

### AN OLD BATTLE-FLAG.

dependence (Mo.) Sentinel).

At the late Confederate re-union, Lexington, Ky., there was on display a flag soiled with smoke of battle, torn by shells and pierced by many a musket ball. The subjoined record, printed on white satin, was fastened on it:

#### SIXTH MISSOURI INFANTRY,

C. S. A.

EUGENE ERWIN, COL., COMMANDING.

This Regiment was the first to charge the inner entrenchment at Corinth, Miss., and twenty-six of its thirty commissioned officers, and twenty-two of its twenty-eight non-commissioned officers were killed or wounded.

WILLIAM HUFF, ENSIGN,

received nine wounds in defense of his flag before resigning it to the keeping of a comrade, and of the three hundred men who went into the battle only thirty answered the roll-call afterwards.

The Sentinel has no doubt but that the above inscription will be perused with deep interest by many of its readers. There are within the scope of its circulation still a few of those "thirty" who answered to roll-call. Then there are many who were made widows and orphans in that horrible carnage, and still remaining a few of those who were wounded.

How well will they remember the day. An October sun is pouring its warm and radiant light upon the scene. The haze of an Indian summer lends a gentle softness to outline of hill and woodland. Afar off is heard the restless pop, pop, of the skirmishers as they advance to develop the position of the opposing army. Now and then the boom of artillery announces desultory firing around to the right where the first division has driven in the enemy's outposts. Suddenly, just in front of Hebar's brigade a cannon shot is heard, followed by the whizzing of a shell as it passes high over head. Then is heard the clatter of wheels, the brief commands of the officers as Landis' battery is brought

rapidly into position, to engage a federal artillery corps that has just opened fire in front of Erwin's regiment. The regiment is now drawn up to support the battery, or to lead an assault, as the occasion may require. Not long does the artillery duel last. Within ten minutes Landis' gunnars made up of some of Missouri's bravest boys, has silenced the opposing battery, and there is a momentary lull. There on his horse, in the center of his regiment, sits the idolized Erwin, anxious to "go in," for well he knows that every man in that little regiment of three hundred will follow, no matter where the lead. Hudspeth is on the left and Vaughn on the right center, awaiting for Edwin to move. Now a courier rides up, bearing an order for Erwin to advance to the attack at once. "Attention, battalion; forward double-quick, march!" is the short, sharp command that sets the line in motion, and it is off like a tornado. Over the ridge, out into the open field, down the slope, up the opposing hill crowned with federal infantry, the little regiment sweeps with irresistible force. Now the enemy open at point-blank range, and the hurtling messengers of death begin their awful work. Undaunted by the withering fire that is poured into their very faces, the attacking party return shot for shot, and in an instant the first line of the enemy is hurled back upon the reserves. The regiment now stops a moment to dress its line, preparatory to further advance. But in that instant that blue line down there has also recovered, and now re-inforced by a brigade of Illinoisans, it stubbornly refuses to be driven.

The combat now becomes simply terrific. The two lines are not more than twenty paces apart, and stand as resolute and firm as granite walls. Erwin is struck down and born to the rear. Hudspeth is wounded and carried from the field. Vaughn is killed outright. McKinney is shot through the brain and dies without a groan. Taylor is already dead, having received his death in the first fire of the enemy. Not a field officer is left to command and the regiment is left without a leader. Still