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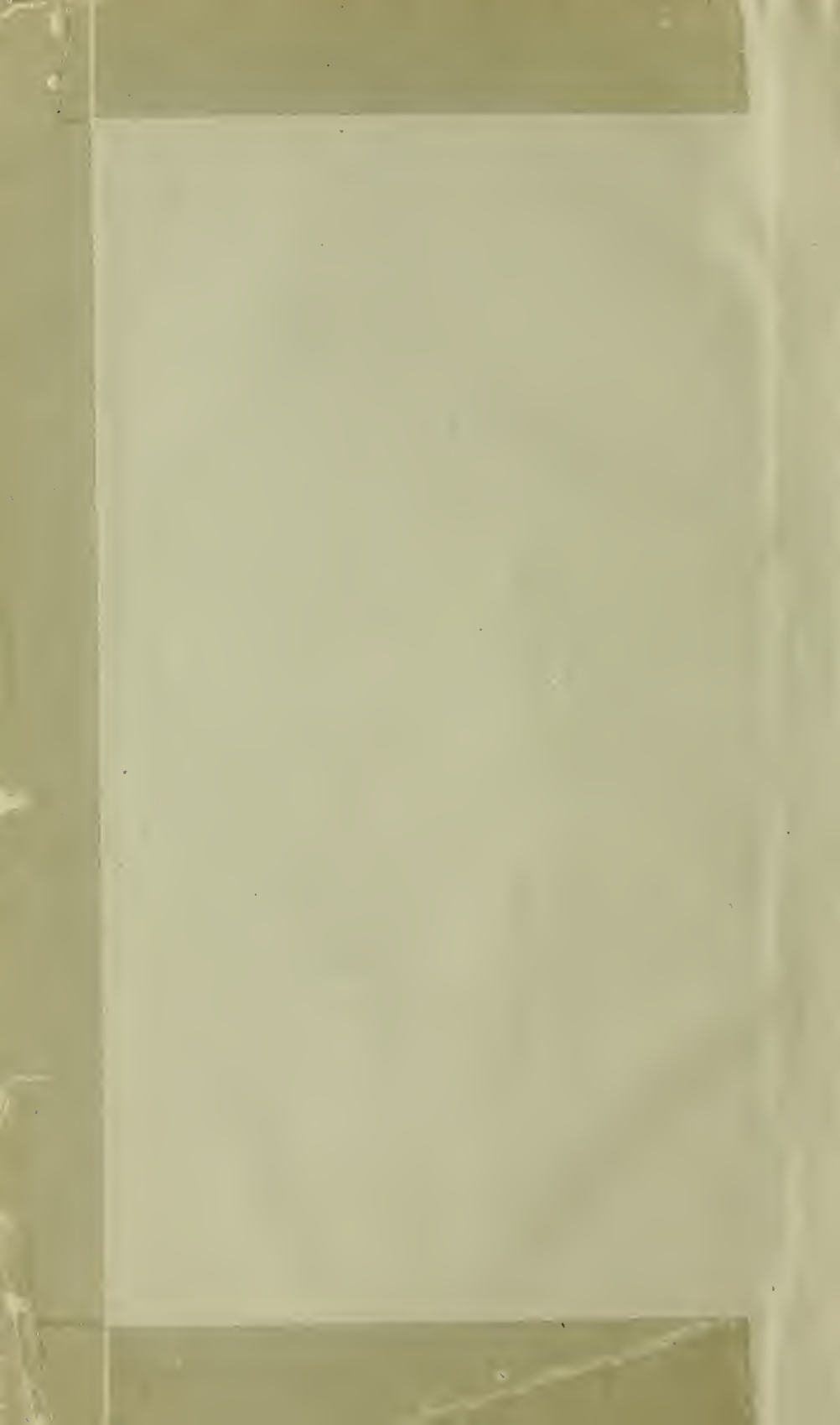
Title

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REUNION
OF
OHIO BRIGADE,

OCTOBER 3D AND 4TH, 1878.



Feller's Ohio Brigade

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS

OF

OHIO BRIGADE REUNION,

INCLUDING*

ADDRESSES, CORRESPONDENCE, ETC.,

HELD AT

COLUMBUS, OHIO,

OCTOBER 3 AND 4, 1878.

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1879.

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REUNION OHIO BRIGADE, COLUMBUS, OHIO,

OCTOBER 3 AND 4, 1878.

27TH, 39TH, 43D AND 63D, O. V. I.

Pursuant to the general call issued early in the spring for a brigade reunion, a goodly number of the surviving members of the Ohio Brigade met at Columbus, Ohio, October 3d and 4th, 1878.

The Local Committee had made ample preparations, so that everything seemed to work smoothly and satisfactorily from the first arrival until the departure of the last attendant.

Governor R. M. Bishop had kindly tendered the use of the Portrait Room in the Capitol building to the Local Committee, for their head-quarters, and to which all members were invited, immediately upon their arrival in the city, to register their names and obtain badges.

An informal meeting was held there during the afternoon of the 3d, at which old friendships were renewed and army associations revived. It was an occasion of interest, thoroughly enjoyed by all who were permitted to be present; the only regret being that there were not more to enjoy it.

In the evening, at eight o'clock, the first formal meeting was held in the Representatives Hall of the Capitol building, which was appropriately decorated for the occasion. Long before the hour of opening, the hall was well filled with the *elite* of the city of Columbus, who had gathered there to extend to the old veterans their cordial and hearty welcome. General C. C. Wal-

cutt presided. The exercises of the evening were opened by *reveille* under the direction of Captain Horn, U. S. A., after which Chaplain R. L. Chittenden, of the 43d Ohio, offered the opening prayer.

The "Amphions," of Columbus, were then introduced and sung one of their inspiring songs, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and was a fitting prelude to the hearty welcome of the citizens of Columbus, through General Beatty, which caused the old veterans to realize that Columbus appreciated their labors and sacrifices, and the results which had been accomplished through the efforts of the great army of the Union.

The interest of the evening, however, concentrated in the address to the Brigade by General J. W. Fuller. His appearance was the occasion of a most hearty outbreak of enthusiasm, and his address was often interrupted by bursts of applause. When he reviewed the transactions of those memorable days in the history of the Brigade, October 3d and 4th, 1862, in which they played so prominent a part in the repulse of the Rebel army in their desperate onslaught at Corinth, Miss., they seemed to live over again the terrible scenes of the battle-field around Battery Robinet, where so many of their number offered their lives on the altar of their country. At the close of General Fuller's address, that brave and noble soldier, known and endeared to the entire Brigade on account of his devotion to the cause, his kindness to the soldier, and his firmness and decision in the hour of danger, General Wager Swayne, was introduced. His address reviewed briefly the objects that were to be accomplished by the war, and the results since developed; showing how important the part played by every soldier in that great tragedy, and the responsibility now resting upon them as citizens of our great commonwealth; advising them to stand firmly for the right, maintaining it by the use of such means as are accorded to every true and faithful citizen.

Chaplain Eaton followed General Swayne with a very fine address, which was heartily appreciated by all; after whom there followed a number of short and informal addresses from various members of the Brigade.

Special mention should be made of the music furnished for the occasion. The vocal music by the "Amphions" was of the very highest order, and thoroughly adapted to the occasion,

contributing largely to the enjoyment of the evening; whilst the instrumental music, by the Garsion Band, was simply grand; to the truth of which all who have been permitted to hear this famous military band will readily assent.

After this meeting the various delegates adjourned to their respective hotels and places of entertainment, at which reunion exercises were kept up to the small hours of morning.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 4th, a large number of the members in attendance assembled at the committee-room in the Capitol building. The Local Committee announced that provisions had been made for a drive around the city, and all who desired to avail themselves of this privilege were requested to get into carriages provided for the occasion. This part of the programme was very enjoyable to those who were strangers to Columbus and its institutions. The remainder of the forenoon was spent in sight-seeing, or any other way that seemed desirable.

At one o'clock all were requested to report at Dent's dining rooms, where dinner would be served. On reaching there, it was found that ample provision had been made to accommodate the entire membership in attendance. To those who know the reputation established by Mr. Dent as a caterer, it is hardly necessary to say that everything provided was first-class, and that all the arrangements reflected highly to his credit and that of the Local Committee. It was certainly an occasion never to be forgotten by those in attendance. The toasts, songs, anecdotes, incidents, letters of regret and telegrams from absent survivors, together with the natural inspiration incident to such an occasion, all conspired to make it a season of the highest enjoyment.

The special business of the reunion was transacted at the banquet, the following officers being elected, thereby constituting a permanent organization:

President—General J. W. FULLER, Toledo, O.

Vice Presidents—Major JAMES MORGAN, 27th Ohio, Cincinnati, O.; W. H. H. MINTUN, 39th Ohio, Athens, O.; General WAGER SWAYNE, 43d Ohio, Toledo, O.; Colonel CHARLES E. BROWN, 63d Ohio, Cincinnati, O.

Secretary—J. W. THOMPSON, 43d Ohio, Chicago, Ill.

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Committee on Publication—D. W. CHASE, Mount Vernon, O.; CHARLES H. SMITH, Cleveland, O.; Rev. R. L. CHITTENDEN, Fremont, O.; Colonel CHARLES E. BROWN, Cincinnati, O.

Committee on Next Reunion—Authorized to designate time and select place, and make the necessary arrangements therefor—General J. W. FULLER, Toledo, O.; Major JAMES MORGAN, Cincinnati, O.; W. H. H. MINTUN, Athens, O.; J. W. THOMPSON, Chicago, Ill.

A resolution was unanimously passed extending the hearty sympathy of the surviving members in attendance at the reunion, to the wife of our late comrade, Dr. Arthur B. Monahan, deceased, of Jackson, Ohio.

A resolution that the sympathy of the Brigade be extended to all of the families of deceased comrades, was also unanimously carried.

A resolution was introduced and unanimously adopted, petitioning the Congress of the United States that a special act be passed for relief of the wife of our late comrade, Lieutenant Colonel A. L. Haskins of the 63d Ohio.

A resolution of thanks, to the Local Committee in Columbus, who arranged the reunion, praying them to accept the gratitude of the Brigade for their untiring efforts, which made it such an eminent success; to the citizens of Columbus, for their hospitality and most cordial and hearty reception; was passed with three cheers by the Brigade. Immediately following, the song, "Marching Through Georgia," was sung, in which all joined, being led by the "Amphions," at the conclusion of which the reunion exercises were declared ended, and the Brigade adjourned to meet subject to the call of the Committee on Reunion.

J. W. THOMPSON,

Secretary.

Benjamin K. ...
Attorney

ADDRESS OF WELCOME,

BY GENERAL JOHN BEATTY.

GENTLEMEN:—It affords us great pleasure to meet you here this evening, and on behalf of the good people of our city I have the honor to bid you cordial and hearty welcome. We heard of you many years ago, when you were members of the Ohio Brigade, and as the details of your heroic action on the battle-fields of Inka, Corinth, and Parker's Cross Roads, were brought to us on the wings of the lightning, every heart in the State swelled with pride at the additional evidence which you gave of the fact that the honor of Ohio was safe in the keeping of her soldiers. We heard of you afterward at Dallas, at Resaca, at Atlanta, in Sherman's march to the sea; and we learned that on whatever battle-field you stood a new lustre was added to the name of our State. We felt then that we knew you well, we knew then that we loved you well, and we could not help doing so, for God has so made the hearts of honest men and true women, that they open involuntarily and unconsciously to the brave, the loyal and the self-denying.

We prize and cherish your achievements as we do the battle-torn flags of your regiments—nay, this does us injustice. Let me say, rather, that we prize the banners which you bore triumphantly, simply because they remind us of your nights of vigil and your days of marching and of battles. We greet you, therefore, not with the formal and stately courtesy extended to strangers, but with that heartfelt, genial, overflowing welcome due to brothers, friends and benefactors, who have enriched us by years of devotion and generous self-sacrifice. Men returning or returned from victorious fields have in all ages and all climes been welcomed with rejoicings by the people for whom they fought, and in whose cause the victories were won. This is the soldier's recompense. The approval of his own conscience

may in part sustain and repay him for years of labor, privation, suffering, sacrifice and danger, but when this is supplemented by the cordial approbation of his fellow men, his reward, inadequate as it really is, to his knightly and generous spirit seems overfull; his scars become glowing badges of honor, and the discomforts of the camp, the weariness of the march, and the accidents of battle, the pleasantest incidents of his life.

Gentlemen, the laurels you won in the great struggle for the preservation of the Union, will grow brighter and greener as years roll on. The deeds of the great armies with which you were connected will be recorded in a thousand histories, while the thrilling incidents of your own lives will be handed down in your families and become familiar traditions of the household. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to see the inquisitive boy or youth of a century, nay, of five centuries hence, exploring closets and old libraries, delving into ancient books and musty manuscripts, eager to find some scrap of the history of the man who carried the name he bears through the great struggle which took place when the Nation was young. How he prizes every word. With what joy he seizes the letters which you wrote from the battle-field. It is his own blood speaking to him from the shadowy and almost forgotten past. Your spirit thus goes down the centuries and communes with his—teaches him to be loyal, self-sacrificing and brave, and he looks back with earnest, eager eyes through the fading centuries to get a glimpse of you.

With what pride he will say: "My ancestor was a Union soldier. He stood with Grant at Vicksburg, with Rosecrans at Stone River, with Meade at Gettysburg, with Thomas at Chickamauga, with Sheridan in the Shenandoah, and followed Sherman in that grand march down to the sea."

So, my friends, what you suffered to attain your memories will live to secure. Whenever our flag is threatened, either by foes without or traitors within, millions of men will spring to arms exclaiming, "My father, my family, fought and bled for the supremacy of that flag; and, so help me God, I will not see it dishonored."

In welcoming you we would not forget your absent comrades, and especially those who fell in the heat of the conflict. They are scattered from the Ohio to the Atlantic, sleeping by the

streams, in the valleys, on the hillsides, under the shadow of the great mountains of the South; but they will not be forgotten. The mother cherishes the memory of her son, and will perpetuate it. The father delights to talk of the gallant boy who fell on the field, and the red blood blossoms with new beauty in the cheek of woman when she speaks of brother, lover, father, who died for national unity.

Gentlemen, you cannot hope to contribute much, if any thing, to the history of the second century of the Republic. That great work belongs to your children. They have to guide them the record of their fathers in the century past. May God bless and prosper them in the century coming. They must not look for perpetual peace any more than for continuous sunshine or uninterrupted prosperity; and it may be well that it is so—nay, it is well. God chasteneth whom he loveth, and from these chastisements nations and individuals often, if not always, gain in wisdom, purity and strength. It is the heart which has experienced trouble, that struggles hopefully with adversity; the mind which has met and triumphed over difficulties, that regards with cool determination the disasters that may threaten. While it may not be possible, and possibly not always desirable even, to avoid war, it is possible and desirable so to train up our children that they may go through the fiery ordeal with brave and loyal hearts; to so rear them that they will respond promptly to the call of duty, let it lead whithersoever it will; to so educate them that they will lay down their lives, if need be, for the honor of the flag and the perpetuity of the Union.

Citizens and soldiers, shall we not aim to impress upon those who are to follow us the fact that this is man's government; that here all God's children are, and should continue to be, equal, standing erect, free, untrammelled, stripped for the race of life, acknowledging no superior but their Creator.

Gentlemen, let me say in conclusion, that for you the latch-string of every home in Columbus hangs out to-day; the hand of every citizen is extended to greet you, and the smiles and good wishes of every woman await you.

The address of General Beatty was frequently cheered during the delivery, and was heartily applauded at the close. The

Barracks band rendered another air, after which was delivered the following

ADDRESS BY GENERAL JOHN W. FULLER.

When friends who have long been steadfast are scattered by life's vicissitudes, and meet and greet in after years, *one* theme is uppermost in every heart—the story of the days when they stood side by side together; the days in which they learned to trust each other, and when the trials and triumphs of each were common to them all. And thus it is, my comrades, when once the joyous word with which we greet each other has been spoken, it seems so very natural to wander back in fancy to those incidents and scenes, forever fresh in all our memories, forever woven with the days when we all stood as one.

It is an old story to you all, and yet I could say nothing you would hear more willingly to-night. So, drawing as I must from memory, I purpose to sketch briefly an outline of the service of the old Brigade to which you all belonged, while I had the honor to command.

It was about the 1st of July, 1862, when the resignation of Colonel Groesbeck left me senior officer of the Brigade. And here let me say, that proud as I am of having been your commander, I know there were others equally able to take the place, and to whose ability and ever ready co-operation we are greatly indebted for what was done. I have sometimes thought that few brigades in any army could show so many able officers. Smith, who fell so young, and Sprague, and Swayne, and Noyes; all, not merely competent, but all distinguished. And there were others, who only needed opportunity to make their mark. Did you ever think how many of our officers were detailed for important trusts elsewhere? General Pope began by taking Colonel Noyes for service on his staff; then Surgeon Thrall was taken from his regiment that he might serve as Medical Director for that army. Colonel Swayne must needs serve as Provost Marshal for Western Tennessee; Lieutenant Vogleson was made Chief Commissary for a corps, with rank to correspond; and when was wanted one to plan and care for an emancipated race, General Grant selected one of our chaplains for that task. We

lost a faithful officer, but the black man gained a friend whose labor and success in his behalf soon made the name of Eaton known throughout the land. There were many, too, who graduated in our camp and took higher rank elsewhere. Lathrop, who fell in battle near Athens, Ala., and Thomas, our generous host to-day, both captains in our line, left us to lead new regiments.

When the Rebels gave up Corinth, our army occupied the ridges to the south and near the town; and it was the good fortune of this Brigade to find a pleasant camp on Clear Creek.

It was good fortune too, for us, that the commander of our division had once commanded the Brigade. For Stanley recollected your good behavior at New Madrid; and, on the other hand, you all remembered Stanley as a skillful officer, and you believed he was as brave as Marshal Ney. It was here that most of you met the distinguished soldier whom his friends delighted to call "Old Rosy," and who was then assigned to command the Army of the Mississippi. You have not forgotten his genial face, his restless manner, nor the tireless energy with which he looked into every detail.

In September, 1862, rumors were current that the enemy was approaching, and soon we learned that our garrison at Iuka, some twenty miles to the east, had been compelled to abandon its position, and fall back toward Corinth. A strong reconnoissance showed that the Rebel General Price was in Iuka, whereupon General Grant ordered a simultaneous attack by Rosecrans, who was to approach from the south, and by Ord from the west. The day before the attack, General Stanley had been misled by his guide. We had marched far out of our way, and late at night found ourselves some miles in rear of the leading division. It was the fault of the stupid guide, whom Rosy himself had sent to show the road, so Stanley said; but Rosy was so indignant at the mistake, that when he rode into our bivouac at midnight, and came to the spot where several officers were eating supper, he spoke his mind with greater freedom than was pleasant for his subordinate to hear.*

When Rosecrans learned that Stanley's division was so far be-

* General Stanley writes, since this address was delivered, "The reason for taking the indirect route, was the fact that the shorter road had been rendered impassable by the enemy."

hind, he forwarded that dispatch which caused General Grant to postpone the time for Ord's attack. General Grant took it for granted, when this dispatch was read, that Stanley could not get up in time, and that Rosecrans would not attack until the succeeding morning. Hence his orders to General Ord to wait. If General Grant had known then, as well as afterwards, how long your legs were when there was a fight ahead, he would never have changed the original plan; for at three o'clock next morning you were under way, and before noon had overtaken the rear of the leading division.

Iuka was a stubborn fight, but the brunt of the battle fell upon Hamilton's division; and it was only when dusk was falling that Rosecrans ordered you to the front. You moved forward with a cheer, drowning for a moment the roll of musketry; then on the crest, face to face with the enemy, you opened that steady and deadly fire, which ever thereafter marked this Brigade when in the forefront of battle. But darkness fell quite suddenly, and Rosecrans, wondering why he heard no sound of Ord, sent orders for us to halt and wait for daylight. Yet before dawn, some skirmishers (of the 39th) reported that the 11th Ohio Battery, which had been lost that afternoon, could not be carried off, since it was completely covered by our line of fire, and we had only to advance and take it back; and so it proved: for when at dawn the brigade moved forward, the battery was found, and Neil, (whose home is in this city of Columbus,) with others of his comrades, was gladdened with the sight of all the guns.

But the Rebel General Price knew exactly where Ord was, and foreseeing that his troops, as well as Rosecrans', would fight tomorrow, he quietly withdrew under cover of the night, and marched away. In Iuka early the next morning, Rosecrans and Ord shook hands, Rosy complaining that Ord had failed to play the part assigned him in the plan of battle, and Ord showing his orders of postponement.

Ord's command marched back to Corinth, then to Bolivar, while Rosecrans followed the Rebels in their circuit to the south and west, keeping between them and his base at Corinth, and watching for what move would follow the union of the corps of Price with the army of Van Dorn, which was reported near to Ripley. It was not a long suspense, for a few days showed the

enemy's intention, either to take and occupy Corinth, or leaving Corinth on their right, to assail General Ord at Bolivar, Tenn. We waited till October 2d before it was certain that Corinth was their objective point. Then began the concentration of Rosecrans' troops to meet the attack.

On the morning of October 3d, just sixteen years ago to-day, the enemy attacked the division of General Davies at the outer line of works, the line constructed by the Rebels when Sidney Johnson and Beauregard held possession of the town. Davies had been ordered there to retard the enemy's advance, until Rosy should be ready to let Van Dorn come in. Van Dorn's superior strength enabled him to drive Davies from this line, but Davies' men fought stubbornly, and fell back over that two or three miles so slowly, that it was near night when they approached the outskirts of the town, and when reinforcements enabled Davies to stop the enemy's advance. After dark the Ohio Brigade marched to relieve one of the brigades of Davies' division, and was ordered to occupy the high ground near Battery Robinet. Near the crest was formed the line of battle. Directly on the right of the earth-work covering the battery, and stretching across the Chewalla road, stood the men of the 63d; next came the 21th, and farther still to the right was the 39th regiment. On the left of the battery, facing to the left, and nearly at right angles with the main line, rested the 43d.

Let us go back through the intervening years, and in fancy place ourselves on the spot then occupied, and look again over that field which has since been famous. Before you, for 300 yards, lie in confusion the few trees which have been felled to form a partial abattis. Beyond this stands the forest, and through both, leads, without obstruction, the road to Chewalla. To the right of the 39th the line of battle is broken for three hundred yards, by an impassible swamp, beyond which we see the rising ground occupied by several brigades of our infantry, and on the extreme right, perhaps a mile away, the earth-work called Fort Richardson. Turning to look over your right shoulder you may see what transpires in the streets of Corinth. Without changing your position you may, by looking over the other shoulder, see a part of the division of General McKean, and the redoubt called Battery Phillips, which form the left of Rosecrans' line of battle. If you come to a

right about, you see directly in rear the cut through the hill where lies the Memphis railroad, and just over this, on still higher ground, stands Fort Williams, with a twenty-pounder Parrot looking out of each embrasure. Your own batteries, Co. F. of 2d U. S., and Co. C. of 1st Michigan Artillery, are ready for action on the high ground abreast of Fort Williams; all apparently so near, that but for their elevated position you might look down the cannons' throats. Here you waited during the long hours of the night of October 3d, and here you fought on the morning of the 4th.

The removal of Davies' skirmish line, which by some mistake was not made known to us, permitted the enemy to advance so closely that, although hidden by the darkness, you could hear him planting his guns in the edge of the forest, not more than 300 yards in your front; and during the night, the commander of that battery, (I think from New Orleans) reconnoitering the ground between his guns and your line, was quietly captured, mounted though he was, by Captain (since General) Brown, of the 63d Ohio.

It was a night of suspense and anxiety to all. We knew that General Hackleman had been killed, and we had seen General Oglesby carried to the rear, with a wound we supposed was mortal. Hundreds more, wounded during the day's fight, had been borne to the hospitals, and the men of Davies' division, who had fought against great odds all day and had been slowly driven back, seemed well nigh disheartened. You knew you had to meet an enemy not only strong and resolute, but who was also flushed with what he thought a victory. Hence you listened with anxiety to those sounds of preparation, so plainly heard from the hill, where, lying down without sleep, you waited for the assault. It seems strange, in view of the rapid and thorough mode of entrenching afterward acquired, that no attempt was made to fortify, especially since we now know how much superior the enemy was in numbers. But we had not then learned the use of spades.

With the earliest dawn of day, the Rebel battery in front opens its fire. What a magnificent display! Nothing you had ever seen looked like the flashes of those guns! No rockets ever scattered fire like the bursting of those shells! Not long, however, for as soon as there is light enough to aim, the twenty-

pounder Parrots in Fort Williams suddenly beled forth and make the place occupied by the Rebel battery so hot that it is hurriedly withdrawn. Yet not all, for one gun has been abandoned, and some venturesome boys of the 63d Ohio, with others of the 1st U. S. Infantry, run forward, and pull it into our lines by hand. Then came fierce fighting between the skirmishers. The enemy had the cover of the woods, while our men crept from log to log, in the endeavor to gain the better cover of the forest. Reinforcements to our skirmishers enabled them, after two hours fighting, to drive the Rebels back, and gave the shelter sought; but not far off, the conformation of the ground was peculiarly fortunate for the enemy. He could lie on the crest of a series of ridges and sweep everything in his front, scarcely exposing a man to view. Behind these ridges he was massing his men for the assault.

About ten or eleven o'clock, our attention is diverted from the fierce skirmish in our immediate front by the advance of General Price's divisions, which are moving out of the woods to our right front, and marching upon the troops and fort which form the right of Rosecrans' line of battle. A splendid sight is that, as one Rebel brigade after another moves in fine style over the ground which our position overlooks so plainly. The attack is fierce, and we soon are shocked to see our line give way and retire into the very town. We notice, too, some of our batteries drawn out of position and rapidly pulled to the rear. The guns of Fort Williams, and of our own batteries directly in our rear, are all turned to the right, and an enfilading fire sweeps through the Rebel hosts with an effect very plainly visible; but, though disordered somewhat, they move on; fresh troops pour out of the woods, and we see the Rebels rushing over the works on our right, and pouring into Corinth itself. A rolling fire is heard in the streets, and soon after the Rebels begin to retire. They stand awhile at the works they had captured, but our boys are coming to the front again from the town. At this juncture, some regiments of Hamilton's division, not previously engaged, are thrown forward on the extreme right, where, as finely aligned as if on parade, they are pouring a stream of lead into the Rebel ranks. A little later, we say to each other, most joyously, "Our boys are driving them back again."

But a fiercer fire than ever opens on our own skirmish line,

and a constant hum of bullets tells us that our turn is coming now ; and it proves to be the Rebel center moving for the main attack upon the place we occupy. Looking through the trees before us, we plainly see the Rebel banners and their attacking columns, advancing. The 43d changes front forward on its right company, and the 11th Missouri is rapidly brought forward and held in reserve, just behind the 63d Ohio. Our skirmishers are driven back pell mell upon the line of battle ; the artillery with us in Robinet, and the guns which play over your heads from the rear are firing rapidly, and some of your officers are running along the line ordering you to "Get down, and lie low, until they are close upon us." In another minute the head of a Rebel column coming along the Chewalla road, is seen near by, heading straight for the 63d and Battery Robinet. Now you rise to your feet, and pour into the enemy that steady fire which fills the road with his dead, and *seems* to cause a halt ; for though the rear of his column moves steadily on, the head of it comes no nearer, but appears to melt away. But the enemy is firing too. Along the whole length of the 63d, and portions of the 27th and 43d, officers and men are falling fast.

Some scenes here witnessed, though almost as brief as if revealed by a flash of lightning, are stamped indelibly upon our memories. Just where the 63d adjoins the 27th, three men go down together. One, in the front rank, is lifting his arms high in the air and slowly sinking down. The man behind, and covering the first, drops as if a thunderbolt had struck him ; while another turns around, and with a look of agony upon his face, and trying to walk to the rear, moves but a step and falls. Captain McFadden, of the 63d, shouts out his first command in battle and is dead ! Lieutenant Webb, of the 27th, endeavors to repeat the order to "fire low," and while his mouth is opened wide, a bullet enters. He throws up his hands, and falling on his face, is still forever ! But the men not hit, heed nothing ; they fire incessantly, and their faces black with powder, make noticeable their flashing eyes and their set teeth, so that they look like demons.

A minute later, the column in the Chewalla road has disappeared, but a strong force a little farther to the west, is approaching the left of Robinet, and is making sad havoc in the ranks of the 43d. This regiment has hardly finished its

manœuvre of changing front, obstructed as is the field with logs and brush, and exposed moreover to a flank fire from the Chewalla road. A glance in their direction, reveals a startling picture ! Colonel Kirby Smith, commander of the regiment, is down ; rider and horse together. Some men now raise him up, his face falls over towards us, and we see his cheek is red with blood. Lieutenant Heyl, the Adjutant, trying to keep his saddle, clutches his horse's mane, but gradually loses grip, and before a comrade with outstretched arms can reach him, he is on the ground. A dozen more along the line drop in that instant, and the enemy's fire, from front and flank, is so severe that for a moment a rout is feared ; but only for a moment, for Swayne here takes command of the regiment and is steadying the line, and General Stanley, who rode over to the right when he thought that all the fighting was to be done there, gallops back in the nick of time to help. His coming at that critical moment seemed like the arrival of reinforcements. And now this regiment takes sudden vengeance for its colonel's fall ; for they drive back, with great slaughter, the force which approaches to the left of Robinet, and shoot every Rebel who shows his head above the parapet or tries to climb through the embrasures of the battery, when the final effort is made, very soon thereafter, to carry that work by storm.

While the 43d is thus engaged, Colonel Rogers, commanding the Texan Brigade, rides out from the woods, and with his troops moves along the Chewalla road heading for the battery and the 63d. Another moment, his horse is shot and he is coming along the road on foot. His leading color-sergeant falls, when Rogers, picking up the colors, continues to advance with flag in hand. A cloud of Rebel skirmishers on either side of the road are firing heavily on the 63d and left wing of the 27th, until 48 per cent. of the men of the former regiment are killed or wounded, and the line is so much thinned that Colonel Sprague and I, standing behind, can look right through it, and distinctly see the advancing Rebels, now close at hand.

I shall always recollect how well Sprague looked at that eventful moment. Tall, and commanding in appearance, with sword in one hand and pistol in the other, he stood as a painter likes to portray an officer in battle. I shall remember, too, looking at the face of the rebel Colonel Rogers, when not distant more than

thirty yards, and noting the peculiar expression it bore. He looked neither to the right nor left, neither at his own men nor at mine; but with eyes partly closed, like one in a hail storm, was marching slowly and steadily upon us; and there flashed through my mind this question, "Is he stupid with drink, or is he simply resolved to calmly meet a fate which he foresees?" Before there was time to answer to myself this question, the Rebel column in the road seemed to gain some tremendous impetus from the rear, for it suddenly rushed on like a great wave, threatening to sweep into the gap which had been shot through the 63d, and to carry the redoubt by storm. The supreme moment had now come: and I turned to give the signal to the 11th Missouri in reserve, and close behind. The leader of this regiment, perhaps ten minutes earlier, had received his orders; they had been sung out over the heads of his men, so that every soldier in the ranks knew what was wanted, and there was no need to repeat them now. "Forward!" shouted the Major, as the regiment sprang up, and I had to run to the right to let them pass. With a short quick step, and alignment perfect, they filled up the gap which the enemy's fire had made, charging the Rebel column on the head. The 27th, under Spaulding, which had lost heavily, yet still was full of fight, joined by a plucky remnant of the 63d, rushed forward at the same moment, charging the column obliquely on its left flank, when in an instant the whole scene changed. Rogers, with many of his men, lay dead before us, and those who were not prisoners, were flying back to the woods. One moment, the Rebels seemed to be swarming over us in thousands, our own lines looked thin and weak, we seemed threatened with destruction; the next, most of the living of the foremost Rebels were our prisoners, a few hundreds, apparently, were running to the forest, while our boys seemed to have swelled into many thousands.

In the melee, this banner of the enemy, [pointing to a captured flag displayed in rear of the speaker,] was captured by a private of the 27th Ohio, Orrin B. Gould, of Company G, who I am glad to see is here to-night. But there was one red flag, I think the banner briefly borne by Rogers, which escaped us as by a miracle. Some bold Texan had picked it up almost from beneath our feet, and throwing the staff across his shoulders, ran in a zig-zag manner for the woods. He dodged behind a

log a moment here, then behind a stump there; he was fired at by twenty men or more, and once, whether hit or not, tumbled headlong when striding a fallen tree. Yet he escaped with the banner after all; and as he passed over the ridge out of our sight, some of our boys who had missed him, gave him the cheer that was due a hero.

An incident may here be mentioned of the 43d. When the Rebels made their final effort to break through our lines, Lieutenant Robinet of the battery, severely wounded in the head, fell senseless under one of his guns. At this, most of his men ran to the rear. A moment later, some of the men of Company A, of the 43d, entered the battery, and aided the few brave fellows who had stood their ground, to man the guns. The enemy was now retreating, and, in the excitement, a little drummer passed directly before the battery and jumped upon a log to see the Rebels run. A piece had just been sighted, and "ready, fire," followed, before the little fellow was discovered. When the smoke cleared up, we saw that both his legs were torn away. Somehow there seemed a sting in the recollection that men of his own regiment had fired this shot. And now came Colonel Noyes, of the 39th, who was so far to the right that his men could only get an oblique fire, asking permission to bring his regiment to the Chewalla road, where they could take a hand when the next assault should come. Two minutes later, the regiment was across the road, but the battle was over.

That thrill of ecstasy which victory brings, was here intensified by an act of the commanding general. Rosecrans had lost his temper when the troops attacked by Price had temporarily given way, and had hardly time to become appeased by their subsequent good conduct. Still nursing his wrath, and having seen Van Dorn had met with a different reception at the hands of this Brigade, he was disposed to extol the men who fought near Robinet, at the expense of those who had fallen back. So riding to the crest we occupied and pointing to the right, he said: "I have just come from a part of the field where some of our troops retreated like old women; but now I know, not only from what I heard and what I saw from a distance, but also from these piles of dead along your front, that I am in the presence of brave men! So brave that I take my hat off in your presence, and thank you, in our country's name, for your great valor!" No soldier who

heard these words will be likely to forget them, nor the appearance of Rosecrans as he addressed us, hat in hand.

During the afternoon, the Brigade was ordered to reconnoitre to the front. We felt our way for two miles or more, till we reached the Rebel hospital. Here we rescued Colonel Mower, of the 11th Missonri, who, early in the day, mistaking the enemy's troops for ours, had been wounded and taken prisoner.

After the battle, came McPherson with a brigade of infantry from Jackson, Tenn. He had been compelled to make a wide detour, and came to us through Farmington. His troops were fresh, and he was accorded the advance, when the next morning we moved forward in pursuit of the retreating Rebels. We heard artillery at the Hatchie, where Ord had met and stopped them, but were not close enough to prevent Van Dorn's escape across the river to the south. That night, when several officers were at McPherson's tent, a courier brought despatches and some mail, and there McPherson received his commission as a Major-General. McPherson seemed surprised at this, and said "he had not earned his first star yet." When we had advanced as far as Ripley, the army was ordered back to Corinth, General Grant deeming it not prudent to push further. Here, quietly in camp for several days, we had time to measure and to mourn our heavy losses.

When General Grant's army moved southward, heading for the rear of Vicksburg, the Brigade, now joined to Hamilton's division, moved on the left. Through Holly Springs we marched, and on to Oxford. Here, late one evening, the infantry was ordered to take the cars forthwith for Jackson, in our rear. Next day three trains, each bearing a regiment, reached Jackson, Tenn. The other had been halted at Bethel, on the way. Forrest, the great Confederate raider, has crossed the Tennessee and destroyed our rail connection with the north, and we had come to aid in driving him away. After some marches and counter-marches we found ourselves near the enemy. Colonel Dunham, of Indiana, was sent ahead with a brigade to intercept his march at Parker's Cross Roads, and we were to follow the next morning. At four o'clock we started and marched till daylight, when a halt was made for breakfast. That over, we moved on, and soon the sound of cannon in our front advised us that Forrest was attacking Dunham's Brigade. And then began a struggle in

which *legs* told. Within an hour and a half you marched seven miles without a halt, with ranks well closed; and when a hill was reached whence Forrest's men and guns were seen, you formed in line of battle on the double-quick, and went down for them with such good will, that every Rebel gun unlimbered and in action was yours within five minutes, and Forrest's forces were galloping away. Not all, however, for many had dismounted in the fight, and their horses left in the rear were ours, and their riders must surrender. You captured here six guns, four hundred horses and three hundred and sixty officers and men of this bold raider's command. Among the officers was Major Strange, of Forrest's staff, who demanded exemption from arrest. He was under a flag of truce, he said, and claimed to be paroling some of Colonel Dunham's men, who had surrendered! We knew nothing of any surrender, nor of any flag, and of course we held him prisoner. And it is due to Colonel Dunham here to say, that he denied all thoughts of capitulation. This action happened on the last day of 1862. A more momentous battle, then raging at Stone River, so absorbed the public mind, that your defeat of Forrest was hardly noticed. Yet Forrest was not beaten every day!

A long and weary march behind the Rebel cavalry came next. There was no hope that infantry could overtake Forrest's well mounted force, but orders must be obeyed. We had no train and nothing in our haversacks; so we waded through the knee-deep mud, scaled with thin ice, camping each night near to some mill, where we ground corn enough to last a day. The sequel proved that this march cost more lives than we had lost in fighting Forrest.

From the Tennessee river, where the retreating Rebels crossed, we marched to Corinth. Here the garrison was living on half rations. But when General Dodge learned how you had suffered, saw how you needed food and rest, full rations were issued you, and tents and clothing, till we had cause to thank our stars that our lines had fallen in such pleasant places, and we had Dodge for our commander.

When Grant directed everything at Memphis to come to him at Vicksburg, the Ohio Brigade was ordered to march and garrison the former city. This was your single "soft spot" of the war. Excepting this, your lot was always at the front; but here

for some months you lounged in camp, guarded the gardens, flirted with the ladies, and seldom missed a "good square meal."

When Sherman, coming up from Vicksburg with the 15th corps, started across for Chattanooga, General Dodge was ordered to fall in and march with his command. Dodge asked that we might join and move with his division. The order directing this was grateful. We were tired of the dullness of camp in Memphis and gladly turned our faces again toward Corinth. Stopping at Corinth but a day we moved onward to Iuka, and reported there to Sherman. When Sherman started eastward, we awaited Dodge, then crossed the Tennessee with him and marched as his advance, camping some miles ahead of the division, and exchanging signals every night with rockets.

We had marched on through Pulaski, when a courier from General Sherman brought orders for us to halt, and put the Nashville road in order. Next morning the Brigade moved south to Prospect, where the railroad crosses the Elk river, and encamped for winter. There you re-enlisted as veterans, and from Prospect went to spend the holidays with the dear ones at home.

Returning again to Prospect, you soon moved further south, and early in the spring you crossed the Tennessee, and took possession of Decatur, Ala. This movement, made at night, was novel to us and full of interest. Some seventy boats, secretly moored in a little stream flowing into the river some miles above, were quietly filled with men; the first, taking as many as it would carry, who in line of battle would stand on the extreme right of the Brigade; the next, those who would stand next, and so on; the last bearing those whose place was on the left. Three regiments filled the boats. The oars were muffled and skilled oarsmen from the ranks were chosen, who, as soon as we had landed were to recross the river and bring more troops. We floated with the current, each boat following its leader in close order so quietly that even the ducks, covering the river for miles, not once took the alarm. When we reached the point where a friendly picket advised us we were nearly abreast the town, every boat, at the command, "by the left flank," headed for the southern shore, the oarsmen now pulling their best strokes. A few shots were fired by the Rebel outposts as we landed, but so well was the arrangement carried out, that the regiments were up the bank and in line of battle within two minutes.

Day was just breaking, but a dense fog shut everything from sight which was fifty yards away. Colonel Sprague was directed to sweep around to form the left, and approach the town from a southwesterly direction. Colonel Swayne followed, so as to approach from the south, while Churchill marched from the east, his right resting on the river. The 9th Illinois had been sent to cross below the town, and was to cover the westerly side from the Cortland road to the river below; and thus we hoped to stop all avenues by which the Johnnies could escape. But, like many other plans dependent for success upon the exact co-operation of two columns, moving independently, this failed. Sprague had been cautioned not to let his left extend beyond the Cortland road, for fear that in the dense fog he might be firing on the 9th Illinois, or be fired upon by them. But the Illinois regiment was delayed in crossing, and thus a gap was left through which the enemy escaped. Sprague killed a lieutenant, on the wing as it were, when they were running, and it was said wounded some others, but neither Swayne nor Churchill got a single shot. But now we found the boats inadequate to span the river, and a dozen more must be constructed to complete the bridge which would connect us with our base. As we had not a gun nor horse across as yet, we were somewhat nervous, and lost no time till the bridge was finished, the next day. We also strongly fortified our position, after which we occasionally marched out a couple of miles or so to skirmish with the enemy.

Before starting on the Atlanta campaign the forces were re-organized, and you found yourselves in different brigades. So here the Ohio Brigade passed out of sight. Yet in their new positions these regiments had other struggles and other triumphs. At Resaca, the 43d, under Swayne, was specially distinguished, and again before Atlanta. At Dallas, the 27th had opportunity to show its old-time valor. At Nickajack, this regiment, under Churchill, and the 39th, now led by Noyes, charged the Rebels in their works, and drove everything before them. It was a costly charge, for with many other gallant souls, Noyes was shot down. He only lost a leg, but it was a total loss to us, since he never rejoined his regiment. At Decatur, the 63d fought valiantly against great odds, till Swayne could bring the trains to a place of safety, and won fresh laurels for themselves, and also for their old commander, Sprague.

Before Atlanta, on the 22d of July, the 27th and 39th rendered their greatest service of the war. A great opportunity was here made most of. Upon the valor of the 16th corps rested the safety of all our trains, and perhaps that of a part of the Army of the Tennessee. It is safe to say no regiments of the corps had more responsibility in the great battle than did these two; none certainly proved truer to their trust. Twice they charged the enemy who essayed to take possession of the open field where they were fighting, and twice they drove him back ingloriously to the woods.

After Atlanta we all marched down to the sea. When coming homeward through the Carolinas, the 43d lost the services of its commander, Swayne, as brave, and what means far more, as faithful an officer, as any in our ranks. When that cannon shot destroyed his leg, and we sent him in an ambulance to the rear, we hardly dared hope that we should meet again. Soon after this event we were made joyous by the surrender of Joe Johnson's army, the last obstacle which stood between us and those homes and loved ones we were longing to rejoin.

I have been reminded, especially when attempting to describe the battle whose anniversary we have chosen for this gathering, of an old adage which says, that "no two soldiers ever saw a battle with the same eyes." If some soldier in the ranks, or some officer in the line of file-closers, listening to-night, has heard of incidents he did not notice; or, what is quite as probable, if his own eyes took in some thrilling scene which to him seems as important as anything that I have mentioned, and he is wondering why it is omitted, it will only be another proof of the truth of that old proverb. I have thought it better on an occasion like this, standing before so many witnesses whose opportunities to observe were as good as mine, to give, faithfully as I could, simply those pictures which live in my own memory. What was observed by others, I leave for them to tell.

It is difficult in such a sketch as this to call by name even those who were prominent. Yet Churchill, commander of the 27th, in the great battle of Atlanta: Lynch, next in rank, shot through and through, yet still most mercifully spared; Brown, heading the 63d until shot down on that same day; McDowell and Weber, gallant leaders of the 39th; and Parks of the 43d, always conspicuous in a fight: *these seem to suggest themselves.*

But who shall call the roll of the brave boys who fought these battles? the names of those who died, or of those who lived to see the end? Men of the ranks! *you* did the work, and yours it is to fully share the honor of every victory won. In all the skirmishes and combats, in all the battles which now belong to history, you who bore the musket, share equally with those who carried the sword, a measure of such honor as is due. But there was *one* act in the great drama of the war, which was played by you alone. One picture stands before us, whenever we turn back, which is grander than all else: a scene in which no officer appears—a movement of the rank and file. It is no direct assault upon the enemy, yet it does more to rob him of all hope than any battle of the war. 'Tis when the expiration of the soldier's term of service is drawing nigh, and no sign appearing that the war will end, our Government, with fresh alarm, asks: "What shall be done when the old soldiers are discharged?" It is when our President, trusting the men who first responded to his call, looks in their ranks once more, and calls upon these private soldiers, who for thirty weary months have toiled and fought, to enter the lists again: *this* time for all the war.

For awhile these ranks are silent! They are thinking of those Northern homes they long so much to see; of those dearest ones of earth, so near to them while dreaming, so far off when awaking.

The North, with bated breath, listens for the response! The South, with fatal blindness, is gathering her last strength to give the fatal stab to the nation's heart! The monarchies across the sea are watching with a scornful smile for the downfall of the young Republic!

And still the ranks are silent!

From the cotton fields and rice swamps of the gulf, the black man lifts his dusky brow, and wonders if the freedom he has dreamed about will really come. In the hospitals behind our lines, and in the distant prisons of the South, are comrades, whispering as they ask each other, "Will our life-blood ebb away in vain?"

But now the silence breaks? The measured tread of an army keeping step is heard; and that wondrous scene unfolds which the whole world beholds—the marshaling of the veteran hosts!

The soldiers of the ranks stand forth! In the grim school of war have they been taught how much this step may cost; in the same school have realized how much there is at stake. And now, with purpose fixed, these warriors shout forth their grand response: "Muster us again! for all the war muster us in!" till the mighty chorus is echoing gloriously from every hill top of the North, and rumbling ominously in the remotest valley of the South! From this patriotic hour, was the doom of the rebellion sealed!

ADDRESS OF GENERAL WAGER SWAYNE.

DEAR OLD FRIENDS:—Old faces bring old times, and we are face to face with four whole years we lived together long ago. It is getting to be so long ago that the face of a well grown man will often tell us that he was too young to go to war in 1861. Still, such were the things we shared, and such the ties resulting, that each face recalls some feature of our common life, until all these multiplied impressions take possession of us, and we are our former selves again. Such is the meeting of old comrades of the drum. It is a living, waking dream, so real that we see the men, and hear the words, and feel the hearts of long ago.

And yet there is a veil of time between us and that long ago. We look from one side to the other and compare. It is only a thought when we meet, then the present is lost in the past; to-morrow, when the present has returned, we shall compare more sharply from the nearness of the scenes. And all those things which took us to the war, and kept us there, and brought about that it should end the way it did, will come up then as having once controlled and shaped our lives, and then, through men like us, controlled and shaped this country of to-day.

It is a happy feature that the personal memories are kind. The selfishness and injuries, if such there were, are gone, with all the little interests from which they rose. Only the ties remain. The hard campaigning is remembered chiefly for the way we all got through it; even the dreadful incidents of war are full of tender interest, as stopping places in the lives of men to whom

we were attached. The brighter side of everything remains ; only the dark decays.

The best fruit of the struggle is that we have a country. Against this we may measure every evil with a net result of good. The vivid, flashing picture which has been recalled to-night, until the village and the woodland, and what took place between, with every fort, and road, and line of troops and column of attack, is visible, all its lines in gold instead of in black, because we have a country. The gallant soul of Kirby Smith, and all the worth of all our dead—these losses all we suffer as God wills, since thus we have a country. Other and larger fields, even the vast field of the war, and the dead of the whole country, all these fields glisten with victory shining through from this immeasurable background, and the tears are made a bow of promise, spanning all with the great legend of “our country.” Countries have often been where life became intolerable and men were voluntary exiles ; but the saddest part of exile was being without a country. The sorrows of the wanderer were all summed up when he styled himself an exile. You can recall this love of country as it answered to the calls of 1861. Strengthened by sympathy, of course, often enthusiastic with ambition, or inspired by wrath at slavery and arrogance, or else by zeal to spread the area of freedom ; but underlying and cementing all, that self-same love of country which has always, everywhere, set up the marks of progress of mankind. I am not here to ferret out its roots in the philosophy of man ; it no more needs analysis to you than right and wrong require to be justified in theory to strong and honest hearts. The country called, men came ; the country lives, it is enough. The legend of this land of homes is LIBERTY AND UNION. God had vouchsafed to us to be a family of states, enjoying one land, the home of a great people. A dozen blessings were all ours, each of which in time past some nation has been glad to buy with tears and blood and treasure. Freedom of worship, education, trade ; security of person, property and travel ; wise laws of debt, and of descent, and a magnificent provision for the shattered mind and the deficient body, all were ours. The peace and strength that came from union kept them all in the calm ways of law. The sword was taken in resistance to the law, the cause that took it perished in obedience to the law. It has perished. The evil that it did lives after

it, but without it. The will to rule or ruin rises still, and plots, and plots, but plans no violence. Once all its rage was rational, because it might succeed in an attempt to separate, and afterward control by force where it had failed in right. No one could say with certainty its ways meant ruin and not rule; no one could point the passionate and misguided to its miserable end. It was at liberty to vaunt, and grew by its own motion. Now all such passion works against the gravitation of events. There may be rage, but its resort is fraud, not violence; and fraud is on its good behavior, even when successful for a time. There is no cause to fear for the fruits of the war, there is no further trial for the country but its own capacity for freedom. It has met hitherto whatever call this made: the memories of 1861 will prove to it henceforth a storehouse inexhaustible of patriotic feeling. The war has certified the Union with a seal as broad as fate; the blessings of the Union are the purchase of the war. Even the homeless soldier, in a land of homes, may feel that he is part and parcel of the purchase money of them all.

The war has vindicated liberty as well. Not as its main end or moving cause, since slavery as it was before the war was not a breach of the first compact of union. That agreement once broken, and broken in the interest of slavery, slavery itself stood under ban as the true culprit, the destroyer of our peace. Its fate was properly and lawfully one of the fruits of war, one of the terms of peace. A blessed thing it was to take the curse away, and do it in God's name, and with a lawful right, and for the country's sake. The evils since are proper subjects for wide differences which have no business here, but no man's heart can well refuse to share the joy which freedmen feel in liberty and in the hopes which rise from opportunity for industry, for family life, for education of their children, and for all those things which make our lives worth having for ourselves. Nor can a man with children of his own refuse to sympathize with children of that race in higher hopes from all these things from having had them from their youth. It is not union only that the war has brought, it is a blessed liberty as well.

So has the war destroyed the causes of the war. We who survive see sharply sorrows that remain,—the widow and the fatherless,—sometimes the blighted life. For these, and for all

those whom we remember gone before, God has repaid this people with a country. We can but look from them to Him for final recompense to them, believing that He doeth all things well.

ADDRESS OF GENERAL EATON.

MR. PRESIDENT :—Comrades, survivors of the Ohio Brigade, my heart fills with emotion as I am permitted to salute you face to face.

Fitly we gather for these memorial hours in the capital of the State under whose auspices we first mustered. What pictures each memory gathers from the experience of the few intervening years, the gain and loss of friends, the struggles and triumphs of the field and of civil life !

It has been said of Henry Clay that in his later years he used to repeat the words, "The days that are passed and gone," with such pathos and melancholy beauty, that no man could hear him without shedding tears. But the memories of our army days that are passed and gone need no orator's help to awaken our deepest emotions.

Richest, most precious in these reunions are personal interchanges of experiences and incidents ; and reluctantly do I to-day occupy your time with these words of formal address. The more thrilling incidents I leave to others. During the moments you assign me I would speak from the standpoint of our mutual relations from which I was ordered, to my serious regret, to assume other but most arduous duties.

We recall again that day of departure, the hurry and preparation, the mingling of friends, the tears, the partings : we hear the call of the bugle and the roll of the drum giving the order to form, we behold the bright array, the imposing regimental line as all awaited the order, "march !" Then we left all that was near and dear save the flag for which we fought, withdrew our hands from industry to grasp arms bright for conflict : now we have left behind us the sword with red rust on it and have turned aside from our present pursuits for a day to bind with new ties of fellowship the bundle of army memories, to renew

our pledges and gather inspiration for ourselves and our children.

Now we gather with ranks broken, men and officers mingling without regard to rank, or company, or regiment. We are struck with the fact that in no other land have these reunions such freedom, and frequency, and force.

Our presence here, the scenes of peril and escape which we recall, we attribute to no chance. Over all in which we participated or which passed before us, whether it were the great popular uprising for the Union, the ocean swell of patriotism, the triumph of liberty, the conflicts and return of armies, corps, divisions, brigades, regiments, and companies and individuals, we discover a Guiding Hand; our hearts reverently acknowledge a Father's favor.

I attempt not to tell the story of the war, nor to compare with other wars its great armies, its vast field of operations, its duration in years, or its fatalities. No roll call is needed to remind us that all who went out with us are not here to-day. Visions of scenes in which they mingled pass before us. Each recalls his fallen comrade, each company and regiment its dead; the records tell when they perished as sacrifices for country and freedom, and were buried in the haste of war so far from home, and often far from each other, without stone or slab to mark their resting places.

But to-day, as we bow in sorrow over their dead forms stricken down in battle or in hospital, and tell to each other the stories of their valor, and remember the bitter tears shed for them by the bereaved ones at home who sent them forth with their God speed, to receive them here no more forever—as we gather in this memorial service, what strikes our sense? what now fixes our thought? No trumpet call, no re-appearance of these cherished forms; for this we await, with them, that last grand reveille; yet we decipher their names; we read their rank written on white slabs as they stood in company and regiment beside us on the day of departure.

The nation they helped to save, acting its part in the providence of God by no command of monarch, but by the voluntary act of a grateful people, has gathered their scattered bodies and given them honorable sepulture and marked their resting-places, and now tends and guards them with loving care. And thither, by a fitting custom, from year to year the

patriot goes on a bright May day to raise the flag and scatter flowers ; to plant the germs of the beautiful ; and thus in the presence of the dead shall he tell to the latest day the story of their heroism.

Our broken ranks always remind us of these absent comrades , they cannot return to us, but year by year, we in our march are passing over to them.

My duties among you brought me into close relations with the inner life of many men and officers. They talked to me most freely when they were most anxious about their dear ones at home ; when ill or in trouble, or in moments of serious thought when, weighing the chances of war, they tried to forecast the mysteries of the future, understand the secrets of eternity and to speak some words to be remembered after them. These confidences were not limited to my own regiment. The additional duty of brigade sanitary inspector was assigned me and increased my acquaintance in other regiments. When death stood near soldier or officer of the Brigade, such was the prevailing intimacy that acts of watching and sympathy were not limited to regimental lines. Indeed, the Brigade was closely united by the ties of soldiery affection. All mourned when so many of the brave fell at Corinth ; other regiments, hardly less than their own, grieved over the loss of the cultured, manly Colonel Smith and Adjutant Hyle.

As I became acquainted with my own regiment, the 27th, and then with the 39th, and afterwards with the 43d, and the 63d, I was deeply impressed with the evidence I met of the high motives that had brought these officers and men to the field. If there was one in the Brigade who volunteered to gratify a sentiment of revenge, or with malice toward the South or toward the Confederates, I never knew it.

Accorded the privilege of tenting with the colonel of my regiment, who by his rank, after the resignation of Colonel Groesbeck, naturally came to the command of the several regiments as they were organized into a brigade, I had the best opportunity of knowing how earnestly he sought for himself and the entire command, the highest manhood, and the most honorable endeavor, and how faithfully he studied every situation and coned works on tactics and authorities on military questions ; while the free circulation accorded me by all the officers and men, gave

me the best evidence of the extent to which his wishes and efforts were shared by them.

There was satisfaction in associating with persons of such character. The prevalence of these higher sentiments were the best supports of order and discipline, and the best safeguards against the vices that naturally spring up in so close an association of large numbers of men. The social discussions often evinced an intimate knowledge of state and national affairs.

Many had great fondness for reading. The 27th, before leaving St. Louis, as a base of operations in 1861, organized a library of several hundred volumes which was preserved through the various vicissitudes of the march and camp, till its case gave way and its transportation became impossible. It was the first library of the kind I knew of in the service. I remember, too, that the same regiment raised a fund by companies and subscribed for some two hundred dollars' worth of newspapers and magazines, which came to them by mail whenever that beneficent agency of Uncle Sam could reach them. The list embraced all the best American monthlies and a goodly number of representative religious and secular weeklies, besides a fair share of pictorial publications.

Who does not remember the delight of the Brigade in music? Who does not recall the hallowed influences suggested by the tuneful voices and the bands when we gathered for Sabbath services or at the burial of our dead? Who does not remember how in camp they cheered our monotonous days and helped to stir in our hearts,

" Dear domestic recollections,
Home-born loves and old affections,"

and to renew within us purposes of endurance and valor?

At this moment there comes before me that beautiful encampment, in early winter, on Post Oak Creek. The day's march was ended. The ground sloped toward the stream fringed by frost-stricken foliage. The flame of camp-fires rose and passed away in curling smoke. Moon-light, as mellow as ever fell upon valley or prairie, added its beauty and inspiration to the scene. The confused noises of the camp were filling the air when one of the bands struck up a familiar air and the confusion

ceased ; the encampment could fitly have adopted the language of the poet—

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank ;
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.”

During the long encampments at Sedalia and Clear Creek, something of the Prussian army school voluntarily arose ; men studied, some the elements of our English education, and others such branches as German or Algebra. Out of these conditions of intelligent and patriotic activity, each regiment became capable of organizing a whole Fourth of July in itself—boys, men, speakers and listeners, music and toasts, to say nothing of flags, drums, cannon and the rest.

It is not inappropriate for us to remember by what beneficent providence Ohio soldiers, this Brigade included, received this character. Ohio occupied a peculiar position, especially in reference to the newer States, while partially encircled by two of the old thirteen.

Writers have pointed out that France, from her geographical situation and her national character, has occupied a peculiar position in reference to all European history, in some measure giving color to all great events and receiving from them.

Ohio as a State occupied a peculiar relation to all the States that joined in defence of the Union. Their transit east and west passed through it, communicating and receiving effect. Moreover the center of our population as a nation was soon to rest over Ohio. Her soil was included in the territory set apart to a high order of civilization by that early congressional enactment known as the Ordinance of 1787, a legislative act rarely paralleled in human history, whether we consider its inherent wisdom or the far-reaching consequences to flow from it.

Slavery was forever prohibited and perpetual liberty decreed, not on paper merely. The measure was in the nature of a constitutional act, and besides carried the means of its efficient enforcement in that other provision which required the establishment of schools for the instruction of youth in intelligence and virtue, and provided in part the means for their maintenance, by setting apart for that purpose a fixed portion for the public domain.

Wishing to confirm some impressions in regard to the gratuitous publication of those works which had especially contributed to the progress of our common schools, such as the *School and Schoolmaster*, and *Stowe's and Mann's Report on Education Abroad*, I wrote Professor Stowe. He replied that the legislature gave him five hundred dollars towards his expenses ; that he could not tell how often his Report had been republished, but he had not received any other pecuniary compensation ; but when he saw what part Ohio took in the war for the Union, and reflected how much of this was due to her common schools, he felt abundantly rewarded.

Ohio giving and receiving from such vantage ground, it is not to be thought a matter of chance or even of surprise that the war found so many born within her limits, or having lived here, prepared for its severest trials or highest responsibilities. It is not inappropriate to the occasion, nor invidious to other men, that the names of Macpherson, Sheridan, Sherman and Grant leap unbidden to our lips. Nor is it unbecoming that we should yield to those promptings accordant with patriotic judgment and due to national pride, and acknowledge our satisfaction over the unparalleled recognition our great leader—great whether we regard him as friend, as general or as president—has received from all classes in the foreign lands which he has visited.

Nor has Ohio ceased to have this pre-eminence. Still a son of this State is the chief magistrate of the nation, than whom none is purer or more patriotic ; unimpeached and unimpeachable. To enumerate all of her sons yet called to positions of trust and toil, would be impossible.

The great mass of our soldiery not only had a measure of intelligence, they had occupations, and more or less special training from experience or in the schools.

This Brigade drew not alone from Ohio's own institutions of learning, but from those of other States ; even those old seats of learning, Dartmouth and Yale, sending their alumni, and thus contributing to their ancient store of learning. West Point furnished a colonel ; one of our surgeons, born and educated in Ohio, brought to us the benefit of his learning in the Prussian service, during the Crimean War ; while many other institutions of learning were represented, not only in the line, but among the rank and file.

The necessities of the march, the camp, the battle, the siege, furnished many illustrations of the aptness and skill of large numbers in carpentry, wagon making, house building, bridge building, and in the higher departments of mechanics and engineering. How many wielded the pen of a ready writer, the newspapers of that period can best tell.

This prevalence of culture and character, among officers and men, made possible the great endeavors of charity that sent their relief among the soldiers and people, black and white, along the lines of our army in which women won so many well-deserved meeds of praise. The career of the Ohio Brigade in itself alone furnished proof sufficient to explode the theory that the more ignorant the man the better the soldier.

The conquering power of an army is less and less often measured by brute forces. Intelligence, skill and self-control avail alike in the resistance to disease, in the endurance of the march, and in the shock of battle—in every thing that contributes to the effectiveness of an army.

In the light of later events it is profitable to remember that in 1865, thirty in every hundred of the French army could not read and write; while of the Prussian soldiery, the following year, less than four per cent. were illiterate.

And let us not forget another element that added to our efficiency in the field—the influence of home. How telling upon the spirits and endeavors of the Brigade was the arrival of the mail, bringing good words from mothers, wives, daughters, and the fathers, the brothers, and the sons, who endured none the less in spirit because they watched, and toiled and waited at home.

Of mothers, wives, sisters and daughters keeping the homes of the Brigade, there were many who would not suffer in comparison with the Paulas or Perpetuas who, like stars, few and far between, shed their radiance over the moral darkness of Roman history. Their “happiness was” not “in extravagant attire,” nor “in elaborate hair dressings,” nor “in rings and bracelets,” nor “in a retinue of servants,” nor “in gilded apartments,” nor “in luxurious couches,” nor “in voluptuous dances,” nor “in exciting scenes,” nor “in demoralizing spectacles,” nor “in frivolous gossip,” nor in “inglorious idleness.”

No matter whether poor or rich, high or low, as put down on

fashion's list, their minds were informed, they knew why and whither the husbands, or fathers, or brothers, or sons had gone to peril their lives; their hearts were full of purest affection for the Union to be saved and for their absent ones; for them their hands wrought and their prayers ascended day and night. Their tears mingled with the ink as they wrote letters the words of which were laden with a holy power, helping and inspiring when most needed.

The intensity of military life brought out the vital differences of character. The sun's rays melt the wax and harden the clay. These experiences found some officers and men unable to stand the test, but by far a larger number responded with improvement to all there was in their experience of the better and the worse of army life.

Temptations, exposures, perils, strengthened them, sharpened their wits and helped to prepare them for a higher career in whatever there was before them. They honored their own promotion; they were faithful to all trusts; they left the service larger men than they entered it. This was especially true of not a few young men. Their education in the school of the army was perilous in the extreme, but it gave them method, exactness, submission to orders, endurance, decision, power to act with others and yet by themselves, courage, nerve-fibre. These have since made their mark in private and public life. It would be pleasing to recall the high posts they have filled. Not a few of them are still conspicuous as leaders in their several spheres. Every now and then we note the closing of some noble career which began with our Brigade.

In 1861, we opened the book of beginners; now we read from its closing pages. What a record for our country is included! Our Union saved, our freedom universal, the great forces of Christian liberty at work for the elevation of every American citizen, wherever he stood in the late strife. Our course among the nations no longer impeded by domestic slavery, we take our place untrammled in the onward march of mankind.

What a record, too, have these years made in the world around us!

Japan, where the story of Washington long pointed to the influence of an unselfish ruler, has broken from her seclusion, sent her sons around the world to gather wisdom to conduct her education, her industries and her commerce.

Even Africa, whose darkness has been penetrated by the sons of the Saxon, calls out for the culture, trade and other conditions of Christian civilization. The map of Europe is rearranged; Prussia, from her subordinate position, has placed herself at the head of the German Empire; and France, the beautiful France, so dear to the hearts of our fathers, is a republic. And these are but index words, pointing to the unnumbered pages of history, filled with the record of the grandest events that mark the years since first we met.

Yes, comrades, we do well to pause in our course, whether we consider ourselves as individuals only, or as citizens of this great nation, or as members of the great human family; and to renew our pledges of fidelity to each other, to our country and to our God. Our work is not done. In recalling our memories we experience constant relief in the conviction that the past is secure; yet our hopes are disturbed by the uncertainties of the future. Toward transforming these into certainties for ourselves, our country, our whole country, to be united as never before, and for the world at large, we need to bend all our energies.

“New occasions teach new duties:
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth.”

The United States, not attempting to exert an influence on the balance of power between nations, and not hampered by foreign jealousies, all, with great readiness come to us and receive from us.

The English language, now spoken by eighty or ninety millions of people, taught in the schools of Europe, spoken by a hundred thousand young men in India, and wherever missionaries or commerce have penetrated Africa, studied in Japan and Peking, the prevailing tongue in Australia and the islands of the sea, is more likely than any other to become the universal language of commerce and international communication.

The language we speak invites us to no “pent-up Utica,” but points us to great fields for enterprise.

Out of our free institutions, our homes, our schools, our associations, secular and religious, our practice in a free government and our defense of it, have already come great achievements.

However ardently we love our star-spangled banner, we gain in understanding its meaning by going abroad and witnessing the consideration given it among those that struggle for the elevation of themselves and of mankind.

Our schools, however they may suffer in age or any other points in comparison with those of other countries, have already given us writers of prose and poetry, scientists, statesmen, explorers, navigators, engineers, missionaries and men in all great enterprises, the peers of those in any land. Should these schools become all their friends desire, training the whole people so that no one child can escape the possession of a sound mind in a sound body, how immeasurably our present national power will be multiplied, physically, mentally and morally, while our position among the nations will be correspondingly advanced in all the arts of peace and war. In accomplishing this, how much evil have we to throw out, how much of good to acquire and conserve !

Just now all questions are shadowed by the hard times. There is violent crowding and elbowing for bread, and for opportunities. False blows are dealt ; falsehood is put in the place of truth ; caprice and passion supplant candor, deliberation and reason ; right is treated as wrong, and wrong as right : opinions, measures, acts and men are given a false value. Mobs and the brutal in man are sought as remedies. Blindly, some would pull down the pillars on which rest our beneficent institutions : they would blot out the sun because it is cloudy.

There is bread enough, but not in the hands of the starving ; there is work enough, but not where the laborers are ready to do it ; there is capital enough, but it is timid and slow to go where there are great risks.

In encountering these evils and difficulties the soldiers who have come out of the late war, benefited instead of harmed, have certain advantages. They became acquainted with hardships, they learned to dispense with many comforts often thought necessities, and to adapt themselves readily to circumstances. How great the change for a million and a half of citizens to become soldiers ; how much more surprising to see so many soldiers transformed to peaceful, dutiful citizens. The scientist points us to the fact that a captured pike requires three months to learn the position of a sheet of glass in its tank, and when

once the association is established, it is never again dis-established, even though the sheet of glass be taken away. The soldier has none of this incapacity for change. His whole military life was teaching him to make the best of things. His bravery is proof against false alarms. Before he left the service he would not mistake friends for foes, a picket for an army; he could not be deceived and put to flight by quaker guns. He is all honor and manliness.

Our soldiers went out to save their country, and returned to improve and enjoy it; in disturbing times they are for peace; in matters of finance, for their country's honor. The world was surprised at their hastening to the arts of peace. The histories of Marlborough's, Napoleon's, and Wellington's great armies did not warrant any such expectation. The fact is, our soldiers and officers fought for a patriotic purpose, and therefore never ceased to be dutiful citizens.

True, many plans of life had been deranged or broken off, but the main purpose remained, to do well something for country and mankind. Not always has reward or appreciation followed. But, on the whole, the soldier honorably maimed has been pensioned, some have been given good homes, some of their orphans have found a parent in the State, and have been supplied with home, education, and perhaps a trade. Many have been trusted and honored by public positions.

As a rule, the ancients honored with memorials and mention in their records, only the great generals of armies and the officers of state. Even modern Europe follows this rule. Here, among us, the great exception appears; and from Maine westward, the soldier and sailor fitly share with the general and the admiral, the monuments of bronze and granite erected to proclaim to future generations the story of our patriotism. This recognition of the common soldier points to the progress of civilization. But above the bestowal of the honor is the greater fact, that it was richly deserved.

From this vantage, our soldiers can neither be stampeded nor drawn away by cajolery. Is our Government held responsible for hard times? They are the ones to examine matters till they discover that times are hard the world over, that the causes are beyond the action of Governments, and that the restoration of prosperity will come when every man is in his place doing with

his might what his hands find to do. If industry is unbalanced by a rush of people to the city, his experience teaches him to go to the country, where there is both labor and bread in abundance. If improved machinery performs the task by which, so far, he has earned his livelihood, his experience teaches him to acquire skill in some other profitable pursuit. If there is any wild cry for division of capital among laborers, he remembers that it would have been suicidal to shoot his captain under the hope of increasing his own pay or of gaining the other's commission, and he will not now be tempted to commit a crime for the sake of gain. He seeks only the benefit and honor that his own right arm deserves. Does he hear a cry against the interests and foundation of society? he is their constant defender. If ignorance, or aristocracy, or sectarianism blindly strike at any of the efficient features of our public education, it has not his sympathy. He has thought out their relation to liberty, union and human destiny.

His change of stand-point during the war has taught him how vast our country is, how rich its resources, how manifold the capacity of our people; and when society was upheaved, and great caverns opened at the very foundations, he had rare views of the bearings of remote causes upon essential good; he has seen the two sides of life, civil and military, of peace and war; he appreciates the army, understands its place and function in the state, and would not see it either perverted or destroyed. He has a lively appreciation of the free pursuit of happiness, guaranteed in our fundamental law, and would perpetuate it in spite of the assaults of the idle, the vicious, and the criminal, to the last moment of the world's existence.

But, brothers of the Brigade, the minute hand on the dial-plate points us to the steady irresistible tide that bears us on. Again we must part; may we return to our homes and responsibilities with a stronger love for country, and higher purposes of good for having met; may we each finish the campaign of life under the GREAT CAPTAIN, and, when our discharge comes, may it be accompanied with a crown of victory, and an order to join Him in the home—the mansion He has gone to prepare for the Soldiers of the Cross.

REGULAR TOASTS AND RESPONSES.

THE 27TH OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

RESPONSE—BY GENERAL M. CHURCHILL.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN :—The mention of the 27th Ohio Infantry revives memories very dear to me. It was my fortune to share the trials and dangers of this regiment for over three years, and to command it for eight months, during a part of its most eventful service ; and it is with recollections and emotions born only of the march, the bivouac and the baptism of battle, that I shall attempt to speak of the organization now.

In one particular my task is easy ; upon the regiment's record, of nearly four years' service, in seven different Southern States, there rests no stain. Individual cases of unsoldierly conduct there were, but in the hour of supreme trial the organization never faltered, but would go unflinchingly into the very jaws of death, when ordered to do so.

In view of the others who are to speak on this occasion, my time will permit but the barest outline of the services of the regiment ; many minor engagements, in which it participated, cannot be even mentioned.

The 27th was the sixth three-year regiment, organized as such, in Ohio. It was raised before the district system was adopted by the State ; the enlistments were made mostly in July, 1861, in counties as widely separated as the Ohio River and Lake Erie. The officers and men came together at Camp Chase, comparative strangers to each other. In consequence, the regiment began its service free from the local jealousies often following those raised in one locality.

The organization was perfected August 16th, 1861 ; its first field officers were John W. Fuller, colonel ; H. G. Kennett, lieutenant colonel, and Z. S. Spalding, major. The regiment's first service was in Missouri, going to St. Louis, August 20, 1861.

ITS SERVICE IN MISSOURI

may be stated as follows : It marched over that great State lengthwise, crosswise and diagonally, omitting mention of circular movements. In September, 1861, it crossed the State from St. Louis to Kansas City, attempting by the way to reinforce Colonel Mulligan, then besieged in Lexington ; in October, marched south-west to Springfield, and in November north to Sedalia, and in February to St. Louis. The last march began in snow and ice, and after the snow disappeared was prosecuted over roads frozen hard enough each morning to bear the artillery, and so thawed out in the afternoon as to become bottomless. These marches were good seasoning for the service which came afterward.

The regiment reached St. Louis, February 20th, 1862 ; moved by boat to Commerce, marched thence to New Madrid, Mo., and was engaged in all the skirmishes and battles there till the capture of that place by our troops. In one action there a cannon ball carried away the right leg of each of three men marching in one file of the 27th.

The regiment then crossed the Mississippi, participated in the capture of Island Ten, and returned to New Madrid ; going thence, in April, with other troops, down the river to Fort Pillow.

This completed the regiment's service in Missouri. It marched over one thousand miles in that State, in less than eight months. The recollection of those long, hard marches, even at this distance of time, gives one a weariness of the legs.

The river being too high for operations at Fort Pillow, the entire command returned, going up the Tennessee River and becoming the left wing of Halleck's army, under Pope, operating against Corinth, Mississippi. The regiment participated in the engagements resulting in the capture of that place in the spring of 1862. In September and October following it was engaged in the

BATTLES OF IUKA AND CORINTH.

The latter was fought sixteen years ago to-day. The 27th was conspicuously engaged, losing in that action, in killed and wounded, seventy men and officers. The behavior of the regiment in this battle was so gallant as to receive the thanks of General Rosecrans on the field, and elicit from him special and honorable mention in his official report to General Grant.

In November following, the 27th formed a part of the army of General Grant, moving into Central Mississippi: was ordered back from Oxford, Miss., to Jackson, Tenn., and from the latter place entered upon a month's campaign against Forrest's cavalry, in mid-winter, without tents or camp equipage of any kind, and for the most part of the time without rations, excepting such as the country afforded. But the 27th was a good forager when the exigencies of the service required it; the men combined business with pleasure, in detaching from the pieces they were then armed with, the long sword bayonets, and throwing them with fatal results at every hog within range; the hog received the blade point first as a rule, in which case "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." The defiant air and pompous strut of the turkey gobbler were alike impotent to save him or his family; no barnyard fowl could run or fly fast enough to escape; nor any rooster so high as to be secure: the men—like the boy after the ground hog—"*were out of meat!*" Every elevation in a garden, giving promise of containing buried eatable treasures, was leveled as if by magic, and candor compels me to add, that the cooking utensils borrowed by the boys on that march have not to this day been returned. The men never had business that way again, but constant occupation elsewhere, or doubtless they would have returned the skillets and frying pans.

On December 21st, 1862, the Rebel cavalry were overtaken at Parker's X Roads, engaged and defeated. The regiment bore a prominent part in this action and the future movements which resulted in driving the Rebel forces across the Tennessee River at Clifton, returning thence to Corinth. This campaign involved more hardship and suffering than any of the same duration made by the regiment during its service.

In May, the 27th moved to Memphis, marched from thence,

in October and November, through Corinth, Iuka and Eastport, to Elk River, at the crossing of the Nashville and Decatur Railway; remained there during the winter of 1863-4, (excepting for the time on veteran furlough in Ohio,) engaged in repairing the railway and in building a boat bridge across the river.

In March, the Ohio Brigade, commanded by General Fuller, crossed the Tennessee in boats, captured and held Decatur, Alabama, till May 1st, 1864, when the Brigade began its march to Chattanooga to participate in

THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

On May 9th, it was in the advance of General Macpherson's army, in passing through Snake Creek Gap, in the first movement on Resaca—then in the rear of the main Rebel army. Later the most of the Union army came through this gap—the enemy falling back on Resaca.

The regiment skirmished at Resaca and fought at Dallas and Kenesaw Mountain. At Dallas, Captain Green was wounded, and Captain Sawyer and Lieutenant Debolt each met a soldier's death in battle, and at Kenesaw, Captain Hamilton and Lieutenant Day were slain in action.

The 27th was repeatedly under fire at these points. In fact being "under fire," in the Atlanta campaign, was the normal condition. When the enemy was found after any of his retreats, his lines had to be developed and his force driven into the smallest space he could be persuaded would answer his purpose. Our skirmish line was habitually pushed aggressively to the front; being constantly engaged with that of the enemy, without cessation day or night. Not many hours passed, during nearly four months, in which any soldier could flatter himself he was out of the possible range of shell or ball.

On the 4th of July, 1864, the 27th and 39th regiments did the last fighting by our troops in that campaign, north of the Chattahooche River, in

A CHARGE AT NICKAJACK CREEK.

The scattering forces of the enemy had been driven during the forenoon by our skirmishers into his outer lines of works, in front of which, for one hundred and fifty yards, the large timber had been trimmed up from below and the small growth felled with

the tops toward us, giving the enemy an unobstructed view of all movements undertaken against him for that range, and rendering the approach on the works very difficult, especially when attempted under a withering fire, delivered from the secure position afforded by earth-works, capped with logs raised just enough above the work to permit the insertion of the guns between. These were the conditions in front of the 27th on that day. About noon the 27th and 39th regiments, the latter commanded by Colonel Noyes, (now Minister to France,) were ordered to crawl up under cover of the standing timber, to the edge of the abattis, and form line to charge the works. From that hour till six in the evening these regiments remained in position, in suspense: the order having been given several times to make the assault, and as often countermanded before it could be executed. Finally, at six p. m., the charge was made, and the position carried at the point of the bayonet. Not a piece was fired by the assaulting column until done over the Rebel works at the fleeing enemy. From sixty to seventy prisoners were taken in the trench in the 27th's front. The line was carried in a pocket or retired part, rendering the work untenable to the right and left, and it was wholly vacated. Two regiments of the 2d division of the 16th corps were to have made a demonstration on the right of the charging column, simultaneous with the charge, but for some reason, best known to themselves, failed to come to time. After the works in their front were vacated, this intended supporting force came out of the wood with a yell, and carried the empty works in their front with great gallantry (?). In the charge Colonel Noyes lost his leg, and the 27th, in killed and wounded, in less than two minutes, forty-two men and officers. That night the enemy evacuated his position in front of our army.

The regiment afterward crossed the Chattahooche River at Roswell, and moved through Decatur on Atlanta. On the 22d of July it was lying in reserve, with the Brigade, behind General Giles A. Smith's division of the 17th corps, which occupied the extreme left of the fortified line; the second division, in reserve also, and our Brigade, both of the 16th corps, had orders to be ready to move at twelve m. into position on the left of Giles A. Smith's division, prolonging the main fortified line overlooking Atlanta.

But General Hood meantime had planned an engagement for us elsewhere, and employment for the entire army of the Tennessee as well, on that hot afternoon over fourteen years ago.

THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA.

At about twelve and a half o'clock a scattering fire was heard to the left and rear, in the direction in which the train of the Army of the Tennessee was parked. Within a few minutes orders were received from General Fuller to double-quick in the direction of the firing. The 27th followed the road upon which the gallant Macpherson fell later in the day, to the open ground near the train, and formed line on the right of the 39th, and at about right angles with the main fortified line, and distant from it perhaps one-third of a mile—facing a wood about two hundred and fifty yards distant, and about equidistant from the wood on its right flank. The men were directed to unsling knapsacks, fix bayonets and lie down on the crest of the ridge where the line was formed, for protection from the fire of the enemy which then came from the wood in front. The second division had formed line, conforming in the main to that of the 27th and 39th, on a parallel ridge to the left of the 39th, but separated from that regiment by a deep transverse ravine. The enemy charged the second division within a few minutes and were repulsed.

Immediately afterward his line of battle came out of the timber in front of the 27th and 39th regiments, advancing in plain view and within easy range, when individual men of both regiments raised to their feet and taking deliberate aim, discharged their pieces. No orders could keep them down, with such an opportunity to use their muskets effectually. In less time than it takes to relate it, both regiments were on their feet, discharging their pieces with rapidity and telling effect on the foe; yet on he came until the 27th and 39th charged him in turn, driving him from the field into the wood. On the dividing line between the wood and the field, was a marshy ravine grown up with brush and briars, in passing which the line of the 27th became broken. I halted the first part of it to get through, intending to reform it and continue immediately the pursuit of the enemy, who had just disappeared from view over a little

elevation, at the foot of which the 27th then was. Before this could be done another body of the enemy, in line of battle, came out of the wood to the right of the 27th, bearing down on its flank and rear. General Fuller directed that the three right companies of the regiment be refused or retired to face this second assault. This was done, but it soon became evident that a change of front to the rear, of the entire line was necessary. This change was made under a hot fire. In executing this movement, necessarily made with celerity and under very trying conditions, in the face of a defiant and rapidly advancing foe, the regiment became somewhat disordered, and my thanks are due to General Fuller for his timely assistance in forming the new line. He grasped the colors of the 27th, and with them designated the ground he wished the new line to occupy. The line was promptly formed there. Several volleys fired by the 27th and 39th Ohio regiments, 18th Missouri and 64th Illinois, (the latter two regiments until then in reserve,) followed by a charge, drove the enemy again from the field. The 27th then laid down, facing the wood which was on its right flank in the beginning of the fight, under a raking fire from the timber for an hour or more, when the enemy retreated, and the battle was over.

In this action the 27th was engaged about four hours: formed its first line and made all subsequent movements under fire—fought a stand-up, open-field fight, with only such protection as the muskets and bayonets afforded, with its right flank uncovered, and the regiment subjected in every position to a front and enfilading fire.

The 27th numbered in this battle not exceeding three hundred and fifty, and sustained a loss of one hundred and thirty, men and officers, killed and wounded.

Five days after this battle, the regiment moved with the Army of the Tennessee to the west side of Atlanta, and had heavy skirmishing to get into position. Just before the battle of Ezra Church began, on the 28th of July, the 27th got into position and began fortifying its line, completing it while the battle was in progress very near to its right.

The regiment remained here, participating in pushing the line to the front, till August 7th, 1864, when it was ordered back to Marietta to relieve a larger regiment, the latter taking its place at the front. The regiment remained at Marietta till

the fall of Atlanta. Its total losses in killed and wounded, during the Atlanta campaign, were two hundred and sixteen—fifteen officers and two hundred and one men—about one-half the strength of the regiment when it entered upon the campaign. Of the nineteen field and line officers who were with the regiment at the commencement of the campaign, twelve were either killed or wounded. The losses in battle, with those sent to the rear on account of sickness, left the 27th numbering less than two hundred muskets present for duty at the close of the campaign.

After the fall of Atlanta, the regiment was engaged in the pursuit of Hood to the north; returning to Atlanta, shared in

THE MARCH TO THE SEA,

and the campaign of the Carolinas; being under fire for the last time at Bentonville, North Carolina.

The 27th then moved through Richmond to Washington, participated in the grand review at the latter place, moved thence to Louisville, Kentucky, where it was mustered out July 11th, 1865, and subsequently paid and discharged at Camp Dennison.

Ohio sent many good regiments to the war, and I would not make invidious comparisons, nor detract from the merits of any; yet it is believed that the State sent to the field no braver and more efficient regiment than the 27th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. It did more hard campaigning than fell to the lot of many Ohio regiments, and it is thought very few sustained more casualties in battle.

The heroic dead of the 27th lie scattered from beyond the Mississippi to the Atlantic. Some rest in the prairies of the Missouri, some under the tall oaks of Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama; others repose under the lofty pines of Georgia, the nightly wind through the boughs above making a weird requiem over their lowly beds, and a few rest in the Palmetto and Old North States.

Let us hope that it may never again become necessary for any portion of the people of this country to make such priceless sacrifices as these for the unity and perpetuity of the Great Republic!

THE 39TH REGIMENT OHIO VOLUNTEERS,

Was responded to in a spirited and eloquent style by Captain W. H. H. MINTUN. The Captain, in response to a request for a copy of his speech, sends the following letter:

ATHENS, OHIO, Dec. 27th, 1878.

DEAR FRIEND AND COMRADE:

Your card requesting a copy of my address delivered on the occasion of the reunion of the Ohio Brigade, at Columbus, Ohio, October 3d and 4th, 1878, is at hand. As regards the speech, I can truly say, not a line was, before or since its delivery, written by me; and I was only conscious of having pleased my old comrades, and thus contributed my mite to the joy of the occasion. I cannot, much as I regret it, serve you with a copy, for,—

“Rude am I in speech,
And therefore little can I grace my cause
In speaking for myself.”

So I shall not trouble you with any fine speeches and hunted figures. I shall just lay my hand on my heart and say, I hope I shall ever have the truest, the warmest sense of the goodness of my old comrades in arms.

Yours truly,

W. H. H. MINTUN.

THE 43D OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

RESPONSE—BY CHAPLAIN R. L. CHITTENDEN.

The 43d Regiment O. V. I. was collected and organized at Mt. Vernon, in the autumn and winter of 1861-62. The companies were drawn principally from the counties of Central and Eastern Ohio. A part of one company (H) was from Lorain county. During the rendezvous of the regiment at the Knox county fair grounds, while in process of organization, a strong mutual regard seems to have sprung up between the good people of Mt. Vernon and the boys of the regiment; a regard, the permanence and strength of which was attested by the hearty welcome given the survivors of the command at their reunion in that city, in October, 1876.

The regiment took its departure for the South in the month of February, 1862, under the command of Colonel J. Kirby Smith, a graduate of West Point, and an excellent tactician.

The first experience of the regiment in the real business of glorious war, was at New Madrid, Mo., where shells from the Rebel gunboats fell among the ranks in a manner decidedly lively.

A considerable part of the summer of 1862 was spent in camp on Clear creek and Bear creek, in Northern Alabama. During that season many of the 43d were prostrated by disease, which resulted fatally in a number of instances.

On the 3d and 4th of October, 1862, occurred the battle of Corinth, Mississippi. Upon this and other regiments of the Ohio Brigade devolved the duty of defending our earth-works against the attack of the Rebel forces under General Van Dorn, who were determined to recover that important strategic point. Several fierce assaults were made by the enemy, his troops issuing from a piece of woods near by, but they were repulsed with severe losses. Colonel J. Kirby Smith and Adjutant Charles Heyl, of Columbus, both fell severely wounded, and within a few hours were numbered with the dead. Soon after the battle of Corinth the regiment was stationed for the winter at Bolivar, Tenn., a pleasant town in the western part of the State. Here the writer joined the regiment, having been commissioned as chaplain in place of the Rev. Mr. Bonte, resigned. The companies were in comfortable Sibley tents, and the mild winter passed away with little sickness. In March, we were removed to Bethel, Tenn., north of Corinth, a small railroad station, where we occupied cabins vacated by other troops. Our stay here was varied by an expedition made by a division under General Dodge into Northern Alabama. The march was through Tusculumbia. Some foraging was done, and a considerable amount of Rebel property destroyed. Soon after our return to Bethel we were ordered to Memphis by rail, where the summer of 1863 was spent in guard duty. After occupying tents for a few months, our boys erected neat barracks of oaken "shakes" on a level common near the race track. A temporary chapel was erected near by, and many good meetings held. In the latter part of the summer the worn and sun-burned legions of Sherman bivouacked near us, on their way from captured Vicksburg to Georgia. We looked on them with interest, not realizing that we should be marching and fighting with them the following year. The chills and fever, and remittents, prevailed considerably at Memphis, and

some good soldiers fell victims. Colonel Swayne being appointed Provost Marshal of the city, the command devolved upon Lieutenant Colonel Herrick. Early in October we took up our long march eastward. Passing through Corinth we crossed the Tennessee at Eastport, passed through a fertile region, and in the course of time arrived at Pulaski. We finally halted at a little railroad station called Prospect, some seventy miles north of Nashville, on the Elk river. Bridge building, foraging, and guard duty, occupied the time of the forces until the last of December. A large proportion of the troops having re-enlisted, we were granted a veteran furlough of some five or six weeks. The last day of December, 1863, was mild and rainy. Toward evening the wind rose, and in the night many of us were awakened by the severe cold, and made fires to keep ourselves comfortable. The next morning ushered in a day memorable over a large district of country for the severity of the weather. But we were on our way home to see our wives and sweethearts, children and friends, and heeded not the cold. North of Columbia, Tenn., we met a quantity of provisions, as hams, dressed fowls, large cakes and the like, which had been prepared by the ladies of Columbus, as a holiday present. At Nashville we took cars for Louisville, and soon reached Camp Chase, and dispersed for our homes.

Re-assembling at Camp Chase early in February, not without heavy and homesick hearts, we proceeded by rail, boat and rail, to a point in Alabama near the Tennessee river, north of Decatur. The ride by rail for a few hours before reaching our destination was a memorable one for the roughness of the road, and the risks of accident, but the new, rough bridges, and up and down grades, were passed safely.

At Decatur Junction, pontoon boats were quietly constructed, and the river crossed by night. The few troops of the enemy were dispersed, one killed, and Decatur captured. A pontoon bridge was soon after constructed, which proved very useful. On a certain Sunday morning all preparations had been made for our usual divine service while in camp, when an alarm was given, and the troops ordered into line.

Early in May, 1864, there were evident preparations for war's exciting, terrible work, all along the line. At the call of Sherman, the great bulk of the western forces was gathered in the

neighborhood of Chattanooga for a movement southward. The Ohio Brigade formed part of these forces, and took part in the various marches and fights by which the resolute, sagacious Sherman steadily pushed the enemy back, back upon Atlanta. The passing of Ship's Gap, the first, for us, skirmish of the campaign at Resaca, the falling back through mud and darkness, the fight at Dallas, the rains at Acworth, the skirmishes at Kenesaw, the crossing of the Chattahoochee, and the fall of the brave and honored Macpherson, on the day of the severe action of the 63d Ohio, while guarding the wagon trains; all these were most memorable events. During the latter part of this year Colonel Horace Park was in command, Colonel Herrick having returned to Ohio in consequence of protracted ill-health. At length the long lines were formed around Atlanta. The warm weeks before that city, the almost constant booming of cannon, the advances and skirmishes, with death, wounds, or capture, as results, the music of bands enlivening the sad scenes of war, prayer-meetings held within sound of booming guns, are well remembered. Willis Fisher was torn to pieces by a shell while preparing his morning coffee. Others were brought in from the skirmish-line to languish and die. The field hospitals presented many sad scenes of suffering, and new graveyards, with mounds marked by rudely-inscribed boards, gave evidence of the fatal work of war.

At length Atlanta fell. The power of Hood was broken, and after a kind of picnic excursion into Northwestern Alabama after Hood, we returned to the neighborhood of Atlanta, and at Sugma camp-ground prepared for a long march. We guessed it would be toward the salt water; some said Mobile would be the objective point.

Many brave men and true fell during this battle summer. Their bones, we trust, lie in honored graves in some of those vast cemeteries of the South. The deeds that they have done live after them, and their memory is honored. They suffered, groaned and died, while we live on to share the advantages which they purchased by self-sacrifice.

The march to the sea was in a pleasant season of the year. Supplies were plentiful. The pork and sweet potatoes of Georgia seldom failed us, and the comparatively small amount of hard tack taken along to serve in emergencies was sparingly

issued. Our sojourn near the clear waters of the Ogeechee canal was not lengthy. Soon we heard the welcome news that Savannah had capitulated, and with deep interest we moved into and through the streets of that beautiful city, and halted near Fort Underbolt. Here we spent Christmas, occasionally regaling ourselves with Georgia oysters.

Onward was the word, and we embarked about the first of January, of the last year of the war, on boats which landed us at Beaufort, S. C. Pocatoligo was our resting place during a period of cold and rains. Better weather came however, and we moved toward the center of the State. At the close of a quiet day, February 2d, 1865, we neared River's Bridge over the Salkehatchie, where the enemy had made a stand with cannon. Here General Swayne, while in advance of his regiment, was severely wounded by a piece of shell. He lay for days in a critical condition, but in the course of time recovered his health, and is present with us to-day. A number of other casualties occurred here. The march to Columbia, Bentonville, and Goldsboro, in which the Ohio Brigade took part, and the engagements that occurred, are matters of history. Near Raleigh, we heard the joyful news of Johnson's surrender. I never saw such demonstrations of joy. We all felt that this was, virtually, the close of the war. Our happiness was soon sadly clouded, however, by the news of the death of our President by assassination. He, who had brought the nation through the wilderness of war and trial died, like Moses, in sight of the promised inheritance of peace.

We marched with the great army of Sherman in a north-easterly direction, and one day saw in the distance what appeared like a snowy peak against the azure—the great white dome of the Capitol. That lofty, firmly-founded dome, my fellow soldiers, is a fit emblem of the government which you had toiled and struggled to preserve.

The grand review in Washington was followed by a few weeks of camp life in the vicinity, and a ride by rail and boat to Louisville. In the latter part of July, 1865, we were mustered out at Columbus. In conclusion, my friends, none of you have cause to regret that you enlisted and served honorably in the great struggle for the Union. No, this service is a proud distinction to hand down to your children. It will make you and

them firm supporters of our country's honor. Let us be thankful for God's preserving care ; let us honor the memory of our gallant dead, and let our prayer be, "God bless the Union."

THE 63D OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

RESPONSE—BY CAPTAIN R. K. SHAW, OF THE 63D REGIMENT.

THE UNION SOLDIER'S OATH.

When an American citizen enters the army of his country, it is his duty and high privilege to take an oath that he will defend her and maintain the honor of her flag. This oath that one takes to support and defend his country, is the noblest and highest oath that man can take.

It finds a home in his heart, stirs his soul with noble purposes, fills him with pride for the land that he loves, makes his hand strong and his heart brave. It leads him through danger and daring to follow his country's flag, with a pride that only a soldier can know, with a devotion that only a soldier can feel. When the Southern States made war upon our country, tore down and trampled upon her flag,—that glorious old flag which was followed by Washington, by Warren, by Marion and Lee, of the olden time, at Bunker Hill, at Monmouth, at Moultrie and Yorktown, and through suffering and hardship at Valley Forge, and by Decatur and Paul Jones on the sea.

The farmer left his plow, the smith his forge, the lawyer his brief, the merchant his counting-room, eager to press to the post of danger, ready and anxious to take and keep the patriot's oath ; ready to take and keep it at the sacrifice of all that life holds dear.

Two million as brave men as ever trod the face of earth then took this oath.

It was taken by Lincoln, by Ellsworth, by Baker, by Sedgwick, by Kearney, by Macpherson and a galaxy of heroic dead who went down in freedom's great fight ; in that fight that kept us one, and made us free ; in that fight that withered the lash of the master and broke the chain of the slave ; in that fight that said to the world that we were a *Nation* ; of the Republic, that it shall *live*.

Two hundred and fifty thousand kept it by pouring out their

life blood upon a thousand battle fields. Four hundred thousand in keeping it were maimed, and bear upon their persons enduring monuments of their devotion to their country in keeping the patriot's oath.

It was nobly kept by a host of the survivors. It was firmly, fully and steadfastly kept by the great soldier and captain, Ulysses S. Grant, and by his right hand, Sheridan. It was well and faithfully kept by our gallant comrade, the soldier, President, Rutherford B. Hayes. It was kept by McClellan at the Seven Pines and on the Peninsula. It was that oath that carried Sherman to the sea. That oath was sealed in blood by Kirby Smith at Corinth, by Macpherson at Atlanta, by Sedgwick at Fredericksburg, by Kearney at Bull Run, and by Lincoln at Washington.

Let us renew this patriot oath; let us take it and keep it anew, as it was taken and kept by Washington and Warren, by Perry and McDonough, by Scott and Taylor, by Thomas, Foote and Macpherson, by Farragut and Porter.

And when we renew this oath, let us remember to whom we are indebted for a united country—for a land that is one and free—the brave men under the sod, from the Ohio to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to Mexico, who laid down their lives to maintain the unity of our country, and the liberty of their fellow men. And let us remember that when we go forth to battle again, our enemies will be our friends; that those who fought us, only as American soldiers can fight, will tramp with us, side by side, under the old banner, to the music of the Union soldier's oath.

THE UNION SOLDIER'S OATH.

There is no towering mountain range,
 No sullen ocean deep and wide,
 That bids us freedom's fealty change,
 That can our fatherland divide.
 The God of nations made us ONE,
 The God of nations made us FREE;
 He made the land of Washington
 The dwelling place of LIBERTY.

As God has made us one,
 As God has made us free,
 We swear we will be one,
 We swear we will be free.
 Will own one common country,
 Columbia, will own but thee,
 Our God—our flag—and LIBERTY.

REUNION OHIO BRIGADE,

There is no line divides the clay
 That holds a race of loyal dead ;
 Between the men at Eutaw slain,
 And those the gallant Putnam led.
 There is no shade that makes us two,
 One common language we have learned,
 One common cause our fathers knew,
 Their offerings on one altar burned.

As God has made us one,
 As God has made us free,
 We swear we will be one,
 We swear we will be free.
 Will own one common country,
 Columbia, will own but thee,
 Our God—our flag—and LIBERTY.

The North, the South, the East, the West,
 The teeming millions say are mine ;
 We own the land that God has blest,
 One people own the palm and pine.
 When human hands divide the seas,
 Their mountain waters roll aside,
 Then we would lose our liberties,
 Our faithless hands God's gift divide.

No, God has made us one,
 And God has made us free,
 We swear we will be one,
 We swear we will be free.
 Will own one common country,
 Columbia, will own but thee,
 Our God—our flag—and LIBERTY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letters were received and read by General Fuller:

FROM MAJOR GENERAL W. S. ROSECRANS.

GRAND HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Sept. 19, 1878.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

Your most welcome favor of the 27th ult., inviting me to be present at the reunion of the Ohio Brigade, at Columbus, Ohio, on the 4th of Oct., prox., came duly to hand.

Although at the date of its receipt it seemed hardly probable that I should be permitted to enjoy the pleasure of meeting my old comrades-in-arms of your Brigade at that reunion, I deferred writing until now, when I find I must do so to say it will be impossible.

But the voice of duty, thus imperious and forbidding, does not prevent me from expressing the warmth of my feelings towards you for the kind words of your letter, and still more for your fidelity to duty, that modest, simple, and manly courage which distinguished you in all your official and personal relations while I had the honor and pleasure of having your Brigade under my command.

The feeling of comradeship, kindled by our being both from Ohio, and our brief meeting at Grafton, West Virginia, in 1861, was warmed by finding you a brigade commander in the little army of the Mississippi, to the command of which I succeeded in 1862; it grew to especial esteem, both for you and the whole Brigade, during the five months of camp duty which followed, and was filled to its perfect measure by the conduct of yourself and the Ohio Brigade in the glorious combats, of Iuka which was fought on the 19th of September, and of Corinth on the 3d and 4th of October, 1862.

Your letter, and the date at the top of mine—that of the sixteenth anniversary of the battle of Iuka—bring up a whole panorama of the events of those two battles, and the positions, in these pictures, occupied by the Ohio Brigade, are clearly before me. From the halt of Stanley's

Division at Barnet's Cross-roads at 12:30 P. M. of the 19th, to the halt in the lane of the little farm-house, which soon became the hospital of the field of Iuka, at 4 P. M. of the same day, when Hamilton's division drew the opening fire of the enemy just ahead of you at the forks of the Iuka and a cross-road leading over to the Fulton road, one and a half miles away to the east of us.

The feeble and foot-sore of our four slender brigades had been left to defend the camps at Corinth. Our brethren in arms under Ord, Ross and McArthur on the railroad route, were already at Burnsville, only six miles from Iuka on the afternoon of the 18th. Hamilton's two brigades of our command lay at Jacinto, nine miles south-west of Burnsville, which place you reached on the night of that day, after a hot, dusty and fatiguing march of fifteen miles, from Camp Clear Creek. By 4 P. M. of the following day, the Ohio Brigade had marched eighteen miles further, and were halted in the lane where my memory pictures them, at the opening of the fight. They were "on time," as they always were when duty was to be performed—the time announced in my dispatches from Jacinto, on the night of the 18th, and 7 A. M. of the 19th and of 12:40 P. M. of the same day, from Barnet's Cross-roads—all promptly sent to General Grant, not by a single messenger, but through a line of cavalry vedettes, posted under a competent officer by threes every two or three miles from his head-quarters to mine, moving in the field. Of the establishment and maintenance of this line under my orders, General Grant was advised by my first dispatch from Jacinto on the night of the 18th.

There stood the Ohio Brigade in column at 4 P. M., awaiting orders. The roar of battle was swelling in front, while from the railway, only two miles to our left, when we expected to have heard the guns of General Grant's column, no sounds came. But across the intervening cotton-fields the Rebel columns could be seen hastening to assault our little column, as if there were nothing to hinder.

You had seen Colonels Sago and Dickey, of General Grant's staff, join me at Barnet's and go up with me to the battle-field. It was apparent that we were expected to go on according to the programme. The Brigade probably saw those officers passing it going to the rear, after the battle began. It heard the swell of battle on our front, but no sound from our brethren on the Burnsville line. The cannonading was heard by Colonel Du Bois and his command, over hill and dale and forest, more than fifteen miles distant, as the crow flies; it was heard by General McArthur's command on the extreme left of the Burnsville column, the right of which could not have been over five miles from the scene of action.

What was going on in General Grant's mind under all these circumstances, will never be known. We only know that during the day he had sent General Ord and Colonel A. C. Ducat with a flag of truce to demand the surrender of General Price, on the ground of Lee's having been beaten at Antietam.

Cool and cheerful stood the Ohio Brigade, both officers and men await-

ing orders, when I came in person to give them. I even remember how they were enjoying the honey, which, by an invention unsurpassed for boldness, novelty and perfection, they had managed to secure from the bee-hives in the yard of that farm-house. Doubtless many of those present at the reunion will remember that invention.

I remember how the Brigade went up to the front with the gallant Colonel Mower and the 11th Missouri on their right, and how, amidst the most terrific musketry firing, succeeded by the shouts of our victorious lines, darkness closed, and the combatant lines rested on their arms almost within one hundred yards of each other, the dead and dying of both strewing the ground between. I recall your long vigil on this critical front. At 3 A. M. of the 20th, the brave and dutiful commander of the Ohio Brigade reported that some of the sounds and almost whispered commands heard from the enemy's side indicated a withdrawal from their present position; but whether to attack our right or to assume a better position for the next day's battle, could only be ascertained when at daylight Fuller's Brigade advanced its skirmishers and found that the enemy had retreated, leaving his dead and wounded on the field.

Of the pursuit which was immediate, in which the Ohio Brigade led; of its return to Camp Clear Creek; of its coming up to Corinth on the night of the 2d of October; of its closing into the fight on the 3d; and of its glorious behavior near battery Robinet on the 4th; I will not speak. Memory lingers over it, but it will be one of the themes of your reunion.

I shall never forget that, after our recall from pursuit of the enemy's defeated columns—that unfortunate recall which afterwards cost us so much blood and treasure—when Stanley's division asked permission to march by my headquarters, the sight of those gallant officers and men, bearing their bullet-riddled flags, their ranks thinned by the two bloody battles, but full of that fire and energy that flow from a consciousness of well-done duty, brought tears of grateful sympathy to my eyes.

Duty to our country soon thereafter separated us, to meet never more under military orders nor, except in scattering and feeble numbers, even beneath the same sunshine. But we who survive, living in peace beneath the starry flag we have carried to battle and victory upon so many fields, will never cease to cherish the memory of our companions who fell before or perished since its triumph; nor to strengthen the bonds of Brotherhood created by perils and labors shared in a cause so noble and so fraught with immeasurable benefits to all coming generations who shall prove worthy of their country.

If I may be permitted to ask a favor of my old comrades of the Ohio Brigade, it is this: Acting upon an inflexible rule of duty to the officers and men of my command and to the truth of history, I have always made full reports of all engagements or battles fought under my orders. This I did to General Grant for the battles of Iuka and of Corinth. To prevent the misstatements which began to appear concerning them from gaining a foothold in history, I gave summary statements of the principal events in them in my personal report to the Adjutant General of the

Army, and in my testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War. Nevertheless, I have not been able to spare time from earning my daily bread to follow up, in the newspapers, the falsehoods unprincipled and time-serving men have put in circulation concerning these battles. Until I can spare this time, I beg these, my comrades, to be my witnesses that General Grant's report of the battle of Inka, the account of the same in Badeau's Life of Grant, and in lesser degree, the unfortunate and uncalled for account of the same by my friend, General Sherman, in his Memoirs, contain substantial and important falsifications of the truth abundantly testified to by existing documents and known to hosts of living witnesses.

With warmest wishes for long life, happiness and honor to each member of the Ohio Brigade, and renewed assurances of esteem and friendship for yourself, my dear General, I remain,

Very faithfully, your comrade,

W. S. ROSECRANS.

MAJOR GENERAL J. W. FULLER,

Toledo, Ohio.

FROM GENERAL D. S. STANLEY.

NEW YORK CITY, October 1, 1878.

DEAR GENERAL:

My inclinations and affections prompt me to be with you to-morrow, but family cares forbid. The idea of the reunion of the Ohio Brigade is a most excellent one. Indeed, we have too few of the local reunions of the soldiers of the war, and probably we have too many meetings of the large societies which are expensive and scarcely accessible to the private soldier who enjoys these meetings so heartily.

The greater part of the year 1862 I spent with the Ohio Brigade, and what an eventful year it was; marches in mud and water, marches in sultry Mississippi forests, battles, big and little, skirmishes innumerable—the full history of the Brigade, for that year alone, would make a great book, had we a Jomine or Napier to write it. Until the end of the war I followed closely the career of the four regiments which composed that gallant Brigade. I was justifiably proud to say I once commanded these brave fellows. My interest in the survivors is still unabated, and I hope you may have many happy reunions.

Yours truly,

D. S. STANLEY.

GENERAL JOHN W. FULLER,

Columbus, Ohio.

FROM GENERAL WM. E. STRONG.

CHICAGO, Sept. 27, 1878.

DEAR GENERAL:

I have received your kind invitation to be present in Columbus, October 3d and 4th, on the occasion of the reunion of the Ohio Brigade.

When I first received your note of invitation, I hoped I should be able to arrange my business so as to be present, but an important matter calls me away from Chicago on Saturday next, and I cannot get back before October 7th or 8th; I am, therefore, compelled to send my regrets.

I am very sorry it has happened so. Nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have met you and General Swayne and General Walcutt, and other officers and soldiers of that grand Brigade whose foot-prints can be traced on nearly every battle-field of the Army of the Tennessee. It was my good fortune to be intimately associated, during 1863, 1864 and 1865, with many of the officers of the Ohio Brigade. I have inspected many of the Ohio regiments, and I can bear testimony to the splendid condition in which they were always found.

* * * * *

I trust your reunion will be a happy one. Remember me kindly to all friends.
Ever sincerely yours,

WM. E. STRONG.

GENERAL JOHN W. FULLER,
Toledo, Ohio.

FROM GENERAL G. M. DODGE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28, 1878.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I received to-day, on my arrival from Europe, your letter of the 21st inst., enclosing an invitation to the reunion of the Ohio Brigade.

Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be present, and meet my old comrades who served with me so ably and effectively as did that Brigade, but my duties are such that I have not the time to spare.

I can remember how anxiously I watched it on that fatal 22d of July, when I sent you the order to charge with your division, in order to take away from my left the terrible pressure that was upon it. How well and gallantly they performed the duty, and at what sacrifice, the record but too well shows; and that portion under General Sprague that saved us at Decatur, fought with a determination, and hung to the position with a tenacity that won words of commendation from every commander in the brave Army of the Tennessee; and I can say now, years after all these things occurred, what I said then officially, that no better troops ever fell to my lot to be associated with.

It has been my good fortune in these after years to know intimately, and to honor many of the gallant men of that Brigade who made such a noble record in the army, and who, in all the time they were with me, were never called upon but they responded with an alacrity and spirit that insured a victory, and who never left a field in defeat.

Extending to them my hearty congratulations, and while I cannot be present in person, I shall be in mind, I am

Very truly yours,

G. M. DODGE.

GENERAL JOHN W. FULLER,

Toledo, Ohio.

FROM GENERAL SPRAGUE.

PORTLAND, OREGON, Sept. 11, 1878.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I am in receipt of your favor of the 14th ult., inviting me to be present at the reunion of the old Ohio Brigade, to be held at Columbus, Ohio, the 3d an 4th proximo.

I can think of no reunion of hearts and hands that would give me more pleasure to participate in than the one mentioned. The days selected are eminently fitting, as they are the anniversary of the days when the regiments received their first notable baptism of blood and fire, and from that date could rightfully claim to be the *peers* of any organization in the armies of the United States. The scenes of the 4th of October, 1862, are, I doubt not, indelibly *photographed* upon the memory of every living man who participated in the stirring scenes of that day; and from that hour has gladly recognized every man a comrade and brother who showed himself a true man on that field.

My lot seems to have been cast in a remote corner of our country, yet I can say "my lines have fallen in pleasant places," but they are so remote from the place of your meeting, and my duties are so pressing at this season of the year, that I am compelled to deny myself the pleasure and honor of attending the reunion. I wish it were otherwise, for I would like to be where so many good and true men will greet each other, and where one could *feel* that every hand he touched and every eye he looked into, and the hearts that animated them, have always been true and loyal to our country. These things are as dear to me now as they were sixteen years ago, and the conviction is as strong that every man who struck a blow at the life of this nation then and is still *unrepentant*, is to be distrusted now as then.

I desire to be regarded as a comrade of every surviving member of the

old Ohio Brigade, and as such I ask to be presented affectionately to all who may be present.

I shall be with you in spirit on the days mentioned, hoping that the reunion will be happy and profitable to all.

Your friend,

JOHN W. SPRAGUE.

GENERAL JOHN W. FULLER,

Toledo, Ohio.

FROM GENERAL OGLESBY.

DECATUR, ILL., September 29, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR:

On my return home to-day I found your kind letter of the 21st, inviting me to be present on the occasion of the first reunion of the Ohio Brigade, at Columbus, O., October 3d and 4th.

I extremely regret to say that I have appointments in Illinois for both these days, which I must fill. Otherwise I would be pleased to visit Columbus to look once more upon what is left of that splendid brigade. I knew enough of it to know that in the dark hour of danger, when the peace and happiness of our people were threatened by the rebellion, it added a ray of life to every heart, wherever it appeared on the theatre of war.

It takes occasion to celebrate in its reunion, two of the most memorable days of the war. We all remember the terrible battle of Corinth, and how much depended upon its successful issue; for had our forces been defeated there, the Rebels would have recovered the whole of Tennessee, and all of Kentucky, back to the mouth of the Ohio River. I have ever felt that the importance of that battle has not been fully recognized by our people, nor by any history of the war which I have read. However, we all tried to do our duty, and it is a pleasure to me now, in so far as any good word of mine can do so, to recognize anew the honorable services and great courage of the Ohio Brigade.

Allow me especially to mention the services of the 81st Ohio, which were with me and under my command, on the 3d and 4th of October, at the battle of Corinth. Their behavior was excellent; and the good people of your State ought never to forget the 81st Ohio Regiment of Volunteers.

My toast:

The Ohio Brigade
Never laid in the shade,
When there was duty to do
On field or parade.

Very truly yours,

R. J. OGLESBY.

GENERAL JOHN W. FULLER,

Toledo, Ohio.

FROM GOVERNOR FLETCHER.

ST. LOUIS, September 25th, 1878.

DEAR GENERAL:

Yours of the 13th was received some days since. I had our leading city papers notice the reunion of the Ohio Brigade, and have endeavored to learn who was major of the 11th Missouri Infantry at the battle of Corinth. I presume it was A. J. Weber, but as there were six or seven majors of that regiment, by reason of deaths, resignations and promotions, I am not positive that Weber was major at the battle of Corinth. I am not able just now to give you his address.

Many thanks for the kind invitation to be with you. I am sure I would enjoy the occasion, but it is impossible for me to go. Our courts are just beginning to grind again after the summer vacation, and I am exceedingly busy, and will be kept at hard labor for the next three months. Hoping you may have a good time, and regretting my inability to be there to share it, I am, with hearty good wishes to the survivors of the Ohio Brigade, and assurances of true regards for yourself,

Truly yours,

THO. C. FLETCHER.

FROM COLONEL FRANK LYNCH, OF THE 27TH.

CLEVELAND, O., September 30, 1878.

DEAR GENERAL:

I know of no other way to do but deny myself the pleasure of being with you at the reunion on the 4th. It is too bad, but I should have left some weeks ago, while the weather was warmer. My wounds are just as much care to me to-day as they were seven years ago; that is, I have to dress them, as they discharge all the time. Of course it is better they should, for if they were to heal up on the outside, I should be carried into quick consumption. You know I had an operation performed some years ago, by which I had my chest cut open, and twenty inches of the fourth, fifth, and seventh ribs cut out; a portion of the shoulder blade and breast-bone went at the same time. I go to California wholly to regain my health, and nothing could keep me from being with you all, but what I write. Now, dear General, represent me in the proper light to our comrades of the 27th, and the Brigade, and at the same time accept the warmest thanks of Mrs. Lynch and myself for the kind interest taken in me. Hoping to be again one of your many resident friends (soldiers) of Cleveland, in the short time of seven or eight months, I shall have to bid you good-by.

Fraternally,

FRANK LYNCH.

FROM GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 25th, 1878.

DEAR SIR:

Owing to previous engagements, I must forego the pleasure of again meeting the survivors of the Ohio Brigade, many of whom I shall never forget while memory lasts. The indelible scenes of Atlanta and other memorable battles, have fixed upon my mind hosts of participants. And I would that more of these men had survived, that we might not to-day feel that there was much danger that their intrepid valor and sad sacrifice was all for naught. Trusting you may have a good time, I am,

Yours truly, JOHN A. LOGAN.

HON. J. W. FULLER,

Toledo, Ohio.

FROM JOHN C. HAMILTON.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept. 28, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR:

Until now it has been my intention to meet with the "Old Ohio Brigade," October 3d and 4th; but greatly to my *disappointment*, I find that *pressing* business will prevent me so doing; and I perhaps feel it more keenly on account of this being the first meeting of this *gallant* command, every member of which seems *almost* as near to me as a brother. Please convey my regrets and say to them, it is one of the *greatest disappointments* of my life that I am not permitted to meet with them and join in *cherishing* the memory of such *heroic* names as J. L. Kirby Smith, Captain Spangler, Adjutant Heyl and Corporals Leggett and Crumley, of my own beloved Co. C., all of whom gave up their lives in supporting *Fort Robinet* on that *memorable* 4th of October, 1862, and the two latter while *personally protecting* the *glorious* colors of the 43d, whose tatters will doubtless be in plain view during the approaching reunion. And I might name many more, dead as well as living, of the 27th, 39th and 63d Ohio regiments, where *gallantry* was *conspicuous* on that *eventful* day, but will leave that for those who will be present, and close with *assuring* you that, although absent in person, I am with you *heartily* in sentiment.

Trusting that you will have such a time as only *such* men deserve to have, I am

Yours truly,

JOHN C. HAMILTON,

Late Captain Co. C. 43d Ohio, and Major 178th Ohio.

GENERAL WAGER SWAYNE.

FROM W. R. THRALL.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3, 1878.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

I deeply regret that I shall be unable to be with you to-day and to-morrow at Columbus. I have postponed writing you until now, hoping I might be able to spend a few hours with you, but I now see it is impossible.

Remember me kindly to the comrades of the Ohio Brigade, for each of whom I feel a deep and kindly interest. I hope this reunion will be only the organizer to future ones, and that I may be able yet to meet and greet the veterans of our Brigade.

With an earnest belief that you will have a profitable and pleasant time, I remain
Very truly yours,

W. R. THRALL.

GENERAL JOHN W. FULLER,

Columbus, Ohio.

FROM J. H. BOGGIS.

LOCK HAVEN, PA., Sept. 28th, 1878.

DEAR GENERAL:

I sincerely regret that I am compelled to give up my intention of attending the reunion of the Ohio Brigade on the 3d and 4th proximo.

I had anticipated much pleasure in meeting many of my old comrades whom I have not seen since we laid aside the military and donned the citizen's dress.

The record of the Ohio Brigade is historic, and, as the years pass away, may the pride that we have of having once belonged to it, cause the fires of patriotism to ever burn bright within our hearts, and keep alive the principles for which we fought, and for which the intrepid Smith, the courageous Webb, the daring Sawyer, who was every inch a soldier, and many others whose names we shall never forget, passed to the spirit land with no gentle hand and loving voice of mother, wife or sister, to usher the departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's noblest prayer, and as we laid them to rest "beneath the low green tent whose curtain never outward swings," the God of Battles heard the secret prayer as we pledged ourselves anew to our country. How we are keeping that pledge each one must answer for himself.

Give all a cordial greeting for me, and I hope nothing will cause me to be absent from any future reunion, as I know you will have a good time. I am

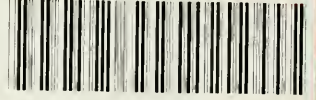
Very truly yours,

J. H. BOGGIS.

The Committee on Publication desire to explain that the cause of delay of publication was on account of all manuscripts not being received until after September 15th, 1879.



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