

Donated by Christopher Warfel
17929 Western Reserve Rd
North Benton, Ohio 44449

Dec 27, 2003

Note: John Minnich - cousin of Milton A Romig
Written by Milton A Romig 51st OVI Co B

OHI

Yamp. near Marfreesboro Tenn. Aug. 11/86.
Mr. John. Bout. Minnich.

Dear Friend & Cousin. I believe I answered your last, but thinking you I believe would like to hear from me again, to know my whereabouts &c. and just having a leisure moment, I commence this, to end it when I have time.

We have seen the elephant. Horns and all, got a whisk of his tail, and had a haul on his carboan plucked his ear and pulled his teeth sufficient. we are the 51st have been in a fight. An old Semhollopim fight. On the 2nd inst, our brigade was charged on by two rebel divisions. We run, but not until 27 fell dead in our line of battle, and near a hundred had been wounded before missing from our horizontal position. Who the dev would it run with ten thousand, yelling, whooping, shouting charging savages, coming double quick against three thousand. Our battery had withdrawn to the rear, while they played on us with two, the famous Washington Battery was one, which was next afterward captured, retreating until we were reinforced, we rallied and drove the rebels back a mile across their own camp. Old Bill Thompson fought like a hero. For my part I felt the pale determined calmness you read about. I shot 80 rounds on the 11th

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two rebel divisions. We man. but not until 21. fell killed
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we were reinforced by reinforcements, we pushed and drove the rebellion
back a mile across their own camp. Old Bill Thompson
fought like a hero. for my part I felt the pale determi
ned calmness you read about. I shot 30 loads on the re
treat. with as sure aim as ever I pulled trigger. Some how
I thought I was not to be hit. but didn't care a damn just
then. In helping to carry off wounded I saw the battle
field by moonlight, a sight I never wish to see again.
The fight occurred (our part) about four o'clock. if it had
of been earlier, we would have driven them into and
out of our spears. But night put an end to the onslaught.
Giving the rebels a chance to "evacuate" which they did

more success than we did. The regular en-
gagement commenced on Dec. 31. 62. and furnished few
hours. However we skirmished all the way from the
beginning. The killed and wounded on the enemies
side is reported to amount to upward of 10,000.
I have not learned what our loss is yet. Our Regt
suffered severely. I will remit you a list of killed &
wounded as soon as possible, of the 31st.

I have been detailed as hospital cook, vice Charley
Halle paroled. Leaving only ten to cook for. It is a
much better place than sleeping week after week with
my harness on. My health is as good as ever.

We are now encamped to the left of the Loebanow
Rk. east of Newfreesboro. The country from above
to here to this place is a merciless, desolate, mine
bloodstained hoof-trodden burial ground, as far as you
can see. God forbid, the north too, should ever become
the scene of war. The theater of bloodshed.

I suppose you have learned by this time, that A.
Phillips and S. D. Guthrie deserted the Co. (B.)
the tenth of last month. If you see them, bid them
good speed, for their sentence was unmerited.

Col. Phillips drummer, shot a rebel battery captain
in the fight, and ~~gave~~ ^{gave} bumpkin on the knee, cried
out. By God, it's mine, it's mine, An aid called
him on the shoulder with a promise to remember
him to Old Josey. I tell you John, Old Josey's

We are now encamped, to the left of the Loebanon
River, east of Murfreesboro. The country, from above
to below, to this place is a featureless, desolate, ruined
and stained hoof-trodden burial ground, as far as you
can see. God forbid, the north too, should ever become
the scene of war. The theater of bloodshed.

I suppose you have learned by this time, that A.
Humphkins and S. B. Guthrie deserted the Co. (B.)
the tenth of last month. If you see them, bid them
good speed, for their sentence was unmerited.

Col. Phillips drummer, shot a rebel battery captain
in the fight, and ~~jump~~ ^{jump} Humphkins on the knee, cried
out, "By God, it's mine, it's mine," and I clapped
him on the shoulder with a promise to remember
him to Old Popsy. I tell you John, Old Popsy's
in a bind. He rides through the camp, talks to the
men as familiarly as politicians do to one another.
He shows how to build fires, chop wood &c.

Now he was right on the field of battle, all the
time.

If I had time and alone long enough
I would try to give you a connected account of
all I know of the whole conflict. But will you
forever postpone it until a better opportunity offers

But even then, you must remember, "nobody sees
a battle". We can tell nothing, but of groans, yells, cracks,
the heavy thrilling roar of cannon, and blinding
smoke. Some author has attempted the description of
an engagement, he has partly succeeded, but no one
has ever yet succeeded in the description of the awful
pause following the close of a battle, or the fields
of slaughter under the influence of a half clouded
moon, with the hooting of owls breaking the still
hours of night.

Thank your good stars, for
having been spared the sight of the heartrending
scenes after the fight. A forward movement is
not anticipated for a month. The teams are now
all engaged bringing on supplies from Asheville.

I have received no letters from home since
leaving Asheville.

With many respects to your wife &
family. Hoping this will find you with your feet cocked
on the mantle, puffing an old stoggy.

I remain your

son-in-law

Milton A. Romig.