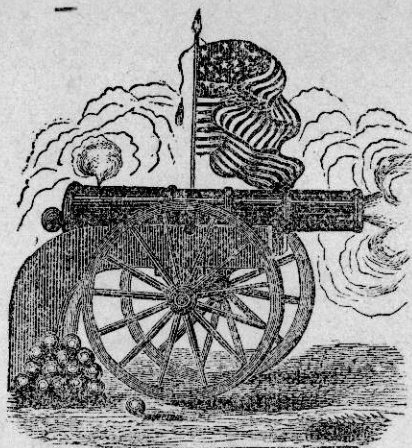


"THE SPIRIT OF 1861."



HISTORY

OF THE

SIXTH INDIANA REGIMENT

IN THE

Three Months' Campaign

IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

FULL OF HUMOR AND ORIGINALITY, DEPICTING BATTLES, SKIRMISHES,
FORCED MARCHES, INCIDENTS IN CAMP LIFE, ETC., WITH THE
NAMES OF EVERY OFFICER AND PRIVATE IN THE
SIXTH REGIMENT.

BY A. J. GRAYSON, Sergeant
Co E,

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TO MY OLD COMRADES.

I would say to my old comrades and the public, in presenting this little work, that I have prepared it almost wholly from memory, having taken no notes during the campaign, and errors may occur in data, but, taken altogether, it is reliable in detail. To my friend, W. H. H. Terrell, formerly Adjutant General of Indiana, I am indebted for a list of the soldiers in the Regiment, taken from his official report. There being no History of the Three Months' Campaign, and it being an important epoch in the late War of the Rebellion, I have taken the task upon myself to furnish one.

A. J. G.

History

NOV 22 1935

"THE BALL OPENED."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN CALLS FOR VOLUNTEERS—GREAT EXCITEMENT
IN MADISON—DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST COMPANY—THEIR
ARRIVAL AT INDIANAPOLIS.

As there were three companies from Madison in the Sixth Indiana in the Three Months' Campaign, and having enlisted there myself, in giving a brief history of the Sixth Regiment and that campaign I will make Madison a starting point, and refer more particularly to the companies from that city, being more familiar with them; though every old soldier and citizen will, I hope, find much to interest them in the pages of this little work.

The Sixth was really the "First" Indiana Infantry Regiment. In the war with Mexico the State furnished five regiments, and the powers that be thought proper to commence in the late war to number our regiments where we ended in the Mexican war, and therefore the First Regiment was called the Sixth.

"THE BALL OPENED!—FORT SUMTER FIRED ON!"

Every citizen of Madison remembers the exciting scenes in front of the Courier printing office when the above startling dispatch flashed over the telegraph wires and was bulletined at that office. Similar scenes no doubt transpired in other cities and towns in Indiana at the breaking out of the Great Rebellion. All was excitement! Men crowded West street from Main Cross to Second street, anxious to learn all the particulars. In the heat of excitement many old friends and acquaintances had angry words, almost leading to blows. Some being fired up through "devotion to the old flag"; others through "sympathy for the rebels." I will not recall any of those incidents, so fresh to the memory of old citizens, but pass them by, and, in the language of a great statesman, "Let by-gones be by-gones."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN CALLS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Jerry Sullivan was the first citizen of Madison to respond to President Lincoln's proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers. He attended Sabbath School at the Second Presbyterian Church on Sunday, April 14, 1861, where he taught a class, and bade his scholars good-bye, telling them that he was going to the war, and assist in putting down the wicked rebellion. Monday morning, April 15th, Jerry showed his colors by unfurling the "Stars and Stripes" from a window at the old Columbian Hall, and announcing his determination to raise a company. Volunteering was brisk, and name after name was added to his roll. On Tuesday night, April 16th, he announced that his company was more than full, and he would start with it for Indianapolis the following day. The volunteers rejoiced to learn that they were to start for "the front" so soon, and put in the intervening time at home in quite a "lively" manner. On Wednesday morning, April 17th, we were each presented by Capt. Sullivan with a black "glazed" cap, to appear more in uniform, which pretty well cleaned out that style of cap in Madison.

DEPARTURE OF CAPTAIN JERRY SULLIVAN'S COMPANY.

The time for our departure for Indianapolis was in the afternoon of the 17th, and everybody and their wives and children were at the depot to see us off. I venture to say that, when Captain Sullivan's company went to get aboard the train that day, there was more kissing, hand-shaking and good-byeing done and said than was ever known to take place in one day by the oldest inhabitant.

As the train slowly moved away a sad "God bless the boys" was heard, and the crowd wended their way homeward, while the "iron-horse" sped away up the "plane" with its "cargo" of raw recruits. Between Madison and Indianapolis we found the people aroused. It seemed there was a spontaneous outburst of patriotism all along the line. At Vernon, North Vernon, Columbus and Franklin the train stopped for a few moments. There were large crowds of citizens assembled at the depots, they having been informed by telegraph of our coming; the blacksmith's "battery," the "anvil," was fired—cannon were not to be had, as Floyd, the rebel Secretary of War, had sent them all South—short and pointed speeches were made by citizens, and Capt. Sullivan would appear on the platform of the car and respond in his usual happy and patriotic manner, at the close of which cheer after cheer went up from the assembled multitude for the "old flag."

At North Vernon Captain Tripp and Colonel Prather announced that they would soon follow us with their companies, and at Columbus, Major Abbett did likewise. Lieutenant Colonel Prather died at his home in North Vernon, March 27, 1874. Major Abbett, after the Three Months' Campaign, was made Major of the 67th Regiment, and was killed on the breastworks at Munfordsville, Ky., in that desperate fight with Bragg's army. Capt. Tripp (afterwards Colonel) resides in North Vernon.

The fact is, Captain Sullivan astonished the natives the

way he "pushed things." Receiving a dispatch from his old class-mate, Adjutant-General Lew. Wallace, urging him to hurry up his company, he procured an extra train and rolled into Indianapolis ahead of everybody. — *No, Lafayette got there Friday evening.*

OUR ARRIVAL AT INDIANAPOLIS.

It was night when the train arrived at Indianapolis, and we marched immediately to the State House, where we were met by Adjutant General Wallace and attendants, one of whom proceeded to administer to each of us the oath of allegiance, the same as administered to rebels, and General Wallace, stepping forward, would close, rather harshly I thought, with the admonition, "*You are no longer citizens, but soldiers!*" That was a "clincher," and many of the boys no doubt wished, when addressed so abruptly, that they had stayed at home—at least I felt a little that way—but we soon recovered from our fright, and were marched to the Palmer House, where we slept that night in nice clean beds, dreaming of loved ones at home. Some of the boys thought soldiering not so hard, if they were allowed to put up at a big hotel. But they soon simmered down the next morning when ordered to fall in and march to

CAMP MORTON,

the old State Fair Grounds. On the road to our camp several of the soldiers fell by the wayside. Of course they were not under the influence of Madison whisky. One fell face foremost in the dust and was trampled upon by his comrades. A great deal of merriment was caused on learning that some of the soldiers had their valises and carpet-bags labeled "Washington City," and were carrying in them suits of clothing, etc. They didn't think there would be any war—only a cheap ride to Washington.

We soon arrived at Camp Morton, where we took up our quarters in horse-stalls, similar to the manner they assign them to horses during a fair. The stalls were very unin-

viting, as visions of fleas and other vermin "rose bright o'er the way." It was quite cool and no blankets were at hand. Having arrived so unceremoniously, no preparation had been made for our reception and comfort. The good citizens of Indianapolis being notified of the situation, contributions of blankets, quilts, comforts, etc., were in order, and when night came several wagons full came in—quite an assortment. Each of us was allowed one quilt or blanket, and some of them were "pretty thin."

The night we got the bedding it was thought that some of the boys who were so unlucky as to get "thin" quilts might attempt to exchange them for something more substantial, and it was suggested that, to prevent this, a guard be placed over them at the "stall," where they were stored away. A corporal was ordered to take charge of them and detail a guard. Late at night the corporal detailed a sergeant to stand guard, and threatened to place him under arrest if he didn't roll out and do duty. He was reminded by a comrade that the sergeant ranked him and might reverse the order, and he finally went to another "stall" for his man. Corporal Musty Thomas will no doubt remember this incident.

—Capt. T. T. Crittenden and Capt. Alois Bachman arrived at Indianapolis with their companies from Madison a few days after our arrival, and went into camp along with us. The fun then commenced. We had fiddling, dancing, singing and gymnastic performances "nightly"—fun was no name for it—a perfect circus and "nigger" show combined. Admission free. Ned Britton, principal negro performer; John Knight, violinist; Bob Ellingham, star gymnast.

The three companies from Madison were enlisted and originally commanded by Captain Jerry Sullivan, Captain T. T. Crittenden and Captain Alois Bachman. Captains Sullivan and Crittenden were opponents for the Colonelcy of the Sixth Regiment. Crittenden was the successful aspirant, but both of these gentleman rose to the rank of Brigadier General before the close of the war. Capt. Bachman was appointed

Lieutenant Colonel of the Nineteenth Indiana Infantry after returning with honor from the Three Months' Campaign; but, sad to relate, this gallant officer was killed, while yet in the vigor of youth and with a life of usefulness before him, at the battle of Antietam, in Virginia, September 17th, 1862, while leading his regiment, and his remains now lie in Springdale Cemetery, at Madison, the home of his childhood.

When Capt. Crittenden was elected Colonel of the Regiment, the lamented Col. P. P. Baldwin, then a Lieutenant, was promoted to Captain. He was afterwards killed while at the head of his Regiment, (the Sixth), in Tennessee.

Before leaving Indianapolis for West Virginia we had three captains for our company—one for each month's service. First, Capt. Jerry Sullivan, promoted to the Colonelcy of the Thirteenth Regiment; second, Capt. John Gerber, elected Major of our Regiment; third, Capt. Rufus Gale, who remained with the company until the close of the campaign, and is now Auditor of Jefferson county.

G. W. Wiley, 1st Lieutenant in Capt. Bachman's company, was appointed Adjutant of the regiment. Thomas Graham was then elected 1st Lieutenant and Wm. T. Days 2d Lieutenant of that company.

The notorious Major Horace Bell joined the regiment, as Quarter-Master Sergeant, on Colonel Crittenden's staff, and Charles Holstein as Sergeant-Major. Dr. Charles Schussler was appointed Surgeon of the regiment. The other staff officers are mentioned elsewhere. Major Bell was in the Walker Nicaraguan expedition, I believe as Secretary to that great fillibuster, and was up to the times in military tactics, especially the skirmish drill, and the use of the bayonet and sword. Charlie Holstein was afterwards Major of the 22d Indiana. He is now practicing law in Indianapolis, and will no doubt give a good account of himself in the future. He has a thorough military education, and if the Government should need his services in a "case" of that kind Charlie is ready to take a hand. Dr. Schussler served

as Surgeon in the army until the close of the war, when he returned to his home at Madison, where he died but a short time ago. After devoting almost his entire time and ability for many years towards relieving afflicted humanity the Doctor is now at rest from his weary labors.

Charles H. Smith, though not a captain, deserves special mention. He held the position of Adjutant's Clerk, and did much towards bringing order out of chaos. While in West Virginia, chasing the rebel Gen. Garnett's retreating army, Charlie was knocked out of time by the concussion of a cannon ball, though he was not seriously injured, and soon recovered his equilibrium. Mr. Smith is now engaged in the merchant tailoring business in Madison and bids fair to see fifty years yet of a busy life.

We had not been in Camp Morton long before a delegation of Madison ladies came out and presented our company with a handsome flag. Hon. James Y. Allison and others accompanied the ladies, and Mr. A. made a few well-timed remarks to the soldiers.

"The star-spangled banner! oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave,"

as sung by the ladies on that occasion, produced the grandest enthusiasm.

We received arms and uniforms in due course of time. Our uniform was of an inferior article of grey, pants and roundabout, and big hat to suit, together with stoga shoes, and many other articles, too numerous to mention. Rubber blankets were furnished us to lie on or cover us at night, at our pleasure, and when on the march to be rolled up into a knapsack; but not one soldier in a hundred ever learned the art of rolling them up decently.

We remained in Camp Morton about six weeks, drilling and discipling the soldiers for the battle-field. General George B. McClellan was sent to Indianapolis to organize the forces in this State to operate under his command in West Virginia. There were six Indiana regiments in the Three

Months' Campaign. Our regiment was in Gen. T. A. Morris' brigade. General McClellan reviewed our regiment, along with the other Indiana three months troops, near Indianapolis, before we left there for West Virginia.



ORGANIZATION OF THE SIXTH REGIMENT.

A COMPLETE ROSTER OF OFFICERS AND PRIVATES.

The Sixth Indiana Infantry (three months) was organized at Camp Morton, near Indianapolis, April 25th, 1861, by the selection of the following regimental and company officers, all of whom held the positions named until the regiment was mustered out of service on the 2d day of August, 1861 :

REGIMENTAL OFFICERS.

Colonel, T. T. Crittenden; Lieutenant Colonel, H. Prather; Major, John Gerber; Adjutant, G. W. Wiley; Adjutant's Clerk, C. H. Smith; Quartermaster, J. H. Andrews; Surgeon, Charles Schussler; Assistant Surgeon, John W. Davis; Sergeant Major, Charles L. Holstein; Quartermaster Sergeant, Horace Bell; Drum Major, John H. Beoler; Fife Major, William B. Fletcher.

THE THREE MADISON COMPANIES.

COMPANY A—P. P. Baldwin, Capt.; Sam'l Russell, 1st Lieut.; Isaac Stevens, 2d Lieut. Sergeants—Wm. N. Williams, Thomas J. Moore, Delaney Kavanaugh, Edward A. Britton. Corporals—Charles N. White, John A. Roszell, Isaac Thacker, John M. Kavanaugh. Musicians—Robert Stapp, John Fahey. Privates—Nicholas Ackerman, Gideon Agner, Payton W. Anderson, Newton Ayers, Robert H. Berlin, Cary B. Blasingham, Thomas Q. Brady, Thomas Brady, A. C. D. Briggs, Wm. S. Brydon, James Calloway, Charles H. Clark, John S. Cordrey, Samuel A. Cole, Edward W. Cox, Norman Cook, Wm. H. H. Cope, Frank Connolly, Suoy Conover, Richard M. Craycraft, Geo. N. Daily, Wm. P. Dillon, Gerald DeVroe, Peter Donohoe, Philip Dunahue, James A. Duncan, Wm. H. Dunn, Jonathan Eades, Almond Hackett, Edwin J. Herbert, Jno. W. Hoop, Jno. R. Humphrey, Wm. Jones, Ransdall King, Solomon Kutshaw, Geo. Lee, Gabriel Long, Thomas Lund, John Marks, John M. Marshall, Harrison McAllister, James McFadden, James McPeters, James M. McKee, Philip Monroe, Oliver

L. Noble, Jas. E. Noble, Jno. Naughten, Jno. O'Brien, Morris O'Conner, Moses M. Rawlings, Wm. L. Sanders, Winkinson Short, Lambert Shull, Jacob Shaffer, Samuel S. Stephens, John Tucker, George W. Walker, Wm. A. Whilton, James C. Whaley, Samuel Wilson, William Wallace Williams, William Williams, William Young.

COMPANY E—Rufus Gale, Capt.; Jno. T. Hendricks, 1st Lieut.; Wm. Hamilton, 2d Lieut. Sergeants—Thos. E. McLeland, Geo. W. Smith, Andrew J. Grayson, Gashem Norris. Corporals—Absolem Thomas, Isaac Brinkworth, Joseph G. Marshall, David McClure. Musicians—George W. Smith (drummer boy), John A. Knight. Privates—Frank Airinspizer, William Buchanan, DeWitt W. Bundren, John Camm, James Cambell, John Carrol, George Coon, George H. Coonce, John P. Cravens, William W. Crozier, James H. Crozier, Abram Denning, Charles C. Dugan, Jasper F. Dunlap, John Eckert, Robert Ellingham, Alonzo Francisco, A. L. Gale, Charles Gavitt, James Gibbons, Andrew Gipner, George Grebe, John Greiner, John Hoagland, James H. Jackman, John W. Keith, Joseph E. Kelly, Edward Kelso, William Kenyon, Ephriam Kenison, Gudlip Kern, Adolph Kerner, John Kirk, Jos. King, John D. Larrabee, Charles B. Lowe, John Loyd, George Meuser, Samuel Mender, August Myer, Wm. McCauley, James McKim, Patrick O'Brien, John W. Phillips, John T. Pogue, George Prindle, Andrew Riddle, William Rigging, John Sawley, Edward Sherfield, Jos. Spitsnogle, Charles F. Smith, George Stanton, Charles L. Steele, August Straw, Henry Townsend, James Walker, Mathias Walt, John Wilspelick, Thomas G. Wilson, Granville Woodfill, Frederick Wyatt, Jacob Wolf, Albert Wyrock.

COMPANY K—Alois O. Bachman, Capt.; Thomas Graham, 1st Lieut.; William T. Days, 2d Lieut. Sergeants—Albert G. Dutton, Frederick Grebe, Charles H. Smith, John W. Vail. Corporals—Thomas G. Hibben, Moses Crawford, Louis Glass, William H. Smock. Musicians—Frederick Therwanger, DeWitt C. Wilber. Privates—Henry B. Andrews, John Barrett, John Burns, Sam'l D. Burns, Duncan Carse, Wm. Chrisbie, John Cowden, Wm. Cox, James Dixon, Phillip J. Dick, Henry C. Donnell, William M. Dunn, Chas. E. Dunn, Conrad Ehrart, William H. Fry, Michael Golden, James H. Graham, Fred. Greble, Philip Howe, Wm. W. Humphries, Joseph Hurley, Wm. D. Hynes, Sebastian Icenhart, Michael P. Jones, Fred. Knor, John M. Kreller, Jacob W. Krummel, William F. Lee, John Lemons, John Lochridge, James Lochridge, William Lochridge, William H. Lunsford, William Manning, Fred. Malaska, Hugh Marshall, Ebenezer Marcus, John McElrath, Thomas J. McManaman, Louis Miller, Otto Miller, Thos. Morton, Wm. C. Nagel, John Norvell, William A. Norris, William Paine, August Plaintiff, James S. Ray, August Redicker, Hiram Roe, John Sayers (died at Grafton, W. Va., June 24, 1861,) Frederick Slimberger, Samuel E. Smock, Peter Snyder, Conrad Solzer, Jas. W. Speer, John

Sullivan, James Tate, William Todd, Albert Woodard, John A. Wortman, John McCauley, Henry Wright, John Zimmerman.

The foregoing includes all the three months' soldiers furnished by Jefferson County under President Lincoln's call for 75,000 volunteers. Those familiar with the names will be astonished, by glancing over the three companies, to see how many of them have since passed away.

CAPT. ABBETT'S COMPANY, FROM BARTHOLOMEW COUNTY.

COMPANY B—Augustus H. Abbett, Capt.; Allen W. Prather, 1st Lieut.; Wm. C. Wheeler, 2d Lieut. Sergeants—Samuel T. Finney, William P. B. Hubbard, John J. Crittenden, Thomas M. Davis.—Corporals—Horton P. Cooke, George M. Trotter, James Kemp, Marion D. Hubbard. Musicians—Asbury D. Fulton, Wm. Rose. Privates—Tilman A. H. Abbett, John H. Ball, Elias Betts, Noah H. Betts, Oscar Bond, A. J. Bond, Sylvester Brown (wounded in skirmish at Bealington, W. Va., July 11th, 1861,) Joseph Carter, Ira G. Cavanaugh, James Cavanaugh, Wm. H. Cavanaugh, Button G. Cody, Moses D. Crouch, William A. Cummings, John W. Deaver, James Dillon, Wm. G. Friar, James P. Gray, Joseph E. Hart, Jacob H. Hauser, James L. Hill, Williamson T. Hobbs, Harrison Hobbs, Jacob Hoover, Alonzo Hubbard, James T. Hunt, John L. Jones, Ira G. King, Richard Kinney, Joseph Kinney, Joseph Laughery, Wm. J. Loyd, Jno. Marr, Jas. E. Mitchell, Philip E. Mitchell, John Monroe, Edward McEvenew, James Nickerson, Christopher C. Panter, Crayton Patterson, Joseph C. Pearson, Joseph C. Potts, Pleasant Pruitt, John Rader, Gideon S. Reich, Geo. M. Repp, Wm. H. Roberts, Samuel C. Sanders, Samuel S. Sims, Lewis Singleton, Lyman Smith, John T. Stevens, Francis M. Stevens, George W. Speak, George Spinner, Rodolph Stinson, John T. VanMeter, Wm. Warren, Hamilton Wafford, Morris L. Whitesides, Franklin M. Wilcox, James A. Willitte, Thomas C. Wilson, William B. Winters.

CAPT. CHILDS' COMPANY, FROM DAVIESS COUNTY.

COMPANY C—Chas. Childs, Capt.; Richard W. Meredith, 1st Lieut.; Alanson Solomon, 2d Lieut. Sergeants—George A. Wilcox, Charles B. VanTrees, Wm. A. Bodkin, Seth R. McCormick. Corporals—Jos. Grant, Elam Ritchey, Richard A. Graham, John B. Dunn. Musicians—Jesse Godwin, George W. Berkshire. Privates—James P. Alford, Friend S. Allen, Archibald M. Auld, Albert G. Austin, Jesse Baker, James H. Berry, John B. Boyd, Robert R. Bratton, James Bruner, William M. Bruner, Thomas Bullock, John S. Canfield, Abraham W. Carnahan, Wm. H. Chancellor, James S. Chapman, James M. Cook, Samuel S. Cox, John M. Creger, Patrick Curly, Philip Dermody, Peter Eberle, Joseph FitzWilliams, Joseph D. Franklin, Henry H. Gilley, Henry Heiberger, Thomas Henry, Wm. P. Hixon, Albert C. Johnson, John H. Lee, Silsberry Lloyd, Leonard Martin, Benton McCafferty,

Green McDonald, James L. Meads, Charles R. Milholland, Mathew P. Raper, John Riter, John Robery, Daniel Roth, Thomas J. Smith, Warner G. Smoot, James G. Spencer, John C. Stanley, William B. Stewart, James D. Suter, Thomas W. Swaunigen, Jos. G. Scott (died July 25, '61, en route home,) William M. Taylor, Edward E. Thurber, Montraville Trickett, Darius C. Wallace, John G. Wallace, James P. Wallace, Willis E. Wallace, Justice A. Wallace, Nicholas F. Wallace, Wm. W. Weaver, Andrew J. W. Williams, Charles F. Wilson, Thos. J. Wilson, Elliott Worrell, Wm. H. Wood, Wm. M. Wynn.

CAPT. HARRISON'S COMPANY, FROM HOWARD COUNTY.

COMPANY D—Thomas J. Harrison, Capt.; Thos. Herring, 1st Lieut.; William R. Phillips, 2d Lieut. Sergeants—Stephen D. Butler, John R. Cox, Tobias L. Varns, Robert Wells. Corporals—Timothy H. Leeds, Hezekiah H. Winslow, Joseph Baldwin, Robert H. Birt. Musicians—Mart C. Mills, Noah W. Dauens. Privates—Enoch R. Adamson, John Auter, William R. Barlow, Samuel Barrow, James Bennett, John A. Boring, John Burns, Alex. C. Cochran, Levi Crowser, Michael Cunningham, Wilson Daily, Richard Davis, Ferdinand Darch, Sam'l Fike, Robert C. Foor, Geo. Freeman, David O. Freeman, John W. Gerner, Henry F. Gentis, Thomas Guthridge, Joseph S. Hall, Herrick Hoback, Joel H. Hoback, John Humbert, George R. Hutto, Horace Jones, Wm. R. Julian, Thomas J. Lillard, Mark Mallihan, Andrew C. Morgan, Jesse Moan, Eli Mote, Charles M. Murray, Sylvester Nordyke, John Norris, Uriah W. Oblinger, George W. Oblinger, George T. Ogden, Eli W. Penny, James W. Ploughe, Benjamin F. Rhodes, John Rifle, James S. Ricks, William Seagrave, Evans E. Sharp, Wm. H. Shively, Jacob N. Simmons, Felix F. Small, Henry Smith, Josiah Stanley, Wm. Stanley, David F. Stewart, Harrison Stewart, Henry B. Stewart, John L. Stackman, George Snauk, Thomas S. Terrell, Ethan E. Thornton, Henry H. Thornton, Wm. F. Tyler, Daniel H. Walters, Nathaniel F. Whitaker, Hugh H. Willitts, John B. Witherow.

CAPT. MOREAU'S COMPANY, FROM HENRY COUNTY.

COMPANY F—William C. Moreau, Capt.; Robert Allison, 1st Lieut.; John Cole, 2d Lieut. Sergeants—James L. Whitesell, Fred. Wysong, George W. Conniard, John W. Hudelson. Corporals—John J. Cole, Isaac Steele, Waitzel Heaton, Robert S. Swain. Musicians—Albert Shipman, Leonidas L. Allison. Privates—Harman Ballinger, A. N. Berry, George W. Beever, John J. Bement, Theodore Benjamin, Richard Bloomfield, Thos. Brooks, John H. Brosius, Thompson P. Burtch, Wm. Butler, Hiram Butler, Daniel L. Burris, William M. Cameron, Samuel Carson, James F. Cooper, Elijah H. Coats, John H. Cook, Wm. Cracraft, Wm. Curry, Charles M. Davis, Cornelius J. Davis, Prairie Daniel, Vanburen Dennis, James P. Elder, Wm. Everhard, James Filson, John Goodno, A. J. Graham, Daniel M. Griffith, Chas. Hendrick, Elwood Hill, Alonzo Hubbard, Alexander Johnson, Abraham John-

son, John W. Kennedy, Richard Lamb, Charles Madison, George W. Mason, Robert B. Martin, Henry C. Maner, Aaron McFeely, William H. H. McGuffin, Elihu Powell, Robert S. F. Poer, Joseph G. Ranier, Joseph Ramsey, Wm. Robert, Wilson M. Sears, Perry V. Sison, A. J. Smith, Henry M. Smith, Jacob Smith, Amos Stephenson, John Stewart, James Steel, William A. Stanley, Moses Strawn, Harvey Swaine, John M. Swaine, Elihu Swaine, Henry Temple, Charles Vinson, L. R. Wilson, John W. Williams.

CAPT. TRIPP'S COMPANY, FROM JENNINGS COUNTY.

COMPANY G—Hagerman Tripp, Capt.; Josiah H. Andrews, 1st Lieut.; George W. Kendrick, 2d Lieut. Sergeants—James T. Matteson, Ira Mullen, George Helmich, James Huckleberry. Corporals—Daniel W. Brown, Alonzo S. Prather, Francis M. Rust, Deforest Parker. Musicians—Paul Heim, Gideon M. Tryckey. Privates—George F. Allen, Charles Bager, Chapman Blanchard, Henry Burge, John Boos, J. W. Brower, Lewis Baum, Edwin R. Child, John Caldwell, Richard A. Conner, Charles T. Day, Mitchell Day, William Davis, Phillip Fable, John W. Forsyth, Benjamin Force, Albert Galry, Isaac L. Greene, Paul Grinstead, Jasper Grinstead, Silas W. Harding, George W. Harrington, Bevins Heaton, Chas. Higbee, Julius Horst, Wm. P. Jordon, Augustus Kornor, Stephen H. Lang, Stansbury Little, Geo. W. Long, Louis Leichtenberger, Jacob H. Lynch, Geo. Marcey, James Marlett, Wm. Martin, Geo. C. Monroe, Jacob Miller, Malanthon McLain, James E. Newkirk, Peter Oharo, John T. Patterson, Willis Parker, Elijah J. Perry, Uriah C. Prather, Jesse A. Prebble, Andrew J. Reynolds, John Hoop, Alanson A. Rust, Wm. Shadany, Henry Sylvers, Abram Stailey, Harrison Stailey, James D. Swift, John Tillman, Frederick Trenk, Squire Underwood, William Varburgh, Seigfreid Weiber, Levi E. Wheeler, Jerome B. Wiley, John W. Wood, Silas Young, Casper Zimmer, Frederick Zimmerman.

CAPT. JONES' COMPANY, FROM JACKSON COUNTY.

COMPANY H—Fielder A. Jones, Capt.; Stephen Story, 1st Lieut.; Calvin V. Trumbo, 2d Lieut. Sergeants—Frank Johnson, Lewis Boots, Gabriel Woodmansee, John Stockdell. Corporals—Mathias Zenor, Jacob Mitchell, Simeon Smith, Chas. Lewis. Musicians—A. Grenle, John Hamilton. Privates—William Bundy, Alfred Baldwin, Omer F. Beadle (died May 16, 1861, of fever, at Indianapolis,) Adam Broner, Williams Brooks, Jesse Banks, Martin Conroy, Samuel Calhoun, Geo. W. Case, Andrew Christy, Alexander Covert, Robert Buckworth, John Davis, Albert Downing, Henry Eddington, William Fry, William Fulbright, Stephen Greer, Mathew Graham, Jackson Gay, Emsley Hooker, Lorenzo Hooker, Jarvey Hammond, John Helck, August Hilker, Jacob Hoppel, James H. Johnson, James Kingkade, Andrew Lewis, Henry Masher, James McClary, Joseph McNelly, John McNelly, Thomas Murray, Geo. I. Miller, James A. Moseley, Wm. Norril,

Newton Nowland, Amos Patrick, George W. Parks, Doctrine Perry, Davis Pierson, William Piper, Thomas F. Phillips, Warren Reed, Frank Reno, James Ratcliff, Wyatt Rucker, Jno. H. Robinson, Charles Ritchey, James Strotts, Frank Sparks, John Sullivan, David Sanders, John M. Short, Eli Stringer, James Story, Richard Stringer, William Taylor, Booth Thomas, Richard Winscott, Robert Woodall, Peter Whitson, Hugh M. Woodmansee.

CAPT. EVANS' COMPANY, FROM HAMILTON COUNTY.

COMPANY I—John D. Evans, Capt.; John F. Longley, 1st Lieut.; George A. Wainwright, 2d Lieut. Sergeants—Haywood W. Clark, Wm. E. Hardy, John T. Burns, Frank M. Scott. Corporals—Wm. A. Wainwright, Calvin F. Boxley, Theodore W. McCoy, Oliver I. Conner. Musicians—Jerry Worliding, Cincinnatus B. Williams. Privates—Geo. W. Allison, John W. Allison, John Allman, James Bennet, Edward Blessing, Albert Bragg, John H. Bryam, John C. Bureham, Minor Bush, William L. Clark, Gilbert M. Clifford, James M. Cloud, Cora C. Colborn, Stephen B. Cooper, James T. Collier, Wm. Compton, Nathan C. Dale, James R. Eaton, John A. Essington, William M. Essington, Wesley Essington, Marion Essington, Wm. George, Edward Gilkey, Linsey Gilkey, John H. Grinnel, J. H. Groves, John Harvey, Jacob Hebble, Milton Hooper, John Huffman, John Hunter, Malon Husted, Cyrus O. Hunt, Levi Hunt, Henry Johnsonbaugh, Simeon Lockwood, Wm. H. Lower, J. L. Masters, John McLain, Jos. Nicholson, Wm. H. Otis, Jas. A. Owen, Frank Pickard, Lewis E. Pickerell, Wm. P. Pickerell, Silas J. Pickerell, Wm. A. Potter, Isaac N. Proctor, Thomas A. Rambo, John Ransom, Hiram Ready, Henry Reynolds, Edward R. Scott, Charles Scott, Aaron Shoemaker, George G. Stark, William W. Stephenson, Ivan Stewart, Geo. W. Stitch, Emsley Warren, Edward R. Westcott, John H. Wheeler, Thomas Williams.



THE GIANTS OF THE SIXTH REGIMENT.

I will now introduce to the reader specimens from each company of the quality of soldiers we had with us in the Sixth Regiment in the Three Months' Campaign. Like our forests, though, the "giant oaks" were soon cut down, and before the first year of the war rolled 'round the Government was glad enough to go into "small timber" for fuel to feed the hungry jaws of dreadful War. When the Sixth was re-organized for the three years' service mere boys were enlisted and taken to Kentucky, where their parents followed them and brought them back. The three months' soldiers were pretty big boys—for "there were giants in those days"—as you will see by the following names, none of whom measured less than six feet. The figures given after each name represent feet and inches :

G. W. Kendrick. 6 4 $\frac{3}{4}$	E. H. Coates. 6 3	J. W. Brown. 6 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
J. Smith. 6 1	C. V. Trumbo. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	S. Brown. 6 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
C. Vinson. 6 1	S. C. Sanders. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	J. Norris. 6 1
L. Wilson. 6 1	J. Marr. 6	J. P. Grey. 6 2
A. Hubbard. 6	P. Mitchell. 6	J. Nicherson. 6 2
H. C. Maner. 6	C. Patterson. 6	C. C. Panter. 6 2
R. S. F. Poer. 6	J. C. Pearson. 6	G. S. Beitch. 6 2
J. Ramsey. 6	J. C. Potts. 6	T. J. Harrison. 6 2
W. M. Sears. 6	H. Hieberger. 6	M. Mollihan. 6 2
S. Underwood. 6	M. F. Raper. 6	R. Bloomfield. 6 2
M. Zener. 6	W. G. Snoot. 6	J. Cook. 6 2
C. Lewis. 6	R. Wells. 6	H. Silvers. 6 2
O. F. Beadle. 6	G. Freeman. 6	G. W. Parks. 6 2
A. Bruer. 6	J. H. Hoback. 6	W. Husted. 6 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
S. Green. 6	W. R. Julien. 6	N. H. Betts. 6 1
J. Gay. 6	J. W. Ploughe. 6	W. E. Wallace. 6 1
J. H. Robinson. 6	W. Seagraves. 6	W. H. Wood. 6 1
C. Ritchey. 6	J. Simmons. 6	R. A. Birt. 6 1
J. Sullivan. 6	G. Snauk. 6	L. Cronser. 6 1
J. M. Short. 6	E. C. Thornton. 6	D. Freeman. 6 1
J. A. Essington. 6	Pat O'Brien. 6	J. Moore. 6 1
W. M. Essington. 6	G. W. Connard. 6	J. F. Hunt. 6 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Wes. Essington. 6	J. Henderson. 6	J. J. Cole. 6 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
A. Shoemaker. 6	J. Steele. 6	Ab. Thomas. 6 1
J. H. Wheeler. 6	H. Butler. 6	T. Brooks. 6 1
A. O. Bachman. 6	W. Cracraft. 6	A. J. Smith. 6 1
Fred. Grebe. 6	J. Ransom. 6	J. Lochridge. 6
H. Marshall. 6	W. H. Smock. 6	

84 men
out of 77500

OFF FOR WEST VIRGINIA.

MARCHING ORDERS—REJOICING IN CAMP MORTON—THE SIXTH
REGIMENT ENROUTE TO "THE FRONT"—INCIDENTS
BY THE WAY.

On the 30th of May, 1861, the Sixth Regiment received marching orders, and on the morning of the 31st left Indianapolis, via Cincinnati and Parkersburgh, for the scene of conflict in West Virginia, being fully armed, equipped and clothed. When the soldiers got word that the regiment was going to the front there was great excitement in Camp Morton. The boys assembled around headquarters, when Colonel Crittenden and Lieut. Col. Prather addressed them in a few timely remarks. Even the irrepressible Will. C. Moreau, a Captain in the regiment, could not refrain from delivering a short address on that happy occasion.

When we got aboard the cars on the I. & C. R. R. and were about starting, Charlie Gavitt, now deceased, got on the rear car of the train with his rubber blanket knapsack, containing two or three quilts or comforts rolled up full width, reaching out on either side about two feet, and the whole strapped on his back. The cars were soon in motion. The soldiers were faced towards Cincinnati, and Charlie, coming at their back, made a clean sweep of every hat with the ends of his knapsack, knocking them in tobacco spit on the floor of the car. He finally found his company and settled down, but not without receiving the maledictions of the soldiers whose brand-new hats he had soiled.

The trip from Indianapolis to Cincinnati was a pleasant

one. The soldiers were in "good spirits," and enjoyed themselves very much, singing, chatting, and otherwise passing off the time. The regiment arrived

AT CINCINNATI

about five o'clock in the evening, on the 31st, and we were marched up through the city. The sidewalks were crowded with citizens, and from almost every residence the ladies were waving their handkerchiefs. While the regiment was marching up Fourth street, coming in front of the residence of Larz Anderson, brother of Major Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, the Major himself appeared at one of the open windows. Colonel Crittenden immediately ordered a halt, and, facing his men to the front, presented arms. Major Anderson very politely acknowledged the honor by saluting us. Then Colonel Crittenden (pointing to his regiment) said: "Major Anderson, this is the tribute Indiana pays to a brave and deserving officer." By this time our patriotism had got the upper hand of us, and we felt like hurrahing as loud as we could. But you know how it was yourself. We remembered Anderson's brave and manly reply to the rebel Gen. Beauregard at Charleston, S. C., when he summoned him to surrender Fort Sumter—that neither his sense of honor nor his obligation to his Government would permit him to comply. After this long to be remembered incident, the regiment passed on to the Marietta depot and took another train, which carried us out to

CAMP DENNISON,

where we bivouacked for the night, not attempting to pitch our tents (for we didn't know how); many of us lying down and pulling the tents over us for covering. We had a pretty fair night's rest, and next morning, June 1st, got aboard the train again, and went on our way rejoicing. It was a grand ovation for us up through Ohio. Word was telegraphed to the towns ahead that the Indiana boys were "on the war path," and, like the dispatches from Chicago during the great fire, stood very much in need of "cooked provisions." We had no

lack of something good to eat. The people turned out by the thousands and hurried to the depots to receive us, carrying basketful after basketful of choice bread, butter, pies, sliced ham, dried beef, together with great cans containing coffee, etc., served by fair hands. The soldiers fairly stuffed themselves and their haversacks. The same was repeated at every station. Many of the boys remembered these Ohio girls, as I saw names exchanged on slips of paper—cards being scarce—and after we got to West Virginia almost every mail brought kind words of encouragement, “to relieve the monotony of camp life.” The train stopped at a point about 12 miles above Parkersburgh, W. Va., in the vicinity of Marietta, Ohio, where we remained that night awaiting orders.

A LITTLE AFFAIR AT ST. MARY’S, W. VA.

Company H, Capt. Jones, and Company K, Capt. Bachman, under command of Major John Gerber, assisted by Sergeant Major C. L. Holstein and Fife-Major W. B. Fletcher, were detached from the regiment, while we remained near Marietta, for the purpose of looking after a reported gathering of rebels at the town of St. Mary’s, W. Va., on the Ohio River, 16 miles above Marietta. The detachment went up to that place, but the rebels had received information of their approach and evacuated, moving off into the interior, and our soldiers were very much disappointed in not getting a shot at them before they got away.

We remained near Marietta until the morning of June 2d, when the regiment again took the cars and moved back about twelve miles, just opposite

PARKERSBURGH, WEST VIRGINIA,

and, bidding good-bye to Ohio, got aboard the ferry and crossed over to that town, and thence to the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, where we lounged about an uninviting, black and greasy-looking depot waiting for a train. One would have thought, from appearances then, in 1861, that all the

oil going East passed through Parkersburgh. Captain P. P. Baldwin's Company (A) was left at this place for guard duty.

A laughable incident happened just before we crossed the Ohio river—though it was not very funny to one of the boys. While waiting over there for the ferry, William P. Dillon, of Madison, laid down on the ground, near the railroad track, to rest himself, with his knapsack on. Mr. Dillon went to sleep, and, while in that condition, rolled over on his back; the knapsack held his body up, while his head hung back with the crown on the ground. Lying in that condition for some time fast asleep, he got a “creek” in his neck, which became stiff, and when we marched down to the river Billy's face was turned up skyward, looking at the sun, which no doubt was very painful. Some of the soldiers wanted to know what he was looking at up there. A little “hard-tack” soon took the “kinks” out of his neck. Mr. Dillon was in the army until the close of the war, and was Captain in the three-year Sixth.

After waiting several hours at Parkersburgh, the train at last came, and the remaining seven companies of the regiment got aboard and moved off to the interior of West Virginia. Tunnels—plenty of them—a perfect underground railway. We would no more than come out and get a look at each other before we would plunge into utter darkness again. I did not attempt to count the tunnels, but one man said we passed through twenty-five. Those who have traveled over that route know whether or not the fellow was correct. The train moved on, stopping but once, where the rebels, or somebody else, had destroyed a bridge or trestle-work, which was temporarily repaired, when we started again, finally bringing up at

THE TOWN OF WEBSTER,

one hundred and one miles from the Ohio river, where we left the train and went into camp—for the first time attempting to put up our tents. It was quite laughable to see

how awkward we went about it. James H. Crozier, and the other members of the "mess" he was attached to, having got hold of the poles belonging to Captain Rufe Gale's "markee," were busy trying to make the long poles fit their little tent. They had it reared away up, giving the appearance of a very tall fellow trying on a little shirt. Lieutenant John T. Hendricks came around looking for the lost poles, and, finding these fellows in trouble, said they had the ones he was after, that they were too long for their tent, and asked them to give them up. One of the boys said, "I guess not; we'll make 'em fit our tent; if they are too long, can't we saw 'em off?" By this time Capt. Gale, Lieut. Hamilton and Orderly Sergeant McLeland appeared on the scene, and after explaining the case to them they surrendered. We finally got all our tents up and rolled in, though cautioned to have everything in readiness to move at a moment's notice. It was raining when we arrived at Webster, making it very unpleasant, and, not yet understanding the ditching process, we got flooded.



THE BATTLE OF PHILLIPPI.

ROUT OF THE REBEL COL. PORTERFIELD'S COMMAND—COL. KELLY, OF
OUR ARMY, BADLY WOUNDED—A TERRIBLE NIGHT'S MARCH
THROUGH A DRENCHING RAIN STORM.

About the time we were getting a good ready to go to sleep, sure enough, our company, with three other companies, received orders to prepare for a night's march. Companies B, C and D were left at Webster, under command of Lieut. Col. Hiram Prather, who was appointed commander of the post. The regiment was now considerably scattered—two

companies left at Marietta, under command of Major Gerber, Capt. Baldwin's company at Parkersburgh, and three companies to remain at Webster, while Col. Crittenden had the remaining four companies to take care of.

Getting everything in proper order, we "fell in" (the mud) and marched off to Phillippi, a town about fifteen or twenty miles distant from Webster, where the rebel Col. Porterfield was encamped with about two thousand men. Col. Lander, of Ohio, commanded our column, made up of detachments from Indiana and Ohio regiments, numbering in all about two thousand men, besides a battery of artillery; while another column, under command of Col. Kelly, of W. Va., moved simultaneously from Grafton, intending to come upon the rebels by a different road, thus preventing their escape. The attack was to be made in two divisions—Col. Kelly to take them in the rear, while Col. Lander should move on them in the front.

Every one of those with us will remember that dreadful night's march. A cold rain was pouring down unceasingly the entire trip. It was muddy and slippery, and dark was no name for it. It seemed as if a black wall rose a few feet ahead of us all the way, and it was the muddiest and most slippery road in the country at that period of time. We could not tell each other apart, only by our voices. A citizen guide from that part of the country accompanied our command, and he told the soldiers to keep perfectly quiet, as we were in the enemy's land.

Colonel Crittenden left his horse at Webster, and took his position at the head of his four companies afoot, walking the entire distance, and sharing the hardships alike with his men, who were very much fatigued by carrying great knapsacks—some with several quilts or blankets in them, which grew very heavy as they became soaked by the drenching rain. One by one these burdens were thrown from their backs, as we could hear them thump in the mud, with the parting remark, "There's where you laid last." Geo. Meuser

didn't even take the trouble to unbuckle his, but cut the straps, letting it fall at his back.

In silence we moved on through the storm, but the mud and extreme darkness so impeded our progress that we did not arrive at Phillippi until nearly daylight. The hour fixed for the attack was 4 o'clock A. M., the 3d of June, but Colonel Kelly was unable to get up with his command at the appointed time. Colonel Lander anxiously waited for Kelly's appearance until daylight, when, from his position on the hill, he saw the rebels packing up and running to and fro. Naturally supposing it was Colonel Porterfield's intention to retreat, Lander opened fire on them with his battery. Just then Kelly's column was seen across Tigert Valley river, below the rebel camp, and hearing Lander's cannon, came up on double quick. The rebels could not stand this double attack and broke and ran, perfectly panic stricken, leaving everything behind them. One rebel officer had his leg shot off by a cannon ball that passed through a stable, where he was in the act of unloosing a horse on which to make his escape. Just as the rebels passed out back of town, Colonel Kelly dashed in on his horse ahead of his men, and, coming up with their rear guard alone, one of the rebels, a great big, dark-complexioned, mustached, broad-brimmed, guerrilla looking fellow, rode back and fired on the Colonel, wounding him severely in the breast. By this time the head of Colonel Kelly's column had come up, and when one or two of his men fired at the rebel, without harming him though, he surrendered and was brought in and placed in the Court House at Phillippi under guard. There was great excitement that night when it was reported that Colonel Kelly was dying, and a heavy guard was stationed in the Court-yard to prevent the Colonel's regiment from lynching the prisoner. No doubt, if Kelly had died that night the prisoner would have gone up too. The Colonel recovered from his wound, which made him a Brigadier General, and my first Captain, Jerry Sullivan, afterwards married the Colonel's daughter. That's

romance for you; isn't it? From the hill where our battery was shelling the town, Colonel Lander, seeing the enemy in disorder, dashed over the bluff on horseback at a breakneck speed, making the trip unharmed down into town, which was doubtless one of the most daring exploits of the war. To give the reader an idea how steep the bluff was, I will state that when Capt. Rufus Gale's company followed in Lander's tracks we had to sit down and slide almost to the bottom. The hill was about the same height of those back of Madison, with a road winding around it. A poem was afterwards written, entitled "Lander's Ride," and an illustration of the feat was given.

When the detachment from the Sixth Regiment came to the brow of the hill we could see the rebels moving off below the town. Col. Crittenden hurried his four companies down the hill, passing through a long covered bridge over the river, arriving at the Court House, where the rebels had been engaged in the court-yard cooking their breakfast, part of which our boys ate for them. There were several large ox teams standing in front of the Court House, loaded ready to move off, but being too slow for a retreat, were left behind, and the contents of the trunks and valises in them were confiscated by the soldiers. It was well for us that the rebels retreated, as I don't believe ten guns in either company of our regiment could have been fired. They were as wet as if they had been thrown into the river. It had rained in their muzzles, and even after re-capping them they couldn't be persuaded to go off. I saw a squad of soldiers from our company trying to shoot a pig that morning, and there wasn't a gun in the whole lot that could be fired. Determined not to be outdone that way, they set their guns down and gave chase and captured the pig, when they cut its throat with a pocket-knife. I'm pretty certain that's the way we would have had to do with the rebels, too, if we had sent any of them to the "happy hunting-ground." It was said that a lady residing on the hill back of town fired a gun on the approach of

the Union forces, thus notifying her friends in time for them to get ready and escape without much loss. All the citizens fled from the place on our approach. Many houses were open, with everything in them ready for housekeeping, minus the housekeepers; so the hungry soldiers walked in and got a bite to eat, helping themselves. A printing office was "gutted," the press and other materials being thrown into the street and broken to pieces, and the type scattered to the four winds, giving assurance that no more treason should be brought to light through their agency.

I have often heard it said that go where you may you will see a Madison man. The truth of this was verified even in secluded, God-forsaken Phillippi. The first non-combatant that put in an appearance was an old Madisonian—a Mr. Capito, father of George and Daniel Capito; and if I had not known of his being yet alive, I would have taken him for a "materialized" spirit, "meeting us at Phillippi," and I certainly would not have been more surprised. Mr. Capito had arrived a few days before, and was stopping with his brother, who was the proprietor of a hotel there.

John Lott, of Madison, was the first colored man that shouldered a musket in the Union army, for I saw him standing in line with gun in hand and cartridge-box buckled to his hip when Capt. Gale's company was drawn up in front of the Court House at Phillippi. This was on the 3d day of June, 1861. John Lott was "spoiling" to get a shot at somebody. Meeting an old darkey in the street, John asked him if he was a rebel. The darkey answered in the affirmative, probably not knowing what he meant by "rebel." Says John, "Old fellow, I'll give you just fifteen minutes to retract." The time allotted for the old black man to reside in that immediate neighborhood expired without the "retract," and John sure enough pulled the "snapper," killing the poor old fellow instantly, the ball entering his body near his heart. Was it murder? I think so. Lott was arrested and lodged in the Court House along with the rebel that shot Col. Kelly,

and afterwards they were both sent back to Wheeling and lodged in jail.

Little Georgie Smith, the drummer-boy from Madison, was with us the night we came to Phillippi, marching at the head of the regiment, with his father, Charles F. Smith. We all loved little George. Going to the war so young, a great deal of attention was paid to him. The mustering officer at Indianapolis refused to accept him, he looked so small, and only consented on condition that his father would take good care of him. I remember taking him up in my arms and carrying him, as others did, when he gave out on the march. After the Three Months' Campaign, Georgie Smith returned home to his loving mother and sister, and but a few days afterwards was accidentally drowned while bathing in the Ohio river. His funeral, on the 18th of August, 1861, was the largest that ever occurred in Madison. His comrades of the Sixth Regiment buried him with the honors of war. The Third Indiana Cavalry was at the time encamped at North Madison, and about five hundred men of that regiment attended the funeral, with our townsman Col. Will. S. McClure (then Captain) commanding. Charles F. Smith, Georgie's father, re-enlisting, died in 1862 at Pittsburgh Landing.

Our company (E) was quartered the first night at Phillippi in a deserted dwelling-house, sleeping spoon-fashion on the floor, wedged in very close together. The next day we changed our quarters to the covered bridge over Tigert Valley river, where the other three companies of the Sixth were stopping. When we were sound asleep in the bridge, with arms stacked along the center, about midnight an Ohio regiment came rushing in on the double-quick, which created a panic, our boys jumping up in the dark and grabbing their guns. Every "stack" was knocked over, and the bayonets did bad work with some of the soldiers. It was a regular scare, as no one knew what was up. The bayoneted legs were bound, and we once more rolled in for the night.

CAMP MADISON, NEAR GRAFTON.

RETURN OF THE REGIMENT TO WEBSTER, THENCE TO GRAFTON,
WHERE IT GOES INTO CAMP.

Col. Crittenden returned to Webster with his detachment on the 5th of June, where the companies left on the Ohio river, at Marietta and Parkersburgh, joined him. Being once more united, the regiment again got aboard the cars and proceeded to Grafton, the headquarters of our brigade, where it arrived in the evening. We then traveled north, on another branch of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, to the town of Fetterman, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Grafton. Here, before leaving the cars, Companies B, C and D were again detached and ordered to report to Colonel Dumont, commanding at Phillippi. The remainder of the regiment slept in the cars that night, and the next morning, June 6th, pitched their tents on the hill overlooking Grafton to the south and Fetterman to the west. The camp was named "Camp Madison" by Col. Crittenden, in honor of the city that furnished him three companies for his regiment. The hill on which it was situated was about as high as those near Madison; but that was not their full height, for we were only on what was called "table land." Going back towards the east, there were other hills on top of hills.

We were joined here by an artillery company, and the first morning after they arrived they frightened us considerably by firing the "morning gun" at sunrise. The soldiers rolled out of their tents in a hurry, thinking the rebels were at hand. The gun was fired every morning and evening while we remained there.

On the 7th day of June, Company A, Capt. Baldwin, was detached and sent to Webster, which post was still under command of Lieut. Col. Prather, and Major Gerber was sent to Phillippi to command the detachment from the Sixth (Companies B, C and D) already there on duty.

While the regiment lay in Camp Madison a financial crisis came upon us. The stringency of the money market was perceptibly felt by all. No money to bet at the "chuck-a-luck" bank, which was closed. Something had to be done to relieve us, or we could not see through. Gov. Morton was notified of our condition, and he there inaugurated the best plan for relief yet brought to light. The Governor simply went to the Indianapolis bankers and told them he wanted to borrow some money for the boys. They shelled out to him, and the Governor sent us all five dollars apiece, which amount was deducted from our pay at the final settlement. "Business" revived immediately, and all day long and until "taps, lights out," the rattle of the dice in the "chuck-a-luck" box was heard in the land.

Here our pantaloons rapidly grew threadbare. Our short roundabout wouldn't cover worth a cent, and, as the school boys would say, there was "a letter in the postoffice" for many of the soldiers when they went on dress parade. "Patch! patch! patch!" was the order when not upon the "tramp! tramp! tramp!"

On the 19th of June there were such reports as justified Col. Crittenden in believing that the enemy would attack us that evening. We were reinforced by Company A (Captain Hays) of Second W. Va. regiment, and every preparation necessary was made to give the rebels a warm reception. We laid on our arms all that night, but the enemy failed to put in an appearance.

This was a great place for snakes—rattlesnakes, too. We could smell them—like a cucumber patch. The soldiers, when on guard in the woods back of camp, got upon logs or stumps to keep from being snake-bit.

OUR SCOUTING PARTY.

The following persons were detailed from the Sixth Regiment as a scouting party:

Capt. H. Tripp, com'g;	Lieut. J. F. Longley,	Lieut. S. McKeehon,
Drum Major Beoler,	Robert Ellingham,	David McClure,
Joseph G. Marshall,	John T. Pogue,	James H. Crozier,
William Smock,	Abe Denning,	A. L. Gale,
Ed. Kelso,	J. Steele,	C. Cameron,
William Butler,	Charles Hedrick,	James Elder,
S. Coats,	R. A. Conner,	C. Blanchard,
J. W. Brower,	Charles Boyer,	G. F. Allen,
James Berge,	W. H. Otis,	W. H. Lower,
J. L. Patterson,	James Bennett,	E. Blessing,
J. W. Allison,	Albert H. Dutton,	John Cowden,
M. P. Jones,	Joseph Hurley,	Louis Glass,
Samuel D. Burns,	James L. Whitesell,	Calvin F. Boxley,
J. T. Collier,	Frank Reno,	Geo. J. Miller,
Stephen Green,	James Stotts,	Charles Ritchie,
Jacob Mitchell,	J. H. Grinstead,	Lewis Botts.

Capt. Tripp was instructed to reconnoiter the enemy's lines with his command, get a correct idea of the surrounding country, visit "secesh" neighborhoods, explain the purpose of the Government in moving an army into West Virginia, administer the oath of allegiance, and ask the citizens to stay at home and attend to their usual avocations and they would not be harmed in property or person. These scouts obtained useful information for General Morris, commander of the brigade, and did good service generally during the time employed.



A SOLDIER THAT WANTED TO STAY IN THE GUARD-HOUSE.

While Company A was at Webster one fellow from Madison got on a spree, and Capt. Baldwin put him in the guard-house to sober off. The guard-house was an old ware-house, having barrels, kegs, etc., stored in it; amongst the lot was a

quantity of liquor, which the fellow soon discovered. In a day or two Capt. Baldwin called around, hoping to find him sober and to give him a lecture. But the fellow was still beastly drunk, and wanted to stay in the guard-house all the time, but the Captain thought it best to let him out.



THE REGIMENT AGAIN ON THE TRAMP.

OUR RETURN TO PHILLIPPI—CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY
—HON. WM. M. DUNN PRESENT, AND ADDRESSES THE
SOLDIERS—EXPLOIT OF MAJOR BELL, ETC.

On the evening of June 24th the remainder of the Sixth Regiment at Camp Madison, near Grafton, and Company A, stationed at Webster, were ordered to proceed without delay to Phillippi, where we arrived early on the morning of the 25th. This was our third trip over that road, the sameness of which made the journey very uninteresting to your humble servant. Surgeon Charles Schussler was left at Grafton in charge of the hospital, but afterwards joined us at Phillippi.

One day Adjutant Wiley had the Sixth Regiment out on batallion drill in a field south of Phillippi. North of town, on the hill, a battery was stationed, commanding the entire valley, particularly the Beverly road, near where the regiment was drilling, as that was the direction the enemy was looked for. The artillerymen on duty, having orders to fire on any body of men coming from that direction, discovered our regiment in the distance marching in line of battle towards town, supposed it was the enemy coming and reported the same to their officers, who immediately ordered them to open fire on the advancing regiment. The men rushed to their cannon, and just about the time the officer

was giving the command to fire, Surgeon Charles Schussler came running up to the battery, crying out, "For God's sake don't fire! that's my regiment on drill. Wait and I'll ride down there and see." Sure enough, it was the Sixth on drill. The Adjutant was practicing the men in loading and firing, and the artillerymen thought it was our pickets firing. The prompt action of the kind old Doctor no doubt saved an unnecessary sacrifice of life. Peace to his ashes!

Gen. William McKee Dunn, then Congressman, visited us while we remained here. He was present when we celebrated the Fourth of July on the hill back of town, and delivered an address to the soldiers on that occasion. He was very kind, and went around amongst the boys shaking hands. On being informed that postage stamps were scarce, he very cleverly "franked" a few packages of envelopes for the soldiers before leaving our camp.

A detachment of our regiment was ordered to go on an expedition to the Buchanan bridge, eight or ten miles northwest from our camp, for the purpose of ambushing a party of rebel cavalry that was in the habit of coming up to and crossing the bridge to a mill near there, to get their grain ground to furnish General Garnett's army with bread. The detachment moved out to the above named place. Major Horace Bell was along, and Major Gerber was in command of the party. They took a position in the laurel bushes at the end of the bridge, where it was expected the rebel cavalry would cross, intending to annihilate them. The men lay there perfectly quiet until after midnight. But there was one restless spirit that could not stand the suspense any longer. Major Bell rose up from his position in the laurel bushes, saying it was all d—d foolishness staying there, and that he was going down the road to drive in General Garnett's pickets. He got Charlie Steele, of Madison, to accompany him, and went down near the rebel picket line, putting Charlie through in the dark as if he was a whole regiment. Charlie told me afterwards that Bell yelled out, "Batallion, halt!" when they

were in a few hundred yards from the pickets, and repeated his commands, marching Charlie back and forth through the brush. The rebel pickets looked out in the darkness, but could not tell the number of Bell's command, and at last they commenced to fire their guns into the woods, and every picket took to his heels and ran into camp. Then for some time a perfect pandemonium reigned in the rebel camp. The voices of the officers forming their men for battle were heard above the din, and soon regiment after regiment, with rumbling artillery and the heavy hoofs of cavalry horses, came rushing past these two fellows as they lay in the laurel bushes hid from view. It was almost daylight when the last of the rebel soldiers passed them on their return, after finding out that it was a false alarm. In the meantime Major Gerber, fearing treachery on the part of Bell, returned to our camp at Phillippi without accomplishing the object of the expedition. Major Bell was placed under arrest for his conduct on his return to camp, which put an end to his mad career in the three months' service. This exploit of Bell's led to a fight between himself and Major Gerber, in which the latter was the victor.

Corporal Joseph G. Marshall, of Madison, received a commission as Lieutenant in the army before we left Phillippi.



OUR CAMP AT LAUREL MOUNTAIN.

THE REGIMENT NEAR GEN. GARNETT'S STRONGHOLD—SKIRMISHING
DAILY WITH THE ENEMY.

On the evening of the 6th of July Colonel Crittenden received orders from General Morris to prepare three days' cooked rations, and at 2½ o'clock A. M., on the 7th, we took up our line of march down the Beverly road, in company with the balance of the brigade, for Laurel Mountain, four-

teen miles away, where the rebel General Garnett was encamped. When day dawned, as we marched on, we could see a beautiful sight in the distance—Laurel Mountain looming up above the surrounding hills far away in the southwest, having the appearance of a bluish cloud or haze. Pointing towards it, an officer said, "That's Laurel Mountain, our destination." It did not seem as if we got perceptibly nearer to it, though going in that direction. Nothing of importance happened until about 8½ o'clock, A. M., when we arrived near Gen. Garnett's camp, at the foot of the mountain; then a detachment of cavalry was improvised for the purpose of moving in advance to prevent any sudden attack on our force. A dozen or two who could get horses volunteered—for there were no "men and horses," as General Tecumseh Sherman would say in speaking of cavalry. This small detachment rode down towards the rebel pickets, while the rest of the command moved up slowly in line of battle, feeling their way, with the "wings" reaching out across the entire valley. Firing was soon heard in front, which indicated that our cavalry had found them. The enemy's pickets fell back on the reserve, where a Georgia regiment was stationed in the woods, which was rapidly being augmented by reinforcements from their camp, no doubt thinking it was General Morris' intention to make an immediate attack, when his real object was only to keep Garnett's army where it was by threatening manoeuvres, while Generals McClellan and Rosecrans moved around to Rich Mountain and, after attending to the rebels there, were to come in their rear and cut off all chances of retreat.

The Sixth Regiment halted on the top of a ridge or hill reaching out from Laurel Mountain—a central position, commanding all the valleys and hills surrounding, where we went into camp. Skirmishing with the rebel pickets was kept up daily in sight of our camp. The rebels were in the woods near the Beverly road, just below a little village called Bealington, containing two or three houses. There was a

long ridge coming out from the mountain, similar to that on which our camp was situated; behind that ridge, in a beautiful valley, was Gen. Garnett's camp. He was well fortified, having earthworks thrown up, with heavy guns mounted; besides several miles of entrenchments, running in every direction, one behind another, the rear one commanding those in advance, even reaching up the side of the mountain. Looking out from our camp we could see the trees on the top of the ridge being felled by the rebel "pioneers," so that their artillery could get a clean sweep at our camp. We could hear every stroke of the ax and see the monarchs of the forest fall prostrate in quick succession, until our batteries stopped the work by giving the "pioneers" a vigorous shelling.

The rebel skirmishers stationed in the woods at the foot of the ridge could easily reach the village of Bealington with their muskets. There was a well in front of one of the houses on the road, where we got drinking water. I got behind the house one day in a hurry on seeing an artilleryman wounded in the thigh and hearing the rebel bullets whistling 'round my head. Major Gerber had already retreated, and was standing behind the house laughing to see me "git." There was an old-style log school-house on the right of the road, in advance of the well, that had one log left out for a window on the side next to the rebel skirmishers. This school-house was appropriated and used as a fort by such of our men as liked the fun of trying their hand shooting rebels, the window making a good port-hole. Skirmishing was kept up there almost constantly, as there were plenty of venturesome fellows always ready. It was said that a Methodist preacher, a member of the Seventh Indiana I believe, killed seven rebels and brought in a number of prisoners while skirmishing at this place. Occasionally through the day our battery, situated on a hill near at hand, would open out on the rebels and give them a terrific shelling, especially when they seemed to be advancing toward

our men, who were engaging them at the foot of the ridge. When the shelling would begin the rebels would fall back under shelter, and our soldiers would advance up the side of the ridge into the woods vacated by the enemy. On the 11th (or 12th) of July very heavy skirmishing took place here, when Sylvester Brown, a member of Capt. A. H. Abbett's company, was badly wounded, the ball passing clear through his body, striking him in the right breast and coming out between his shoulders. Strange to relate, Brown walked back to Surgeon Schussler's quarters to have the wound dressed, and it was all the Surgeon could do to keep him in his tent, telling him to lie down and keep quiet or he would die. Brown said he wanted to go back and get revenge. He was sent home on furlough, and when we returned to Indiana I think I saw Brown—then Captain—at the head of his company.

Our pickets on the top of the mountain reported to Gen. Morris that they could see a large wagon train moving off towards the northwest, in the rear of the rebel camp. A call was immediately made for ten volunteers from each company in the brigade. It was a hazardous undertaking to attempt to capture them when there were six or seven thousand rebels between us and the wagons. The requisite number of volunteers was soon ready, with Col. Robert H. Milroy, of the Ninth Indiana, in command. Each soldier in the expedition was furnished with a strip of white muslin as a sash to distinguish him from the rebels, when we started out quietly in a circuitous route, stooping down behind a stone fence as we passed within a few hundred yards of the rebel earthworks, and some of the soldiers getting down and "crawling" to hide themselves behind the fence. We could see their tents, and rebels walking about near their battery. We got past without being fired upon; but I shall always believe they were aware of our coming, and let us pass unmolested, intending to set a trap for our capture when we returned. The command moved on a few miles, in the rear

of Garnett's army, when it came to a point on the road where they fell timber across. Halting a few moments here, a scout riding a white horse came dashing up and reported to Col. Milroy that the rebels were moving out in force in our rear rear for the purpose of cutting us off and giving us a good licking for our trouble. That report made our "hair stand on end" and we "felt a little pale around the mouth." The Colonel thought it best to return by another route; moving out through the forest Indian file until we struck the bed of a creek, when we plunged in and waded up stream, thus placing a high hill between us and the rebels, who no doubt were very much disappointed in not bagging the game. The expedition arrived in camp safe, glad enough to escape, without losing a man. I remember but one member of our company, besides myself, who was on that trip—Isaac Brinkworth, now a resident of Jeffersonville, Ind. Ike was a good soldier, but he put a lot of powder in his canteen of water, making it as black as ink. He said that would make a fellow plucky, so he would stand fire. Ike rose from Corporal to the rank of Colonel before the close of the war; but I don't mean to say that drinking water with powder in it will make a Colonel of every one.

Many interesting incidents happened while the regiment was in camp at Laurel Mountain. Two soldiers from Madison, both now deceased, who dearly loved old "tangle-foot," traveled fifteen or twenty miles across the mountain in search of a still-house. They returned to camp in a day or two with their canteens full of the "ardent," bringing several citizens with them as prisoners, thinking they had made a very successful raid; but Col. Crittenden didn't think so, and ordered the soldiers to the guard-house, and released their prisoners.

The soldiers were engaged here during their leisure hours in manufacturing pipes from the laurel root, and some of them whittled out nice specimens that were brought home as trophies.

THE BATTLES OF RICH MOUNTAIN AND CARRICK'S FORD.

THE REBELS EVACUATE THEIR STRONGHOLD AT LAUREL MOUNTAIN—
THE SIXTH REGIMENT IN PURSUIT OF THE RETREATING
ENEMY—A TERRIBLE FORCED MARCH—DEATH OF
GENERAL GARNETT NEAR CARRICK'S FORD.

When General George B. McClellan took command of the United States forces in Western Virginia he immediately began his series of movements, which met with no successful resistance until he had entirely driven all armed rebels from that part of Virginia. After various successful skirmishes he moved on Colonel Pegram's army, strongly posted on Rich Mountain. Gen. McClellan sent Gen. Rosecrans with a part of his command to get in the rear of the enemy, when an engagement was brought on, in which Col. Pegram's command was handsomely thrashed. Many rebels were killed and many prisoners taken, including Pegram himself, who, after wandering around in the woods with several hundred of his followers, came in and surrendered. The fight at Rich Mountain caused General Garnett, who was in our front with about six thousand men, to evacuate his strong position at Laurel Mountain on the night of July 11th. The Sixth Indiana, then on picket duty, was ordered by General Morris, at 2 o'clock P. M. on the 12th, to move down and take possession of Garnett's late camp. Our men were not prepared for the movement, being then away from our camp, many of them having left their jackets behind, going in their shirt sleeves, and without provisions for a single meal. The Seventh Indiana, Col. Ebenezer Dumont, and Ninth Indiana, Col. Robert H. Milroy, with the Fourteenth Ohio, had

already advanced in pursuit of General Garnett's retreating army. The Sixth Ohio and the remainder of the brigade came down and joined us during the afternoon. We remained in the rebel earthworks until late in the evening of the 12th, when the column moved off in pursuit of the flying enemy, the Sixth Ohio taking the advance and the Sixth Indiana as rear guard. The column kept the Beverly road until it reached a stream called Leading creek, where our advance came upon fallen timber across the road, and not being very well acquainted with that section of the country, it having previous to that morning been traversed only by the enemy, we halted and bivouaced for the night, which was already half advanced, and having, by rapid marching, come up with the balance of the brigade.

At daylight on the 13th we again resumed the march, both hungry and tired, having had nothing to eat since noon the previous day, at least some of us. The order of march was now reversed, the Sixth Indiana taking the advance. We moved back a short distance on the Beverly road from where the timber had been felled across, taking another road leading down the before mentioned creek. That General Garnett's retreating army had taken this road there was no doubt. We needed no guide to tell us that, for the road on either side was strewn with abandoned tents, guns, blankets, haversacks, knapsacks, &c., showing plainly enough the route they had taken. The rain soon began to fall in torrents, turning the road into a bed of mortar. Still onward pressed the Sixth Regiment, almost at a double-quick, with the enemy just ahead straining every nerve to outrun us. Over hills and rocks, across creeks and through dense forests, they took their course, hoping to elude pursuit; but we pressed on steadily after. At last, about 12 o'clock M., we left Laurel Mountain in our rear, and came out on Cheat river, into which stream our troops plunged, glad enough to wash some of the mud off, which was plastered over them from head to foot. As our advance column emerged from the stream on

the opposite side they caught sight of the rebels in line of battle in the valley a short distance below, but they soon darted off like deers on our approach. Cheat river is very crooked, and the road through the mountain pass crossed it every few miles. Up the mountain side we ran, down again into the valley, across the cold, swift river every few moments, the water almost up to our shoulders; the rocks at the bottom of the river so slippery, and the current so rapid, that the tired and worn out soldiers could hardly stand against it—many going in couples, supporting each other. The bed of the stream was strewn with muskets, dropped there by the retreating rebels, glad enough to get rid of them. As the road led us up the side of the mountain we could look over the yawning gulf below and see large new wagons—of the North Carolina make, with the bed raised before and behind like a scow or boat—turned up-side down, with their load of trunks, valises, and other valuables, scattered helter-skelter clear to the bottom of the mountain. The shouting of the rebel teamsters could be heard just ahead of us urging on their tired mules to prevent being captured. At last the retreating enemy came to Carrick's Ford, on Cheat river, where the advance of their wagon train got stalled in emerging from the stream, as there was a steep grade at that point. The teamsters unhitched their horses and mules from the wagons, and mounting them, escaped capture, while hundreds of wagons, loaded with valuable goods, such as large white woolen blankets, officers' baggage, quartermasters' stores, etc., fell into our hands. General Garnett crossed this ford and came back some distance to a high rocky bluff, where he stationed his cannon. His men were in position, covered by the thick foliage and a rail fence at the top of the bluff, and as our advance—the Fourteenth Ohio, Col. Steadman—came down the road, which passed near the river shore, the rebels in ambush opened fire on them from the bluff, while their artillery was directed at our column, which had halted on a rise in sight of the ford. The

Fourteenth Ohio was taken by surprise, as part of the regiment had got by the bluff, but came to a front in good order and delivered a well directed volley into the enemy's lines, which started them on the retreat again, leaving their cannon and many dead and wounded behind. The Sixth Indiana moved down to the ford immediately, when myself and several comrades waded across the river and climbed up the hill where the rebel dead and wounded lay uncared for. We saw several young boys in the agonies of death, while there were many dead lying in different positions near the fence or trees, behind which they had stood while firing upon our men. Leaving the battlefield at Carrick's ford, myself and comrades walked down through a wheat-field, where we found a young soldier badly wounded rolling about in great pain, having been shot in the bowels. A comrade, probably a dear brother, was leaning over the wounded rebel, crying and talking to him. We gazed at the agonized features of the dying soldier a few moments and then walked on to another ford but a short distance below, where on the opposite side of the river General Garnett lay dead. At this ford the brave chieftain attempted to rally his men for the last time, and in doing so he was killed by an Indiana soldier. Not an officer was near General Garnett when he was killed—all had fled, leaving him alone, save a young and delicate boy from Georgia, who, refusing to leave his commander, was shot dead by his side. The brave unknown boy was laid in a grave by himself, near where he fell.

“He fought and died. A nameless grave,
Where no sad willows o’er him wave,
Or sculptured stone extols the brave
In chiseled numbers,
Was his. The bird’s shrill symphonies,
The restless murmur of the trees,
The sighing of the evening breeze
Mar not his slumbers.
I trust he stands beside the throne,
Though an erring brother, not alone,
That his forgotten name is known
In Heaven.”

After taking a last look at the pale face of the dead General, we returned to our regiment, which had bivouacked at Carrick's Ford, and tried to find something to eat, but there was nothing to be had. Worn completely out, stiff at every joint from wading the cold stream so often while heated up by that terrible forced march, our clothes on us soaked to the skin and nothing for a change, our shoes full of a sharp, flinty sand the entire trip, and many with shoes badly worn leaving bloody tracks behind them in the sand, besides suffering the exhaustion from hunger, you may imagine our situation at the time. We were the most hungry set of fellows you ever saw. Wm. W. Crozier and myself slipped up behind a wagon after dark, while the horses were eating corn, and took out an ear apiece and devoured the hard grains with a relish.

The regiment remained at Carrick's Ford until noon of the next day (July 14th), when it again advanced, following down Cheat river, which we were compelled to wade across every few miles. Once in crossing Captain Alois Bachman thought he would take off what dry clothes he had on and carry them above his head, but when in the middle of the river, which was up to his waist, the current, together with the slippery rocks at the bottom, tripped him up and he fell head-long into the water, going clear under, while his bundle of clothing was carried down the stream, but was caught by one of the soldiers below—as the regiment was scattered out in the river, every man for himself. Captain Bachman came out on the other side the maddest and wettest man of all.

Before starting from Carrick's Ford the soldiers secured some large white blankets from the several hundred rebel wagons captured—some avidious fellows, though hardly able to walk, were carrying three or four of them. August Myer, of Captain Rufus Gale's company, even had five of these blankets strapped on his back. He gave out on the road, but persistently refused to part with one of his blankets.

August was sitting by the roadside when Surgeon Schussler came along with his ambulance (an old spring wagon), and stopping, on seeing August, inquired if he was sick. "Yah," he answered, blubbering and crying, and asked if he couldn't get in the wagon and ride. The Surgeon by this time discovered what was the matter, and told him to throw that jackass load off his back and he could walk. No; he was bent on having those blankets hauled with him, and the Surgeon finally let him ride. When the ambulance passed us on the way August Myer was sitting back grinning from ear to ear.

We moved on down Cheat river, arriving at a town called St. George about 7½ o'clock P. M., July 14th, and there bivouacked for the night in an apple orchard, having waded the river five times in less than four hours. Here Captains Jones, Bachman and Abbett were detached with seventy-five men to follow the retreating enemy, and try to capture more of their property. The detachment performed their work admirably. Coming up with the enemy, compelled them to abandon ten more loaded wagons, including the teams, which were taken possession of and brought back. David McClure, of Madison, turned teamster for the occasion and drove a captured team of four wild mules, bringing in a wagon load of guns, etc. On the return of the detachment they were fired on by straggling rebels, and one soldier of the Sixteenth Ohio, who accompanied them, was killed, and Captain Fielder A. Jones, of our regiment, was severely wounded by three different shots fired from the woods.

We remained near St. George until 4 o'clock the next morning (July 15th), when we passed through the town towards the river, which we plunged into again and waded across, getting as wet as we were the night before—many having set by the fire nearly all night to dry their clothing. It was provoking, but we had to stand it. As we passed through the town I noticed an old-fashioned sign-board on a large building, with the letters "ST. GEORGE INN" painted

on it, and one of the soldiers, reading the sign as we passed it, said: "St. George Inn—and who the devil cares if Saint George is in?"

Our faces were now turned towards the north, and we marched on until noon, when we again halted—not for dinner, as we had nothing with us to eat. There was a farmhouse near by, but not the kind you find in Indiana, for you couldn't get a "square meal" on the premises for love nor money. One soldier offered a lady that was standing at a stove in the house, baking or frying corn-cakes, a silver half dollar for one of the cakes about the size of your hand, but she said they were all engaged. The soldier then offered the half dollar for a tin-cup full of meal, but it was no go, and he had to go mealless. At last a steer was driven up to our regiment by some of the soldiers, and Major John Gerber, who was a butcher, shot it with his revolver, and before he could get the hide fairly off the soldiers were at work with their knives, cutting off great chunks of the warm, quivering beef. It reminded one of the song, which, slightly changed, goes thus:

We perched ourselves on its breast bone,
And cut great chunks out, one by one.

Well, you ought to have seen that skeleton. There was no salt to be had, but we sprinkled a few grains of powder over the meat as a substitute, to take off the taste of freshness, and after broiling, devoured it like hungry wolves. After being thus refreshed, we rested an hour so and then started for our old camp beyond Laurel Mountain, about 15 or 20 miles away, where we arrived at 8½ o'clock P. M., and we were glad enough to meet our big Corporal, Musty Thomas, who had remained in camp to "keep house" for us during our absence. We traveled a distance of seventy-one miles during the three days we were in pursuit of the enemy, over the worst roads in the country, and having assisted in accomplishing the object of our coming to West Virginia—namely, the dispersion of the rebel forces organizing in that part of

the State, which were now completely broken, scattered and disbanded, with their leaders either killed or made prisoners of war—we felt that we could now have a few days of rest, preparatory to returning to our homes in Indiana.

In coming over Laurel Mountain on our return from the pursuit of the rebels a soldier belonging to one of the Ohio regiments accidentally shot and killed a comrade.



THE SIXTH REGIMENT ENROUTE FOR HOME.

OUR LAST TASK—FILLING GARNETT'S INTRENCHMENTS—A NIGHT'S
MARCH FOR HOME, PASSING THROUGH PHILLIPPI, THENCE TO
WEBSTER—OUR ARRIVAL AT INDIANAPOLIS—THE
THREE MADISON COMPANIES' RECEPTION—
OUR FINAL DISCHARGE.

We remained in camp at Laurel Mountain about one week longer, when the Tenth Indiana and several other three months' regiments passed by us on their way home. John Desha Simpson and Charles Hinds, both of Madison, were in the Tenth Indiana, and were happy to meet their friends in the Sixth. We were told by Colonel Crittenden that he had one more little job on hand that had to be done, then *we* could go home. It was to go down to General Garnett's old camp and fill up the intrenchments and level the earthworks. Talk about building the Union Pacific Railroad in a hurry—it was nothing, compared with the few hours' work done by the Sixth Regiment, when home was "in sight." The boys cheated, too, as they put hundreds of rails in the bottoms of the ditches to fill up fast; and those earthworks, which in the ordinary way took General Garnett's men weeks to build,

were leveled like mole hills. The soldiers were happy, and sang, while at work with the pick and shovel—

We're going home, we're going home,
We're going home, to fight no more.

Our task was soon done, when we returned to camp and commenced to pack up to start that night for home. Everything being ready, we started about 9 o'clock P. M., (on the 23d of July I think), traveling all night, passing through Phillippi after midnight, and arriving at Webster during the following day. Here we heard the news of the battle of Bull Run, which discouraged us as to the final result of the great rebellion. We felt that if those about Washington City, with all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," had done as well as we had in the Three Months' Campaign, things would have been otherwise.

We remained at Webster but a short time until we got a train. Moving up to Grafton, (it seemed as if it was our intention to visit all the old stamping grounds,) this time we took the other branch of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and after a few hours' ride arrived at Bellaire, on the Ohio river, glad enough to gaze once more upon the bosom of that beautiful stream, which flowed by our home at Madison. At Bellaire we were delayed but a short time waiting for a train on the Central Ohio Railroad, now called the Panhandle. While here Major Gerber went up to Wheeling, but a short distance away, and released John Lott, the colored man from Madison, in jail there for killing a citizen at Phillippi. Lott was glad to see us looking so well. Major Bell also rejoined us here and accompanied the regiment to Indianapolis.

We got aboard the train at Bellaire, and, passing through the cities of Zanesville, Newark, Columbus, Urbana, Piqua and Greenville, Ohio, we soon reached Indiana. The train stopped an hour or so at the city of Richmond, Ind., where the citizens, hearing that we would pass that way, had prepared a bountiful supply of refreshments for us. The tables,

on which was piled "great heaps" of every article to be had in the eating line, were set in a large building. Old gentlemen and ladies, whose locks had been silvered by many winters, and "sweet-faced" young ladies and misses, were as busy as bees waiting on the "rusty" soldiers.

After partaking of the hospitality of the good citizens of Richmond, we again started homeward, passing through Centerville, the home of Governor Morton, and Knightstown, the home of Capt. Will. C. Moreau and his company. Moreau's wife met him at the depot, as did also the wives and friends of the members of his company, and hugging, kissing and hand-shaking were in order. At Knightstown, on a side track, we met the Twelfth Indiana, one year men, enroute for the front. In this regiment there was one company from Madison, commanded by Capt. James Bachman. The Madisonians were happy to meet each other.

A soldier belonging to Captain Childs' company, from Daviess county, was killed at a railroad bridge, near Richmond. He was on the top of a car, with his back towards the covered bridge, and was struck on the back of the head and instantly killed. Captain Childs had the body properly dressed for interment and taken to Indianapolis. It was sad to chronicle such a death as this, of a soldier returning to his home from the field of battle unharmed, but, through carelessness, killed by accident, when on the eve of embracing his loved ones.

We arrived at Indianapolis at 1 o'clock P. M., on the 25th day of July, 1861, when the following telegram was immediately sent to Madison (similar dispatches being sent to the homes of the other companies in the Sixth Regiment):

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., July 25.

TO M. C. GARBER :

The Sixth Regiment arrived from West Virginia at 1 o'clock this afternoon, and were received in a handsome manner by our citizens. David C. Branham will take them home to-morrow free of charge.

[Signed]

HOLLOWAY, Governor's Sec'y.

When the above dispatch was made public it caused great

rejoicing in Madison, and immediate preparations were put on foot to give the returning volunteers a grand reception the following day. A meeting was called that night at the Court House, in Madison, to make the necessary arrangements. The Court Room was crowded with people, all eager to do something to show an appreciation of the services of the three months' volunteers on their return. The following is the report of the citizens' meeting, as prepared by the lamented James C. Thom, who acted as secretary on that occasion :

COURT HOUSE, MADISON, IND., July 25, 1861.

At a meeting of citizens for making arrangements for the reception of our volunteers upon their arrival here:

On motion, Colonel John Marsh was called to the Chair, and James C. Thom appointed Secretary.

On motion, the military companies of the city, together with all our citizens, were requested to turn out en masse on their arrival at the depot, as a token of our regard and confidence in their gallant conduct in behalf of their country in West Virginia.

On motion, James Y. Allison was invited to welcome them home in a salutatory address, in the name of the people of Jefferson County.

On motion, James C. Thom, William P. Inskeep, Samuel J. Smith, Robert Cochrane and George Fuget were appointed a committee to see that proper refreshments are tendered any of the soldiers who may reside in the country, and are unprovided for prior to reaching their homes. After which the meeting adjourned.

JOHN MARSH, President.

JAMES C. THOM, Secretary.

David C. Branham, then Superintendent of the Madison & Indianapolis Railroad, sent out eight cars to bring the Jefferson, Jennings and Bartholomew county companies home, which he did without charge. When we left Indianapolis the following intelligence was transmitted along the line of the railroad by the agents :

NORTH MADISON, July 26.

To R. R. McCAINE, Madison :

The Express train left Indianapolis at 1 o'clock, with the Sixth Regiment and Gov. O. P. Morton and Col. Wood, U. S. A., on board.

R. J. ELVIN.

LATER.—The Express train, with the three Madison companies, passed Franklin at 2½ o'clock P. M.

R. J. E.

I will not attempt to describe the scenes attending our reception when the train arrived at Madison, but will give the following from the Madison Courier, which I think is sufficient :

RETURN OF THE VOLUNTEERS.—Yesterday was a stirring day in Madison. Early in the morning a dispatch was received from Indianapolis announcing that the Madison companies in the Sixth Regiment would return home on the evening train. From noon till late in the afternoon groups of citizens, men, women, and children—were seen wending their way to Vine street and the depot, impatient to see and be the first to greet the gallant fellows who were in the first regiment organized for service in the holy struggle for the maintenance of the Constitution and Union. Vine street and its approaches were filled with anxious parents, brothers, sisters, and friends of the volunteers. The battalion of Home Guards, Col. Sering commanding, were drawn up along Vine street in "open order," for the passage of the soldiers from the glorious battle fields in Western Virginia. The "boys" were so anxious to see their relations that they could not be prevailed upon to form anything like a column, but straggled along up the street as fast as they could. "How are you, Bill?" "God bless you, Charlie!" "Hello, Jack!" "Hurra for Crittenden!" "How are you, Baldwin?" "Bully for Bachman!" resounded along the line, while anxious mammas, in carriages and on foot, seized their sons and hurried them off. The returned volunteers looked like veterans, bronzed, hardy, rough, and able to stand another campaign; their hair shaggy, their beards ragged and dusty, and their uniforms completely worn out. But the firm step and steady eye showed that these were but the marks of a thorough seasoning to a soldier's life. It is with pleasure that we learn that the regiment will be reorganized for the war. Of course there are a great many who will not want to go, whose business will not permit them to make another campaign; all such can retire with honor, to make room for others who are anxious to take their places. A number of the young men called to see us to-day. Home ministrations have made a decided improvement in their *personnels*. May they live and prosper. Governor Morton accompanied the Madison volunteers to this city. At the Court House late in the evening he was introduced to the battalion of Home Guards—on parade to receive their comrades of the Sixth, where he made a short address.

The day we arrived home the Madison Courier said :

"The return of the three Madison companies will cause great joy among our citizens, many of whom will embrace their friends again after a term of anxiety and daily fear. All honor to those brave men who stood forth in the first peril. May they remember their country now that her honor is tarnished and her defenders slain under the shadows of the Capitol."

The Indianapolis Sentinel, a few days after the Sixth Regiment passed through that city, published the following :

"We saw, a day or two ago, Col. T. T. Crittenden, commander of the Sixth Indiana. Although a civilian, and simply a volunteer himself, Colonel Crittenden has illustrated his capacity and his courage so as to command the admiration of his countrymen at home and abroad."

At the expiration of our term of service, Major General McClellan addressed Governor Morton as follows :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION, WEST VIRGINIA,
CAMP NEAR BEVERLY, July 21, 1861.

Governor O. P. Morton, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GOVERNOR—I have directed the three months' regiments from Indiana to move to Indianapolis, there to be mustered out. I cannot permit them to return without again expressing my high appreciation of the distinguished valor and endurance of the Indiana troops, and my hope that but a short time will elapse before I have the pleasure of knowing that they are again ready for the field.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, Maj. Gen. U. S. A.

Brigadier General Morris also issued the following congratulatory address to his brigade :

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, INDIANA VOLUNTEERS,
INDIANAPOLIS, July 29, 1861.

To the Officers and Soldiers of the Brigade:

The term of service for this Brigade in the army of the United States having expired, and the relations of officers and soldiers about to be dissolved, the General, in relinquishing his command, deems this a fit occasion to express his entire approbation of the conduct of the Brigade, whether in camp, on the march, or on the field of battle. The General tenders to all his thanks for the soldierly bearing, the cheerful performance of every duty, and the patient endurance of the privations and fatigues of campaign life, which all have so constantly exhibited. Called suddenly by the National Executive from the ease and luxuries of home life, to the defense of our Government, the officers and soldiers of this Brigade have voluntarily submitted to the privations and restraints of military life. * * * * They have cheerfully endured the fatigue of long and dreary marches by day and by night, through rain and storm; they have borne the exhaustion of hunger for the sake of country. Their labor and suffering were not in vain. The foe they met and vanquished. They scattered the traitors from their secure entrenchments in the gorges of Laurel Hill, stripped of their munitions of war, to flee before the vengeance of patriots.

Soldiers! you have now returned to the friends whose prayers went with you to the field of strife. They welcome you with pride and exultations. Your State and country acknowledge the value of your labors. May your career be as your past has been, honorable to yourselves and serviceable to your country.

T. A. MORRIS, Brigadier General.

After remaining at home a few days the regiment returned to Indianapolis, and on the 2d day of August, 1861, was paid

off and discharged. And thus ends the "History of the Three Months' Campaign in West Virginia." No doubt it was the impression of many that the boys only had a frolic and a nice ride on the railroad to Virginia and back. The reader can judge from the narrative I have given as to what was done. I have endeavored to make it readable, and at the same time give a *truthful sketch*, and can only hope that I have succeeded.

A. J. GRAYSON.

MADISON, INDIANA, May 1st, 1875.



SURGEON CHARLES SCHUSSLER.

DR. CHARLES SCHUSSLER was born in Stuttgart, Germany, in 1807. He received his education in the Universities at Tübingen and Vienna, and subsequently graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1828 he left Germany for New York city, where he established himself in the drug business. Shortly thereafter the drug store was sold and a brig was purchased, in which the enterprising Schussler led a colony to Texas, then engaged in the struggle for independence. Returning from Texas after a few years, Dr. Schussler lived for a time in New Orleans. The California gold excitement attracted the Doctor across the Continent for a time, but he finally came to Madison, Ind., and held his residence there until his death. He was widely known in Southern Indiana, and in many respects a remarkable man. During the forty-two years of his residence in Madison he stood in the front rank of his profession. In educational and professional attainments perhaps no physician in this city has yet equalled him. His knowledge of medicine was extraordinary. At the breaking out of the rebellion Dr. Schussler promptly offered his services in support of the Union, and went out as Surgeon in the Sixth Indiana Infantry, serving through the three months' campaign in West Virginia. On the reorganization of that regiment for the three years' campaign he was recommissioned Surgeon, and served four years in that capacity. During that time, on account of his extraordinary knowledge of medicine and surgery, he was selected from the vast army of Doctors as Brigade and Division Surgeon, and was finally placed in charge of the immense Hospital at Nashville, Tennessee. His health was enfeebled by arduous labors and exposure, from which he never fully recovered. After he returned from the army he gradually declined in strength. On the morning of the 20th of September, 1874, an attack of heart disease first prostrated him, and, at eventide the same day, carried him to his last resting place. The Doctor was buried with the honors of war by his former comrades of the Sixth Regiment. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

LIEUT. COL. HIRAM PRATHER.

HIRAM PRATHER was born October 13th, 1809, in the Territory of Indiana, in Clark's Grant, now Clark County, where Utica is now built. In 1815 he moved, with his father, to Jennings County, and settled $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Vernon, where he assisted in clearing the unbroken forests. He remained on his farm until 1852, when he sold out and moved to North Vernon, and built one of the first houses in that town, where he resided until his death, which occurred March 27th, 1874. Mr. Prather, during his life, held important offices of honor and trust. In 1838 he was elected to the office of County Treasurer. In 1847, '48, '49, represented his county in the State Legislature. In 1850 was a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and elected to the Legislature twice thereafter. He entered the army April 18th, 1861; was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the Sixth Indiana April 26th, '61, and served through with that regiment until May 19th, 1861, when he resigned, on account of bad health. He was in the West Virginia campaign, on staff duty with Gen. Morris. At the battle of Shiloh he was wounded in the knee with a canister shot, causing no particular inconvenience at the time, but suffered frequently from it until his death. His sons, seven in number, with himself, were in the late war. The combined service of father and sons to the Government in the late war aggregate eighteen years. Mr. Prather's father participated in the war of 1812, and frontier wars.



A Brief Sketch of the Sixth Indiana in the Three Years' Service.

The Sixth Regiment was reorganized for the three years' service, at Madison, on the 20th of September, 1861. On the same day Colonel Thomas T. Crittenden, its commanding officer, obtained permission to take what men were then in camp (about 500) to Kentucky, then invaded by the rebel forces under Buckner. Without waiting for uniforms, this portion of the Sixth Regiment took steamer at Madison for Louisville, reaching there the same evening, and was the first body of troops to enter Kentucky from a Northern State. For its promptness in coming to the relief of Louisville, the loyal ladies residing in the Sixth Ward of that city afterwards presented the Regiment with a handsome silk flag. Immediately on the arrival of the Regiment at Louisville it was dispatched, by way of the Nashville Railroad, to Muldraugh's Hill, forty miles from Louisville, and camped at a point a few miles north of Elizabethtown, on the 22d of September. On the arrival of the Louisville Legion, and the 38th and 39th Indiana Regiments, the Sixth was moved beyond Elizabethtown and posted in the advance near Nolin creek. Here it was joined by 300 recruits, which had left Madison on the 9th of October, in charge of Lieut. Col. Hiram Prather. A large force of Union troops was soon concentrated in this vicinity, where Brigade and Division organizations were perfected. The Sixth was assigned to Rousseau's Brigade of McCook's Division, and marched with this portion of Buell's army to Munfordsville, where it remained until March, 1862, when it marched to Bowling Green, thence to Nashville, and went into camp near that city. On the 29th of March it left for the Tennessee river, reaching Savannah, Tennessee, after a march of 140 miles in seven days, on the night of the 6th of April, in time to take a steamer and reach the field of Shiloh early on the morning of the 7th, the second day of that great battle. The Sixth fought gallantly the whole day, and at a critical period saved one of our batteries from capture, following this up with a charge that aided in turning the tide of victory in favor of our arms. After the battle, the Sixth encamped upon the field, remaining there until the march upon and siege of Corinth was commenced, in which it participated. The Regiment then marched, with Buell's army, to Nashville, by way of Tusculumbia, Florence, Huntsville, Stevenson, and Cowan's Station, and from thence to

Louisville, Ky., reaching the latter place on the 2d of October, 1862. November found the Sixth again in Tennessee, when it participated in Rosecrans' march upon Murfreesboro, and in the battle of Stone River, December 31st, 1862, and January 1st and 2d, 1863. During the spring and summer of 1863, the Sixth Regiment was engaged in campaigning in the district of country lying between Murfreesboro and Chattanooga, Tennessee. On the 19th and 20th of September it participated in the battle of Chickamauga. The commanding officer, Col. P. P. Baldwin, was killed on the first day of the engagement. It was, also, engaged in a severe skirmish with the enemy at Brown's Ferry, Tenn., on the 27th of October, and in the successful engagement at Mission Ridge on the 25th of November. The Regiment was then marched into East Tennessee, and remained in that locality until the following spring. In the march upon Atlanta, Ga., and the severe fighting that ensued, from day to day, the Sixth bore an honorable part. It was engaged in the battles at Tunnel Hill, Rocky Face Ridge, Resacca, Buzzard Roost, Dallas, New Hope, Allatoona Ridge, Kennesaw Mountain, Marietta, and before Atlanta. The latter part of August, 1864, it returned to Chattanooga, Tenn., where the non-veterans were mustered out of service on the 22d of September, 1864. The veterans (of whom there was but a small number,) and the remaining recruits, whose term of service had not expired, were transferred to the 68th Regiment Indiana Volunteers. On the final muster out of the last named Regiment, nineteen men of the old Sixth were found to be still in service, and these were again transferred to the 44th Regiment Indiana Volunteers, and were finally mustered out with that organization on the 14th day of September, 1865.

THE FLAG OF THE SIXTH INDIANA.

I AM indebted to MISS KATE M. CAPLINGER, of Madison, for the following poem, written by her sister, ROSE CONNETT. It was suggested from hearing two soldiers describing the appearance of the flag of the Sixth Indiana at the close of the war. A. J. G.

Battleworn Flag of the gallant Sixth,
Tattered with bullets and shell,
Under your folds and under your stars
Many a soldier fell!
Tattered by bullets from traitor hand,
Crimson with Northern blood,
Hands that have striven to sever our land,
That have spilled a gory flood.

Yet over them now, O battleworn Flag,
Though tattered and torn, you float;
And the heart beats fast with valiant love
Under the soldier's coat.
Battleworn Flag of a bloody war,
Triumphant ever wave!
Thou hast not lost a single star,
Though many a gallant brave.

For many a son has fallen low,
Fighting for thee and home;
Many a father sleeps to-day,
In the soldiers' silent tomb.
Gallant Flag, may we never again
Live to see such wars;
But if we should, we'll all be slain,
Sooner than dim thy stars!