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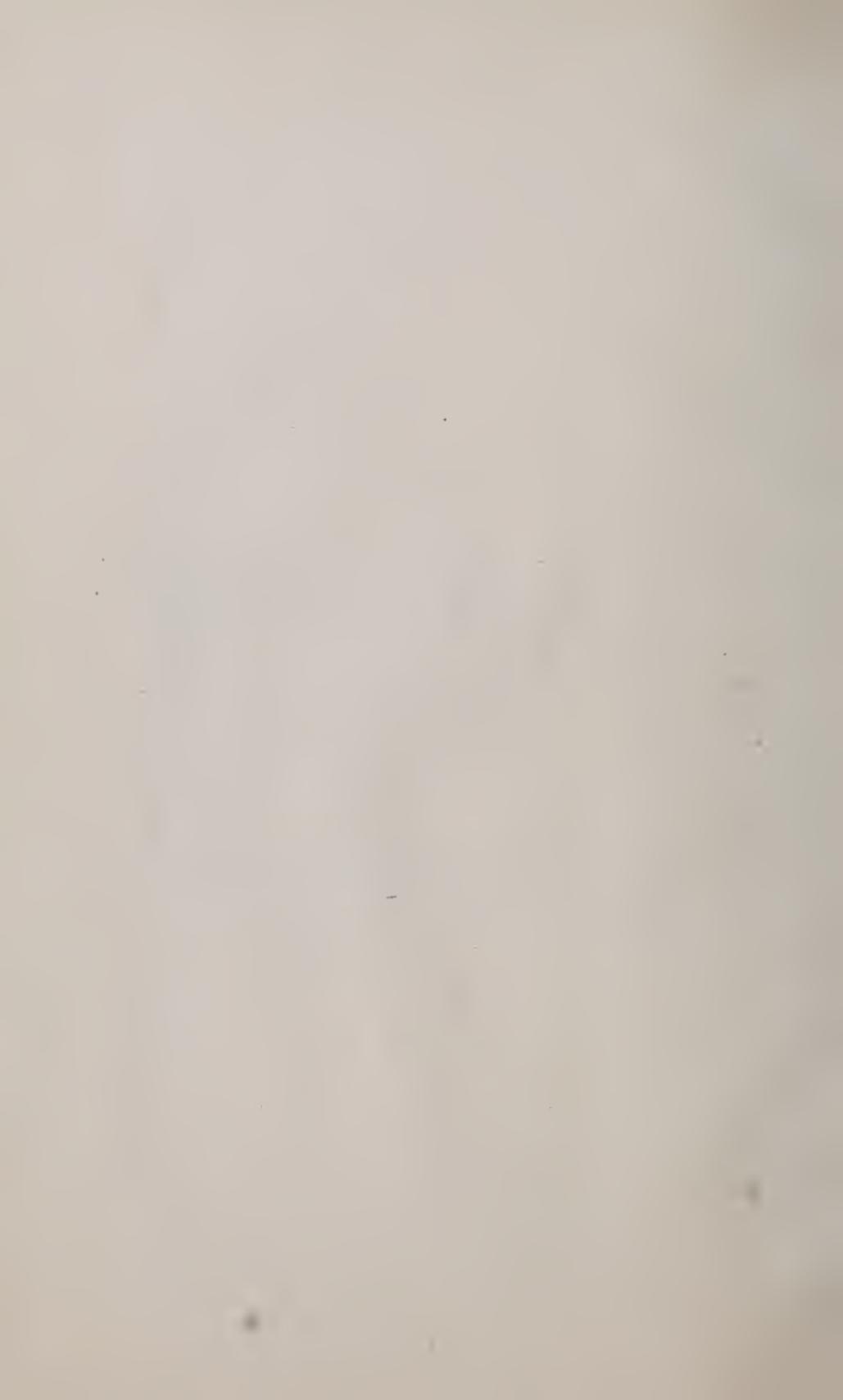
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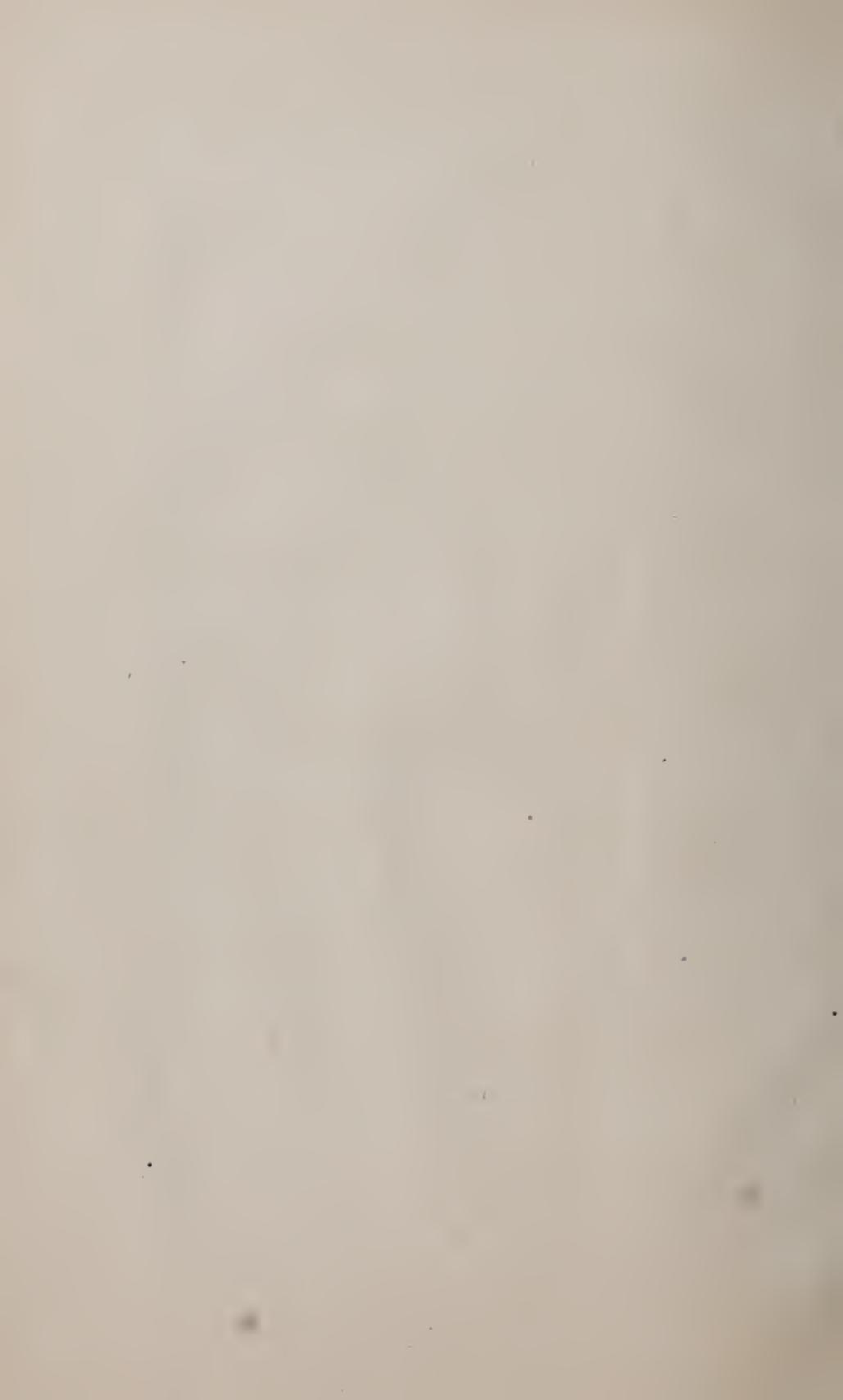


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B 3 N G A R

“ Our Limbs are Lost ! Our Country Saved ! ”

A SHORT SKETCH

OF THE

SERVICE AND SACRIFICES

OF

DAVID B. TANNER,

LATE OF THE

5TH RHODE ISLAND BATTERY,

WHO LOST HIS LEG

AT THE

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM,

SEPT. 17th, 1862.

Sold as a means of Support for himself and Family.

PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

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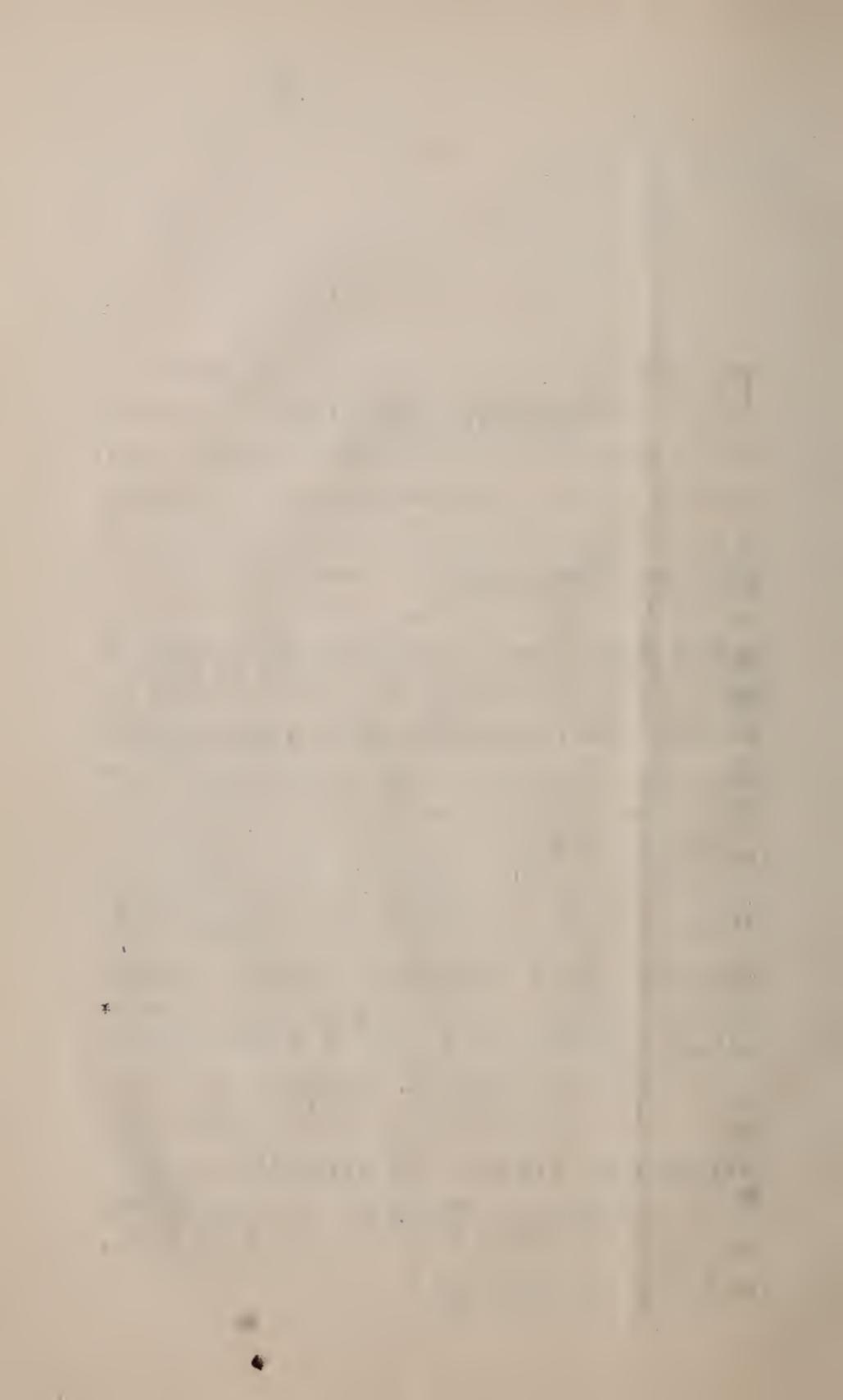
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INTRODUCTION.



DEAR READER :

BEING by profession a sailor, and having lost my right leg, by reason of wounds received at the Battle of Antietam, I am unable to support myself and family, (wife and three children,) and I therefore take this method of doing so, trusting to a Patriotic and Sympathizing Public to aid me in this endeavor.



CHAPTER I.

IN July 1861, while at Turks Island, West Indies, on board the Barque "Jane," of Damariscotta, news of the Civil War in our Country was received, producing of course a profound sensation in our minds. We sailed the next day with a cargo of Salt, bound for Providence, Rhode Island, and while on the way, most of our crew, including myself, made up our minds to join the defence of our beloved Country, if our services should be needed. Our Vessel arrived at Providence in due time and finding that our services *were* needed, as the war was going on, we proceeded to carry out our determinations.

I enlisted in the 5th Rhode Island Battery, (Battery D, 1st Regiment, R. I. Light Artillery,) Sept 4th, 1861, and went into camp at "Camp Greene," where I prepared myself for the duties of a soldier.

Four of my brothers also enlisted at about the same time, but in other organizations, making five of us from one family in the Union Army.

No Bounties of any kind, were either offered or needed, to induce us to give ourselves to the service.

In a few days after I had joined the Battery, we started from Providence on our way to the seat of War, arriving at Washington soon after, where we were attached to the Army of the Potomac.

We did not happen however to have much very active duty given us to attend to, until the rebels invaded Maryland in the fall of 1862.

At that time, we were put into the 9th Army Corps under the gallant General Burnside and proceeded to take the offensive and expel the "Jhonnies" from *our* "Sacred Soil."

On the morning of the 17th of Sept., the day made memorable forever, by the great and bloody Battle our Army then fought, and the glorious Victory they finally gained from it, we came up with the rebels at Antietam Creek, near Sharpsburg, Maryland.

Our Battery went into position on the left of the Union Line, and we proceeded to send its swift-winged messengers of death into the enemies of our Country and Flag. The battle waxed warm, and about noon while in the act of ramming a solid shot into one of our guns, I was struck in the right leg by a cannon shot thrown by the Rebel gunners.

My leg was very badly shattered about three inches above the ankle joint, and my foot was twisted round to such an extent by the force, that

my toes were almost in the position that my heel had always occupied before. I was picked up and carried off the field; then being put into an ambulance and sent to Washington, where I was put into the Douglas Hospital.

CHAPTER II.

AS a matter-of-course my shattered limb caused me intense pain and suffering, sometimes being almost as it seemed to me, beyond endurance.

The doctors tried hard to save my leg from amputation, but after weeks of agony, mortification having made its dreaded appearance, I was obliged to have it cut off, but for the first time only, as it afterwards proved. It was taken off just below the knee, and if I had not been forced to have it cut off *again*, I should now in all probability be wearing a false leg and getting around quite comfortably, instead of going on crutches as I am obliged to.

I desire to state here, that but for the criminal *wilfulness and carelessness* of a young medical student who broke my limb again, after the shat-

tered bones had apparently began to knit together, it might perhaps have been saved to me, although it would have been shorter than the other. My system was very much reduced at this time, but the hope that I might now speedily recover kept me up through every thing.

I was doomed to disappointment however, for after *almost six months* of suffering, such as only those who have endured the same thing, for the same length of time, can ever understand. Mortification again set in, and for the second time I was obliged to have it amputated; — this time being cut off close to my body.

I was now so much worn down and reduced, that my life was despaired of, and I was finally carried into the Dead House, attached to the Hospital, supposed to be *dead*.

This I learned from my nurses some time afterward, I being so far gone, as to be wholly insensible at that time.

A Mrs. Barker, a very kind lady and one of the Sanitary Commission people, who had done a great deal for me all through my trials, having declared that she could detect slight breathing on my part, while in the dead house waiting for *burial*, I was conveyed into the Hospital again and efforts were made to bring me to.

In these they were successful, and I was given a new lease of life through their efforts.

All these things I learned afterward, from my very, *very* kind friend, Mrs. Barker, to whom under Providence, I feel that I owe my life.

The Sisters of Charity, were also very kind to me in my great extremity, and the first thing that I realized, when I was brought back to life as it were, was, that one of them was putting something into my mouth with a spoon.

From this time I began to improve, and in May, 1863, eight months after I had received my wounds at Anteitam, although by no means wholly recovered, I was able to be sent home to my family.

For almost a year after I came home, *my stump* still troubled me, small pieces of bone being occasionally discharged from it, and much heat and pain being felt.

It may seem very strange to those who have never heard of such a thing, but ever since I lost my leg, I have been able at times to feel my foot, particularly the toes, just the same as if I had never lost them. The feeling is very painful sometimes, too.

My stump has always been so very tender and sensitive that all attempts to wear false legs of any kind, have proved failures, and it now seems

that I shall have to go on crutches all the rest of my life.

Rather a hard lot, dear reader, but our Country required the sacrifice of me and I must not begrudge it.

Since I recovered, enough to be able to do anything for the support of those dependent upon me, I have earned my living at whatever I could find to do, but my having a wife and three children, renders it imperatively necessary that I should have more of the means of life, than in my crippled and enfeebled condition I *can* earn.

All that is said here, can be proved by abundant testimony. I therefore offer this little book, to I trust, a Patriotic and Sympathizing Public, hoping it may do for me all that I would be able to do for myself, had I never been required to make such a sacrifice upon the altar of our common heritage.

CHAPTER III.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH RHODE ISLAND.

ONE of the Rhode Island boys out on picket near Yorktown, Va., found himself in close proximity to one of the enemy's pickets, and, after exchanging without availing anything, they mutually agreed to cease and go to dinner.

"What regiment do you belong to?" asked an inquisitive Yankee friend of his neighbor.

"The Seventeenth Georgia," was the response; "and what regiment do you belong to?" asked Secesh.

"The One Hundred and Fifth Rhode Island," answered our Yankee friend.

Secesh gave a long, low whistle, and evaporated.

OLD HANNAH.

"When I was in Jefferson, in the fall of 1862," said Robert Collyer, "I found the hospitals in the most fearful condition you can imagine. I cannot stop to tell you all the scenes I saw; it is enough to say that one poor fellow had lain there sick, and seen five men carried away dead, one after another from his side. He was worn to a

skeleton, — worn through, — and had great sores all over his back, and was filthy beyond description.

One day a little before my visit, old Hannah, a black woman, who had some washing to do for the doctor, went down the ward to hunt him up. She saw this dying man, and had compassion on him and said :

‘ O, doctor, let me bring this man to my bed, to keep him off the floor.’

The doctor said, ‘ the man is dying ; he will be dead to-morrow.’ To-morrow came, and old Hannah could not rest. She went to see the man and he was still alive. Then she got some help, took her bed, put the man on it and carried him boldly to her shanty ; then she washed him all over, as a woman washes a baby, and fed him with a spoon, and fought death, hand to hand, day and night, and beat him back, and saved the soldier’s life.

The day before I went to Jefferson, the man had gone on a furlough to his home in Indiana. He besought Hannah to go with him, but she could not spare time ; there was all that washing to do. She went with him to the Steamboat, got him fixed just to her mind and then kissed him, and the man lifted up his voice as she left, and wept like a child. I say we have grown noble in our suffering.”

INCIDENT OF ANTIETAM.

In a small clump of woods, near the battle-field, the body of a dead Union soldier in a partially upright position, was found resting against a tree. The expression of the man's countenance was perfectly natural, — in fact he appeared as if he were only asleep. Alongside of him was an old and worn Bible, which the poor fellow, knowing his time had come, was reading, and in this way a Soldier and Christian he died; and now, with thousands of others, his grave is unknown.

SHERIDAN'S LOVE OF MUSIC.

A correspondent with Sherman's army recorded this incident. Memorable the music that "mocked the moon" of November on the soil of Georgia; sometimes a triumphant march, sometimes a glorious waltz, again an old air stirring the heart alike to recollection and hope. Floating out from throats of brass to the ears of soldiers in their blankets, and generals in their tents, these tunes hallowed the eyes of all who listened.

Sitting before his tent in the glow of a camp-fire one evening, General Sherman let his cigar go out to listen to an air that a distant band was playing. The musicians ceased at last. The General turned to one of his officers:

“Send an orderly to ask that band to play that tune again.”

A little while and the band received the word. The tune was “The Blue Juniata,” with exquisite variations. The band played it again, even more beautifully than before. Again it ceased, and then, off to the right, nearly a quarter of a mile away, the voice of some soldiers took it up with some words. The band, and still another band, played a low accompaniment. Camp after camp began singing the music, and “The Blue Juniata” became, for a few minutes, the oratorio of half an army.

LOVE, HATE AND PIETY ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

A Rhode Island Soldier utterly exhausted, stepped aside to rest a few moments under the shade. There he found a gasping, and dying Southern soldier, and put his almost exhausted canteen to his parched lips. The dying soldier, — an enthusiast in his cause, — in high excitement gasped, “Why do you come to fight us? We shall utterly annihilate you. We have ninety thousand men. You can never subjugate us. We have a series of batteries beyond, which will destroy all the armies you can bring.”

The Rhode Island Soldier proceeded to state, —

and how strange and how tremendously *real then*, — that the object of the war was not the subjugation of the South, but the preservation of the Union. “And now,” said the manly fellow, “I have given you water from my canteen, when its drops are more precious than diamonds. If you had found *me* in this state, what would you have done?”

The eyes of the dying man gleamed like those of a basilisk, and he replied :

“I would have put my bayonet to your heart.”

In a few moments he went into eternity, and the Rhode Islander resumed his place on the battle-field.

But there were also instances of Christian feeling exhibited on the battle-field, one of which is very affecting.

A wounded Federal soldier was hastily carried to a woods, and placed by the side of a dying Georgian. The Georgian, evidently a gentleman, said to him, as they laid bleeding side by side :

“We came on this field enemies; let us part friends,” and extended to him his hand, which the other grasped with the reciprocal expression of friendly feeling. They were both Christian men, and they lay with clasped hands on that bloody field, until the hand of the Georgian was cold in death.

How beautiful that scene, amidst the horrors of the battle-field! Who shall say, in view of it, that because of this strife between the North and South, they can never again clasp hands in mutual friendship and esteem. Who shall say that the time will not come, when, on some well-fought field, they who met as enemies, shall part as friends, and peace and restoration and mutual esteem ensue.

Another incident was sublime, and shows how close Christ Jesus is to His people, wherever they may be.

A strong, tall man from Maine, received a minnie ball directly in his breast, and with the outstretched arms and the upward leap, which is often said to mark such a death, he exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, receive my Spirit."

BALL'S BLUFF.

Fronting the hostile border,
 And false Virginia's strand—
 Where lurked the rebel warder,
 And gleamed the rebel brand—
 We held in warlike order,
 The shores of Maryland.

By dark Potomac's river,
 We mustered, rank on rank ;
 The wind crept like a shiver,
 Around us, chill and dank ;
 Swift was the hostile river,
 And steep the hostile bank.

Then up Virginia's verges
 Our valiant chieftain leads ;
 Across Potomac's surges,
 That toss our boats, like reeds ;
 'Tis Freedom's Will that urges—
 'Tis Freedom's Cause that needs.

Oh ! what an hour of wonder !
 Divine with dauntless pain ;
 When ranks were cloven asunder,
 And lives were mown, like grain ;
 And men stood calmly under,
 While deaths fell thick as rain.

High on those mountain ridges
 Our shattered lines we close,
 Pent in by slippery ledges,
 And girt by treacherous foes ;
 The while, from woodland edges,
 Their ambush narrower grows.

In vain, the conflict sharing,
 Manhattan's braves unite;
 All vainly—forward faring—
 Our Californians fight;
 In vain, with stubborn daring,
 New England's heroes smite.

Wild was the deed they ventured—
 Pealing defiant shout;
 Up where the foemen centered—
 Into that rebel rout—
 Six score of heroes entered;
 Never a score came out!

Full many a glorious battle
 Has proved our soldier-stuff;
 Through years of war's wild rattle—
 Through years of trial tough;
 Since loyal men, like cattle,
 Were shot down at BALL'S BLUFF.

CERTIFICATE.

I hereby certify that the bearer, DAVID B. TANNER, was a member of Battery D, 1st Regiment, R. I. Light Artillery, and received the injury whereby he lost his leg while doing duty with the Battery.

GEO. C. HARKNESS,
Late 1st Lieut., Battery D, 1st Reg. R. I. L. A.











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