

SOLDIER'S EMOTION IN BATTLE.

Our citizen-soldiers, inexperienced in the battle field, will find the most terrible moments just before the combat begins. A soldier, in his narration of personal adventures in the Mexican War, published in Howe's "Achievements of Americans," gives some interesting items on this head, in his description of the battle of Palo Alto, in the opening battle of the war:

"When all was ready, both armies stood still for about twenty minutes, each waiting for the other to begin the work of death, and during this time I did not see a man of the enemy move; they stood like statues."

"We remained quiet, with two exceptions, General Taylor, followed by his staff, rode from left to right at a slow pace, with his leg thrown over like a woman; and as we passed each regiment he spoke words of encouragement. I know not what he said to the others, but when he came up to where we stood, he looked steadily at us—I suppose to see what effect the novel circumstances in which we were placed had upon us—and as he gazed he said: 'The bayonets, my hardy sons! the bayonet is the thing.' The other occasion was that of Lieut. Blake, of the Engineers, who volunteered to gallop along the enemy's line, in front of both armies, and count their guns; and so dare did he go that he might have been shot a hundred times. One of the officers of the enemy, doubtless thinking he had some communication to make, rode out to meet him; Blake, however, paid no attention to him, but rode on, and then returned and reported to Taylor.

Thus stood those two belligerent armies face to face. What were the feelings of those thousands? How many thoughts and fears were crowded into those few moments! Look at our men! A clammy sweat is settled all over faces slightly pale, but from cowardly fear, but from an awful sense of peril, combined with a determination not to flinch from duty. These are the moments in which true soldiers resign themselves to their fate, and console themselves with the reflection that whatever may befall them they will not win honor; these are the moments when the absolute coward suffers more than death—when, if not certain that he would be shot in his tracks, he would turn and flee. Fighting is very hard work; the man who has passed through a two hours' fight, has lived through a great amount of mental and physical labor. At the end of a battle I always found that I had perspired profusely as to wet through all my thick woolen clothing, and when I had got cool, I was sore as if I had been beaten all over with a club. When the battle commences the feelings undergo a change. Reader! did you ever see your house on fire? if so it was then you rushed into great danger, it was then you went six paces, clambered over walls, lifted heavy loads, which you never could have done in your easier moments; you then have experienced some of the excitement of a soldier in battle. I always knew my danger—that at any moment I was liable to be killed, yet such was my experience that I never fully realized it. All men are not alike; some are cool and courageous perfectly wild or crazy; others are as prostrated with fear that they are completely unwarred—so useful sinking and reliving of all their energies takes place, able to be held; they tremble like an aspen, sink into ditches and covert places, cry like children, and are totally insensible to shame—dead to every emotion but the overwhelming fear of instant death. We had a few, and but a few, of such in our army.

As the two armies were facing each other, it was remarkable to see the conduct of our men; there they stood, chewing bits of biscuit, and talking about Mexico—some wondering if they would fight; others allowing that they would, and had done it, and I kept my silence on the subject, and happened to be leaning towards their right wing, when suddenly a white curl of smoke sprang up there from one of their guns, and then I saw the dust by some distance in front, where the ball struck. Instantly another, and then another, rich curl of smoke arose, succeeded by a hoarse roar, and the shot noise crashing towards me. The enemy fled very rapidly, and their balls glanced the dust about us in all directions—over our carbines, over our hats, over the ground in front and bounded away.

Our batteries now went to work, and poured upon them a perfect storm of iron. Gun-carriage and gun-men began with their 18 pounders, and when the first was fired, made such a loud report that one man gave a spontaneous shout, when several more implored with renewed confidence—I could hear every word the bugle-blasts said to them. When the first shot was fired, he watched the ball, saying, "Very high, my brother!"—no low, men; try again—the third shot was the charm! The third shot was fired, and I saw with my own eyes the deadly effect of that and the following shots. "Forward, my boys!" shouted General, jumping up about the fort, "you have the day!"—and that was all they did; and every shot that was fired, went through the enemy's ranks, but they stood it manfully.—The fast charges of battle now began; away three pieces of artillery belched forth their iron hail.

We were ordered to lie down in the grass to avoid the shot that puzzled the enemy, and they could not bring their guns to bear upon us, making our line very small. Many were the narrow escapes—one ball coming very near of my left ear. The force of the shot was tremendous; a bullet nearly sawed through my ear; a nose long was a mere pip-squeak. I wanted the shot to strike the root of the grass, and it was screaming over the earth now. It passed near the green neighbour's hay, and the noise of it made that out the hay, and the horses from it. We had not as yet lost a man from our regiment. In the absence of the enemy charged their line, and the 18 pounders supported by our regiments took a new position on a little rising ground. As we moved on in the spot, a six-poled shot took all our horses off Capt. Page, and then took off a man's head on the right, as soon as we were past. The lead of poor Page was the first blood I saw; he was knocked down in the grass, and as he endeavored to arise himself, he presented

such a ghastly spectacle that a sickly, fainting sensation came over me, and the memory of that sight I shall carry with me to my dying day.

A little later, Major Ringgold was mortally wounded at his battery; I saw him just after it. The shot had torn away a portion of the flesh of his thigh; its force was tremendous, cutting off both his pistols at the locks, and also the wrists of his horse—a stout steed, which was killed to relieve him of his misery. The enemy tried hard, but without avail, to hit our 18 pounders. The battle continued until night put an end to the scene. We bivouaked where we were, and laid on our arms; we slept, however, but little, thinking we might be attacked in our sleep. The enemy had been very severely handled, owing to the superiority of our artillery. The gunners went into it more like butchers than military men; each stripped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and tied his suspenders around his waist; they all wore red flannel shirts, and therefore, were in uniform. To see them limbering and unlimbering, bring a few shots, then dash through the smoke, and then to fire again with lightning-like rapidity, party hid from view dense clouds of smoke and dust, with their dark shirts and naked arms, yelling at every shot they made, reminded me of a band of demons rather than men.

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New Store, New Goods!

AT

Leowenstein & Bro.

Nearly opposite the Court House, where they have an extensive stock of

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS, SHOES HATS,
AND
CAPS,
and a large variety of
DOMESTIC GOODS
AND
GROCERIES.

Persons will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

LOEWENSTEIN & BRO.
October 3, 1860.

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MERCHANT TAILORING

FULLINGS, SPRINGS & CO.

WE have added to their Ready-made Clothing Store, a Merchant Tailoring Department, to which they will offer special attention to their many friends and customers.

The old tailoring in this department is sold to the State, either in style and quality of Goods, or in the manufacture of Garments.

At all times we can find a good stock of Black and colored cloths, English, French and American Cotonettes, and a variety of Vestments. Also, an assortment of

ROCK ISLAND CASSETERIES.

Those best proficient in their ability to understand any new house in the State, from the advantages of the firm who resides in the Northern markets, would appreciate the opportunity of taking advantage of the prices at good, factory prices, at home.

Twenty-Five Per Cent.

To the extent of 12 lines saved on Dollars

on Oct. 22. So far as

E. FULLINGS,
JNO. M. SPRINGS,
September 25, 1860.

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CLOTHING EMPORIUM.

FULLINGS, SPRINGS & CO.,

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

LADY MADE CLOTHING

FOR FISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS,

VALUERS, &c.

Fullings, Springs & Co.

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WE will call the special attention of their friends and partners to their

NEW STOCK OF CLOTHING.

new opening. They think they can furnish

men's wear from them, they have yet come

to a general opening of a new department of men's articles they have not furnished before.

They are doing very nice

CASSELLEGE SUITS

from \$12 to \$25. An addition of

CASSELLEGE PAJOS, CASSIMERE, SILK,

HALF AND VELVET Vests,

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WE will call the special attention of their

friends and partners to their

WHEAT WANTED.

WE will call the special attention of their

friends and partners to their

WALTON HOUSE.

AT THE LEASE OF THE PRES-

IDENT. Proprietor will terminate on the 20th of

November, his sublease will pass, the same

year, to his successor, John G. Wilkes, of

Charleston, South Carolina, who will

be entitled to the premises for a term of

one year, to commence January 1, 1861.

John G. Wilkes, of Charleston, S.C.

He will pay all taxes, insurance, &c.

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