

"A BLUE DAY:" THE CIVIL WAR PRISON JOURNAL OF  
COLONEL ALPHEUS BAKER,  
FIRST ALABAMA INFANTRY REGIMENT

By


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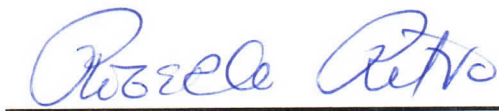
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"The great eventful Present hides the Past; but through the din  
Of its loud life hints and echoes from the life behind steal in."

*The Garrison of Cape Ann*

John Greenleaf Whittier

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## INTRODUCTION

In the Confederate section of Cave Hill Cemetery at Louisville, Kentucky, stands a grave marker inscribed, "Gen Alpheus Baker, Oct. 2, 1891, CSA." Simplistic by design, it belies the passion of Baker, the spellbinding orator, the fiery secessionist and the gallant soldier of the Confederacy. His monument fails to tell the story of a man who lost all in the War Between the States save honor and ability. It does, however, amply reflect the niche in which history has hidden him. To all but the most meticulous observer Alpheus Baker's passage through the mid 19<sup>th</sup> century turbulence goes unnoticed, a lesser luminary among the wreaths and stars of Confederate generalcy. But it is a fate most undeserved.

Thus begins the unfinished biography of Alpheus Baker by David Sullivan, Administrator of the Company of Military Historians. Although Baker is not a complete mystery, the details of his life are clouded by the limited and often contradictory literature that does exist. Seven sources chronicle Alpheus Baker's life. The bulk of the information regarding Baker's family history is contained in a letter written by his widow, Pheribee Ricks Baker (see Appendix C), to Philip Sapp, Baker's brother-in-law, and the remainder was obtained in a personal interview with Albert Davis, a great-grandson of Alpheus Baker. Thomas Owen's biography of Baker,

included in his 1921 four-volume History of Alabama and Dictionary of Alabama Biography, is the earliest of the literary sources. The four remaining literary resources draw upon the main body of information in Owen's biographical sketch. Eugenia Persons Smartt's History of Eufaula, Alabama, 1930 includes additional details regarding Baker's personal life, as does Mattie Thomas Thompson's 1939 History of Barbour County, Alabama. The latter also contains information regarding political events in Baker's lifetime. Both Smartt's and Thompson's works contain details of significance to early 20<sup>th</sup>-century Eufaula social circles, such as the names of Baker's wives' parents and the names of his children's spouses. Willis Brewer's Alabama: Her History, Resources, War Record, and Public Men: 1540 to 1872 condenses the biographical information in Owen and adds several facts regarding Baker's military service, as well as information regarding his achievements. The biography of Baker included in Ezra Warner's 1959 Generals in Grey: Lives of the Confederate Commanders merely condenses the information in Owen.

Alpheus Baker was born at Abbeville Court House, South Carolina, to Alpheus and Eliza Courtney Baker.<sup>1</sup> Much of the biographical information regarding Alpheus Baker is conflicting, beginning with his date of birth. Owen, Smartt and Thompson agree that Alpheus Baker was born May 23, 1825, which is the date also given by Baker's widow. The 1860

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<sup>1</sup> Owen 75.



and 1870 U.S. Census records list Baker's age, and these ages are consistent with an 1825 date of birth.<sup>2</sup> Helen S. Foley compiled numerous Barbour County records, and her Obituaries from Barbour County, Alabama Newspapers 1890-1905 lists 1828 as Baker's year of birth.<sup>3</sup> Additionally, two headstones mark Baker's grave. The dates recorded on the earlier stone are indecipherable, but the date of birth on the newer stone is May 28, 1828.<sup>4</sup>

Baker's father, also named Alpheus, (but never referred to as "Alpheus, Sr.") was born in Massachusetts, and Baker's mother, Eliza, was originally from Ireland. The senior Alpheus graduated from Dartmouth, a classmate of Daniel Webster,<sup>5</sup> and moved from Massachusetts to South Carolina<sup>6</sup> apparently shortly after graduation. In South Carolina he attained prominence as a scholar and teacher.<sup>7</sup> He and Eliza, his second wife, reared six children, with Alpheus, Jr. their eldest child.<sup>8</sup> Educated by his scholar-father, Alpheus became a teacher at the age of sixteen and taught in Abbeville, South Carolina, Lumpkin, Georgia, and Glennville, Alabama, before moving to Eufaula where he studied law. While studying

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<sup>2</sup>Pheribee Baker 4, Owen 75, Smartt 238, Thompson 335, Barbour County 1860 Census 47 and 1870 Census 44.

<sup>3</sup>Foley, *Obituaries* 11.

<sup>4</sup>Findagrave.

<sup>5</sup>Owen 75.

<sup>6</sup>Smartt 238.

<sup>7</sup>Owen 75.

<sup>8</sup>Pheribee Baker 2, Smartt 238.

the law, Baker supported himself by teaching music. Baker was admitted to the bar in 1849 and became a practicing attorney in Eufaula.<sup>9</sup>

Baker married Louisa Garvin in January 1851. Again the sources are conflicting. Pheribee Baker, Smartt, Thompson, and the 1860 Census list her name as Louisa, while Owen records her as Louise.<sup>10</sup> She is referred to in this journal as "Lu." Pheribee Baker states that five boys were born to the couple but only Courtney and Alpheus, Jr. (the son of Alpheus, Jr. is also referred to as Alpheus, Jr. and never as Alpheus III) survived infancy.<sup>11</sup> Smartt's biography identifies only one child who lived, Dogan.<sup>12</sup> Thompson notes that Dogan was the nickname for Alpheus, Jr.,<sup>13</sup> and the 1860 Census records that the couple had two boys, Courtney, age 7 and Alpheus, age 3.<sup>14</sup> Additionally, two entries in this journal refer to Baker's "boys," using the plural.

According to Alpheus Baker's great-grandson, Albert Davis, Louisa Garvin Baker died in 1866,<sup>15</sup> and Baker married his second wife, Pheribee May Ricks, in December 1866.<sup>16</sup> In her letter, Pheribee refers to herself as

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<sup>9</sup> Owen 75.

<sup>10</sup> Pheribee Baker 3, Smartt 238, Thompson 336, Barbour County 1860 Census 47, Owen 75.

<sup>11</sup> Pheribee Baker 3.

<sup>12</sup> Smartt 238.

<sup>13</sup> Thompson 337.

<sup>14</sup> Barbour County 1860 Census 47.

<sup>15</sup> Albert Davis.

<sup>16</sup> Smartt 238.

Pherrie,<sup>17</sup> while the 1870 Census records her name as Pheby,<sup>18</sup> and Thompson spells her name Pherebie.<sup>19</sup> Pheribee Baker lists six children born to her and Alpheus Baker: Pheribee, born November 10, 1867, died February 9, 1886; Eliza, born February 20, 1869; Robert, born May 8, 1870; Parilee, born July 14, 1871; Julia, born March 29, 1875, died July 12, 1877; and Sterling Toney, born August 8, 1880, died February 7, 1883.<sup>20</sup> The 1870 census lists the children as Courtney, then 17, Alpheus, then 13, Pheby, female age 2, Eliza, female age 1, and Robert, male age one month.<sup>21</sup> Owen lists Baker's children as Pheribee May, Eliza Toney, Robert Ricks, Parilee, Julia (died as an infant), and Sterling Toney (died at a young age).<sup>22</sup> Thompson includes another daughter, Mary, and spells Parilee, Paralee.<sup>23</sup> Baker's obituary in the Eufaula Times and News states that he is survived by his wife, two daughters and two sons.<sup>24</sup>

As a Eufaula lawyer, Baker became prominent, known locally both as "the eagle orator of Alabama"<sup>25</sup> and the "silver-tongued orator of the South."<sup>26</sup> As one of a group of Democratic Eufaula attorneys, unofficially called the "Eufaula Regency," Baker helped influence politics in the city

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<sup>17</sup> Pheribee Baker 5.

<sup>18</sup> Barbour County 1870 Census 44.

<sup>19</sup> Thompson 337.

<sup>20</sup> Pheribee Baker 3-4.

<sup>21</sup> Barbour County 1870 Census 44.

<sup>22</sup> Owen 75.

<sup>23</sup> Thompson 337.

<sup>24</sup> Foley, *Obituaries* 11.

<sup>25</sup> Besson 18.

<sup>26</sup> Smartt 238.

and county in the 1850s. He also spread his influence as the editor of a Democratic weekly called Spirit of the South.<sup>27</sup>

When the clouds of war gathered, Baker's cause was clear. In December 1860 Baker gave a speech at a public meeting encouraging secession, and attended the state secession convention in January 1861.<sup>28</sup> He signed the Ordinance of Secession,<sup>29</sup> and returned to Eufaula immediately to enlist in the Confederate Army. He was elected Captain of the Eufaula Rifles<sup>30</sup> and became part of the First Alabama Infantry. The Regiment moved to its initial assignment, participating in fort defense at Pensacola,<sup>31</sup> but not before the company attended the inauguration of Jefferson Davis.<sup>32</sup>

After almost one year the regiment moved to Tennessee. Baker's journal notes indicate that he was elected colonel on December 9, 1861, at Fort Pillow, Tennessee, and the regiment reached New Madrid, Missouri, on February 27, 1862. The majority of the regiment's soldiers, including Baker were captured in April at Island Number Ten,<sup>33</sup> and Baker wrote this journal while imprisoned, first at Camp Chase and later Johnson's Island.<sup>34</sup> Located on Lake Erie, Johnson's Island was newly constructed when Baker

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<sup>27</sup> Flewellen 56, 60, 64.

<sup>28</sup> Flewellen 72, 70.

<sup>29</sup> Walker 175.

<sup>30</sup> Owen 75.

<sup>31</sup> First Alabama Infantry Regiment.

<sup>32</sup> Thompson 227.

<sup>33</sup> First Alabama Infantry Regiment.

<sup>34</sup> Thompson 336.

arrived. Its three hundred acres were situated 2½ miles from Sandusky, Ohio, and one mile of water separated the island from the mainland. Half of the available land was wooded, and forty acres on the waterfront were cleared to provide a suitable site for the prison.<sup>35</sup>

Exchanged in September 1862,<sup>36</sup> Baker became part of the 54<sup>th</sup> Alabama Infantry Regiment, fashioned from six of his former companies and several companies previously led by Colonel L. M. Walker (mentioned in this journal), all recently exchanged. The regiment met at Jackson, Mississippi, in October 1862 and remained in the area of Vicksburg that winter.<sup>37</sup> In the spring of 1863 the regiment participated in the ill-fated attempt to break Grant's siege. Continuing the fight to save Mississippi from the enemy, the regiment took part in the battles at Ft. Pemberton and Baker's Creek, where Alpheus Baker suffered a critical foot injury.<sup>38</sup> Again unable to break Grant's siege, this time at Jackson, General Joseph E. Johnston determined that his force was too small to defeat Grant, and the 54<sup>th</sup> Alabama Regiment was among the forces evacuated, thus surrendering the entire area to the Union.<sup>39</sup>

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<sup>35</sup> Hesseltine 38.

<sup>36</sup> Early in the war, captured soldiers were paroled (released from prison) but were forbidden to return to the fighting until officially exchanged for an enemy soldier. The exchange system fell apart in late 1863.

<sup>37</sup> Confederate Regimental Histories Directory.

<sup>38</sup> Owen 75.

<sup>39</sup> Confederate Regimental Histories Directory.

Baker was promoted to Brigadier General on March 5, 1864,<sup>40</sup> and assigned a brigade two weeks later. Baker's brigade was part of Major General Alexander P. Stewart division, and in addition to the 54<sup>th</sup>, contained the 37<sup>th</sup>, 40<sup>th</sup>, and 42<sup>nd</sup> Alabama regiments.<sup>41</sup> The unit took part in the Atlanta campaign of May-September 1864, fighting in May at Mill Creek Gap, Union Church, and New Hope Church. According to Major General Stewart, two companies of Baker's brigade exhibited great determination in the battle of May 27<sup>th</sup>.<sup>42</sup> As part of Hood's corps, the brigade was involved in fighting in the Atlanta area in June and July 1864,<sup>43</sup> and played a minor role in the Confederate victory at Kennesaw Mountain.<sup>44</sup> When John Bell Hood replaced General Joseph E. Johnston as Commander of the Army of Tennessee, General Benjamin F. Cheatham was placed in command of Hood's corps. As part of Cheatham's corps, Baker's brigade took part in the July 20, 1864 battle at Peachtree Creek,<sup>45</sup> and at the skirmish of Ezra Church on July 28, 1864, during which Alpheus Baker was again wounded.<sup>46</sup> There is no indication as to the severity of the injury nor is there an indication that Baker lost any time on the battlefield. Lieutenant General Stephen Lee's Assistant Adjutant-

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<sup>40</sup> Owen 75.

<sup>41</sup> Official Records 32:3:870, Owen 75.

<sup>42</sup> Official Records 38:3:816-18.

<sup>43</sup> Official Records 38:3:640-41, 38:3:617.

<sup>44</sup> Carter 171.

<sup>45</sup> Carter 206.

<sup>46</sup> Thompson 336.

General's report praised Baker's brigade for heroism of August 7, 1864, as they "permitted half of their number to be killed, wounded, and captured before the others would leave their position."<sup>47</sup> The brigade concluded its service in Atlanta, losing half of its remaining force.<sup>48</sup>

Badly depleted, Baker's brigade moved to Mobile in September 1864 for assignment to Major General Dabney H. Maury's District of the Gulf.<sup>49</sup> On September 22, 1864, General John Bell Hood requested Baker's brigade be returned from Mobile, a request he repeated on December 19, 1864. However, Baker's brigade was deemed essential to Mobile<sup>50</sup> and remained there. The assignment proved fortuitous as his men were spared Hood's disastrous Tennessee campaign. In early 1865 the brigade was briefly attached to another Alabama brigade, allowing the latter unit a respite to refurbish equipment and recruit additional soldiers.<sup>51</sup> Following General Alex Stewart's promotion, Baker's brigade joined Major General Henry D. Clayton's division,<sup>52</sup> rejoined Johnston's Army at Tennessee, and fought in the army's last battle at Bentonville, North Carolina, on March 19, 1865.<sup>53</sup> Baker's brigade surrendered with General Joseph E. Johnston to General William T. Sherman<sup>54</sup> on April 18, 1865. For

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<sup>47</sup> Official Records 38:3:766-67.

<sup>48</sup> Official Records 38:3:819-21.

<sup>49</sup> Official Records 39:2:887.

<sup>50</sup> Official Records 39:2:862, 45:2:709-10.

<sup>51</sup> Official Records 47:2:1286.

<sup>52</sup> Official Records 47:2:1437.

<sup>53</sup> Owen 75.

<sup>54</sup> Smartt 239.

Baker, the war ended nine days after Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House and three days after the death of President Lincoln.

Baker returned home to a destroyed south. Federal troops reached Eufaula just as the war ended, so the city was spared the physical destruction of other southern towns.<sup>55</sup> Nonetheless, like Alpheus Baker, Barbour County veterans returned to Eufaula in 1865 after dedicating four years of their lives to a losing cause and stepped into the unknown.<sup>56</sup>

After the war, the victorious north imposed Reconstruction on the south. Every U. S. President from 1865 to 1881 was a former high-ranking Union official, hence unsympathetic to the fallen Confederacy.<sup>57</sup> Andrew Johnson served as Military Governor of Tennessee during the war, having been appointed by Lincoln in 1862.<sup>58</sup> The succeeding three presidents were former Union generals.<sup>59</sup> The Radical Republicans, ever hostile toward the South, ruled the Legislative branch of government. Desperate to retain the power they acquired during the war, the Radical

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<sup>55</sup> Besson 20.

<sup>56</sup> There are many perspectives from which to view late 19<sup>th</sup>-century small town southern life. Since the subject of this thesis is Alpheus Baker, his is the perspective upon which focus is placed.

<sup>57</sup> The theory of Reconstruction has undergone evolutionary stages. Prior to the 1960s, the Dunning view prevailed, and it was generally agreed that the Radical Republicans had done more harm than good. In the 1960s a "revised" view was adapted which focused on social change, and it was generally agreed that the Radical Republicans had sound motives. The 1970s and 1980s saw a "post-revisionist interpretation" making no value judgment as to good or bad, but agreeing that Reconstruction was a time of great change. Since that time, there has been uncertainty whether Reconstruction included anything of lasting significance (Foner xx-xxiii). For a more complete study of Reconstruction see Eric Foner's works.

<sup>58</sup> Boatner 436.

<sup>59</sup> U.S. Grant, 1869-1877, Rutherford B. Hayes, 1877-1881, James A. Garfield, 1881 (Internet Public Library).



Republicans used expanded federal authority to “reshape Southern society.”<sup>60</sup>

There are many references in the contemporary literature to slavery. Ironically, with the war's end the roles were reversed. During Reconstruction Southern whites complained of being slaves to their northern “masters,” helpless and vulnerable, a defeated people with little left to lose. Barbour County's population in 1860 was over 50% black with 16,000 whites and 16,150 slaves. However, only 1,143 whites or slightly over 7%, owned slaves, and most slaveholders owned fewer than ten. Thirteen whites owned 100 or more slaves.<sup>61</sup> While some blacks remained in Eufaula and continued to work for their former masters, the balance of power had changed. Black men obtained the right to vote in Barbour County in 1867,<sup>62</sup> three years before Confederate veterans regained their franchise rights.<sup>63</sup> Eufaula whites felt powerless amidst a black population that outnumbered the white, with the social, economic, labor and political systems in turmoil. This situation bred fear, and fear begat violence.

During the early 1870s Elias M. Keils, a Eufaula Republican or “scalawag” according to local sources, became embroiled in a power

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<sup>60</sup> Foner 235.

<sup>61</sup> Flewellen 75.

<sup>62</sup> Thompson 194.

<sup>63</sup> Foner 253.

struggle with prominent Eufaula Democrats. Keils had been elected Judge of City Court in 1870 despite lack of training in the law, a fact which local Democratic attorneys found appalling.<sup>64</sup> In 1874 Keils ran for re-election on the Republican ticket against Democrat Alpheus Baker.<sup>65</sup> Local Democratic newspapers encouraged readers to vote for the "White Man's Ticket of Barbour County," which included Baker.<sup>66</sup> On February 23, 1874, during the election shots were fired. While no injuries were reported, each side accused the other of misconduct.

In the aftermath, the Democrats organized a public meeting at City Hall. Baker spoke against his political foe at this meeting, and the politicians whipped the citizens into a frenzy, calling for volunteer guards to control the increased violence. One reason for meeting was to choose members for a committee to be comprised of fifty prominent Eufaula Democrats. Upon selection, the commission's task was to document the Democrats' position regarding the election-day violence. As a member of the committee, Baker authored the "Address of the Fifty," and he read it on April 9, 1874, at a second public meeting.<sup>67</sup> The Democrats claimed that the first shot on election-day was fired by a Negro. Most of the address vilified Keils, specifically detailing his numerous improprieties on

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<sup>64</sup> Flewellen 123-24.

<sup>65</sup> Apparently Baker considered running for State Congressman. The Eufaula Tri-Weekly News reports that both the Selma Daily Echo and a guest editor from Texas endorsed the potential candidacy (July 16, 23, 1874).

<sup>66</sup> The Eufaula Times, October 30, 1874.

<sup>67</sup> Flewellen 125-27.

the bench.<sup>68</sup> The blame for recent troubles in Eufaula lay with Elias Keils. Baker's oratory ability apparently shone as reports claimed he "commanded the earnest faces and breathless attention of the audience."<sup>69</sup>

The political fight intensified through the summer with Keils' indictment in June 1874 for aiding in the escape of a prisoner. There is no evidence that he was ever tried on the charge. The August Republican county convention ended in an uproar, with a black man complaining of nepotism because Keils' nephew was a candidate for probate judge.<sup>70</sup> Fighting his own party and the Democrats, Keils accused Baker of being part of "a political society" called the White League.<sup>71</sup> This association was apparently formed in opposition to the local chapter of the Union League, a national organization created to promote the civil rights of blacks.<sup>72</sup> Baker responded with a disparaging campaign ditty entitled "The Keils Song."<sup>73</sup>

On election-day, November 3, 1874, a riot erupted at a Eufaula polling location and gunfire followed.<sup>74</sup> The federal troops in town to oversee the election at Keils' request took no action.<sup>75</sup> One federal

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<sup>68</sup> Thompson 245-53.

<sup>69</sup> Flewellen 125-27.

<sup>70</sup> Walker 260.

<sup>71</sup> Walker 261; According to Foner, the tactics of the White League varied from state to state but invariably utilized violence (550-51, 554, 558).

<sup>72</sup> Foner 110, Thompson 187-88, Walker 261.

<sup>73</sup> Smartt 239, Thompson 337.

<sup>74</sup> Flewellen 130.

<sup>75</sup> Flewellen 131-32.

official claimed that he could act only on orders from federal authorities.<sup>76</sup> The reports of the day's casualties vary, but most agree that nine people were killed, and all were black, with nearly a hundred men wounded, including several whites.<sup>77</sup>

One fatality that day was particularly important to Elias Keils. The incumbent stationed himself at a remote Barbour County polling site where a heavy Republican turnout was expected. After the voting ended and the ballots were being counted, a group of men burst into the room.<sup>78</sup> The lights were extinguished and shots fired.<sup>79</sup> When the melee ended, the ballot box had disappeared, and Elias Keils's sixteen-year-old son lay fatally wounded.<sup>80</sup> Some Democrats were arrested and indicted, but again there is no record of a trial.<sup>81</sup> Despite the missing ballot box, Keils won his re-election bid, but the rest of his party had not been so fortunate as the Democratic Party carried the day.

In December 1874, Eufaula's white citizens circulated a petition calling for Keils' impeachment. The Montgomery Advertiser ran an editorial in support of the effort. In the face of popular pressure, Keils resigned on December 16 and left the state. Newly-elected Democratic Governor Houston appointed Alpheus Baker to complete the term as

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<sup>76</sup> Flewellen 132.

<sup>77</sup> Flewellen 130.

<sup>78</sup> Flewellen 133.

<sup>79</sup> Thompson 203.

<sup>80</sup> Flewellen 133, Walker 263.

<sup>81</sup> Flewellen 134-35.

Judge of City Court.<sup>82</sup> Just as Democrats across the South had done, Barbour County Democrats redeemed their local government with violence. While Alpheus Baker was never accused personally of violence, the evidence clearly shows his party used violence, and as a part of the Democratic power structure, Baker benefited.

With the end of Reconstruction and the removal of federal authorities, white citizens felt the town was theirs once again and set out to improve it. Prior to 1874 there were no public schools in Eufaula. In that year a school board was established, and Alpheus Baker was one of the five board members appointed by the City Council.<sup>83</sup> In 1875, J. A. B. Besson wrote a promotional book entitled History of Eufaula, Alabama, the Bluff City of the Chattahoochee, which depicts a town of approximately 5,000, with three drug stores, a carriage factory and an opera house (which cost almost \$60,000 to build). Hart's Hall, billed as "the largest and finest dancing saloon in the state," took its place with Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Catholic churches and a synagogue.<sup>84</sup>

Baker retired as City Court Judge but remained involved in the local community. In the late 1870s "General" Baker was invited to give a speech for a Sunday School celebration at a black church in Hawkinsville.

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<sup>82</sup> Flewellen 134.

<sup>83</sup> Flewellen 147-48.

<sup>84</sup> Besson 20-21.

According to the report, Baker's cheerful, spontaneous manner of speaking fascinated the audience.<sup>85</sup>

Baker left Eufaula and moved to Louisville in 1878<sup>86</sup> where he began a successful law partnership with his wife's cousin, former Eufaula resident Sterling B. Toney.<sup>87</sup> Pheribee Baker records that the family remained in Eufaula until 1883 when they joined Baker in Louisville.<sup>88</sup> Baker disappears from public view with only an article for the September 1882-August 1883 edition of *Southern Bivouac* to mark his presence. The piece recounts the events on Island Number Ten, using much of the information in this journal. It is also reported that Baker acted as a pallbearer at Jefferson Davis' funeral.<sup>89</sup> Alpheus Baker died October 2, 1891, and consistent with his final desire to be buried among his soldiers, he is interred in the midst of Confederate veterans at Cave Hill Cemetery in Louisville,<sup>90</sup> buried on the site at which he once made an unforgettable Decoration Day speech.<sup>91</sup>

Alpheus Baker's widow donated his journal to the Alabama Department of Archives and History in 1901. As of August 2000, the Archives' records reflected that the journal had never been transcribed. However, in a March 2001 meeting with Mr. Albert Davis, Baker's great-

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<sup>85</sup> Flewellen 166.

<sup>86</sup> Owen 75.

<sup>87</sup> Thompson 336.

<sup>88</sup> Pheribee Baker 4.

<sup>89</sup> Thompson 337.

<sup>90</sup> Findagrave, Smartt 239.

<sup>91</sup> Smartt 239.

grandson, a prior transcription was discovered bearing the stamp "Alabama Department of Archives and History" on each page. The transcription for this study of Baker was completed prior to the discovery of the earlier, undated transcription that was apparently completed by Pheribee Baker. The earlier transcription contains punctuation and formatting that are not part of the original journal and was obviously undertaken by someone without extensive knowledge of the Civil War or military history. For example, Chickahominy is transcribed as Chickamorning, Hanover C.H. is recorded as Harrison C.H., and sally port is written as valley port.

The journal itself is 132 handwritten pages and includes four drawings, one of which appears to be drawn with colored pencils. There are approximately twenty blank pages at the end of the chronicle. The journal jumps back and forth in time between the present and the past. Baker made notes in the back of the journal regarding significant events on the battlefield, and while in prison he apparently expanded upon the notes by filling in the details. Consequently, this journal is part diary and part memoir, and Baker's reflections upon past events are contained in the daily entries. As an autobiographical narrative, the journal loses some authenticity for that reason, as the events are not described in real time. An autobiographical narrative written months after the fact provides the

writer the advantage of hindsight, an advantage not immediately available to the author of a daily record.

An example of hindsight is Baker's description of the evacuation of New Madrid of March 13. Baker laments the fact that General Mackall did not properly prepare for evacuation and jeopardized the lives of the men under his command. Only one boat was available rather than the several needed to transport such a large number of men safely. This entry was probably written in July, and the perspective gained from several months in prison, months likely spent mulling over the events leading to the capture of these men, undoubtedly influenced Baker's conclusion.

Much of the information received by the prisoners at Johnson's Island was both delayed and incorrect. In fact, the journal reveals that the lack of accurate information was a constant source of exasperation for Baker. One example occurs in his entry dated June 10 in which he writes, "Many think Beauregard has carried a part of his army to Richmond." In fact, after evacuating Corinth, Beauregard remained within 27 miles of the city for several days, from June 4-8, 1862. Rather than move toward Richmond, on approximately June 8 Beauregard moved 25 miles farther south to Tupelo. On June 17<sup>th</sup>, due to poor health, Beauregard temporarily relinquished command of his army to Bragg.<sup>92</sup>

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<sup>92</sup> Yoseloff 2:717-22.



The musings contained in the daily record written while Baker was in prison illustrate an assortment of sentiments: frustration, anger, impatience, spiritual inspiration, joy in the camaraderie with fellow Confederate officers, and pleasure in small things. Most of Baker's concerns regard military matters, and he mentions his wife, children and extended family and friends from the Eufaula area. Baker's extensive education is apparent in several places in the journal, including references to Greek mythology, classical literature, and the law. His love of music is reflected in the numerous entries detailing singing and instruments played by fellow prisoners. Baker's prose style can be quite poetic. "We are confined in a timothy meadow on the Eastern slope of this pretty Island..." is but one example.

The entire journal was actually written between June and August 1862, while Baker was detained at Johnson's Island. The time period documented by the journal is February 26, 1862, to August 30, 1862. The journal is transcribed here in chronological order, with bracketed notations indicating the dates upon which the transposed entries were likely written.

The journal is transcribed literally with a small number of exceptions. Dates written with no entry remain in place, and misspelled words are intact, e.g., Tighlman was not changed to Tilghman. The words that were spelled differently in the 19<sup>th</sup>-century from today's spellings are transcribed

as he wrote them, as is the inconsistent manner in which he dated the entries. Blind corrections are made for commas in a series. Blind corrections are also made for periods at the end of sentences when the narrative reaches a logical ending and the next sentence begins with a capital letter. Hyphens and dashes are standardized for clarity and readability. On several occasions Baker wrote the same word twice, e.g., "the the," and in such instances the superfluous word is deleted. On rare occasions he wrote one word and evidently meant another, e.g., "my me," and blind corrections are made in these instances as well. With the exception of Confederate and Union figures that are well known, all persons who can be identified are footnoted.

There were a variety of punctuation marks, words written above other words, and sentences that may be editing devices employed by his widow in an attempt to improve the readability of the journal. Because these are in a different hand from Baker's, they are not included in this transcription.

## JOURNAL TRANSCRIPTION

[On end paper inside front cover]

Alpheus Baker

[On the facing end paper]

Valuable prescription for the relief of indigestion

4 oz. Syrup Rhubarb

2 " Tinct. Valerian<sup>93</sup>

20 drops oil sassafrass

10 grs Piperine<sup>94</sup>

20 " Sup. Carb. Soda

Mix in the mortar the Piperine soda & oil sassafrass first. Next pour in the tinct Valerian & last the s of Rhubarb. Dose one tablespoon full in twice its volume water every 2 hours for an adult.

[Drawing of a woman's hand with the index finger pointing toward the inside of the journal and the word "Private"]

[Glued to the page is a separate piece of paper with the following]

Recd from Col A. Baker 1<sup>st</sup> Ala Tenn & Miss Regt. Prisoner of War one

Horse, Saddle & Bridle for U.S. Quartermaster

H.S. Bust

Lt & aid to Genl. Hamilton

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<sup>93</sup> Valerian root is a natural sedative (Heinerman 367-68).

<sup>94</sup> Piperine is one of the compounds in a pepper (Britannica).

Tiptonville

Apl. 9/62

[Probably written June 10, 1862]

(We had been lying at Fort Pillow a long time drilling without arms.

(It was on Wednesday, February 26<sup>th</sup> 1862., about 11 o'clock in the morning, that I met Col. L.M. Walker walking, with his long straddling step, hastily toward me holding a letter in his hand. "Look at that," said he. It was a telegram from Gen Polk then at Columbus. "Move instantly, with your regiment to New Madrid, and also with Col. Baker's, if it has been armed." Though very wretchedly armed I concluded or rather decided at once to go. My men were variously provided with machines of destruction. Some had nothing. Others, flint and steel rifles that had killed squirrels in Daniel Boone's days. About twenty five had good percussion muskets but the most had the rebored rifle of Memphis that miserable cheat of the government armory there. A few days before I had burst 24 out of 80 of those which went off. The greater number was so weak in the main spring that they would not explode the G.D. caps. These were the weapons put in the hands of as good & true men as ever left happy homes to defend a threatened country. I had sent Capt. Morphis to Nashville & Col Avery to Memphis to try & do something for me. Avery had started down in a skiff that very morning. I telegraphed to him our order for I expected we were to fight at once. I ordered my Regiment to

move. Our transportation was unreliable. We had wild, young mules, unbroken, in the hands of a man Levi who knew much more about selling goods than managing mules. The country was hilly, the road to the landing horrible. However I got eight companies aboard by eight P.M. but without our camp equipage. The night was horribly dark. The "Vicksburg," a fine large steamer, took us all; but six companies, three from each regiment, had to go in the hold. We commenced—stop! I want to remember how, during the evening, Polk sent one or two other dispatches, hurrying us on. "Leave camp equipage, commissary stores, every thing but arms & ammunition & come on." This was their tenor. I had left Maj. Cansler behind on the bluff to do what the aforesaid manager of teams should have done but the wild mules stalled in the dark road broke harness & wagon poles one wagon blocked the balance. I went back with a lantern found it impossible to get the equipage aboard kept the boat waiting to the last moment and as soon as I stepped aboard the bell tolled & the boat swung off. We were crowded & cramped. One company failed to come A. It was guarding the Hatcher bridge sixty miles off. At day light Thursday we commenced moulding bullets & folding powder in loads the best substitute for cartridges in our power. The men worked hard & incessantly about 15 rounds were thus prepared 110 additional rebored rifles were distributed & we were a little better armed so far. It was 11 o'clock before Fort Thompson

came in view. We did not know but that we would march from the bank to meet the enemy at once but upon the bank we saw a loose crowd of men in our dress uniform apparently so entirely at ease as that out of [bottom line illegible]

stand the idea of any imminent engagement. We disembarked in a level corn field of more than two thousand acres. Having no wagons, I sent the whole Regiment to bring tents. Col Gannt from Arkansas was the officer in command. We got the tents from him and soon had shelter. No news of the enemy. The weather was cold and the wind high. On Friday I tried to encourage the men greatly dispirited on account of the inferior character of their arms. I drew them up in line on the river bank and caused them to fire by file at logs & trash floating down. The result was disgusting & disheartening in the extreme. It was snap, snap, snap down the line every where a gun occasionally bursting when it did go off. The effect on the men was disastrous. On this night Capt Morphis returned with some 300 rifles of better quality than the flint & steel but they were of Daniel Boone's day, yet nevertheless so weak springed & small bored as to add but little to our spirits. We kicked and culled them over in much disappointment and disgust for we had heard Morphis had "a good lot of rifles." I sat up nearly all night in a blacksmith's shop a mile distant working on the gun locks of the rebored had two smiths detailed & succeeded in [illegible] a

good many reliable cap bursts at least. The fault was the barrel was about as likely to burst as the cap. On

Saturday, March 1. 1862.

Col Walker & I mounted & galloped into New Madrid. We encountered a man with a red shirt & long black hair, who rode like a centaur & drank whiskey like a fish. He was the Provost Marshall of New Madrid & conducted us from house to house in our search for quarters for we had determined to move our regiments up to the town & entrench. We went once or twice to Gantt's Hd Quarters but he was each time absent. Finally we selected a park to encamp in & the mansion house for our Field Officers. I got some percussion caps & gun flints from Jeff Thompson's ordinance officer at a place where red shirt carried us for whiskey. In returning to camp we passed an enclosure where we saw a great many new graves wherein were buried the sick of Col Gant's regiments. I dont mean sick men were buried but dead ones who sickness had killed them and of these there were many a hundred perhaps in his Regiment alone. On this Saturday there were plenty of people living in the houses & there were some stores & doctor shops. Some fine residences were deserted for all expected the enemy. I passed Gov. Truston Polk in the street. I think it was reported that the Missouri legislature was to convene here on Monday but it did not. No it did not. Other fish were to be fried in New Madrid on Monday as it turned out. I rode back to my camp. Col. Walker

had already given his order to move & I met his wagon on the way. I had eaten dinner then suddenly I saw men rushing to & fro--soldiers hastily buckling on their accoutrements & immediately three guns were fired in Ft. Thompson in quick succession. I saw there was an alarm--ordered my horse mounted & presently here comes Col. Walker (a fine rider he was--always) at full speed charging into his camp. I galloped to meet him "Whats the matter?" "The enemy is right upon us" he answered. Move your Regiment as quickly as possible to New Madrid. I soon had it line-loaded threw off our knapsacks--right-faced & off we trolled up the road as the Mississippi, Alabama or Tennessee Companies passed by me I cried "Hurrah for Miss! Ala! Tenn!" & the men pulled off their caps & shouted Hurrah. They went on as to a frolic. I was far from feeling the confidence I simulated. For I well knew my infernal guns would not go off. One company, A which came up Friday had no arms at all. Lt Brooks, commanding it, ran up to me and asked "What shall I do, Col? You know our situation." Poor fellows! I ordered him to follow us & we would do the best we could. As we passed Ft. Thomason I saw the Regiments running in through the sally port. I kept on upon the road looking constantly to the immense corn field on the left in which I expected the enemy to appear. But there was no sign there. As we entered New Madrid Gov. Polk came trotting by me with other citizens. We met wagons lumbering off, & a number of people flying away but as my men would cry out "Where are



the Yankees"? No one answered where. I remember a large steamboat on the river bank with many ladies & how they waved their handkerchiefs & how my men cheered as we went by. At length we got to the place that was afterwards Fort Bankhead. Some dirt had been thrown up. Here I saw the scouts of Jeff Thompson who had been chased in by the enemies cavalry. Their horses were heaving & panting and almost dead-- the pursuit had been close & they reported the enemy three miles off & coming. While we were waiting in line Paris came striding up with his rifle "Hello! Paris," said some, "Is that you?" "Oh, yes sir," said he. "I'm here. I'm come to die by Master." And so he would I doubt not. But, the enemy did not appear that evening & we commenced our encampment. It was a bad place on the river bank low & muddy & what was worse it commenced in the evening to rain. The sufferings of the poor fellows, many of them sick, were terrible. One company had to go out as a picket. It was almost frozen for no fire could be made. Our sufferings & exposure resulting in the death of many a noble martyr began today. It was uninterrupted from that time forward. We had not men enough to do what was required & this [illegible] on the tour of duty so frequently as to afford no time for rest & [illegible] the sickness got worse & worse each day. My heart bled for the men. Such coughing! It was enough to craze one. It was a roar of coughs the most incessant & sepulchral. Then every other day or night the poor fellows were on duty. In the mud, snow, sleet,

water--It was enough to kill them & it did. I found a shanty where a ditchman & his wife had been living. They were packed up & ready to go off. I got in it then & Paris made me a big fire. Major Cansler & Jack staid there that night. The manager of meals was behind as usual. With great difficulty could I get anything done by him.

Sunday, March 2nd 1862.

Last night was an awful one. It rained much & the streets this morning were flooded. About breakfast a very heavy distant cannonading was heard up the river. Various conjectures about it, but it turned out to be the shelling of evacuated Columbus. The men went to work at entrenching. Captain Laird found some flint & steel muskets of Jeff Thompson's men & got them. I also furnished some to Compy. A. We got more tents up and were a little better off. After dinner we had another alarm. The long roll. Bankhead's artillery & Col. Walker's Regiment went out on the Saxton road, mine I drew up in line across a road leading into town and awaited orders from Gen Stewart who was now in command. Presently we heard the guns. It was pretty hot & quick. The news came after a while that we had repulsed them. My men standing still so long were very cold. I had a line of rail got & made a big fire all along in about [illegible] & a half the artillery & Walker's Regiment returned. They had seen the enemy. The left wing of Walker's Regt. was stationed behind one of the fences of a lane up which the cavalry of the enemy was

advancing. Bankhead's artillery was at the mouth of the lane. In 400 yards more the cavalry would have ridden right into Walker's ambuscade, and every saddle would have been emptied; but, unfortunately Bankhead fired upon them at about 1000 yards when they halted, wheeled & scampered off, leaving an overcoat and a pistol on the ground which folks picked up. This was the result of the Sunday skirmish. I went to see Gen Stewart. I liked him very well. He seemed to be quite unexcited & self-possessed. He said "I wonder what the bloody rascals intend. I don't believe they will come up tonight." He gave me, at my request, an order directing the Colonels of Regiments to turn over to me all the arms not in active use. Gen. Stewart seemed to me to be about thirty five years of age; had light colored, thin hair; was fair and freckled and looked a good deal like T. L. Stewart, the marble palace merchant of New York. They are not related, tho' I think he must have Scotch blood in him. Walker had a good deal of confidence in Gen. Stewart and I was glad to see him about, for heretofore there seemed to be no boss to our concern & things sloshed with a considerable looseness. Billy Robinson, son of Tom Robinson, of Barbour, came to see me to day just before the fight and invited me to dinner, but I did not go. He is aboard the gun boat, Ivy. A frail, wooden machine, with 2 guns, one a very good rifle. I saw Captain Renshaw whom I used to know at Pensacola. He was in command of a boat also. He said the gun boats could keep the corn

field clear of the enemy but he was mistaken. It did not turn out so. The pickets were sent out Company B. I think Captain Griffin. The night was bitterly cold I shall never forget it. The Lieut in command came in about day break and said they could not stand it any longer. They had been out all night without fire and in a wet bottom.

Monday, March 3<sup>rd</sup> 1862.

It was bitterly cold. The ground as hard as flint--the pools made by yesterdays rain all frozen over. Early in the morning I went to see midshipman Robinson found him in his bed. He had been officer of the guard the night before. I gave him the Browder watch which I had been wearing and a letter to Lu.<sup>95</sup> I thought it almost certain we would have a battle today & fully as certain we would be over powered. For we had information that the enemy had forty regiments. I wrote to John McNab<sup>96</sup> & DeLacy<sup>97</sup> as if I would not write again and prepared as well as I could for the event. A steam boat came up from below and I was delighted to see Avery aboard. He brought me a lot a pretty good guns far the best yet received. I had the boxes carried to my quarters broken open and distributed to the eager Captains. They were good muskets Mississippi rifles & some Sharps rifles. I think we got about eighty good guns. It revived us a good deal the worthless shot guns & snapping rifles were laid

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<sup>95</sup> His wife's name was Louisa.

<sup>96</sup> A Eufaula banker (Besson xxvi).

<sup>97</sup> His brother, Paul DeLacy Baker.

aside. We eat dinner I remember Paris & Tom had some how obtained three fat hens which they had parboiled, peppered & baked. While we were eating there however the alarm was sounded--went to the Fort by this time a considerable entrenchment had been made around us. Travis' Regt had come down from Island 10. That, mine, & Walker's with Bankheads light battery were within this entrenchment. The enemy had made his appearance in the great cornfield about two & a half miles off. The gun boats opened up on them. It was delightful to hear the snap and angry crack of their rifles. I mounted to the pilot House of the Vicksburg & for the first time saw their line & flag I saw one shot fired from the Ivy. The dust flew up just before their line & immediately it broke off to the right. The distance was fully two miles. The firing continued about two hours. Gen Stewart was walking quietly about looking at this and that with great sang froid<sup>98</sup> & I thought exhibiting the coolness & self possession which is one of the characteristics at least of a good commander. After a time the enemy got out of view & the firing ceased.

[The following is written between the lines of the entry on March 4]

This evening while standing at the breast works, one of Captain Shackelford's men shot himself through the head with one of those infernal rebores rifles. He died instantly. It was a frightful wound but Dr. Cobb said not at all it was a nice wound just such a one as a soldier

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<sup>98</sup> Composure, especially under stress (Webster's 762).

should die by if he was to die. On this evening commenced the destruction of New Madrid. Col Walker had a nice little house white as lily with pretty veranda in front, pinks & roses before the door. It was only Sunday morning--I went there and saw the family taking up the carpet & packing to leave. I opened the door & asked if that was Col Walkers Hd Quarters. No! answered the lady and I shut the door in retiring. I heard her say with great bitterness they are my head quarters now at least. On Monday we moved across into the Fort and Monday evening when the attack began I saw the yellow smoke & red flames boiling out of its windows in back an hour & not a vestige of that poor lady's head quarters remained. The pretty white cottage with its pinks & roses had been devoured by war. Other houses were torn down to clear the way for our artillery & to destroy the cover for the enemy but this was the only one burnt.

[This ends the narrative above the lines of the following entry]

Tuesday March 4 1862.

We worked hard on the entrenchments & nearly finished them. Travis' Regt. took the left, I the centre, Walkers the right, Bankheads Battery at intervals between. We made a parapet about 10 feet back and dug a ditch outside about five feet deep. The most of the parapet was revetted with sacks of shelled corn. Captain John W. Rush laid of our part of the work. I had gone round yesterday to the Colonels with my order for the

spare guns but as I feared there were none to spare. So I got nothing by the order. My men however thanks to Avery & Jeff Thompson's men were so much better armed than I had hoped for that I was not disposed to complain. I went to see Col Travis--Buck Travis they call him. I am told he is one of the best speakers in Tennessee good looking six feet high & well formed with that expression which spectacles (for he wore them) always give a man. He treked along like John A. Tucker, sensibly, interestingly; but with out emphasis. I thought he was a lazy man or one whom it requires a great deal to arouse. And he did not seem to be aroused by the condition of things at New Madrid. His tone was despondent. He thought that corn field unfortunately level and large for us. The immensely superior force of the enemy could enjoy thus all the advantages of their superiority. But he did nothing to put his men to work on the entrenchments that evening the object for which I called upon him & one which best accomplished some reduction of this terrible advantage of this big level corn field. He did not stir from the fire place and his men didn't work that evening though the breast work was entirely unfinished on his flank. On this morning the pillage of New Madrid by our troops commenced. The order to clear away the houses near the breast works was issued & the men just cleared away & cleaned out every thing else. The ruin was shameful, wanton, horrible. I thought sometimes we would be cursed for permitting such barbarism. It was done before I knew it. The

first thing I knew I saw crowds of men coming with every species of plunder in their hands, around their bodies, in their hats calicoes, artificial flowers, window curtains, God knows what. I went into the little town. Every thing was gutted. Not a house which had not been plundered. It had snowed & the ground was white. I remember seeing great gobs of beautiful lard turned out on the snow bacon lying about, sugar half a foot deep on floors, molasses wasted. A drug store was pillaged & costly drugs were scattered in ruin. A peck of mace was mixed with cloves & cinnamon, ammonia the chloride of lime. High cans of oils & turpentine had the cocks turned & poured out, I picked up a little box of musk with Chinese characters on it marked \$5. I saw a printing office with quarts & piles of type mashed into the mud. Not a human being of the family I had seen on Saturday was there. Oh war, war how many thousand horrors hast thou besides the horror of the battle field--I think our general to blame for this destruction. Some houses were properly destroyed & what was in them must have been ruined because there was no place to keep it, but the balance of the village should have been spared. It injured & demoralized the men without adding a particle to their comfort indeed the fresh meat of the hogs they slaughtered gave them the diarrhea & increased the already fearful lot of the sick.

[Probably written June 19, 1862]

Wednesday, March 5. 1862



There was an alarm last night and our men went to the entrenchments. The gun boats fired and it was delightful to hear the terrible crack of their rifled guns and the scream of their shells as they went flying over our heads to repel the enemy's advances. They reminded me of the bark of faithful watch dogs that were out upon the slightest alarm. This morning a poor fellow was found lying by a fence just beyond our picket line. He was shot in the abdomen and after lying all night in the cold had but little life remaining. He died soon after. He is the first of the enemy whom we are certain to have killed though the cap of an infantry soldier was found near the place we may have killed others whom they carried off not having seen this one. I walked out with the intention of seeing this one but he was too far away from the command. My walk extended as far as the court house into which I strolled. I saw important papers of all kind scattered in ruin every where. The clerk & Sheriff's office were gutted & the records of every kind pitched out in the mud & snow. I looked over some most ancient documents & turned with a sickened heart away to the entrenchments. I saw valuable calf skin law Books--English Chancery Reports--worth \$5 pr. Volume, lying in the mud & met soldiers packing them off--In one lawyers office Deeds & documents of every kind with handsome maps & pictures were thrown together & trampled on the floor. The spirit of Hell & Ruin seemed to have possession of every thing.

Thursday, March 6<sup>th</sup> 1862.

A picket guard of about sixty men from each of the three Regiments was sent out every twelve hours under the command of the Lt. Cols, Majors & most experienced Captains. It is was an important & somewhat perilous service for the way in the face of our enemy 40.000 strong & in the fog which constantly prevaled were in danger of being flanked & cut off. Col Avery was in command of the picket today, and in the morning came very near being captured by a party of cavalry. Together with Captain McLane of Arkansas, a very experienced, grey headed veteran who has been in the Mexican War & fought too in Central America & a Captain Helmes. He approached the enemy's lines when he came upon some scouts who turned & fled--he followed shouting & jeering at them & while pursuing them down a lane the quick eye of McLane discovered a much larger party of cavalry galloping for life up another lane that ran parrallelly on the right & from which further up a crop lane led into one in which our men were Hey, said McLane, we have gone far enough; look at those fellows over there! They are trying to cut us off! So round we turned & made good time towards our lines; finding ourselves likely to be overtaken, we halted & presented our guns, when their pursuers halted also. Then we turned again & came on, they firing & the bullets whistling around us. For some unaccountable reason, Captain Helmes dismounted and was trying to get off a Maynard's rifle which he had borrowed from

Gen. Stewart & which had missed fire. While so engaged, the others, not knowing he had stopped, he was hit in the neck but he laid hold of the pommel of the saddle or the mane of the horse & trolling along beside him managed to get on & saved himself by the skin of his teeth as it were. It was a rash adventure & I was almost vexed with Col Avery for his daring. One of my Lieutenants, Mr. Mills, of Choctaw Co., was with the party & badly mounted at that. I wonder how he got through on the Rosinante<sup>99</sup> which he bestrode. Helmes was spilling blood profusely but his wound after all was not mortal when men shot in the neck are not killed outright they usually recover I believe. All this happened before 12 m. About 3 P.M. there was a very general firing from our pickets. They seemed to fire by companies & I thought the enemy had at last concluded to engage us. The firing continued some time and then pretty suddenly ceased. I felt some apprehension for Col Avery--Capt Morphis declared they had surrounded him sure--that he was cut off & captured. Gen Stewart, who was standing near me looking intently through his opera glass, seemed uneasy & said "I wonder why Col. Avery does not come in." This increased my uneasiness & I asked him to let me take my Regt & to go his relief; but he said no. Presently here came Capt. West, the Provost Marshall of Saturday, galloping furiously in. He dashed past Gen Stewart

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<sup>99</sup> Don Quixote's aged, unkempt horse (Florit).

who followed him eagerly with his eyes. Presently reined up, bawled out for Gen Stewart, wheeled his horse round & discovering him charged up & reported. "They were pressing Avery pretty closely but he had got his pickets in had rallied & made a stand." This said, off he dashed again towards the enemy's lines his red waist coat & his white horse keeping him long in view as he flew up the road. There was no more fighting and about 8 P.M. Col. Avery & his pickets came in. His coolness & firmness in standing his ground had a very happy effect upon our little force. I congratulated him upon his conduct. He will make a successful soldier; for certainly no one could have blamed him if he had come in in a hurry from such a force as presented itself to his picket guard; but he stood his ground diligently & fought &, when they heard it, the boys said "Let's go out & try them I believe we can whip them any how." It is said that one Field Officer at least was killed, one of Capt. Sands men fired at him at about 120 yards with a Mississippi rifle. He put his right hand quickly to his side & immediately pitched over on his head, his horse galloping off with an empty saddle. Very probably he was killed.

Friday March 7. 1862

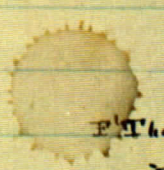
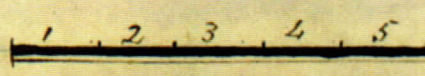
All pretty quiet today. The enemy has moved a part of his force below us and erected batteries at Point Pleasant which annoy our gunboats & absolutely blockade the river for our transports. I had an idea that these gun boats could prevent the erection of these batteries on shore but that

was another of the delusions--our transports now have to land at Tiptonville & passengers & freight cross the isthmus thence to Island 10 from which point they may come here down the river. From Tiptonville to Island 10 by land is six miles.

Add thirty to this if you go by the river and you have an idea of the peninsula called Madrid Bend. Capt. Dunnavant commanding the gun boat Lexington was the victim of a dastardly trick of the enemy at Point Pleasant passing by while flags were raised on shore and a woman ran out and conspicuously pulled up her outer skirts displaying her white undergarments. Many persons appeared & beckoned the boat to land. Thus tempted she rounded too & went to the shore where immediately a body of soldiers ran up from behind a wood pile & fired upon the boat now under the bank so that her guns were useless. The person who showed the white skirts was a man in women's clothes who picked up a gun which was lying at his feet & used it upon the boat as soon as it came under the bank—Three of Dunnington's men were wounded by this fire.

Saturday, March 8. 1862.

I remember nothing important occurring this day. I was accustomed nearly every day to stroll through the ruined village taking Paris with me and looking at the sad wreck and desolation every where. In one place we found a piano with the lid torn off. In another a little child's play chest with great letters printed on it like poor sonny writes. Oh how it made me



P<sup>t</sup> Thompson

New Madrid

St. Johns Bayou

Canal cut through the overflow

Mississippi River

Kentucky

Bob Watson's

Enemy Landed Ap<sup>l</sup>

School house

Dan Watson

State line monument

camp Sunday night

Tennessee

P<sup>t</sup> Pleasant

march Sunday night

march Monday

my encampment

Ricketts

Batteries

MacCall's Artillery

Marion's

Surrender Tuesday

Tiptonville

Two gunboats Ap<sup>l</sup> 7<sup>th</sup>

Reelsoul Lake  
30 miles long 1 x 9 miles wide

Missouri

Ky



think of him! The niggers wanted to move the piano down to my tent. I was amused at their anxiety while they were talking to me about it a fire broke out in that street the wind blowing furiously today. Five or six large houses were burnt. Gen Stewart was there trying to put it out & with the assistance of my Regiment the flames were stayed before they reached the piano greatly to the satisfaction of the niggers. These things happened about this time but I cannot tell upon what day precisely. Major Swor, of the 5<sup>th</sup> Tenn. (Buck Travis' Regt.) had command of the pickets today. They were attacked about 3 P.M. & driven in, in rather a disorder. The men, as usual, went to the entrenchments. It was this evening a small shell struck our breast works & exploded in the dirt within a couple of feet of Captain Laird without injury to any one. The cannonade on both sides was fierce enough for Waterloo; but on our side at least none were hurt. Those who saw the effect of the enemy's (I mean the gunboats) shot say they did execution upon the Yankees.

Sunday, March 9.1862

Nothing happened on this day, or on

Monday March 10.1862

To make any impression of my memory. The picket guard went on regularly with an occasional alarm. The enemy had fully established his blockade against the transports & now they come no nearer than Tiptonville. Mean while sickness and exposure had done its terrible work in

our Regiments. From 250 to 320 was about the average of those for duty. Of course, the number so small, the men had to go on the oftener &, this giving no chance for rest, none got better. Then every night, bitter cold as it was, there was an alarm--a firing of picket guns--the beat of the long roll & the assembly at the entrenchments. We began to foresee our fate and a sort of resigned despondency settled down upon us all. I went on however & fixed up the camp, cleaned the streets & ditches there carefully. I also caught a cow and put her in the jail, where Paris fed her high & she repaid in abundant milk. I established also a sort of gun shop, appointed Carpenter Ordinance surgeon & kept steadily at work upon the small arms until at last nearly every man had a gun that would fire.

[Probably written July 10, 1862]

Tuesday March 11. 1862.

There was firing last night on the picket line and Capt. West, the Provost Marshall was mortally wounded by our pickets. The fault was his. He went once beyond the line and was fired upon by us which fact he came in and reported; but immediately after almost he passed through the line and come galloping towards the pickets when he was shot in the abdomen by a man of Captain Sand's Company. Deplorable! He was a useful man but crazed by whiskey.



Wednesday March 12 1862

Col. Avery commanded the pickets last night. Reported the enemy moving artillery all night. It was evident they were about to make a demonstration.

Thursday, March 13. 1862.

At day light the enemy commenced cannonading. Our gun boats replied & the firing of heavy guns was incessant. Our steam boats were moving up and down the river before New Madrid. Presently we heard that Dr. Bell, had about the Mohawk with Gen McCown, had had both his feet shot off by a twenty four pound shot. He was the medical director an able physician of Memphis whom had been in fine spirits an evening or two previous--we staid at the entrenchments all the morning hearing the scream of shot & shell but seeing little damage done. Edwin Dubose's son that I used to call Horse in Henreville pointed one of the 32 pounders on my right & fired it continuously at a point where we saw a U.S. Flag. I thought of the days when but lately I held him in my arms a little boy & now he was a powder blacked warrior in the smoke of battle! We hammered away till dinner. I went into my tent & Avery & I eat some thing & lay down to sleep. Presently I heard a clatter & a dog yelp & Paris rushed in, his eyes glaring & says Hi Master you--you see da ball come hit dis tent! A spend 12 pounder had in fact after striking the tire on a wagon near by struck the ground & bounded onto the tent from which it rolled

back without even tearing the canvas. I got up however & went back to the breastworks. The cannonading was kept up during the evening. I could see them drop pieces about 1000 yards off glistening in the sun for the day was beautiful. I could not see the effect of our fire but it was said we were doing some execution. A man in Captain Ragsdale's Company, Col. Walker's Regt. shot himself dead. His company was stationed immediately on the right of my Regt. A shell fell near the entrenchments & exploded. Some of the men brought in a fragment to Captain Bankhead, who finished the circumference & showed it to be an 8 inch shell. The discovery that the enemy had guns of such calibre produced a decided impression. It was thought they had nothing but 12 or 24 pounders. A heavy fire was kept up at Fort Thompson as the evening advanced. After a while we retired to our quarters. The night picket was sent out. All were disheartened and entertained the gloomiest forebodings. Col Walker came to my tent, talked a little, asked me to furnish him a sharp reliable man for a some what dangerous service, and said he would look at his wife's daguerreotype & go to bed. I sent him Corporal Stewart of Captain Sand's company--Captain Griffin's company was on picket duty. Major Minter, Captain McLane of Arkansas and other officers came to my tent and talked gloomily of the future. It was a night I never can forget. Its horrors are stained black and ineffaceable in my memory. Gens. McCown & Stewart were on the Commodore's boat in consultation. Col.

Walker now Genl Walker went to them as soon as Stewart came ashore & soon after coming hastily to where I with the other field officers were standing--He said in a low voice "You are all here. It is decided to evacuate. Get ready immediately." He ordered me to detail 80 men & put them under an officer to get off the 4 32 pounders. I immediately made the detail. Sending Col Avery to Co A. I began at Co. B. and rapidly informed the commanders of each company that the evacuation would be immediately made, that our lives depended on speed, silence, order, no man was to speak above his breath, no noise was to be made. The detail of 80 men under command of Majr. Cansler proceeded promptly to dis mount the 1<sup>st</sup> 32 pdr. Immediately Gen. Walker came & countermanded that order saying its execution was impossible. I found Maj Cansler at his gun & communicated to him the change in the order detailed 20 men from the 80 & ordered them to report to the Q Master whom I directed to use them in removing what stores he had to move. My men acted very well, they rapidly & silently gathered their plunder, struck their tents & went aboard--Our horses were safely got on. Paris, Tom & Cud did their parts faithfully. I was standing at my tent when Gen Walker ordered me to go aboard the boat & take command, giving three short sharp whistle immediately before the boat shoved off. I went then to the landing and there a scene met my eyes which God grant they may never again rest upon. But one small boat, the "DeSoto," had been

provided to transport three regiments & a company of artillery with their baggage! No one up to this time had had charge of the embarkation. When I reached the bank about 1500 men were massed on the landing in utter confusion & disorganization, artillery wagons & caissons blocked the way. Baggage enough apparently to sink the boat piled every where. Every man jamming & rushing & pressing to get aboard, it dark as Egypt & a frightful storm rapidly coming--It was in vain to make myself understood. The order was [illegible] to make no noise. It was impossible to communicate a command or to make it known that I was present, one of Bankheads Brass pieces was on the stage plank & blocked the way. The embarkation was stalled and every moment we expected to hear the alarm guns of the pickets & to know that the enemy was rushing down upon the helpless mass. I suffered the torments of the damned! I mounted to the upper deck and called out silence, then every one was still for an instant & as low voice as could be heard, I spoke a few words to the mass. I told that their lives depended upon obedience to my order & that our safety forbid me to speak in a loud tone or to repeat them. I ordered fifty men to come aboard & move & piled the baggage to the rear so as to permit the guns to be got aboard & the balance to come on. It was pretty well obeyed, the gun was rolled on, the crowd moved forward again and the awful hurricane burst upon us. I am sure I never heard such thunder. I thought at times that the gun boats had fired their

rifled cannon at the advancing enemy & it was white flash after flash & peal after peal--The expression of the upturned faces of that anxious, almost panic stricken mob, eager to get aboard, fearing to be abandoned, was awful when the white lightening flashed upon--They pressed & hurried aboard.<sup>100</sup> Presently crash crash snap went some thing an outcry & a rush! The boat had broke loose from her mooring! The staging plank was lost! After a horrible delay she was fastened again and a few planks put down to come in on--only one man could come abreast. It all looked to me like a horrid nightmare & I cursed the General ship that had perilled the lives of so many men with such a mockery of transportation, when I knew there were 7 or 8 large boats lying within six miles, up the river. Then came an alarm that the boat was sinking! The bow did dip under the water. The Captain came to me and declared if I took on another man she would sink. He swore she would sink & all would be lost! I ordered every body to crowd aft. The bow then lightened & I took on about 200 more. A few were left on the Bank.<sup>101</sup> The Captain reiterated his warning & I determined to go. I ordered him to give his signal & shove off. At last we were out in the boiling, booming river & slowly buffeting its waves. We moved very slowly & laboriously. Every foot of space was black with crowded,

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<sup>100</sup> Brigadier General Gantt's report states that the men left an area in which they were outnumbered twenty to one; the "brave soldiers... worked patiently and perseveringly... preserving the best of order and discipline" (Official Records 8:168).

<sup>101</sup> Brigadier General Walker reported that after the *DeSoto* shoved off, the remainder of the men in the area departed with him (Official Records 8:169-70).

drenched & worn out men. An immense sense of relief came to me when I knew that we had gotten off even as safely & with as little loss of material as we had. Had the enemy discovered our design we had all been victims. The evacuation I have no doubt was wise and proper, but the means furnished entirely inadequate to the decision to make hastily & hells over head--There was nothing in it to mask the Genl. Had it been communicated to the Col a few hours sooner. Had three boats instead of one been furnished every 32 pounder & every piece of baggage could have been carried off & the men embarked in order & without panic of exposure. We steamed up to Island 10 & there found an order to the Officer commanding on the DeSoto<sup>102</sup> & [illegible] the hoops on the first high land on the Kentucky shore. So we dropped down about four miles and about daylight came to that shore on

Friday March 14. 1862.

In a clover field. The storm of last night had drenched the earth. It was still raining. There were but few tents & every thing was wet. We suffered a great deal in this field. The sick lay on the wet ground & the well got sick. We heard that the enemy raised the stars & stripes over the jail at nine A.M. Poor Stewart whom I gave to Gen. Walker went up the Bayou with

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<sup>102</sup> The *DeSoto*, along with the deserted ammunition, guns and supplies on the island became the property of the Union (Official Records 8:178).

D\_\_\_\_\_ & I suppose was captured. We spent the day here in the mud wretched & depressed in every way but Paris was delighted at getting away from New Madrid. Dr. Rivers came to see us in the evening. Paris made me a floor of square logs & kept me off the ground. He put me up a bed & built a large fire before the tent. It was the condition of the sick that distressed us most. The poor fellows were coughing, coughing around us every where & the rain was drizzling on to them, some of their wasted cheeks as red as roses & the pulse flying away like a [illegible] flutter mill. The river was rising every hour.

Saturday, March 15.1862.

Gen. Walker, Lt. Col's Avery & Venable, some other officers & myself mounted and rode off to make observation. We rode due West & after about four miles came to the river bank. We then rode up the bank passing some nice houses on the right, after a while we got to some houses before which were hitched a number of Horses. Upon riding up we saw Dr. McDowell. He told us the fate of Stewart. He started him down the Bayou at day light, no doubt he was captured. This was Bob Watson's & from here we saw once again Fort Thompson, from which waved the Federal Flag. We then came to the school house in some woods out of sight of the federals across the river & then Gen Walker determined to encamp. I got permission to remain & order Maj Cansler to bring on the Reg. Col Avery took a glass & got a canal & went through

the overflow to reconnoitre New Madrid. I made the acquaintance of an old woman who lived in a little hut near the school house. Went in there to the fire & waited the arrival of the troops about 12 m they began to arrive. I laid off my camp on the left. Col Travis' Regt being on the right Henderson's in the centre. Paris & the negroes pitched our tents & we eat.

Sunday March 16. 1862

We spent trying to fix up our camp. Some guns we fired up the river & it was said the enemy's fleet had come down. In the evening Col Henderson's (formerly Walker's) Regt was ordered up to the Island. It moved off about dark. Gen Stewart rode by the camp to day once or twice but

[Remainder of this section probably written August 19, 1862]

made no remark tending to show what was our destination or purpose. Lt. Col. Minter was officer of the day & had charge of the pickets whose duty it was to watch the Peninsula & if possible prevent the enemy from crossing.

Monday, March 17. 1862

Tremendous cannonade up the river. The very air trembled & the Earth shook with the shocks of heavy guns. The enemy had made his attack on the island. We waited the news with intense anxiety. In the evening couriers informed us that the enemy had made the assault & failed. Only



one man, a Lt Clark at Rucker's Battery killed none wounded. I was put in charge of all the troops on the land. A section of the Point Coupee artillery of 3 pieces Col Travis Regt. & mine our duties were very severe. We had to guard the river for about twenty miles--all along from below Watson's across the Peninsula by the School House trying to watch the enemy & prevent his crossing the river.

Tuesday, March 18.1862.

I had an inspection of the arms of the two Regiments. While thus engaged an order came from McCown for Travis Regt. to move at once to Tiptonville! They were off by dark & left me & the artillery with the immense & impossible job before us.

[This is the point at which the journal begins. The following is the first word on the first page of the journal]<sup>103</sup>

this? If yea our chances for success against McClellan are improved. Surely we will endeavor to prevent their junction. Yesterday I sent for a law book. A student here will be an unsocial man and I think we ought to contribute as much as possible to the cheerfulness of each other. There are times however when an hour may be profitably and not selfishly spent in that sort of study.

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<sup>103</sup> The only account in the journal of Baker's capture appears in brief notes at the end.

Tuesday May 13. 1862

I do not remember what happened on this day not what we did except to brood over the bad news from Norfolk. In the evening came a rumor that we had evacuated Richmond. I was afraid it was true. But some hopeful fellow Prisoners Col Quarles & Capt Sample for instance doubted not only this but the destruction of the Merrimac.

Wednesday, May 14. 1862

This was our cook day. We got through very well, on a very [illegible] of rations. The soup, to which had my particular attention was pronounced excellent & devoured accordingly though hash at Breakfast of adjutant Dawson was unsparingly damned by the multitude. We dreaded a bread riot in consequence of the scarcity of food but there was enough left to remind me of the 12 baskets that remained after the feeding of the five thousand. We want of confirmation of the Richmond evacuation & the receipt of the correct version of the skirmish at Monterey with Gen Pope's division lifted up "the despondent heart of Patriotism" & slightly tinged with light the edges of the black eland in which we lived this morning.

Thursday May 15. 1862

We heard today truthful accounts of the battle at Williamsburg & are satisfied we were not beaten there. Again the gun boats saved the enemy from destruction. Will we never get beyond their range? We

concluded to observe [illegible] the fast of tomorrow announced in Prest. Davis' eloquent proclamation.

Friday May 16. 1862

The fast we observed at breakfast at least & almost all the prisoners went to hear the Rev Mr. Wilson (this is his name & not Walker as I had it in Saturdays last record) preach. He took a text from the Psalms & from Esther "The Lord is my rock & my fortress & my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, & the horn of my salvation, and my high tower." Ps XVIII.2 "and so will I go in unto the King, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish." Esther, IV.16 & preached a good, hearty, manly sermon concluding with an affirmation that the end of our trials & exile might find us as a happy, independent and a righteous people. It was a solemn scene. The preacher was a hard, red haired, bony man of lofty stature in whose face were the great lines of earnestness & resolution too plainly drawn to be mistaken. All his emotion came surging up from the depths of a big & fearless heart which bowed to no master but Him in Heaven before whom it was humble as a child. How grand that homage! How the richest that sacrifice which the strong & proud man makes when he leaves his wise & judgment & philosophy in the faith that removes these mountains! He preached on the green & he reminded us that at home today from many a church & many a closet went up the prayers that should mingle with ours and ascend to Heaven

for the salvation of a persecuted people. Many a manly eye was moist in the large multitude of southern commanders and as the lofty Preacher swayed his imposing frame & swung his long arms upward to the Heavens & cried out for God to hear us & to keep us defend our Homes, his military costume seemed more to befit him & I thought how well the Priest might with Gods approval weild the sword & wear the cross. God grant this day may be a day of victory & I almost believe it will.

Saturday, May 17.1862

One hundred and fifty additional prisoners came here yesterday.

Friday, May 23. 1862

This is my Birth day. I was awakened by the good wish of Adjutant Dawson a good hearted Hellion as he is. I helped myself up & went into the campus to the astonishment of my fellow prisoners. My ordinary costume here is a heavy pair of negro shoes & sand stone red pair of home spun trousers presented to me by the ladies when I was at Pensacola & my grey cloth Colonel's coat the tail of which has suffered by too close contact with a heated stone at Camp Chase. This week has slided off swiftly & I can't remember what has happened or at least when the news of the happening reached us. It was on Sunday that we heard of a fight at Ft. Darling on James River in which the Galena, Monitor, Aroostook & other iron clad gun boats were repulsed. Also we heard of some slight success of Humphrey Marshall & that the yellow fever had

made its appearance in New Orleans. These things put us in good spirits on the Monday the 19<sup>th</sup> the battle was fought on the 16<sup>th</sup> Friday the day of prayer. No news of importance from Beauregard—the news today is that Farragut is coming on to Memphis. I do not see what is to prevent him. Ah me! The Miss. River is lost & it need not have been. We had plenty of time & plenty of warning to have filled that river with invincible gun boats, but we have only dilly dallied & fored away time more precious than blood & burnt up & blown up & given up as usual & now we have to leave Arkansas & Texas & Missouri to the mercy of the enemy & permit ourselves to be encircled from Washington to Pittsburg by the fleets of the enemy! Encircled by fire! God help us! What delay what short sighted reliance upon nothing. Too late! too late! It is the most bitter exclamation of despair & we have a right to speak it. Too late too late. I think the next news we have will be the fight at Fort Pillow & the fall of Memphis. McClellan is only 8 miles from Richmond at last accounting. There are painful tidings of disaffection in North Carolina & also in Arkansas but I think it is exaggerated.

Tuesday, June 10. 1862.

Now you see how irregularly we do every thing here notwithstanding the reveillee & roll call & dinner drum & all that. Many things have been done & suffered since 23<sup>rd</sup> May among which may be recounted the momentary flash of joy which the tidings of Banks rout sent through these

grounds. The Federals were considerably exercised it appears & Govr. Banks cried lustily for help for the Capital. Gov. Tod was "astounded" & the [illegible] brag of yesterday was changed is hardly recognised in apprehensive appeals of today. We have had news from Tennessee in the defection of Ex. Gov Neill J' Brown once minister to Rupin & lately a sturdy Secessionist who arrested by Gov. Andy Johnson immediately grovelled into begging for mercy & waking with repentance. Abandoned his comrades renounced his principles. Let him go! Cowards cant achieve this work. Then we sunk lower at the intelligence of the evacuation of Corinth "this was to us the unkindest cut of all." I was deeply dejected--more than I had ever been. Almost I despaired of my country. Immediately followed news that Pope has captured 10,000 prisoners without a fight & 15,000 stand of arms. This we believed not, but the evacuation spared me a state of physical break up alarming in the last degree. Then came the news of a fierce engagement on the Chickahominy. As usual it was reported a great victory for the Union but we believed it, as it has since turned out, a disaster for them rather. It now seems they lost 7000 in killed & wounded. At first they said their loss was two hundred! And ours in dead alone Twelve Hundred. Poor prisoners must exercise their own judgment on these boastful telegraphic tidings of Union triumphs & Rebel ruin. Many think Beauregard has carried a part of his army to Richmond. I cant imagine what he will do if anything. How I

wish I was in my own country once more & not darkened by this awful suspense & ignorance. We have news that a general exchange has been agreed upon. It is tolerably authentic. We shall see. And now lastly comes the long delayed but inevitable disaster of the evacuation of Ft. Pillow, the destruction of the gun boats & the surrender of Memphis.

Wednesday, June 11. 1862

It has been hot today after a great deal of cool weather. It must be hot in Dixie. I wish I was there awhile. I wonder how my apple trees are. I am afraid to think of home. My head swims round and round when rumors come here that an exchange is possible. I dont believe myself they are going to let us out. The news to day is that there is another burst up between Auger & Wool. Formerly it was the privateers & now it is New Buckner. I am afraid they never will get that close together again. We must have five thousand prisoners taken at Williamsburg, Winchester & Fair Oaks. I heard today the death of Tennant Lomax!<sup>104</sup> Noble man! My early friend! My God! It seems to my all will be killed or die. To day comes the report of a fierce battle between Fremont & Jackson this side of Harrisonburg Va. As usual the Yankees claim the victory which is no proof they got it. For I am sure they were whipped at Fair Oaks. Lieut.

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<sup>104</sup> Eufaula attorney and editor of a Eufaula newspaper. Prior to the war, his law office was on the same street as Baker's (Flewellen 57, 60).

Sikes was exchanged from here the day before yesterday. I sent a letter by him to poor, dear Lu.

Thursday, June 12. 1862.

Moon eclipsed last night. Further reports from the fight with Fremont it was fought as usual on Sunday 8<sup>th</sup>. We are satisfied it was a victory.

Friday, June 13. 1862.

News of a battle between Jackson & Shields at Port Republic on the Shenandoah. We certainly whipped them & took two guns. They say it was the advance guard of Shields. We commenced cutting wood for our culinary labors tomorrow & next day. About dusk Col R.C. Wood jr, Col Quarles, Col Avery & myself sat down to our usual game of seven up. After playing awhile we heard the report of a musket & the sentinel called officer of the day No 13! We knew some one had been shot. Presently Major Knox came in excitedly said he wanted to see me privately, asked me if He said Meadows had been shot. I knew Meadows well. He was a Captain in my Regt (1<sup>st</sup> Ala) at Pensacola. An amiable quiet man who I well knew would generally be in the right & whom it would be hard to find in the wrong. It was so in this case. He was returning from the sink & had paused a moment in the path way to arrange his dress as every one does, the smell inside being such as to make it preferable that the time spent there be as brief as possible. The sentinel who as all the witnesses say, spoke in a low quiet tone that gave no warning of his dastardly purpose.



Said "Leave" "You must not stop there." It may be he said "leave" twice Captain Meadows not knowing in the 1st instance that he was addressing him. He immediately moved on & after he had made a step or two & without another word of warning & while his back was turned to him as the wound incontestably shows, the Sentinel shot him down. He fell in the pathway. His comrades started to his aid; but the sentinel warned them to stand and the sufferer lay bleeding upon the ground until the arrival of the Officer of the day--He was then lifted up by friends & carried to his room where upon examination he would found to have been shot in both thighs, his right knee being shattered. Treasure it up, treasure it up & make another cross upon the butt of your musket!

Saturday June 14. 1862

Cook day! Avery and Brown boiling up water by day light--Adjutant Dawson, with an expression of solemn responsibility, presiding at the stove--Clark and this officer yielding a nimble obedience to his grave suggestions. Then the wild and desperate scream in which we challenged a hungry host to meet us--in the dining room. The rush of Rankin, for a man and some forty others--the pouring of coffee--the distribution of beef steak---the obsequious ministration behind chairs of Colonels, Majors and Ex. M. Cs. inquiring of the guests in tones that might have shamed a Chesterfield if there was any thing more they would be helped to. This was the manner in which these things went off with us on

Cook day. I was required to make soup, parch coffee and enjoin upon the waiters the propriety of graceful deportment and assiduous attention; which duties I must say I faithfully discharged, standing as I did, in much dread of our solemn Director and able culinary Chief, "General" Dawson; as we called him. Today our dinner was superb. We had vast quantities of eschalots, radishes and lettuce; with a noble, aristocratic, old ham and, to crown the whole, a crimson mountain of strawberries. We had good company too: Col. Joel A. Battles, Col. Robert C. Wood, jr., and Col. Wm A. Quarles. Col Battle is a grand old hero--I love and venerate him. God bless his great, faithful, fearless heart! Except one, he is the oldest of the prisoners here; having been born, in Tennessee, on 19<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1811. More than fifty years of active life have done their accustomed work upon his white locks and ample beard; but his heart is as warm and his spirit as elastic as a boy's. He has done battle for us too, like a Paladin, "in the fore front of the thickest fight." He commanded at Barboursville, the opening engagement in Kentucky. He was with the never-daunted Zollikoffer in the disastrous conflict of Mill Springs. At the head of his regiment (the 20<sup>th</sup> Tenn.) he fought with signal gallantry at Shiloh where two noble sons fell fighting by his side. After the loss of three horses by the fall of one of which he had been disabled, he was captured and brought here. On his way I am told some preachers intruded himself upon his sorrow and inflicted a homily upon him concluding with a sort of prayer for

the preservation of the glorious union to which the old man made no reply except to lift up his hands and humbly ask God to bless his country, his "native, beloved South." And when, in parting from him, the preacher undertook to say something about sympathy in his bereavement, the proud old patriot answered, "I don't want your sympathy, sir, I have lost my two sons in battle, but if I had a thousand I could see them all die as they have done to liberate their country." I saw him walking in the prison yard today with a pretty, slender, little lady in deep mourning. She was the widow of his son Joel who died for us at Shiloh.

Col. Robert C Wood, jr. was Gen Bragg's adjutant Genl at Pensacola, where I knew him well. He is a grand son of Gen Z. Taylor. An accomplished soldier of West Point, who has seen service among the wild Indians of the west & is full of recollections of adventure out there. He was captured with some of Morgan's men at Lebanon Ky. He too was in the battle of Shiloh.

Col. Quarles commanded the 42<sup>nd</sup> Regt Tenn. Vols. & fought gallantly at Donelson, where he was surrendered with many others. He is a man of fine intellect and most amiable character, who has contributed much to mitigate the bitterness of this prison life.

These gentleman pronounced their hearty commendation not only of our talk but of the general deportment of the waiters which made us all feel

as though we were embarked on the full tide of successful experiment as enterprising tavern keepers.

I was put upon a committee to day, appointed by the prisoners to address Major Pierson upon the subject of the shooting of Captain Meadows, and made a report which was adopted & sent to him by the secretary of the meeting--The committee consisted of Cols Battle; of Miss, Scinonton; of Arkansas, Smith; of Alabama myself. Capt. J.W. Gordon & Capt. A.J. Witherspoon, each of them Chaplains were also added. Mr. Witherspoon is a Brother of Mrs D. Wardlaw of Abbeville S. C. & I am very glad to see him here--He reminds me of his excellent, lovely and amiable sister.

Sunday June 15<sup>th</sup> 1862

Our labors in the kitchen were sucessfully concluded to day. Major Pierson came in today & had a long talk with us. He is much exercised about the shooting of Captain Meadows but wants to act so as to satisfy both parties. He has made no reply to the communication & I suppose will not make any--expresses "due regrets"--thinks the sentinel was "nervous & hasty"! but cant get himself up to the point of doing what in his heart I expect he thinks he ought to do, punishing the coward who committed the dastardly deed. He is one of the soft-hearted men but with none of that nerve that makes the hero.<sup>105</sup> He is "torn by conflicting

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<sup>105</sup> Pierson was not in the military (Hesseltine 40).

emotions" & I can plainly see & would like very much if it could just be let drop.

Monday, June 16.1862.

The Sandusky paper refers to the shooting & said "it was done to punish a prisoner guilty of infraction of the only & disobedience to orders." I wrote a reply, Maj Knox ranking officer of that Reg signed it & I gave it to Major Pierson. He is still exercised. Had much rather let it all drop. He took it & said he would fix up a statement on which we could agree.

Tuesday June 17. 1862.

Maj. P. came again about the letter. I told him to let the truth stand. If it hurt the sentinel I thought it was surely a light punishment that a soldier who has unjustifiably shot down an unarmed, sick prisoner [illegible] should get off with the condemnation of public opinion. He went off again with the document. However except the daily confirmation of our opinion that the late engagements of Stonewall Jackson were victorious 3000 of his prisoners had already been sent on to Salisbury N. C. I think we raked down about 5000 in all. I got a letter from Gen. Mackall today I had expressed my undiminished confidence & respect for him. He said nothing since his imprisonment had given him more sincere pleasure "Be pleased to remember me to all. Thank Col. Avery for me. I may yet have an opportunity of deserving the good opinion they have so kindly given in advance of any other service than that of consigning them to prison."

Poor old fellow, I believe he is a good soldier and did the best he could for us. If we had tried to leave the post sooner we might doubtless have gone safely & certainly we staid too long but if we had left immediately on the passage of the first gun boat not knowing what the transports had got through we would have deserved hard names I am afraid. Want of accurate information is what ruined us.

Wednesday, June 18. 1862.

The anniversary of the battle of Waterloo! I pray God the enemies of my native South may meet theirs' this day at Richmond! Our hopes of exchange slightly improved by the tenor of a conversation with Major Rawls came in again to talk about that letter to the Sandusky Register. At least it has gone--but he would permit no reference to himself & we had to submit to table [bottom line illegible]

but even that God knows made it bad enough for him. The Major said he would send it over to the paper. Gen Stewart has been harassing them with a little "raid" on the Pamunkey. He came very near taking the Rail Road & he actually ran off a ship by a change of cavalry. They say Stonewall has got to Richmond. I wonder! I was unaccountably drowsy this evening & went to sleep in my clothes & was kindly waked by Col. Clark when I devested myself of my wearing and fell soundly asleep til morning.

Thursday June 19.1862

Telegraph line down all over the country & no news. The Sandusky paper refers again to the shooting but not to the article. There is various news by the grapevine telegraph such for instance as that our forces have captured eight regiments on this side of the Chickahominy but I dislike to hear such rumors for some how it has happened heretofore that just on the morrow of such intelligence we have received tidings of real disasters. I ll go on with my recollections of New Madrid.

[Next entry is Wednesday, March 5. 1862]

Thursday, June 19.1862. [Second entry on this date]

The tiresome routine of our prison life drags itself along. Few incidents vary its monotony. We are confined in a timothy<sup>106</sup> meadow on the Eastern slope of this pretty Island, separated by three miles of water from Sandusky City whose roofs & spires in the hazy distance is an attractive feature in the prospect to the right. Before us is another Island about two miles distant on whose northern point is a light house while on the left the broad expanse of Lake Erie stretches away till its blue limit meets the sky. Signal contrast to our confinement its wild waters, dancing in exultant liberty and its deep voice sounding forever the name of Freedom! Nevertheless even we have about fourteen acres of Liberty in our Bullpen. Enclosed by a fifteen foot planking of white pine garnished with 18

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<sup>106</sup> A grass regularly grown for hay (Webster's 926).

sentinels whom we see from the waist upwards forever marching their rounds upon the plank walk on the outside armed with bayonettes muskets & navy revolvers. Our bull pen is a trapezoid. Running parallelly to each other, the north fence is  $186 \frac{2}{3}$ rd yards & the South 259 yards long. The West fence 308 & the East 316 yards long. Within this enclosure are thirteen two story tenements, a hundred & thirty by 28 feet-six on each side & one at north end of a street 50 yards wide. All these houses like the fence are built entirely of white pine, and, being new, are free from bugs, or rats or spiders. Each house is called a block & each block divided into messes. Ours is "mess no. 7. Block no.2." A room 15 x 14 in the northeastern corner of the lower story. Herein behold five white pine bedsteads, mine, economical of room, mounted upon Clarks; & Dawson's, for the same wise reason, dominating Brown's; the only objection to this arrangement that the occupants of the lower story glared from under there with the somewhat painful expression of the big beasts in a menagerie. Col. Avery's bed however rested in solitary grandeur on the right of the entrance to the chamber, suffering in the felicitous location from the solitary disadvantage that heavy set visitors persisted in mistaking it for a settee, the consequence of which error was a frequent smash up of the entire concern, whose separation was immediately attended to by its ruined but indefatigable proprietor accompanied however I regret to say with an occasional indulgence of



profanity. A quadrupedal stove marked, "5 ERA PATENTED 1860 FULLER, WARREN & CO Troy, N.Y." graced the south west corner of the chamber. 5 chairs, 3 trunks, two tables, one not of white pine, 1 valise, a tub, a bucket, a wash pan and a cup of tin, together with a little looking glass made up our furniture. Usually we slept as nuns with quiet consciences, asleep not emerging nor descending from our lairs till stirred by urgent symptoms of approaching breakfast. The ice man and old "Nine Quaw" rolled in their vehicles about this hour. The latter a silent, sunburnt, little Dutch man, so called from the unfinished style of elocution in which he was wont to designate the indispensable vessel of his vocation. Around these early carts the Rebels swarmed, clamorously demanding the observance of a just rotation for their respective buckets, jugs or bottles, whose necks they impatiently rattled against Old Nine Quaw's busy funnel. While thus engaged the storm of "Breakfast!" often burst upon us with every conceivable combination of outcry & clatter. It was an invariable and unalterable Breakfast. The laws of the Medes & Persians not more so. Strong coffee, strong beef steak, and strong bakers bread the latter strong certainly if toughness be one of the characteristics of strength the chief point of interest in the conduct of the eating being a certain serious and resolute mandication evidently indispensable to any thing like an accomplishment of the undertaking before them.

Next comes roll call, to which the entire bull pen was summoned by a drummer boy, who passed down the street rattling furiously upon his kettle. We are called by messes and formerly this ceremony was performed by the commissioned officers of our guard, one to each Block. Indeed I remember that on one occasion, Major Pierson, himself, attired in awful splendor, condescended to perform. But, since the shooting of Captain Meadows, the evening edition of this exercise has been discontinued. We see no more of the commissioned officers and the clever Captain who officiated for this Block has degenerated into an ignoramus and vulgar Corporal who addresses us as "men" and has never yet accomplished the spelling of our names.

Next in course is the arrival of our rations hauled in in two horse wagons. These are abundant and of good quality. Coffee, sugar, beans, rice, Beef, salt pork & baker's bread.

Then come the papers for which there is a more furious rush than for every thing beside. The instantaneous onset from every block testifies with how intense anxiety the progress of the terrible conflict is observed. The "Sandusky Register" for the latest news, The Cincinnatti Enquirer for the most reliable, the New York Herald for the greatest variety. These were the journals which we seized up. Ah how daily with a palpitating heart have we devour with swift glances the telegraphe column of the Register to see if any new disaster had befallen us! With what tears of joy have we

welcomed the smallest triumph of our cause! One read aloud & the others giving ear. This done the Herald & Enquirer were digested & then I go out to hear the comments of others on the news.

Then sets in the traffic of the Sutler<sup>107</sup> & till late in the afternoon his booth is encircled by his customers. Dinner--a game of cards perhaps of town ball<sup>108</sup>--a promenade with a hundred others on the Eastern slope of the meadow. Ball in the street & the gleeful shouts & whoops of the contestants. The clang of supper while the sun has yet an hour to shine. The deepening shades of evening, the lighting of the lamp, the challenge of the sentinels to their Reliefs. "Nine o'clock & alls well" from Post to Post fading as it recedes from us on the Eastern line & now reviving it comes up along the north & west until close at hand. We hear it loud & clear "No. 18. Nine o'clock & alls well." This every half hour. At ten the Taps. The sudden extinguishment of lights--increasing quiet--silence sleep. Thus the day is finished & this daily history of our prison life.

Friday June 20. 1862

No news of any interest.

Saturday June 21. 1862

Painful rumors of the evacuation of Richmond. The corporal reported it. It was seen from a balloon! Forty-eight additional prisoners arrived from

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<sup>107</sup> A merchant authorized by the government to sell provisions (Hesseltine, 142).

<sup>108</sup> Another name for baseball.

Goodman's Island among them Col. Avery of North Carolina captured at New Bern N.C. also Col Olmstead who commanded at Fort Pulaski & Capt McMahon of the Jasper Greens also Captain Stow N.C. taken at Hanover C.H.

Sunday June 22 1862

All the surgeons unconditionally released & went hence this evening. A happy band I'm sure. Drew Col. Wood this day.<sup>109</sup> Heard to day of gun boat fight on White River at St. Charles Arkansas. A shot from our Battery struck the steam drum of the Mound City & caused the death by steam of about 90! However the Fort was taken & Capt Fry its commander made a prisoner.

Monday June 23<sup>rd</sup> 1862

A son of Willis Jones from Madrid Bend came here & brought a bad account of the negroes there.

Tuesday, June 24. 1862.

Wednesday, June 25. 1862

Stonewall Jackson reported reinforced. Fremont retreated to Winchester. Shields rejected in the Senate.

Thursday June 26.1862

Heard of the fight on James Island near Charleston S.C. in which with an inferior force we were victorious. It is the report of the Charleston Mercury

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<sup>109</sup> Drawing not included in the journal.

& Reliable. We buried 140 Yankees & took 70 Prisoners our loss 40 killed & 100 wounded. Battle took place Monday the 16<sup>th</sup>. Col. Lamar commanded on our side.

Friday, June 27.1862

Rather important news from Europe.

Entertained apprehensions that we would evacuate Richmond.

Joseph Barbieri recd a letter of which this is a copy. "War Department Washington D.C. June 23.1862. Sir The Secretary of War directs me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 16<sup>th</sup> inst<sup>110</sup> asking to be exchanged, and in reply to inform you that though the agreement for a general exchange of Prisoners of War was broken by the Rebels yet the Department is again using every effort to accomplish the same end. There are strong probabilities of early success and the consequent release of all prisoners of war. Meanwhile it is understood that the rebel authorities will not consent to any special exchange and no action can there-now be had in your case. Very respectfully Yr. obt. sert. Walcott, Asst. Secty. of War." This evening a small number of prisoners arrived. They were a part of Montgomerys gun boat fleet. I conversed with one of the Captains, endeavoring to obtain some idea of the spirit of the South at

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<sup>110</sup> Of this month.

the latest dates. He thought the evacuation of Corinth a masterly movement. Spoke of Gen Villipique in terms of cordial admiration, condemned Hollins & thought we would fight at Vicksburg. He said the loss of New Orleans & the steam ram Mississippi was the work of Treason. Says the [illegible] was in correspondence with Farragut & notified him when it would be finished & declared that she could easily have been towed off and as all the [illegible] was atoned of her could have been completed up the river. He says the guns which did the work at St. Charles, Ark., were those of the Maurepas which her commander, Capt. Foy, had taken off, sinking his vessel in the channel. Villipique he declared now gone to Vicksburg. Another vessel has run the Charleston blockade. J Edward of Sav. aboard.

Saturday, June 28<sup>th</sup> 1862.

Col Clark rushed in this morning his eyes upon the Register shouting "hurrah for South Carolina!" "Bragg has taken Memphis!" But it turned out that tho this did appear in glaring capitals in the telegraphic summary the fact was that was reported to [illegible] Vicksburg with 30.000 troops. Confirmatory accounts of our victory at Charleston reached us in the Yankee papers. They admit the Mercury gave a correct account of that engagement. Now rarely could we return this compliment to their veracity! It certainly was a gallant fight in which we killed and wounded as many of the enemy as we had men engaged; but why fight with such

feeble force? Do we lack the men? Genl. Benham has been arrested, Genl. Fremont relieved of command and Genl. Shields has resigned. The former commanded the Federals at Charleston. Read the tremendous denunciation of Butler by the London "Morning Post." The Yankee papers, even the fair minded Cincinnati Enquirer seems "surprised at the importance which they attach to it." But he has certainly immortalized himself--in infamy. After supper went to see Capt Stow where we had some excellent singing, Lieut. Umbach, German from Savannah doing the best part of it. Col Olmstead is a good flutist. Some other young gentleman played the guitar. Capt Sims, formerly of the Sav. Republic sang a funny song & Capt. McMahon made a finale with "Gramachree ma cooleen bawn."

Sunday, June 29. 1862.

Gen. Dawson, Col. Clark & myself had determined on yesterday to appear this morning arrayed in oriental magnificence; but to our disappointment we found it raining when we awoke & matanchethonie mortar every where out doors so we defered the spectacle. The arrival of an inverted pyramidal vessel of black glass did some mischeif today and appearances were very much against some of our inhabitants. The gun boat Michigan made her appearance off in the Bay today. She was come to look after us.

Monday, June 30. 1862.

This was a day to be remembered. I shall not soon forget the scene presented here this evening. I had heard some cheers outside. So I went to the lookout on Quenby's sloop to reconnoitre. Someone saw a corporal slap another on the shoulder & say "Richmond is ours!" The dire intelligence flew from mouth to mouth inside & the black shade of dejection darkened every face. I was broken hearted & crawled into my bunk. Groans of agony were heard on every side & utterances of despair. Then in came the Sutler with a bundle of Extras. A group near which I was standing was eagerly reading one. [Illegible] I heard one say "Hurrah for that!" Their heads were jammed together over the Extra. Then some one shouted Richmond is not taken, we've whipped them we've whipped them Glory to God Whooooah & then from mouth uprose a roar of joy that shook the very walls. Men hugged each other leapt in to the air flung up their caps & others with faces red as blood & neck veins swollen & wrinkled brows & clenched fists above their heads screamed shout after shout Glory & Huzza. There was no understanding the news but it was certain that it was no victory for our enemies. We had fine singing at the N.C. Quarters.

Tuesday, July 1. 1862.

Mr. Witherspoon preached a sermon of thanksgiving. We looked eagerly for additional tidings from Richmond & each one asked the other what he



thought of the news. It was generally concluded that we had been victorious. The fact of Gen Stoneham's going to Yorktown & Fortress Monroe confirmed it. Gen Dawson meditated resignation but he held a meeting & protested against it.

Wednesday July 2. 1862

Our cook day.

Thursday July 3. 1862

Lincoln calls for 300.000 additional troops! It looks like they were beginning the thing over. When we were captured the N.Y. Herald said the rebellion would be put down in two weeks. Many have supposed that when England heard of the Richmond battles & this new call she would intervene, but I had no such hope.

Friday July 4. 1862

The papers announce the retreat of McClellan to the James River. The death of Stonewall Jackson & Barnwell is positively stated. I believed it true. At 12 m the little howitzers here fire a salute but there was but a gloomy celebration. Richmond was not theirs and they had boasted & a defeat was weighing down their arrogant spirits.

Saturday July 5 1862

No papers. Panic in Wall Street gold 110 Exchange 121 1/2.

Sunday July 6. 1862

Monday July 7. 1862

Tuesday July 8, 1862.

Wednesday July 9. 1862

Thursday July 10. 1862

The report of the skirmish on Friday last & of the capture by the enemy of 1000 prisoners & three batteries proved to be false.

Respectfully,  
L. J. ...  
L. J. ...



Friday July 11.1862

Saturday July 12. 1862

Sunday July 13. 1862

Monday July 14. 1862

Tuesday July 15 1862

Wednesday July 16. 1862

Thursday July 17. 1862

Friday July 18. 1862

Saturday July 19. 1862

Sunday July 20 1862

Monday July 21. 1862

Tuesday July 22 1862

Wednesday July 23. 1862

Thursday July 24. 1862

Friday July 25 1862

Saturday July 26 1862

Sunday July 27. 1862

Monday July 28. 1862

Tuesday July 29. 1862

Wednesday July 30 1862

I gave Capt. Scovill a check in my favor for \$25. To be handed by him to Maj Pierson & passed to my credit. Heard that 250 prisoners were to be

sent to day from old Capitol Prison for exchange & the U.S.Q.M. was preparing transportation for 4,000 from Ft. Delaware--

Thursday July 31. 1862

An article in the Richmond Enquirer 24 [illegible] cast a damper upon the hopes of exchange.

Friday, August 1. 1862

This a happy day for the prisoners. The Sandusky Register announced the departure from Ft. Warren of Gens Backen, Mackall & Tighlman & 200 other prisoners. There was also a rumor that is a miracle of fortune if true. The arrival at Mobile of ten war clad gunboats of from 10 to 30 guns each. It cannot be true. It is too grand, too wonderful--Oh my country could it but be true! It would be worth 150,000 men to us. Got a letter from Ma of May 19.1862.

Saturday. Aug. 2. 1862

Sumner County, Tenn. with a voting population of 2800 sent 26 companies to the field. Had three Generals Saml R. Anderson, Danl S. Donelson & Robt. Hatton (born there). Three Colonels Bates, Head & Gordall.

Henry County with about the same population sent 21 companies--and at the time the war broke out near all the state officers including the Govr., Secty. of State, Comptroller & RailRoad Commisisoner were from this county, besides Atkins, N.C At the time of their election the Govr & Secty of State were residents of Memphis. This was a gloomy day for us in

consequence of a paragraph in the N.Y. Herald that there was a hitch in exchanges & Gen Thomas had gone to Fortress Monroe to adjust it & the further nonconfirmation of the gunboat miracle at Mobile.

Sunday, Aug.st 3. 1862

I went with Col Avery to the N. C. quarters & attend the Episcopal service where a young Captain read a printed sermon on the certainty of death. I had been pretty well satisfied on this matter before, but the sermon left no room to doubt. I was shocked at a paragraph in the N.O. Delta reporting the imprisonment of a poor woman--in jail for having a rifle in her house & the consequent destitution of her three tender little children, the eldest of which was only nine. The chaplains were released today & all determined to go except Mr. Witherspoon who had conscientious scruples about travelling on Sunday. At Col. Clark's request he preached & we attended. After that I dressed up like a Parson & had a notion of going out in place of Mr. W. but declined. The rest departed about dusk.

Monday, Aug.st 4.1862.

Heard late in the afternoon that the Fort Delaware prisoners had gone on the Merrimac & Atlantic to Fortress Monroe "& that encouraged me a little." Mr. Witherspoon went this morning. They wouldn't let him carry a letter but I sent a pair of gloves to my darlin!

Tuesday. Aug.st. 5<sup>th</sup> 1862.

A very blue day for the incarcerated. A rumor that exchanges had stopped in consequence of the failure of our folks to bring down Corcoran. A draft for 300,000 nine months men ordered in addition to the 300 000 previously called for. It is the purpose of these people to overwhelm us by mere weight. Mr. Emor K. Haight of the firm of C.W. & J. T. Moore & Co of N.Y. sent me \$25. He says I am now poor & working by the month.

Wednesday, Aug.st 6. 1862

Ugly rumors of the evacuation of Richmond on account of pestilence. I got a letter from my dear Brother Paul DeLacy, surgeon of 2<sup>nd</sup> Ala. Hospital at Richmond. No bad news in it. He hopes for my exchange in two or three weeks, has letter being dated July 22 last. He says "The reports about the crops are in the highest degree favorable & they say corn will be 25 cts a bushel. Millions of it will be made."

Friday. Aug.st 8. 1862

I enclosed to Maj Pierson to be passed to my credit a check for \$25. Drawn by R.S. Corell on American Exchange Bank no 5157. & gave C. C Moore order on Pierson for \$11.70 Lt. Christian had previously drawn in my name for \$13.30 this \$25 check was sent to Moore & Christian by Gen. Mackall through me & payable to my order I had endorsed it & handed it



to Christian & now he hands it back to me & I get Pierson to give me credit for it having given them my check for the amt.

[At the top of this page seven holes are slit in the paper and a piece of bark inserted]

This is a white pine shaving saturated with the blood of Lieut Gibson of Arkansas who was murdered this night Saturday August 9 1862 by the federal guard.

[The following is written on one half of a piece of paper torn from another page and glued facing the opposite page]

dull one. We had fish & milk for breakfast. After that I heard the Rev. rd Mr. Wilson, a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher; a very vigorous sermon. There was bone & muscle enough in it to have made three or four discourses such as we often hear from more finished & less brainy performers. We heard they were fighting at Cor-

[The following looks as if it is ½ sheet of paper torn from another page and glued on here; the following is on the back of the page]

this or that loss is truthfully stated smashes [illegible] them to tell the truth. Will Johnson do anything against McClellan? Will it be a continual fall back? I think Johnson will make a fight before the enemy reaches Richmond. Will not Banks & McDowell effect a junction with McClellan before long

[the last line is glued down]

Saturday, August 10.1862

Early this morning there were rumors that the little steamers brought over orders for our release this week. Some sergeants roll callers said orders had come of some sort & intimated that propositions would be made to "Take the oath."<sup>111</sup> The hopes of release were pretty strong. We all dressed up in our best clothes & went to Block 5 to hear Episcopal service. Many fine looking fellows were there. During the exercises I saw a crowd on the west side of the street at the hospital & heard a groaning & jeering. Col Minter came in & whispered to me that a placard had been stuck up there inviting those that wants to take the oath to do so & allowing the balance to return to the army. There was much commotion outside & in [illegible] convictions for disturbing public worship might have been easily had. I must confess my attention was distracted. After a time we concluded & upon coming forth I saw the placards had been instantly torn down by the indignant Rebels. I focused one on the Sutlers stand which still stood in consequence of a threat by the sentinels to shoot anyone who disturbed it. It was printed in large words & figures as follows to wit "Prisoners professing the oath of allegiance to returning to service in the Southern Army, will immediately notify Maj. Pierson." This confirmed the general opinion that we would soon be released. Every poor fellow's

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<sup>111</sup> Oaths of Allegiance were offered to Confederate prisoners; they swore to uphold the United States constitution, swore they would not return to the Confederate service and were released. These soldiers were considered traitors to the Confederacy (Weitz 5).

heart was dilated with hope; but in the evening a rumor came that our government had issued an order refusing to treat Gen Pope & his commissioned officers as Prisoners of War. It was said to be in the "Cleveland Herald" & the news produced consternation. At last the paper was found & read to dejected & disappointed groups. I gave up. We made a bad bargain in agreeing to release all future prisoners upon parole, but having agreed ought we not to have done it? Are not our lives and liberty as much an object of the care of our government as those of the farmers of Virginia? The result will be disastrous upon the minds of the officers here. It was a bad policy I am sure & will so turn out. Did not the Federal generals at Memphis do as cruel things—drive out helpless women & children because their husbands & fathers were in the army! No retaliation for that & now when but carrying out this cartel 1300 faithful officers could have soon come to give their army & counsel to their country it is all frustrated for the farmers of Virginia who have not even taken up arms. Truly Hell was the proper place for Tantalus.<sup>112</sup> We went to bed heart sick with hope deferred. We did not sing as usual.

Monday, Aug. 11. 1862.

Old Redbone waked us up this morning with the news that we were going to be released & go off today! He said it was so. The clerk had

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<sup>112</sup> In Greek mythology, Tantalus angered the gods and was cursed with relentless hunger and thirst. Forevermore, food and drink appeared within his grasp until he reached toward them and they disappeared (Encarta).

informed him. Oh! How our hearts palpitated with joy & hope. The Sergents too confirmed the news & the Pen never was so full of happiness since I have been here. People who had put out their washing took it in & every one prepared for departure. I must confess I thought that the hour of deliverance at last had come. The Sandusky Register brought us bad news. A dispatch that "the Arkansas" had been blown up! My God are we to have no luck! Every thing we have of value is to be burnt up, blown up. Is the fate of the Merrimac to be that of every thing we own? A great dejection seized upon every one. The news brought in by Old Redbone turned out to be false. The sutlers only made use of it to sell a great number of carpet sacks & valises. After dinner, while we were sitting brooding over our tantalization, the "small gate" opened & the sutler came in with his hands full of extras. A great battle had been fought near Culpepper C.H. Va. Indecise say they, but evidently a victory for us. Ewell & Banks. This furnished us with some diversion for the gloomy prospect of perpetual imprisonment & was the subject of speculation this night.

Tuesday, Aug 12. 1862.

This evening in the Cleveland Herald came rumors of the capture of Baton Rouge by Breckinridge & of the safety of "the Arkansas." I discredited the latter & doubted the former. Also news of the capture of Cumberland Gap & 7000 prisoners. This I was disposed to believe.

Wednesday Aug. 13. 1862

Still reports of the Cumberland Gap victory but some how it is not fully credited.

Tuesday, Aug. 14. 1862.

Friday, Aug. 15<sup>th</sup> 1862.

The N.Y. Herald's correspondence says: Adj. Gen. Thomas was to go up to City Point on the 11<sup>th</sup> inst to arrange for the exchange of the officers confined in the East & thence he would go to Corinth, Miss to do in like manner for those confined in the west, & that the exchange would be completely effected by the 1<sup>st</sup> prox! This helped us a little. I went to Alabama & told it. Col Quarles accompanied me.

Saturday, Aug. 16. 1862.

This was the darkest day I have yet spent in captivity. Upon reviewing the whole ground I see every cause for grave apprehension & almost for dismay. The U.S. has raised its 300 000 & will draft 300.000 more. Burnside has dashed in & cut the Virginia central R.R., interrupting Jackson's communication with Richmond, except by way of Lynchburg. The Arkansas is destroyed, the news of the capture of Cumberland Gap with 5000 prisoners is all a detestable canard & the hope of a stance from across the ocean is exploded. The contest between us & our enemy is fearfully [illegible], much more so in my opinion than that between the Colonies & England & a miraculous fortitude is all we have to hope in. If I

could believe that we had taken Cumberland Gap & had that strong hold I would hope that Bragg & Buell would soon engage with a result to which we could look with high hope. Our movements, it seems to me, must be rapid & effectual or the vast force soon to be accumulated against us will be overwhelming. Miracles can not be expected. Still I am in favor of fighting to the last. As Gov. Brown of Geo concludes in his message, "Rather than submit to this let every man in the confederacy die nobly at the point of the bayonet, and let our wives and our children & all we possess perish together in one common funeral pile & let the winds that wash over us tell to other men in other times that we lived Freemen & we died Freemen!" We cannot submit. Extermination is preferable to submission. The chances of our release diminish. The papers of this morning report the arrival at Richmond of Gen. Prince & some 35 other officers & their close confinement in conformity with Gen. Cooker's order. This of course will stop an equal number & perhaps all. The Memphis correspondent of the Chicago Times reports under date of 13<sup>th</sup> inst. the capture of 7000 prisoners at Cumberland Gap. But I am satisfied it is false for the Mobile papers have dispatches from Knoxville Aug. 9<sup>th</sup> saying nothing of it. The Cincinnati Commercial says the Camp Rearton prisoners will leave that prison tomorrow 17<sup>th</sup>. I saw Maj. Pierson. Mr. Hedden's wife came to see him but he was not allowed to have an interview with her! She sat in Maj Piersons quarters & waved her

hankerchief to the poor [illegible] fellow who sat at the window looking at her. This is what they call humanity. The worst felon would not have been denied such a privilege. I was very much depressed at night & went to bed sad & desperate enough.

Tuesday, Aug 17.1862.

Winter has set in here. It was cool enough for fire this morning. Every body is down hearted. Some went to hear Mr. Rush preach but I strolled along in the path looking for four leafed clover & talking to Captain E.H.

McDonald. The Cleveland Herald contains a modification of Gen Pope's order or rather a Statement complaining of its abuse & explanatory of its real meaning & threatening punishment against any soldier trespassing upon private property. Perhaps this may be accepted as satisfactory.

Late in the evening the Cincinnati Commercial sank us out of sight by stating that the exchange had been broken up & that the order for the removal of the Camp Morton prisoners had been countermanded. We went to bed without singing. I suffered unusually in mind yesterday & today.

Monday, Aug.18.1862.

The Sandusky Herald contained the intelligence of the release of Corcoran, Wilcox, Vogdes & others & said exchanges were going on on the 16th but confined to Officers alone. News from New Orleans up to 6<sup>th</sup> inst. make no report of the destruction of the Arkansas, & some little hope

is entertained that she may yet be afloat. I have scarcely a ray--& I am doubtful of the capture of Baton Rouge at all. The officers outside seem to think the exchange will go on. But how is the Pope difficulty to be settled? I wrote to DeLacy & to Mr. Brent. In the evening news came of fighting on the Rapidan--also that the Arkansas was blown up indeed & that Breckinridge's arm was taken off by a shot at Baton Rouge.

Tuesday, August 19. 1862.

Old Redbone came in with another grapevine that one hundred were to leave today. He has fooled us once before & I am very sceptical. An extra full of bad news came in that Gen. Prince was imprisoned over a dead horse in Richmond, that all Pope's captured officers with treated shamefully & tyrannically. This made us despair of getting away. Such brutality if true does no good to either party. Also confirmed destruction of "the Arkansas" says Breckinridge lost his arm & was whipped, Gen Ruggles killed, Gen Clark taken prisoner & that Hindman was whipped in Ark. & lost 700 prisoners! This was enough for one time winding up with a very hostile speech by Ark Bb Hughes.

Wednesday, August 20. 1862

Thursday Aug 21. 1862.

Towards night the Officer of the day came to our door & said he had good news for us! That the roll had come here this evening for eleven hundred of the Prisoners to leave. Of course joy thrilled the hearts of us all.



I was restless & incredulous & my excitement kept me awake until I heard the sentinel cry "Two o'clock and alls well!"

Friday. Augst 22 1862

When Col. Battle & his sunrise gathering party went out to the lake as usual this morning, a Captain outside confirmed what the Officer of the day had stated & in addition the sergeants reported the same so that we believed; but presently Major Pierson came in & upon being questioned declared it was all false! No orders had reached him & the matter stood just as it had three weeks ago! Here there was another agony of disappointment to be suffered & the dire torments of Tantalus to be endured in the Hell to which we are doomed. It has been so from the first. Still we see in the papers that one thousand had left Camp Morton & one thousand per day were to leave until all had gone. Major Pierson came in again in the evening & said he wanted all the prisoners to be mustered tomorrow in order to get the rolls exactly copied.

Saturday, Aug. 23. 1862.

In accordance with the understanding yesterday, the adjutant came in with his sergeants and commenced calling the rolls alphabetically. There was one name, Austin, of Texas; omitted from the As. At the 2<sup>nd</sup> tap of the drum the B's came into line and the whole roll, about 137 called. I kept looking out for mine but it went on & went on & finally closed without my name! I tell you it made me feel badly. It was however inserted in pencil.

Major Pierson & the adjutant assured me it was on the former rolls but was omitted by mistake to be copied into this Book. The Major afterwards came in here & had a long conversation with me. It has been months since he was here before. He thinks the exchange will go & we be soon released. I am in fear tho' & should be until I hear the Pope imbroglio is adjusted. The news today confirms the surrender to us of Fort Donelson informs us of the retreat of Pope pursued by Jackson. Ah! If we only can strike him before his junction with McClellan. We struck the former before McDowell got to him & if we can only repeat the blow! God grant it! If it can be it will be I feel sure. I wonder what Gen Bragg's doing & where he is?

Sunday, Aug. 24. 1862

I think this is going to be the week of weeks, the Great Week for weal or wo for the South. It is big with the mighty forces of life & death to our dear country. Great & Righteous God, stand between us & disaster! Lift up our hands & strengthen our arms to strike the blow for our liberty, to protect our homes & our mothers & wives & children! To make the invader know that is better for him to go out of our land to his own homes & let us alone in peace. Great Ruler of our Destiny I humbly pray for this!

I went to hear the preaching today & Captain Joiner of the 46<sup>th</sup> Tenn. offered a prayer that touched my heart. I wish I could hear from my poor darlin' & my boys. God protect & shelter them!

In the evening were rumors that a disaster had overtaken Pope. We sang the hymns to night & went to bed in better hope & heart than usual

Monday, Aug. 25. 1862.

Old Redbone says the news will be today that Pope had been chased by Jackson & some of his guns taken. But the Corporal says there is no news. I rather believe Old Redbone's statement. It is also rumored that six hundred additional prisoners are to arrive here today. These are not prisoners of war but political prisoners. I am confident that this week will decide our fate in more ways than one. The Sandusky Register came in & was sought with even more than usual eagerness but it gave no confirmation of Redbone's statement or at any rate the least possible. There had been some scuffling on the Rappahannock, but the evidence goes to show that a junction of at least a part of McClellan's force had been affected with Pope. Morgan had defeated Gen RW Johnson & captured 300 out of 800 of his men. Had a difficulty with a drunken fellow. There is, in this mess, a Ramsey Sniffle; a mischief maker, the meanest & nastiest character that a man can wear—a Tale teller who knows every thing about other people & betrays the ordinary confidence that guile men in their private rooms give to other gentlemen by rehashing every thing they say with the hope of making mischief. His eyes sparkle with delight when he hears of a difficulty & he details all its minutiae with unspeakable gusto. He fixed up this difficulty I am sure.

Tuesday, August 26.1862

This was a day of joy for the poor Prisoners! I had gone down to "Alabama" & was talking with the officers there when some one came & announced the arrival of Col. Hoffman.<sup>113</sup> Presently I saw him enter the gate & I immediately started to meet him, for I was anxious to know if my name was to be permitted to go upon the roll. He was standing between Maj. Pierson & Col Quarles. Maj P. introduced me & said "Your name", Col, "is all right." "Certainly" said Col H. "It was only an error your name of course goes upon the roll"--Then said Quarles "Col., I am happy to inform you that we are all to be released in a few days." "Yes Sir", said Col. H. My heart leaped with joy but said I, "Col H. how many weeks first" "Weeks!" said he with an expression of surprise, "Immediately, tomorrow or the next day." I turned away and quick as a telegraphic flash this news went thrilling through the Bullpen. My soul what joy & hope! Lt. Col. Avery, Majs Brown & Kavanaugh & Col Quarles were absolutely exchanged & were going at once! In the evening some four hundred prisoners came in who the Federals say are Bushwhackers<sup>114</sup> & Political Prisoners, not exchangeable. Among them is the Rev Dr. Hobson of Kentucky, an eminent preacher. I had my ducks & the chicken cock killed tonight.

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<sup>113</sup> Commissary General of Union prisoners (Hesseltine 286).

<sup>114</sup> During the war, this term referred to Confederate guerillas (Boatner 109).

Wednesday, Aug. 27. 1862.

Quarles left us early this morning before I was out of bed. Avery, Brown & Kavanaugh went about 11 o'clock. I sent a letter by A. to my sweet darlin'. We had a big dinner on my ducks & chicken & pleasant grusts. The news of the capture of 2000 of Packson's men on the Rappahannock reported yesterday is denied to day. Good! It is reported that we are to start on Friday & it is about the first time in my life that I would be willing to commence a long journey on that day. I am sure tho' I would have waived my superstitious scruples & characterized it as the termination instead of the commencement of a journey.

Thursday, Aug. 28. 1862.

Capt. Follet says we are not to go tomorrow as we hoped! Disappointment hope deferred! Never did the hours drag so heavily. I play chess & try to occupy my mind but it is home & my sweet darlin & my poor little boys I am thinking of until I am nearly mad. My heart is hot & dry like a rusty stove. May God give me patience! We took Popes papers at Collett's station got all his plans & maps & rolls copies of his telegraphical communications with the war office & the Generals of the N.Sct. & knew so much that old Abe could not tell us any more if he were a mind to. A note came from Brown & Avery they were at Sandusky & had taken spirits & water for us & themselves an unusual proceeding for Brown.

Friday, Aug. 29.1862

Fighting at Manassas! How is this? How do we get them? Has Jackson turned from Pope's sight? Heard a



[This page torn from another and glued here]

powerful article from "The World" on the "great disaster in Virginia" the capture of the papers at Colletts Station. It was destructive to Mr. Pope. Had a long talk with Maj. Pierson. He says we will go Monday and possibly Sunday. I believe we will go but ah me I am so full of anxiety I am thoroughly miserable & I find every body else just as much so. Got through the day some how with chess, Juniors letters & the tactics (Hardees)<sup>115</sup> & slept & dreamed about my sweet darlin.

Saturday, Aug. 30.1862

Cool this morning, no meat for breakfast & scarcely any coffee.

[This marks the end of the journal record. The succeeding pages follow the blank pages in the journal.]

Cheer, boys, Cheer!

Cheer boys cheer, were marching on to Battle

Cheer boys cheer for your sweet hearts & your wives

Cheer boys cheer We'll nobly do our duty

And give to the South our hearts our arms our lives

Bring forth the flag the Souths noble standard

Wave it on high till the wind shakes each fold out

---

<sup>115</sup> Prior to the war, Confederate General Hardee taught cavalry tactics at West Point (Boatner 374).



Proudly it waves nobly floating in the vanguard  
 Cheer boys cheer with a lusty loud bold shout  
 Though we may march with head lowly bending  
 Let us implore a blessing from on high  
 Our cause is just the right from wrong defending  
 The God of battle will listen to our cry  
 Though to our homes we never may return  
 Never press again our loved ones in our arms  
 O'er our lone graves their faithful hearts with passion  
 Then Cheer, boys Cheer, such death has no alarm.

We have sung for the star spangled banner  
 And cheered for the red white & blue  
 And held up in every manner  
 Abe Lincoln & his abolition crew  
 Now the Dutch & the Irish are ashouting  
 And spouting for the red white & blue  
 Soon they'll stop their shouting & their spouting  
 Here's Jeff & his live rebel crew.

Elected Col. Of 7 companies Decr.9<sup>th</sup>.1861 at Fort Pillow Lauderdale  
 County, Tennessee. Left Pensacola Decr.13<sup>th</sup>.1861. Reached Ft.P. Decr.

Started to Columbus, Ky. Decr 24. Genl. L. Polk gave us our order Decr. 27. 1861. Assumed command Decr. 30. Mustered the Regt. Dec. 31. Started with Regt. For New Madrid Wednesday night, Febr. 26<sup>th</sup>. Reached New Madrid Thursday morning about 10 A.M. Friday fixed our encampment. Saturday March 1<sup>st</sup> the first alarm our pickets rushed in, the enemy within four miles in pursuit. In evening moved Regt & commenced entrenching on River bank at New Madrid. Sunday March 2. Had the first skirmish this day. I made the rail fires. Monday, Lt. Col. Avery arrived from Memphis. The enemy appeared in force. I saw thick fire & the U.S. Flag from the pilot house of the steamboat. Tuesday March 4 Night alarm. Men to the entrenchments, our pickets killed one man who found next day early in morning dying. March 5<sup>th</sup> Wednesday, nothing important. March 6<sup>th</sup> Col Avery narrowly escaped capture by the enemy, being in command of the pickets Capt Helmes wounded. 8<sup>th</sup> May. Swor driven in. Men in entrenchments all day. 9<sup>th</sup> Nothing important. 10<sup>th</sup> Nothing important. 11<sup>th</sup> night Capt. West killed by our own pickets a good scout but this time intoxicated & in fault. 12<sup>th</sup> Enemy moved artillery all night Col. Avery comd'g. pickets. 13<sup>th</sup> Thursday about day light enemy opened cannonade. Continued all day a 6 pound solid shot struck a wagon wheel glanced to the ground & ricohetted on my tent. Dr. Bell killed this day. At night this night ordered to evacuate. Went off on steamer DeSoto. Teriffic storm. Friday morning 14<sup>th</sup> put off the steamer on

Kentucky shore in the mud. March 15 Saturday removed to the Bend near old Dan Watson's 3 Regts camped here Henderson's Travis & mine.

March 16 Sunday--March 17<sup>th</sup> Monday. Heavy & tremendous cannonade heard at Island 10 learned from pickets the enemy attacked Battery no. 1.

Lieut Clark killed. Tuesday 18<sup>th</sup> Firing heard at outer [illegible] from No.10.

Enemy planting batteries all along Mo shore below Madrid from out of which fired 24 pounder across river into Bob Watson's house. Wednesday 19<sup>th</sup> Ordered to move to Island 10. Col Avery very sick sent on Regt about mid night in command of Maj. Cansler Col Avery & I remaining till day light

rode up False alarm of enemy crossing the river marched out to oppose him on yesterday the 19<sup>th</sup>. Thursday 20<sup>th</sup> made our head quarters on the

river at Mrs. Bob Isler's plantation. Our 128 pounder called the Belmont burst to day. Friday 21<sup>st</sup> Continual shelling at regular intervals. Saturday

22<sup>nd</sup> Col. Avery went to Mrs Meriwethers we were ordered to go on the Island on Friday but in consequence of the exhaustion of the men got the order postponed till Saturday today when we went over in a steamer &

[illegible]. 23<sup>rd</sup> Sunday Nothing important. 24<sup>th</sup> Monday still shelling Island & Batteries about every half hour. 25<sup>th</sup> Prest. G.C. Martial 1/2 Regt. under

command Col Avery came to Island 26<sup>th</sup> Wednesday. Heavy firing at Tiptonville. 27<sup>th</sup> Thursday, still shelling Island A Batteries. Capt Martine

adjourned Brown McDonald. Barbriere. Hillsman. Higgins. Henderson,

Raisler, Judge Advocate. 28<sup>th</sup> Friday. Nothing important. 29<sup>th</sup> Saturday

This night heard a fierce fire of musketry. Thought the enemy has crossed the river & were attacking our force at Tiptonville. Had the men drawn up in line & ready. Sunday 30<sup>th</sup> Nothing remembered. Monday 31<sup>st</sup> McCown superseded by Mackall. April 1<sup>st</sup> Tuesday. Great storm last night dreaded the enemy would pass after us in the night [illegible] traffic at daylight recd order to march Regt to Battery 1. That enemy had [illegible] & taken it went up learned enemy had landed & spiked it. Poor Lt. Smith of Morphis Company killed by a tree also a Regt. on Island killed similarly. This of course April 2<sup>nd</sup> 1862. April 3<sup>rd</sup> Nothing important Regiment went to the Island I & Avery very heavy bombardment of Island All day with rifle cannon & 13 inch mortars. Immediately on landing 13 inch shell burst immediately over us I dug up the fragment rifle shell came [illegible] ordered men to shallow themselves under bank. While passing under bank a 13 inch bank struck the crest just over my head & Col Avery's & burst within 15 feet of us without harm. Were not relieved the balance Regt came on in evening of the 3<sup>rd</sup> no disturbance April 4<sup>th</sup> night of horror & disaster clear till 9 oclock then a storm commenced after a while Hell turned loose! A gun boat passed my Regt. performed well. Avery & I nearly killed with [illegible]. April 5<sup>th</sup> Saturday relieved by a Regt of 55<sup>th</sup> Tennessee Regt. My men been watching 48 hours without shelter. Rifle shells burst in my encampment 3 miles per [illegible] from enemy. Moved if they cut down tree tops at this [illegible]. Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> ordered to march.

Left my encampment for last time I sick. March 6 miles. Another storm this night. Monday 7<sup>th</sup> Gen Mackall decided to evacuate at 12. M. Two gun boats & five transports in the river opposite New Madrid & the enemy crossing 5000 at a time. I knew it was all up with us. Marched toward Tiptonville the enemy right behind us. Our march slow. At Tiptonville heard the enemy had [illegible] below us on River halted formed line Battle prepared for fight lay down in swamp half dead with fatigue anxiety & exposure wanting to eat. All night heard the commands of the enemy around us Halt! Close up! Close up! "March!" Slept little but poor fellows slept like logs. At day light pickets of enemy fired two guns at our men. Soon after heard we had been all surrounded. Sad scene. Parted with poor Paris. He put his great black arms around my neck bowed his head on my shoulder & sobbed like a child. I gave him \$30 & parted with him. God bless him! Stacked our arms & gave up. This was Tuesday morning April 8. 1862. Eat dinner at Mrs Meriwether & saw Mrs Isler God bless her kind & noble heart!

Wednesday. 9<sup>th</sup> started to New Madrid on a dirty steamboat. Spent night at New Madrid, raw meat & crackers to eat no coffee much difficulty about getting water This was Thursday April 10<sup>th</sup> Friday April 11<sup>th</sup> started up the river on our way to the prison stopped till dark at Island 10. In the morning of Saturday April 12 reached Cairo. In the evening of that day took Illinois canal road for Columbus Ohio. Sunday, April 13<sup>th</sup> arrive at

Columbus, Ohio took omnibuses to Camp Chase spent night in Prison No 3. removed Monday morning April 19 to No. 1--staid there till (15th Brownlow came there) Mrs. Clark, angel of mercy, Heaven bless her! Came to the prison this day too. April 22<sup>nd</sup> Tuesday. Mrs. Clark, God bless her, got Col. Avery, Clark, Cansler & me paroled & took us in her carriage to Columbus. Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> started for [illegible] Island.

Australasia

Australia

[The back cover contains a smudged hand-drawn picture and a portion of what appears to be "The Light of Other Days," by Thomas Moore. The poem is quoted here in its entirety.]

Of, in the stilly night,  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond Memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me:  
 The smiles, the tears  
 Of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken;  
 The eyes that shone,  
 Now dimm'd and gone,

The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus, in the stilly night,

Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

Sad Memory brings the light

Of other days around me.

When I remember all

The friends, so link'd together,

I've seen around me fall

Like leaves in wintry weather,

I feel like one

Who treads alone

Some banquet-hall deserted,

Whose lights are fled,

Whose garlands dead,

And all but he departed!

Thus, in the stilly night,

Ere slumber's chain has bound me.

Sad Memory brings the light

Of other days around me.<sup>116</sup>

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<sup>116</sup> Bartleby.

## APPENDICES



## APPENDIX A

### Further Information on People Mentioned in the Journal

Colonel William A. Quarles became a Brigadier General August 25, 1863 and led his men in the Atlanta campaign during which he was injured severely. Quarles was captured again in Franklin, Tennessee on November 30, 1864. He lived until 1893.<sup>117</sup>

Colonel L. M. (Lucius March) Walker became a Brigadier General on the 11<sup>th</sup> of April 1862. He fought at Helena, Arkansas, in July 1863 under General John Marmaduke. On September 6, 1863, Walker was fatally injured in a duel with Marmaduke (his commanding officer). In 1884, Marmaduke was elected Governor of Missouri in 1884. He died while holding that office.<sup>118</sup>

John McNab ran for clerk of the Circuit Court in 1874 on the "White Man's Ticket." Following the November election violence he spoke at a public meeting, seeking reconciliation with blacks.<sup>119</sup>

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<sup>117</sup> Boatner 675.

<sup>118</sup> Boatner 513.

<sup>119</sup> Flewellen 128, 132.

APPENDIX B

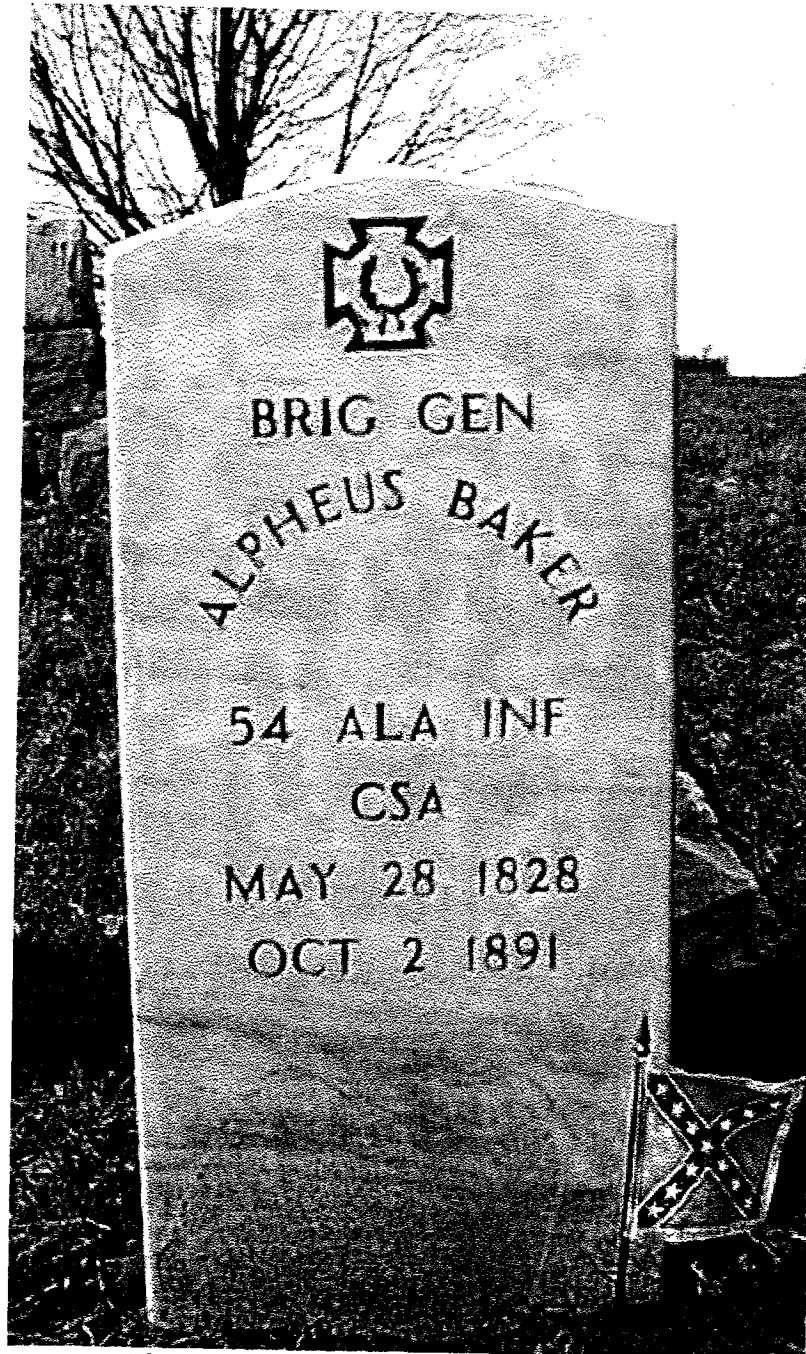
Alpheus Baker's Grave<sup>120</sup>



This picture appears courtesy of: Burl Kennedy

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<sup>120</sup> Findagrave.



This picture appears courtesy of: [Geoff Walden](#)

APPENDIX C

Transcription of letter written by Baker's widow, Pheribee Ricks Baker, to

Philip A. Sapp, the brother-in-law of Alpheus

Baker (transcriber unknown).

The following account was written by Aunt Pherrie in a letter to Philip A. Sapp in May 1920. Aunt Pherrie was the widow of General Alpheus Baker.

The Genealogy of the Baker's written by P. M. Baker wife of Gen<sup>l</sup> Alpheus Baker in 1920.

#### Baker's Ancestry

The Bakers date back to Edward 1<sup>st</sup> of England.

Thomas Bakers valuable collection of manuscripts of 39 volumes are divided between the British museum and Cambridge Library.

The Bakers can lay claim to many ancestors renowned in the literary world. In 1630 came Edward Baker who settled in Northampton, Mass. five years later Francis Baker with his wife, three children and four servants came over in the Planter from Narwich England and settled in Massachusetts.

The romantic story of dashing Capt. Baker of Northampton is preserved in the Massachusetts Archives. There were three brothers born near Boston, Mass. Thomas Baker, Moses Baker, and Sherebiah Baker. Their grandfather came over here from England in 1772. Orange, Mass. was the cradle of the Bakers.

Of the three brothers, Thomas, Moses, and Sherebiah born near Boston Moses was a doctor and died in Boston. Thomas lived in Upton, was a Captain at the battle of Bunker Hill and was wounded there.

Sherebiah was Gen<sup>l</sup> Alpheus Bakers grandfather lived and died at an old age in Orange, Mass. had 16 children Sherebiah married Clolilda Daniels of Mendon Mass. and these are the names of their children

- 1 Marshall Baker born in Upton - Nov. 8, 1774 died in New York.
- 2 Phila Baker born in Upton Aug 31 1776. died in Mendon Mass.
- 3 David Baker born in Athol Mass. Sept 28, 1778.
- 4 x Alpheus Baker (Gen. Bs father) born in Athol Nov. 3, 1780. died in Eufaula, Ala.
- 5 Jededia Baker born Athol Sept. 18, 1782.
6. Delphia Baker born Orange April 9, 1784.
7. Lucrilia Baker born Orange Jan. 4, 1787.
8. Sherebiah Baker born Orange Jan. 4, 1787.
9. Clolilida Baker born Orange May 14, 1790.
10. Eugene Baker born Orange Nov. 4, 1791.
- 11.xLoannie Baker born Orange Sept 24, 1793.
12. Hulda Baker born Orange July 14 1798.

When Hulda Baker was six months old her Mother died of

cancer of the breast and her father married a widow Baker 20 years old in 1804 and they had four children,

13. Daniels Baker born Orange Jan 20, 1805.

14. Ira Baker born Orange Jan. 20 1805.

15. Delia Baker born Orange Jan. 30, 1809.

16. Amanda Baker born Orange Dec 4, 1811.

Alpheus and Loannie Baker left Mass went South - settled in Charleston S. C. Loannie Baker married and died in Charleston his son Eugene Baker fired the first gun at Ft. Sumpter in the Civil War.

Alpheus Baker married Lydia Denis in Petersburg. they had eight children. He taught school at Pineville two of his children were born there when he went to Charleston S. C. had six children born there, two died young. The names of their children were Daniels, Thomas, Harriet, Elizabeth, Ames, + Lydia.

Genl Baker was very fond of his buddy Ames and his sister Harriet gave him a family of Negroes when he married first time. When Lydia was 18 months old he married Eliza Courtney. they were married four years before Courtney was born. When his first wife (Lydia Denis) died she was buried at Petersburg and he went to Abbeville Court House a widower. he then went back to Petersburg and married Eliza Courtney at Mrs. Crayton's, five miles from Petersburg. They were married by a Judge first Afterwards they were married over by a Priest. they went to Abbeville S. C. in 1818. their six children were born there their names were Courtney, Mary, Alpheus, Julia, Paul D<sup>e</sup>Lacy + Ellen.

They moved to Lumpkin Ga. he taught school there, they moved from there to Eufaula, Ala.

Eliza Courtney was born in Cork, Ireland and came to Charleston S.C. with her Uncle Mr. Keith.

Courtney and Mary Baker never married.

Alpheus Baker married twice to Louisa Garvin and Pheribee Ricks.

Paul DeLacey Baker married twice to Liggie Black of Ga. and Mrs. Sally Battle of Eufaula Ala. By his first wife he had two children. Eddie died at about 1 1/2 yrs old. Anna D<sup>e</sup>Lacy married Carey Lamar of Ga. she left three girls. Anna D<sup>e</sup>Lacey, Sada and Nellie.

Julia Baker married Philip Allen Sapp of Ga. they had two children, Everett + Mary. Mary died young.

Ellen Baker married Gen Flournoy in Eufaula who died in three or four days after they married.

Sherebiah's Bakers 16 children and what became of them. He died at 75 years in Athol Mass.

1. Marshall Baker died in N.Y. two sons, both dead.
2. Phila Baker died in Mendon Mass.
3. David Baker dont know.
4. Alpheus Baker went South to Charleston S.C.
5. Jedidia Baker.
6. Delphin Baker died in Ohio.
7. Hulda Baker died in New York.
8. Sherebiah Baker died in New York.
9. Eugene Baker died left three children.
10. Clolilda Baker died in Northbridge Mass worcester Co. and left children.
11. Loanni Baker died in Charleston S.C. left two children.
12. Hulda Baker born 1798. Her father then married widow Baker 20 years old. there four children were
13. Daniels Baker, he died in Pensacola Fla left one child Capt. Francis H. Baker, they were both in the Navy at Pensacola Fla. on the Northern side while Gen' Alpheus Baker was at Pensacola on the Southern side during the Civil War.
14. Ira Baker. -
15. Delia Baker married Kellon in Athol Mass had one child died in Athol quite old.
16. Amanda Baker married a Richardson in Althol died there left three children.

Sherebiah Baker took care of and raised his large family of 16. gave each one four hundred dollars. except Alpheus to whome he gave a college education which he said cost him 17 hundred dollars. He owned a large tract of land. Kept a dairy of forty cows at a time, he had a bright intellect and was a good friend of education.

Alpheus Baker graduated at Dartmouth College with Daniel Webster. they remained great friends the rest of their lives. He was a clasical scholar, taught school in Charleston S.C. and Lumpkin Ga, he died and is buried in the Baker lot in Eufaula Ala. his wife Eliza Courtney Baker survived him some years and died and was buried in Eufaula in 1868.

- 
- Alpheus Baker married Louisa Garvin of Eufaula Ala Jan 7<sup>th</sup> 1851. they had five children all boys. three died in infancy two lived. Courtney born in Eufaula May 11, 1853, died May 30, 1873 in Eufaula. Alpheus, Jr. born in Eufaula Ala. Aug 8, 1857 died in Louisville, Ky. At her fathers home named "Ashland" in Clay Co. Ga. he married Pheribee May Ricks on the 4<sup>th</sup> of Dec 1866. there were six children born to them. there names Pheribee Baker born in Eufaula Ala. on Nov. 10, 1867. died in Louisville Ky. on Feb. 9, 1886.
  - Eliza Baker born Feb. 20, 1869.
  - Robert Baker born May 8, 1870.

Parilee Baker born July 14, 1871.

Julia Baker born March 29, 1875 died July 12, 1877 in Eufaula Ala.

Sterling Toney Baker born in Eufaula Aug. 8, 1880 died in Louisville Ky February 7, 1883.

Genl Alpheus Baker was born in Abbeville S.C. May 23, 1825. Pheribee May Ricks was born in Ga. on the 14 July 1846. they were married on the 4<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1866.

Genl Alpheus Baker died in Louisville Ky Oct 2, 1891, he moved from Eufaula Ala to Louisville in 1878 and moved his family there in 1883.

Alpheus Baker came out to Ala from Abbeville S.C. when he was sixteen years old rode a little filly and it took him three weeks to make the trip. he stopped in Glenville Ala. taught school there then moved to Eufaula Ala. and taught music to pay his board and during that time studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1849. I was just three years old. When the Kansas excitement arose he accompanied the expedition of Maj. Crawford to that territory and afterwards made a brilliant class of the South stirring the people to the importance of Southern men seeking control.

When Lincon was elected President - he was one of the delegates elected from Barbour Co. Ala to the secession convention.

He entered Military service at the age of 36 enlisted as a private in a company made up in Eufaula composed of lawyers and prominent men, he was made Capt. of the Eufaula Rifles at Pensacola Fla. at that time an important Military point. His company was part of the famous First Ala. Regiment of which Gen. H.D. Clinch was at the time a Colonel.

In November 1861 Baker was made Colonel of a Regiment composed of troops from Alabama, Mississippi, + Tennessee.

He participated in the siege of New Madrid and was captured at Island No. 10 in the Mississippi River April 1862. When that post was given up April 8, 1862 he was made a prisoner of war with other Confederate Officers and sent to Camp Chase Ohio and afterwards to Johnsons Island where he suffered all the hardships imposed on the prisoners there. After he was exchanged the Regiment was enrolled as the fifty-fourth Ala. Colonel Baker was promoted to Brigadier General Feb. 20, 1862 and led his brigade from Dalton to Atlanta, Ga.

He was wounded at the Battle of Bakers Creek in Mississippi on the big Black river near Jackson 1862.

Genl Alpheus Baker Pheribee Ricks Bakers children  
Pheribee Baker born Eufaula Ala. Nov. 10 1867. died in



Louisville Ky Feb. 9, 1886.

Eliza Baker born Feb. 20, 1869. Eufaula Ala. married John A. Murray in Washington D.C. has two children John Sims Murray born in Washington D.C. and Ola Murray born in Boston Mass. Robert Ricks Baker born May 8<sup>th</sup> 1870 Eufaula Ala married Miss Harlon in Ky has six children Pheribee, Ola, Zack, Ruby, Paul + Oscar. Married second time to Mrs. Myrtle Harlon, no children.

Parilee Baker born in Eufaula July 14 1871, married in Louisville Ky 1897 to J.H. Edwards they have five children David Thorton Edwards born in Louisville Aug 19, 1897. James Alpheus Edwards born Louisville Ky Aug 29, 1899. Mary Thomas Edwards born Louisville Ky. Jan 25, 1902. Lila Catherine Edwards born Buffalo N.Y. Nov 8, 1904. Charlotte Agnes Edwards born Buffalo N.Y. April 11, 1907.

Dear Phil,

I made a mistake and wrote Ola instead of you. As I said I have done the best I could but if there is any thing you want to know will try and answer you.

Lovingly

Aunt Pherrie

May 1920.

## APPENDIX D

Transcription of letter from Alpheus Baker's mother, Eliza, to her son-in-law,  
Philip A. Sapp (transcriber unknown).

Eufaula Ap27th 1862

My dear Philip,

Julia has written you so many letters that I have but little to say, except to express my regret at your absence, and to hope that God will give you strength, and fortitude to endure the privations which you must necessarily be exposed to, in your new position. Oh, how much we miss your cheerful voice and your kind attentions, I hope you will soon be restored to the bosom of your family in health and safety, Julia tries to bear your absence with fortitude, but it tells in the paleness of her face and frequent headaches. Your Boy is well, full of life and joy, he now sits at the table, and tries to say grace at every meal, he lays down his knife + fork, covers his face with his little hands looks very solemn at his Mother while she says grace, when it is said he claps his hands, + shouts aloud with laughter. I had a long letter from deLacey, dated 18 April, he had a short letter from you the day before he wrote, he said "from appearances in the city of Richmond, you would not know that our country was at War, except from the numbers of men in uniforms + trains of artillery, from 4 to 5 miles long, the smell of the Coal fires, the Smoke from the scores of Foundaries, the fumes from the gas, and the stench from the coal fires, together with the incessant rattling of whistles and clattering of hoofs, runs me almost crazy" - All the streets are paved round flint rocks", the city much larger than he expected. very gay, and very expensive, staid a few days at the Spotswood House where he paid \$4.50 cents per day. I suppose you heard that our dear Alpheus is Prisoner of War, the Governor dispatched to \_\_\_\_\_ that he would soon be liberated that he would write immediately and offer an exchange of prisoners, dear Philip you know how much we feel at this new misfortune, I know Julia wrote to you of this great trial we have to endure, I know you love Alpheus very dearly and will feel for him, we heard the officers taken at Island No. 10 would be sent to Boston we do not get the papers, last night the Capture of New Orleans was announced, it has been said that "misfortunes do not come single handed, but in Battalions". I still hope to see all my sons return to their houses in peace and safety. God is able to turn our sorrows into joy. Ellen has not been well since you left home, the absence of DeLacy grieves her a great deal, she has no fortitude, the capture of Alpheus has overwhelmed her with grief, DeL. has written to her, did you go to Church Easter Sunday? It has been a dull Easter with us. I hope Mr. Ford is well, and doing well. I have great respect for his gentle wife, she is so patient and expresses so much tender affection for her Husband, may he prove himself worthy of her. We had great rains since you left home, this morning the air is very cool, how is Israel, tell him I say he must continue to be a good Boy + to be faithful like Paris, the people of Eufaula talk of giving

him a Gold Watch, write to DeLacy he is in the midst of  
strangers, and will be delighted to get a letter from you.  
all desire their love and blessing to you. my dear Son,  
write to me, as soon as you can, and believe me.

Your Affect. Mother

Eliza H. Baker

To

Philip A Sapp Esq.

## APPENDIX E

Sample Journal Pages.

and Monday evening when the attack began  
I saw the yellow smoke & red flames, boiling  
to show. As I got nothing by the order. My  
ant eyes were in such a state that I  
was however thanks to every & Jeff Thompson  
in the night of that poor lady's head was  
down. When we do much like armed  
regiments. The work was done with  
blades I had hoped for that I was not  
to be only a soldier. had been surprised by  
disposed to complain. I went to see all  
years. John Thompson was to do every  
to show. The way for me after that to  
take me or one of the best & the best in  
of the enemy. The enemy had this  
of the enemy. A good looking man  
was the only one I met  
but that high & well formed with that  
expression of such knighthood for he  
was then) always give a man. He  
looked along like John A. Ducker,  
used to I think, interesting; but with  
out emphasis. I thought he was a lazy  
man or one of those whom it requires  
a great deal to arouse. But he did  
not seem to be aroused by the condi-  
tion of things at New Madrid. His tone  
was unimpaired. He thought that Cor-  
field unfortunately level and large  
for us. The miseries of the superior force  
of the enemy could enjoy the all  
the advantages of their superiority. but  
he did nothing to put his men to work  
on the entrenchments that evening  
the object for which I called upon  
him & one which he had accom-  
plished some reduction of the British.

balls from No. 10. Enemy planting batteries all  
along the shore below Maguinday town  
out of which sent 24 pounds a crop, run  
into Boon Watson's house. Wednesday 19<sup>th</sup>  
Ordered to move to Island 10. Col Avery  
very sick sent on Regt about mid  
night in command of day, Banks  
in Avery & I remaining till day light  
made up three staves of enemy crops  
the crew marched out to shore him  
on yesterday the 19<sup>th</sup>. Thursday 20<sup>th</sup>  
Made our head quarters on the shore  
at Mr. Bob Lee's plantation. Over  
128 pounds called the Belmont sent  
to day. Friday 21<sup>st</sup> continued shelling  
at regular intervals. Saturday 22<sup>nd</sup>  
Col. Avery went to Mindoro with  
we were ordered to go on the island on  
Friday but in consequence of the exhaus-  
tion of the men got the order postponed  
till Saturday to day when we went  
over in a steamer & remained  
23<sup>rd</sup> Sunday nothing important  
24<sup>th</sup> Monday still shelling Island  
& batteries about every hour.  
25<sup>th</sup> Post. G. C. Martineau Regt under  
command Col Avery come to Island  
26<sup>th</sup> Wednesday. Heavy firing at Tipton

APPENDIX F

Portrait of Alpheus Baker

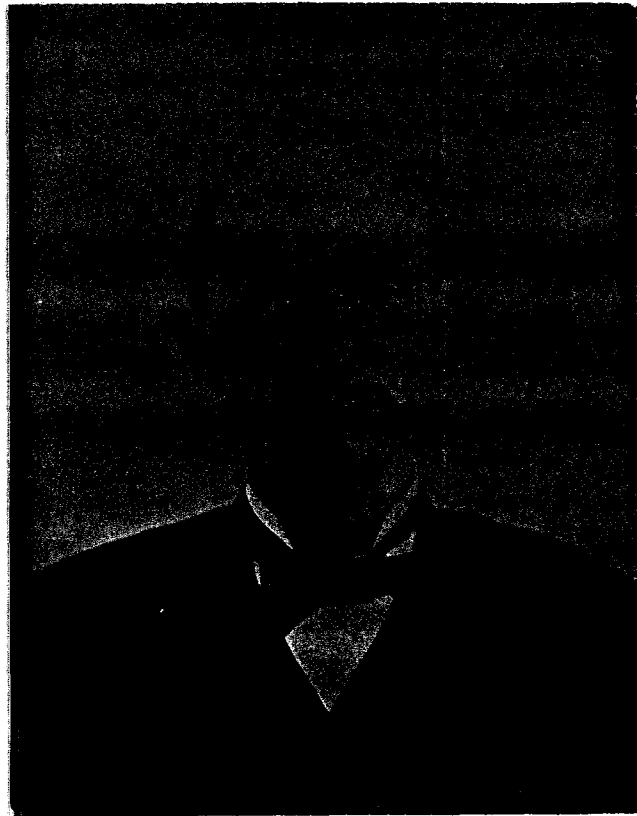
(artist unknown).





APPENDIX G

Photograph of Alpheus Baker.



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