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BRAVE OHIO SOLDIERS.

THE SEVENTY-THIRD VOLUNTEERS FOUGHT LONG AND WELL.

A Fierce Rush with Stonewall Jackson at Manassas—Many Lives and No Glory at Gettysburg, and a Brilliant Feat of Arms at Wauhatchie.

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VERY now and then some ignorant person who never has had the good sense to recognize his inferior close to the wheel, or who, if he does so recognize it, fails to realize that the civil war veterans whom Confederate veterans and Yankee Doodles have alike to worship the honors of the century didn't do any fighting to speak of. "Shoot her a-man," is certainly universal—"shoot her a-man, and I'll give you a thousand that never saw a rebel, or show me one that was at Antietam or Gettysburg or Chattanooga or Atlanta, and I'll prove that he promised there was an accident and he never got caught in another fight."

Imagine the women trying to boost up his stand by some anecdote a survivor of the Seventy-third Ohio volunteers, a regiment which, it is all set rack to arrange on the first call, was long enough to serve its 3-months and start on another term, and was enough fighting to convey each combatant in Ignorance who knew upon as the five stars of the moon.

Ignorance (to Ohio veteran)—Sir, you didn't see fighting of any account in the war?

Seventy-third Ohioan—That depends. I don't know what you would call Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge and Wauhatchie, Resaca and New Hope Church, Kennesaw and Atlanta, or Little Round-Top, where Joe Johnston got his final fling up.

Ignorance—But did you really get close enough for the rebels to hit you and they wanted to?

Seventy-third Ohioan—Well, stranger, I didn't carry a theodolite in the war exactly like that, only a musket, and Ohio's sons as a class seem shaken in the regimental of history, but at Manassas 300 of us went in and 113 were left, 40 of them as have they never got up again, and 30 were made prisoners. At Gettysburg, although we did not compete with Pickett in his grand charge, 300 of us got in our best work and 115 were left, 30 of them getting their last call. Then at Wauhatchie, Resaca and so on—still, maybe it wouldn't strike you as of any account, as it all depends.

Ignorance will discover all at once that something hard has come between his pale and the well's contagious of the atmosphere which is as congenial to it, and in desperation will proceed to prove that the war was only a myth and the veterans are a horde of impostors, whose empty sleeves legs and flapping sleeves are memories of thumbling machine accidents and railway smashups. Meanwhile, people of sense and feeling will applaud the modest Ohioan and others like him, and listen to his story of the days he trudged with gun and knapsack through Virginia marles and over Georgia's barren mountains with Fremont, Pope and Meade, with Hooker, Thomas and Sherman.

It was an accident mixed than an accident which drew my attention to the career of the Seventy-third Ohio. When the Grand Army men were talking up their Hotel a few weeks ago for accommodation in relief, I turned resolutely to his war record and found that his fortunes had been woven into the organization with a thread and of which he was the third and last survivor, having shifted at the foot of his cot, in the Grand in October, 1891. The Seventy-third was organized in the fall of 1861 from detachments of recruits that rendezvoused in the camps in Ohio around. In November and spring of 1862 it mustered and embarked and in the winter, and people of sense and feeling will applaud the modest Ohioan and others like him, and listen to his story of the days he trudged with gun and knapsack through Virginia marles and over Georgia's barren mountains with Fremont, Pope and Meade, with Hooker, Thomas and Sherman.

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HIGH CHURCH AT WAUHATCHIE.

"ASK THE BRIGHT WATER AND SO PACK." (See field of Wauhatchie, Chickamauga in which it was ready to fall, but was ordered to second instead, which was just as well, for it was spared to fight elsewhere and to some purpose.

The day of setting came to the Seventy-third at Manassas, in Second Bull Run, on Aug. 30, when in Stonewall Jackson's famous flank movement of two corps, it helped to give General Jackson's army the opportunity he had long coveted, the crush of which, however, was never achieved. The regiment lost eleven men killed, 100 wounded, and 30 missing, the last of whom, however, were never captured