

PENNSYLVANIA THIRTEENTH

VOL. 1. GREAT FALLS, MONTGOMERY CO., MD., NOV. 23, 1861. NO. 3

PENNSYLVANIA THIRTEENTH,

"A Circular to the Pennsylvania volunteers," signed by Messrs. Edgar Cowan, Thos. E. Franklin and E. C. Humes, has been received—a single copy for our detachment.

From it we learn they were appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania to visit our camps and make arrangements for sending home our loose change, that it may be goured into "loving laps" in the Keystone State, and not go "to engorge the maws of the harpies who hover about our camps, to fatten upon our vices."

The object was good, the agents selected are good men—but they have made a grand mistake in saying that, when they came to Washington they "found the War Department had already perfected a scheme which they expect will serve the purpose intended as well as any other."

Now the Government scheme of allotment rolls is a most clumsy contrivance, and involves so much delay and so vast an expenditure of red tape that thus far, so far as we can learn, not one regiment or company has adopted it!

—A second sad blunder, to be made by our young and talented Senator is the remark that "every hardship suffered on the march or bivouac—every danger braved, and every wound received in the field of combat, will be reckoned by a grateful people as qualifications for the high places in the Nation—and will all be rewarded then, if our soldiers are true to themselves."

Now this is all bosh. A man may be a good soldier, an excellent soldier, and not a statesman—and it is almost as rare to find the qualifications for both positions combined in one man, as to find an ingenious inventor possessing good business talent—or an editor who can try a libel suit—or "a modest lawyer" in Westmoreland! There's our worthy friend Major Stokes of Westmoreland, and Gen. Foster of the same county—excellent lawyers, "some" as politicians—but how will they do in the field? As Father Ritchie says: *Nous Verrons!*

But a truce to badinage. Mr. Cowan is, in the sentence mentioned, arousing hopes never to be realised, and when the drafts upon his imagination are presented, by scarred veterans, for payment, posterity will send them back protested.

—Again: why do the committee mislead our soldiers by saying:

"You will be entitled, on your return from the service, each to one hundred and sixty acres of land out of the public domain.

There is no law granting this bounty to soldiers—and we fear much our Senator and ex-Attorney General have been examining the "red, white and blue" handbills, of men anxious to get the minimum number of recruits (and the consequent commissions), rather than Peters' Digest or the Statutes at Large. Will the gentlemen furnish us their "authorities" for publication

Now any who sign the circular alluded to, could have gotten up a much better, a much more creditable one; and our soldiers think it a poor compliment to them that the main arguments in it (unfounded as they are) are based upon appeals to cupidity and selfishness not patriotism—an insult to those who are periling fortune, health and life for their country, from motives far above the greed for office, or the hope of "one hundred and sixty acres of land!" If our Governor had put it on these grounds, or promised ten shares in the Sunbury and one in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, our surprise would have been less—but we had hoped better things of such men as composed this committee. *Mons parturient nascitur ridiculus mus*—and a ridiculous muss they have made of it.

Died, on Monday, the 18th inst., at the Hospital, at Great Falls, of typhoid fever, Peter Lynch, a native of Bologna, in Italy, aged twenty years. Deceased, who came here in 1857, enlisted at Pittsburg, Pa., in Company D, Capt. W. C. Enright, Pen-nock Guards, in August last. He had no relatives in this country, but Pedro Gold-ferie, a cousin, of Capt. M'Ilwaine's company, who was detailed for the purpose, and faithfully nursed him until his death. Deceased was buried at Great Falls, Md., near the grave of Thomas O'Rourke of the same company, with appropriate honors.

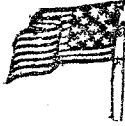
The Camp Kettle, our sprightly cotemporary of the Roundhead (Western Pennsylvania) Regiment, Col. Leasure, is now published at Port Royal, S. C., where a post office has been established by the Government, the mail going via New York City.

Our paper has been delayed several days this week, through a failure to receive paper for its issue. We shall endeavor to prevent this in future, if we have to get some enterprising fellow to establish a mill at Great Falls, where water power is abundant.

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GREAT FALLS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.



"If any one attempts to pull down the American flag, shoot him dead!"—The sentiment of every True American.

At our regimental camp, in Tennytown, D. C., we have no doubt there are circumstances of interest occurring daily, but we cannot coax them to send us any word thereof. We trust this may prove a good excuse for any neglect to notice their good works. At last accounts Captain Duff's company had returned from an expedition to winter quarters, near the Chain Bridge, where the laborers had got paid, imbibed too much whisky, and were so disorderly, as to require the attention of eighty or ninety bayonets. Another portion of the regiment is engaged in the literary pursuit of wood-chopping. The Colonel is on a visit to Pittsburg. These are all the items we have from camp.

Our Pictorial will not be issued until the Holiday week, when we shall give our readers a fine engraving of Great Falls, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile or New Orleans—according to circumstances. Our artists are working on all these, not knowing which will be needed for the occasion.

Subscribe for the National Bank Note Reporter, Pittsburg, Pa., if you would protect yourself against bad money and wild-cat banks. Subscriptions left with us will be promptly forwarded.

Col. C. F. Jackson's Ninth Pennsylvania Reserve Regiment is stationed on the Virginia side of the Potomac, three miles below this post.

Can't Get Over.—Our boat was carried off by the flood, last week, and we are thereby prevented from visiting our Virginia neighbors as formerly.

Thirty thousand dollars have been sent home by the Thirteenth Regiment.

At Home.—Lieut. Thomas A. Hinton, recruiting for Capt. Coleman's Company G.

The circulation of our paper is now one thousand copies weekly—being only limited by a scarcity of paper.

A list of company officers of the Thirteenth Regiment will be published in our next, having been received too late this week.

We rejoice to learn that Capt. And. Large, of Company C, who has been recently quite ill of typhoid fever at Camp Tennally, has recovered, and is rapidly regaining his strength.

Gift.—A handsome sword has been presented to Sergeant Major Robert M. Kinkead, by Capt. Lowe's Company K, Lieut. Mooney being the agent of the donors—the Sergeant responding in eleven or eight words in his usual elephant style.

Our last column has been penned and composed under difficulties. We had no small cap *r*, capital *t* or lower case *w* on hand, and had to avoid all expressions containing such letters—so don't criticise our verbiage—the compositor can't say *words* except in italics!

The Commissary of our Regiment, Mr. Allen C. Day, has (since the 16th of September) issued the following stores, viz:

Pork.....	40,000 lbs.	Bacon....	10,000 lbs.
Mess Beef.	32,000 "	Bread....	60,000 "
Fr'h Beef..	12,000 "	Rice.....	10,000 "
Coffee, g'd.	6,000 "	Tea.....	500 "
Sugar.....	9,500 "	Candles..	1,500 "
Soap.....	3,300 "	Beans....	125 bus.
Peas.....	100 bus.	Salt.....	50 "
Potatos....	500 "	Vinegar..	500 gal.
Hominy...	100 "	Molasses..	300 "

Married.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Tuesday, Nov. 20th, by Rev. Geo. Hays, Lieut. W. G. McCreary, Co. K, 13th Regiment, Pa. Vols., to Miss R. N. Duer, of Cockeysville, Md.

Died.—We learn from Tennytown that W. H. Norris, of Capt. McLaughlin's Co. (H.) died at Columbian College Hospital, recently, of typhoid fever.

Gen. Scott and McClelland.—Rev. A. M. Stewart, our worthy Chaplain, in a recent visit to Washington City, was present at the last interview between these officers, which, in a letter to a Philadelphia paper, he thus describes:

"A carriage was ordered to be in waiting at four o'clock, a. m. All our little party were ready at the hour, and, though pitch dark, combined with a terrible rain storm, were soon at the depot. On entering we learned that the old hero had already arrived, and was seated in a little side room almost alone. Having no mutual acquaintance, we used the American privilege, presenting our own compliments, myself introducing the two ladies, with the remark, 'That having just come to Washington, they could not think of allowing Gen. Scott to take, perhaps a final, leave of the place and his Generals without being present to see him off.' 'The young ladies have done me great honor in coming out such a morning,' was the courteous response, as he took each one cordially by the hand. We wished him God's blessing on his present journey, as well as the remainder of his pilgrimage. 'I need it much, was his unaffected reply, 'for I am a great sinner and have been one all my life.' The manner in which these words were uttered so affected each one present that no response was attempted, all were silent. Yet but for a moment. A bustle was heard at the door. The entrance of Gen. McClelland and his staff, with all the Generals of the army conveniently in reach, together with several members of the cabinet. With heads uncovered and reverent bearing, each one approached and successively greeted the worn out giant, who meantime remained seated, being unable to rise without assistance. When all had paid their respects, General McClelland again drew near, as though to receive the falling mantle from the retiring commander. The old General took his hand, and uttered in the kindest and most affectionate manner, language to this effect: 'General, allow not yourself to be embarrassed by ignorant men. Follow your own judgment. Carry out your own ideas, and you will conquer. God bless you.'

"Equally brief and touching was the response of the young chieftain, on whom the mantle of the great old man was now falling:

"Thank you, General. I will remember your counsel. May your health improve, and you live to see your country again united and prosperous. God's blessing accompany. Farewell!"

"The train was ready. Two assistants aided the old man to rise. As he and the young General walked side by side, and in

silence, out to the cars, the contrast was most striking. The one appeared as a giant, the other as a little boy."

"After the train had left, we had a brief interview with the boyish General, now Commander-in-Chief of our vast armies. Playfully remarking to him the special object of our late visit to Philadelphia; how well armed we had returned, with the hope of driving Satan wholly out of camp. 'All success to your noble enterprise,' was his ready response; 'but remember the undertaking is by no means an easy one, for the old serpent is not so readily conquered.' May be he was thinking of Beauregard. No doubt, however, we shall find our work as he predicted."

Jeff. Davis, in his recent message, says: "If, instead of being a dissolution of a league, it were indeed a rebellion, in which we are engaged, we might find ample vindication for the course we have adopted in the scenes which are now being enacted in the United States. Our people now look with contemptuous astonishment on those with whom they have been so recently associated.

"They shrink with aversion from the bare idea of renewing such a connection. When they see a president making war without the assent of Congress; when they behold judges threatened because they maintain the written habeas corpus so sacred to freemen; when they see justice and law trampled under the army heel of military authority, and upright men and innocent women dragged to distant dungeons upon the mere edict of a despot; when they find all this tolerated and applauded by a people who had been in the full enjoyment of freedom but a few months ago—they believe that there must be some radical incompatibility between such a people and themselves."

—As Artemus Ward would say: "this is sarkasm!"

THE PENNSYLVANIA THIRTEENTH
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He Did Come—He was “visible to the naked eye”—and the boys were gladdened by the sight of a paymaster, Maj. W. R. Gibson, of South Carolina, who, with his pleasant clerk, Mr. Randall, called on us on the 19th inst., and paid out the earnings of two months services, to the 31st of October, in the shape of “yellow boys,” (not yet declared contraband) and Treasury notes—over three thousand dollars of which were sent by express, to make the pot boil at home.

As usual at such times, every scoundrel, male or female, who had a gallon of whisky hidden in the woods, was ready to fill soldiers’ canteens on the sly—and some were foolish enough, owing to a scarcity of the article caused by recent confiscations, to pay as high as a dollar and a half a bottle for whisky costing thirty cents a gallon.

With this enormous profit on the illicit sale of the article, it will be seen that the temptation to engage in the traffic is too great to be overcome by the confiscation of even three kegs of every four—the sale of the remainder amply repaying the loss, and leaving a heavy margin of profits.

Although the officers had flattered themselves the enemy had disappeared from the immediate neighborhood, enough was made visible to render the gait of not a few unsteady.

Several others, who obtained passes out of camp and overstayed their time, were initiated into the mysteries of the “Geological Survey” and Horticultural Society,” by being set to work making a “military road” from the post to the Great Falls, across the Island, now known as “Blackwell’s Island,” where six hours a day cutting timber and rolling rocks afford ample exercise for muscle and time for reflection on the absolute necessity of obedience to orders on the part of commissioned and non-commissioned officers and privates.

A voluminous report on the road is expected, when the work is completed.

Col. Black’s Regiment (Thirty-third Pennsylvania) has, we regret to learn, lost thirty-seven men by death, and has two hundred sick.

A Curse of the Service has been the great difference between the pay of privates and non-commissioned officers, and the fortunate possessors of commissions. The result has been that, whilst some companies consist in great part of good men, who left situations worth two and three dollars a day, others are almost wholly composed of loafers and sots—worn out in the destruction of bad whisky, and enlisted only because the production of eighty or ninety such cattle would secure commissions for company officers.

The neglect, too, of a thorough surgical examination has been an injury to the service—as men unfitted for service are not only utterly useless themselves, but are a serious incubus on the remainder of a company.

Good companies can readily get recruits at home, and should be allowed to discharge all incompetent men at once. Companies of a different kind should be examined, and incompetent men sent home. It is better for the Government to have a company of forty good men, than to burthen such a company with fifty more—halt, lame and blind.

The following statement of what a soldier is entitled to during a term of three years’ service, and what he is charged with for extra clothing drawn, injured or lost, should be saved for reference. It is condensed from General Orders No. 95 of November 5th, and may be relied on as correct.

	Cost.	No. each year.		
		I.	II.	III.
Forage cap.....	\$0 63	1	1	1
Coats	6 71	1	1	1
Sack coats.....	2 15	2	2	2
Trowsers	3 03	3	2	3
Flannel shirts.....	88	3	3	3
Bootees	1 94	4	4	4
Drawers	50	3	2	2
Stockings	26	4	4	4
Great coats.....	7 20	1	0	0
Blankets	2 95	1	0	1

The allowance of clothing for the first year is \$45 97.

Our Detachment, at Great Falls, is in good health. Those in the hospital have all recovered but two, under Assistant Surgeon Morrison’s care. Serg’t. Peterman, of Co. A, had a very severe attack of inflammation of the bowels, but is out again. Those who remain in the hospital are doing well, and we trust will soon be ready for duty.