born. The parsonage was also the birthplace of mother celebrity, Rev. Dr. Samuel Irensens Prime, whose parents were on a visit to Rev. Mr. Schenck at the time Dr. Prime was born.



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