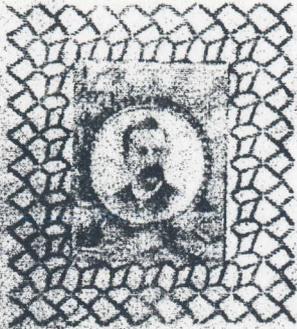


THE WORDS OF A MAN WHO
EXPERIENCED BATTLE OF STONOS RIVER
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT
FIND THIS INTERESTING

Nato Rock



← Souvenir of First Reunion ←

of + the

Fifth Wisconsin Battery

held at Monroe, Wis., September 9th, 1886.

← ***** ←

Response of Geo. Q. Gardner, Decorah, Iowa,

to the Host

"The Fifth Wisconsin Battery."



“The 5th Wisconsin Battery.”

—101—

(Response to above toast by Gen. Q. Gardner, of Decorah, Iowa, who was 2d Lieutenant of the Battery at its organization in September, 1861, and successively 1st Lieutenant, and Captain.)

—101—

COMRADES:—

The flood of recollections that “rise in the heart and gather in the eyes” prevents the tongue, be it never so eloquent, from fitly responding to this toast.

To do it justice would be to portray the achievements of the army that opened up the Mississippi River; that, organized by Buell, and led by Rosecrans and Thomas, formed the centre-host of the Union Legions; an army that beginning its exploits at Shiloh, ceased to fight only when the foes of the National unity and personal liberty ceased to resist.

In all the fierce battles that marked the progress of that coherent and conquering host, the 5th Wisconsin Battery bore its part, and, need I say it, with never a stain on its guidon or a blot on the honor of its flag.

Organized in September, 1861.—24 years ago—its *personnel* was made up of men and boys of Monroe, and surrounding country: 150 strong—none of whom were actuated by other than patriotic motives and love of country. Then no bounty allured the recruit; no promised aid for families

THIS WOULD BE ^{WH.} RUFUS TERRIL
KILLED 8 OCT, 1862 AT PERRYVILLE
THE 5TH BATTERY WAS THERE

left behind;—then only \$11 per month and glory. A finer body of men never held up the right hand and swore allegiance to any flag. Nor was there ever a body of men moved to war by purer motives.

Who will forget the emotions of the last "good-bye" as we gathered at the depot on that pleasant Autumn day and sadly stowed away the Testaments and housewives handed us by devoted Christian friends and loving sweet-hearts. To beautiful Racine, on Lake Michigan, we went, and there for four long months the members devoted themselves to the task of becoming efficient and disciplined artillerists. How well they succeeded let the fallen foeman, who marked their line of fire on the blood-stained slopes of Perryville, Nolansville, Stone River, Chickamauga, the Atlanta Campaign and Jonesboro, testify.

In that deadly and unsatisfactory conflict at Perryville our battery offered its first sacrifice to the bullet on the altar of liberty. We all know his name, and forget not his memory. Nor do we forget that we buried John Smith at dead of night on the red field of battle. The burial of Sir John Moore was vividly called to mind, and while we did not "the sods with our bayonets turn," the rich loom of the Kentucky corn field was hastily and silently manipulated with our pioneer tools.

Twenty-four years have passed since that day, and still we can see the serried ranks of the foe pressing on with bayonet and ball to win the

key-point of the field, and still we see them hurled back from "the battery's jaws of flame." We still feel the parching thirst, the smoke and dust of that grim October day, when, supported by Post's Brigade, temporarily commanded by Col. Gooding, we swept with case shot and cannister the rebel lines.

We can yet drop a tear to the memory of the gallant Terrel, who, "foremost fighting fell;" the noble fellows of the 22d Indiana, 59th and 75th Illinois who fell so fast and who lay so thick upon the slopes beyond us. We regretfully parted with the commander whose stern discipline transformed the raw recruits into the steady lines that swept the field at Shiloh with a storm of fire, and turned apparent defeat into signal victory. We remember, with thrilling hearts, our own gallant Capt. Pinney, whose untiring energy, ceaseless industry, and fearless conduct on that campaign won for himself an imperishable name, and for the Battery great renown.

What memories come with the mention of Buell's campaign! Those weeks of forced marches, horrible dust, hunger, thirst, and weary minds and bodies!

Then comes the historic field of Stone River. How the heart thrills as in the green halls of the Battery-boys' memory is renewed the exciting scenes of those seven days of battle. What memories! Who can give voice to them? A baffled

plan; a shattered, flying host; our right wing rolled up in disorder; a storm of musketry, intense and deadly; the gray-clad infantry flushed with triumph advancing in deep columns; the rebel cavalry striking us in the flank and we are in the vortex of the fight. A few moments of fiery battle—our every nerve strained to meet the crisis, and we, too, must go with the reflux tide. We leave upon the field our Captain Pinney, Chas. Adair, George Thomas, and carry away many bleeding comrades. You will all remember the great rout after the lines were broken, and how the rebel cavalry rode through and through us, and shot down our horses to almost the last one, and scattered our command about the field. It is a great comfort, however, to know that the 5th Wisconsin stood up to the rack and never ceased to discharge canister into the serried ranks of the enemy until peremptorily ordered to retire. That the Battery retired in good order, and when over-ran by the rebel cavalry was in column of pieces, and as free from disorder or excitement as if on parade, you all know; and, that notwithstanding the fact that the horses were shot and the boys scattered during the rout of the 20th Corps, in two hours thereafter five guns of the battery, well manned, were shelling the rebel cavalry on the right.

That was a gloomy December morn. Who can stay the tide of defeat and say "thus far shalt thou come?" Whatever may be the verdict of

posterity the 5th Wisconsin Battery, I am sure, will always honor the stout heart and steady brain that brought us safely through that stern ordeal and "out of the nettle danger plucked the flower, *safety*."

We can almost forget Chickamauga, when we think of Murfresboro.

The star of Rosecrans reached the zenith whence gathering up the fragments of his routed right wing, and abating nothing of heart or hope, by the force of his will and the power of his personal example, he inspired his army with his own undomitable courage, and achieved a reluctant victory from an almost assured defeat.

Oh, my Comrades, how can we refer to the scenes of Stone River without deep emotion? For certainly it was for us a "time that tried men's souls." I remember well that on that gray December morn Capt. Pinney came to me and said: "Lieutenant, look well to your section, for I am confident that this will be a day when our very souls will be tried." You all know how well the prophecy was fulfilled. How the Battery was placed on the front line! How it did its duty! How, when in orderly retreat it was not sufficiently supported, and how it was captured. How the men flocked back to the guns when re-captured, and how, on that eventful afternoon, those five guns poured shell and case shot into the rebel Cavalry and Infantry on the right, and this, too, with slight support.

I cannot dwell upon the many months of waiting that preceded the campaign that gave us the gates of Georgia. But we can all remember the miles of march through which we plodded, as our leader by a series of movements turned the enemy's flanks, and maneuvered Bragg out of his apparently impregnable positions.

The "River of Death" is at hand, and we must learn the bitter lesson of defeat, amid the smoke of Chickamauga, obscuring as with a cloud the star of Rosecrans, while a new planet rose upon our ken whose light was ever a beacon of liberty. Oh, Chickamauga! The word is fraught with so much horror to so many of our comrades in arms. Our noble division, toughened by so many years of hard service, went into that vale of cedar and oak everglades and sacrificed so many precious lives. Oh, how the 15th Wisconsin Scandinavian Regiment suffered! The gallant Hegg went down—and to the 5th Wisconsin Battery fell the honor of bringing from the battle-field his dead body.

What survivor of the 5th Wisconsin Battery but feels his pulse thrill and his cheek flush with pride as he thinks of the unyielding iron-hearted Thomas breasting the torrent of defeat, and with but a portion of the army, hurling back from front and flank, charge after charge of the exulting foe and, choosing his time, retiring unconquered and defiant to his lair to issue thence in a few short weeks and deal the lion's stroke upon the enemies of our flag?

Each army had its heroes, but for us the highest type of the American soldier is found in "Thomas, at Chickamauga."

You remember how fortunate for us it was that at Chickamauga our Brigade was detached to guard the gap, yet what a lively time we had of guarding Mitchell Cavalry into Chattanooga? Arrived in Chattanooga, we were to experience hunger almost to the point of starvation. What gaunt, hollow-eyed fellows we became in the beleaguered lines of Chattanooga! The memories of those days will always give us an appetite. What a contrast of to-day are the stinted rations that just kept the spark of vitality alive. Relief came in the gallant army of the Tennessee, and Hooker's 11th and 12th Corps from the Army of the Potomac.

The Army of the Tennessee paid back the debt of Shiloh, with interest, and the reverse of September was trebly compensated by the triumphs of November. Mission Ridge wiped out the stain of Chickamauga.

I doubt not you all remember that in January, 1864, when you veteranized, the fact became patent that we had been through a desperate siege, as I was only able to turn over to the Quarter Master's Department 20 animals out of 160—the balance having starved to death within the beleaguered lines of Chattanooga. The Battery records will show these facts.

The spring of 1864 found us retired from veteran furlough and pressing south. The great "flanker" was leading us, and his goal was "the stormy Atlantic." He led us by the hills of Resacca, where our Napoleons proved what well-served guns can do; the frowning lines of Kennessaw, where you fired 1600 rounds of solid shot and shell, the Chattahoochie, where our gunners elicited the attention and personal praise of General Thomas and staff, and Peach Tree Creek, where you emptied the rebel rifle pits, at short range.

These are but land-marks in our journey of seventy days of incessant fighting and unceasing slaughter, to culminate in Jonesboro, where your six Napoleons moved into close quarters, and paved the way for a successful assault by Morgan's gallant division, and, finally, at the capture of Atlanta you temporarily furled your guidon.

The rest, so well earned, was only temporary. In the dead hour of a dark night you cheerfully responded to "boots and saddles" and marched away in the darkness after that bold and persistent enemy, "Hood." Day and night you plunged through valley and forest, over hill and mountain, until Altoona was rescued and the enemy was in the firm and relentless grasp of our sturdy commander, Gen. Geo. H. Thomas.

You then retraced your steps to Atlanta, witnessing the destruction of the railway and preparations of old Tecumseh to cut loose from every-

thing and "go somewhere," or in other words to the main, as you "went marching through Georgia."

The campaign of the Carolinas closed with the surrender of Johnston's army, and then came the grand review, where, bronzed to the color of their guns, the survivors of a score of battles, all that was left of the 5th Wisconsin Battery marched past the Capitol of the Nation, an integral part of the mighty host, whose valor had vanquished treason and preserved the Union.

Your task as soldiers was done! Another life was open to you, and the discipline to which you voluntarily submitted in order to become good soldiers has proved of no little value in civil life.

In this mere outline of the career of the 5th Wisconsin Battery much is left unsaid that would be of interest to the members of that organization, but I cannot even attempt to do justice to them.

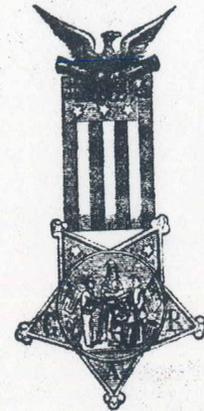
The "Silver-tongued Orator" would find his eloquence all too feeble to picture the devoted valor of the men who served its guns, and then the varied incidents of camp life, the march, the bivouac, the line of battle, the whirl and fury of the fight, the exultation of the senses, the compression of a lifetime within a few brief moments the glory of victory and gloom of defeat, who can describe?

I cannot close without paying tribute to our missing comrades, whether they have fallen "with their back to the field and their feet to the foe," or

have died in the hospital ward, or dropped by the wayside in the battle of life, since they marched in the "Grand Review." They claim remembrance of us, and we—each in our turn—will be mourned by our surviving comrades.

Time will soon be conqueror of us all; and when the epitaphs that preserve for a brief period our several memories, are inscribed on the stones that mark our last resting place, no words can be used that will more honor the dumb, cold clay beneath than the simple phrase

"HERE LIES A MEMBER
OF THE
FIFTH WISCONSIN BATTERY."



— Lieutenants Humphreys, Gardner, and Mr. Knight, and to the men of the company for their promptness and skill. No shots were wasted over the heads of the enemy. For about thirty minutes this fierce contest continued, while the enemy on our right had advanced so as to again endanger our rear.

As those in front rallied and charged upon the battery on the double quick, the 59th Illinois regiment fixed bayonets to receive them, but with the large force unopposed upon our right the position was already untenable, even though that in front were repulsed, and I ordered the battery withdrawn.

— Captain Pinney was dangerously, if not mortally, wounded. He fell and was left on the spot where he executed his most gallant deeds. Lieutenant Colonel Tanner, of the 22d Indiana, and many others seriously wounded, were left upon the field.

— Eighteen of the battery horses were disabled, and one gun in consequence could not be brought off. One Parrott gun had but two wounded horses before it. I ordered the 59th regiment to drag the guns to the rear. As the battery reached the Nashville pike it was charged upon by cavalry and partially captured, but they were quickly driven away by the 4th regiment regular cavalry, and crossing Overall's creek it took a position, under the direction of Lieutenant Hall, on a hill to the right of the Nashville pike, from which it repeatedly shelled, and drove back the enemy's cavalry endeavoring to take possession of the road.

The 74th and 75th Illinois regiments fell back across the cotton-field, and under the direction of Lieutenant Jones, who also rallied a number of detachments from other regiments, made a determined resistance, again checking the foe. The fresh troops from the reserves here relieved the brigade, and I proceeded to the pike, reformed my shattered battalions, and supplied them with ammunition.

I was soon ordered by Brigadier General Davis to move up the pike and take position on the right of the line, and here, exhausted, the men lay down for the night. The next morning I was ordered to occupy the open field to the left of the pike, where I caused a breastwork to be thrown up, the battery being in position to enfilade an enemy's lines attempting an attack. A strong force of skirmishers was thrown out, covering our front and right. The enemy opened a battery upon us, but after a few well-directed shells from Pinney's Parrott gun they ceased firing. During the following day the constant skirmishing was kept up on our front, and a number of prisoners were taken. Late in the afternoon we were ordered to cross Stone river. The stream was swollen from the heavy rains, but the entire brigade, hearing the volleys of musketry on the other side, plunged into it with cheers and debouched upon the field which was still being contended for, and, rapidly forming, hurried to the front. All that stormy night the men who had been previously soaked in fording the river stood by their arms without fires, the 22d Indiana and 75th Illinois busily engaged in constructing a breastwork. During the night our pickets, under charge of Major Dutcher, of the 74th Illinois, contested for the possession of the fields and woods in our front, and advanced a considerable distance. Substantial breastworks were completed during January 3 under a constant fire of sharpshooters, and at night, in a pouring rain, the men again lay upon their arms. At 2 o'clock the next morning the battery was ordered to recross the river, and at 4 o'clock, in a torrent of rain, the brigade forded the swollen stream and took its former position on the right, where it remained until January 6, when, passing through Murfreesboro', we encamped at this place.

During the long contest, and notwithstanding the extreme inclemency of the weather and the scarcity of provisions, no word of complaint was heard. Officers and men seemed alike anxious to do their full duty as patriot soldiers. In our advance they pushed forward boldly, and when greatly superior numbers were hurled against them they awaited the onset with the utmost coolness and determination. The temporary confusion which occurred when they fell back was caused, to a considerable extent, by the large force of skirmishers thrown out to

AT THIS TIME THEY WOULD

13000 IN 1442 GUS N81CH130114000

check the enemy, having been driven towards the left instead of directly upon their own regiments. The deliberation and order with which the 74th Illinois retired is especially commended.

During the series of engagements the several regimental commanders displayed great persistence and resolution, and everywhere encouraged their men.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the dauntless and skilful Captain Pinney, whose characteristic conduct elicited compliment even from his foes.

I herewith transmit the reports of the regimental and battery commanders, together with a full list of casualties.

The gallant bearing of Captain Hale, of the 75th Illinois, who had chief command of the skirmishers; of Captain Litson, of the 22d Indiana, and of Sergeant P. S. Ferguson, of company G, 59th Illinois, one of the skirmishers, is deserving of mention. Assistant Surgeon Corbus, of the 75th Illinois, and Assistant Surgeon Bunce, of the 59th Illinois, remained with and took care of our wounded while the fight was raging around them.

The zeal and decision shown by Lieutenants Jones, Hall, Hatch, and Baker, members of my staff, and the intrepidity of my faithful orderly, George Fogle, demands my highest commendation.

The names of the self-constituted messengers who carried to Nashville with such unparalleled celerity the tidings of the battle of December 31 have already been forwarded. In the hour of trial showing themselves false as the news they manufactured and disseminated, their infamy only makes more bright by contrast the imperishable record of those who nobly struggled or bravely fell in that unequal contest.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
P. SIDNEY POST,
Colonel Commanding 1st Brigade.

Lieutenant T. W. MORRISON,
Acting Assistant Adjutant General, 1st Division.

List of casualties in the first brigade, first division, right wing, fourteenth army corps, in the engagements before Murfreesboro'.

Twenty-second regiment Indiana infantry, (Colonel Gooding.)

Lieutenant Colonel Thomas B. Tanner, severely wounded and a prisoner.

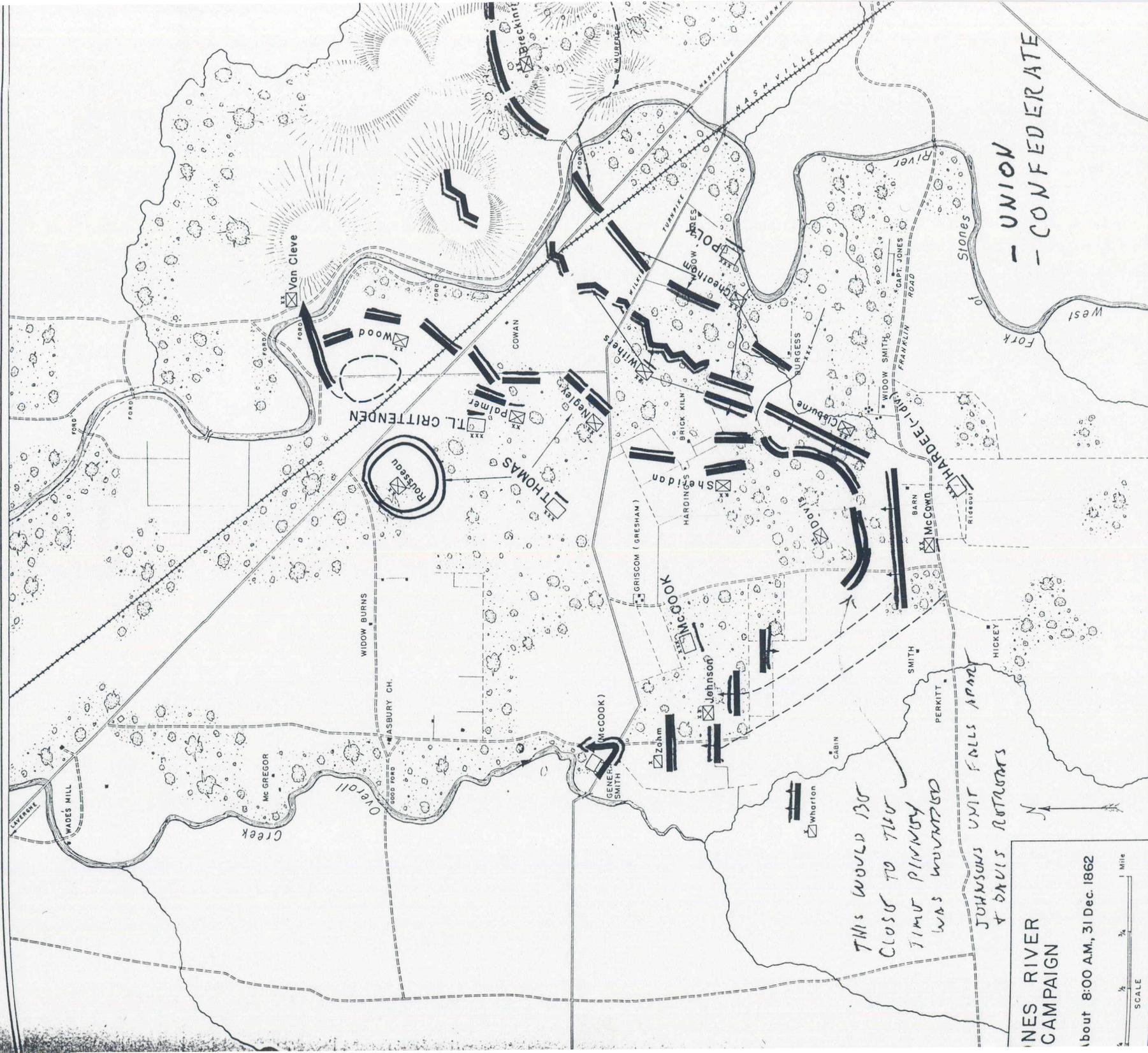
Company A, (Second Lieutenant John Gooding.)—Wounded: Corporal Thomas Bliten, severely in thigh; Privates John Brooks, severely in back; Thomas Myrar, slightly in left arm; William Putz, slightly in left arm.

Company B, (First Lieutenant A. D. Sawyer.)—Wounded: Second Lieutenant W. H. Inland, slightly in left leg; Privates G. W. Boas, slightly in left leg; Thomas Thompson, severely in left leg and arm.

Company C, (Captain W. H. Taggard.)—Wounded: Corporal William Seal, severely in left thigh; Privates Josephus Smith, slightly in left leg and face; David A. Whitehorn, slightly in right leg. Prisoner: William Hobbs.

Company D, (Second Lieutenant Patrick Carney.)—Wounded: Privates George W. Morris, slightly in left ankle; Alfred Coffman, slightly in left hand. Missing: Corporal George Bard; Privates Elerius Barwill, Walter Harrison, and Calvin Ogle.

Company E, (Captain W. H. Snodgrass.)—Killed: Sergeant Patrick Madden and Private Samuel W. Leap. Wounded: Privates Thomas A. Wilson, severely in right thigh; William H. Davis, slightly in thumb; Levi Kelso, severely in right hand; Henry W. Bard, slightly in left hand; William Thompson, severely in right foot; Josiah W. Snyder, severely in left shoulder. Missing: Frederick Holt, James Cain, and Henry Jordan.



THIS WOULD BE
CLOSE TO THE
TIMP PINNEY
WAS MOUNTED

JOHNSONS UNIT FALLS APART
& DAVIS RETREATS

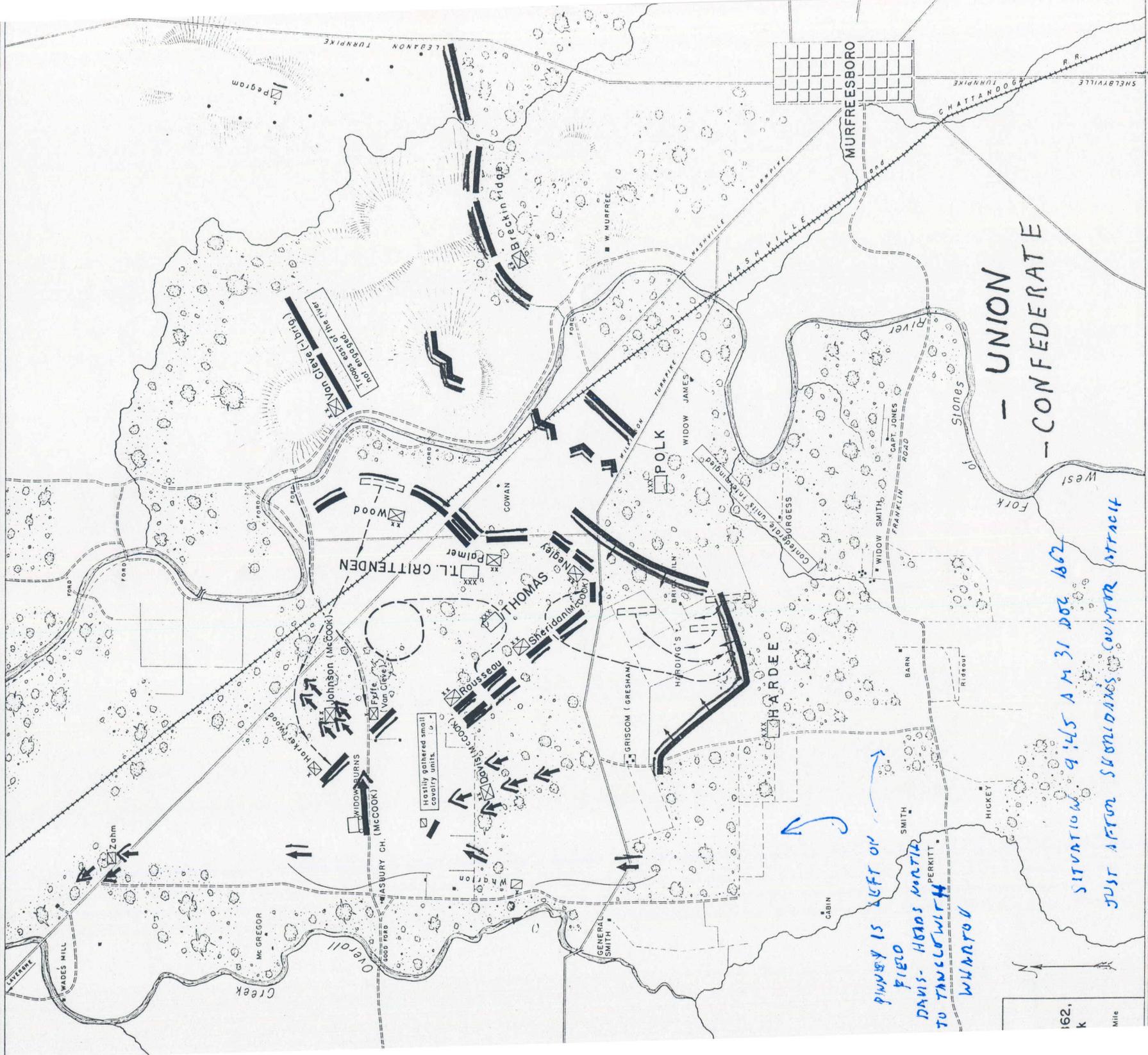
— UNION
— CONFEDERATE

STONES RIVER
CAMPAIGN

About 8:00 AM, 31 Dec. 1862



PC - MAR 80



UNION
-
CONFEDERATE

PINNEY IS LEFT ON
FIELD
DAVIS - HARDEE MORTAR
TO TANCEL WITH
PERKITT
WARRANT

SITUATION 9:45 AM 31 DEC 1862
JUST AFTER SUBORDINATE COUNTER ATTACK

162,
K
Mile

THE FIFTH BATTERY WAS
TEMPORARILY CAPTURED
WITH THOMAS' AMMO TRAIN
ALONG WITH THE HOSPITAL,
WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN
HOLD HOUSE

Scattered cavalry reformed
to assist in retaking Thomas
ammunition train.

Confederate units intermingled.

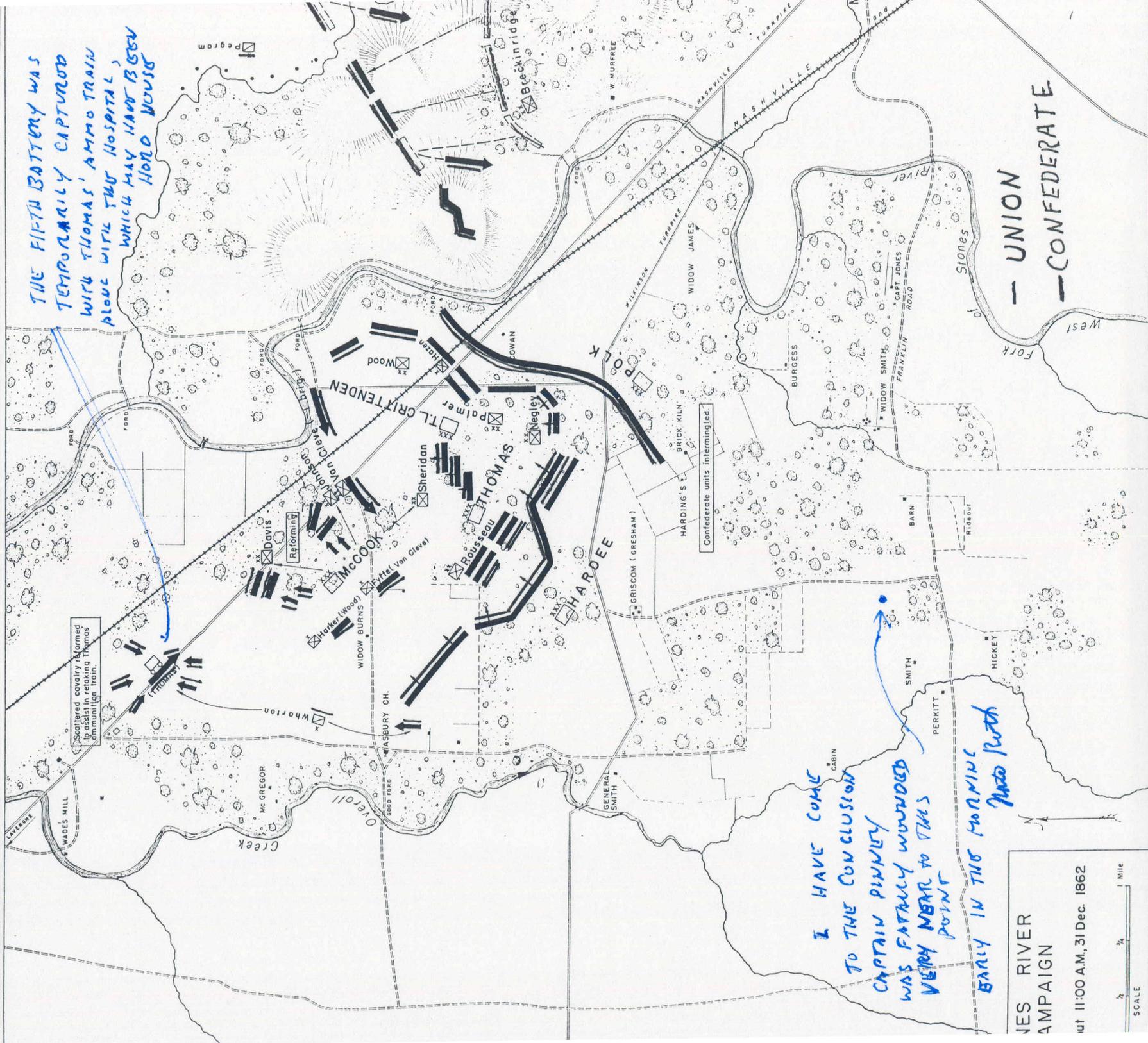
I HAVE COME
TO THE CONCLUSION
CAPTAIN PINNEY
WAS FATALLY WOUNDED
VERY NEAR TO THIS
POINT

EARLY IN THE MORNING
Pinto Path

DES RIVER
CAMPAIGN

at 11:00 A.M., 31 Dec. 1862

SCALE 1/4 1/2 Mile



Persistent Confederate pressure on Davis' right flank eventually made his position (*left center*) untenable. Also, Wharton's cavalry had driven Zahm's brigade off the field and was deep in the Union rear. Consequently, Davis had to withdraw, some of his units doing so in considerable disorder.

The full force of Hardee's ably handled attack thus fell upon Sheridan's division, which proved to be the toughest opponent yet encountered. Sheridan's outposts had been alert during the night and had reported considerable enemy activity. He had therefore placed his command in line by 4:00 a.m. Repeated and costly attacks by Polk had not dislodged him. Now, his right flank uncovered by Davis' retreat, Sheridan moved his extreme left brigade across the rear of his position and launched it in a vigorous counterattack against Hardee, checking the latter's advance. In the time thus gained, Sheridan fell back to a position parallel to the Nashville Turnpike.

Rousseau's division came into action on the right of Sheridan's position, and a new line, perpendicular to the original front, was thus established on the Union right. Rosecrans rapidly extended this line by adding a brigade from each of Wood's and Van Cleave's divisions. In the center, Brig. Gen. James S. Negley's

Temporarily, the battle had been stabilized. Hardee's and Polk's units had become badly intermingled, and their men were beginning to fire. Rosecrans, displaying inspiring personal courage and energy, was working furiously to regain control of the action.

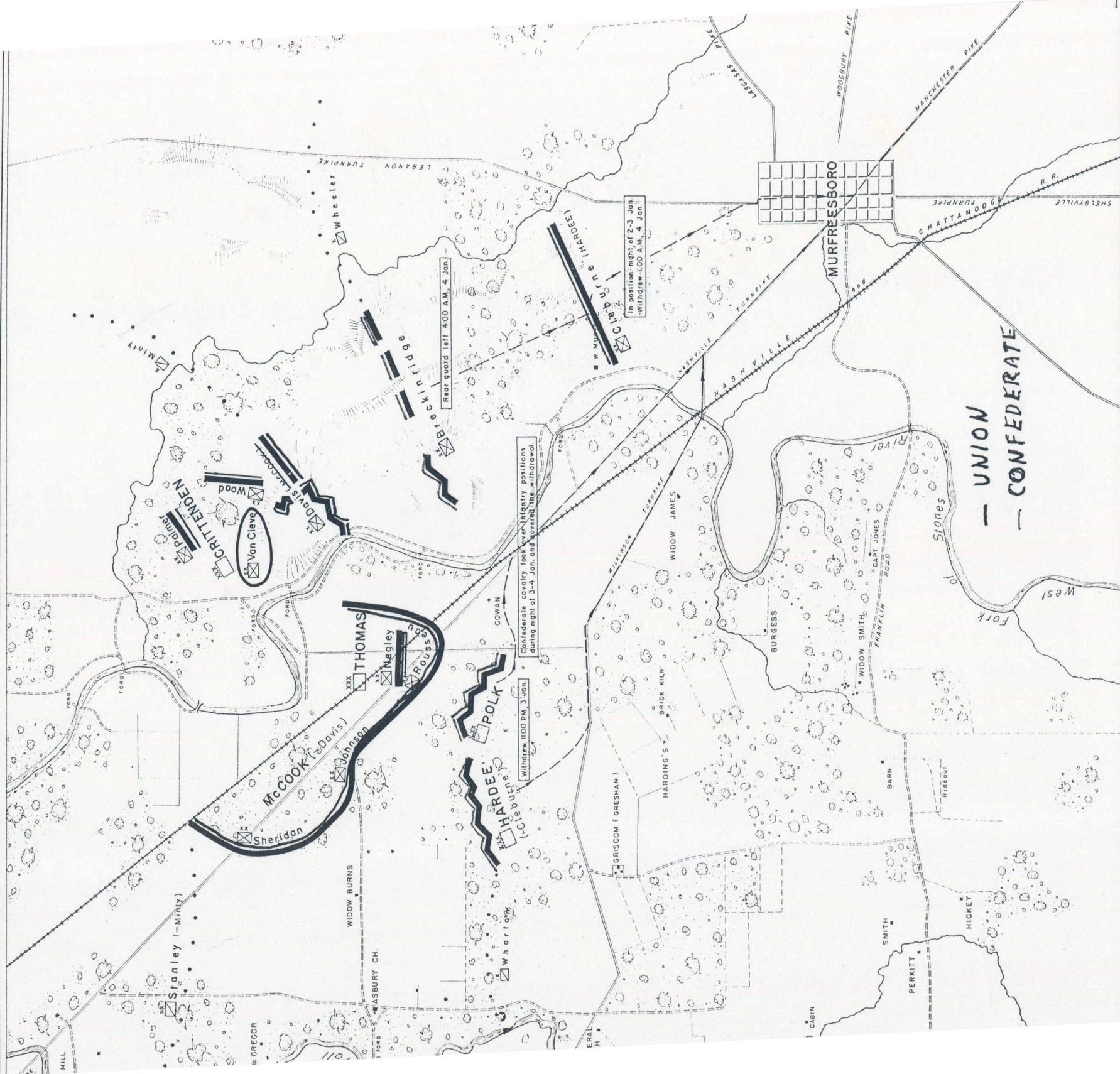
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Wharton had gotten deep into the Union rear, creating considerable confusion, but his attempt to capture McCook's ammunition train was defeated by one of Zahm's regiments which had held firm when the other three fled. Wharton, however, gathered in hundreds of fugitives and stragglers and claimed the capture of a battery of artillery. Eventually he was checked by odds and ends of Union cavalry—including Rosecrans' headquarters escort—in a series of confused actions.

Wharton had gotten deep into the Union rear, creating considerable confusion, but his attempt to capture McCook's ammunition train had to be withdrawn to prevent its capture by Sheridan's men were almost out of ammunition, since McCook's division continued to hold off Polk's assaults. By now, however, Wharton.

5th BATTERY TEMPORARILY CAPTURED
 BY CSA WHARTON CAVALRY BUT IS
 RETRIEVED BY ZAHM'S REGIMENT (CAVALRY)

MAP + PAGE 93



— UNION
— CONFEDERATE

AT DAWN 3 JAN 1863

