REYNOLDS HISTORICAL GENEALOGY COLLECTION
NINTH
REUNION
OF THE
37TH REGIMENT
O. V. V. I.
1889

ST. MARYS, OHIO,
TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY
SEPTEMBER 10 AND 11 1889.

TOLEDO, OHIO:
MONTGOMERY & VROOMAN, PRINTERS,
1889.
REUNION

39TH REGIMENT

23d O.V.M.N.

AT MARYSVILLE

SEPT. 2ND, 1887

SIGNED IN WASHINGTON

[Signature]

[Date]
The following Circular was sent to members of the Regiment:

NINTH REUNION

37TH REGIMENT.

The resident members of the Regiment will spare no efforts to entertain their visiting Comrades and make this Reunion as interesting and successful as any previously held.

Our members are steadily decreasing. We cannot expect to meet many more years. Every Comrade should make a special effort to attend and report promptly.

"Our Old Flags will be Here."
"Rally Once Again."

It will also interest many Comrades to visit the gas and oil wells around St. Marys, which are not excelled anywhere.

The reservoir is the largest artificial body of water in the world.

Our hotels are now ample to entertain all, and furnish excellent accommodations at reasonable rates.

PROGRAM.

Tuesday Evening, September 10th, 1889.

Reception in Town Hall, addresses by Comrades
BEGIN

(Talk to a person who is studying a difficult, important subject)

THANKS

When this student asks questions and understands answers, this person's study will be accelerated and eventually the student will understand the principles of science. The student has the potential to understand the complex scientific concepts and theories. Without the knowledge of science, a student would not be able to apply it to everyday life. Science is important in our lives because it helps us understand the world around us. With a strong grasp of science, a student can make informed decisions and contribute to society.

THANKS

The importance of science cannot be overstated. It has revolutionized our lives and continues to do so. Students who study science will have a competitive edge in the future. It is essential for students to have a strong foundation in science to succeed in their academic and professional pursuits.

THANKS

In conclusion, science is a vital subject that requires dedication and hard work. Students who are passionate about science will go far in their careers. It is important for students to pursue their interests and stay committed to their studies.

THANKS

END
and invited guests, appropriate vocal and instrumental music, followed by Banquet, and concluding with "Kommers."

Wednesday, September 11th, 1889.

Excursion by boat to the St. Marys Reservoir and Pic-nic.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Fred Heusch.  Henry Schulenberg.
Charles Hipp, President.  Louis E. Lambert, Secretary

ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT
REUNION OF 37TH REGIMENT, O. V. V. I.,
ST. MARYS, OHIO
SEPTEMBER 10 AND 11, 1889.

Headquarters are established at the G. A. R. Hall; all Comrades are requested to report there on arrival, to register, receive badges and tickets to Banquet.

Tuesday, September 10th.

Reception at the Town Hall; doors opened at 7 p.m., entertainment at 8 p.m. sharp, when the doors will be closed. Banquet at 10 p.m;

Wednesday, September 11th.

10:00 A.M. Meeting of Regiment at Town Hall.
1:00 P.M. Boats will leave wharf for Reservoir and Pic-Nic Grounds.
3:00 P.M. Inspection of Gas Wells.
5:00 P.M. Return to Town.
7:30 P.M. Kommers in Town Hall.
Reception to 37th Regiment, O.V.V.I., at Town Hall, St. Marys, Sept. 10, 1889, at 8 P. M.:

PROGRAM.

Overture—"Golden Hours." .................................................. Little Six Band
Address of Welcome .............................................................. E. F. Gross, Mayor
Response .................................................................................. Major Chas. Hipp
Song—"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."—Quartette and Grand Chorus

Misses Abbie Smith, Ella and May Manor; Messrs. Elza and Jas. Smith.

Music—In Memoriam—Zither Solo .............................................. Albert Herzing
Song—"The Old Canteen."—Baritone Solo and Chorus ............................. Lieut. Fred Krumm
Address—"From Camp Brown to Mission Ridge."

Comrade John S. Kountz, Past Commander-In-Chief, G. A. R.
Recitation .................................................................................. Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield Irving
Song—Duett, Soprano and Baritone ................................................. Miss Nellie and Lieut. Krumm
Address—"From Mission Ridge to Larkinsville, Ala." ....................... Wm. Schulenberg.

Song—"The Vacant Chair."—Quartette and Grand Chorus

Music—Overture—"Buckeye State." ............................................. Little Six Band
Song—"Just Before the Battle."—Soprano Solo and Quartette Chorus .......... Miss Ella Manor.
Address—"Atlanta Campaign." .................................................. Comrade John H. Puck
Song—"Marching Through Georgia."—Quartette and Grand Chorus

Address—"From Atlanta to the Sea." "Through the Carolinas to Washington and Home." ............................... Captain Louis E. Lambert.
Song—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."—Soprano Solo and Grand Chorus ............... Miss Abbie Smith.

Music—Medley ........................................................................... Little Six Band

BANQUET.

Members of the 37th Regiment began to come in September 9th, and by the evening of September 10th, a lively and goodly number of them, many with their wives, assembled at the Town Hall of St. Marys, which was beautifully decorated with bunting, flags and flowers. The old soldiers and their families occupied the front seats, while the rest of the hall was filled with ladies and gentlemen from St. Marys and surrounding towns. All seats had been reserved for soldiers and ladies, and standing room was all taken up.

At 8 p. m. promptly the meeting was called to order by the President, Major Charles Hipp, and opened with the overture, "Golden Hours," by the Little Six Band, of New Bremen. The President
then introduced Hon. E. F. Gross, Mayor of St. Marys, who made the following address:

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE 37TH, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The warlike and warring times in which your regiment was formed have passed away, your army corps has dissolved, your brigade has disbanded, and your regiment long since has surrendered to family and home, the soldier boys that war and duty called away.

There are, gentlemen, the ties of good-fellowship which now unite and bind you together—good-fellowship which grew up under sacrifices each of you bravely made; under dangers by you all together, fearlessly and heroically met, and in the discharge by each of you of patriotic duty. To promote that good-fellowship, to keep glowing in all your breasts that affectionate regard in which you justly hold each other, and in pursuance of your custom, you have met this evening. In obedience to the wish of the people of this village, as well as in obedience to my own impulse, as Mayor of the Village of St. Marys, and as an individual, I accept it as a duty and cherish it as a privilege, to bid you welcome.

This is a proud day for St. Marys—proud because your committee has thus for a second time chosen this village for the place of your reunion; proud that among your members so many of her sons have been enrolled.

I trust, gentlemen, that it is pardonable, because I know it to be a fact, that the people of this village and county have ever regarded your regiment with a peculiar interest. In war times after every battle in which you were engaged, the question we at home asked each other was, "How fared it with the 37th?" But, gentlemen, had we then seen that tattered banner, then gallantly borne aloft and fearlessly followed—had we seen it in the thickest of the fray, its sacred folds pierced and its trusty staff splintered by treason's bullets; had we seen it rising and falling on the waves of battle, but ever pointing on-
ward to victory—we could have been no more certain than we were that wherever it was, the 37th always did its duty.

Gentlemen, we are proud of your regiment's record, we are grateful to you for the preference shown our village, and we bid you a cordial welcome.

Response by the President, Major Chas. Hipp:

Comrades and Friends:

When, 24 years ago, we scattered from the tented field for home and fireside, when the martial bonds that held us for four long years were sundered, we carried with us that glorious feeling of Comradeship, cemented by common dangers and sufferings, and to-day we meet, once again, to live over the days when confidently we touched elbows toward the center, where these old flags then proudly waved.

None but family ties can surpass the cords of Comradeship; based on patriotism, tried by fire, proven true as steel, they hold us captive by the silken chords of devotion, respect and honor.

Strike from your lives the four years of 61-65, how dreary and common-place appear the others, before and after those stormy times, when it was your good fortune to live and turn a spoke in the wheel of history; you can proudly claim a share in shaping destiny, in crushing national crimes, in establishing national unity, in breaking the fetters of suffering millions.

Words are tame in expressing the joy we feel in meeting and grasping the hands of trusted comrades of many a camp, march and battle. We are now, once more, in camp.

Sound the reveille.

REVEILLE

Song—"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

Quartette with Piano Accompaniment.

Misses Abbie Smith, Ella and May Manor,
Messrs. Elza and Jas. Smith.
TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And the friends we love so dear.

Chorus—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night
   Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right
   To see the dawn of peace;
   Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
   Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We’ve been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
   Thinking of the days gone by;
Of the loved ones at home that gives us the hand,
   And the tear that said: good-bye.
Chorus—Many are the hearts, etc.

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground;
   Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and the true, who’ve left their homes;
   Others have been wounded long
Chorus—Many are the hearts, etc.

We’ve been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground;
   Many are lying near,
Some are dead and some are dying,
   Many are in tears!
Chorus—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
   Wishing for the war to cease
   Many are the hearts looking for the right,
   To see the dawn of peace;
   Dying to-night, dying to-night
   Dying on the old camp-ground.

(Additional verse.)
   Since twenty-four years have passed away,
And truest peace has come;
   Remember to-night the dear ones gone,
Who’re sleeping in the grave’s dark home.
Chorus—Many are the hearts full of sorrow to-night,
   Thinking of the war’s dark days;
Mourning o’er the brave dying for the right,
   Who won Columbia’s praise.
Who’er sleeping to-night, sleeping to-night,
   Sleeping on their last camp-ground,
They’re sleeping to-night, sleeping to-night,
   They’re sleeping in their last camp-ground.
This popular old army song was beautifully rendered and enthusiastically received.

Music—In Memoriam—"Nearer My God to Thee."

Zither Solo.

ALBERT HERZING.

Song—"The Same Canteen."

Baritone Solo and Chorus.

LIEUT. FRED. KRUMM.

WE'VE DRUNK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours

Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,

And true lover's knots I wean,—

The boy, and the girl are bound by a kiss,

But there's never a bond old friend, like this,

We have drunk from the same canteen.

Chorus—The same canteen, my soldier friend,

The same canteen,

There's never a bond, old friend like this,

We have drunk from the same canteen,

The same canteen, my soldier friend,

The same canteen,

There's never a bond, old friend, like this,

We have drunk from the same canteen.

It was some times water, and some times milk,

Sometimes apple jack fine as silk,

But whatever the tipple has been,—

We shar'd it together, in bane—or bliss.

And I warn to you friend, when I think of this,

We have drunk from the same canteen.

Chorus—The same canteen, etc.

The rich and the great sit down to dine,

And quaff to each other in sparkling wine,

From glasses of crystal, and green,—

But I guess in their golden potations they miss

The warmth of regard, to be found in this,

We have drunk from the same canteen.

Chorus—The same canteen, etc.

We've shared our blankets, and tent together,

And marched, and fought, in all kinds of weather,
And hungry, and full, we've been,—
    Had days of battle, and days of rest,
But this mem'ry I cling to, and love the best,
    We have drunk from the same canteen.

CHORUS—The same canteen, etc.

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
    With my blood flowing fast, and but little hope,
On which my, faint spirit might lean,—
    O! then I remember, you crawl'd to my side,
And bleeding so fast, it seem'd both must have died
    We drank from the same canteen.

CHORUS—The same canteen, etc.

Address—“From Camp Brown to Mission Ridge.”

    COMRADE JOHN S. KOUNTZ,
Past Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R.

DEAR COMRADES:

WISH I could tell you how my heart rejoices, as once more
    I look into your faces, and the pleasure I feel in greeting
the remnant of our dear old regiment.

When Major Hipp, whom we all love, wrote me that I was
on the list for an address, I concluded I could do nothing better
than give some of my personal observations and experiences
from home to Mission Ridge—an undertaking by no means
easy, as I kept no record during my service. In going back
through the scenes in which we were participants—the camp,
the march, the bivouac and the battle—neither time nor occa-
sion will permit me more than a brief outline.

At the breaking of the rebellion I had just passed my fif-
teenth birthday. In our town (Maumee, Ohio,) many of the
young men promptly responded to the first call for volunteers.
How I envied those whose age made them eligible. Those
who first went from Maumee enlisted in the Fourteenth and
Twenty-first regiments. I watched with much interest the
service of those commands in West Virginia; was present in
Toledo when the Fourteenth returned, and regarded every
man as indeed “a hero.”

In August 1861, the Thirty-seventh regiment, under the
...
call for 300,000 men, was organized at Cleveland, being recruited among the Germans of Cleveland, Toledo, St. Marys, Youngstown, Columbus and Chillicothe. A goodly number of Company G were from Maumee. Toward the end of September several boys returned for a brief time, previous to the departure of the regiment for the field. On the last Saturday in September I met a number who had "donned the blue," among them being Lieutenant Hamm, who said to me, "We will take you with as a drummer." I was delighted, and going home I asked my father's permission. At first he hesitated, but finally gave his consent. On Monday morning I bid adieu to home—to my father and sister it was the last good-bye, both dying while I was in the army; and taking the train for Toledo, where we changed cars for Cleveland, arriving at Camp Brown the same evening (September 30, 1861). I was pretty tired from the day's experience. A short time after our arrival in the camp the bugle signal notified the men that supper was ready, and we formed in single file, marching to the kitchen, where I was given a large tin cup and a tablespoon. The cook with a long-handleed dipper filled my cup with coffee, and I was given a slice of bread and a piece of baked salt pork, which constituted my first army meal.

The second day after my arrival we broke camp and took the train for Camp Dennison, were we remained about ten days, were mustered into the service and the regiment (Col. Edward Siber commanding) armed and equipped. The drums not having been received, I was given a musket and did guard duty for one night. A mere boy, I must have been an interesting figure, marching up and down in front of the commissary department, with a heavy Springfield musket upon my shoulder. At first, I felt very proud of my position, but the novelty soon wore off, and I was glad when relieved.

From Camp Dennison we moved to Cincinnati, where we took steamers for Camp Piatt, on the Kanawha river, arriving there and reporting to Gen. Rosecrans a few days later. This camp was located about twelve miles above Charleston, West
Virginia, and had been occupied by the Thirty-fourth Ohio, for whose colonel the camp was named. A day or two after our arrival the drums came, when the drum corps was obliged to put in four hours a day of practice. It was in this camp that I first saw the “Johnnies”—a couple of captured “bushwhackers.” They were dressed in homespun “butternut,” and to us a great curiosity.

At this time the country south of the Kanawha was overrun with squads of rebel cavalry of Jenkins’ command, who occasionally fired upon passing steamers and then took to the mountains. Col. Siber, determining, if possible, to break up these raids, crossing the river with part of the regiment and occupied Brownstown, from which place scouting parties were sent into the surrounding country. One had started out under Capt. Hipp, with three days’ rations, but was recalled by Gen. Rosecrans, who considered the expedition too hazardous. About this time there was a report that Capt. Hipp’s command had been defeated, and Col. Siber reported to Gen. Rosecrans that he was going to the rescue of his scouting party, which, a day or two later, returned to camp.

Recrossing the river, the regiment proceeded to Cannelton where the forces were organizing for driving the rebel Gen. Floyd out of the valley. This was my first march, and as I carried knapsack, haversack and drum, it was very tiresome although the distance was but about eighteen miles. The colonel subsequently permitted the drummers to put their knapsacks on the regimental wagons. We remained in the camp for a few days, then crossing the river, went into camp on the Montgomery farm, opposite the oil works at Cannelton. Considerable excitement was soon occasioned in camp by the report that a member of company C had been shot by a bushwhacker, but when comrade Kopf was brought into camp, it was learned that he had accidentally shot himself.

From Camp Montgomery the regiment moved up the valley to Loup creek, against the rebel forces under Floyd, and succeeded in forcing them to evacuate Cotton Hill. The per-
suit of Floyd was continued several miles beyond Fayettville, notwithstanding heavy rains, which made the expedition one of great hardship. The streams where high, the men often being compelled to wade deep water; and as it was impossible to get wagons through the mud, troops were without rations for several days. The comrades of the thirty-seventh who participated in the pursuit of Floyd will never forget the hardships and privations which attended that short campaign. Soon after the return from the expedition, we went into winter quarters at Clifton, where drill, discipline, guard duty and occasional scouting occupied the time.

In January, 1862, a portion of the regiment went on an expedition to Logan C. H., east of Guyandotte river, where, after hard marching and brisk skirmishing, with rebel cavalry, the place was captured and the war material found was destroyed. This was accomplished with the loss of Capt. H. Goeka and Corporal Behm killed. When on the Guyandotte river our men were occasionally fired at from the opposite side, when Corporal Maulen, of Company B, discovering a small boat, swam the river, (the water being at freezing point,) and brought back the canoe. Several of the Thirty-seventh crossed over in this boat and cleared the woods of bushwhackers. On reaching Logan C. H, the town was found deserted, except a few drunken women, one of whom was the wife of one Hatfield whose sons have recently gained notoriety for lawlessness in that region. The energetic measures of Col. Siber resulted in the suppression of these bands, and many of those who had been engaged in bushwhacking came into Charleston and took the oath of allegiance.

Clifton was a delightful place, and as the duties of the men were not arduous our boys were quite content to remain there during the winter. Our Sutler, Mr. Carl Lenk, one of the best in the army, was an excellent provider. I am sure no sutler could have been held in higher esteem than was he. His assistant, Christ Nopper, was also very popular. My company for a time was quartered in an old frame store on the Hansford
place, not far from a stable in which were kept several cows whose milk, through early rising, I was enabled to supply for breakfast coffee.

When news of the fall of Donelson was received, many of us felt that the war was about over, and we were not to have an opportunity for a battle; but our ambition in that regard was fully satisfied as shown by subsequent record. During April my company performed guard duty at Loup creek returning to Clifton toward the end of the month. About this time the Thirty-seventh was assigned to the third provisional brigade of the Kanawaha division (Gen. J. D. Cox), and ordered to accompany the same on a raid to southwest Virginia, with a view of destroying the Virginia & East Tennessee railroad.

Early in May, 1862, we bade adieu to our pleasant quarters at Clifton, and again resumed active campaigning. After the first day's march we went into camp near Loup creek. The next morning we continued our tramp over Cotton mountain and on to Fayetteville where we bivouaced for the night. The following day we made a long and tiresome march to Raleigh C. H., resuming our march the next day over Flat Top mountain to Princeton, and on to French Mills, the regiment arriving there May 14, 1862. Meantime the day before we reached Princeton, it rained very hard, and being obliged to wade through streams of water, I became quite sick, and was placed in an ambulance. That night we halted on Blue Stone river, about fifteen miles north of Princeton. Not having proper covering, Lieut. Hamm gave me his double blankets. These I retained when left at the hospital in Princeton, and a day or two later they came into possession of the “Johnnies.” Our hospital was a large frame building on the main road, a short distance from the ruins of the court house. Gen. Cox established his headquarters here, and the few soldiers left behind were placed under command of Maj. Ankele, of the Thirty-seventh. On the afternoon of the 15th the rebels, under Humphrey Marshall, advanced on Princeton and attacked our small forces which had taken a position behind the walls of the burnt court-
house. Our men held the rebels at bay until after dark, when they were driven from their position, some being made prisoners and others scattering to the woods. During this little fight Maj. Aukole was seriously wounded. Well do I remember the men bringing him in and the peculiar sensation I felt at the first sight of a bleeding soldier. About this time Gen. Cox and staff hastened to join his command at French Mill. When the report reached us that our men were driven back, I left the hospital, and with other inmates ran to the woods, a short distance from the town, where we remained until morning. It was one of the most unsatisfactory nights I experienced during my entire service. But for the kindness of a comrade of the Thirty-fourth Ohio, whom I met in the wood, and who permitted me to share his blanket, I would have suffered still more. Most of the sick were made prisoners, including the comrade last referred to.

Gen. Cox who had left Princeton the evening before, reached French Mill about 9 o’clock p.m., and the troops were ordered back to Princeton, where, much fatigued, they arrived early in the morning. The rebels had destroyed our stores and retired about an hour before the arrival of Gen. Cox’s command. The previous day, four companies of the Thirty-seventh, five of the Twenty-eighth and two of the Thirty-fourth, under command of Lieut. Col. Von Blessingh, were sent up the East River and Wytheville road, to ascertain the rebel force at Rocky Gap, to return the following day, but on learning that the enemy had attacked and driven our forces from Princeton, Col. Von Blessingh was notified by courier to march direct to Princeton. About 10 a.m. on the 16th, his command came upon the rebels under Gen. Marshall, and after severe fighting, in which the four companies of our regiment lost one officer and 13 men killed, two officers and 46 men wounded, and 14 missing, our forces were compelled to retreat. We heard the heavy musketry firing, and the troops were eager, but were not allowed to go to Von Blessingh’s assistance. At 3 o’clock the next morning the division commenced the retrograde movement, and reached Flat
Top mountain the 19th. What was left of VonBlessingh's command joined us at Blue Stone river, to our great delight.

We remained in camp on Flat Top until August, having built comfortable quarters from the bark of the large chestnut trees on the mountain. The camp was cool, and the water was excellent.

August 1st the regiment was again on the move, and after a day's march reached Raleigh C. H., remaining there about three weeks and scouting the surrounding country. During the stay at Raleigh a number of our men made an expedition to Wyoming C. H. where a detachment of the regiment fell into ambuscade and was surrounded, but cut its way out, with loss of two killed and seven captured. The last of August the regiment removed to Fayetteville, where in conjunction with the Thirty-fourth Ohio, it garrisoned that important outpost. On September 10 it was reported that the enemy was moving on Fayetteville. Col. Siber, in command of the union troops, ordered two companies of our regiment out on the Princeton road, but the men soon encountered the rebels in heavy force, and were obliged to fall back. At noon Col. Siber's entire command (six companies of the Thirty-fourth and the Thirty-seventh Ohio) were engaged with the confederates, led by Gen. Loring. The fight lasted until dark, but as most of our regiment occupied the breastworks, which had been constructed the previous year, our casualties were light. During this engagement the drummers carried water to the men from a well on the Fayetteville road, an exceedingly hazardous employment, as we were obliged to pass an open space exposed to the enemy's fire. The Thirty-fourth on our right fought gallantly in an open field, and charged the rebels several times, sustaining heavy loss, one-half of the officers and fully one-third of the men engaged being either killed or wounded. During the night Col. Siber, learning that the enemy was threatening our rear, ordered the burning of government stores, and at 2 o'clock a.m. we moved back on the Gauley road. Gen. Loring's command, consisting of Williams', Heath's and Echols,
brigades, was reported 10,000 strong. How gallantly the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-seventh, numbering less than one thousand, defended themselves against such overwhelming numbers and escaped capture, is matter of history. At daybreak on the 11th we reached Cotton Hill, where a short stand was made and some shot thrown into the ranks of the enemy, who, in solid column, were marching in the valley below. When our guns commenced firing, they sought cover. Our forces continued down the Kanawha, with the enemy close upon us. On the evening of the 12th we reached Brownstown and crossed the river during the night in a heavy rain. The next morning we continued the retreat, with the confederates a short distance behind on both sides of the river, reaching Charleston during the afternoon of the 13th. Loring's men appeared on the opposite side of the Kanawha about the same time, and commenced sending shot into Charleston, frightening its citizens, who where running in all directions for safety. We crossed Elk river and destroyed the new suspension bridge by cutting the cables. The enemy was kept at bay till dark, to enable our large train of 700 wagons, filled with supplies, to get well under way, when we resumed march, which continued during the night and until we reached Ravenwood.

Crossing the Ohio, we marched to Racine, and at Pomeroy were royally treated by the citizens. Leaving Pomeroy we proceeded to a point on the Ohio about four miles above Gallipolis, where we remained a few days and recrossed the river, going into camp at Point Pleasant. The losses of the Thirty-seventh at Fayetteville and on the retreat in killed, wounded and missing, was 67, many of the missing being teamsters and train guards. At Point Pleasant we received between sixty and seventy valuable recruits, mostly young men. Among those assigned to my tent were John H. Puck and Ernst Torgler, with whom I soon formed an endearing friendship.

The middle of October found us again advancing up the Kanawha, under command of Lieut. Col. Von Blessingh. The second or third day out we met the Thirty-fourth Ohio, for
the first time after they were assigned to another brigade, and they greeted us with cheers as we passed, a greeting which was heartily returned by our men, who remembered the gallant conduct of the Thirty-fourth at Fayetteville. Our march was continued to Charleston, where we remained a few days and then proceeded up the river, passing familiar camps and arriving at Gauly about the 20th of November, where we expected to remain for the winter. We built stockades upon which to place the tents, and all sorts of heating apparatus were provided.

In December, 1862, the weather was very cold for two or three days, freezing over the Kanawha, and one morning a comrade of Simmons' battery ventured too far out on the ice, broke through, when, seeing him in the water, I went to his assistance. Lying down on the ice and reaching him my hand proved too heavy for me, and I was drawn into the river. Fortunately a piece of rope was found by comrades and thrown to me, which I caught and both were rescued. While at Gauly, Col. Siber was presented with a beautiful sword and belt by the Thirty-seventh, in recognition of soldierly qualities displayed by him at Fayetteville, and as a token of the high regard of the regiment.

December 30, 1862, we were ordered to Charleston, where we embarked by steamers for Louisville, Ky., bidding adieu to the Kanawha valley and the picturesque region of West Virginia, where we saw very severe as well as pleasant service. On reaching Cincinnati, Col. Siber, who had for two or three months commanded a brigade, again assumed command. New Enfield rifles were furnished at Cincinnati in exchange for the old Springfield muskets. Arriving at Louisville, we disembarked and marched through the principal streets, the Thirty-seventh presenting a fine appearance and eliciting favorable comment from citizens. We pitched tents upon a vacant plat and remained about a week, when we again embarked by steamers and proceeded down the Ohio and Mississippi, reaching Napoleon, Arkansas, the middle of January, were, with the Thirtyeth and Forty-seventh Ohio and Fourth Virginia, we for-
med the Second brigade, Second division, Fifteenth army corps.

On the 21st we moved down the river to Young's point, opposite Vicksburg, where the regiment put in some time in digging canal. Early on February 2d we were surprised to see the ram Queen of the West steaming down the Mississippi, passing the confederate batteries, and although under fire nearly an hour, having one gun dismounted and her cabin knocked to pieces, the Queen, colors flying triumphantly, made the passage. During our stay in this swampy camp our colonel gave careful attention to our sanitary condition. He would not permit the men to draw flour until ovens were provided, preferring hard tack. No doubt his wise precaution saved the lives of many men. Hard-tack and beef soup constituted healthful diet, as results in this case proved. While in this camp the regiment lost but two men, while the dead march was heard daily in the regiments around us, and thousands of the army of the Tennessee found their last resting place in the narrow levee of the Mississippi.

About the 20th of March our division was ordered to Gwinn's Plantation, to take part in an expedition in connection with Commodore Porter up Steel's bayou and through Black Bayou to Deer creek and Sunflower river, for the purpose of getting in to the Yazoo, above Haine's bluff, and secure advantageous position for operation against Vicksburg. Embarking on boats, we proceeded up Steel's bayou some distance, then turned into Black bayou, a narrow stream greatly obstructed by the limbs of oak and cottonwood trees. After a few miles of progress through these obstructions, we reached Deer creek and then disembarked, marching thence to Hill's cotton plantation.

On the evening of the 18th Com. Porter, with ironclads, mortarboats, and tugs, was within a few miles of Rolling Fork. The next morning rebel sharpshooters had so swarmed the woods that Porter's situation became critical, while the enemy had erected a battery at the junction of the Sunflower and Rolling Fork, and had ordered some infantry and artillery from
Haines' bluff up the Sunflower. Gen. Sherman having been advised of the condition, hurried forward the Thirty-seventh and other troops, who arrived just in time to rescue the fleet, which Porter had made up his mind to destroy, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy.

Further effort in this direction being useless, we embarked on the gunboats and reached our camp at Young's point on the 27th. The failure of this expedition was a great disappointment, as its success would have been of great importance to Gen. Grant in his movement.

After our return to Young's point, Gen. Frank P. Blair assumed command of our division. On the night of April 16th the transports and barges in tow ran the batteries at Vicksburg, led by Commodore Porter with the Benton. The rebel gunners poured hot shot and shell into the Benton; houses in Vicksburg being set on fire, lighting up the river so the boats could be plainly seen. It was a grand sight, and the burning of the Henry Clay about this time added to the picture that will never be effaced from the memories of those who saw it. The boats were under fire for two hours, being hit many times, yet no one was killed and but few wounded. We witnessed this magnificent scene from the levee opposite Vicksburg.

On the night of April 22d more steamers, loaded with supplies, and, protected as before, passed the batteries, one of the boats (the Tigress) being hit and sunk. The last of April our corps was ordered up the Yazoo to threaten Haines' Bluff, while Grant was attacking Grand Gulf. This move accomplished its purpose effectively, creating confusion in Vicksburg, and causing Pemberton to recall a large force which he had sent to assist Gen Bowen at Grand Gulf. Returning from the Yazoo, our brigade remained at Milliken's Bend a few days, and then marched to Richmond, crossed the Mississippi and hurried forward, overtaking the division May 17th. We passed over the battlefield of Champion Hills, which the enemy had so stubbornly contested the day before. Dead rebels, dead horses, broken caissons, canteens and muskets were scattered over the
field. That day we picked up a number of Loring's command, who seemed anxious to be captured. On the afternoon of the 18th we reached Big Black river, where the few rebels who were trying to prevent our crossing were soon brushed away, and we continued our march, arriving in rear of Vicksburg late that night, having made the distance from Grand Gulf (between eighty and ninety miles), in just three days.

Our division took position on Graveyard road, a short distance from the confederate defences, Gen. Steele being on our right. At 2 o'clock on the 19th the firing of artillery was the signal for a general assault, when our men made a vigorous attack along the whole line, but it was not successful. Our regiment sustained considerable loss in this charge, Lieut. Wintzer and several men being killed, and Lieut. Col. VonBlessingh, Lieut. Langenderfer and a number of the men wounded. In this engagement I saw Col. VonBlessingh walk up and down the line of the regiment perfectly indifferent to rebel bullets. The drum corps assisted the wounded off the field and were more or less exposed to the rebel fire. This assault having been unsuccessful, Gen. Grant determined to make another on the 22nd. At 10 that morning the army moved to the attack. Our brigade crossed the old Graveyard road and, headed by a storming party of 150 volunteers provided with poles, axes and ladders, rushed forward, Gen. Hugh Ewing in the lead. A portion of the party reached the ditch in front of the rebel parapet, but as their boards where too short, but few reached the fort. I saw some of that brave band plant our flag on the rebel parapet, where it waivered till night, as any attempt to seize it would have been certain death. Many of the storming party were killed in that terrible assault, their dead bodies so obstructing the narrow road that it was difficult to pass. At this point the fire was so destructive that our brigade sought shelter in the slope of a revine a few rods from the rebel works. To advance was almost sure death from the enemy's cross and concentrated fire. I saw Gen. Ewing at the head of the Thirtieth Ohio, gallantly leading our brigade in that
charge, and I greatly admired his personal bravery. Gen. F. P. Blair, our division commander, was also at the front personally directing his men. During this engagement the work of getting the wounded from the field and supplying water to the men was most hazardous; yet the drummers discharged such duty faithfully. The losses were severe, our Division suffering more severely than any other. The result of the second attempt demonstrated that the enemy's position was too strong to be carried by direct assault, when Gen. Grant determined upon a regular siege. Our regiment occupied a position in a ravine two or three hundred yards from the enemy's defense, and were under fire from the time of investment until surrender. After Col. VonBlessingh was wounded, the command of the regiment devolved upon Major Hipp, who was always very popular with the men. Col. Siber who had been absent in the north, returning the latter part of June and assumed command.

About this time I received the sad news of my father's death, but as it would have taken me more than a week to reach home, I did not apply for leave of absence.

The labor of digging trenches and building earthworks was kept up, and were continually pushing our works nearer and nearer the enemy, finally getting so close that our men could easily converse with them, and often exchanged hard-tack for tobacco.

June 25th an attempt was made to blow up the enemy's parapet, which had been undermined in front of Ranson's brigade; but it failed. Another attempt was made July 1, which was successful, destroying the fort, besides killing and wounding a number of men occupying it.

On the 3d of July white flags were seen on some of the rebel works, when the firing along the line ceased. These signals were a pleasing sight to us, and the news soon spread along the line that Vicksburg was about to capitulate. The terms for the surrender of this most important position, having been agreed upon between Grant and Pemberton, the rebels on the morning of the 4th marched out and stacked their arms, while
we sat happy spectators on our works. The immediate result of this victory included the surrender of Lieut. Gen. Pemberton, and four major and twelve brigadier generals, and from 28,000 to 30,000 men, with 225 siege and field guns, and 30,000 stand of small arms. The losses of the Thirty-Seventh in the assaults of the 19th and 22d and subsequent siege were 19 killed and 75 wounded.

July 5th we turned our faces toward Jackson, reaching the Big Black the same night, and on the 7th continued to Clinton, arriving in front of Jackson the 19th, after a very fatiguing march, the heat being intense and the roads dusty. After a reconnoissance by a portion of the Thirteenth corps on the 11th, in which it lost nearly six hundred men, the siege was confined to artillery firing.

On the night of the 15th Col. Siber sent word for me to come to his quarters, when I accompanied him to our outer line. There was a good deal of stir in Jackson, and the colonel was under the impression that the rebels were evacuating. We remained for two or three hours, during which time we rested for a while, I being under the same blanket with the colonel. I shall never forget how careful he tucked the covers about me. We had lain but a short time when the colonel arose, and walking up and down, seemed to be listening intently. I fell asleep, and after an hour or two Col. Siber awoke me, and we returned to camp. I felt highly complimented by the colonel’s calling on me to accompany him that night. The morning of the 17th proved that Col. Siber’s surmises were correct, for it was found that Johnston had withdrawn during the night, and we marched into Jackson, where we remained for about a week, the regiment finding quarters in and around the state house. During our stay in Jackson the Thirty-seventh did provost guard duty.

After a few days we were ordered to return. The weather was hot, the roads very dusty and water scarce, making the return march very severe. The night we reached Big Black river less than one hundred men were in the ranks when the
regiment went into camp, but during the night the stragglers came up and were present at roll call the next morning (July 24th).

While on orderly service (and I may mention here that in the Thirty-seventh this was exclusively the duty of the drummers), one day during our stay in camp Sherman, I learned from Adjutant Neburg that the colonel was about to appoint a color-bearer for the new regimental flag, and knowing that my bunk mate (Comrade Torgler) was ambitious to carry the banner, I recommended him to the adjutant, who in turn made like recommendation to Col. Siber, and Torgler was appointed.

In September 1863, we were enjoying a season of rest and reorganization at Camp Sherman, near the Big Black river, after months of active and successful campaigning against Vicksburg and Jackson, Miss., and as it was a delightful camp, and our duties not arduous, consisting mostly of drill and guard duty, we were content to remain here during mid-summer. But our situation was too delightful to be of long duration. After the memorable battle of Chickamagua, the army of the Tennessee, Gen. W. T. Sherman commanding, was ordered to Chattanooga.

Near the close of the month we bid adieu to our pleasant quarters at Camp Sherman and marched to Vicksburg, where my regiment, the 37th Ohio Infantry, embarked on the steamer Nashville for Memphis, arriving in the city of the Magnolias early in October. After remaining here about a week, we began the long march to Chattanooga, passing through Germantown, Jackson, Lagrange, and other towns in western Tennessee. On October 13th we halted at Pocahontas and held state election, the regiment giving practically its unanimous vote for John Brough, the Union candidate for governor of Ohio. The following day we resumed march to Corinth, Miss., where we received four months' pay, and thence to Iuka.

The confederate general Forrest appeared in our front about this time, the 37th with other troops, driving him off. We made a short stop at Tusculumbia, Ala., marching then to a
THIRTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT, O. V. V. I. 25

point on the Tennessee river opposite Florence, returning the same night and continuing the following day to Cherokee station, and thence to Eastport, where we crossed the Tennessee. Our command then pushed forward through Florence, Pulaski and Fayetteville, reaching Bridgeport on the 18th of November, 1863. After a short stay here we marched to Chattanooga, going into a concealed camp on the west side of the river, about four miles above. When the regiment had stacked arms, Comrade William Smith of my company and I started back to Chattanooga, about four miles, to visit the Maumee boys of the 14th Ohio, and whom we had not seen since leaving home more than two years before. Though it was late and the pontoon bridge over the Tennessee was guarded, we succeeded in getting safely over, and after wandering about Chattanooga for some time, reached the camp of the 14th about 9 p.m. The boys were both delighted and surprised to see us, we remaining with them that night. In the morning we learned that it would be impossible to cross the river without a pass, so we called upon Col. Phelps of the 38th Ohio, who commanded the brigade of which the 14th was a part and he kindly gave us the bit of paper which enabled us to return to our camp. Col. Phelps was killed three days later while gallantly leading his brigade in the assault on Mission Ridge. The 23rd was spent in camp, from which we had a splendid view of Chattanooga, and also witnessed the movement of Hooker "above the clouds" on Lookout Mountain. That night we received three days' rations and marched down to the river.

About that time the Tennessee was swoolen by rains and the current was rapid. Upwards of 100 flat boats had been floated into South Chicamaugua creek, about four miles above Chattanooga, designed for a pontoon bridge. Our major was placed in command of the detail, having in charge the boats and was ordered to cross the river, secure a landing, continue dispatching the boats back and forth until two divisions had crossed, and then turn the boats over to the pioneer corps, under Gen. "Baldy" Smith, who were to build the bridge. The
night was dark, with a drizzling rain. About midnight all was ready and the signal given to cross, Maj. Hipp’s boat leading the fleet, John Hess, of Company E, 37th, being his companion. The major pushed well into the river and, after a while, headed straight for the south shore, and, on nearing the point where it was proposed to land, a picket fire was discovered and they headed directly for it. Our men hurried out of the boats and up the bank, surprising and capturing all the rebel pickets but one. The surprise was so complete that the “Johnnies” scarcely realized the situation. At this time a rebel videt came up at full speed, shouting, “The Yanks are coming.” He was promptly dismounted and invited to join his comrades just captured. Maj. Hipp recrossed to the other side followed by the flat boats. On getting back the darkness made it difficult for him to find our troops and he shouted for the second division of the fifteenth corps, when he was immediately answered in suppressed voices to keep still or he would be arrested. Having no time for explanation and becoming impatient the major cried out: “where in the h—l is Gen. Sherman?”

The answer promptly came through the darkness from the general himself, who was not more than 50 feet away. “What do you want?” The major answered, “I want a brigade; the boats are in waiting.” The general at once asked, “did you make a landing?” Major Hipp answered, “yes, and captured the picket.” Gen. Sherman who was on horseback, surrounded by his staff, was so elated that he took off his hat and cheered.

At this time we embarked, and after a short though seemingly long ride landed on the south bank of the river. Our major continued the work of crossing and recrossing with fresh loads until morning, when two full divisions were on the east bank of the Tennessee. Meantime, our men put in splendid work digging intrenchments. Gen. Sherman, who had crossed in one of the flat boats just behind us, personally superintended the work, and I well remember the general’s remark, “pitch in boys, this is the last ditch;” as he walked up and down the line.

At the dawn of day a pontoon bridge was built over the
Tennessee and another over Chicamagua creek, near the mouth. That night's undertaking had been grandly accomplished and Gen. Sherman must have been one of the happiest men in Grant's army. In his memoirs (page 374) the General says: "I will here bear willing testimony to the completeness of this whole business. All the officers charged with the work were present and manifested a skill that I cannot praise too highly. I never beheld any work done so quickly and so well, and I doubt if the history of war can show a bridge of that extent (thirteen hundred and fifty feet) laid so noiselessly and so well in so short a time."

At daybreak we were on the south side of the river strongly entrenched, prepared to meet any force Bragg might pit against us. It must have been both a surprise and a mortification to Gen. Bragg when he saw Sherman's army on the morning of 24th securely fortified on the south bank of the Tennessee. I consider this one of the most strategic manoeuvres of the war, and have always felt a glowing pride in the conspicuous part my regiment bore in that night's work. On the 24th we moved forward with skirmishers in advance, over an open field to the hill near the railroad tunnel, where we fortified for the night. From our position we could see Hooker's men on Lookout Mountain, and also had a good view of the Army of the Cumberland on our right. Early in the morning of the 25th we passed the valley which lay between us and the next hill, where the enemy had massed the corps of Hardee and Buckner, the point of the ridge being held by the gallant Claiburne.

Gen. Corse attacked the enemy's position but it was so strong that but little headway was made, although the contest for a few minutes was severe. I saw the general carried off the field badly wounded.

During this time our brigade was under cover of temporary works, from which the enemy had been driven that morning. It must have been near noon when the order was given to advance. As our men moved upon the enemy's works, I left my
drum and went forward with the regiment. The assault lasted but a few minutes, the firing from the enemy’s intrenched position being simply terrible—grape, canister shot and shell rained upon us. The fire was so murderous that it fairly plowed up the leaves and made the very ground seem alive. Twice our forces charged upon the rebel works, and twice our bleeding lines were compelled to fall back. So strong was Claiburne’s position in our immediate front that 1,000 men could hold it against ten times their number.

In this assault my regiment lost forty-one in killed and wounded.

I was hit by a rifle ball in the left thigh and bled from the wound until the ground under me seemed saturated with blood. I became very thirsty, but fortunately had two canteens of water. At my side lay Comrade Weber, of company A, who had been instantly killed. As we were not very far from the enemy’s works and our men had fallen back to the point from which the advance was made a few moments before, my position was not an enviable one, as I lay between two fires. Capt. John Hamm, of company A, who had always been very kind to me, having been told that I lay wounded in front of our line, went over to my company and reported the fact, asking, “who will go and get him out?” Wm. Smith promptly answered, “I will.” Another comrade pointing out the direction in which I lay, he went to the left of the line, and advancing some distance under cover of the hill, sprang forward, hurriedly placed me upon his back, although there was much firing, we were soon under cover of the hill to the left of our line.

I was then placed upon a stretcher and carried to the rear, where the boys gathered around me expressing their warmest sympathy. My leg was bandaged by Surgeon Billhardt and I was carried to a log cabin in the ravine, below the point from which we made the advance. I remained upon the porch with other wounded until dark, when I was placed upon a stretcher and taken some distance over the hill, where I was put into an ambulance and taken to a point on the Tennessee river near
the mouth of Chickamagua creek. Here I was laid upon the surgeon's table, and after an examination of my wound the surgeon informed me that my leg was so badly shattered that amputation was necessary, or words to that effect. I objected, but my objection was not heeded; I was then chloroformed and on awakening felt for my leg but it was gone.

The next day I asked the surgeon for the bullet, and he told me it was in many pieces, being an English explosive rifle ball. After remaining here about ten days, I was with others placed in an ambulance and taken to the field hospital at Chattanooga. At this time I was 17 years of age.

As my regiment belonged to the 15th Army Corps, I will conclude this account of my personal experience at Mission Ridge with a brief extract from General Sherman's official report of the operations of his troops during that campaign, as follows:

In reviewing the facts I must do justice to the men of my command for the patience, cheerfulness and courage which officers and men have displayed throughout in battle or on the march and in the camp, for long periods, without regular rations or supplies of any kind, sometimes barefooted, without a murmur. Without a moment's rest after a march of over 400 miles, without sleep for three successive nights, we crossed the Tennessee, fought our part of the battle of Chattanooga, pursued the enemy out of Tennessee, and then turned more than 120 miles north and compelled Longstreet to raise the siege of Knoxville. I cannot speak of the Fifteenth army corps without a seeming vanity; but as I am no longer its commander I assert that there is no better body of soldiers in America than it. I wish all to feel a just pride in its honors."

After our removal to the Field Hospital I was about to lose my faithful nurse, Comrade Michael Conely, of the fifty-seventh Ohio, who had been assigned elsewhere. I felt so badly when Comrade Conely informed me that he was thus assigned, that I wept. When the surgeon in charge learned of my great attachment for my nurse, he continued Conely on
duty in my tent, and I was tenderly cared for until February, when I was able to use crutches. About this time the wounded, who were able to set about were sent to Nashville, and I was obliged to bid Comrade Conely good-bye. I remained in the hospital at Nashville about a week, when we were sent to Brown's hospital at Louisville.

Desirous of returning home as soon as possible, I had early applied for a discharge from the Army, but did not receive it until May 1, 1864, it being dated April 25. My failure to get it sooner was a great disappointment to me, as I was anxious to get back to see my only sister, then very ill, and whom I had not seen since leaving home in 1861. She died about a month before my discharge came.

As my regiment was returning to the front after their veteran furlough, and passed through Louisville the day I was starting for home, I had the pleasure of seeing the boys for the first time since the battle of Mission Ridge, and for the last time in the service of Uncle Sam. I then took a boat for Cincinnati. Having been informed by Capt. Shoening that my comrades had most generously provided a purse for supplying me with an artificial limb, I made arrangements for such while in that city and reached Maumee early in May, 1864, after an absence of nearly three years.

My comrades, the old scenes have passed as a panorama before me as I have attempted to give you some of my observations and experiences during those memorable days of 1861 to 1864, and I thank God, that it was His pleasure to permit me, in the ranks of the thirty-seventh Ohio, to give my humble service in defense of the grandest and freest Republic human eyes have beheld.

Song—Solo.


Address—"From Mission Ridge to Larkinsville, Ala."

By Comrade William Schulenberg.

Comrades and Fellow Citizens:

In taking up the narrative of personal recollections of the
war, beginning with the Battle of Missionary Ridge, at which point Comrade Kountz, who preceded me, concluded, I beg leave to go over a small portion of the same ground already taken up by Comrade Kountz, for the reason that the most active part that I took in the attack on Missionary Ridge began with the crossing of the river the night previous to the attack, which has already been explained. To effect the crossing a detail of men from the different regiments of the 15th Army Corps was made, who in the opinion of the officers, had some experience in boating, for the purpose of rowing the pontoons with the troops across. The detail for this purpose of Co. C, of our regiment, consisted of myself and Comrade Christian and Fred Roettger. The pontoons were taken on wagons to the Little Chicamango River, hidden from view of the enemy across the river, under command of Major Hipp, as already explained. The undertaking was a daring one, and to many it appeared preposterous and foolish that it should be undertaken at all, for they could not believe that it was possible for us to cross the river unobserved by the rebels and that any of the occupants of the boats would ever step upon the rebel shore alive, except as prisoners; but it proved that they were mistaken and that those who undertook it had the capability to successfully carry it out. Everything being in readiness we embarked upon the pontoons, and for two nights kept our positions in them awaiting orders to move, which we did on the third night, with Major Hipp in the lead, and we following with the 55th Illinois and other regiments on board. Rowing down to the mouth of the Little Chicamango we entered the Tennessee and crossed about five miles below, under cover of the night, with the result already described by Comrade Kountz, up to the time of his being wounded and brought out.

The battle continued in all its fury and the heavy cannonading soon set fire to the leaves on the ground and burning some of the unfortunate comrades who were wounded and unable to escape the terrible doom that stared them in the face. When the fight had somewhat subsided we began to look around
after the missing ones of our company and found quite a number unaccounted for, which we naturally supposed were wounded and lying near the rebel works among the burning leaves, my brother being among the missing with comrades Herbst and Meyer. After disarming, we cautiously advanced towards the rebel works as a rescuing party, using the standing timber as much as possible for protection, and here let it be said to the credit of the rebels, that even in this hour of excitement they remembered that we were on a mission of humanity, for as soon as they observed that we were unarmed and the work in which we were engaged, one of the rebel officers invited us to advance, promising us that no harm should befall us as long as we came unarmed and engaged in removing our wounded comrades, and passed the order along the line of his men in our front not to fire upon any who were thus engaged. We took the officer at his word and advanced unmolested and brought out all we could find.

In the meantime our missing comrades were attending to the wounded whom they had carried to a place of safety in a deep ravine below the ridge out of reach of rebel bullets. The battle continued and finally the enemy under cover of the night retreated and left us masters of the field, and then only did I learn the extent of the damage done, which far exceeded my estimate and probably never would have known what horrors and sufferings resulted from the Battle of Missionary Ridge had it not been for a little circumstance with which I became connected the next morning, after the escape of the rebels, when orders were given to pursue them at once. I was requested by Major Hipp to proceed to a certain place designated by him to look for his field glass which he had left hanging on a fence near the battle field the day before. I proceeded on my errand and approached an open field which presented to my view a scene in which the horrors of war were depicted in all its details and one that I have oftener recalled to my mind than anything to which I was an eye witness during the whole war. There was spread out before me several acres covered with dead and dying soldiers who had been gathered from the battle field
by a large force of men detailed for that purpose. A number were engaged in digging long and deep trenches, in each of which some forty or fifty were laid to rest; others were preparing them for burial and tying cards to them for future reference, on which their names, company and regiments were written if known. A number of them were yet alive, who had been left upon the field for dead or had for the time being been abandoned by the field physicians as hopeless cases, to die upon the field, as they were over worked in attending to those who in their opinion had any show for life. These poor comrades were lying prone upon their backs, some merely breathing and unconscious of their fate, while others in their agony would at times roll over upon each other and bring forth heart rendering groans and prayers for death to relieve them. I departed from the scene with a heavy heart. I found the field glass and returned to the regiment and a little later we were on the march in pursuit of the enemy, with three days' rations, but for want of a sufficient supply, we drew only a half ration of crackers and coffee. It was also recommended to reduce the weight of our knapsacks as much as possible, and in consequence many of us carried nothing but a rubber and woolen blanket besides what clothes we wore, which we afterwards regretted, for before we returned to where we could get supplies, we were nearer naked then clothed, nor were we accompanied by a provision train, as there was neither train or provisions at the time of our starting in pursuit, to carry along, and we had to subsist upon what the country afforded and what little the enemy in their flight had been unable to carry off or destroy. We caught up with a portion of Bragg's Army the first night and captured part of his provision train loaded with corn meal which we appropriated to our own use and for a short time the slapjack business flourished as long as the meal held out. After that our bill of fare was not noted for quality nor quantity; with all the efforts of ourselves and foraging party, who were not slow in getting anything if it was anywhere to be had, we could hardly gather enough to keep soul and body together; at times
we were so hungry and weak that we could not sleep for want of something to eat, at least that was the condition I found myself in at different times. One night a company of Cavalry camped near us and when all were apparently asleep I slipped up to one of their horses and robbed it of part of its feed, an ear of corn, and made a meal of it, which enabled me to sleep the balance of the night. With all our hardships and fatigue we managed to keep up with the rebels, and frequently had to urge them a little, but they managed to keep far enough ahead to prevent any serious conflict.

The incidents on the route were many, but not of a noteworthy nature. The weariness of our march was at times broken by the good naturedness of some of the officers and men by instituting a little wholesome sport to drive away the blues, whenever an opportunity presented itself. Prominent among them was General Morgan L. Smith, who never lost an opportunity to display his good humor, when by so doing he could add anything to cheer his weary followers. On one occasion when riding at the head of our column, he stopped short, commanded halt, stack arms, open ranks, rode through the center and informed us that a hand to hand combat was awaiting us within a few minutes, and to at once prepared ourself for the fight; that he had spied a rebel in a thicket just ahead of us whom he wanted captured, and that he was positive that he would resist and perhaps make his escape if we failed to do our full duty, and as he wanted him alive we were to surround the ticket without arms to prevent any one from shooting him. We deployed as skirmishers closing in on the center where he had proceeded us and pointed out to us a little gray squirrel on a little sapling, surrounded by numerous other little saplings with no large trees near, by which he could make his escape. We began to chase the so-called rebel from sapling to sapling when finally after a great deal of yelling, stone and club throwing, the squirrel dropped to the ground and was quickly picked up alive by one of the boys, when one of the comrades ask the General how he knew the squirrel to be a rebel; he replied that he could tell by
the uniform he wore. We again took up our march with renewed spirit, and at night pitched our blankets for tents, (we had none) in and around the barn yard of a farmer. The old fellow sized us up and no doubt concluded that the way we eyed his hen-house, that there was danger that his remaining chickens might be persuaded to desert him during the night, unless something was done to prevent our coming in contact with them, and at once attempted to play the Union racket, by claiming to be a Union man, and entitled to have his property protected during our stay, and inquired of me to whom he must apply for a guard. I referred him to General Smith, who just then came riding along. He halted the General and after a bow that almost doubled him up, stated his case. The General listened very attentively for a minute and then replied in his rough manner: "What, what, fight and guard you both, no sir." "But General, I am a Union man," said the Farmer. "Union hell," replied the General, "you are all Union men when you want protection and your cussed rebels are not about." "Please General, only protect the chickens; my wife is sickly and likes nothing better then chickens." "Dont doubt it" replied the General, "if there is anything that my boys like better then chickens, it is more of them; am I right boys," addressing himself to us who were standing around. We replied in the affirmative, and the General rode off without furnishing the guard. How the chickens fared you can imagine. 1645463

We resumed our march and followed the enemy to within a few miles of Knoxville, Tennessee, when General Burnside had been exchanging salutes with the rebel General Longstreet, who had on the 28th day of November attacked Burnside at Knoxville, and was repulsed with great slaughter, after which he withdrew, two days before we arrived to relieve Burnside.

General Sherman and other officers rode into Knoxville and finding it in full possession of our forces and the enemy gone, ordered a return, and the about-face march again. On our return from Knoxville our course led us over a portion of the Smokey Mountains of East Tennessee, and we again had to
subsist upon what the country afforded, which however was no improvement over our previous route. A pint of corn meal a day was a large average. The roads were rough and rocky and our foot-gear began to give out, and our clothes compared favorably with Nasby's suit after he deserted the Union Army and joined the rebels, who exchanged his new blue suit for one of gray which consisted chiefly of holes with here and there a rag around them; very appropriate for the summer season, but rather airy at the time, as it was December and very cold. We finally arrived at Chattanooga almost naked and nearly starved; the weather was intensely cold and the ground frozen and it became impossible for those without good foot-gear to proceed any further overland, and yet many miles from our destination; but no despair, remembering that where there is a will there is a way, we were not long in finding the way. We took possession of a number of pontoons that were anchored at Chattanooga upon which the foot sore were embarked, taken down the river to the mouth of Mud Creek, up the creek to Bellfoute, Alabama, where we were again joined by the rest of the army, who had taken the overland route. I having made the trip on the river as one of the orsman detailed for that purpose, we arrived there almost a day in advance of the troops on foot.

Here we went into camp without shelter of any kind and nothing to eat. This was on the New Year's night of 1864, so well remembered by the people of the North, as the coldest night that ever opened the door of a New Year. It must not be supposed that it was as cold in Alabama as it was in the North here, nor must it be forgotten that the cold wave of 1864 had visited the Southern states more severely than any had ever done before, and that spending the night in the open air hugging our little camp fires, blinded with the smoke of green wood, that we had to use for want of any other, was anything but pleasant. The next day we made good use of our lungs in yelling for hard-tack and sow-belly whenever a Commanding General came in sight, but it was of little avail. The officers tried their best to get provisions, but were unable to get any-
more than just enough to keep soul and body together. The second day our Regiment was ordered to proceed up the railroad some eight or ten miles, to pull down by hand a cracker train, that for want of a locomotive could not otherwise be brought down. The order was received with delight and was readily obeyed. The 37th Regiment was never very slow in charging upon anything, much less a cracker train.

It was not my lot to accompany the Regiment on this pleasant expedition, having been detailed to do picket duty near the camp. They returned with the cracker train a little after dark, the same day, and the distribution of the crackers began soon thereafter and amounted to three crackers for every two men. When the roll was called for drawing our rations it was found that my brother Ben and Comrade Wm. Wiedman were missing. I made inquiries of what had become of them, but no one knew anything about them anymore than that they had been in ranks all day and were not missed until after dark. I drew my brother’s portion of the crackers in addition to my own, and returned to my post on picket. An hour or so later, I heard the approach of some one cautiously coming through the timber towards me. The night was dark, and nothing could be seen five feet away. I waited until the object came within the reach of my gun, locating it by the sound of the breaking of twigs and underbrush, through which the object was coming, drew up my gun and commanded “Halt, who comes there.” the answer came quick enough, but not in the usual form of “A friend with the countersign,” but instead “Yes, who comes there. If you knew that the comer had something to eat you wouldn’t be so particular about, who comes there.” I recognized the voice of my brother and allowed him to advance without any other countersign. He was accompanied by Comrade Wideman, each bearing on their backs some dark object which they dropped at my feet and upon examination, I found in their rubber blankets a box of crackers that had in some way deserted the cracker train. That night we attended a surprise party—surprised our innerman.
We soon afterwards again broke camp and proceeded further and stopped at Larkinsville, Alabama, as we supposed for the winter, and began to build shelter of whatever material we could find and before long some of us were in comfortable quarters; when we were again called upon to abandon them, after a short stay. During our stay there we made a scouting tour among the mountains on the other side of the Tennessee River, the home of the Moonshiners, and spent a few days among them inspecting their stills and the proof of their highwines, which proved strong enough to knock the pins out from under some of the inspectors, so much so that they imagined they heard the command of “Lay down” and governed themselves accordingly, and when the command was given to fall in some of them had fell in so much that it was with difficulty to get them to obey the command. General Smith came along and amused himself by assisting in getting them into line, and whenever he found one that he could not persuade to get up, he would detail two men to raise the drowsy comrade to a sitting position and have the men rub his ears with all their might, and if the first application failed to have the desired effect, he would order a second, which would generally bring them to their feet. The next day, while stopping on the way side for rest the General rode up and inquired how we all felt after the charge on the highwine the day before; he was told that we were ready to make another like charge. He then remarked that he hoped we would all re-enlist. This was at a time when efforts were made to re-enlist by regiments whose term of service was drawing to a close. He was informed that if he himself would stay and guarantee that the highwine would hold out, we would all re-enlist and see the game out. This remark seemed to please him and he promised to stay with us and do the best he could. After our return to Larkinsville from this expedition, we broke camp and returned to Cleveland, Tennessee, where a large majority of the regiment re-enlisted for three years more or during the war.

While at Cleveland I was informed that in conformity
with an order from the War Department, I, with Major Hipp and three others of the regiment, had been assigned as transferers of substitutes from the State of Ohio to the seat of war, and to hold myself in readiness to start for Columbus, Ohio, and report myself for duty; but before we started northward we again returned to Larkensville, Alabama, where I shortly afterwards, in company with the other comrades assigned for that purpose, took leave from the regiment. We arrived at Columbus, in due time and reported for duty. The next day after our arrival I found myself returning to Chattanooga, Tennessee, with a car load of substitutes, of which a large majority were Canadians; who were at the time pouring into the States from Canada and entering the service as substitutes, on account of the large sums of money that were being paid for substitutes. Upon my arrival at Chattanooga I learned that the 37th Regiment had passed through a few days before, on their way home on a Veteran Furlough for thirty days and before I could return to Columbus they would be enjoying the happy welcome among the dear ones at home. I longed to join them and share their happiness; and upon my return to Columbus I made application for a few days leave of absence. I stated my case to Major Skills, commandment of Tod Barraks, under whose charge I was and he informed me that it would give him pleasure to grant my request if it was at all possible but under the state of affairs he could not do so at present. The Barraks were over crowded with substitutes who were sorely needed in the field and he had not force enough to transfer them as rapidly as they should be and that he had already assigned me a squad with which I was to leave that day and that perhaps on my return the chances for a short furlough would be better; and so I was doomed to content myself with imagination of what a glorious time my comrades were having at home.

Finally after three trips south I obtained a three days leave of absence, which allowed me one day at home, as the other two were taken up in coming and returning. On my
arrival at home I found a hearty welcome and enjoyed my little furlough with great satisfaction and on the following day again bid adieu to home and friends, and returned to my post at Columbus, and again entered upon my duty of transferring substitutes.

The regiment's thirty days furlough having expired a few days after my visit home, they returned to the field for duty. On their return to the field Major Hipp passed through Columbus for the purpose of having himself and the rest of us relieved from transferring substitutes and return to the field with the Regiment. He succeeded in so far as himself and the other three were concerned, who happenped to be in Columbus at the time, and joined the Regiment. I being away on a trip South was left behind, and on my return Major Skiles refused to release me and I was continued on the force for nearly seven months, always on the road to and from the seat of war. Finally I was relieved and assigned to a desk in the forwarding office at Tod Barraks in Columbus, Ohio, to work on muster rolls; which position I held to the end of my term of service, which ended with the close of the war, and returned to my home with the satisfaction of knowing that Victory was ours and proud of having been a member of the 37th Ohio Vol. Infantry.

Comrades, I am glad and happy to-night that we have been permitted, after these many years, to meet once more under more pleasant circumstances, with the knowledge that the friendship formed in camp and cemented by deeds of valor on the battlefield, have not been forgotten, and will not as long as life last. We were comrades in scenes that tried the souls and courage of us all, we were associates in a struggle that gave new birth to the Republic. Is it any wonder then that the men who were soldiers in the days when they were the Idols of the people, because in their hands lay the safety of the country, now look back to those exciting days with pride and pleasure. We would not be true men if we forgot the past; we were comrades then and we are comrades now, and will be until the
roll is complete beyond the skies. We are growing old and have no longer the smell of powder smoke in our nostrils, but we are as ready now to share our last crust with a needy comrade as we were to divide the last bit of hardtack when the supply train failed to come in on time. As veterans of the war we are proud of the grandeur and progress of our country and as we gather around our comrades, as we do to-night, who has a better right to recall the scenes of Camp, Campaign and Battle than we who by our united efforts, made the present prosperity of our fellow citizens not only a possibility but a solemn and glorious fact. Let us hope that the peace so dearly bought has come to stay and that we may be permitted to enjoy many more like meetings, and that the men of the North and South, with true brotherly feeling, will stand shoulder to shoulder in support of our magnificent Republic, ready to carry the musket and the sword in united strength against any foreign foe that may dare to menace our common and glorious Flag.

Song—"The Vacant Chair."

Quartette and Chorus.

THE VACANT CHAIR

We shall meet, but we shall miss him.
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
While we breathe our evening prayer.

When those years ago we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye;
But a golden cord is served,
And our hopes in ruin lie.

Chorus—We shall meet, but we shall miss him
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
When we breathe our evening prayer.

At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell.
At remembrance of the story,
How our noble soldier fell;
How he strove to bear our banner
Through the thickest of the fight,
And upheld our country's honor,
In the strength of manhood's might.

Chorus—We shall meet, etc.
Recitation—"The Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge."

(By Special Request.)

MRS. ELIZABETH MANSFIELD IRVING.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF MISSION RIDGE.

THE SERGEANT'S STORY.

BY KATE BROWNLIE SHERWOOD.

[To John S. Kountz, Commander of the Department of Ohio, G. A. R. this story of his experience at Missionary Ridge, while serving as Drummer Boy of the 37th O. V. I.—the story being that of the Sergeant who bore him from the field,—is dedicated, as a slight testimonial to his courage on the field of Battle, and his fidelity to the veteran's bond of union—"Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty."]

Did ever you hear of the Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge who lay
With his face to the foe, 'neath the enemy's guns in the charge of that terrible day?
They were firing above him and firing below, and the tempest of shot and shell
Was raging like death as he moaned in his pain, by the breastworks where he fell.

We had burnished our muskets and filled our canteens, as we waited for orders
That morn—
Who knows when the soldier is dying of thirst where the wounded are wailing forlorn?—
When forth from the squad that was ordered back from the burst of that furious fire
Our Drummer Boy came and his face was adown with the light of a noble desire:

"Go back with your corps," our Colonel had said, but he waited the moment
When he might follow the ranks and shoulder a gun with the best of us bearded men.
And so when the signals from old Fort Wood set an army of veterans wild,
He flung down his drum which spun down the hill like the ball of a wayward child.

And so he fell in with the foremost ranks of brave old Company G,
As we charged by the flank, with our colors ahead, and our column closed up
Like a V;
In the long, swinging lines of that splendid advance, when the flags of our corps floated out,
Like the ribbons that dance in the jubilant lines of the march of a gala day rout.

He charged with the ranks, though he carried no gun, for the Colonel had said nay,
And he breasted the blast of the bristling guns and the shock of the sickning fray;
And when by his side they were falling like hail, he sprang to a comrade slain,
And shouldered his musket and bore it as true as the hand that was dead to pain.

'Twas dearly we loved him, our Drummer Boy, with a fire in his bright, black eye,
That flashed forth a spirit too great for his form, he only was just so high,—
As tall perhaps as your little lad who scarcely reaches your shoulder. —
Though his heart was the heart of a veteran then, a trifle, in may be, the bolder
He pressed to the front, our lad so true, and the works were almost won, 
A moment more and our flags had swung o'er the muzzle of the murdering gun: 
But a ranking fire swept the van and he fell 'mid the wounded and the slain, 
With his wee, wan face turned up to Him who feeleth His children's pain. 

Again and again our lines fell back and again with shivering shocks 
They flung themselves on the rebel works as the flecks on the jagged rocks; 
To be crushed and broken and scattered amain, as the wrecks of the surging storm. 
Where none may rue and none may reck of aught that has human form. 

So under the Ridge we were lying for the orders to charge again, 
And we counted our comrades missing and we counted our comrades slain; 
And one said, "Johnnie, the Drummer Boy, is grievously shot and lies 
Just under the enemy's breastworks; if left on the field he dies." 

Then all the blood that was in me surged up to my aching brow, 
And my heart leaped up like a ball in my throat, I can feel it even now, 
And I swore I would bring that boy from the field, if God would spare my breath, 
If all the guns on Mission Ridge should thunder the threat of death. 

I crept and crept up the ghastly Ridge, by the wounded and the dead, 
With the moans of my comrades right and left, behind me and yet ahead, 
Till I came to the form of our Drummer Boy, in his blouse of dusty blue, 
With his face to the foe, 'neath the enemy's guns, where the blast of the battle blew. 

And his gaze as he met my own, God wot, would have melted a heart of stone, 
As he tried like a wounded bird to rise, and placed his hand in my own: 
So wan and faint with his ruby red blood drank deep by the pitiless sword, 
While his breast with its fleeting, fluttering breath throbbed painfully slow and hard. 

And he said in a voice half smothered, though its whispering thrills me yet, 
"I think in a moment more that I would have stood on the parapet. 
For my feet have trodden life's rugged ways, and I have been used to climb 
Where some of the boys have slipped I know, but I have never missed a time. 

"But now I nevermore will climb, and Sergeant when you see 
The men go up those breastworks there, just stop and waken me: 
For while I cannot make the charge or join the cheers that rise, 
I may forget my pain to see the old flag kiss the skies." 

Well, it was hard to treat him so, his poor limb shattered sore. 
But I raised him to my shoulder and to the Surgeon bore; 
And the boys when they saw us coming each gave a shout of joy, 
Though some in curses clothed their prayers, for him, our Drummer boy. 

When sped the news that "Fighting Joe" had saved the Union right, 
With his legs still fresh from Lookout: and that Thomas massed his might 
And forced the rebel centre; and our cheering rang like wild; 
And Sherman's heart was happy as the heart of a little child; 

When Grant from his lofty outlook saw our flags by the hundred fly, 
Along the slopes of Mission Ridge, where'er he cast his eye; 
And our Drummer Boy heard the news and knew the mighty battle done, 
The valiant contest ended, and the glorious victory won; 
Then he smiled in all his agony beneath the Surgeon's steel, 
And joyed that his blood to flow his country's woes to heal; 
And his bright, black eyes so yearning, grew strangely glad and wide; 
I think that in that hour of joy he would have gladly died. 

Ah, ne'er again our ranks were cheered by our little Drummer's drum,
When rub, rub, rub-a-dub-dub, we knew that our hour had come;
Heat brisk at morn, beat sharp at eve, rolled long when it called to arms.
With rub, rub rub-a-dub, dub, 'mid the clamor of rude alarms!

Ah, ne'er again our black-eyed boy looked up in the veteran's face,
To waken thoughts of his children safe in mother love's embrace!
Ne'er again with tripping feet he ran with the other boys,—
His budding hopes were cast away as they were idle toys.

But ever in our hearts be dwells, with a grace that never is old,
For him the heart to duty wed can ne'ermore grow cold.
His heart, the hero's heart, we named the loyal, true and brave,
The heart of the soldiers hoar and gray, of the lad in his Southern grave!

And when they tell of their heroes, and the laurels they have won,
Of the scars they are doomed to carry, of the deeds that they have done;
Of the horror to be biding among the ghastly dead,
The gory sod beneath them, the bursting shell o'erhead;

My heart goes back to Mission Ridge and the Drummer Boy who lay
With his face to the foe 'neath the enemy's guns, in the charge of that terrible day;
And I say that the land that bears such sons, is crowned and dowered with all
The dear God giveth nations to stay them lest they fall.

O glory of Mission Ridge stream on, like the roseate light of morn,
On the sons that now are living, on the sons that are yet unborn!
And cheers for our comrades living and tears as they pass away!
And three times three for the Drummer Boy who fought at the front that day.

Song—"Just Before the Battle."
Soprano Solo and Quartette Chorus.

MISS ELLA MANOR.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Just before the battle, Mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view—
Comrades brave are round me lying.
Fill'd with tho't of home and God:
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

Oh I long to see you, Mother,
And the loving ones at home,
But I'll never leave our banner,
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors, all around you,
That their cruel words we know,
In every battle kill our soldiers
By help they give the foe.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight,
Now may God protect us, Mother,
As he ever does the right
Hear the "Battle cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air,
Oh, yes we'll rally round the standard
Or we'll perish nobly there.

CHORUS.
Farewell, Mother, you may never press me to your heart again;
But O, you'll not forget me, Mother, if I'm numbered with the slain.
Farewell, Mother, you may never, you may never, Mother, press me to your heart again;
But O, you'll not forget me, Mother, you will not forget me if I'm number'd with the slain.
Farewell, Mother, you may never, you may never, Mother, press me to your heart again.
But O, you'll not forget me, Mother, you will not forget me if I'm number'd with the slain.

Address—‘Atlanta Campaign.’

Comrade John H. Puck.

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

You all doubtless know that it is a soldier's duty to obey orders, so in this case when our worthy President and Comrade, Major Hipp, asked me to give the 37th Regiment and my own personal experience of the Atlanta Campaign, I hesitatingly complied with his request, knowing my inability to do justice to the subject, and will briefly recount the marches, battles and exploits as I remember them. It will of course be impossible to give the exact dates of battles and incidents as they happened, as for the most part I have to rely wholly upon memory.

As the Comrades all know the Veterans of our Regiment, and those of us known as the recruits of '62, after having had a most delightful furlough of 30 days duration, said good-bye to our wives and sweet-hearts the last days of April 1864 and started for the front.

Our first trip was from Cleveland to Cincinnati where we arrived late in the afternoon, or about dusk, and where we were quartered for the night in the 5th Street Market House. After a strong guard had been put out, (made up from our own boys),
our officers left us and I presume looked up more congenial quarters, but as you will doubtless remember the guard that was put out was of no avail, for the boys were in Ohio and would not be guarded, for I remember that when Company G was called on to furnish her quota of men for camp guard, Comrade Molenkopt, who was our orderly sergeant, read off the names of the detail, mine was among them, but as our orders were not stringent enough to allow us to resort to force, we of course were powerless to keep the men in camp, for as soon the officers were all gone the men also started to go and as they would leave in squads of from ten to twenty, we of course could not hold them; after most of the boys were gone I remember we of the guard stacked our muskets and also went away wherever inclination led us.

I will here say that this was the only instance where, so far as I know, any member of our Regiment deserted his post, or refused to do the duty he was ordered to do.

Our next move southward was to Louisville, Ky., which trip was made without any special incident worth mentioning, but our next trip was of a more exciting nature; we were to be reminded that we were soldiers, and that our business was of a more serious nature. As you doubtless remember our Regiment was put aboard four passenger coaches at Louisville, and attached to the rear end of a long train of freight cars that was filled with new troops. As I remember it, our train pulled out of the depot a little after dark and all went well until at or near midnight when those of us that were awake were aware of the fact that something was wrong for the train came to a sudden stop near Mumfordsville Ky., and after detaching the passenger coaches, pulled out and left us standing on the track; but the worst was to come, for it seems that the engineer running at full speed around the curves that are so frequent in roads running through a rolling country had broken the train in several places, the last two coaches running independently by themselves, and the rear coach, which was filled by the officers of the regiment, jumped the track and rolled down an embankment of quite a
heighth and in which our regimental clerk, E. Butter, was killed and a number of the officers were more or less severely hurt. The second last coach kept the track and ran down grade at a high rate of speed and as it struck the cars left standing on the track, it made a complete wreck of all and quite a number of boys were severely hurt.

The next day we were brought to Nashville by a special train without further incident; from Nashville we went to Chattanooga, where we arrived (if memory serves me right) about May 3rd or 4th and where we were newly equipped with Springfield rifles and marched within a few days to the field of action.

Our first encounter with Johnny Reb was at Resacca, Ga., May 13th, and our regiment was for the most part of that day and until the 16th, in line of battle. On that day we fought the battle of Resacca and Company G lost their Captain, who was so severely wounded on the skirmish line that he died the following day.

Next came Dallas. May 25th where our part was not quite so dangerous, as our regiment was in the supporting column and happily for us, our line was not called on.

June 1st found us at or near New Hope Church, at which place we were also in the supporting line and where some of us witnessed the shot fired from one of our batteries that killed the rebel General Polk, for I distinctly remember that a number of us boys were lying on the ground near a battery when General Sherman came along, field glass in hand, taking a view of the situation and after looking intently for several minutes in one direction he inquired if there was a battery near and when an officer of the battery reported to him, Sherman asked him to look in the direction indicated, saying that he saw a reconnoitering party, and directed him to load one of his pieces with shell and fire. This shot, as was afterwards ascertained, killed the Reverend General Polk of the rebel army.

From this time until June 17th, when we were at Big Shanty the regiment was constantly at the front, engaged in picket duty,
and frequently in short sharp skirmishes. From June 18th to 29th we were in front of Kennesaw Mountain and on the 27th of June we were in the general assault that was made on the rebel stronghold, and many of you doubtless remember with what misgivings and doubt we went into this assault, for to me it seemed impossible to successfully storm the mountain, for a force of one thousand men could easily hold it against ten thousand.

June 30th we were on the move again, for it was found that the rebels had abandoned their position on the mountain caused by our army coming on their flank, and after one or two days march, we came to the Chattahooche river, which we crossed during a heavy rain and thunder storm, going into camp late in the afternoon, on what I should term the south shore of the Chattahooche. From this place we marched still further to the left, in the direction of Stone Mountain and many of the boys thought that we were to make another assault on a mountain but our fears were soon quieted, for instead of attacking rebel soldiers on Stone Mountain we were ordered to attack a rebel rail road known, I believe, as the Atlanta & West Point rail road. Many of you doubtless remember how diligently we went to work to destroy the road, tearing up the track, building fires and heating the rails in the center and then twisting them into all kinds of shapes, in many cases twisting the rail around small saplings and leaving them in that position, (I will here say that in 1880 I had occasion to travel this road from Montgomery, Alabama, to Atlanta, Ga., when I saw quite a number of the rails still in that position.) From this place (Stone Mountain) we marched in the direction of Decatur, Ga. but soon swung around further to the left, leaving Decatur in our rear and as you doubtless remember, encountered the rebels in strong position, some three to four miles from Atlanta, but General Sherman was at his old tricks again and pressed them upon their flanks, forcing them to retreat, for on the morning of July 22nd, it soon became known that the rebels in our front were gone and we were early on the move to follow
them, but as we came to their abandoned line of works, it became evident that our further advance would be disputed. Our regiment's position was in the front of a 2½ story brick-house that stood about two hundred yards to the right of the Decatur & Atlanta rail road, and from twelve to fifteen feet back of the breastworks. Of this house, it was said that some enthusiastic rebel, (I have forgotten the name,) was building when the war broke out, that he should have said to his workmen, that they would first go and whip the Yankees and then come back and finish the house. (I will say here that the house was never finished.) But to resume my story, General Morgan L. Smith, our Division Commander, had his headquarters at this house, and much of the conversation between staff-officers was overhead by us. I remember that Major Hipp, who was in command of the regiment at the time, made suggestions to General Smith about barricading the rail road, and burning a collection of houses, and outbuildings that stood to the left oblique in our front. But General Smith would not have it, saying that the buildings would come handy for hospital use, and to barricade the rail road would be labor lost, as he was confident that we would take dinner in Atlanta; but we were doomed to disappointment, the dinner that General Smith promised us that day was not realized until the first of September.

It must have been near 2 P.M. when we could see that the rebels were making active preparations for an attack, when Major Hipp asked for volunteers to go into the brick house as sharp-shooters, some twelve or fifteen of our boys responded, being mostly from Company C and G, I being among the number. Upon reaching the upper story of the house we immediately distributed in the different rooms and began to break holes through the walls to enable us to fire upon the rebels as they advanced, and none too soon, for we had hardly made our port-holes of sufficient size to enable us to see and fire through when the rebels advanced in solid columns, but by the steady fire poured into them, they were forced to retreat. I will say that I have always been of the opinion that if General Smith had
heeded our Major's suggestions, that our Division would have been spared the humiliation of being driven out of their works, something that had never happened to them before. It seems that the rebels only retreated far enough to come under shelter of the houses before mentioned and from there marched onto the rail road track and also a wagon road running parallel with the rail road, and there being a deep cut in both we could neither see or hurt them and I am confident that if a battery with proper support had been stationed at these roads the rebels never could have broken our line, but as there was neither a battery or infantry there, the rebels had an easy task of it, for they marched through our line with right shoulder arms and opened fire on our line at right angles and with such telling effect that our line soon gave way and the rebels again occupied their works. It was in this engagement that I had the most thrilling experience of any battle that I was ever engaged in during my whole service, for we in the house were in blissful ignorance of what was going on below. We had been ordered to keep a sharp lookout in our front, and the house not having any openings in the sides towards the rail road we could not see what was going on on our left and I presume those of you who were there were too busy just then to pay any attention to us; in fact you might not have known that we were in the house, but we were there and as we thought were doing our duty in watching our front ready to fire on the first rebel who would dare to show himself. We of course expected that if they would make another attack they would make it in the same direction as the first one, but as from 15 to 20 minutes went by and no rebels in sight we supposed the fight was over when all at once we heard firing on our left but as it only lasted a few minutes. We paid very little attention to it, never dreaming that we were in danger, or that our line could be broken, but after several minutes we became uneasy, we wanted to see what our boys below were doing, so one of the boys in the room I was in leaned out of the window, in order to see the works below, when to his horror he discovead that our boys
were gone and the works full of rebels. Upon learning this fact we hurried down stairs as fast as we could, but upon reaching the 2nd floor we found that the rebel soldiers were already in the house and some of them had started to come up stairs. Here was a dilemma; to stay in the house meant certain capture and perhaps many months in rebel prisons and to jump from the 2nd story window there would be but a very slim chance to escape, for we did not know but what the rebels were already watching every window in the house; but there was no time to investigate, if we were going to try to escape we must act, so I with perhaps a half dozen more, made a break from the windows and jumped down, not knowing but what the rebels were to take us in. The house as I remember it had five windows on the side we jumped out, and I chose the center window, I being in the lead of two more boys of my company. I will state here that when we went to work in the morning to change front to the rebel works, our Regiment unstung knapsacks and piled them up in the rear of the house and I jumping out of the window came down upon a large pile of knap-sacks, which of course broke my fall but sent me sprawling on the ground and as I rose to my feet there were several rebels standing at the corner of the house to my right who commanded me to halt but without taking a second thought I started on a dead run and think better time was never made than I made in that run of perhaps four hundred to five hundred yards. After running this distance, I overtook a small squad of our boys and no rebels being in sight we started to where one of the boys said our regiment was, but we had only gone about a hundred yards when General Logan came riding along ordering us to stay where we were and in less time than it takes me to tell it he had gathered from 1200 to 1500 men from I should say at least a half dozen regiments. After forming this mixed force into line and making a short speech we went forward again with a will, charging our lost position, coming out the woods a little to the left of the brick house and capturing a number of prisoners. Our regiment was in this position until July 25th, when
we started on the march again, this time going to the right wing of Sherman's army.

I well remember how, on the night of July 27th, at I should say, 7 or 8 o'clock, we were halted and told that we would stay long enough to cook our supper, but as soon as we had our fires nicely started and before our coffee came to a boil the rebels commenced shelling us from Fort Walker and so accurate was their fire that we had to abandon our coffee cooking and start on the march again without our suppers. At or near midnight we finally went into camp, from where we again started early in the morning of the 28th, on which day the regiment was in the battle known as Ezra Chapel where our honored President and Comrade, Major Hipp, lost his left arm and where I lost my friend and bunk-mate, Henry Linneman, who was so severely wounded that he died within a few days. The battle of Ezra Chapel deserves more than a mere mention. Our regiment was on the extreme right and became engaged with the enemy at about 10 A.M. Some three or four companies of our regiment were sent out on the skirmish line, the Major, our commander, remaining at his post with the regiment. Our skirmishers soon found that the rebels were too numerous for them, for the rebel left extended quite a distance beyond our right and coming at them from both front and flank forced them to fall back to our main line. Just at this moment when everything was confusion our Major was wounded and was seen falling off his horse, and but for the brave act of our color-bearer, Comrade Ernst Torgler, would have been captured by the rebels, for the rebels were now charging our main line and for the time being it had to fall back; but happily for us reinforcements were at hand, extending our right so that we soon not only regained our position but forced the rebels to retreat for some distance.

From July 29th to Aug. 28th, the regiment lay in the trenches in front of Atlanta doing picket duty and such other duties as falls to a soldier's lot, having more or less killed and wounded every day. I remember of an incident that happened the latter part of August; the Comrades doubtless remember that a little
to the right in our rear there was quite a ravine that we took when going after water and wood, knowing just where to go to be out of harms way; well, early one morning a regiment of Zouaves was being moved from the left to our right, and as the colonel came to this ravine, some of our boys said to him that he was on dangerous ground and that he had better take his regiment up the ravine, but he thought he knew what he was doing and kept his line of march but soon found to his sorrow that he would have done better to have heeded our advice, for as the rebels opened out on the regiment with shot and shell the colonel and his staff unceremoniously dismounted and footed it with the soldiers on the double-quick to cross the danger spot, which was a distance of about three to four hundred yards, and many were the shouts that went up from our regiment seeing the boys run. I remember a particularly small soldier who turned a complete somersault caused by a cannon-ball.

About August 28th General Sherman made his last grand move for capturing the city. Our company or the most of it was on picket, when towards evening our picket force was doubled and the moving of troops began; a part of the army was sent to the rear re-crossing the Chattahoochee river and the balance of the army, the 14th, 15th and 17th army corps started southward. Our picket line had orders to stay and keep up appearances, just as long as possible, which we did until near midnight when by the force the rebels sent to find out if possible what the yankees were doing, we were forced to retreat, marching all night long until near morning of the 29th, when we caught up with the regiment, but we got no rest for Sherman was in a hurry and the regiment was on the march all that day until late at night. The next day, August 30th we struck Johnny Reb again about ten to twelve miles west of Jonesboro, and the regiment was in line of battle all day, steadily driving them back until within about one and half miles from Jonesboro, where they had a strong line of entrenchments; we made our last move forward after dark where we lay on our arms for the night. The next morning with day-break we were up and commenced building
breast-works which we completed at or near noon, for I remember that Fredk Brucksieker and myself were just through with our dinner, a part of which we foraged between the lines, when the rebels brought a train load of soldiers out of Atlanta and as the train stopped in full view of our line, I being among the curious ones that wanted to see everything that was going on and stepping partly on top of our works in order to see better, I was struck with a rebel bullet that sent me to the rear for four months, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that Atlanta was ours and that the back bone of the rebellion was broke.

Thanking the Comrades and all present for their kind attention, I will add that losses the regiment sustained in this nearly five months campaign from Resaca to Jonesboro, in killed, wounded and prisoners was nearly 100 men out of a total of about 400 that started in at the commencement of the campaign.

Song—"Marching Through Georgia."
Quartette.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song—
Sing it with that spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS—"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobble which our commissary "found!"
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

Yes, and there the Union men who wept with joyfull tears,
When they saw the honored flag that they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast;
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
    While we were marching through Georgia.

**Chorus**—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

So we made a throughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
    While we were marching through Georgia.

**Chorus**—Hurrah! hurrah! etc.

Address—"From Atlanta to the Sea." "Through the Carolinas to Washington and Home."

**Capt. Louis E. Lambert.**

**Mr. President, Comrades and Friends, Ladies and Gentlemen:**

I will not tell you all in detail, as it would take too long to do so. I will simply outline the balance of our service, commencing from the battle of Jonesboro, which, of all the many battles that were fought during the Atlanta campaign, has finally resulted in the capture of Atlanta.

Jonesboro was entered by us on the 1st of September, 1864, and by night Atlanta was occupied. We pursued the enemy as far as Lovejoy Station, at which place the rebel field hospitals showed part of the work that we had done in this battle; piles of amputated limbs were laying there 10 feet high and thousands of poor Johnny's were suffering. From here we returned to East Point, September 7th, where we went into camp for a short rest. The rebel forces under General Hood were now moving towards our rear, where they tried to cut our R. R. communication and means of supplies. Their movements were however too well watched, and every attempt was gloriously repulsed. Forced marches were made over northern Georgia and Alabama, and the enemy's cavalry encountered near Gadsden, Alabama, on the Coosa River. On the advance of our Brigade, in line of battle, the enemy retreated in such haste, that it was useless for infantry to attempt the pursuit. The regiment then returned to Ruffins Station. The great march through Georgia to the Sea was at that time forming, and our
energetic commander, General W. T. Sherman, had ordered up to Atlanta all the troops that could be spared, leaving behind an army under General Thomas at Nashville, Tennessee, sufficiently strong to hold in check, and wind up the rebel forces under General Hood.

On the 13th of November, 1864, our regiment marched into Atlanta to draw the necessary outfit for the long march, and on the 15th we started with the army, breaking off all communications with the North, and our relatives and friends at home. Our grand army, which steadily moved forward, but never backward, with its great Chief, marched through the heart of the confederacy, and feared nothing. The route of our Regiment passed over McDonough's Indian Springs, near which place we crossed the Ocmulgee River, thence through the towns of Hillsboro and Clinton, where we performed in company with the 15th Michigan Infantry, valuable service in preventing the enemy's cavalry from crossing the road leading to Marion, in view of capturing and destroying one of our division trains at that time packed in the town of Clinton. Covering the rear of the division, we marched the following day toward Griswold, and having crossed the Georgia Cen. R. R. we passed through Irwinton. We crossed the Oconee River on the 26th of November, and after marching through extensive swamps, arrived at Summertown on the 30th.

Continuing our line of march through the low swampy lands of Georgia, along the southern side of the Ogeechee River, we crossed the Connouchee River on the 9th of December. In marching through these swamps, it was not so pleasant as it is to move along on good solid road. Many miles of corduroy roads we were obliged to build, by cutting down the trees, in order to bring up our artillery and wagon trains, and often for weeks, we had not a dry stitch on our back, wading through creeks and rivers, sometime up to the neck, and raining day and night, and not a dry spot to lay down on, when we halted to rest a few hours at night. However we endured all hardships cheerfully, we were determined to save our country. We then reach-
ed the Savannah & Gulf R. R. of which we destroyed many miles. We had no use for railroads in that part of the country, and consequently they disappeared as far as our army could reach them. Bridges we found but very few as the enemy had burned them, if they had time enough to do so; that however would not prevent us from moving steadily forward. Where the rivers were too swift and too deep to wade through, we would swim across on horses or on mule back, or build pontoon bridges in face of the enemy's fire. Recrossing the Oconeechee River, we passed the Ogeechee and advanced to within nine miles of Savannah.

We were now close to the sea coast, and hard fighting anticipated. Extensive rice fields are in this section of Georgia, which furnished us plenty of food for man and horse, and replaced the sweet potatoes, turkeys and chickens, which often had greeted us during our march through Georgia.

On the 13th of December our brigade was detailed to recross the Ogeechee River at King's bridge, to advance on Fort McAllister, and take that stronghold by storm. This Fort was supposed by the enemy impossible to be taken by assault, as it was strongly built, many obstructions in its front, and the entire grounds surrounding the Fort for a long distance over which we must pass, were planted with torpedoes. These torpedoes however we had partly removed by prisoners, which we captured in the act of planting them. The bugle was then sounded and the command, "forward, double time, march," and the solid lines moved forward, under the most fearful fire and impassable obstructions; but there was no halt, until the Stars and Stripes were planted on top of the parapets and the Fort was ours. To be in possession of this Fort, was of the greatest importance to our army in carrying out General Sherman's great plans.

We were now in connection with our fleet, and again in communication with the North, and we received mail from our relatives and friends at home who were anxious to learn of our whereabouts. And another dear old friend and companion,
who we had missed for a long time, welcomed us hear: our
good old pork and beans, and hard tack. After some days rest
our division again marched to the Savannah & Gulf R. R. and
completed its destruction for many miles down into Florida.

On our return to Savannah, we received orders to report
at headquarters of the 15th Army Corps, to take part in the
contemplated attack on Savannah. In the night however the
enemy evacuated the city. We then went into bivouac, and oc-
cupied our time in drilling and perfecting our equipments.

On the 19th of January, 1865, the 37th Regiment was ordered
to march to Fort Thunderbolt, on the Savannah R:iver, where
we embarked on gunboats for Beauford, South Carolina, which
we reached on the 22nd. At this place the regiment went into
camp and engaged in taking our division train out of the trans-
ports then lying in port at Beaufort. On the 30th, the regiment
escorted this train to Pocotalico, and from thence marched to
McPhersonville, where we joined our division on the march
through South and North Carolina. In South Carolina we
found great bitterness against us, and the high rivers and flood-
ed swamps also added to our hardships. On this march we
crossed the Coosamatee, the Big and Little Combahee, the South
and North Edisto Rivers, often wading through water up to the
armpits, and in this way attacking the enemy in fort'fied posi-
tions.

When we reached the South Edisto River which is broad
and deep, we found the enemy strongly fortified on the opposite
side, and as usual the bridge burned; so of course they thought,
here the Yanks cannot get by, for on both sides of the road, and
at least a mile in breadth along side of the river were those
swamps, flooded by the high waters. They opened a heavy
artillery fire upon us, and their infantry did the best they could.
But the Yanks thought different. We brought up some of our
artillery on our side of the river, and fired away at them, and
made them believe that we were really foolish enough to think
that we couldn't drive them from there. In the meantime while
our artillery kept up firing we waded through the water, cov-
ered from sight by trees and brush, about four miles below, where we crossed the river on horses and mules, on trees that we cut down, and any way we could get across. This took over four hours, during which time we were continually in the water. On the opposite shore we formed into line, and marched quietly up to the rear of the enemy, and when we reached the proper point, we stormed them from the rear. We took them so by surprise, that they thought the world was coming to an end; they dropped their arms, and we captured every one of them. From here we marched directly into Columbia, the Capitol of South Carolina, and after crossing the Congaree River we resumed five miles south of Columbia.

On the 16th of February, after an engagement with the enemy, we crossed the Saluda River 4 miles above Columbia, and entered the city on that day. We crossed the Broad River February 18th, and for two days were engaged in destroying the Columbia & Charleston R. R. On the 20th we continued our march, crossing the Wateree River and wading Lynch Creek, which had assumed the dimensions of a river, on the 26th. At this point our regiment was compelled to halt until March 2nd to allow the balance of our division to come up; freshets having carried away some of our pontoon bridges, and retarded the march. On the 7th we entered Cheraw, S. C., and crossed the Great Pedee River. On the 8th we crossed the state line of North Carolina. After having passed the head waters of the Little Pedee, Lumber River and Little River, our regiment was ordered to escort General Howard's headquarters and pontoon train of the Army of the Tennessee on the extreme right, which we brought safely into Fayetteville, N. C., March 11th.

On the 14th we crossed Cape Fear River, our regiment marching on the road leading to Clinton, where we had an engagement with the enemy's Cavalry. On the 17th we reached Beaman's Crossroads, and our army drew up near Goldsboro, and on the 19th we participated in the battle of Bentonville, North Carolina, which was our last battle that we fought, although we did not then know that it was the last.
On the 24th of March we crossed the Neuse River and went into camp two miles east of Goldsboro. Here we received the glorious news of Lee's surrender to General Grant. On the 18th day of April, 1865, the rebel General Johnston surrendered his entire army, and all remaining rebel armies, to General Sherman; and now the war was over. Our joy was extremely great.

Our army then marched over the battlefields of the eastern army, via Richmond, Va., to Washington, where our whole army passed in review before the President and his Cabinet. This was the grandest review, and the largest body of military ever assembled at one place in the United States. Thence we were transported by rail to Louisville Ky., where we expected to be mustered out. However there was more work for us in store. Maximilian, with the French army was still in Mexico, and it would not do for us to allow him to remain there. So our Brigade, the 2nd of the 2nd Division of the 15th Army Corps, (of which Corps we here on our left breast wear the badge, representing the cartridge box with 40 rounds, which indicates that every soldier in the 15th Army Corps was always prepared to meet the enemy, with not less than 40 rounds of bullets,) was ordered south once more.

On the 24th of June we embarked on steamboats, and floated down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, this time taking a pleasure tour through the country, where two years before we had been fighting our way. We steamed up the White River to Duvalls Bluffs, Ark., and thence transported by rail to Little Rock, Arkansas, where we arrived on the 4th of July. Here we awaited further development, and occupied our time in drilling and camp duties. We missed the sound of cannon and musket firing which had furnished our ears with their familiar music for four long years.

On the 7th day of August we received orders to be mustered out and sent to our homes. This was glorious news for us, our duties had been performed in all details. The French army had withdrawn from Mexico, and now we could be spared.
Peace prevailed all over our country, and we then started home-ward.

Our regiment was sent to Cleveland, Ohio, where it was organized on the 3rd of August, 1861, and discharged on the 21st of August 1865. All comrades bid farewell to each other and returned to their firesides to once more enjoy a rest under shelter and roof.

We enrolled 1133 healthy and stout patriots in our regiment and we came home with 189 men, of whom many were perforated by bullets.

In conclusion I will say: that, during the four years service our regiment had operated in the confederate states of West and East Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South and North Carolina, every noble state excepting Missouri and Texas, and I feel proud of having served and fought with the 37th Regiment, Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry, and having had an opportunity to serve my country in the time of need, as a relic of which, I with many of my comrades, bear the scars of wounds received on the field of battle.

**Song—“Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.”**

_Soprano Solo and Chorus._

**MISS ABBIE SMITH.**

**TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!**

In the prison-cell I sit
Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away;
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

**CHORUS—Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching**

Cheer up comrades they will come,
And beneath the starry flag,
We shall breathe the air again,
Of the free-land in our own beloved home.
In the battle-front we stood,
When their fierce charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more;
But, before we reached their lines,
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of victory, o'er and o'er.

Chorus—Tramp, &c.

So, within the prison-cell,
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

Chorus—Tramp, &c.

Music—Medley

The Little Six Band.

This closed the entertainment for the evening. The regiment formed, and, headed by the band, marched to the Dieker House, where arrangements were made for the

BANQUET.

The dining room and adjoining halls were prepared to seat all the Comrades at once. The tables were tastefully decorated, and an elegant and substantial repast awaited the veterans, as is shown by the following

SCHNABEL-WEIDE.

—J. W. Keuthan, Forager.—

OYSTERS.

Raw. Stewed.

FISH.

Black Bass, Butter Sauce, with Parsley.

SOLID GRUB.

ROASTS.

After the first assault on the tables had been successfully made, volunteer songs and addresses were in order, interspersed with music by the Little Six Band, and concluding in the early hours of the dawning morning with a march to the different quarters of the guests, and serenades by the band.

The following toasts had been arranged for the banquet, but owing to the absence of some, and the late hours, they were dispensed with:

"Princeton, W. Virginia,"—David Fritz.
"Fayetteville,"—John Mollenkopf.
"Retreat to Pomeroy,"—Dr. L. S. J. Gessner.
"The Charge of the Suttler's Brigade,"—Carl Lenk.
"Charleston, W. Virginia,"—Andrew Kohler.
"Recruits of '62,"—W. H. Birkenhauer.
"The Army Mule,"—Theo. Voges.
"In the Assault on Vicksburgh,"—Christ. Schnell.
"Reseeva,"—Gustave Lambert.
"Kenesaw Mountain,"—George Weber.
"How I Captured Atlanta,"—Dr. A. Billhardt.
At 10 A.M., September 11th, the members of the Regiment met at the Town Hall for the transaction of business. The roll of members were called, and the following answered to their names:

Aberle, Joseph, Co. G ................................. Stryker, Ohio  
Altenberger, Joseph, Co. F ....................... Upper Sandusky, Ohio  
Aue, Christ, Co. C and wife  ..................... New Bremen, Ohio  
Bastel, Jacob, Co. F ................................. Upper Sandusky, Ohio  
Beck, William, Co. K ............................. Toledo, Ohio  
Behm, Fred, Co. C ................................. St. Marys, Ohio  
Billhardt, Dr. Adolph W., Asst. Surgeon and wife; Upper Sandusky, O  
Birkenhauer, W. H. Co K ............................ Toledo, Ohio  
Bodenmiller, George, Co. B ....................... Toledo, Ohio  
Bonner, Nic, Co. K and wife  ..................... Hamilton, Ohio  
Broderick, Math, Co. C and wife ............... St. Marys, Ohio  
Buchhotz, Fred, Co. C and wife .................. St. Marys, Ohio  
Dickmann, Fritz, Co. C .............................. New Bremen, Ohio  
Döhring, Henry, Co. C .............................. Buckland, Ohio  
Ehlen, John, Co. C ................................. Piqua, Ohio  
Finke, Henry, Lieut., Co. C ....................... New Bremen, Ohio  
Fischer, John, Co. K and wife .................. Hamilton, Ohio  
Flath, Philip, Co. F ................................. Lima, Ohio  
Friedricks, Anton, Co. C and wife ............. Minster, Ohio  
Gering, Bernhard, Co. I ............................ Glandorf, Ohio  
Gerster, Henry, Co. K .............................. Blanchard, Ohio  
Hemann, H. H., Co. C ............................. Lima, Ohio  
Hensch, Fred, Co. C and wife .................... St. Marys, Ohio  
Hipp, Charles, Major and wife .................. St. Marys, Ohio  
Herrvischer, Wm., Co. C and wife .......... New Bremen, Ohio  
Huber, Andrews, Lieut., Co. K .................. Hamilton, Ohio  
Hummel, Fritz, Co. H and daughter ........... Wapakoneta, Ohio  
Kiefer, John, Co. C ............................... Wapakoneta, Ohio  
Kiefer, Nic, Co. C ................................. Wapakoneta, Ohio  
Kohler, Andrew, Co. C and wife ............... Wapakoneta, Ohio  
Kolter, Fritz, Co. K and wife .................... Wapakoneta, Ohio  
Kopf, Michael, Co. C .............................. Le Moyne, Ohio  
Kountz, John S., Co. G ............................ Toledo, Ohio  
Krebs, Frank, Co. K and wife .................. Hamilton, Ohio  
Krueger, Louis, Co. B ............................ Toledo, Ohio  
Krumm, Fred, Lieut., Co. D ..................... Columbus, Ohio
Lambert, Louis E., Capt., Co. G and wife ........................................ St. Marys, Ohio
Melcher, John, Co. H ........................................................................ Peru, Ind.
Moser, Henry and wife ........................................................................ Wapakoneta, Ohio
Nellis, Louis, Co. G ........................................................................... Toledo, Ohio
Nohl, John A, Co. K ........................................................................... Carey, Ohio
Pape, Wm., Co. F ................................................................................ New Bremen, Ohio
Prange, Chas., Co. C wife and daughter ........................................... St. Marys, Ohio
Puck, J. H., Co. G and wife ................................................................. Toledo, Ohio
Roettger, Fritz, Co. C .......................................................................... New Bremen, Ohio
Rosengarten, John, Co. F .................................................................... Cranberry Prairie, Ohio
Sanzenbach, D. Co. B ........................................................................... Toledo, Ohio
Sanzenbach, John, Co. B ...................................................................... Toledo, Ohio
Schaefler, Henry, Co. C wife and daughter ........................................ New Bremen, Ohio
Scherer, George, Co. G ........................................................................ Toledo, Ohio
Schmidt, Henry, Capt, Co. C and wife ............................................ Wapakoneta, Ohio
Schneider, John, Co. C .......................................................................... Wapakoneta, Ohio
Schuette, J. B. Co. C ........................................................................... Larkington, Ohio
Schulenberg, Ben, Co. C ...................................................................... New Bremen, Ohio
Schulenberg, Henry, Co. C and wife ................................................... St Marys, Ohio
Schulenberg, William, Co. C and wife .............................................. New Bremen, Ohio
Stelzer, Christ, Co. K ........................................................................... Columbus, Ohio
Tellmann, Fred, Co. C and wife .......................................................... New Bremen, Ohio
Thiemann, Wm., Co. C .......................................................................... New Bremen, Ohio
Torgler, Ernst, Co. G and wife ............................................................. Toledo, Ohio
Wagner, Peter, Co. C wife and daughter ............................................ New Bremen, Ohio
Weber, George, Co. K ........................................................................... Hamilton, Ohio
Weber, John, Co. K ................................................................................ Toledo, Ohio
Weber, Valentine, Co. B ........................................................................ Toledo, Ohio
Weiler, Jacob, Co. C ............................................................................. Wapakoneta, Ohio
Wieser, Henry, Co. C ........................................................................... St. Marys, Ohio
Young, John, Co. G ............................................................................... Toledo, Ohio

INVITED GUESTS.

Dieker, Fred and wife ........................................................................... St. Marys, Ohio
Felz, Lorenz .......................................................................................... Wapakoneta, Ohio
Gross, Hon. E. F. Mayor ........................................................................ St. Marys, Ohio
Herzing, Albert ...................................................................................... St. Marys, Ohio
Hollingsworth, J. J. 11 O. V. C. ............................................................... St. Marys, Ohio
Irving, Mrs. Elizabeth Mansfield .......................................................... Toledo, Ohio
Krein, Frank, Mo. Vol. Inf. .................................................................... St. Louis, Mo.
Mott, S. R., Col. 118th. O. V. I. .............................................................. St. Marys, Ohio
Letters of acknowledgement, regret, &c., were received from the following members:

Baerhold, Fred, Co. A .......................... Cleveland, Ohio
Bruesholz, Joseph, Co. K ......................... Brownston, Ind.
Eppenauer, Anton, Co. E ........................ Nevada, Mo.
Gessner, Dr. L. S. J., Asst. Surgeon ............ Fremont, Ohio
Gotterdam, Casper, Co. D ........................ Columbus, Ohio
Jones, Gen. Wells S, Brigade Commander ....... Waverly, Ohio
Kramer Valentine, Co. E ........................ Chillicothe, Ohio
Kropf, Rudolph J. Co. D .......................... Chicago, Ill.
Kuenzelmann, Jacob, Co. E ....................... Chillicothe, Ohio
Lemley, G., Co. I ................................. Youngstown, Ohio
Lenk, Carl, Sutler ................................. Toledo, Ohio
Liebemann, Mrs. Anna, widow of Fred Liebemann, Co. A, Lindsey, Ohio
Mollenkopf, John, Co. G .......................... Maumee, Ohio
Moritz, Carl, Capt., Co. B ........................ Tracey City, Tenn.
Nieberg, Theo., Lieut., Co. C ...................... Columbus, Ind.
Phillippar, Fred, Co. G .......................... Chesterfield, Ohio
Reiter, Wm., Co. C ............................... Linnville, Iowa
Ringler, Dr. E., Surgeon .......................... Saginaw, Mich.
Thoman, Hon. L. D., ............................. Chicago, Ill.
Votteler, H. J., Lieut., Co. A ..................... Cleveland, Ohio
Weber, George, Co. K ............................. St. Louis, Mo.
Weste, Wm., Capt., Co. C .......................... Nat. Mil. Home, Ohio
Young, Gen., C. I ................................. Toledo, Ohio
Zimmer, Chas., Co. E ............................. Chillicothe, Ohio

On motion of J. H. Puck, the Regiment proceeded to elect officers to serve until the next meeting, and Major Charles Hipp and Capt. Louis E. Lambert were re-elected as President and Secretary, by acclamation.

On motion, it was resolved that the proceedings
of this Reunion be published in pamphlet form, and that each member present contribute towards the expense thereof.

Comrade J. S. Kountz moved that a vote of thanks be given to the local members of the Regiment.

At the general request of the Regiment, Comrade Birkenhauer read his address to the toast “The Recruits of ’62,” which was enthusiastically received, and ordered to be printed with the proceedings.

Dr. A. Billhardt was also requested to furnish a copy of his address “How I Captured Atlanta,” and John Melcher on “Prison Life at Andersonville,” for publication.

The Regiment then adjourned to meet again after dinner.

Louis E. Lambert, Charles Hipp,
Secretary. President.

PIC-NIC.

At 1 p.m. all members present with their wives and families, and accompanied by the Little Six Band, boarded the canal boat “Homer Meakham,” under command of Comrade Fred. Behm, and started gaily for the St. Marys’ Reservoir; afterwards took the woods for a social Pic-nic, and inspected some of the many natural gas wells in the vicinity.

Returning at sun-down, a procession was formed, including all the ladies and children of the party, and proceeded by the band, marched to the G. A. R. Hall, the headquarters of the Regiment, where most of them bid each other farewell and returned to their homes.

A few of the old guard mustered later in the evening for the

KOMMERS,

where the evening was passed with songs, stories and
reminiscences, such as old soldiers only can appreciate.

"Ach, ich bin so müde"

Song and Chorus.

Antwort auf den Toast: Die ersten Rekruten des 37. (3. deut-
schen Regimentes) O. V. U. bei dem Banquet während der Reunion des
genannten Regiments in St. Mary's D. am 11. Sep. 1889., von Wm. H.
Birkenhauer.

Das 37. (3. deutsche Ohio Regiment war kaum ein Jahr im Felde, als
daselbe sich schon veranlaßt fühlte, Rekrutierungsoffiziere nach Hause zu schicken,
um durch Anwerbung von Rekruten, die in Folge von Geschichten und Strapazen
entstandenen Lücken in den Reihen des Regiments wieder auszufüllen.

Mit dieser Mission betraut, kamen im August 1862, Lieutenant Jos.
Langendorfer und Corporal Dietrich Schmidt nach Toledo, und da beide alte be-
kannte Ansjiedler der Stadt waren, (leder sind beide auch schon längst zur Ruhe
eingegangen,) so gelang es ihnen bald mit Hülfe anderer hervorragender Deut-
schen Bürger der Stadt, wie z. B. Peter Lent, Valentine Braun, Andreas Step-
han, (damals Braureibesitzer) und anderer, ca. 66 Rekruten für das Regiment
anzuwerben; manche hatten sich zwar schon in das 111. und andere Regimenter
anwerben lassen, welche zur selben Zeit aufgemaakt worden, jedoch da dieselben
vorgesehen, einem deutschen Regimente anzugehören, wurden ihnen der liebertritt in
das 39. gestattet. Die so angeworbenen Rekruten sollten sobald als möglich zum
Regimente geschickt werden, da letzteres mit einigen anderen Regimentern in West
Virginia stationirt war, und von einer starken Rebellenmacht gedrängt, sich in
einer so sehr unangenehmen Lage befand.

Der Erste, welcher diese Rekrutenliste unterzeichneten, war Ernst
Zuglar, später Sergeant und Fahnenträger, welch letztere Stellung denjenige
während einer längeren Zeit belohntete, als irgend ein anderer Fahnenträger des
Regimentes. Er war es, der Major Hipp am 28 Juli 1864, in der Schlacht bei
Atlanta, wo leipeter seinen Arm verlor, vom blutigen Schlachtfeld schleppte,
seinen Arm verband, und vielleicht dessen Leben rettete. Wenn er auch öfters
Hunger und Durst litt, und der Fahnenstock über seiner Hand abgeschossen wurde,
schien doch für ihn keine Kugel gegoßen gewesen zu sein, denn zu Ende des Krieges,
war seine Haut noch unverletzt, und er brachte einen guten Appetit zu Hause.

Der Zweite aus der Liste, war der vor einigen Jahren verstorbene
Henry Chrisman, auch er avancirte später zum Sergeant, Commissariy Sergeant,
und Ordeny Sergeant, der ebenfalls den Krieg bis zu Ende mitmachte.
...
Alle Namen hier zu nennen, bin ich nicht im Stande, denn es ist schon so lange her, und ich habe die Namen der meisten vergessen, aber den lesten, der diese Liste unterzeichnete, kann ich nie vergessen, es war der immer lustige Sänger und Kriegsbruder, Xaver Haverbusch, welcher gewiß jedem im Regiment durch seinen unüberwindlichen Humor und seine erstaunliche Gutheizigkeit bekannt wurde.

In der letzten Woche des Monats September 1862, kam die Order zum Einrücken in das Regiment. Dieselbe wurde von allen willkommen geheißen, da man des vielen Bunmielns müde, sich danach sehnte, zum Regiment zu kommen und Dienste zu thun.

So kam endlich die Zeit der Abreise. Die Scene auf dem Union Bahnhof, wo die Rekruten von ihren Freunden und Bekannten Abschied nahmen, wird gewiß jedem so lange er lebt im Gedächtniss bleiben. Wie später behauptet wurde, sollten die Thränen einen Zuß hoch auf dem Boden des Bahnhofes geslossen sein.


Als die Rekruten auf dem abfahrenden Eisenbahngleise kaum 10 Meilen von der Heimath entfernt waren, und ehe noch die lesten sich die Abschiedsthränen von den Augen getrocknet hatten, machte der unüberwindliche Haverbusch, mit einem Zobler und wohlsüßter Flasche, (die ihm ein guter Freund als Indenten mitgab,) die Runde, indem er die Gejellschaft mit folgender Ansprache in heitere Stimmung versetzte: „Büche, wenn mir zum Regiment kümmer, wolle mer de Rebels amol zeiga, wie mer se ziammrentlapp, mer wolle de Krieg gie zu End haven.

Später fand er aus, daß es nicht so schnell ging als er dachte. Leider ist auch er, wie so viele andere, vor einigen Jahren zur „Großen Armee“ abgängen, und ist es ihm nicht mehr gegönnt, an unseren schönen Reunions Theil zu nehmen.

Der erste Anhaltspunkt unserer Reise nach dem Regiment war in unserm Kapitol, Columbus, Ohio, wo selb die Einmusterung stattfand. Das erste Hanste(?)Nachtla ger auf dem steinenen Interbett in dem Kapitolgebäude, das uns hier geboten wurde, gab allen einen guten Vorgeschmack, von den uns bevorstehenden Verenachtlichkeiten des Soldatenlebens, am kommenden Morgen sah jeder aus, als hätte er Blaus auf dem Rücken.

Boh Cincinnati ging die Reise nach Gallipolis, Ohio, in diese Nähe, erhaltenen Nachrichten zufolge, sich das Regiment aus West Virginia zurückgezogen hatte.

Die Karawanne wurde nämlich in Cincinnati in einem regelmäßigen Vieh caravan (Cattle Car) gepackt, lepther einem Passagierzuge angeschlossen, und so wurden die ersten Recruten des 37. Ohio Regiment im Staate Ohio wie Ochsen herumtransportirt.

Eine solche Behandlung wollte jedoch den jungen, an civilisiirtes Leben gewöhnten Recruten nicht behagen, und gab ohne Weiteres Veranlassung zu Plänen für Deserion. Im Nu wurde die vordere Wand des Ochsenwagens zertümmert, einer der Recruten befestigte eine Schnur an den Wolgen (Cuppling Pin) der den Wagen mit dem Passagierzug verband, bei der nächsten passenden Gelegenheit wurde der Wolgen in die Höhe gezogen, der Zug brachte dahin, und die Recruten waren wieder freie Menschen. Doch die Freiheit war von kurzer Dauer; der Zugführer entdeckte seinen Verlust, kam zurück, und gegen das Ver sprechen auf der nächsten Station anständige Transportation zu erhalten, (was dann auch gejäh) ergaben sich die Recruten in ihr Schicksal, und so ging die Reise lustig weiter bis wir Gallipolis erreichten.

Dafiehst angenommen, wurde eine kurze Rast gemacht, die Recruten wurden von den Bürgern freundlich behandelt, hier wurde zum lechten male für lange Zeit tüchtig Bein getrunken, sowie gut gezogen, und als dann marzirten wir ab zum Regiment, welches aus der gegenüberliegenden Seite des Ohio River, Point Pleasant, Virginia, stationirt war, wohin es sich, nach einem ermüdeten Marsch, von über 200 Meilen von einer starken Nebelennacht verfolgt, zurückgezogen hatte.

Das Erstaunen der Recruten beim Anblick des Regiments nach solchen Strapazen, läßt sich bloß deuten von solchen, die derartiges schon gesehen haben, ein jeder war sogleich überzeugt, daß die guten Zeiten hier nicht zu Pause sind, und da alle Vergnügungen hier aufgehört haben.

Es hieß „hard tack and Soubelly“ essen, Kaffee ohne Milch trinken, und bei dieser sehr nahrhaften Kost, jeden Tag 4 bis 6 Stunden erzieren.

Veständig wurde von den Schlachten und Strapazen erzählt und die
Rekruten natürlich als dumme Jungens betrachtet, war freilich in militärischer Hinsicht auch der Fall war.


Aus letzteres Bezug nehmend, sind mir selber Fälle vorgelommen, wovon ich einige so kurz wie möglich bemerke, indem ich auch einer von den 66 Rekruten war.

Als Sherman's Armee gegenüber Vicksburg, später Young's Point genannt, anfam, hatte es sich getroffen, daß das 37. Regiment die äußere Wache stehen mußte, und es sorgte sich, daß ich einer derzelben war. Wir zogen des Vormittags auf (Picket) äußere Wache, betamen Orders, nicht Halt zu rufen, sondern alles, was kommt zu schießen.

Kaum stand ich eine Stunde auf meinem Posten, als der nächste Posten, welcher auf der Levee stand, mir zuwinkte, zu ihm zu kommen; ich fieh hinüber, und zu meinem Erstaunen sah ich jemand, direkt auf der Levee aus uns zu kommen. Wir berieten, was zu tun, und einigen uns, Order gemäß zu schießen. Ich nehme ihn aus's Korn, mein College jagte in die Luft, läßt er davon, schieße ich, läßt er nicht davon, so lassen wir ihn kommen. Nachdem nun der Feind nahe genug war, schießt mein College in die Luft, der Kerl machte einen furchterlichen Sprung in den Wald, und ich schieß nach, wie zwischen uns ausgemacht war.

Kaum waren die Schüsse gefallen, so war schon Sherman's ganze Armee in Schlachtlinie, die Hauptwache kam, ging vorwärts, um den Feind aufzusuchen, und brachte einen Rigger, nach dem wir geschoßen hatten, sonst war nichts zu finden. Nachdem wurde unsere Order verändert: "Halt zu rufen." Wir beide wurden am nächsten Morgen, nachdem wir abgelöst waren, von Oberst Siber verhört, und wurden mit der Beurkundung abgespeist, er hätte gleich gedacht, daß es Rekruten waren.

Kurze Zeit nachher war ich auf Camp Wache im Young's Point am Conunary Zelt, direkt hinter dem Zelt von Oberst Siber. Es hatte kurz vorher ziemlich geregnet, und so waren verschiedene Wasserflüsse aus meiner Marschlinie. Ich fand es für unnützig beständig durch diese Wasserflüsse zu gehen, und setzte
mich auf eine unserer kleiner Kanonen (fogenannte Zac Nos Battery) welche
neben dem Comitiau Zelt standen. Kann sich ich da, als der Oberst Ziber aus
seinem Zelt kommt, nicht mehr, und schreit, dass man es zwei Meilen hören konnte:
"Ich fenne keine Schildwache die jüngsten, "Corporal von der Wache." Die
Folge war: Ich musste mit Zac und Pacl aus meinem Posten die nächste Stunde
machen. Mehrere ähnliche Geschäfte kamen vor, und natürlich waren es
immer wieder Refruten.

Den Gang des Regiments zu beschreiben, sowie deren Thaten, gehört
hier nicht zur Sache: jedoch eine That scheu muss ich hier hervorheben, nämlich
das, dass vom Zeit an, als die 62er Refruten, (so wurden sie später genannt),
in das Regiment eingetreten waren, dasselbe niemals mehr rückwärtis,
onder immer vorwärts ging, bis es in Vicksburg, Chattenooga, Atlanta, Savannah Columbia, South Carolina, Raleigh, North
Carolina, Petersburg und Richmond Va. und zuletzt in Washington,
nach Beendigung des Krieges anfam. Ob diese That scheu den Anführern der
Armee, General Grant, Sherman, Logan u.ä. oder den 62er Refruten des 37.
Regiments zuschreiben ist, will ich dahin gesellt sein lassen.

Ein bewohnteinförßter Vorfall ereignete sich, wo die 62er (wie die Re-
fruten nun genannt wurden, indem schon mehrmals seitdem das Regiment durch
Refruten verstärkt wurde,) durch eine ersterneiche Begünstigung überrascht wurden.

Im April 1864, nach der Schlacht von Mission Ridge und Lookout
Mountain, lag das Regiment in Cleveland, Ten., fertig, um einen neuen Feld-
zug oder Campagne mit anzutreten, als die Orde kam: "Alle Soldaten die 2
Jahre gedient, können reeichten und bekommen 30 Tage Urlaub, nebst $300
Bounty, cash ausgezahlt.

Dieses ließen sich unsere 37er nicht zweimal sagen, denn alle schnten
sich wieder einmal die Heimath zu sehen. In kurzer Zeit hatten alle bis auf
eineuwe wenige reeichten, das Regiment ging an Urlaub, und den 62er welche
noch nicht lange genug im Dienst waren um zu reeichten, wurde es dennoch ge-
stattet, mit dem Regimente für 30 Tage die Heimath zu besuchen.

Diese Gunst wurde freilich von den 62er mit Freuden aufgenommen,
braum dem seiner die Mittel beiah die Reesochtien zu bestreiten, indem schon über
10 Monate kein Jahltag war: jedoch unsere liberalen Veteranen, (wie die elfe
jetzt genannt werden,) die ihre Bounty ausbezahlt bekamen, ließen uns 62er nicht
stehen, sie borgten jeden so viel als notherwändig, (welches alles später zurücks-
zahlt wurde) und verlebten die Refruten wieder einmal 30 schöne, wenn auch
regnerische, Tage in der Heimath.

Eine weitere Begünstigung gewissen die 62er am Ende des Krieges,
nach der großen Parade der Sherman-Armee in Washington. Obgleich ihre 3
Eine Erinnerung an den Tag der Schlacht von Atlanta.


Es war der glückliche Gedanke unter den geachteten Major, daß bei dieser Gelegenheit gediegene Auffassung, sich einander anreihe und die Geschichte des Regiments darstellend, vorgelesen werden sollten. Dazu trafen eingeschlossen könnte unbedeutende persönliche Erlebnisse, wo möglich in humoristischer Weise zum besten gegeben werden.

Mein Thema sei:

Wie ich am 22. Juli 1864 Atlanta eroberte.

Soldatengemäß verpflichte ich zu gehorchen. Ich konnte ja nichts anderes; aus Furcht standrechtlich erschossen zu werden, mußte ich einwilligen, obwohl ich mir bewußt war, daß ich etwas behaupten sollte, was ein wahrheitsliebender Mensch nicht wohl kann, ohne befürchten zu müssen, ein frecher Lügner genannt zu werden.

Da die Ereignisse jenes deutwürdigen Tages mir heute noch lebhaft vor den Augen stehen, erachtete ich als unnötig, mich auf eine kurze Adresse vorzubereiten, sondern vertraute auf die momentare Begeisterung oder spirituelle Einflussung bei hervorgerufenen Meinlaune, während des Sprechens aus dem Siegkreise das Recht zu treiben.

Jene Katastrophe, die ich be sprechen sollte, war ja so verhängnisvoll für
mich geworden, daß nach deren Abschluß auch meiner militärischen Carriere ein Ziel gezeigt war.

Nun hier ist die schüchterne Ansprache, so weit ich mich daran erinnere:


Damit die Anwesenden, die nicht dort waren, die Situation von damals verstehen, will ich hier vorauszählen erzählen, wie wir überhaupt in die Nähe von Atlanta gekommen waren. Dieser Platz war einer der lebten Haltepunkte der konföderierten Armee; bis dahin war dieselbe zurückgedrängt worden. Nach vieler strapazierten Marchiren vorwärts, rückwärts und seitwärts, unterbrochen von einem gelegentlichen Scharmützel oder der Dazwischenkunft einer blutigen Schlacht, hatten wir endlich, mit dem Glauben, nördlich vom Chattahoochee-Fluß gründlich aufgeräumt und folgten denselben auf den Fersen bis in das Herz von Georgia.


„Ha, welche Lust Soldat zu sein!“

Sofort erfüllten wir den seindbefreien Hügel, dessen befestigten Höhepunkt wir ebnens geräumt fanden. Die Truppen hatten sich während der vorhergehenden Nacht wirtlich zurückgezogen, so daß wir an jenem Morgen saftisch deren eigene Stellung einnahmen, nur mit dem Unterschied, daß ihre Front östlich, während die unsrige westlich gerichtet war.

Wir gratulierten uns schön, den Fleischsposten von Atlanta so viel näher gerückt zu sein; doch um schließlich dahin zu gelangen, mußten noch einige Hindernisse überwunden werden; das größte davon war das Corps unter Commando von General Harber, da die besten Truppen der konföderirten Armee enthielten und sich zwischen uns und das gelobte Land gestellt hatte.

Zum Verständniss der geernteten Anwohner, denen als Nichtbeteiligten die Geschichte der Schlacht von Atlanta entfallen sein mag, will ich hier zunächst die Truppen-Ausstellung beschreiben.


Hier muß ich bemerken, daß die Stärke unseres Corps einigermassen geschwächt worden war, da Oberst Wangelin's Brigade auf Orde von McPherson — und das war sein letzter Befehl — abcommandirt worden war, die Lücke zwischen


Unsere Brigade, dem Beispiel der Truppen zur Linke folgend, brach flutenweise ab; einzelne fielen zurück, andere folgten, ganze Compagnien rettirten und zuletzt befand sich unser eigenes Regiment im Geiswindgeschritt auf dem Rückzug.

Ich konnte von dort, wo ich stand, nur einen kleinen Theil des Schlachtsfeldes übersehen und die Ausdehnung unserer temporären Niederlage nicht ermessens. Doch spielten sich auf dem kleinen Felde vor mir recht tomische Scenen ab. Noch sehe ich lebhaft vor meinen Augen einen Sergeant, ich glaube er war von Comp. 3., wie er im Laufen plötzlich stehen blieb, kehrt machte, zielte mit feuernte, als ob er, der einzige, vermochte, den nachdringenden Taufenden ein Halt zu gebieten. Sofort nahm er schlemigst die Flucht wieder auf und blieb
außehrlich unverlebt. Mir schien es, als ob der Feind die letzte Kugel im Laufe verschoßen hatte, oder sich nicht Zeit nehmen konnte, das Gewehr wieder zu laden.

Da sah ich General Morgan L. Smith, der im Beisein mit großer Fertigkeit begabt war, wie er Himmel und Erde ansieht, die Leute zum Stehen zu bewegen. Aber all sein Rechtswesen war vergeblich. Schon umringte man ihn und stach nach ihm und dem Schimmel, der er ritt, mit Bajonnetten; da gab er dem Pferde die Sporen und galoppierte davon. -- Ich glaube, er muß sehr weit fortgeritten sein; mir wurde erzählt, daß er nie wieder zu seiner Division zurückkehrte.


Aus Pictat für die Helden, die auf dem Schlachtsfelde blieben, präsentiert das Gewehr! Senket die Fahne! Vergleicht eine Träne! Ruft ihnen nach: „Ehre den Namen unserer gefallenen Kameraden!“


Der Verteidigung muß man jedoch weichen. Auch ich war endlich bereit, Jerfengeld zu geben. Aber noch ehe ich meine Mühe gefunden hatte, befand

Nun meine Herren und Damen, Sie werden schon lange errathen haben, daß ich an jenem unvergeßlichen Tage Atlanta nicht einnahm, sondern nach Atlanta genommen wurde. Es wird Ihnen aber auch aus dem Obigen klar geworden sein, daß an diesem meinem Mißgeschick, das man in studientischer Ausdrucksweise Peg neunt, nur Charles Hipp und die übrigen Generäle Schuld waren.

Somit war ich also ein Gefangener und als solcher die untreuevolle Avantgarde von Sherman's Armee. und wenn diese mir nur gefolgt wäre, so würde an dem Tage Atlanta absolut genommen worden sein. Indessen war wohl unsere Stellung vom Morgen am späten Nachmittage zurückerobert worden und diesen, die sich vertrochen hatten, waren wieder zum Vorschein gekommen. Ich hingegen hatte mutterseelenallein, wenn ich den Rebellen-Sergeanten nicht mitrechnete, den Vormarsch angetreten und bereits von der Stadt selbst Besitz
Tieß auf. In meinem Dünkel wahrte ich, daß die Jungfrauen von Atlanta, gesteckt in Weiß, versammelt waren und mir zuzuschreiben:

„Wir wenden dir des Elegers Kranz mit weischemblauer Seide!“


Während das Regiment mit Sherman die bekannten Spaziergänge nach der See unternahm, mußte ich im Charleston Arbeitshause, bestimmt für Nigger, am Hungersuche nagen, im Kerker schmachten und den bitter Neld des Krieges Ungemach auf die Neige leeren.

Doch wer kann das Menschen Schicksal ergründen? Die Parzen spinnen die Fäden.

Der Unfall war wahrscheinlich einer von jenen Segen, der aus den Wolken fällt und für uns in verbüßer Glanz erscheint. Man soll sich dafür bedanken, ohne zu vermeßen, den reellen Werth zu erkennen und die göttliche Weisheit zu würdigen.

Hatte ich meinen schäbigen Körper fernerhin als Zielscheibe für die Rebellen bloßstellen müssen, wäre vielleicht derzeit jebl ein Wachenhaus. Das
Risiko war groß und die Gefahr nahe, in einem der nächsten Tremen erschossen zu werden, oder am Ende in den Gumpen der Carolinas zu verfinken. Als dann wäre es mir nicht vergönnt gewesen, an dem heutigen glänzenden Fest teilzunehmen.

Das ist die neunte und ich bejürchte die letzte Reunion des dritten deutschen Regiments von Ohio. Auf alle Fälle kann die heutige von einer möglich ferner Zusammenkunft dessen Veteranen nicht übertroffen werden.


Bitte nicht zu vergessen, die Gläser zu leeren.
Eight Months a Prisoner in Andersonville.

—BY—

JOHN A. MELCHER,

Late Private Company H., 37th Regiment, Ohio Infantry.

By request of Major Chas. Hipp and the survivors of the 37th O. V. I., who held their 9th Reunion at St. Marys, O., on the 10th and 11th of September, 1889, it was unanimously resolved to prepare as far as possible a history of our regiment, and I shall give as briefly as space will permit and my memory serves me, an outline of the sufferings and privations, which some forty-five comrades of the 37th Ohio endured during their confinement in prison. It will be impossible for me to give exact dates and figures, as my mind was considerably weakened during my imprisonment, but I shall give facts as they occur to me as I write them.

It was on the 22d day of July 1864, near Atlanta, Georgia, when that gallant General, McPherson, fell, and some of our men were on picket duty with Capt. Shultz Co. H., in command, that several hundred of us were surrounded by the rebels and made prisoners, and among them between forty-five and fifty from our regiment, myself among the number, also Capt. Shultz and Dr. A. Billhardt. I was immediately taken in charge by a young rebel lieutenant, who plundered me of everything I possessed, then marched me with another comrade towards Atlanta. On our journey we met Maj. General Hood and his staff, who commanded us to stop, when he addressed his conversation to me, making inquiries about our lines and forces;
but I can say that all the information he obtained from me on that source he was welcome to. He thanked me very kindly, looked through his field-glass, and rode away on a gallop, with his staff. It was a brilliant sight, as I beheld them in the distance.

On our march to the city we met a number of regiments going to the front, and as they passed us, some would greet us with curses and others would look at us with pity.

We finally came to Atlanta, and were taken to a place which at one time had been a slave pen, and there I again met my comrades, but under different circumstances, we were prisoners. The next morning we were ordered by an officer in command to form in line, when our name, company and regiment were recorded, and after some rations were issued to us we were left to console ourselves as best we could. We were free to talk with the guards, and from all I could discover from their conversation, they had not much hope for their future. They treated us very kindly, the best they could under circumstances,—and I will mention here, that this rule applied to all old soldiers in general.

The next day we were given a liberal supply of rations, consisting of corn bread and bacon, and then proceeded on our march to Macon, Ga.

One incident in particular occurred on this march which will bear mentioning and which will show the enthusiasm and loyalty of the Southern people in their cause. We were marching on our way through a village by the name of Jonesborough, the inhabitants turned out en masse, and the women would carry the rebel banners in the midst of us, curse us, even spit in our faces and follow us for three or four miles, all the time keeping up their abuse.

We at last reached Macon and were again put in prison. Here the officers were separated from us and taken to Charleston, S. C., and we were taken aboard some filthy stock cars and then proceeded on our journey to Andersonville, Ga.

After a run of about sixty miles we stopped in a clearing,
where there were about a half dozen houses. We learned this
was Andersonville. We were taken from the cars to an open
piece of ground east of the station, where we could see at the
distance of about a quarter of a mile an immense stockade. We
were ordered to form in line, when an officer on a gray horse
rode up to us with revolver in hand and with an oath command-
ed us to obey all orders. I was just then talking to a comrade
in the rear, when this same officer rode up to me, with his re-
volver drawn, and in broken English said: "You d—d Yankee
—of a b—, stand in line there, or I'll kill you." I then learned
that this was Capt. Wirz, commander of the prison. Again our
name, company and regiment were taken down. We were
formed into detachments with a sergeant over each ninety men
when we were ordered to march toward the big stockade. As
we neared the wall of great squared logs and massive gates,
which were to shut out hope and life from nearly all of us for-
ever, we beheld the ghastly sight near the gate of a number of
dead, the eyes of which shone with a stony glitter; the faces
black and pinched with pain and hunger, the long matted hair
and fleshless frame swarming with lice, gave us some idea that
a like fate awaited us on the inside. The rebels, knowing our
desperation, used every precaution to prevent a break; the ar-
tillerymen stood at their canister-shotted guns, which was
trained to sweep the gates. All being ready the huge bolts
were drawn, the gate swung open on its massive iron hinges,
and as we moved into that hell on earth, we felt that we were
cut off from the world and completely at the mercy of our cruel
keepers. There were over 1,700 men that day (July 28, 1864)
put into prison, making in all about 35,000. We were march-
ed up to the east side of the prison, where there seemed to be
some vacant space,—somewhere near 1,700 men to the acre—
where we were left to our fate.

We of the 37th Ohio were formed into the 123d detachment,
and numbered 42 comrades. We stayed and talked and slept
together, and tried to cheer and comfort one another, till our
ranks were broken, and one after another died for his country.
Inside the prison, about twenty feet from the stockade, was what they called the “dead line.” This the prisoners must not touch; or go beyond, under pain of death.

I will here relate an incident that occurred the first day of my experience in Andersonville. We had drawn our rations that day, consisting of a half pint of corn meal. Some of us had a tin cup left, and we were debating how to manage and get some wood and cook our meal, when a comrade saw some chips of a stump lying inside of the dead line, remarking they would do for a starter. He was warned not to cross the line by some of the older prisoners, but not heeding them and not knowing the rules he was shot down and killed by one of the guards not more than five feet from where I was standing.

I shall never forget that day, and the sorrow and gloom it cast over me. We helped and provided for one another’s comfort as best we could, but as time would pass our sufferings would increase, and our number would grow less. We were not provided with shelter, but instead had the starry heavens, for our shelter, and the sandy soil, alive with vermint and lice for our couch.

The crowd was growing denser every day, the rations less and water worse. The sun poured down with tropical heat, which reduced the quantity of water in the creek; the human filth had accumulated and stopped the passage of water through the stockade. It backed slowly, and spread this mass of filth out over the low ground occupied by some of the prisoners. About this time Col. C. F. Chandler, of the rebel army, was sent by Jeff Davis to inspect Andersonville Prison, and in his report he says:

“I called the attention of Capt. Wirz and Gen. Winder to the frightful mortality that must certainly follow the crowded and filthy condition of the prison, and pointed to them how this could be remedied, to all of which Winder replied, ‘The present arrangement is good enough, as it is having the desired effect, and if let alone, will soon thin the prisoners out so that there will be plenty room.’”
The result was that Gen. Winder was promoted to General in command of all the prisons in the Confederacy. Time was moving slowly, and we were rapidly sinking into depravity. Men in our condition were sure to be peevish and irritable, and the best of friends would quarrel over a trifling matter. The mental condition of the majority was melancholy, beginning in despondency and tending to a kind of stolid and idiotic indifference. The death rate was over 130 a day for the month of August, among them about fifteen from our regiment.

Early in September a rebel Colonel came inside. He said: "Prisoners there is going to be a general exchange of prisoners, and we shall exchange you as quick as possible, commencing tomorrow morning."

We wept for joy and seemed to take new life. That night the officers stood at the big gate and the names of those who were to be exchanged were called out; and as each one's name was called he would walk out of the prison with renewed hope and life. It so happened that the name of a comrade of my company was called, and having died some time before, I answered to his name and then walked out a free man, as I thought. Soon after that my name was called, and no one answered to it, I was reported dead or missing. We were given rations, put into the stock cars, and were soon, as we supposed, on our way to God's country,—but oh, what a delusion!

We were taken to Savannah, Ga., and from there moved from one prison to another, the most of the time on foot; marching us until we would give out, then rest for the night and proceed the next morning. On this march we lost a number of comrades, whom we buried by the wayside as best we could. After marching and counter-marching to keep out of reach of Sherman, we finally, what was left of us, reached Andersonville Prison again on Christmas morning, December 25, 1864. Ah what a disappointment to us!

If I had had my preference that day to choose between Andersonville and hell, I certainly should have preferred the latter. And to add to the horrors already endured, it began to grow
colder, freezing ice in the creek. We were now getting des-
perate, and we seemed to lose hope, and our ranks were thin-
ing out very fast.

About this time they sent officers in with the tempting
offer of liberty and large wages to take oath of allegiance to the
Conféderacy, and I am sorry here to admit that some complied
with their wishes, but knowing the circumstances, I can be
charitable, and not attach any blame upon them. We called
together the remainder of the 37th regiment, and when the roll
was called, nine of us answered to the call. When that pro-
position was discussed, whether we should join the rebels and
perhaps live or remain in prison and surely starve to death,
it was a moment of life or death with us. After discussing and
deliberating the matter fully we resolved, each and every one
of us remaining of the 37th, not to surrender, but to suffer death
before surrender, and as I am the only survivor of the forty-
two of our regiment living to speak for them, and to their glory
and credit of the 37th Regiment of O. V. I., that they were loyal
to their country and never flinched, but scornfully replied:
“You can to your worst, we will never go back on the old Stars
and Stripes.”

It was sometime in January when the last man of my regi-
ment died, and I was left alone of all my comrades. I shall
not attempt here to describe my feelings, It simply would be
impossible. I will leave that to the imagination of the reader.
I wandered around, not knowing where. Coming to my senses
again, and looking around me, I found myself in the hospital
which the rebels had provided near the prison. Here I fared
better; we at least had tents, and were not exposed to the ele-
ments; there were also two doctors to attend to our wants,—
but alas! they were powerless, as they had no medicine to give
us, excepting a little camphor, whiskey and decoction of some
kind of bark. The doctors often expressed their regret that
they had no more medicines. I shall also give here an incident
worthy of mention:

We were visited one day by two Sisters of Charity from
Macon, Ga. They gave us one-half a loaf of bread each, and prayed for us, making no distinction as to our religion, either catholic or protestant, but had a word of comfort and cheer for each and every one. God bless them. And I will state here that from all the denominations in existence these were the only two members that visited us.

Day by day my mind grew weaker, and life became a blank to me. When I regained consciousness, I found myself in the hospital at Vicksburg, Miss., where they told me we had been paroled and were once more among friends. I was two months in the hospital at Vicksburg, and from there was transported to the hospital at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, Mo. After staying there for six weeks I was pronounced well enough to make my journey home.

I have passed over this picture rapidly, giving but an outline of the subject, and consequently pruned the description as much as possible, not even mentioning the names of true and noble men who were my constant comrades, and whom I have seen endure the most terrible pangs of starvation, their shrunken and almost naked frames shivering with cold and faces pinched with pain and hunger, and finally die for their country.

Comrades of the 37th O. V. as we meet from time to time at our reunions, the few of us that have been spared, let us remember those comrades of ours who sleep in their lonely graves (perhaps some of them marked "unknown") and if we cannot strew flowers on their graves, let us drop a tear in silence to their memory.
37th REGIMENT

OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

THREE YEARS' SERVICE

This Regiment was organized at Cleveland, Ohio, from September 9, 1861, to March 1, 1862, to serve three years. On expiration of its term of service, the original members (except veterans) were mustered out, and the organization, composed of veterans and recruits, retained in the service until August 7, 1865, when it was mustered out in accordance with orders from the War department.

Only a partial official list of battles in which 'his Regiment bore an honorable part has yet been published by the War Department, but the following list has been compiled after careful research during the preparation of this work:

PRINCETON, W. VA., WYOMING C. H., W. VA., FAYETVILLE, W. VA., COTTON HILL, W. VA., VICKSBURG, MISS., (Siege of and Assaults), JACKSON, MISS., MISSION RIDGE, TENN., RESACA, GA., DALLAS, GA. KENESAW MOUNTAIN, GA., (General Assault), KENESAW MOUNTAIN, GA., (General Assault), ATLANTA, GA., (Hood's First Sortie) ATLANTA, GA., (Ezra Chapel or Second Sortie), ATLANTA, GA., JONESBORO, GA. BENTONVILLE, N. C.,