

PENNSYLVANIA THIRTEENTH

VOL. I.

CAMP TENNALLY, D. C., FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

No. 14.

PENNSYLVANIA THIRTEENTH.

Published by the 13th Regt. Pa. Volunteers.

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THE STOCKING.

By the fireside cosily seated,
With spectacles riding her nose,
The lively old lady is knitting
A wonderful pair of hose.
She pities the shivering soldier
Who is out in the pelting storm,
And busily plies her needles
To keep him hearty and warm.

Her eyes are reading the embers,
Her heart is off to the war,
For she knows what those brave fellows
Are gallantly fighting for.
Her fingers, as well as her fancy,
Are cheering them on their way;
Who, under the good old banner,
Are saving their country today.

She ponders how in her childhood
Her grandmother used to tell
The story of barefoot soldiers
Who fought so long and so well:
And the men of the Revolution
Are nearer to her than us,
And that, perhaps, is the reason
Why she is toiling for us.

She cannot shoulder a musket,
Nor ride with the cavalry crew;
But nevertheless she is ready
To work for the boys who do.
And yet in official dispatches
That come from the army or fleet,
Her feats may have never a notice
Though ever so mighty the feet.

So prithe, proud owner of muscle,
Or purse-proud owner of stocks,
Don't sneer at the labors of woman,
Or smile at her bundle of socks.
Her heart may be larger and braver
Than his who is tallent of all;
The works of her hands as important
As cash that buys powder and ball.

And thus while her quiet performance
Is being recorded in rhyme,
The tools in her tremulous fingers
Are running a race with Time.
Strange that four needles can form
A perfect triangular bound—
And equally strange that their antics
Result in perfecting "the round."

And now, while beginning "to narrow,"
She thinks of the Maryland mud,
And wonders if ever the stocking
Will wade to the ankle in blood,
And now she is "shaping the heel,"
And now she is ready "to bind,"
And hopes, if the soldier is wounded,
It never will be from behind.

And now she is "raising the instep,"
Now "narrowing off at the toe,"
And prays that this end of the worsted
May ever be turned to the foe.
She "gathers the last of the stitches,"
As if a new laurel were won,
And placing the ball in the basket,
Announces the stocking as "done."

Ye men who are fighting our battles,
Away from the comforts of life,
Who tho'tfully muse by your camp-fires,
On sweetheart, or sister, or wife,
Just think of their elders a little,
And pray for the grandmothers too,
Who, patiently sitting in corner,
Are knitting the stocking for you.

The Knapsack is the title of the new camp paper issued by our neighbors of the Ninety-Third Pennsylvania Volunteers, which presents a very creditable appearance—rather large for its age, being just double the size of the Thirteenth. The editors and publishers are Richard Geo. Rogers, John T. Howe and Sheldon T. Gibbs—who are as clever fellows as ever stuck a type or shouldered a musket. We wish them success in their enterprise.

Inscription on a Valentine received by mail on Friday:

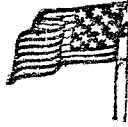
"To a Bowld Soger Boy, whose name is Bacon, in the gallant Co. I, of the Great and Good Capt. Loomis. The Colonel of which is short, fat and hearty his name is Rowley, of the world Renowned 13th Pa. Vols. at Great Falls."

A Rare Bird.—A rich journeyman printer has been found out West. He is being exhibited with ring-tailed monkeys, wild hogs, no-haired horses, four-legged calves and other mean things.

A Martinet.—A certain severe drill sergeant invented a manual to be used by his men at feeding time. Some of the orders are: "Draw Coffee!" "Present Milk!" "Carry Sugar!" "Recover Cups!"

PENNSYLVANIA THIRTEENTH.

Gen. E. Keyes'
Division.



Gen. J. Peck's
Brigade.

COL. THOMAS A. ROWLEY'S REGIMENT.

One Flag! One Country! and One Congress!

CAMP TENNALLY, FEB. 22, 1862.

Charge Bayonets!—The recent brilliant charges made at Roanoke Island, and by the 17th and 49th Illinois regiments at Fort Donelson, have clearly demonstrated the importance of being perfectly familiar with the use of the bayonet, and confident of ability to defend with it in case of isolation. But there is another and very substantial reason why the members of this regiment should apply themselves with all their power to the study of the bayonet exercise, that is, that the other regiments composing the brigade have weapons which have proved effective at 600, 800 and 1,000 yards, while we have but the old smoothbore pets of the regular army officers, who were influential in their introduction, and which were, in their day, a superior arm, but are now as far behind the age as stage coach mails are in rear of the magnetic telegraph. We have sometimes thought it strange that army officers, who should base all their opinion on the severest tests and closest scrutiny, should be so infatuated with these old "blunderbusses;" but "there's no account for tastes," as the old woman said when she kissed the cow. But it is not at all strange that men who have been accustomed to keep a rifle at home, (we can count them by hundreds,) and would want to have their breeches kicked if they hit a squirrel any place else than in the eyes, should despise arms with which they haven't got a sure thing of hitting a ten acre field at 200 yards. Go in "on the muscle" then, boys; our granddads won laurels at Bunker Hill with dung forks and match-locks. If our officers don't take sufficient interest in the matter to make an effort to procure arms as good and efficient as others, it is not our fault, and "cold steel" is scientifically applied, can be made to answer a very good purpose.

On a Visit.—The family of Capt. W. C. Enright are at present enjoying a visit to Camp Tennallytown, and are comfortably ensconced in the brick mansion near Brigade Headquarters. The Captain, in anticipation of our regiment remaining at this camp for the balance of our term of service, talks seriously of renting the fine suburban residence and vineyard of Dr. Williams.

Detached for the Gunboat Service.—On last Monday a detachment left this regiment to man the gunboats now doing such effective service in the department of the West. The following is a list:

Company A—J. S. W. Brown, Jacob Slicker.

Company C—Wm. Maharra, Fred. Redfox, Wm. Carroll.

Company D—James Ford, Jas. Barr, John Nelson.

Company G—Charles Grauge.

Company H—J. H. Carson.

We understand there was considerable trouble attending their passage westward—our detachment being joined at Harrisburg by 150 others, who were boisterous and disorderly in the extreme. Before leaving they were placed under a guard of twenty-five soldiers, who, we learn, had their hands full. Four of our regiment took occasion, on the arrival of the train in Pittsburg, to pay a visit to their families, and were left behind. After remaining there a day or two, transportation was furnished them, and they are now, in all probability, in active service.

Celebration of Washington's Birth Day.—The Twenty-second of February—anniversary of the birth of the Father of his country—was appropriately celebrated by the Regiment, which (notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather) was paraded at eleven o'clock. After being closed in mass, the extracts from Washington's Farewell Address, as recommended by the Commander-in-Chief, were read by the Lieutenant Colonel. It was then deployed into line and thirteen rounds blank cartridges fired (by battalion) with considerable regularity. The parade was then dismissed, and those who complained of pain in the shoulder, from holding their muskets loosely while firing, were allowed to chop wood or dig in the trenches to relieve it.

"Something Up."—Judging from appearances, our regiment will be on the march in a very few days. Secret orders have been issued from Brigade Headquarters, midnight councils of commanding officers have been held, company officers were busy ascertaining the wants of their men—a thing which should have been attended to long ago—ammunition, accoutrements, &c., drawn from proper stores, and everything pertaining to active service attended to. When and where we are going is a matter known only to the "powers that be," hence we can throw no light upon our future destination, but we predict that ere another week we will see the spires of Richmond or some other equally important place.

Gen. Chas. F. Smith, who was first in the entrenchments at Fort Donelson, is a native of Philadelphia.

Camp Tennallytown, D. C. Feb. 19, 1862.
--Messrs. Editors: Yesterday morning, thinking I would like to make a short trip to the "sacred soil" of Virginia, the "mother of presidents," I proceeded to the Provost Marshal's office in Washington, where all persons, both soldiers and civilians, have to procure passes before they can cross on the bridges or ferries which connect the District with Virginia. Having procured a "pass" at this place, where a motley crowd were impatiently awaiting their turn, I proceeded on my way, taking the route through Georgetown along the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and such a route! At every step the horse went knee deep in mud, and I commenced to think seriously whether I had not better prepare to swim soon. At length, covered with mud, I arrived at Chain Bridge, where they detained me about five minutes to examine my pass, and after undergoing a strict scrutiny, I was permitted to pass on. After a ride of about one hour and a half, passing some of the Pennsylvania troops, I arrived at the Eighth Penna. Regiment, Reserve Corps, commanded by Col. Geo. C. Hays, of Pittsburg. Here I presented a copy of the Pennsylvania Thirteenth to the Lieut. Colonel, S. D. Oliphant, of Uniontown, also one to Mr. McDaniel of Washington, D. C., both of whom seemed very much pleased both with the gift and ingenuity of the "Dispatch Mess" in thus reviving literature in the camp. Having called upon my old friend, Sergt. J. B. Swearingen, I proceeded on a couple of miles farther, where I was informed I could go no further, as I had arrived at the "outer picket." This information startled me, as I had dim visions of Rebel scouts, &c., all pertaining to that famous post—the "outer picket." But after scanning in vain the distant horizon in the hope of seeing one of the "gallant defenders of the stars and bars," I turned my weary horse's head toward the Capitol of our Nation. During my ride I noticed the whole country looked desolate; everything seemed going to decay. Houses with the shutters and windows destroyed, and as far as the eye could reach, there was one vast scene of desolation. Surely Virginia will be the "poor house" of the so-called Southern Confederacy. Here and there you may see a mansion which, no doubt, a few months ago was the home and the pride of some industrious farmer. Now it is occupied by soldiers and strangers. The beautiful shade trees which so lately shielded the former occupants from the scorching rays of the summer sun, are now destroyed; the fences torn up, and the out-buildings demolished, and used as fuel for the watch-fires of the "lonely sentinel." Strange that man can be so blind and so much attached to his dreams of ambition that he will, without hesitation, plunge his own native country into the

most horrible of all wars—a civil one; where father is arrayed against son and brother against brother. But now that this unhappy strife is upon us and it cannot be avoided without national dishonor, let us make it in the language of the Hon. Secretary of War, "short but desperate." But I will close, and should you find this letter worthy of your paper, I may be tempted to try again with something a little more interesting. Yours,
Iron City Zouave.

Horrified.—We understand one of General _____'s Staff was terribly horrified a few days since on meeting a Captain near Georgetown, walking along the street with the First Sergeant of his company. This red-tapeism is about played out in volunteer regiments, but might do well enough in the regular army. We pity the poor fellow, and would recommend some soothing balm for his distracted nerves.

Trophies.—On Monday a dozen different secesh flags were received at the War Department per Adams Express. They are trophies of our victories at Mill Spring and Fort Henry. Each of them are differently inscribed with the names of the corps that lost it, &c. The flags captured by our boys at Fort Donelson will be a valuable addition to the stock now on hand.

"Where did you get this turkey?" said Col. Billy Wilson to one of his amiable recruits, who came into camp one day with a fine bird: "Stole it," was the laconic answer. "Ah, you see, my boys may steal but they won't lie," said the Colonel triumphantly to a bystander.

Last week Senator Wilson introduced a joint resolution for the presentation of medals to enlisted men and volunteers in the army, navy and marine corps, who have or many distinguish themselves in battle during the rebellion.

Messrs. Serviss & Co., No. 273 Pennsylvania avenue, have our thanks for many favors extended to the members of this Regiment. Messrs. S. & Co. keep a large supply of Sutler's stores, of the best quality, on hand, which they sell at reasonable prices.

Some of the quartermasters have invited proposals for furnishing head-boards for the graves of deceased soldiers, in order to save trouble to their friends, who may wish to reclaim their bodies.

Leave of absence for eight days has been granted to Col. Rowley and his Adjutant, Joe Browne. They are, no doubt, today participating in the celebration of Washington's birth day in the Smoky City.

Action and Effect of Infantry.—The dependence of infantry is upon its fire and the bayonet; that of cavalry upon its charge, its fire being generally of little effect; that of artillery upon its fire.

The foot soldier in ranks can fire three times a minute. The fire of the ordinary musket is uncertain beyond 200 yards. When troops are in masses, the fire is still very effective beyond that distance. At 650 yards the musket ball is still deadly, and instances have been known where men have been killed or wounded at greater distances. The effective range of the rifled spherical ball is over 400 yards. The oblong rifle is effective at 1,000 yards. In forming a good marksman, the first and one of the most important steps is, to instruct him how to estimate distances. On a clear day and with ordinary light, at from 190 to 260 yards, every part of a man's body can be seen. From 400 to 480 yards the face can no longer be distinguished, but the head, body, arms and movements, as well as the uniforms and muskets can. At 600 yards the head and upper and lower parts of the body can be made out; and of the uniform, the accoutrements and white pantaloons only can be seen. From 750 to 800 yards, the body appears to an elongated form. Extended arms can be seen in profile, as also the legs of men in motion. The uniform can no longer be distinguished at 900 yards; but the files can still be seen, as well as the movement of the troops, and the dust thrown up by a projectile ricocheting on dry ground. From 1,100 to 1,200 yards, the files can scarcely be distinguished, and the troops appear like solid masses, the movements of which can still be followed.

A foot soldier travels in one minute—
 In common time, 90 steps = 70 yards.
 In quick time, 110 steps = 86 yards.
 In double quick, 140 steps = 109 yards.

We may deduce from these facts the number of discharges of body of infantry which is charging another body of infantry before it reaches it.

In the same way we may calculate the number of discharges by cavalry while charging. The horse walking passes over 100 yards in one minute; at a trot, 200 yards; at a gallop, 400 yards.

Artillery should not fire at infantry beyond 1,000 yards, nor at cavalry beyond 1,200, unless the ground is suitable for ricochet firing, and the enemy's troops are in dense masses. On favorable ground, solid shot from field guns will range as high as 1,600 or 1,800 yards or more. The probability of striking an object is the greatest possible at 500 yards. Firing should be slow at long distances, and more rapid as the effect produced is greater, or as the enemy advances more rapidly.

A soldier should always keep his arms in good order, if he has any regard for his life and safety. A blunt point, a notched

edge, or a gun that will not go off, are not worth so much as a stick. A pistol, unless fired at very close quarters, misses ninety-nine times out of one hundred; the muzzle of the barrel should not, however, touch the object aimed at, lest it should burst. It is better to fire only one shot in ten minutes, and that carefully, than ten in one minute, without aiming at all. Aim is taken by raising the musket from the ground upward, because the bullet has a tendency to rise, and if it goes off too soon, it may take effect at ordinary range. The trigger should be pulled slowly, as any sudden jerk produces a shock which entirely deranges the aim. A man on foot ought always to aim first at the horse of his adversary, and a horse-man will have nine chances to ten if he does the same.

The Dispatch Mess return thanks to Hon. Thos. H. Williams, our Representative in the Pennsylvania Legislature, from Allegheny county, for files of the Daily Legislative Record; also late Harrisburg and Philadelphia daily papers, which he has kindly sent us.

Mr. John B. Kennedy, a Pittsburg editor and printer, paid our office a visit this week. Though not at present in the business, he has not forgotten the "boxes," as he showed on trying his hand at "composition" on the last number of the Thirteenth.

By the recent act of Congress, brass bands in the voluntary service may be put on the same footing as is provided in the present army regulations, permitting each regiment to have one, and its support by taxation of the stuler.

There appears to be a very large number of deaths among the printers of Washington City. No less than five have died within one week—one of which, however, was a suicide.

When does a soldier "discharge" his duties? When he "goes off" and deserts.

RECRUITS FOR THE OLD THIRTEENTH.

Persons desirous of enlisting in this Regiment will apply to

Capt. J. Heron Foster,	} Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
Serg. P. B. Baer,	
Serg. Ch. Wilkinson,	
Lieut. W. B. Kenney,	} Federal Street, Allegheny
Serg. Wm. Aigeo,	
Private A. P. Callow,	

☞ Transportation will be furnished within ten days, and pay and rations from date of enrolment. fel

OUR REGIMENTAL COMMANDERS

THOMAS A. ROWLEY
Promoted to Brigadier General.

JOSEPH M. KINKEAD
Resigned.

JOHN W. PATTERSON
Killed at Battle of the Wilderness, Va.

WILLIAM McILWAINE
Killed at Cold Harbor, Va.

JAMES COLEMAN
Killed at Cedar Creek, Va.

JAMES PATCHEL
Under whose charge Regiment returned home.