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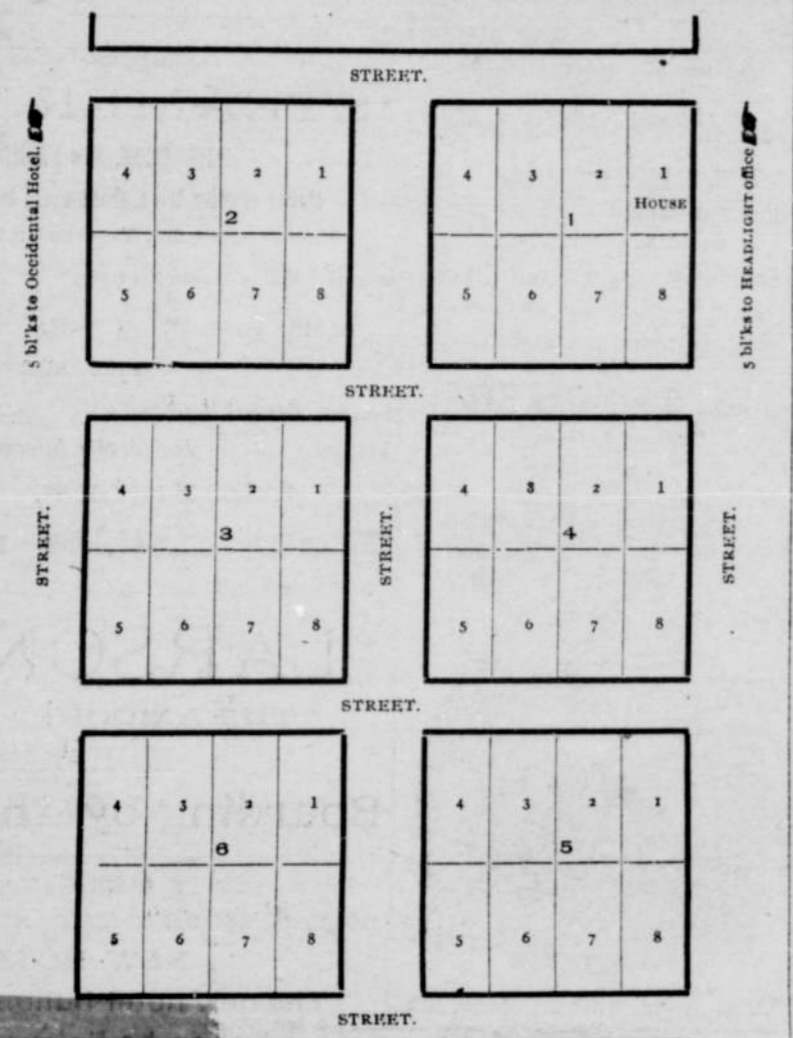
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COUNSEL.

A journey round the world began By taking but one pace: Be not too eager, little man, In entering the race.

FIRST TIME UNDER FIRE.

The memory of the soldier's first battle will never be forgotten by him. The impressions were burned so deeply into the brain and spirit that a century of peace would not efface or even dim them.

I do not pretend to give a history of an entire battle; no one man can do this unless he draws upon the experience and observation of others, for each actor in any great battle sees the struggle differently from what it appears to others.

A soldier's first battle in war does not always come at the appointed look for hour. Many of the volunteers went to the front, expecting to whip out the fight the next morning after arrival—either before or after breakfast—then to return home, crowned with immortal honors.

Night had enveloped the camp, and I was dreaming of sunny fields, of smiling meadows, of a happy home—of mother, and all that was near and dear to a human heart. But the destroying angel came, and all vanished into the realm of sweetened shadow.

For a comrade stood beside me with his hand on my bosom. As he leaned over toward my ear I heard him say tremulously—the man's heart in a flutter of emotion: "Wake up! They are advancing!"

The first beams of the full morning were penciling the orient sky, and the rays fell upon a group of half a dozen anxious faces gathered around the adjutant's tent. Two horses were there—one with drooping head and limb at rest; another was panting heavily and reeking with smoke as the courier still sat on him.

"Sound reveille at once, and boots and saddles immediately afterward," turning around he added, addressing his servant. "Saddle my horse at once, William. Strange it is what a magnetic influence, as it were, that will pervade a mass of men in the hour of danger and duty. Three minutes had not elapsed after the sounds of the last bugle blow had thrilled the camp till the squadrons were forming.

"Move the column down the road, captain," said the commanding officer. "I will gallop on and ascertain the real situation." We passed another and another courier, and then we came to a body of men holding horses behind a clump of trees.

Just then there seemed to be an awful stillness in the morning air, suddenly broken by a noise that sounded strange to me. "What is that?" I asked. "It is the rumbling of their artillery," said Gen. S. Then he turned around, looking us all squarely in the face, and added in a confident tone, "Yes, they are advancing, and in force."

There was no mistaking the sound that next greeted the ears, there was a clear, ringing report that punctuated the stillness, then there was another and another and the rifle cracks died away. They were the prelude of the battle soon to begin in earnest.

The clattering of horses' hoofs signaled another courier who dashed up, exclaiming in tones of feeling: "General, our dismounted men are skirmishing with them." We had heard the rifle shots half a mile away. "Captain, gallop back, and hurry up the infantry. Tell Capt. Hart we need the artillery at once. He, too, is coming."

dies away only with the funeral knell of death for to them it says: "Fall in—fall in—to the arms of death!"

A second staff officer had been sent back to "hurry up the infantry." The noble fellows were coming. You could hear the deep, muffled hum of their footsteps as the double quickening hurried them onward. As they came up I heard the short, quick command: "Move out by the right flank! Into line! Steady, men! steady! I expect every man to do his duty now!"

Move out, and move on, my dear comrades! Alas! many moved on into that column which passed on, never to return. Their first battle was their last. There was a lull in the firing in front, but out to the leftward volley after volley poured, out upon the morning air—the sun just rising over the hills to our right. I had followed at the gallop the general, who was hurrying to the front. He was more silent than I had ever known him. Suddenly he halted and turned to see who all were about him.

"What troops are those?" I asked him doubtfully, as I saw a long line of infantry men double quickening behind a high rail fence distant not 150 yards away. I could not distinguish the uniform, and I was not aware of the direction from which all our riflemen were to enter the battle.

"My God!" said the general, "that is the enemy!" We were upon them before we were aware of their close proximity. They discovered us, too, at once, and were preparing for the greeting. "Get out of the road!" shouted the general. There was a clump of trees on either side of the highway upon which he had thus far advanced.

"Get out of the road! Don't you see they are bringing the battery to bear upon us from the hill yonder?" I looked, and a white puff of smoke greeted my vision, and the same instant—whizz—whur—r-r—chee—chee—went a shell right between the general and his staff, and it bounded down the road, exploding in our rear.

The general addressed me again: "Get out of the road, and gallop back and have the cavalry moved on the flank of that line yonder in the field." Another shell came in the mean time, and made the air resonant with the flying fragments.

Then there was a volley of rifles and a faint cheer near to our flanks—for our infantry were now moving out of the skirt of the woods and opening the battle in earnest. Capt. Hart, too, had come, and he unlimbered his guns on the battery on the hill in our front, though he soon turned his aim to the infantry line that was nearer, and I heard the shots rattling upon the rails behind which the enemy had fallen.

"Thank God, the infantry are here," said one. They are the men whose shoulders move the wheels on to victory. I heard the commanding general shout as the long line came hurrying on just as the men emerged from the skirt of woods, "Move on that line behind you fence!" A red and white and blue line of fire answered from the enemy.

"Fall down and fire!" I heard an officer shout. Alas! many had already fallen—fallen to rise no more. Half a hundred men of a regiment stood up, and their irregular fire rattled mockingly along the fence. It was the work of but a moment, for a whole brigade in our front answered the fire of the little band. The battery rained grape and canister and shrapnel against the brigade, and now the battle had joined in a vif earnestness all along the line.

Battery replied to battery, hostile brigade replied to hostile brigade, with sheets of iron and leaden fire. There were in the terrific din the hurting shot, the screaming, screeching shell, and the whirling whirr of the deadly mine. Amid the roar were the shouts of command, the wailing shriek of the wounded and the moans of the dying. The hours were passing, the musketry was roaring with an unbroken note, the batteries were bellowing at each other, when suddenly there was a deep, dull thud—a mighty force which at once shook the whole battlefield. Two heavily laden caissons were blown up simultaneously. Then there was another sound which could not be mistaken. There was a lull in the firing on our right, and the whole earth seemed to be laboring and groaning. Thousands stood listening amid the horrid hell!

Oh, it was the charge of the cavalry! "Charge! charge!" shouted the throats of a dozen officers, and the bugle blazets, ringing out faintly in the din, mingled and died away in the fierce shouting of the squadrons. Boom! boom! boom! went the artillery booms! Clang! clang! clang! rang out the glittering sabers as they leaped from the scabbard. It was, however, but an instant of awful chorus when the wailing cry of Waterloo, sauve qui peut!—"save himself who can!"—went up before the onrushing squadron of furious horsemen, who broke out in the wild shout of victory that deadened the guns along the whole line—and troops on the right—troops on the left—troops in the center—all caught the notes, and there was one long and terrific thunder note of victory! The cheers of infantry men greeted the little squad about the artillery—brave fellows, with bands of red upon their uniforms, cried out, as the defeated were seen flying in stricken masses in front: "Hurra for our battery!"

And well might the living victors shout! And well may the dead rest—friend and foe in "one red burial blent."—M. V. Moore in Atlanta Constitution.

He Was Hit Hard. Teacher—What is a famine? Small Boy (who has been in the com-

Herbert Bismarck in Paris.

Count Herbert Bismarck, after spending five weeks with different friends in England, has arrived in Paris. He had come chiefly in search of "distractions," which was also his object north of the channel. Whether the search has been so far successful is more than doubtful, as he is looking a sad and depressed man, wearing the appearance of one from whom the tide has flowed. An old friend with whom he had been conversing last evening was heard to remark after he went away that he was not up to date, and seemed hardly to take in what is going on in any part of Europe, or what has gone on since he dropped out of politics.

In this connection the person I quoted observed: "How wonderfully soon a politician who is not great in himself, like Mr. Gladstone, loses touch with the political world when obliged to retire therefrom!" Prince Bismarck is said by his son to bear up well against the neglect into which he has fallen. He finds occupation in business enterprise. His brewery scheme interests him. The princess takes far more to heart their changed position. She is in poor health. Count von Hatzfeldt, of the German embassy in London, is also in Paris, but his visit has no connection with that of Count Herbert Bismarck.—Cor. London News.

Mr. Dewey in Demand.

There are few men in public life more scrupulous in keeping appointments than Chauncey M. Dewey. That much courted gentleman, as a general thing, is unable to accept one-third of the invitations that he receives, but after he had accepted an invitation to attend a meeting, a banquet or a ball nothing but sickness will prevent his keeping the engagement. Occasionally he finds himself "booked" for two or three engagements on the same evening, and he manages to get around on time and make a pleasant impression at each place. A few nights ago he had two dinners and a private reception on his hands.

One dinner was at the Union League club and the other at Delmonico's. Mr. Dewey made the principal speech at each. One evening he went to Youkers and delivered an oration on the occasion of the opening of a new building. He came back to this city, and reached Delmonico's in time to take a prominent part in the Patriarchs' first ball of the season. Doubtless the fact that Mr. Dewey never allows himself to fret about anything explains how he can fill two or three important engagements in an evening, and appear on each occasion fresh, calm and smiling.—New York Times.

Electrical Lectures.

It was recently suggested that electrical night schools be established in various cities for the benefit of those who desired to become familiar with electrical subjects, but who were fully occupied during the day. Columbia college is about to put into practice a modification of this idea, and its president, Dr. Seth Low, states that it proposes to have a course of evening lectures, illustrated by experiments, on the practical applications of electricity. Dr. Low, while favoring the idea of night schools in electricity, under certain conditions, is of opinion that, in some cases, where they are practicable, a course of evening lectures can be given with very great benefit.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Freight Car's Run with a Fair Wind.

During the fierce and biting wind which prevailed in this vicinity the other day, a freight car standing on a siding was blown through a safety switch to the main track and thence down to near Leighton, a distance of four miles. It passed Packerton at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Messages were sent over the wires to look out for the car, and it was stopped and side tracked in time to avoid an accident. The car passed Packerton before the message could be sent there to catch it in its flight, and its speed, without a locomotive attached, startled all who saw it.—Mauch Chunk Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Blume's Astonishing Conduct.

Mrs. Joseph Blume, of Allegheny City, has astonished her neighbors and her husband by giving birth in the past two years to seven children. Within the last few days Mrs. Blume has presented her husband with triplets, plump, healthy youngsters, two boys and a girl. Not quite a year ago the Blume family was blessed by the birth of twins, and in the preceding twelve months Mrs. Blume gave birth to her two first babies. The triplets and their prolific mother are doing well.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Died in a Coffin.

Barney Frickers, a well known character of Alliance, O., died the other day in a coffin. For twenty years it has been his custom to sleep every night in a coffin of his own manufacture, believing that he was about to die. He always robed himself in a shroud before retiring. The coffin is of oak, very strong and covered with allegorical subjects. Frickers was 73 years old.—Exchange.

Mowing on the Ice.

One of the queer sights at East Machias last month was a crew of men mowing on the meadow of Mr. Jacob Foster. Mr. E. P. Gardner had the work done and put into his stable eleven loads of well made hay. This meadow was not mowed last summer, and the solid foundation of ice gave the men a good chance to work.—Lewiston Journal.

Great Horse Shoeing.

A remarkable horse shoeing record is reported from the establishment of Lench & Lydston, in this city. Between Thursday morning and Saturday night two men, Messrs. Lydston and McGorth, shod 200 horses, all round.—Portsmouth Times.

Going Up.

Men who do not read the newspapers have begun their usual winter amusement of thawing dynamite cartridges by smoking stoves. Consequently stoves