

PROCEEDINGS OF THE TWELFTH ANNUAL  
MEETING OF THE ELEVENTH OHIO VOLUNTEER  
INFANTRY 1883

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Ohio Volunteer Infantry

REUNION ASSOCIATION,

— HELD AT —

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

*Wednesday and Thursday, October 24 and 25, 1883.*

IN THE ROOMS OF THE Y. M. C. A.

*Reported by J. H. HORTON, Stenographer.*

CINCINNATI, O.:

B. G. LANDMAN, PRINTER, 50 and 52 West Third Street.

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## NOTES.

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The companies from which the Eleventh Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry was originally composed were among the *very first* to offer their services to the Government in April, 1861. and by right the numeral of the command should have been one instead of eleven. Political influence, however, willed otherwise (no reflection is intended on the members of any other regiment), and, so far as numerical order is concerned, the "gallant old Eleventh" was not permitted to occupy its true position in the general "roster."

Its members are rapidly passing away, to meet, we hope, the reward for deeds well done, or becoming so widely separated that it is almost impossible for any considerable number to assemble at the yearly reunions. The meeting just held was such an exceedingly pleasant one, and so much enjoyed by all who attended, that our Association resolved that a full record of the proceedings should be made and published in this form, for preservation and for the gratification of those who could not be with us.

For the first time since the war our beloved Chaplain, Rev. W. W. LYLE, was enabled to meet the "boys" in reunion, and his soul-felt prayers and cheering words were as welcome and morally helpful as of old.

Many others who had not met with us for years were present— notably Capt. SOL. TEVERBROUGH, Dr. J. C. McCURDY, Dr. GABRIEL, and others, which tended to make the meeting specially enjoyable.

In order that all may be duly notified of the next reunion it is hoped that any one knowing the address of members whose names are not in the roster herewith given, or of any changes of residence, death, etc., will communicate the same to President

LANE, or to J. H. HORTON, Secretary.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 30, 1883.



# PROCEEDINGS

## FIRST DAY.

WEDNESDAY, October 24, 1883.

THE ELEVENTH OHIO INFANTRY REUNION ASSOCIATION met for the twelfth time in the hall of the Y. M. C. A. at 2 o'clock P. M.

A quartette composed of D. MINOR STEWARD, C. LONGLEY and his son and daughter, Mr. and Miss LONGLEY, led in singing "America."

Chaplain LYLE offered an affecting and earnest prayer, invoking God's blessing on the meeting and the members individually, both present and absent.

Colonel P. P. LANE then delivered the welcome address, as follows :

COMRADES—It is my pleasant duty, as one of the local committee, to welcome you to our city, and to the twelfth reunion of our regiment.

Twenty-two years ago last May we were thrown together, seemingly by chance, at Camp Dennison, mostly strangers to each other. We came from distant parts of the State, as individuals, in squads and partly organized companies. We recruited our ranks from day to day until our companies were of the requisite strength, and were mustered into the service of the United States for "three years or during the war," and the companies were consolidated as the Eleventh Regiment Ohio Infantry.

Being recruited from different parts of the State we were strangers in a greater degree than regiments organized later, where the entire regiment came from a single precinct, town or county; where friends joined together and a whole regiment of neighbors were bodily transferred from civil life to that of soldiers. But strangers as we were we soon became friends. We assumed the garb of a soldier, and took a solemn oath to perform his duties; each and every one of us having the same object in view—inspired by the same motive. Each willing to divest himself of the independence of an American citizen, and for a time submit



to the orders of superiors, without question as to their expediency, knowing that independence of opinion and action would be fatal to the great object that we all sought to obtain.

We little realized the magnitude of the undertaking; little did we think that before the object was accomplished the State of Ohio would furnish three hundred thousand men, or, to average the time to three years for each man, the number would swell to the enormous figures of two hundred and forty thousand; or that the aggregate of the men called to the field by the Government would amount to two millions eight hundred and sixty thousand! Or to average the service of each man to three years, it would require two million three hundred and twenty thousand men! Little did we realize that at the close of the war our National Cemeteries would contain over three hundred thousand of our comrades, and that the aggregate of casualties by wounds, disease and those killed in battle would amount to over six hundred thousand men.

Could all of this have been foretold I believe our regiment, as well as all the regiments composing the army of the Union, would have battled to the close with the same persistency and devotion as they did, *not* knowing the future.

Each day of our soldier life cemented us closer together, and we soon became as one mass—not a thousand individuals, as all individuality was soon lost, and we were like a complex machine, the many parts forming one symmetrical whole.

We were greatly aided in our early soldier education by the example and training of our two first regimental commanders, Colonels Frizell and Coleman, as teachers of the military art, and the noble acts and example of our Chaplain in keeping us up to the highest pitch of patriotism, of reliance on the Supreme Being, and the exertion of all our powers to win for humanity the cause of human liberty.

Frizell, the warm hearted, generous, brave and devoted soldier, was loved by every man in the regiment. All would go where he would lead; his word was law, and his wish, if it could be divined, was executed without a command. His noble example tended to cement us into an undivided mass. This cementing process was continued by Coleman, his successor in command. Col. Coleman's process was different. He put his material into the furnace and held it there until it came to a white heat, and then with sledge-hammer blows welded it until there was not a seam to be found in the whole mass; it was homogeneous, it could not be twisted, split or broken. The master workman had sinews of steel, and he put us into the converters and made his regiment steel like himself. We felt a little uncomfortable under the process, but soon we gloried in the success of our leader in making us like himself.

The first notable result of this training was developed at the





second battle of Bull Run, when the Eleventh and Twelfth Ohio Regiments checked Lee's whole army and saved us from a greater disaster than that which befell us. Again at the stone bridge, at the battle of Antietam, where our Coleman fell.

Our regiment was noted for devotion to duty; we had no aspirations for honors or distinctions. I do not remember a single man that hoped to profit by his connection with the army; but, on the contrary, *duty* was the guide and mainspring of every action. These traits of character soon won the favor and confidence of our superiors; we were, as a rule, kept in the front; was there a more important picket line to maintain the Eleventh Regiment was sure to occupy it; an important reconnoissance, the Eleventh was generally called upon to make it; an exposed outpost to be occupied, where constant vigilance was necessary, there the Eleventh was found, and in the formation of the battle line the untarnished banner of our regiment was sure to be seen waving in the breeze and taking the post of honor.

One of the first lessons we learned was CONSTANT VIGILANCE, and the lesson was so well learned that we were never surprised. We learned that any misfortune might befall a soldier, without disgrace, except surprise; for this there was no excuse. We never had a panic—that uncontrollable and unreasoning fear that sometimes seizes brave men and good soldiers. Devotion to the cause, and the steady, reasoning powers of our men did not permit them to act on impulse. There was no bravado in their acts. There were but few who would say they did not fear to meet the volley from the compact line of the enemy or the bullet from the concealed marksman in the thicket, but the devotion to duty was greater than the sense of fear.

The history of all armies that have ever been written can not show a parallel with ours that was organized to preserve the integrity of our Union. The rank and file were from the most intelligent, thinking and active class of men of our nation. They joined the army without mercenary motives; they believed it a duty to themselves, to the country, to the cause of liberty at home and to the cause of liberty in all lands to destroy the government of the would-be nation that proposed for its corner-stone the enslavement of its laboring classes. The soldiers of our army saw that to permit the success of the rebellion would turn back the hands on the dial of human progress and liberty, and perhaps be the first step in a retrograde movement that would land us on a lower plane than that of the nations after the fall of the Roman Empire.

To me, the importance of that contest has grown each year from that time to the present. The conviction that our cause was just and should be maintained at any cost has grown apace with years as they pass, and will continue to grow from generation to generation.



We could not believe that a few leaders could carry many of the people with them in their mad schemes of war. But the fact slowly dawned on the vision of our people, and on President Lincoln, that the 75,000 men could not do the work. The reliance on the loyal sentiments in the South to suppress and defeat these acts of treason was a mistake, and we must destroy their armies that were composed of all the able-bodied men in those States; and they were supported by the money, labor and sympathy of nearly all their people.

The boundaries of the issue widened. The causes reaching back into the tyrannies and oppressions of the old world, the seeds of which had been stealthily transferred to our Southern shore and nursed by the resolution of '98, the Calhouns and others, until its poison had spread to all the people of the South. A new race of cavaliers had made its appearance, and that, too, under the protection of the liberty of a republic. Their wants had been supplied by the labor of the slave, and in their wealth and pride they declared that all must bow to their rule.

The contest was not between our Government and the Confederacy, not between the North and South, not whether Abraham Lincoln or Jeff. Davis should govern all or only a part of the people, but the question to be decided was whether the tide of human liberty should be stayed; should capital own the soil and the labor to till it; should we have a nation of free men, whose labor was their own, and who, by honest toil, might acquire a competency.

The great surprise to us and to the mass of the people was that they should maintain the principles of the leaders of the rebellion with such persistency and bravery. No people could have done more or sacrificed more than they did to establish a principle that would have been the cause of their own destruction. And after their armies were beaten, crushed and utterly destroyed, and the remnants returned to their homes, the scales dropped from their eyes and they discovered the falsity of the principles they had so bravely contended for, they were free to admit they were wrong and thanked us for the chastisement we so unwillingly gave them.

Our duty was not all done when we laid aside the blue and divested ourselves of the trappings of soldiers. We should maintain that devotion to our Government and to the principles for which we fought, we should constantly exercise the right of suffrage, and to whatever party we may belong use our highest endeavors to keep this patriotic devotion to our country alive; make it burn brighter each year; teach it to our children and to all who come within our influence.

We will never forget the reverence we have for the flag, but if we do not teach our children to reverence it, if we do not teach them that it is an emblem of the power and protection of our



Government, it will be looked upon as so much bunting, a beautiful banner, without any importance attaching to it.

I regret that my early education was neglected in regard to my reverence for the flag, but the lesson was taught me in a most forcible manner in the winter of '60 and '61. I had been in the South for several months. I was at Baton Rouge at the time the Louisiana State troops took possession of the arsenal, and in New Orleans about the time the Mint was seized. The whole country was a camp, and marching regiments could be seen at almost any hour in their towns and cities. Flags with strange devices were floating in every direction, but the glorious banner of our country was not to be seen. Our flag had disappeared, and with it the protection of our Government. In traveling from place to place in the prosecution of my business I was obliged to give my address as New Orleans instead of Cincinnati, as a man from Ohio would have been treated as a spy, unless vouched for by those known to be true to the interests of the South.

When I started for the North I was under the necessity of buying tickets from place to place, as I would have been arrested if I had declared my intention of going North. At Columbus, Ky., I was permitted to buy a ticket to Cairo, and as we neared that place I saw the stars and stripes spread to the breeze from every steamer, public building, and many of the business houses and private residences. Its beauty thrilled my soul, and a sense of its protection gave me peace and joy. The beauty and protection of our flag was revealed to me in a new light, and from that day to this I feel like standing in its presence with uncovered head.

I would have our flag in every home, and each child taught that it is the emblem of the Government that protects him from harm. I would have the love of country made a lesson in every school and proclaimed from every pulpit in the land.

What better means have we to keep up the fire of patriotism that burned so brightly in 1861 than by meetings such as this, where comrades of the camp, the march, and the battle field reunite and live over again the scenes of those eventful days?

I often hear it said, "The war is over, and why strive to keep up the remembrance of those days that should be forgotten?" But I must say nay. The events of those years inspired the purest impulses and prompted the most generous acts of our nature, and lifted the mass of American citizens onto a higher plane.

In the long years of peace preceding the war of '61, we had given ourselves up to subduing western wilds and making homes in the rich and fertile States of the West; had given ourselves up to extending our commerce, in building up huge manufacturing industries, building railroads, and amassing wealth. Our politicians were largely seekers after place; many of them demagogues rather than statesmen, traders who would exchange the



good of the people for their own gain. We were so devoted to self that the South firmly believed we would not fight to maintain the Government, and if we could not compromise in some kind of bargain we would let the South have its way. They offered to give us five men to one, so low did they esteem our love of country and personal bravery. But thanks to a kind Providence we were aroused before the latent spark was extinguished.

The fires of '61 still burn brightly in the society of the Grand Army of the Republic, in our societies of the Army of the Potomac, of the Tennessee, and Cumberland, and in the thousands of regimental reunions all over the land.

Comrades, let us pledge ourselves to cast in our mite to keep the fires of patriotism burning on every hilltop, in every valley, and on every plain of our country.

"Marching Through Georgia" was then sung by the quartette, the comrades joining in the chorus.

Chaplain LYLE, being called out, favored the meeting with the following elegant and spirited address:

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES—Luther, the great Reformer, when speaking of music which he loved so dearly, said, "I do not know where to begin, and when I do begin I don't know when to end." And like Luther, in speaking to you to-day, I do not know where to begin. Before I get through perhaps you will think your old Chaplain does not know when to end. I have not forgotten, however, how to obey, so if I go beyond the limits allotted to me in reference to time, Col. Lane is close at hand and he has only to issue the order and I will come to a halt.

Nineteen years ago on the twenty-second of last June we assembled for the last time as a regiment at Camp Dennison. There and then we were mustered out of the United States army, having completed our three years and three months' service as soldiers of the grand army of freedom. This is the first time during these nineteen years I have had the pleasure of meeting you. I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you again. And what else can I say to you to-day as I begin my little talk but that we so often said to each other in the days of peril and privation—"God bless you all!"

As we meet to-day our minds naturally revert to the past. Scenes of other days rise up before us, and we can say we know something of war, of the weary march, the bivouac, and the battle. Our thoughts quickly bridge the chasm of twenty years, and we are again amid the scenes of those days in our own and our country's history that tried men's souls, and remember how the cry was at first "the rebellion must be put down!" And then when the rebels appeared to be getting the better of us the word "rebel" was softened down to "the enemy," and then it was "the Con-





federates," and then "our erring brethren!" Oh, yes, we remember those times, and are proud of our regiment and the deeds done by it and others, and can say we love our country better for what we endured.

As we look in each others' faces to day we are reminded of Gauley Bridge and Raleigh and Summerville and Carthage, and scores of other places in which we could say, if not sing, "Tenting to-night on the old camp ground." We are reminded of the campaigns in the Kanawha Valley, of the fierce struggles on the bloody battle-fields of Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Hoover's Gap, and of Chicamauga where we asked God to bless us and take care of us, and of Mission Ridge and Resaca and other fields where we met armed treason and helped to crush it. We are reminded of our comrades who fell in battle, of others who pined and died in rebel prison pens, of those who came home maimed or sick, and of others who have gone from earth since last we assembled as a regiment. We are reminded, also, of our absent comrades who are scattered here and there in this broad land of ours. This is but a fragment of the Old Eleventh! But small as this fragment may be of more than a thousand men who at one time and another composed our regiment, we have reason to be proud of our position to day and of our record in the past. We will not boast. We will indulge in no vain glorious eulogy upon ourselves or our comrades in arms—but with true pride in what we as a regiment were enabled to do and suffer, as a part of that grand army of freedom that neither halted its marchings nor sheathed the sword till rebellion was crushed—let us grasp each other's hands and look into each other's faces as men who can honestly say, "We, too, did something, for our country when in her struggles with rebellion."

However humble our individual lot may be, we are connected by imperishable links of self denial and suffering in camp and field—and, so far at least as the dead are concerned, I can add, in true heroism also—with the grandest army that ever responded to the call of patriotism and freedom. Our ranks are being thinned. Every year there are fewer to answer at "roll-call." Twenty years from now fewer still will meet at these reunions. But let us not forget that the future will take care of both the memory and honor of the patriot soldier.

Some three or four years ago a musical festival was held in this city, said to be the finest ever held on this continent. The musical genius of the country was represented at that festival of song, and thousands of entranced listeners crowded Music Hall from day to day to enjoy those sublime symphonies that have made their authors immortal. One of those symphonies, it is said, is among the sublimest that mortal lips ever sang or mortal ears ever heard. I refer to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. It is said that the composer of that immortal work never heard a note



of his own sweet music. He had lost his hearing years before. In the midst of poverty and privation in the outer world, his soul was reveling amid the loftiest spiritual pleasures, and from out this hallowed experience came forth the music that breathes so sweetly of peace and hope and heaven. Beethoven has long since gone to his grave. Some years ago the city of Berlin erected a magnificent monument to his memory. But Beethoven's best, most enduring memorial is his music. The granite shaft will crumble and the bronze tablet will corrode as time passes away, but the melodies of the gifted singer will go sounding down through the coming ages. As long as human hearts can be swayed by the blessed influences of a music that breathes of hope and heaven, just so long will Beethoven's memorial endure. So with the memories of the soldiers of the Union. When the bugle that called the "assembly" of the army of freedom has perished, and its cadences faded from the memories of the living amid the peaceful ages yet to come, the story of the struggles of the patriots who fought and died to perpetuate the existence of a Nation of Christian freemen will still be told. A country saved from the curse of slavery, and from the grasp of traitors—a country united, prosperous, free and happy is the veteran soldier's best memorial. Does it not thrill our hearts to see our glorious flag to-day waving from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf! A flag that you, comrades, with others helped to carry in triumph over many a bloody battle field and through many a storm of shot and shell!

Let me compare two scenes—one of which we all took part in. You remember that terrible 20th of August at the second Bull Run battle. You know I was stationed on the left of the railroad to attend to the wounded, and Dr. Gabriel was stationed a few rods on the right on rising ground. No sooner were the field hospitals established than we found plenty to do. While dressing the wounded and while the sharp rattle of musketry and the explosion of shells told of warm work in our front, Col. Coleman rushed up to me exclaiming: "Where is the Eleventh, Chaplain?" I pointed out to him the position of the regiment—marking at the same time—"There! that volley was fired by company E stationed in the ravine over there!" His face was flushed with heat and fatigue and the perspiration was rolling down as, with sword in hand, he exclaimed, "I could have cried when I found the regiment had been ordered to the front while I was absent on business at the War Department!" A minute or two more and I heard a rousing cheer, one with which I was familiar, and I knew that Col. Coleman was at the head of his regiment. What a day's struggle that was! How hard pressed our little brigade was during the whole day! How anxious we were for reinforcements! I will never forget the order given to me with such bitter, anxious tones, "Get your wounded to the rear quickly!" which was



emphasized by a volley from some rebel cavalry that had turned our left flank. Then how anxiously we fell back to Fairfax Station, the Eleventh covering the retreat, and by stubbornly contesting every inch of the ground made the rebels believe there was a Division or two of us; they thought we were the advance of McClellan's army, instead of a small brigade! You know when Fitzhugh Lee, who was in command of the force in our front, questioned some of our wounded who fell into his hands, he exclaimed, "I would have captured the whole of them if it hadn't been for their confounded Yankee impudence!" Do you remember our forming a hollow square at Fairfax Station, then the anxious hours of that weary night march! Having fought all day we were to march all night, but we touched the rebel lines three times before we slipped past, or rather through, the strong force by which we were surrounded. We were cut off from the main body and the rebels had only to wait till daylight to gobble us all up. When daylight came we weren't there!

Now for the other scene. On a beautiful summer day in 1876 I stood on State street, Boston. Thousands of spectators lined the more prominent streets of the city, or crowded the windows and balconies. Amid the cheers of the people and the strains of martial music a regiment marched up toward the State House. The steady head of the men, their precision of movement, the very gleam of their bayonets seemed to proclaim that this was a column of veterans. Who were they? The very men we met under the rebel flag on the bloody battle field of Bull Run! Need I say that the tears came to my eyes as I looked upon these men carrying aloft the dear old flag which they formerly sought to trail in the dust!

This is but a faint picture of our restored, united, prosperous country. Henceforth let us hope that this land, connected as it is by the blood of the patriot brave, will ever be held too sacred for treason even to pollute. Like the water brought from the well of Bethlehem and presented to David by the brave men who perilled their lives to procure it, but which was considered too sacred for common use and therefore poured out an offering unto God, so let our land henceforth and forever be considered as consecrated to everything that is holy, just and good.

Comrades, the Lord covered our heads in the day of battle. He has mercifully spared our lives. The bugle will never, I trust, call us to battle again. But oh, may we all be good soldiers of Jesus Christ, the Captain of our Salvation, who in the last great conflict will give us the victory. When the "Roll Call" of the Redeemed is made may our names be found in the Lamb's Book of Life! God bless you all.

The favorite old war song, "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys



are Marching," was sung by Miss LONGLEY, the comrades joining in the chorus.

Surgeon J. C. McCURDY then addressed the Association as follows:

COMRADES—We have met again to-day to look each other in the face, grasp each other by the hand, and revive old memories.

As we look at each other to-day, how altered our appearances and conditions from that time when our Government dismissed us with the benediction, "You have fought the good fight; you have finished your work; you have kept every pledge you made to me, and I herewith hand you this honorable discharge."

Having separated to our various homes over the face of this vast country, most of us who yet remain are gathered here to bring back the memory of scenes of other days.

What mean these thin gray locks; these furrows upon the cheek and forehead; and here and there we see the trembling hand, the unsteady gait, the diminished eye and the shrunken features? Why do we so anxiously scrutinize each other, hoping to yet discover that deep bronze upon the full and florid face? Why do we still look for the firm and well set teeth, those muscular arms and those large and sinewy limbs, the full and firm chest and the agile gait?

We look for them because they were ours when we turned our backs upon the camps and battle-fields, and hastened home to scenes of love and joy and peace and rest.

Memory has not been able to keep step with the changes since. For, my comrades, the storms of nineteen years have been beating upon us. The biting frosts of time have scarred us over and over, while the snows of these many winters that have dashed against us and have fallen upon our heads have taken the brightness from our eyes, blanched our faces, and shriveled our limbs.

Nor have the seeds of disease lain dormant in our systems, planted there by the swamps and rivers, rains and burning suns; by the starvings, the brutalities and the beastly tortures of Andersonville, Libby, Belle Isle, and Florence. In our strained and broken bodies these seeds have brought forth the pains and languishing, the sunken cheek and hectic flush of sleepless and ever advancing disease. Hence these changes that we see to-day, which make us appear so strange to one another.

But, my comrades, the memories of our years of struggle, of mortal conflict, and of torture were so stamped upon our brains, or so burned into our hearts, that they are as vivid to-day as at the time of their occurrence. We never can forget those long and weary tramps over the weird and endless mountains of West Virginia; those hills and valleys with their swollen rivers and mountain torrents wild with fury. We never can forget those





dismal months as they dragged along, with their almost ceaseless rains pelting us with merciless severity, chilling us to the marrow; and whether at night, midnight, or morning, we were finally convinced that our normal condition in that country was a chronic soak.

My comrades, we can not forget, if we would, the sufferings brought upon us by the wading of those rivers in mid-winter, followed by the deadly fevers, the fatal consumptions, the incurable dysenteries, and the life-long pains of rheumatism. We shall never forget the dark shadows and threatening blackness of '62 and '63. Commencing with the rebel "Merrimac" battering to pieces and sinking our largest and finest war vessel, the "Cumberland," and immediately attacking and destroying the "Congress," blocking us with the conviction that our entire coast was bare and helpless. Even when our "Monitor" reached the battleground she did not bring but partial hope.

Then followed, in rapid succession, the battles of Williamsburg, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mills, Savage Station, Fair Oaks, Frazee's Farm, Malvern Hill—all crushing defeats, where brave men were slaughtered by regiments and their hearts' blood poured out in one continuous stream from Williamsburg to the walls of Richmond.

Simultaneously with these humiliations others were taking place in the Shenandoah Valley, even more disgraceful. At Cross Keys, Port Republic, and Winchester our whole forces were routed by the little army of rebels, who, catching the spirit of their leader, "Stonewall Jackson," dashed from point to point, chasing Banks and his army like frightened hares down the valley, leaving thousands as prisoners, and army stores worth millions for the clothing and feeding of the enemy. Nor did our punishments yet end, for the second Bull Run soon followed, and then Harper's Ferry.

My comrades, how can we ever forget Bull Run, South Mountain and Antietam, upon all of which our gallant dead now sleep? How can we forget that cruel march to Hagerstown, and the crushing, brutal packing endured on the cars back to the wilds of West Virginia? How can we forget that sore disappointment, after so fairly earning a furlough, to be again ordered into the far South, past our homes, our friends and dearest associations, the conviction piercing many of us that we would never again behold the face of friend or North?

My comrades, our hearts burn yet at the insults offered us by the traitors, ruffians and copperheads of this city, Cincinnati, who pressed upon us money, clothing and protection if we would betray our country and desert our flag.

And how that trip so fraught with death and suffering down the Ohio and up the Cumberland to Carthage, and the farm of that old rebel, Cullom, haunts us yet like a stifling and oppres-



sive nightmare. And how our regiment was ordered by our Division Commander to make and replace numerous "top rails" which had been removed by us, as we well knew there were entirely too many upon the old sinner's farm!

But, my comrades, there was a line the Union volunteer would not pass, and with us it was drawn on the replacing of "top rails;" therefore, we sent back a defiant reply through our brave commander, who is with us to-day, Col. Lane, that the mortal eye of Southern rebel would never rest upon a rail split by a Union soldier, although ordered by a quasi-rebel commander. And how well we remember that upon that very field where we dared to so defiantly disobey the above order we marched into line and there afresh pledged to our country our lives and our sacred honors that never again would our arms be laid down until her flag floated in triumph above the head of every rebel that ever breathed, and pledged our country that we would serve her "without money and without price" until every enemy should bite the dust or kneel in obedience beneath the flag of our united nation. We sang again our old songs of '61:

"We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Five hundred thousand more."

And

"We'll rally round the flag, boys,  
Rally once again,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!"

A comrade who knew of our disobedience to that order facetiously remarked that said commander did not even bring a "railing" accusation against us.

Again, my comrades, it seems but yesterday that we fell into line at Murfreesboro, and facing South, we marched through rain and mud, through heat and dust, and still pressed on, to reach at last that field of death, of struggle, of misfortune, of disorder and defeat, at Chickamauga; to leave upon it our bravest and our best, to starve, to rot, to burn with thirst, and die beneath the brutal tread and savage hate of a victorious foe.

How vivid, still, the long and weary weeks, the ceaseless watching, and the pitiless knawings of hunger's wolf, and the weakness of starvation while condoned by the insolent foe at Chattanooga. And Mission Ridge, with its rugged sides, its long lines of fortifications, and its brow beetling with countless rebel cannon. And that order to take the Ridge, which you at once obeyed, although gaunt famine had robbed you of your strength but not your valor; and how you fought and advanced on a run, then halted and fought, then fell through weakness but to continue the battle on your knees and sides, until the crest was taken and the enemy, fleeing in terror, left you their arms, their prisoners, and the



broad Tennessee, which speedily bore to us the food and comforts of our country's and our own friends.

But, my comrades, as our term of service neared its close, not so with battles and our successes. We sprang into our places in the mighty and advancing column of that invincible Army of the Cumberland, and fought and marched, and marched and fought ninety-three days out of one hundred and twenty-eight, ever advancing to grasp that gate city of the South, Atlanta. The clouds of '62 and '63 had broken then, and every evening a new angel of battle shouted in our ears "Victory again! Victory again!"

My comrades, these memories crowd us still, and during all these long years hope with us ever sprang eternal. We did not fear our foes in front as we despised the crawling, lurking, stabbing foes at home, for might and right and God were with us.

Would for our country's sake that those known by the misnomer of statesmen and politicians who followed us had done as well. Would that they had grasped those conquered States with a grip like that which wrenched them from our foes. Then would we have been spared that long succession of political farces which they tried to dignify by the name of "Reconstruction Acts."

Then would we have been spared the indignation and the blush of shame at their weakness and craven cowardice, as well as their reeking corruption and the bribery of both parties.

Then would those bloody-handed traitors and midnight assassins, Ku Klux and Knights of the Golden Circle, never had an existence. Never then would the loyal, the defenceless, the emancipated, and the lovers of the old flag been murdered, bulldozed, lashed, and robbed. Never would the loyal men and pure women of the South been left to perish as they were by the time-serving, cold blooded schemers, who used their trusts and their country as a pedestal from which to vault into notoriety and power.

Had the singleness and honesty of purpose possessed the makers of our civil laws that filled the hearts of our volunteer army, our comrades who made the South their chosen homes would not have been murdered by armed hordes of unpunished traitors. Never would those vast sums of money been necessary in counting in and counting out aspirants for office.

Even the exertions of those big-headed and heavy-bodied citizens known as "visiting statesmen" could have been altogether dispensed with. And never would the blackness of eternal disgrace have compelled us to count in a President by one majority, and count out by exactly the same number Cronin's Nose, the sage of Cipher alley.

Comrades, I must close; but before doing so allow me to emphasize our common duty, which is to go each May and place side by side upon the resting places of our sleeping companions



the laurel, the yew, and the immortelle; and those we can not visit, let us go in spirit to their lonely graves upon the mountain side, in the dark forests, in the somber valleys, and the old fields of battle and shed the tear of memory, of companionship and fealty.

And now a word concerning the living. The day has come when every honorably discharged soldier should receive a pension. You may ask, Has such a thing ever been done? I answer, Yes. England, the greatest, and boldest, and oldest military nation in Europe, always does it. So with France; every honorably discharged soldier gets a pension.

What have these soldiers done? Fought for their hearthstones, as we have done? No. Fought for the life of their nation, as we have done? No. Fought that their nation's flag must float unmolested and without insult over their nation's property? No. Fought for justice, humanity and individual rights? No. They fought for nothing so patriotic or so dear to free men. They fought simply to acquire territory; simply to gratify national pride; to subjugate nations for the purposes of "revenue only."

Is our nation willing to give us pensions? Yes. Our nation has always said, "Ask, and ye shall receive;" "Seek and ye shall find." Never were soldiers paid such pensions as our sick and wounded. Never were the widows and orphans of soldiers so liberally remunerated. Never has a nation had a pension list approaching in numbers and amount that of ours; and I tell you what I know when I say that never was a public officer more fair, more honest, or more desirous of doing all that is in his power, consistent with honesty and thoroughness, than our present Commissioner of Pensions. He is the soldier's friend.

Why, my comrades, our course as citizens since the war has won for us able and brilliant champions from the bitterest of our enemies and the meanest of Northern copperheads. Convincing evidence of the truth of that precious old hymn, that

"While the lamp holds out to burn  
The vilest sinner may return."

Among the ablest and most forcible advocates of the soldier's rights in the United States Senate are Senators Vest, Garland and Voorhees.

But you ask, Can our Government afford to pension every worthy soldier yet living? I answer, Yes, and then not get near the bottom of her treasury.

Are we not paying off our national debt with incomprehensible rapidity? Are we not at the same time appropriating one hundred million of dollars for arrears of pension? And yet our revenues are so great that we can pay all and then reduce them by about sixty millions yearly.

That is not all. Soon the pension arrears will be paid, and by





1886 all the bonds due and that can be called will be paid. So that from '86 to '91 not one dollar can be used to pay bonds, except as they are bought in the open market above par. Now, my comrades, why not pay our debts when due, and pay the soldier the surplus for the country he saved by blood, by suffering, by bravery and toil?

What say you—shall we keep the tax on whisky and pay the soldier, or take the tax off whisky and leave the soldier poor?

Remember, we took paper dollars for pay at their face, which were not worth nearly one-half what our Government promised to pay us. We took them willingly and gloried in it, and will glory in it again if our country needs us; but the money lender or the bond holder would not and did not, but required their payment in gold to the uttermost farthing.

The time has come when the following sentiment will be responded to:

"Shout long and loud for victory won,  
By chief, by leader staunch and true;  
But don't forget the boys that fought—  
Shout for the common soldier, too!"

Comrades, we shall never all meet again on earth. We have passed the spring time and summer of our lives; we are like the surrounding forests now, in the "sere and yellow leaf." The blasts of every year will blow us like withered foliage into the "valley of the shadow of death," there to rest until that grand reveille is sounded to call above the ransomed, the good, the blessed. Let us all so live that we shall hear that call, and be finally marshaled with the shining hosts of the redeemed.

Mr. R. S. FRIZELL, son of Col. J. W. FRIZELL, being present by special invitation, and being called out, addressed the meeting briefly as follows:

**SURVIVORS OF THE OLD ELEVENTH OHIO**—At the breaking out of our late civil war the Eleventh Ohio was one of the first regiments west of the mountains organized for duty. This fact alone pays you a tribute that further words could add nothing to.

Patriotism and loyalty to country are the first duties we owe society; they are developed in the noblest manhood and broadest humanity. The causes that demanded your services—that nothing short of patriotism could have moved men—an *insulted flag*, a Constitution dishonored, and the very foundations of our free institutions threatened.

The section of country that waged war did it because they preferred their own institutions to our glorious Union. They hugged to their bosoms an institution that was born in iniquity



and lived as a blot upon humanity: I mean the curse of human slavery.

While we can not travel with you through carnage, over the battlefields and on the long march; nor recall with you the privations and hardships of army life, yet we can meet and talk with you upon the results of your labors, your sufferings and losses and the uncounted sacrifices which had to be made by you. After having these heavy tasks imposed upon you, the peace and prosperity you now enjoy and see around you are also left for your children to enjoy after you. These blessings are a country united and flourishing under one Constitution and one flag, under whose folds there is neither a master nor slave; a country where all of its citizens are politically equal, with prosperity in all her parts, and peace reigns over every household.

And you, members of the old Eleventh Ohio, deserve your full share of honor in these great fruits as the result of your labors, and I know that as long as I live I will be patriotic enough to reverence and honor any man who exposed his life to protect the honor of his country and its flag.

One of the earliest recollections of my boyhood days is the leave-taking of my father when he went to join the Eleventh Ohio and do service for his country. And I know how much better he would enjoy this occasion with you than I possibly can, but out of reverence for his patriotism and respect for yours I come to mingle with you to-day.

I close by wishing not only to-day but every day of your lives may be spent in the full enjoyment of all the blessings of our country, and the honor and respect of all lovers of liberty.

On motion of H. R. HOWARD, the two sons of our old Colonel FRIZELL, RICHARD S. and CHARLES H. FRIZELL, were unanimously elected honorary members of the Association.

J. H. HORTON gave some reminiscences of the early days of the regiment, as follows:

In the early days of Camp Dennison there appeared on the grounds a dapper little fellow rigged in full Zouave uniform, who, of course, attracted a great deal of attention. On account of the recent trip of Ellsworth's Zouaves through the country, a short time before the breaking out of the war, every body, almost, with military proclivities, was excited on the subject of Zouaves. The boys seemed to think that about all a soldier needed was to be a Zouave, and he could clean out any enemy that might be brought before him. The gentleman referred to attached himself to General Head-quarters, which were situated at the back of the



grounds, where he would mount his horse and come rushing frantically through the camp a dozen times a day as if the whole Southern Confederacy was at his heels. He was announced as "Brigade Inspector," but the only inspection he did was to annoy the guards on duty around the camp. The many stories told of what he had done as a fighting man in the wars in Africa and elsewhere gave him a high reputation, and the men of the Eighth Ohio Regiment thought they had obtained a prize when he consented to accept the position of Major to which they had elected him. The Eleventh was not fully organized for the three years' service, field officers not having been chosen, and through some peculiar wire-working the celebrated French officer was elected Colonel of the regiment just before it was ordered to West Virginia. He did no duty as a regimental officer while in camp, assuming command of the Eleventh at the time of leaving, July 7, 1861.

By rail the regiment was taken to Oak Hill, Ohio, and from there marched to Gallipolis, and such a march as that was for new men had not, probably, up to that time been undertaken. The new Colonel was, of course, on horseback, and made himself very conspicuous by galloping up and down the road flourishing his sword, telling the men he would show them how to march, and keeping them on a sort of dog-trot nearly the whole afternoon. A very good country store might have been stocked by gathering up the articles thrown away by the men on that march. Before leaving camp each one of them was loaded like a pack-mule, but by the time they reached Gallipolis their knapsacks were down to about regulation weight. Many of you, no doubt, remember the incidents of that march.

Upon arriving at Gallipolis the Colonel drew the regiment up in a kind of square on the public landing and made one of his characteristic speeches. He said, "We air now in ze enemies' coontry, and no soldair or ottisair will be allowed out of his quartairs wizout permission from ze Cornail commanding; any zat disobey's zis ordair will have his shouldair straps cut off so quick az lightning," together with much more of the same sort of wild talk. The next day the regiment crossed to Point Pleasant. My company was quartered in the court house, and hardly had we got settled down, when I found (or thought, at least) I had to go down to the steamer, which had not left the wharf. I thought I might slip along the river bank and thus miss the Colonel if he should happen to be prowling about. As I had had quite a row with him on the day before, I had no special desire to be caught disobeying orders just then, and you may imagine my predicament when about half way to the boat I heard a jingle and clatter that could not be mistaken for anything or anybody but the Colonel coming along the path facing me. Here, thinks I, is



more trouble, but I made up my mind to face it out the best way I could. While we were at least four rods apart he hailed me with, "Hello, Lieutenant; vere you goes?" I told as good a story as I could think of about forgetting something on the boat, and that I was *looking for him* to ask permission to go down, etc. For some reason or other he was in a very good humor and told me to go on and get back to my company as soon as possible. I thanked him, saluted, and went on my way rejoicing, feeling greatly relieved.

Nothing of any great importance happened in connection with the gentleman who is the subject of my story until the day of the celebrated "Battle of Scarey Creek," just above Pocatoligo, on the Kanawha. After the fighting was over (the Eleventh not being called upon to take part), our Colonel, with some officers of other commands, rode up opposite the battle field, and supposing that the rebels had been whipped, disbelieving the ferryman who told them otherwise, they compelled him to take them across, when they were neatly gobbled in by the Johnnies, who, no doubt, were lying in wait for them. A flag of truce came down in a short time, with a note from the Colonel, asking to have his clothing sent to him, as he intended making a trip to Richmond, and we heard nothing more from him until late in the fall. Directly after the return from the Sewel Mountain expedition rumors were heard to the effect that the Colonel had made his escape from the rebels and arrived at Washington. The rumor was verified by an order from Brigade headquarters, a copy of which is as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS KANAWHA BRIGADE, }  
CAMP LOOKOUT, W. VA., October 9, 1861. }

*"General Order No. 27.*

"The General commanding takes great pleasure in announcing to the brigade the escape from captivity of Col. Chas. A. DeVilliers, of the Eleventh Ohio Regiment. After many sufferings and hardships that gallant old soldier and excellent officer has succeeded in escaping from prison, and with wonderful courage and skill has avoided and eluded his pursuers, and has reported at Washington. It will not be long before he will again join his command, when the General knows he will be received with enthusiasm."

[Up to this time the true character of the Colonel was not understood at headquarters; if it had been the order would hardly have been so complimentary.]

You will remember that very exciting occasion when the Paymaster for the first time in our career as soldiers showed himself to us. He had his gold and greenbacks and papers all spread out on tables in the Suttler's tent, when "bang!" came the report





of a cannon shot and a four-pound ball came whistling along just in front of the officers' quarters. Floyd's "Racers" had planted a gun on the side of Cotton Hill at a point that gave them a clear view of and direct aim at our camp. Paymaster Reese hustled his money and papers together and bundled them into the Adjutant's tent, buckled his pistols around him, and announced himself ready to go with a party to clean out the saucy, impudent rebels who had interfered with his work. Gen. Cox was at Rosecrans' headquarters at Tompkins' Farm; Col. DeVilliers was supposed to be there also, but a telegram failed to bring him, and we were told that he was not there. No one being at Gauley authorized to take command nothing was done for some time; but a six-pounder was finally got ready to respond to the compliments from the hill. Our Colonel made his appearance during the day, after which he spent his time fussing about the ferry. The firing from Cotton Hill soon became an old story, and the Paymaster resumed business, paying off the regiment while the bombardment continued. It is not necessary to go into the details of the final route of the rebels when our men crossed the river, in which duty Roe, of Company A, and Bachelor, of Company B, were killed, and Cart, of Company D, was taken prisoner.

The Cotton Hill affair closed the campaign of '61, and soon the regiment found itself in winter quarters at Point Pleasant, on the Ohio River. Here many of the officers and men obtained sick leave and furloughs. Quite a party of our men were at Piqua, when suddenly one day Col. DeVilliers appeared among them. The story of his wonderful exploits had preceded him and he was given considerable of an ovation by the Piquads. He told how he was followed by the rebels, how he knocked two men who came up on each side of him into the bayou, and then swam the Potomac on a board, after almost innumerable hardships arriving safely at Washington. After making arrangements for having himself presented with a horse he returned to the regiment. At this time I was at Piqua on sick leave, and not being able to return on the expiration of my time I sent my physician's certificate to that effect to general headquarters. It seems that Col. DeVilliers was not informed of this, and when I reached the Point I was told that my official head would come off sure. However, I reported in due time, and was rather astonished on being received by the Colonel with the greatest kindness; he expressed his pleasure at my return, and gave me a cordial invitation to mess with him in the future. As he had given me a "blessing" just before I left Gauley because I had not done something the way he thought it should have been done, I expected but little mercy from him, but as he knew I was aware of the fact that he had taken "French leave" when he went to Piqua, he concluded it best to be friendly with me.



The presentation of the horse came off in a few weeks after the Piqua visit, and it was truly an unfortunate affair for the regiment at that time, as it was the direct cause of Col. Frizell's resignation. At Col. DeVillier's request Lieut. Col. Frizell was to respond to the presentation speech, but before he had said half a dozen words Col. DeVilliers drew his sword, and flourishing it around his head pushed Col. Frizell aside and attempted a speech of his own. Failing in this, he mounted the horse and capered off the parade ground. The act was a gross insult to Col. Frizell, and that worthy officer immediately offered his resignation and soon left the regiment.

You will no doubt remember the many orders that were read on dress parade at that time, and the *rakings* the Colonel gave the company officers, both in public and private. Col. Lane was then Captain of Company K, and he and the Colonel failed to agree on anything. Matters between these two officers finally became so warm that each preferred charges against the other. Both were placed under arrest and tried at a general court martial held at Charleston, in February, '62. The charge against Col. DeVilliers was conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman, embraced in thirteen specifications, such as: Filthy language toward Lieut. McAbee, of Company F; calling Capt. Lane and his company cowards; calling all the officers of the Eleventh cowards; drawing money unlawfully from the Suttler to the amount of \$410; taking property that did not belong to him and appropriating it to his own use; shamefully abusing Lieut. Alexander without cause; arresting citizens and making them pay him money for their release; advising soldiers to disobey the proper orders of their officers; inducing soldiers to prefer charges against their officers without just cause, &c. On seven of these charges the court found him guilty, but these were the more serious ones, and the court sentenced him to be cashiered, which was done in a short time afterward.

The Colonel's charges against Capt. Lane were in three specifications of about the same tenor, viz: Disrespect toward the Colonel. On the first two charges the Captain was declared not guilty, but was found guilty on two counts, one of which was for circulating a petition asking the Colonel to resign, and the other for refusing to obey orders which he considered unlawful. The court understood the nature of affairs very clearly, and honorably acquitted the Captain. I have no doubt Col. Lane will unhesitatingly acknowledge he was guilty of making a vigorous effort to get the Colonel out of the regiment, in which he was successful.

Personally I have no reason to find fault with the Colonel, for after having three or four pretty rough rows with him he seemed to take a fancy to Capt. Teverbaugh and myself; in fact, he was as much too clever as he had been too severe, and I was fre-



quently embarrassed by his extraordinary conduct toward me. I can say I succeeded in restraining him from doing many foolish things he contemplated, and honestly tried to make him learn something of the duties of a regimental commander. For a while he did study the tactics, trying to learn something besides "Form circle by ze command!" but he never succeeded in mastering the simplest battalion movement, as many of you are aware. Like the exciting Zouave drill and gaudy uniform, he was a failure when it came down to solid business, but as a "confiscator" he was a grand success, and he had the greatest impediment in his veracity of any man I ever knew. Peace to his ashes.

- Capt. SOL. TEVERBAUGH, who was one of the best and most popular officers of the regiment, and who for several years has been severely afflicted with paralysis in his lower limbs, caused by the extreme hardships of the service, was present, and being assisted to the rostrum, favored the meeting with the following remarks:

COMRADES—I gave my promise to prepare something to be read before this meeting (not knowing I could be with you in person), not that I could add anything of interest to what would be said, but simply to make a part of the exercises. Afterward I became quite unwell, and regretted my promise, for I felt quite sure I would be placed on the detail.

While lying on my sick bed the thought very naturally suggested itself as to how many of the old familiar faces of twenty years ago would be here. I feared none, as it appeared to me that the ravages of disease, time, and business cares had left their marks on those who might assemble here so as to place them beyond recognition. In my fancy I could see a congregation of old, gray-headed veterans, with here and there their wives and children, all filled with anxiety to hear the kind and loving words of Chaplain Lyle and others who would in all probability make remarks here to-day. Amid the throng I could see others attracted here to hear the recitals of your army experience, in the hope of gaining some information that has not already been told them of a father, brother, husband, or, perhaps, a very dear friend, who gave his life's blood in the heat and conflict of battle. Comrades, many of you are here to-day to see for yourselves how nearly my imagination has varied from the reality.

In looking over some old papers my attention was called to the first letter I received, and soon after my arrival at Camp Dennison. It was from my mother, and I copied a few extracts, merely



to call up the patriotism of that day and revive other recollections. Many of you have similar keepsakes, no doubt, and now prize them most dearly. The letter was carried through my entire term of service, and bears unmistakable evidence of the many heavy rain storms we marched through. The following are the extracts:

"Though I regret that you are called hence to take part in civil war, yet I rejoice in your patriotism, and hope you will discharge your duties faithfully, and not by any fault of yours suffer the flag of our Union to be lowered; that you will be as zealous in your country's cause as your grandfather was in the days of the revolution.

"My prayer is that you will be faithful to God and your country, and kind and affectionate to your fellow-men.

"If you or any one else is sick let me know, and I will render all the assistance that I can."

Comrades, if the army had been sufficiently supplied with as good and pure minded women as my mother was, there would have been many more of the Eleventh Regiment here to-day to meet with us at this reunion. I do not wish to be understood as casting any reflections whatever upon the competency of the Surgeons, but merely to show the lack of good, careful nursing. Would to God that every man in the late service could say in truth, like myself, that he had never wronged a comrade while in hospital.

As to how far I fulfilled my mother's wishes I will not say, and my grandfather's zealously is not clearly defined; but when we speak of the "Rebellion racket" I can truthfully say I saw some of it—at least too much for my own good.

When I look back over our tiresome marches, the dreary camp, and the loneliness of the sentinel's watch, I am reminded of the many "grapevine" dispatches that were circulated, and what a soothing effect they had in reviving the drooping spirits of those who became despondent in thinking of home and friends. The Unknown Hero who figured so conspicuously in charge of the "Grapevine Telegraph" should be hunted up in order that he may be properly remembered in history as a great benefactor of the past, if not of the present generation.

There are many incidents connected with the late service of which I could make mention, but do not wish to trespass upon the time of others.

I thank you for your attention.

Capt. STEPHEN JOHNSTON, who for several months was Captain of Company F, being present and called out, responded in substance as follows:





MR. PRESIDENT AND SOLDIERS—I am here to-day through the invitation of my friend, as I first knew him in the service, Capt. Teverbaugh. I can not boast of my record as a soldier, as my term of service was not very long, and the first time I ever met rebel soldiers I ran faster and up a steeper hill than at any time in my life. I have never attended any of your reunions because my record as a soldier is such as to make one feel strange. I am a proud man, and I came to-day through my love for Capt. Teverbaugh.

Mr. President, during the course of your remarks you uttered the thought that the men of this country entered the service without any mercenary motives. So, indeed, they did; and more than that. You lost health and made many sacrifices, and through your labors became magnificent examples of unselfish patriots. And you can say, I did it single minded in order that victory might be won.

While the Surgeon was speaking I was reminded of a piece of hellishness that is now going on in the matter of applications for pensions. An agent of the Government was in my neighborhood, and I know personally—I know whereof I speak for I was engaged in the case—that that rascal dared to suppress testimony, and finally succeeded in taking away a pension by what is thought to be spurious testimony. This agent said, "It is no difference what amount of testimony you have I will throw it aside." I preferred charges against him to the officers at Washington, but they remain silent. The day is coming, however, when I will be heard.

It is a source of very great pleasure for me to meet the men with whom I have been identified in the gallant Eleventh. My father lost his life by the Indians, and some dishonest rascal attempted to cheat me out of our estate. When this war broke out the claim was about to be decided against me, and to save all I had in the world I was compelled to leave the service and go to Washington. But I succeeded, although it cut my soldier career short.

Capt. Teverbaugh will remember the first time I met a rebel. I was on a picket post with only fourteen men, and hearing the footsteps of horses coming down the road I soon saw there were too many for us. I had noticed a high point a little in the rear where I thought we could hold the rebels in check. The corn was high, and the men started through it to reach the point designated. I wasn't a very good runner, but made fast time that day. One man stuck by me, and before we reached the hill it became very unhealthy in that vicinity, but by some very fine running we succeeded in getting up the hill.

The Captain concluded by expressing his pleasure at



again meeting the members of the old regiment, and became a regular member of the Association.

T. L. STEWARD spoke of the sickness and death of Comrade T. J. RIPLEY, and told of the last days of "Ferguson."

H. R. HOWARD made some pleasant remarks, and invited any or all of the comrades to call on him at his home at Point Pleasant, W. Va.

J. C. KIEFABER read a letter from Lieut. E. L. EDWARDS, telling of his great loss by the burning of the Pittsburg Exposition buildings, in which he (EDWARDS) had a large display of machinery, and on that account found it impossible to attend this reunion.

Capt. J. B. WELLER expressed great pleasure on being present, and said it recalled to his mind many old scenes and recollections. He was sure no one here to-day regretted what he had done for his country. He closed by saying, "I love my country, and right or wrong I am for my country."

C. LONGLEY said he came into the regiment a little too late to know anything personally of its early history, and although the later experiences were often severe and trying he did not regret his army life. He referred to the sad fact that our members are rapidly passing away, and those still living are now scattered all over the land.

H. R. HOWARD, J. H. KRAMER and J. H. HORTON were appointed a committee to nominate officers for next year.

After the song "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home Again" the meeting adjourned until 7 o'clock P. M.

EVENING.

The Association met at the hall at 7 o'clock P. M. and



marched to Music Hall to take part in the formal reception of the "Society of the Army of the Cumberland."

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## SECOND DAY.

THURSDAY, October 25, 1883.

In accordance with the programme, the Association met at 10 o'clock A. M., President LANE in the chair.

On motion of Comrade HOWARD, it was resolved that the officers be empowered to select the time and place for next meeting.

Secretary LONGLEY read the minutes of last meeting and presented the financial report, showing \$7 38 balance in treasury.

Report adopted.

The Nominating Committee presented the following as officers for the coming year:

For President—P. P. LANE, of Cincinnati.

For Vice-President—J. C. McCURDY, of Youngstown.

For Secretary and Treasurer—J. H. HORTON, of Cincinnati.

On motion, the report was accepted and the officers elected by acclamation.

The new officers (Col. LANE being re-elected for the fifth year, and with a lapse of five years J. H. HORTON being elected for the seventh time) returned thanks for the honor conferred upon them.

President LANE stated that the reason no special arrangements were made by Cincinnati comrades for free entertainment was to set a precedent in that respect. Heretofore the expenses have been quite heavy on a few comrades in each place, and as the membership is growing smaller each year it was the desire of many com-



rades that hereafter each one take care of himself at reunions.

Comrades T. L. STEWARD, J. C. KIEFABER and others extended an invitation for the Association to meet at Dayton next year.

Comrade HOWARD presented the advantages and pleasure of holding the next meeting on a steamboat, making an excursion from Cincinnati to Charleston, W. Va., or further up the Kanawha.

The deaths of Comrades HARDIN and NEIBARGER were announced as having occurred since our last reunion. Appropriate remarks were made by several comrades.

Also the death of our former Assistant Surgeon, SIDWELL, was announced, and on motions of Comrades LONGLEY and T. L. STEWARD the Secretary was instructed to tender the sympathies of the Association to Mrs. SIDWELL; also to Mrs. T. B. RIPLEY, widow of Comrade RIPLEY.

Comrade M. D. STEWARD, referring to "Camp Fires" of the G. A. R., hoped that our next local committee would arrange for a "bean supper" as part of the entertainment.

Surgeon McCURDY hoped something besides beans would be prepared for him; he wouldn't eat a bean for \$20—had his fill of the article in the army.

ELLIOTT MCGOWEN suggested that the Surgeon's cook was at fault, after which "beans" were dropped.

Dr. GABRIEL, our first Surgeon, being present and called out, excused himself for non-attendance heretofore, and expressed his pleasure at meeting so many old comrades.





Chaplain LYLE referred in the happiest terms to our old Surgeons, GABRIEL, McCURDY, and others; told a joke on himself that happened at Raleigh, W. Va., when he got in the range of Company F's boys' muskets when they were firing at target, how he couldn't find a tree big enough to cover even such a little fellow as he is; and showed the power of a \$5 bill in getting supplies through when army quartermasters were cross.

Maj. JEWETT PALMER, Marietta, Ohio, of the Thirty-sixth Ohio, was introduced, and made a few appropriate remarks.

Comrade LONGLEY paid a fitting tribute to the worth of Rev. W. W. LYLE as an Army Chaplain, and gave it as the expression of the many who knew of his work—holding religious and social meetings, opening a school in camp where many learned to write, his constant and faithful work in hospital, and his presence and assistance on the battlefield—that the Eleventh Ohio had the best Chaplain in the whole army.

On motion of J. C. KIEFABER, LANE LYLE, the Chaplain's son, was made an honorary member of the Association. In returning thanks, the Chaplain said he asked no higher honor than that his children should be members of the Eleventh Ohio Association.

Chattanooga being suggested as the place for our next meeting, Capt. E. H. PRICE, now a resident of that city, offered the hospitalities of the place and said he would insure the Association a cordial reception by the citizens.

M. D. STEWARD said the time has arrived when we should make honorary or active members of the Association of sons or children of comrades.



On motion, M. D. STEWARD and J. C. KIEFABER were appointed a committee, with power to add to their number if they think necessary, to prepare rules or a mode of procedure in making children of comrades members of the Association.

Lieut. TOM STEWARD showed a piece of the old battle-tattered flag of the regiment, and told how he and Major HIGGINS had "gobbled" samples of the precious banner.

Thanks were tendered the officers of the Y. M. C. A. for the use of their rooms and for the kind attention shown us in many ways.

After prayer by the Chaplain the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

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#### LETTERS FROM ABSENT COMRADES.

It was hoped that many comrades who could not attend the reunion would send letters of greeting to be read on the occasion, but the following are all of that kind we were favored with:

#### EDWARDS' LETTER.

SALEM, OHIO, October 21, 1883.

*Lieut. J. C. Kiefaber, Dayton, Ohio:*

MY DEAR COMRADE—Your esteemed favor of the 18th duly to hand. I can assure you nothing would give me greater pleasure than to meet my dear o'd comrades in reunion on the 24th and 25th inst., to take them each by the hand, and greet them only as old comrades can do. I should be more than happy to meet you, and also Lyle, McCurdy, Higgins, Teverbaugh, Price, and others who have not in the past favored the reunions at all times with their presence. It would be a treat that possibly, and probably, we never again will have.

To meet the "old Eleventh boys," what an honor! I have not language to express my feelings of interest in their behalf. The great pleasure it has been to me to meet my beloved comrades in the past is known only to myself, and I sometimes think if all the dear "old Eleventh boys" entertained for each other the same



esteem and respect that I do, and that if we *all* could meet together, a happier time could not be had on earth!

I deeply regret that I cannot recall the name of each comrade who stood side by side in the "old Eleventh," nor place the expression of each face where it belongs. Twenty years have passed since we together faced the enemy, and in the various changes common to life those years have marked the changes forcibly upon each survivor. "Gray hairs, wrinkled brow, and trembling limbs betoken the weight of years" upon us, but with those years, weighted with their varied experiences, who, I ask, could meet in reunion as defenders of the grandest Government and country ever known by man, and have a glorious feast of true, substantial, elevating and ever to be remembered love, if such grand defenders, with their glorious history, as the members of our gallant command can not?

With these sentiments pervading my mind, it is with difficulty I look through my tears and write the words *I can not be with you* on this occasion. I am deeply and most grievously sorry; but I shall be with you in spirit if not in person. Please give my love to all comrades whom you meet. I expected to be with you, but my business renders it impossible, as my time is fully occupied, especially as we were losers of a full line of goods at the Pittsburg Exposition fire.

Again thanking you for remembrance of me, and hoping the old Eleventh will have the grandest reunion of them all, I am, as ever,

Yours, very truly,

In Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty,

M. L. EDWARDS.

### MERICA'S LETTER.

BUTLER, BATES COUNTY, Mo., October 17, 1883.

COMRADES OF THE ELEVENTH OHIO—I had hoped I would be able to be with you at your reunion in Cincinnati, but find I am to be disappointed. However, I give you all a hearty greeting.

It would be a happy time for me to meet "the old Eleventh" and take by the hand the boys who were with me where shot and shell and the din of battle raged, and though I may never again see you I will never forget you. If we do not meet again on this earth I hope we will in heaven. May God bless you, boys, one and all. I hope you will have a happy time and all be benefited.

I remain, as ever, your friend,

TIMOTHY MERICA.



## ROSTER OF THE ELEVENTH O. V. I.,

As complete as P. O. address of members could be ascertained. Names marked with a \* were in the Eleventh Regiment in the three months' service only.

NAME.	TOWN.	COUNTY.	STATE.	CO.	OCCUPATION.	REMARKS.
*Alexander, Wm. H.	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio..	F...	Civil Engineer.	
Alexander, Wm. H.	Troy.....	Miami.....	Ohio..	H...	Farmer.....	
Achuff, James G.	.....	.....	.....	F...	Marble Cutter..	
Arthur, Pleasant A.	New Vienna.....	Clinton.....	Ohio..	G...	.....	
Anderson, George.....	Cincinnati.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio..	C...	.....	
Anderton, Frank.....	Muncie.....	Delaware.....	Ind...	I...	News Dealer...	
Brown, Lewis G.	Cincinnati.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio..	E...	Lawyer.....	
Baker, Charles.....	Columbus.....	Franklin.....	Ohio..	E...	Railroader.....	
Britton, William.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery ..	Ohio..	E...	.....	
Black, Jeff.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery ..	Ohio..	A...	.....	
Black, David.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery ..	Ohio..	A...	.....	
Billet, Leopold.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery ..	Ohio..	A...	Shoemaker.....	
Belt, Carlton W.....	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio..	F...	Printer.....	
Blackford, John.....	Fletcher.....	Miami.....	Ohio..	F...	Railroader.....	
Block, Herman.....	Lockington.....	Shelby.....	Ohio..	F...	Farmer.....	
Bobo, Wilson.....	.....	.....	Texas.	F...	.....	
Brailley, Joshua.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery ..	Ohio..	F...	Farmer.....	At Soldiers' Home.
Bradley, Chas. S.....	Chicago.....	Cook.....	Ill...	F...	Railroader.....	
Bupp, Edward.....	New Bremen.....	Auglaize.....	Ohio..	F...	.....	
Bigler, William.....	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio..	B...	.....	
Bivens, Michael.....	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio..	B...	.....	





NAME.	TOWN.	COUNTY.	STATE.	CO.	OCCUPATION.	REMARKS.
Carothers, Chas.	Newport.	Campbell.	Ky.	K.	Blacksmith.	
Carrol, Wm.	Springdale.	Hamilton.	Ohio	K.	Farmer.	
Carver, A. F.	Salem.	Columbiana.	Ohio	C.	Blacksmith.	
Clegg, Thomas	Norwood.	Hamilton.	Ohio	E.	Toll gate K'p'r.	
Clark, Wm. C.	Sidney.	Stelby.	Ohio	B.	Clothier.	
Collins, Samuel C.	Troy.	Miami	Ohio	E.		First Chaplain.
Dubois, Rev.						At Soldiers' Home.
Day, Geo W.	Dayton.	Montgomery.	Ohio	F.		Case Jas. Crowley.
Day, William.	Chicago.	Cook	Ill	F.		At Soldiers' Home.
Dicker, Casper.	Dayton	Montgomery	Ohio	F.		
Deputee, Edward.				F.		
Davis, Wm. H. H.				B.		
Donahue, Cornelius.	Troy.	Miami	Ohio	H.	Laborer.	
Davy, John.	Dayton	Montgomery	Ohio	A.	Policeman	
Dunkle, Jos. F.	Dayton	Montgomery	Ohio	A.	Teamster.	
*Dabus, Leonard.	Fletcher	Miami	Ohio	F.	Blacksmith.	
Drake, Joseph W.	Piqua.	Miami	Ohio	F.	Laborer.	
Dunn, James.	Williamsburg.		Ind.			
Deady, John P.	Dayton.	Montgomery	Ohio	U.	Taylor	At Soldiers' Home.
Ebey, Lewis.	Dayton.	Montgomery	Ohio	A.	Railroader	
Edg'n, B. W.	Dayton.	Montgomery	Ohio	I.	Watchman.	
Else, A. J.	Dayton.	Montgomery	Ohio	I.	Laborer	
Eyer, Elijah H.	Chattanooga.		Tenn.	F.	Printer.	
Edwards, M. L.	Salem	Columbiana	Ohio	C.	Manufacturer.	
Eberhart, Fred.	Derrick City.	McKean.	Penn.	C.	Laborer	
Ewing, Anson F.	Alliance.	Stark	Ohio	C.	R. R. Engineer	
Eldridge, Alf.	Cincinnati.	Hamilton.	Ohio	C.	Tobacco	
Eldridge, Benj.	Salem	Columbiana	Ohio	C.		



Fenton, Edward	Cincinnati	Hamilton	Ohio	K	Carpenter
Evans, Jacob	Meadville	Crawford	Penn.	E	Machinist
Funk, Albert	Troy	Miami	Ohio	H	Briekmaker
Fernan, Michael	Piqua	Miami	Ohio	B	Shoemaker
Farner, Joe	Piqua	Miami	Ohio	F	Gardener
Farner, Peter	Camb. City	Wayne	Ind.	F	Car Shops
*Froy, Geo. B.	Piqua	Miami	Ohio	F	Mail Agent
Flickinger, Isaac	Walrusa	Elkhart	Ind.	C	
Frank, Robt.	Cincinnati	Hamilton	Ohio	A	Saloonist
Gordon, Geo. E.	Dayton	Montgomery	Ohio	F	Farmer
Glaspay, John	Piqua	Miami	Ohio	F	Carpenter
Gabriel, Milton	Toledo	Lucas	Ohio	F	Hotel Clerk
Gartley, Alonzo	Piqua	Miami	Cal.	F	Grocer
*Glasser, Matthias	Clarinda	Miami	Ohio	F	Blacksmith
Grosvenor, A. D.	Troy	Miami	Iowa	H	Laborer
Green, George	Tipp. City	Miami	Ohio	H	Abstractor
Geering, Alban	Piqua	Miami	Ohio	D	Teamster
Gabriel, J. Frank	Chester	Miami	Ohio		M. D.
Gill, Henry Z.	Derrick City	McKean	Ill.		M. D.
Gates, J. E.	Londonville	Ashland	Penn.	C	Oil Dealer
Gates, Nate	East Covington	Kenton	Ohio	C	Laborer
Geimyer, Geo.	Cap Wash ton	Hamilton	Ky.	K	Machinist
Gehring, Geo	Walnut Hills	Hamilton	Ohio	K	Coal Peddler
Girten, John	Sulphur Grove	Montgomery	Ohio	K	Machinist
George, Adam	Buffalo	Erie	Ohio	L	Farmer
Hoole, A. J.	Dayton	Montgomery	N. Y.	K	Merchant
Hummell, David	Dayton	Montgomery	Ohio	A	Railroad
*Henderson, Sam. J.	Dayton	Montgomery	Ohio	A	Teacher
Houser, Wm. D.	Dayton	Montgomery	Ohio	A	Briekmason
Helmer, John H.	Princeton	Bureau	Ill.	A	

Surgeon.  
Assistant Surgeon.

244 Park Avenue Walnut Hill.



NAME.	TOWN.	COUNTY.	STATE.	CO.	OCCUPATION.	REMARKS.
Harris, Wm. T.	Dayton.	Montgomery	Ohio	A	.....	
Hogue, James R.	Chicago	Cook	Ill	A	Last Maker.	
Helman, David.	Troy.	Miami.	Ohio	H	Saloon.	
Homan, Frank	Troy.	Miami.	Ohio	H	Farmer.	
Howard, H. R.	Pt. Pleasant.	Mason.	W. Va	H	Lawyer.	
Haws, Wm B.	Troy.	Miami	Ohio	H	Laborer	
Hartman, Jacob.	Troy.	Miami	Ohio	H	Laborer	
Hollis, Geo P.	Troy.	Miami	Ohio	H	Printer.	
Hency, William	Ft. Recovery	Mercer	Ohio	F.	Farmer.	
Hicksenbizer, Ezra.	Tipp. City.	Miami.	Ohio	D.	Malster	
Horton, Josh. H.	Cincinnati.	Hamilton.	Ohio	F.	Phonographer.	Adjutant.
Hardenbrook, Geo.	Chicago	Cook.	Ill	B.	Bookkeeper.	115 Wabash avenue.
Higgins, Asa.	New Vienna.	Clinton.	Ohio	G	Stock dealer.	Major.
Hart, Henry M.	Brownsville	Nemaha	Neb.	G	Tinner.	Reg. Bugler and D. M.
Hilles, Jeremiah.	Salem.	Columbiana.	Ohio	C.	Machinist.	
Hiles, J. D.	Salem	Columbiana.	Ohio	C.	Blacksmith	
Hooker, Martin.	Cincinnati.	Hamilton.	Ohio	K.	Molder.	
Hampton, Daniel.	Florence	Boone.	Ky.	E.	Fonndryman.	
Humphries, Jas. D.	Jasper.	.....	Tenn.	E.	Farmer.	
*Houck, Augustus.	Versailles.	Darke.	Ohio	B.	.....	
Hgen, George.	Bradford	Miami.	Ohio	F.	Farmer.	
Jacobs, Samuel	Piqua.	Miami.	Ohio	B.	Clerk.	
Jessup, Elijah.	Peoria.	.....	Ill.	B.	.....	
Johnston, Stephen.	Piqua.	Miami.	Ohio	F.	Lawyer.	First Captain Co. F.
Johnston, Wm. C.	Troy.	Miami	Ohio	F	Lawyer.	
Jones, Elias.	Piqua.	Miami.	Ohio	F	Farmer.	
Jones, David O.	Dayton.	Montgomery.	Ohio	F	Drummer.	
Jones, Wm. H.	Dayton.	Montgomery.	Ohio	F	Drummer.	



*Jordan, Wooster B...	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio..	B.....	.....	Salesman .....
Johnston, Jas. T.....	Brooklyn.....	Kings.....	N. Y..	H.....	.....	Lawyer.....
Jackson, L. J. Maj...	New Lexington	Perry.....	Ohio..	K.....	.....	Manufacturer...
Johnston, Geo. Capt.	Cincinnati.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio..	E.....	.....	Streetc'r driver
Johnston, David.....	Cincinnati.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio..	F.....	.....	.....
Kiblinger, Frank.....	Dallas.....	.....	Iowa..	C.....	.....	Machinist.....
Kirk, Benj. G.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery...	Ohio..	A.....	.....	.....
Kiefaber, John C.....	Salem.....	Columbiana.....	Ohio..	C.....	.....	Teamster.....
Kring, J.....	Cincinnati.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio..	K.....	.....	Molder.....
Kelley, William N.....	Xenia.....	Greene.....	Ohio..	F.....	.....	Farmer.....
Kellenbarger, Abner.	Columbus.....	Franklin.....	Ind...	F.....	.....	Tanner.....
Keeler, David A.....	Gallipolis.....	.....	Ohio..	F.....	.....	Farmer.....
Krayer, Wm. H.....	Froy.....	Miami.....	Ohio..	F.....	.....	Grocer.....
*Kerr, Jas. H. C.....	Columbus.....	Franklin.....	Ohio..	F.....	.....	Printer.....
*Keester, Gerhard E.	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio..	B.....	.....	.....
Key, Daniel R.....	Richmond.....	Wayne.....	Ind...	B.....	.....	Manile setter...
Kramer, John H.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery...	Ohio..	A.....	.....	Merchant.....
Lyle, W. W. Rev.....	Bay City.....	.....	Mich..	.....	.....	.....
Lakenbeal, Nathan.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery...	Ohio..	A.....	.....	Broom maker...
LaRue, Jacob H.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery...	Ohio..	A.....	.....	Railroad Eng...
LaRue, George.....	Alcony.....	Miami.....	Ohio..	H.....	.....	Laborer.....
LeVan, Porter.....	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio..	F.....	.....	Farmer.....
Lanes, Wm. J.....	Cincinnati.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio..	K.....	.....	Manufacturer..
Lane, P. P. Col.....	Dayton.....	.....	Ind...	F.....	.....	Farmer.....
Lindsley, Abram.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery...	Ohio..	F.....	.....	Blacksmith.....
Louey, James.....	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio..	F.....	.....	Laborer.....
Lawyer, Benj.....	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio..	F.....	.....	Laborer.....
Love, Wm. T.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery...	Ohio..	F.....	.....	Laborer.....
LeCompt, L. C.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery...	Ohio..	A.....	.....	Mover.....

Lieutenant.

Chaplain.





NAME.	TOWN.	COUNTY.	STATE.	CO.	OCCUPATION.	REMARKS.
Lowe, John.....	Wapakoneta.....	Auglaize.....	Ohio.....	A.....	.....	.....
Lee, Wm H.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery.....	Ohio.....	K.....	Druggist.....	At Soldiers' Home.
Lawbright, H.....	Carrollton.....	Carroll.....	Ohio.....	C.....	.....	.....
Lowden, John.....	Mt Carmel.....	Clermont.....	Ohio.....	E.....	Farmer.....	.....
Longley, Cyrenius.....	Cincinnati.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio.....	E.....	Printer.....	Lieutenant.
McClay, Samuel.....	Indianapolis.....	Marion.....	Ind.....	F.....	Butcher.....	.....
McClay, John.....	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio.....	F.....	Boatman.....	.....
McNeely, Mart.....	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio.....	F.....	Harness maker.....	.....
McKittick, James.....	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio.....	B.....	.....	.....
McFall, A. J.....	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio.....	H.....	Salesman.....	.....
McKee, Daniel.....	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio.....	H.....	Stone cutter.....	.....
McNair, Thos.....	Marion.....	.....	Ind.....	F.....	Laborer.....	.....
McDonald, Leander.....	Troy.....	Miami.....	Ohio.....	H.....	Plasterer.....	.....
McCurdy, J.....	Youngstown.....	.....	Ohio.....	.....	M. D.....	Surgeon.
McQuiston, S.....	Salem.....	Columbiana.....	Ohio.....	C.....	Farmer.....	.....
McGowen, Elliott.....	Hartwell.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio.....	K.....	Carpenter.....	.....
Miles, Ahijah W.....	Tipp. City.....	Miami.....	Ohio.....	H.....	Cashier N. B.....	.....
Mansfield, S. R.....	Troy.....	Miami.....	Ohio.....	H.....	Saloon.....	.....
Marlatt, Jacob.....	Troy.....	Miami.....	Ohio.....	H.....	Laborer.....	.....
Myers, Christian.....	Troy.....	Miami.....	Ohio.....	H.....	Laborer.....	.....
Mumford, J. A.....	Alceny.....	Miami.....	Ohio.....	H.....	Farmer.....	.....
Marietta, John.....	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio.....	B.....	Laborer.....	.....
Mercer, Wm. F.....	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio.....	F.....	Laborer.....	.....
Madlner, Henry.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery.....	Ohio.....	A.....	Engineer.....	.....
Marietta, Wm. A.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery.....	Ohio.....	F.....	Printer.....	.....
Marietta, Geo. A.....	Columbus.....	Franklin.....	Ohio.....	B.....	Machinist.....	.....
Morrow, Thos. E.....	Indianapolis.....	Marion.....	Ind.....	F.....	.....	.....
Merica, Timothy.....	Batler.....	Bates.....	Mo.....	F.....	.....	.....



Minsball, Isaac N.....	Eaton.....	Preble.....	Ohio.....	F.....	Collector.....
Morrin, Jno. W.....	Wapakoneta.....	Auglaize.....	Ohio.....	F.....	Laborer.....
Morhead, W. W.....	Urbana.....	Champaign.....	Ohio.....	F.....	Butcher.....
Morrison, Jos. S.....	Paris.....	.....	Ky.....	F.....	Painter.....
Mordenhall, J.....	Salem.....	.....	Ohio.....	C.....	Engineer.....
Manary, J. C.....	Ravenna.....	Portage.....	Ohio.....	C.....	.....
Myers, Jacob.....	Cincinnati.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio.....	K.....	Machinist.....
Myers, Edward.....	Chambersville.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio.....	K.....	Carpenter.....
Morris, Robt. C.....	Olney.....	.....	Ill.....	K.....	Dentist.....
Montgomery, Henry.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery.....	Ohio.....	.....	Teamster.....
Mayle, George.....	Louisville.....	Jefferson.....	Ky.....	E.....	.....
Norris, David.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery.....	Ohio.....	A.....	Confectioner.....
Noonan, Martin.....	Troy.....	.....	Ohio.....	E.....	Laborer.....
Neisley, Christian.....	Troy.....	Miami.....	Ohio.....	E.....	Farmer.....
Ogden, Frank.....	Sardinia.....	Clermont.....	Ohio.....	E.....	Farmer.....
Ogboro, Angus C.....	Richmond.....	Wayne.....	Ind.....	B.....	Machinist.....
Ogier, Julius.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery.....	Ohio.....	A.....	Policeman.....
O'Brien, Patrick.....	Harrisburg.....	Montgomery.....	Ohio.....	D.....	.....
O'Brien, Michael.....	Cincinnati.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio.....	F.....	Salesman.....
Overmyer, Nelson F.....	Indianapolis.....	Marion.....	Ind.....	F.....	Express.....
Powell, William.....	Beloit.....	.....	Kan.....	F.....	Bus Line.....
Platt, John E.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery.....	Ohio.....	A.....	Teamster.....
Pilate, Ed.....	Springfield.....	Clarke.....	Ohio.....	A.....	Machinist.....
Price, Emmor H.....	Chattanooga.....	Hamilton.....	Penn.....	C.....	M D.....
Pierson, Jos.....	Philadelphia.....	.....	Penn.....	K.....	Clothier.....
Roberts, Elias.....	New Vienna.....	Clinton.....	Ohio.....	G.....	.....
Roney, Silas.....	Troy.....	Miami.....	Ohio.....	E.....	.....
Reader, Elias.....	Miamisburg.....	Montgomery.....	Ohio.....	A.....	Teamster.....
Roney, Wm. C.....	Indianapolis.....	.....	Ind.....	F.....	Policeman.....
Roney, Henry C.....	Indianapolis.....	.....	Ind.....	F.....	Contractor.....

Everett street.

Captain.



NAME.	TOWN.	COUNTY.	STATE.	CO.	OCCUPATION.	REMARKS.
*Reibold, Fred.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery ..	Ohio ..	F ..	Shoemaker.....	
*Rouzer, John H.....	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio ..	B ..	Civil Engineer.	
*Redman, Jas. B.....	Greenville.....	Darke.....	Ohio ..	F ..	Brick mason ..	
Rea, William.....	Springfield ..	Clarke.....	Ohio ..	B ..	Machinist.....	
Reagan, Jno. J.....	Marion.....	Marion.....	Ind ..	F ..	Blacksmith.....	
Ray, J. C.....	Elkhardt.....	Anderson.....	Texas ..	C ..	R. R. employe.	
Roger, Philip.....	Salem.....	Columbiana.....	Ohio ..	C ..	Machinist.....	
Roessler, Andreas.....	Cincinnati.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio ..	K ..	Machinist.....	
Sillman, Robert.....	Cincinnati.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio ..	E ..	Teamster.....	Columbia P. O.
Sillman, John.....	Cincinnati.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio ..	E ..	Teamster.....	Columbia P. O.
Schriwer, George.....	Newport.....	Kenton.....	Ky ..	E ..	Butcher.....	
Stine, Daniel.....	Troy.....	Miami.....	Ohio ..	F ..	Nursery.....	
Sheets, Martin L.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery ..	Ohio ..	A ..	Finisher.....	
Sueveley, George.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery ..	Ohio ..	A ..	.....	
Steward, Thos. L.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery ..	Ohio ..	L ..	Salesman.....	Lieutenant
Stetser, Adam.....	Logansport.....	Montgomery ..	Ind ..	F ..	Saloon.....	
Seeds, Paschal.....	Vietsburgh.....	Neosho.....	Kans.....	C ..	Carpenter.....	
Sharpnack, D. H.....	Salem.....	Columbiana.....	Ohio ..	C ..	Saloon.....	
Strahley, Levi W.....	Salem.....	Columbiana.....	Ohio ..	C ..	Farmer.....	
Steward, Minor D.....	Cincinnati.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio ..	J ..	Manufacturer..	
Stringer, Joseph.....	Seymour.....	Hamilton.....	Ind ..	K ..	Machinist.....	
Smith, Geo. No. 1.....	Belvue.....	Campbell.....	Ky ..	K ..	.....	
Southerland, R. H.....	Troy.....	Miami.....	Ohio ..	H ..	Marshal.....	
Stewart, Lote A.....	Troy.....	Miami.....	Ohio ..	H ..	Clerk.....	
Stemerville, Henry C.....	Troy.....	Miami.....	Ohio ..	H ..	Laborer.....	
*Stullenberger, D. M.....	Troy.....	Miami.....	Ohio ..	B ..	.....	
Shelby, L. C.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery ..	Ohio ..	H ..	.....	At Soldiers' Home.
Smith, Floyd L.....	Portsmouth.....	Scioto.....	Ohio ..	E ..	.....	R. R. & Ins. Agt.



*Shoup, Samuel B. ....	Dayton .....	Montgomery ...	Ohio ...	A ...	Civil Engineer.
*Simpson, Silas M. B. ....	Dayton .....	Montgomery ...	Ohio ...	A ...	Broom maker
*Shank, Elias. ....	Dayton .....	Montgomery ...	Ohio ...	A ...	Tailor
Snyder, Geo. W. ....	Greenville. ....	Darke .....	Ohio ...	H ...	Horse dealer
Stofer, Thos. ....	Lafayette. ....	Tippecanoe. ...	Ohio ...	I ...	R. R. Engineer.
Sulliger, John. ....	Tipp. City. ....	Miami. ....	Ohio ...	E ...	Tailor
*Steiner, Frank. ....	Piqua .....	Miami .....	Ohio ...	B ...	
*Schmidlapp, Wm. ....	Piqua .....	Miami .....	Ohio ...	B ...	Brewer.
Sayers, Judson. ....	Farme City. ....	.....	Ill. ...	F ...	Farmer.
Smith, Seright E. ....	Union City. ....	.....	Ind ...	D ...	Farmer.
Shannon, Jno. D. ....	Columbus. ....	Franklin .....	Ohio ...	B ...	
*Simon, John N. ....	Piqua .....	Miami .....	Ohio ...	B ...	
*Schmidt, Nicholas. ....	Troy .....	Miami .....	Ohio ...	B ...	
*Stattler, Geo. W. ....	Piqua .....	Miami .....	Ohio ...	B ...	
*Scheeler, Conrad. ....	Piqua .....	Miami .....	Ohio ...	B ...	
Shelaburger, Samuel. ....	Mancie. ....	Delaware. ....	Ind ...	H ...	
Thompson, Thos. R. ....	Piqua .....	Miami. ....	Ohio ...	F ...	Farmer.
Thomas, Llewellyn. ....	Troy .....	Miami. ....	Ohio ...	F ...	Florist.
Throckmorton, Wm. ....	.....	.....	Kans. ...	F ...	
Thompson, Chas. ....	Springfield. ....	Clarke. ....	Ohio ...	F ...	Carpenter.
Thompson, Sylvester. ....	Dayton. ....	Montgomery ...	Ohio ...	A ...	Harness maker
Thompson, H. M. ....	Columbus. ....	Franklin. ....	Ohio ...	H ...	Carpenter.
Tritt, Wm. H. ....	Massillon. ....	Starke. ....	Ohio ...	C ...	Clerk.
Tucker, W. A. ....	Salem. ....	Columbiana. ....	Ohio ...	C ...	Machinist.
Tucker, Isaac. ....	Newport. ....	Kenton. ....	Ky ...	E ...	Molder.
Unkefer, A. C. ....	Minerva. ....	Starke. ....	Ohio ...	C ...	Merchant.
Urton, Joshua. ....	Morrow. ....	Warren. ....	Ohio ...	E ...	Farmer.
Vaughn, A. J. ....	Beloit. ....	Mahoning. ....	Ohio ...	C ...	Farmer.
Vogle, Valentine. ....	Troy .....	Miami. ....	Ohio ...	H ...	Tailor.
Vantyle, E. J. ....	Troy .....	Miami. ....	Ohio ...	H ...	Cabinet maker.

"Original" E.

Lieutenant.

Insane.





NAME.	TOWN.	COUNTY.	STATE.	CO.	OCCUPATION.	REMARKS.
Voltz, August.....	San Francisco.	.....	Cal.	E	Restauranter ..	
Wallace, James.....	Wilmington ..	Clinton.....	Ohio	C	Farmer.....	
Wallace, Jared .....	Williamsburg...	Clermont.....	Ohio	K	Carpenter.....	Care H. Hukill.
Winstel, John.....	Cincinnati.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio	K	Tanner.....	
Wilson, Milt. H.....	Chicago.....	Cook.....	Ill	B	Merchant.....	
Wyatt, Adam B.....	.....	.....	.....	F	.....	
Winteringham, Geo...	Dayton.....	Montgomery ..	Ohio	F	.....	Lunatic Asylum.
Wahmhoff, John H...	Piqua.....	Miami.....	Ohio	F	Farmer.....	
Witwer, Frank.....	Medway.....	Clarke.....	Ohio	A	Saddler.....	
Wesco, Henry.....	Wapakoneta ..	Auglaize.....	Ohio	A	Blacksmith. ....	
Weller, Ralph C.....	Richmond.....	Wayne.....	Ind	H	Machinist.....	
Weller, Jerome B.....	Troy.....	Miami.....	Ohio	H	Manufacturer..	Captain.
Weeks, John L.....	Troy.....	Miami.....	Ohio	H	Laborer.....	
Woolson, Jas. B.....	Covington.....	Keaton.....	Ky.	H	.....	
Way, Phocian R.....	Cincinnati.....	Hamilton.....	Ohio	G	Merchant.....	Arcade, Cincinnati.
Wirshing, L.....	Dayton.....	Montgomery ..	Ohio	I	Carriage finisher	
Whittaker, Chas. H...	Waynesville. ...	Warren.....	Ohio	E	Farmer.....	
Wasson, George.....	.....	.....	Ind	E	Farmer.....	
Young, Wm. K.....	Richmond .....	Wayne.....	Ind	A	Photographer.	

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