

Colonel Philemon Baldwin

Indiana 6th Infantry

[photo: Col. Philemon Baldwin in his Civil war uniform and the dates 1837-1863]

Enlistment and Death Certificate

INDIANAPOLIS July 13 1984

This Certifies, That the official records for which I am the lawful custodian on file in this office show, that Philemon P. Baldwin joined for duty and was enrolled as a Captain of Company (A) 6th Regiment Indiana Volunteers at Madison on the 19th day of April 1861, by P.P. Baldwin and that he was duty mustered into the Military Service of the United States at Indianapolis on the 23rd day of April 1861, for the term of three months years by Maj. T. J. Wood, United States Army Mustering Officer. age: 24 eyes: black hair: dark height: 5'11" complexion: light nativity: Clark Co., Indiana ocp'n [sic]: a merchant. Mustered out at Indianapolis August 2, 1861. Enrolled as Capt. Co. A, 6th Regiment August 26, 1861 at North Madison, mustered in Sept. 20, 1861 at Madison. promoted colonel. Mustered out as Capt. Co. A, May 16, 1862 to Field and Staff 6th Regiment, Enrolled as Col. May 17, 1862 at Corinth, Miss. and mustered in May 17, 1862 at Murfreesboro, Tenn. age: 26. Killed in action at Chickamauga, Ga., Sept. 19, 1863.

This certificate is given as official evidence of enlistment, service and death of Philemon P. Baldwin of Company A, 6th; F and S 6th Regiment, Indiana Volunteers

Witness my hand and official seal.

STATE OF INDIANA

COMMISSION ON PUBLIC RECORDS For the Director

Edwin J. Howell, Director

Helen S. Morrison [signature]

Helen S. Morrison, Archives Division

Newspaper Article of Thanks to P. Baldwin

1/11/60 Madison

Daily Courier Local Matters

With many thanks we acknowledge the receipt of a new-fashioned clothes-horse from the warehouse of Phil. Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin's stock of goods is large and well-selected. His is the only establishment of the kind in the city, and for these causes, if for none other, it should be extensively patronized by the good people in and around our fair city of Madison. Give him a call, or, if not that, a substitute almost as good-an order.

Newspaper Article about Colonel Baldwin

Nov 2 Madison Courier, Madison, IN

Our gallant Colonel (P. P. Baldwin) is now commanding our brigade, (the 3rd). He deserves to wear the "lone star". He is as capable of handling a brigade as a Regiment, and there are no others in this army that can manoeuver [sic] a regiment better than Col. Baldwin. He commanded our brigade throughout the memorable battle of Stone [sic] River, and with honor to himself and the men. He showed himself to every one,[sic] to be as brave a man as lives. A short time since, the officers of the Regiment presented him with a most superb sword as a mark of their high esteem of him as an officer and for the brilliant soldierly qualities Col. Baldwin possesses. It also fitly represented the sentiment of the men composing the Regiment.

Newspaper Death Notice

Madison Courier Madison IN 12 31, 1863

Death of Col. Baldwin.

The death of our young and gallant and accomplished townsman, Colonel Philemon P. Baldwin, of the 6th Regiment Indiana volunteers, is confirmed by the Cincinnati Gazette of yesterday. He was killed in the late battle near Chattanooga, while in command of a Brigade in General Johnson's Division of the Army of the Cumberland. The deceased was brother-in-law to General Thomas T. Crittenden, of this city. Upon the inauguration of the rebellion, he was one of the foremost in our midst to respond to the President's call for troops, and of the noble spirits who went forth from Madison there were perhaps none, more hopeful and brave than he. Upon the organization of the company in which he enlisted, he was chosen 1st Lieutenant; and when Capt. Crittenden subsequently rose to a Colonelcy, Lieutenant Baldwin became Captain, in which capacity he served during the three months campaign in Western Virginia. Re-entering the service under the three years'-call at the head of a company in the same Regiment-6th Indiana-and becoming remarkably proficient in military tactics, and efficient as an officer, he promptly rose from his place as Captain to the Colonelcy. In the memorable struggle at Stone

[sic] River he commanded a Brigade, which he is said to have manoeuvred [sic] with skill. We presume that he has held the nominal position of Brigadier General since, as he was acting as such at the time he fell. Doubtless had he survived he would have received a General's star; but it was otherwise ordered. His life has been offered up, a sacrifice upon his country's altar.

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest.

By all their country's wishes blest."

In Camp 2 Miles South of Murfreesboro

January 18th 1863

Dear Father I once more embrace an opportunity of sending you a few lines and I have great reasons to be thankful for the privilage [sic] and that I can inform you that my health is good. I sincerely hope these few lines may find you and mother enjoying good health and peace of mind and that they may reach you soon. It has been a long time since I heard from you, perhaps your letters have miscarried. I think the last I got was written about the first of Dec. I answered, but now disremember the date. The letter is lost. I have received but little mail matter for near a month. My last from home bears date Dec. 28th. My family were in usual health and doing as well as circumstances would admit. But it was hard enough I am sure. It makes me feel sad to think of their troubles. May God protect them and give them wisdom and strength to bear all. We all hope how soon the war will be over and that we may meet again in peace to enjoy the blessings of liberty. Yet I fear that the time is to be prolonged beyond this coming spring. It looks to me now that it will be necessary to make out a new leavy [sic] for more men and that the policy of the war will have to be changed somewhat and a parcel more of our proslavery leaders and Generals will have to be dealt with and true patriots put into their places. Oh how I long to see our army perjed [sic] and made clear of all those rotten sneaking scoundrals [sic] who pretend to be Union men, while they are the worst and most dangerous traitors with whom we have to deal. I am inclined to believe that we was well nigh losing all here, in consequence of having a traitor to command a part of our forces on the right wing. I can't help but think him a blackhearted traitor or he would have done differently. It is true I may not know it all, but I think some.

Well I suppose you would like me to give you some items about our march and the battle at this place etc. Well I'll go back to about the time I wrote you last about the 25th of Dec. About that time our army was reorganized and made ready for a move, the morning of the 24th. We had orders to march and all was torn up and made ready and held in readiness some hours when we was ordered to pitch tents. We took our Christmas in rather a pleasant way and early the morning of the 26th we were ordered

out again and that time we went. Our sick and camp equipage sent back to Nashville with all the teams except my old friend Watson's and mine. We went with the army J. Watson to haul hospital stores and I to haul quartermasters [sic] stores for our regiment. The rebels [sic] kept up a skirmish with our men every day. We could hear the cannon roar at intervals through each day but the rebels [sic] would give back and keep themselves out of danger. I suppose they done so in order to ascertain the strength and whereabouts of our army which went out on different roads and came together at or near Murfreesboro. We had some rain which made it a little disagreeable at times. We traveled one night through a cedar wilderness and over the roughest [sic] roads I ever drove a team, we stopped within about 6 miles of Murfreesboro and camped without fires and our boys lay down to sleep as best they could in wet blankets, (for it was raining) The next morning Tuesday our division was put in motion by times and took position on the fields. That day some skirmishing and feeling was done for the enemy, to find their whereabouts and that was about all that was done. The extreme [sic] right was commanded (as you have already learned from the papers no doubt) By Gen. Johnson, The next division by Gen. Jeff. C. Davis and the next towards the center was ours, or Sheridan's division all this you will get from the papers.

Our train was kept some 2 miles in the rear (it should have been six) and that night as the night before we did not unhitch our team, but watched them all night and on Wednesday morning the fight commenced in good earnest and to our surprise the rebels [sic] made an advance on Johnson's division when he was not ready for them and so our lines were broke and a lot of cavalry rushed on to our train and captured considerable of it. When it was known that we were in danger, we was ordered to haul out as quick as possible and led off through some old fields to the East towards the Murfreesboro pike, but the enemy was onto us after we got started and everything that could run was on the go. Many stragglers [sic] came rushing by from Johnson's division, and they run for dear life all was excitement and confusion every teamster making his mules do their best, a great many passed me just tearing things endways. It was not [illegible] until [sic] our little squad of cavalry gave way and they came on our retreat past us and the rebel [sic] cavalry after them firing into our men and yelling at every jump and so fast as they come up with the train they would halt [sic] the teams and turn them back in order to get them inside their own lines. They would draw up their revolvers on us and order us to halt [sic] swearing that they would blow our brains out some five drew revolvers on me and two with carbens. [sic] I as a matter of course obeyed [sic] and then was a prisoner I was ordered back under guard but had not gone over half a mile when I herd [sic] some new confusion behind me and the order to "halt [sic] that team." I called a halt [sic] and found that the rebels [sic] were skedaddling as fast or faster than we had done. Some of our regulars had some in and commenced piling the secsh [sic] of their horses, some were taken prisoner and some five got away. So I with others were recaptured and drove off free again.

We got onto the pike and was ordered back some six miles where we camped for the night, and the next day we was ordered back to Nashville, our train got strung out and

was about six miles long and on we moved slowly. I had got on so that I was within 14 miles of Nashville (and 16 from Mur-) about 2/3 of the train was in front of me. Well at that point I heard [sic] the report of a gun and soon a number more. I looked of [sic] to one side and could see the smoke and in a moment we was greeted [sic] with the report of a canon which was repeated in quick sucession [sic] for some moments that threw all into confusion again and got up a panick [sic] and such running and crashing and smashing wagons upside down and teams scared run off and among the rest my team ran off and after running near a mile they ran through a fence My line broke and the best I could do I got them stopped among some trees. The rebbles [sic] cavalry were after us so close the best I could do was to mount a mule and leave while straglers [sic] took the rest of my mules and lost everything els [sic] except what I had on my back, so I barely escaped being taken prisoner again. The rebbles [sic] burned over 100 wagons out of that train mine with the rest. Our cavalry came up in the rear and saved the rear of the train and recaptured the prisoner. This was done [illegible] of some two thousand devils (so said) and while this was going on a desperate battle was raging at Murfreesboro. Our regiment was engaged 5 times that day and once or twice nearly surrounded but they stood nobly and cut their way through many brave boys fell at their posts. It is almost a mericle [sic] that our regiment was not almost anihilated. [sic] All three of our Brig. Gen. were killed belonging to our division Gen's Schafer, Sill, and Robards. Sheridan was at his post and Rosecrans is praised by all our men. It was by the hardest that he got Johnson's blunder covered up. But after hard fighting they took Mur-- and now we are camped 2 miles south and don't know when we will move. The rebbles [sic] are not far from us. They get after our forage train every few days and make us skeedaddle. [sic] We are to go out in the morning for forage. I have been driving an other [sic] team up to Thursday last when I was appointed Foragemaster which gives me rather an easier position but gives the rebbles [sic] some better chance to get me. I'll do what can to keep out of their clutches when hunting forage.