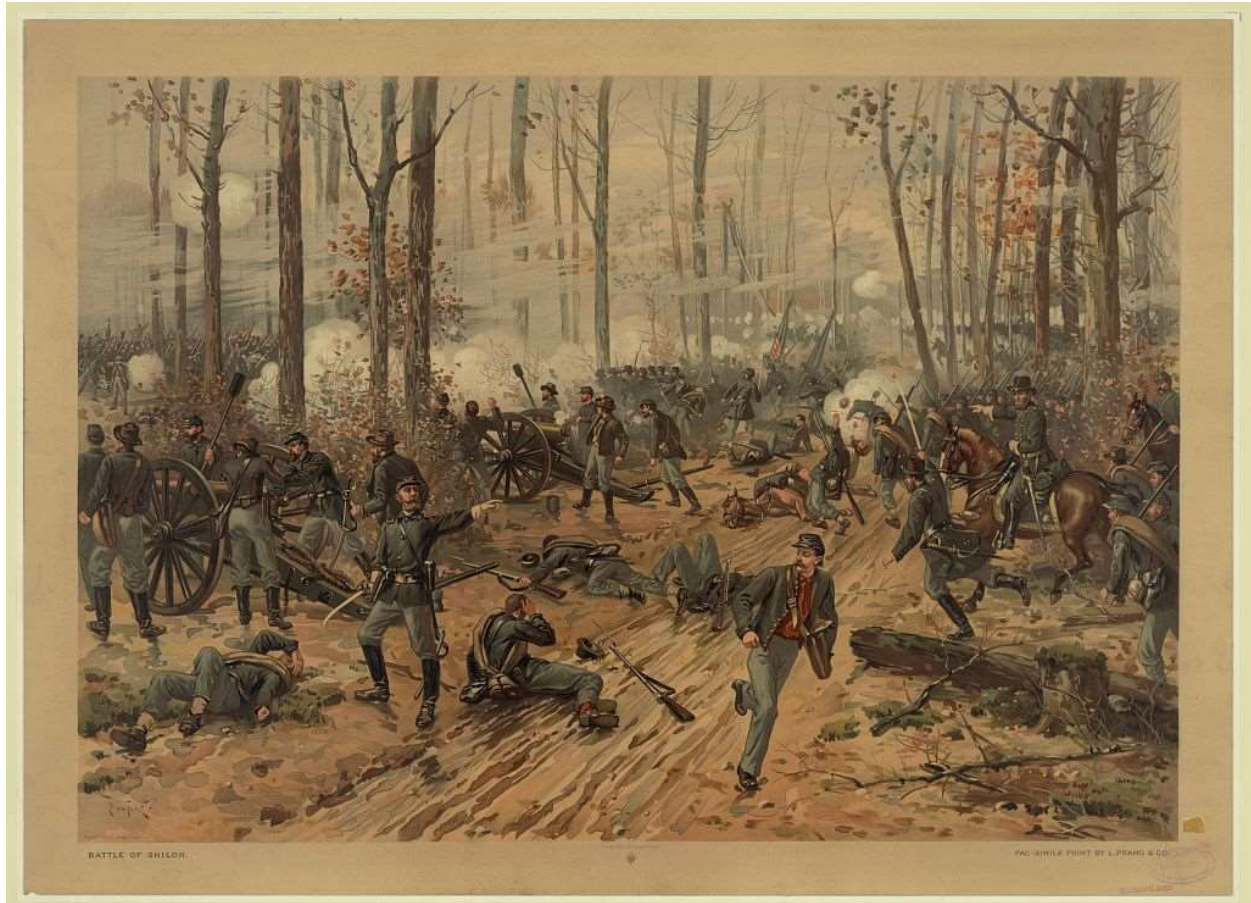


The Bushwhacker



Battle of Shiloh *Library of Congress*

This issue we feature the memoir of Frederick Medart (he called it a biography) provided by one of our members, Allen Klippel. This biography was transcribed by Allen's grandmother into a schoolgirl's notebook when she was about twelve years old. It was originally written in pencil and was fading until it was copied on a word processor by Allen's mother.

As you will see, Medart had an eventful service in the Union Army, stretching from Camp Jackson through Missionary Ridge. It is always a pleasure and an unexpected delight to find the personal narratives of soldiers who participated in some of the most famous battles of the war. And it is a welcome break from the usual emphasis on the actions or inactions of higher-ranking officers.

My thanks to Allen for allowing me to print this fascinating account in *The Bushwhacker*.

I have lightly edited Medart's "biography" for clarity and have added footnotes to place the events he describes in context. The material in brackets was added by the editor. Enjoy! — Jim Erwin —

Fred Medart's Biography

I, Fred Medart was born in Belleville on March 5, 1841. My first work away from home was as an offbearer at a brick yard at Belleville in the spring of 1854.¹ In July of the same year my parents moved to St Louis and my brother, William, and I went along. That summer I worked in a soda factory, a sawmill, a tobacco factory and a grocery store. My first steady job was with MacCleland Scruggs & Co on the S W corner of 4th and St Charles. I was hired as a bundle carrier but I had to sleep in the store all night. I was with the firm until May 1857, in all about 2 years and during all that time I did not miss a day, which was of great importance as I was considered a night watchman and though only 13 years old I slept with a revolver under my head.

I left M. S. and Co. in May 1857 and bound myself as a pattern-maker's apprentice for 4 years to G. B. Allen and Co. When the war broke out I had four weeks of my apprenticeship to serve to complete the 4 years of my contract. When I started my apprenticeship I had free evenings and while I was bundle carrier I had to be back in the store no later the 7 o'clock [hour], and then when the last clerk or salesman left, I was locked in the store until the first clerk came the next morning[.] [S]o in May 1857 when I started my apprenticeship I also joined the St Louis Turnverein Juniors.² I was a natural athlete for, although the Juniors had as good gymnasts as the Seniors, I was put in the first class the first night I joined. I very soon proved that they made no mistake when they advanced me that fast for inside of a year I was undoubtedly the best Gymnast among the Juniors. In March 1859 when I reached the age of eighteen years I joined the Seniors' and in July 1860 I took the third prize at the International Competition of all the Turners of the Country at Concordia Park and although that was an extraordinary feat, I, at the time, did not feel proud of it, in fact I was ashamed. for I thought that I ought to have taken first prize. Although I felt badly defeated, it spurred me on with the intent of accomplishing the trick the next time but in that year came the Presidential election and when Abraham Lincoln was elected as President of the United States and his enemies began to threaten, and then organize[,] the St. Louis Turnvereins also [organized] into Military Companies and instead of practicing gymnastics on gymnastic apparatus, they began to drill according to Hardie's tactics with broomsticks and canes.

When fifty sharps and breech loaders were sent to us [,] a committee of three were appointed to select fifty of the most reliable Turners who would be armed with the breech-loaders who would have to sleep and guard the Turner Hall until the trouble was over. One of the happiest moments of my life was when

¹ An "offbearer" took the bricks and piled or loaded them for transport to the construction site.

² The Turnverein Societies were athletic and gymnastic clubs established by German immigrants. They became a fertile ground for recruitment of Union soldiers in St. Louis and elsewhere.

the fifty names were read and mine was one of them. I do not remember how long before the Civil war that we began drilling and guarding the Hall.

On April 2nd 1861[,] I was mustered in Company A 1st Missouri Infantry. On May 18th [,] my apprenticeship would expire and my employer, Mr. Allen, told me that I would lose the \$50.00 which was to be given me on the 18th of May and I told him that I did not care because as a soldier Uncle Sam would be feeding and clothing me, so I would not need the money but if I did get it I would give it to my mother, then his heart softened and he paid me the \$50.00 and I gave it to my mother as promised.

I very soon found out that a soldier could make use of a little money as well as any other human being, especially at the beginning of the Civil War as Uncle Sam did not give us our pay until sometime in September, or five months after we were mustered in.

My first exciting time was the capture of Camp Jackson on May 10th, 1861. We were then camped at Jefferson Barracks. On the night of the 9th we got orders to have our breakfast at 3 o'clock next morning and be ready to march at 4. Of course we were all excited; when we left the barracks we were headed for St. Louis. We marched about two miles when we were marched into the woods and three (3) rounds of ammunition handed us. We carefully put this into our pockets, for we had no cartridge boxes, we were ordered to load and that was the first time we got such orders so you can imagine our feelings.

We were then started for St Louis at such a gait that it almost amounted to double quick. When we arrived at the Arsenal we were again halted and each one received another forty rounds of ammunition with orders to open the package and have them ready. Then we started in the direction of Camp Jackson. I know that we had a short stop at 18th and Park for I got a drink at the pump that was on the southwest corner which was a saloon and summer garden owned by Christ Overbeck.

There was almost a continuous woods from there to Grand and Olive. We made a bee line for Camp Jackson, We got south of the Camp and marched right close to the fence of the camp until we got to the main gate on Olive St. where we staid until the surrender.

Company A formed into two Platoons one marching ahead of the Rebel officers and the others in the rear forming a hollow square with the Rebel Officers between. The rest of the Regiment formed into two single lines and had the non-commissioned officers and privates in between them.

When we arrived at the Camp the Rebel Sentries called us every ugly name they could think of and they kept that up until we handed them as prisoners of war in the Arsenal.

The prisoners were not the only ones abusing us but the women (I cannot call them ladies) living in the aristocratic part of St Louis on Olive Street were if possible worse than the prisoners. The rowdies in the street who lined the side walks seemed very dangerous but as far as I knew they only called us names but things took another change when we reached Park and Carondelet Aves.

The Germans danced with delight and almost covered us with flowers and bouquets but we would have preferred a loaf of bread or a drink of water for most of us had not had a drink of water since we left the barracks at about 4 o'clock and this was probably 9 in the night and even after we got into the Arsenal we could get nothing to eat. We did not complain as we had brought the Rebel General Frost as a prisoner we thought he would either be shot or hung and the war would be over [.] [N]one of us thought that we would have to serve the whole three months for which we had enlisted, but at Washington they seemed to think different for shortly after the surrender of Camp Jackson the enlisted men were asked to reenlist for three years or during the war, and the lever they used at the Arsenal to induce us to reenlist was that they promised to take those that reenlisted out of the state where they would see real war battles and it worked well.³

I might as well give a history of my enlistment right here, to begin with I enlisted and was mustered into Company A first Missouri Infantry when I decided to reenlist I got a transfer to Co C same Regiment and enlisted for three years, after the first Missouri went through the southwest Missouri campaign the regiment was returned to St. Louis, and changed into a light Artillery Regiment and on account of the heavy losses of the different companys, two companys were consolidated into one battery and that way I got into Battery D and I finished my three years enlistment in Battery D First Missouri Light Artillery as a corporal [.] acting Sergeant and chief of a piece.⁴

After Camp Jackson the first Missouri infantry were put on to a steam boat and taken up the Missouri River, our first stop was at Jefferson City but the rebels had fled. We were reembarked and went up to within about three miles of Boonville. We were landed again and formed into line and began our forward movement into Boonville, June 17th, 1861. We had a very nice little battle, the Jonnie Rebs fled like rabbits and I thought they showed good sense [.] for I did not think there were rebels enough in the whole South to lick the First Missouri. Of course a little experience that came a short time after robbed me of that confidence.

After a few days rest a battalion of our regiment was sent on foot to Syracuse and from there to Tipton, Missouri and then we returned the same way to

³ Interestingly, Medart does not mention the firing on civilians that occurred during the march back to the St. Louis Arsenal.

⁴ Frederick Medart was enlisted by Captain George Stone. Medart was 5-7½, with a dark complexion, brown eyes and black hair. He saw action at Camp Jackson, Boonville, Wilson's Creek, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth and Missionary Ridge. *Frederick Metard [sic] [Medart], Compiled Military Service Record*, M405, RG 94, Roll 0309. This biography covers all but the last of those actions. A corporal was the gunner who aimed and sighted the cannon. A sergeant or acting sergeant was the chief of the piece, and was in overall charge of a gun, its limber, the men and the horses.

Boonville and a few days later, I think it was July 3rd we started the famous march to Springfield Mo. This was the hardest march I went through during my whole soldier's life. When General Lyon got word or a message that Siegel was on the retreat from Springfield, he gave us no more rest and he marched us day and night. At Crossing Creeks and rivers, one place in the water reached up to the chin of a medium sized soldier but in spite of this we had to cross. The short men were helped by officers and the cavalry. Of course ammunition belts had to be taken off and hung on our bayonets to keep them dry. There were no halts to give us a chance to let the water out of our shoes or to wring out our clothes, and if any person had seen us at such a time they would certainly have thought us on a disgraceful retreat instead of trying to get at our enemy. What made the march especially severe was that our Quarter Master was very short of provisions and we were under no circumstances allowed to forage on the road.

A soldier who would catch a chicken and get caught with it would be punished as a thief. A very nice boy and a dear chum at mine was found out to have taken a chicken somewhere while on the march. He was put under arrest and at the first camp that we stayed a few days, a flour barrel with a hole in the bottom just large enough to allow his head to go through and one on each side for his arms, was put over him and he had to wear that one whole day marching ahead of a guard forward and backward along the full length of the Regimental Camp; the barrel had the words "I am a thief" printed on front and back. In spite of this disgraceful treatment this boy soldier was as brave as any in the battle of Wilson's Creek which took place a few days later.

Just to show how short we were in provisions, an incident which happened during the march should be mentioned. Having another hard day's march before us, after arriving at Camp about 12 o'clock in the night, we were allowed a short rest. 4 o'clock the next morning was the time ordered to start again. Our cook had only coffee and beans, no bread, no meat so he cooked us soup and coffee for a three o'clock breakfast - in the darkness the cook made a mistake and put the sugar into the soup and the salt into the coffee, I will not try to describe the excitement in our company when that was discovered, but we had some luck. The cook got away.

[The Battle of Wilson's Creek]

Our Company C was sent to Greenfield, Mo. the next day after arriving near Springfield while there the rebels got a larger force between us and our main army. When we returned again we had to go through fields and through the woods. We got back to the main army without meeting a rebel. We just got back in time to take part in the little skirmish at the Dug Spring Aug 3rd. On the 9th of Aug Company C was sent towards the enemies camp on a scouting expedition. We brought in several farmers, and our Capt. Stone told us that the

information we gathered caused general Lyon to attack the rebels the next morning.⁵

August 10th was the battle of Wilson's Creek, which I will describe as far as I was concerned. A private soldier fighting in the ranks, especially if he does his duty well, knows more about the battle than those who shirk.

In advancing in solid column, we, the First Mo. Regiment, were met by a terrific volley from the enemy who were lying in ambush. This sent our whole regiment into confusion, of which it did not entirely recover during the battle. The men got so mixed that men, for instance, of Co. C. were fighting with men of Co. K, and vice versa in this battle. I was wounded on the left side of the head just over the ear. I was told by my comrades that I lay about 5 minutes. Those that saw me thought I was dead but I was only stunned for I was soon on my feet fighting as hard as ever. We fought in almost the same position until our ammunition was gone. We were sent to the rear to get a new supply. The sun was shining very hot, and men were suffering for want of water. The Capt. allowed about six volunteers to try to get some in canteens. We went out taking our guns along. When we got into a ravine two of our regular cavalry came by as fast as their horses could run shouting to us that the Texas Rangers were after them. I had heard so much about what terrible fellows these Rangers were that I was sure that we were agoners. Of course, there was no use running, although I was a good runner, I could not beat a horse, so we just formed in line, and about 10 others who happened to be there, joined our line, and just as soon as the Rangers appeared at the top of hill we commenced firing and we must have done some good aiming for we could notice that the Rangers were in confusion and wheeled about and got away as quick as they could. But from then on I was not afraid of the Texas Rangers although I will admit that they scared us so that we did not get any water.⁶

The Battle of Wilson's Creek in history is considered a defeat for the Union Troops, but we whipped the rebels, who were at least four to our one, we had possession of the battlefield and the rebels were retreating when we started to return to Springfield, but our brave little red-headed General Lyon was dead. Every man who fought in that battle will assert that he would have followed the retreating rebels instead of falling back. From Springfield we went to Rolla and from Rolla to St Louis where our Reg. was changed from an infantry Reg. to an

⁵ This incident is described in William Garrett Piston and Richard W. Hatcher III, *Wilson's Creek: The Second Battle of the Civil War and the Men Who Fought It* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2002), 171-172.

⁶ The Texas cavalry at Wilson's Creek called themselves the "Texas Hunters" (not Texas Rangers) and carried a flag with that name emblazoned on one side with a hunting scene and on the other the Confederate national flag. Piston and Hatcher, 21. The cavalry charge up the ravine met by Medart and his detachment of is apparently the one described by Piston and Hatcher, *Wilson's Creek*, at 271.

artillery Reg, we having lost many men in the preceding battle.⁷ Officers and men were detailed for recruiting service and I happened to be one of those selected with Capt. Stone and Frank White. I went to Buffalo N.Y. to recruit while we were there the New York Legislature passed a law forbidding recruiting by other states. We then had 20 recruits which the Gov. gave us permission to take away.

Shortly after Jan. 1, 1862 our 1st Mo. Light Art. Reg. were loaded on steamboats and went south. Our first engagement as Art. was in the capture of Fort Henry on the Tennessee R. Feb 6 and 7, 1862. The next was Fort Donnelson on the Cumberland R, Feb. 13,14 .15 and 16. The capture of this fort was considered the greatest victory for the Union army up to this time. After this capture we went to Nashville, Tenn. which surrendered without a fight. Here we again embarked on the steamboat, went down the Cumberland to the Ohio, down the Ohio to the Tenn. up the Tenn. to the Pittsburg Landing. When we arrived at Pittsburg Land[ing] on a steamboat we were put on shore and went into camp which was a great relief. We were about 2 weeks on the steamboat, which was so crowded that we could hardly find room to spread our blanket to take a sleep. I had two incidents during the steamboat ride, which are worth mentioning. There being probably 24 sick horses, they were all loaded on 1 boat which was called the horse Hospital Boat. I was appointed or rather ordered to take charge of this boat and see that the horses were properly attended to during the trip. Some person who seemed to me to be an officer of the boat, wanted to buy all the sick horses off me; when I asked him how I would explain this transaction in my report at the end of the trip, he said, why say they died and were thrown overboard. The bargain was not made although reported the matter to my Capt. I never heard more about it. The boat was tied up and the sick horses put ashore and I joined my battery on another boat. While standing on the upper deck, our Surgeon, Dr. Cornyne, who was standing near, looked me square in the face and asked me "What is the matter with you?"⁸ I answered that I thought there was nothing the matter with me. He ordered me to follow him down into the cabin, and to the part that was his office, and there he put me through an examination. When he got through he ordered the hospital Steward, and keep me well covered with blankets. Of course, I was very much astonished at all this as I was not sick, and I knew that our Dr. did not joke much. Well, after I had been under the blankets for a short while I got a terrible itch. In about two days I was discharging. When I asked the Steward to explain to me what this was all about he explained to me that the Dr. was afraid I was getting the small-pox, but it turned out to be only the measles. The steward told me had it been small-pox, I would have no show

⁷ The First Missouri lost 76 killed, 208 wounded, and 11 missing – 38% of its strength entering the battle and the highest loss of any regiment on either side. Piston and Hatcher, *Wilson's Creek*, at 287, 335-338.

⁸ Dr. Florence M. Cornyn was the surgeon summoned to treat Nathaniel Lyon after he was shot on Bloody Hill. Piston and Hatcher, *Wilson's Creek*, at 269.

to get over it for I would have been poisoned and the body put ashore and burned to prevent the spread of small-pox in the army.

After going into camp at Pittsburg Landing, a Sutler's Tent was put up near the Battery. The Sutler was arrested for selling whiskey to the soldiers. He was allowed to load all his goods on a wagon but he and his clerk had to go with the guard. With this guard he called at the Capt's tent and asked him to put an honest man in charge of the wagon until he could get back. The Capt called Artillery Sergt. Hill and asked him whether he had an honest man in the Battery. Hill answered that he knows he had one. When the Capt asked who he was Hill replied "It is Fred Medart." I got the job and it was a disagreeable one. There were so many attempts to rob that wagon that night that I didn't get to sleep a minute. Nothing of importance happened until the Battle of Shiloh.

The Battle of Shiloh

April 5th Battery of 1st Missouri Artillery received orders to shine up all brass and appear in our best clothes at a Grand Review which would take place at 10 o'clock Sunday morning; we were ready early but instead taking us to a Grand Review we were taken into one of the hardest fought battles of the War.

Heavy firing was heard before we started and we had not gone a quarter of a mile before we met hundreds of stragglers coming towards the landing. When we asked some of the stragglers why they were coming to the landing instead of being out fighting they would usually answer that their regiment had been shot to pieces and they were the only ones left.

It did not take us long to get into action. Our Battery had changed positions several times when an adjutant from some general came to our captain and asked him for one Gun. The captain selected mine. The adjutant took us to the left and front; he showed us where to go in Battery and where to fire and then he galloped off rearwards.⁹ We had no trouble to find the enemy, for the woods which was only over two hundred yards away was full of rebels. I found out afterwards that we were just opposite Shiloh Church and many of my shots were fired right into it. Although we noticed the Infantry on our right had left us and on our left did not see any Infantry at all [,] such a thing as our leaving the position without orders never entered my mind. We certainly would have stayed there until we were captured if it had not been for our bugler, Val Koerner, who came up as fast as his horse could carry him and advised us to get out of there as fast as possible or we certainly would never get out.¹⁰ I had the piece limbered up and sent it to the rear and then I ran for my horse which

⁹ Richardson's Battery was placed in support of Tuttle's Brigade on a slight ridge behind the position that came to be known as the "Hornet's Nest."

¹⁰ Valentine Koerner is listed in Union military records as Valentine Kenner. He was nineteen years old at the time of the Battle of Shiloh. Like Medart, he had been slightly wounded at Wilson's Creek. *Valentine Kenner, CMSR, M405, RG94, Roll 0306.*

I had tied to a tree about the size of my arm and about twelve feet high. During the firing my horse kept walking around the tree until he wound himself up so that his nose pressed against the tree; I was in an awful position with the rebels coming on a run and with a yell I never heard before. Something had to be done and done quickly, so I reached down, caught hold of the tree with both hands near the ground and I gave a pull and pulled the tree out roots and all. I kept a good hold on the tree, mounted my horse and escaped without a scratch. When I considered myself safe, I stopped my horse, unwound the tree and joined the rest of my Battery, just in time to be in the confusion that the Louisiana Flyers [Tigers?]¹¹ caused by charging upon us. When all was confusion and our troops were falling back in a run for the landing, the swing horses of my piece were killed and lying on the traces, we got them unhitched someway and got our piece out with two horses and just about the time we started my own horse was killed.¹² Our next stand was near Pittsburg Landing after which the Union side called it the Battle of Pittsburg Landing. I think that this stand was without any plans but simply accomplished by a few officers with our Major Murphy as a leader stopping all artillery and Infantry as they came in; and from this line we gave the rebels such a repulse that they had enough for that day.

The artillery fire at this last stand will never be forgotten by me because it was so terrific that it broke both my ear drums.

During the night of April 6th, Gen. Buell with troop arrived, and crossed the Tenn. R, and on Mon. April 7th our troops attacked the rebels and won and had them in full retreat. So the result of this battle was that we were beaten on Sunday, but the rebels were worse beaten on Mon. and fell back to their fortified stronghold, Corinth, Miss. on which place we commenced to ordnance [advance?] shortly after the Battle of Shiloh, and in about 30 days the Rebs left Corinth. Then our large army was divided up to protect different R.R. centers and the main Army made the move onto Vicksburg.

[The Battle of Corinth]

Our Battery D, 1st Mo, Light Art, was detached to stop at Corinth on Oct. 3rd, 1862. The Rebs attacked our outposts and Battery D was sent out to assist our infantry. We took a position in line with the Infantry with orders not to fire until our skirmishers came in. ¹³ After the Battle of Shiloh I found a very

¹¹ Medart's battery was engaged with Gibson's Brigade, which had four Louisiana regiments, but none of them were called the Flyers or the Tigers as best I can tell. The Louisiana Tigers were, of course, a famous unit of the Army of Northern Virginia and were not at Shiloh.

¹² "Swing horses" are the middle two horses in a six-horse team.

¹³ Medart's gun was probably part of Lt. George W. Cutler's two-gun section that took its position with the 57th Illinois on the left of General Thomas Davies' line. Lt. Cutler was previously an officer in Battery D and was recently detached as adjutant for the regiment. He volunteered to return to Battery D

fine rifle which I carried with me in this battle. I, being a very good runner, knew I could get back as quickly as any skirmisher so I went out and joined the skirmishers and stayed there until they were ordered back to the main line. When I did get back we opened on the Rebs with Art. Before commencing to fire, I stood my rifle against a tree about on a line that we first occupied. A field piece always recoils from 5 to 8 feet after every fire and is almost always shoved forward again after loading, but we got so that we left the gun where it recoiled to for probably 6 or 10 shots when we received an order to fall back as quickly as possible, that the right flank of our Army had given way, and we were in danger of being surrounded. When my piece was limbered up and ordered to the rear, I thought of my rifle which was about 100 feet from where we had fired the last shot. I made a dash for the rifle, and when I got within 12 feet of the tree my gun was leaning against, I discovered a Rebel on the opposite side of the very tree. I jumped behind a tree trying to think of something to do. I was unarmed, the Reb certainly had his rifle loaded and was looking for an opportunity to shoot me which would have come if I had tried to run away. Besides my army was falling back as fast as possible while the Reb army was advancing. Something had to be done mighty quickly. If I wanted to get to my army again, I was thinking of making a dive toward the Reb. and if I could get a hold of his gun before he shot me I considered my chance of escaping good, for I had often said to other comrades that I would never surrender. While I was considering all this, I heard a sharp crack of a rifle to my left and back of me, and at the same time the Reb. who thought he had me, threw his rifle over his head and fell, I think stone dead into the grass and I ran forward to get my rifle. When I got back about 100 feet I was greeted by a soldier who I would not take to be over 16 years old, with "Wasn't that a bully shot." Of course, I agreed on the run, that it was.¹⁴ Although the Rebs had gained a temporary advantage, they did not follow it up fast enough. They gave us enough time to

for the battle and was commended for his "noble" and "brave" fighting in the report made by Major George Stone (Medart's former commander). *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (Washington: U .S. Government Printing Office, 1880-1901), vol. 17, Pt. 1, 269. Cutler was Stone's son-in-law. Cutler fell ill in November 1863 and died in March 1864 while on leave. *George W. Cutler, CMSR, M405, RG94, Roll 0299*. This is *not* the same George Cutler whose story was told in *The Bushwhacker*, Vol. 1, No. 4 (Spring 2021).

¹⁴ During this retreat one of Battery D's guns, with the name "Lady Richardson" painted on its breech, had its limber pole break and was captured. Union forces recaptured the Lady Richardson during the Vicksburg Campaign. Peter Cozzens notes that a Private W. G. Whitfield (or Whitefield) of the 35th Alabama chased after the last of Lt. Cutler's cannoners to leave the position, "but the Yankee was too fleet for him." Peter Cozzens, *Darkest Day of the War: The Battles of Iuka and Corinth* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1997), 168. Could this have been Fred Medart, who, as he notes above, was "a good runner"?

form our lines and give them another hot reception. After dark, we fell back into the fortification.

Oct. 4th was an eventful day for me. After being in action all day on the 3rd, we were sleeping on the grass where we went into camp long after midnight.

We had an Irishman, I don't remember his name, probably never knew it, but everyone knew him by the name of Mulligan because he was one of Mulligan's heroes, who surrendered at Lexington.¹⁵ He used to tell us how many rebels he killed in the Lexington fighting before he surrendered but somehow when he was with Battery D, whenever there was a sign of a coming battle, Mulligan would get the rheumatism so bad that he would have to walk with crutches.

The beginning of the Battle of Corinth was with Division ____ of our new men, who were sent out to meet the rebels. We could hear the cannonading early in the morning and the next thing we heard, Mulligan had the rheumatism so bad that he had to be carried on a stretcher. We got orders to get ready to go to the front at once, so Mulligan was carried on a stretcher to the hospital.

We met the Rebels about 3 miles out and they drove us up to the town, and through the town. Our ambulance driver, Bob Wilson, told us that night that while we were running away, he made his ambulance horses run faster than they ever ran. He had no trouble passing all the retreating soldiers, but one figure did pass him, and although he whipped his horses, but he could not. Wilson said that the fast soldier was Mulligan.

Before daylight, the Rebels opened with a Battery on us. I think it was an accident that they just happened to be short right at our Battery, for it was too dark to see and we had no searchlight those days. Our Bugler sounded Boots and Saddles and we never hitched up quicker.¹⁶ While the drivers were hitching up, I noticed a soldier lying with the middle of his body in front of the hind wheel of my 10 lb. Rodman gun.¹⁷ I made an attempt to wake the man but shaking and gentle kicks had no effect on the man, so I thought he was dead, and I pictured in my mind that he had been badly wounded in yesterday's battle, and managed to crawl that far and died under the wheel of my piece, and that it would not hurt him if we did run over him, so I gave the order to my drivers to drive on. You will remember that all this time, cannon balls were going over our head from the Reb Battery, and some shells were exploding

¹⁵ There was no one named Mulligan in Battery D. The only Mulligan in the regiment joined in 1864. Colonel James A. Mulligan was the commander of Union forces that surrendered to the Missouri State Guard led by Sterling Price in September 1861 after a siege and the Battle of the Hemp Bales at Lexington, Missouri. The story Medart tells may be apocryphal. Stories making the Irish the butt of jokes were common during the war.

¹⁶ The bugler was once again Valentine Kenner (Koerner).

¹⁷ Medart's memory may have failed him as to the type of gun. All of the contemporary reports say that Richardson's Battery D was equipped with four twenty-pound Parrott rifled cannon. Other batteries in the First Missouri Light Artillery at Corinth did have ten-pound Parrott cannon. None had a Rodman gun.

dangerously close. But when the drivers tried to drive on, it was impossible because in their hurry, and on account of the darkness, they had hitched up very poorly, so while the drivers jumped off their horses, I thought there would be no use running over a dead man, so I dismounted, and caught ahold on the dead man's ankle with the intention of dragging him across the street and rolling him into the gutter. When I had the man about half-way across the street he gave a kick and jumped up and went for me with an energy that I never saw surpassed. Of course I fought and tried to explain, but he would listen to nothing, but kept on attacking me and the end was that I gave him a sound thrashing and the whole Battery saw me do it Although the man weighed at least 20 lbs. more than [sic] I, and was 4 or 5 inches taller, none of my comrades made a move to help me out of my trouble, but the whole Battery waited until the fight was over, before moving into a position to reply to the enemy.



Twenty-pounder Parrott Rifled Cannon *Hal Jesperson*

After being moved around from one position to another, we were finally placed in what was called Fort Richardson, a little earthwork thrown up in the shape of a crescent or a quarter of a circle and about 3' high.¹⁸ We did not have long

¹⁸ Peter Cozzens places Richardson's Battery in Battery Powell, an earthwork prepared at the end of September 1862. Cozzens, *The Darkest Days of the War*, 228 and Map 9. Timothy B. Smith says the battery was in "Fort Richardson," identified as built by slaves the night of October 3-4 of hay and cotton bales and located to the left of Battery Powell. Timothy B. Smith, *Corinth 1862: Siege*,

to wait. There was a thick woods and underbrush about 200 yards away, and we could see nothing of the Rebs, until they came out and when they did appear it was in as fine a line of battle as I ever saw, and just as soon as they were out of the woods, they came straight for us on a full run. Although we gave them double charge canister as fast as we could load, they still kept on coming. Just when I expected a hand-to-hand fight, our Infantry broke and ran, and when our cannons made an attempt to hitch up, and save our pieces, they found that so many horses had been killed that we would have to leave our pieces in the hands of the Rebels.

I then determined to spike my gun although everybody had left our little fort, except for Dan Delaney and myself. I hesitated about spiking my gun, because I still had hopes that our retreating army would rally and retake it. I had the spike in the vent and the hand spike over my shoulders ready to strike, this all happened near the end of the Redoubt and just when I was about to hit the spike, a Reb came in at the end of the Redoubt, and instead of hitting the spike, I hit the Rebel, and then the spike, and ran for my life. But I made big mistake here. Instead of running in the same direction as Dan Delaney did, I ran East passed a railing fence, behind which the rebels had just arrived and some were knocking off the railing with the butt of their guns while the others were shooting at the fleeing ranks. Of course, there was no time to think. I think that was the fastest run I made in my life. I think too, it was because I was running so close to the Reb. line is what saved me When I did get to where the road led away from the Rebs, I also passed their line. It was those lines I ran by that caused the break in our lines near the Redoubt, for they were getting in our rear and I did not see them, so I could not understand why the others had run, and it explained too, how we came to have 22 horses killed in our Battery when I thought it was impossible for the Rebs charging in our front could reach our horses.

[Battery Powell was attacked by the 5th Missouri Infantry (Confederate). One of its members said that the lunette in which Richardson's battery was located was "one of the bloodiest places I ever saw." It and Battery Robinette (the latter made famous by a grim photograph of Texas Colonel William P. Rogers lying

Battle, Occupation (Lawrence, KS: University Press of Kansas, 2012), 211, apparently relying upon an article reprinted in Frank Moore (ed.), *Rebellion Record* (New York, 1861-1868), vol. 5, 501. However, reports of officers at the battle describe Battery Powell as occupied by "heavy artillery" and say that ten-pounder Parrotts (most likely from Capt. Frederick Welker's Battery H, First Missouri Artillery) were located to the left of the earthwork. *O.R.*, vol. 17, Pt. 1, 258, 274, 277. See also W. B. McCord, "Battle of Corinth," in *Glimpses of the Nation's Struggle, Fourth Series, Papers Read Before the Minnesota Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, 1892-1897* (St. Paul, 1898), 567, 577. Some reports refer to Battery Powell as Fort Richardson. *O.R.*, vol. 17, Pt. 1, 289 and Cozzens, 117. I conclude that Medart and the battery's twenty-pound Parrotts were in Battery Powell.

dead outside its walls) were gruesome places with mangled bodies lying before them, missing limbs and heads.^{19]}



Battery Powell Shiloh National Military Park

[A Union counterattack recaptured Battery Powell. Captain Julius Lovell, General Davies' adjutant, soldiers from the 52d Illinois, Private Michael Hennessey of Battery K and Bugler Valentine Kenner leaped into the lunette and turned one of the twenty-pound Parrotts on the retreating Confederates, firing ten rounds before the rest of Richardson's battery returned.^{20]}

¹⁹ Cozzens, *The Darkest Days of the War*, 275.

²⁰ Cozzens, *The Darkest Days of the War*, 243. Kenner was commended in the report of Major Stone, an unusual honor for an enlisted man. *O.R.*, vol. 17, Pt. 1, 270. He was later promoted to sergeant and served on the chief of artillery's staff for the Fifteenth Corps until he mustered out in 1864. *Valentine Kenner*, CMSR, M405, RG94, Roll 0306.

[Medart's memoir ends at this point. However, he continued to serve in Battery D, rising to the rank of corporal. He participated in the Chattanooga Campaign in November 1863. The battery was part of General Hugh Ewing's brigade and fought near Tunnel Hill on the Union left, while General George H. Thomas' men dashed up Missionary Ridge.

Medart returned to St. Louis in June 1864 and was mustered out July 1, 1864. Medart founded the Medart Manufacturing Company, which made lockers and other athletic equipment. He died on October 1, 1908.]

This is the kind of family history that I think is valuable to find and share. If you have something similar or just your own research into your family's Civil War history, a Civil War-related article, family photographs you would be willing to have printed here, or a book review or just anything you think the Roundtable might be interested in reading about, please send it to stlcwrt@gmail.com. Thanks.

Jim