

From the Daily Vicksburg Citizen.]

OBITUARY.

COY. EUGENE ERWIN.

Another brave and noble spirit has fallen. On Thursday evening, June 25th, Col. Eugene Erwin, of the 6th Regiment Missouri Vols., was killed while mounted upon the works, with a view to leading a charge against the enemy. He was struck with a minnie ball, which passed through his body, killing him instantly.

For several weeks previous to his death his health had been delicate, and at times compelled his absence from the field. During the siege of this place he had more than once been driven to his bed; and on the day of his death he was out contrary to the advice and urgency of his friends, feeling, as he said, that it was his duty, so long as he could stand, to stand at his post. No one felt more than he did the importance of every man's discharging his duty—no one did more to discharge it.

Col. Erwin, at the first outbreak of the war, left his home and family and offered himself a willing sacrifice upon the altar of his country's liberty. He has borne the privations and hardships of the army throughout the campaigns of Gen. Price in Missouri, Arkansas and Mississippi, and that without a murmur. He has ever shown himself an excellent soldier and a gallant officer. More than a half dozen battlefields—E k Horn, Corinth and Port Gibson included—bear testimony to his coolness and daring bravery. He was strict in discipline, yet generous, kind and true, possessing the confidence and esteem of all his men and officers. He esteemed religion highly, and did all in his power to promote its interests. Those who knew him best loved him most; for the more intimate the acquaintance, the brighter shone the excellencies of his character.

But he has fallen—fallen at his post, defending the cause of justice and truth. At midnight's hour, amid the roar of cannon and the whistling of the enemy's balls, we bore him gently and laid him in the soldier's humble grave, where he shall rest in peace till he is called forth to his reward in the resurrection morn.

He by his example speaks—

"'Twere sweet to live, yet I can die,
And in the grave forgotten lie,
To know I have my duty done,
And nobly life's last triumph won.
Know ye my comrades in the field,
I die a freeman's death;
Cease not to wield the battle shield
With life's last lingering breath—
The banner which we bore on high,
Still bid it all their hosts defy—
For where the war tide wild shall wade,
So fit to be a soldier's grave."

He leaves a wife and three sweet little girls to mourn his loss. May our Heavenly Father sustain and comfort them in their sad bereavement, and grant them all a happy reunion in the Heavenly world, where sorrows and separations, wars and death are known no more.

W. M. PATTERSON.

Chaplain 6th Mo. Infantry.

Vicksburg, Miss., June 26th, 1863.