(E)

Donated by
Mrs. A. Baker.
Nov. 25, 1901.

Glyn

WS

Alphens Baker

Valuable prescription

for the relief of indigestion

4 oz Syrup Rhubarb
2 " Tinct. Valerian
20 drops oil Sassafass
10 grs Piperine
20 " Sup. Carb. Soda
Mix in the mortar the Piperine
Soda & oil Sassafrass first.
next pour in the tinct Va
lerian & last the Syr Rhu
barb. Dose one tablespoon
fuel in twice its volume
water every 2 Hours for
an Adult.

Private

BBD

ALA. DEPT. ARCHIVES & HISTORY
MRD

Recd from Col. A. Baker 1st Ala, Tenn. & Miss Regt. Prisoner of War one Horse, Saddle, & Bridle for U. S. Quartermaster

H. S. Burt
Lt. & Aid to
Genl. Hamilton

Tiptonville
Apl 9/62

ALA. DEPT. ARCHIVES & HISTORY
MRD

this? If you are chances for success against McClellan are improved. Surely we will endeavor to prevent this 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. Here are times however when a man may be profitably & not selfishly absent in that sort of study.

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 sanctioned not only this but the destruction of the Merrimac.

Wednesday May 14. 1862

This was our Cook day. We got through very well, once very small capital of Rations. The soup to which I paid my particular attention was pronounced excellent & devoured, according 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 one of the 12 Bar kets that remained after the Eating of the five thousand. The want of confirmation of the Richmond evacuation & the receipt of the correct version of the Skirmish at Monterey with Gen Pope's discussion lifted up "the despondent heart of Patriotism" & slightly hinged with light the edges of the black Cloud in which we lived this morning.

Thursday May 15 1862

We heard to day truthful accounts of the battle at Williamsburg & are satisfied we were not beat in them. Again the Gun Boats saved the enemy from destruction. Will we never get beyond their range? We concluded to observe strictly the fast of Tomorrow announced in

Prest-Davis' Eloquent Proclamation
Friday May 16. 1862
The fast was observed at Preak
fast at least, & almost all the
prisoners went to hear the Rev
Dr. Wilson (this is his name
& not Walker as I had it in
Saturday's 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 I will 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 aspiration that the end of
our trials & exile might find us
as an 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 earnest mind & resolution too plainly drawn to
be mistaken. All his emotion came

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 bows his wise & judgment & philosophy in the faith of that remains these Mountains! He preached on the green & he reminded us that at home & day from many a church & many a closet went up the prayer that should ~~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 ~~around~~ & swung his long arms up ward to the Heavens & cried out for God to hear us & to help us defend our Homes. his military costume seemed more to befit him

& I thought how well the Priest might
with God's approval wield the sword
& wear the cross. God grant this day
may be a day of victory & I almost
believe it will.

Saturday, May 17. 1862.
Our Hundred & Fifty additional
Prisoners came here yesterday.

Friday, May 23. 1862.
This is my Birth day. I was awak-
ened by the good wish of Adjutant
Dawson a good hearted Hudson
as he is. I dressed myself up
& went into the Campus to the
astonishment of my pleasant
Prisoners. My ordinary custom
here is a heavy pair of negro
shoes & sandstone red pair
of homespun trousers presen-
ted to my by the ladies when I
was at Pensacola & my grey
cloth Colonel's coat the tail
of which was suffered by too
close contact with a heated
stove at Camp Chase. This week
has slided off swiftly & I can't
remember what has happened

or at least when the news of the happen-
ing 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
Hum Phrey Marshall & that the
yellow fever had made its ap-
pearance in New Orleans. These
things put us in good spirits on
Monday the 19th. The battle was
fought on the 16th Friday the day
of Prayer. No news of impor-
tance from Beauregard. The
news to day is that Farragut
is coming on to Memphis. I do
not see what is to prevent him
At me & the Miss. River is lost
& it need not pave him. We
had plenty of time & plenty of
warning to have filled that River
with invincible Gun boats; but
we have only dilly dallied & fore-
ed 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 accounts. There is 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 reveille & Dave call & Dinner drum & all that. Many things have been done & suffered since 23rd 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 excercised it appears & Govr. Banks cried lustily for help for the Capital. Govr. Tod was "astounded" & the Cruel brag of yesterday was changed is hardly recognised in apprehensive appeals of to-day. We have bad news from Tennessee in the defection of Ex. Gov. Neill S. Brown once minister to Russia & lately ~~for~~ ~~merely~~ a sturdy Secessionist who ~~has~~ ~~lately~~ ~~been~~ arrested by Gov. Andy Johnson & immediately grovelled ~~[illegible]~~ & ~~sunk~~ into ~~terrified~~ ~~at this part of his Captors~~ abandoned his comrades renounced his principles begging for mercy & weeping with repentance. 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 had captured 10.000 prisoners without a fight & 15.000 stand of arms. This we believed not; but the evacuation shaved me a state of physical weak

rup alarming in the last degree - Then came the news of a fierce engagement at 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 even in dead alone Twelve Hundred. Poor Wisconsin must exercise their own judgment on these boastful telegraphic tidings of Union triumphs & rebel ruin - Many think Beauregard has carried apart 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 St. Pillow the destruction of the Gun Boats & the surrender of Memphis.

(We had been lying at Fort Pillow a long time drilling without arms.
(It was on Wednesday, February 26th 1862., about 11 o'clock in the morning, that I met Col. L. M. Walker walking with his long straddling step; hastily towards me heeding a letter in his hand. "Look at that", said he. It was a telegram from Gen Polk here at Columbus. "Move instantly, with your regiment to New Madrid, & 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 & 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 chest of the Government armory there. ~~that place~~. A few days before I had burst 24 out of 80 of those which went off. The greater number was so weak in the mainspring 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. Murphy to Nashville & Col Avery to Man

phis 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 ~~[illegible]~~. 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 Saw, during the evening, Polk sent one or two other despatches, hurrying us on. "Leave Camp Equipage, Commissary stores, & every thing but arms & ammunition & come on" this was their tenor. I had left Maj. Canola behind on the bluffs 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 & as soon as I stepped
aboard the bell tolled & the boat
swung off. We were crowded &
cramped. One company failed to come
A. H. was guarding the Hatchee
bridge sixty miles off. At day
light Thursday we commenced
moulding bullets & folding powder
in loads the best substitute for cart
ridges in our power. The men
worked hard & incessantly about
15 rounds were thus prepared 180
additional rebound rifles were
distributed & we were a little better
armed so far. It was 11 A.M. before
Fort Thompson came in view. We
did not know but that we would
march from the boat to meet the enemy
at once but upon the bank we saw a
loose crowd of men in our dusky
uniform apparently so entirely at ease
as but out of [illegible] in [illegible]

stand the idea of any immediate 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 Gaunt 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 disturbed 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 & dismantling 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 thus aware of Daniel Boone's day; yet nevertheless so weak springed & small bored as as to add but little to our spirits. We picked and culled them over in much disappointment and dis-

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 smith's detailed & succeeded in rendering a good many reliable cap bursters at least. The fault was the barrel was about as likely to burst as the cap. Oh

Saturday, March 1. 1862.

Pol 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 this town & entrench. We went once or twice to Gaunt'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 ~~the~~ red shirt ~~the Provost Marshal~~ carried as for whiskey. In returning to camp we passed an indosure where we saw a great many new graves whereon were buried the sick of Col Gantt's regiments. I dont mean sick men were buried but dead ones whose 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. Trusten 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 didnt. 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 wagons on the way. I had eaten dinner when suddenly I saw men rushing to & fro - soldiers hastily buckling on their accoutrements & immediately three guns were fired in St 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 "What's 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 I which came up Friday had no arms at all. Lt Brooks, commanding it, ran up to me and asked "What shall I do, Cal"? You know our situation" Poor fellows! I ordered him to follow us & we would do the best we could - As we passed Ft. Thompson I saw the Regiments running in