

**CAPT. TOD CARTER of the CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY**  
**--a biographical word portrait.**

So many Tennesseans were killed in the Battle of Franklin on November 30, 1864, the whole State was plunged into mourning, yet the story of this Battle is seldom told without the account of the heroic death of young Capt. Tod Carter.

But the day of life's ending is not all of a man's life. What of the other days and the other years? What was Tod like as a boy? Who were his ancestors, his brothers and sisters, his teachers, his friends? What was his education? What were his experiences during those three and one-half years when his life paralleled the history of the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, Volunteer Infantry, Confederate States Army? What is the stuff of which heroes are made?

No complete biography of Tod Carter has ever been written, nor is this biographical word-portrait complete. There was no fact-finding historian at Tod's side, taking notes on a life as yet untouched by fame, a life that ended at age twenty-four.

"How can you possibly write a biography of a man about whom so little is known, a man who died more than a century ago?" asked Capt. J. Dan Reilly, United States Navy, Ret., Tod's great, great nephew.

From widely scattered and often most fragmentary references this true story of the life of Tod Carter had taken form. Mr. Glen Tucker once wrote in "Civil War Times": "What thrills await the finders of documents shedding new light on the past, and this is occurring not infrequently. A newly-discovered nugget of information is as much of a thrill as comes to a stamp collector on encountering a rare issue in an old garret." It is hoped that still other pieces of this historical and biographical mosaic may yet be found.

**Tod 's Ancestry**

Born in 1797, Fountain Branch Carter grew to manhood in the log home of his parents, Francis Watkins Carter and Sarah Holcomb Anderson Carter, located in Waddell Hollow, near the much travelled Natchez Trace. Waddell Hollow was about 10 miles from the lovely village of Franklin.

On August 27, 1821 Fountain bought a tract of land, 95 acres lying on Indian Creek, a branch of the West Harpeth River, for which he paid one hundred ninety dollars. It adjoined his father's land and that of Rev. John Atkinson, who had migrated from Halifax County, Virginia, to Tennessee about 1811. It is said that the first money Fountain ever earned was from the sale of a hogshead of tobacco which he and his brother John had grown, and which they rolled all the way to Nashville, a distance of about eighteen miles.

On June 29, 1823, when he was twenty-six and she was seventeen, Fountain Branch Carter and lovely Mary Armistead Atkinson were married. In the Court House records she used her pet name, "Polly". The ceremony was performed by her grandfather, Rev. John Atkinson, for fifty years a Baptist minister. Mary was the oldest child of Samuel and

Nancy Brown Atkinson, of Halifax County, Virginia, who had nine daughters and only one son. Nancy's father was Daniel Brown, the son of Richard and Rachel Abbott Brown of Halifax County. Richard Brown was a Vestryman.

Fountain Branch and Mary Carter first lived in a small brick house at the corner of Church and College Streets (now Fourth Avenue) in Franklin, and here Tod's oldest brother, Moscow Branch Carter, was born on December 5, 1825. According to an advertisement in the local newspaper, *The Western Balance*, dated 1829, Fountain was a partner with a Mr. Allgaier in the manufacture of boots and shoes at that time. According to family tradition the factory was located in the old white-columned building still standing on East Main Street near the Harpeth River.

It was in October 1829 that Fountain Carter bought 19 acres of land from Angus and Ann (Nancy) Sharpe McPhail, located on Columbia Turnpike, which had been a part of the Revolutionary grant of her father, Maj. Anthony Sharpe. Although it adjoined the city limits of Franklin, it was considered in the country. The following year he built a substantial brick home for his growing family -- and this house became Tod Carter's birthplace.

Through the years Fountain Carter, an industrious, God-fearing man, engaged in many business enterprises. He was a merchant, a County Surveyor, farmer, operator of a cotton gin, a buyer and seller of both city lots and farm lands. The farm which he operated grew from 19 acres to 288 acres, lying on both east and west sides of the Columbia Turnpike. In 1841 he was asked to be a member of the committee to over-see the building of the First Presbyterian Church's second house of worship in its new location at Five Points, at the corner of Main Street and West Margin (now Fifth Avenue).

From 1824 to 1844 Fountain and Mary became the parents of twelve children, eight of whom reached maturity. According to records in the family Bible the girls bore the names Mary Alice, Sarah Holcomb, Annie Vick, and Frances Hodge. For the older sons, besides Moscow Branch, such names as Nisan Red, Orlando Hortensious, William Augustus, James Fountain, and Samuel Atkinson had been chosen and a younger son was named for his grandfather, Francis Watkins Carter. On March 24, 1840 the tenth child, a son, was born, and special thought was given the selection of his name.

Perhaps many names were considered as the name for this little boy. The name "Theodrick" had been a favorite one in this Carter family since the year 1650 A.D. There had been a long procession of boys named "Theodrick Carter," there being seven in one generation from 1775 to 1800. Therefore on January 20, 1844 Rev. A. N. Cunningham, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Franklin, Tennessee, christened this little boy, "Theodrick". He usually signed his name with the abbreviation "The." but soon almost everyone was calling him "Tod."

### **Tod's Early Life and Education**

The earliest story handed down in the family about Tod is the one about the time he and his younger brother, "Wad," decided to run away from home.

"But where will we go?" Wad asked. "Let's go to Hell," Tod suggested.

So they started out together. They went southward toward Columbia, Tennessee. They were found somewhere on the Columbia Turnpike, riding on top of a wagon-load of logs.

Through the years sorrow came to the family of Fountain and Mary Carter. Four sons whom Tod never knew died young. One of these was a beloved little boy named Samuel Atkinson (b. 1833; d. 1837) who fell to his death through the balusters of the stairway in the front hall of the Carter House. If carelessness on someone's part caused the accident, Mary Carter harbored only forgiveness in her heart. On a slip of paper found in the family Bible there was found the quotation from Ephesians 4:31-32, in Mary's own handwriting:

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice, and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you." M.A.C. 1837

When Tod was only twelve years of age he experienced his first great personal sorrow, for on September 15, 1852, his beloved mother, Mary Armistead Atkinson Carter, died at the age of forty-six. Her gentle Christian spirit was ever an influence upon his life.

At this time Tod's older brother, Moscow, was already married to Miss "Callie" Dobbys; Mary Alice married Daniel McPhail in December 1853; James Fountain had married Sallie Dobbys McKinney in January of that year and moved to Mississippi. Fountain became both father and mother to Tod, and to his four other young children: Sallie who was fifteen; Annie

Vick who was fourteen; Francis Watkins ("Wad") who was ten; Fannie who was only eight.

In a letter dated May 29, 1855, when Tod was fifteen, Fountain Carter wrote:

"Theodrick is nearly grown, perfectly steady, learns very fast, and understands what he reads better than any boy I ever saw. Wad also learns fast, but Fanny thinks only of playing dolls."

No doubt a strong influence upon Tod was the life of his older brother, so filled with ambition for learning and with adventure. Moscow, fifteen years his senior, interrupted his study of law to fight in the Mexican War; worked for the Illinois and Mississippi Telegraph Company in running the first telegraph line across the State of Illinois; crossed the State of Texas on horseback before railroads were built; crossed the State of New York on the new Erie Canal.

Perhaps love of adventure was an inborn trait for Tod's younger brother, Francis Watkins, according to family tradition, ran away from home to join William Walker, the filibustier, in Nicaragua. Later he spent five years exploring the wilds of South America.

In a box of old books bought at auction a few years ago the late Mr. Bob Jefferson of Franklin found an old Greek text-book inscribed: "The Carter's book", with the date 1856. The frontice piece, translated from the Greek (by Mr. Charles Ford of Chattanooga) reads:

"Major Collection of Greek Works, suitable for the use of Academic pupils, with explanatory notes, which were collected and partly written by Andrew Dalzel A. M., Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and formerly, Professor of Greek Literature in the Academy of James VI of the Scots." Fourth American Edition.

In his writings Tod made frequent reference to the Classics, quoted well-known poets, quoted Latin phrases, and referred to memorable events in history such as the Great Crusades. Although written proof is lacking, it seems highly probable that Tod was educated at famous Harpeth Academy, as was his older brother, Moscow. Among the text-books approved by the Trustees for the use of students at Harpeth Academy were listed some dozen and a half books of Latin and Greek, others on geography, mathematics, navigation, surveying, natural philosophy, moral philosophy, philosophy of the mind, logic, chronology, and English grammar. In the year 1856 Harpeth Academy was located in "New Town" or "Hincheyville" on what is now West Main Street. From 1848 until 1856 the Principals of the school were two distinguished educators from Scotland, who had been educated at the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh, Andrew and Patrick Campbell.

A great favorite of Tod's was his sixteen-year-old cousin, Medora Taylor, a student at the well-known school for young ladies at Columbia, Tennessee, the Athenaeum. Among the treasures preserved by Medora's granddaughter, Miss Miriam Mason, of Pulaski, Tennessee, are no less than thirty fragile rag-content sheets of music, contained in three books and inscribed:

"Presented to Miss Medora Taylor by her cousin, The. Carter."

Among the selections are "Minnehaha of the Laughing Waters," published 1856, and "The Rainbow Schottish" 1852, both instrumental numbers. Among the vocal numbers are "When the Swallows Homeward Fly"; "What Is Home Without a Mother?"; and "Do they Miss Me at Home?" all published in 1853, and many others. Medora, it is said, often visited at the Carter House.

Tod's scholastic ambition culminated in the study of law, which ambition his older brother, Moscow, had also entertained. Though we have no proof, it is quite possible that Tod read law in the office of that well-known Franklin Attorney, Mr. John Marshall, as did his brother, Moscow. In a letter which Tod wrote in 1862 we note that Tod requested the recipient to "Present my compliments to Mr. Marshall." Tod's law office was located on Third Avenue South. Though he had only recently begun the practice of law, by 1861 he was already being referred to as "brilliant young lawyer." Among the most treasured possessions of the author is the glass-doored book-case which was once in Tod Carter's law office, bequeathed to her in 1930 by Mrs. Lena Carter Gillespie, Tod's niece.

But Tod's legal career was soon to be interrupted. War clouds were gathering in the spring of 1861. On a April 4 Fort Sumpter fell to South Carolina state troops. President Lincoln called on all states still in the Union to furnish troops to force seceded states back into the Union, Tennessee being the very last to secede.

Immediately after the War Between the States began, Mrs. Sallie Ewing Carter, whose sympathies were always strongly enlisted for the Confederate cause, made a Confederate flag and raised it over her house on Third Avenue North, the same day one was unfurled from the Capitol in Nashville. From a letter written by her daughter, Mrs. R. N. Richardson, of Franklin, it was learned that Tod Carter was among the young men who helped raise this, the first Confederate flag ever flown in Williamson County. (it is interesting to note also that it was Mrs. Carter who had given to Sam Davis the information found in his boot when he was captured, the source of which he refused to disclose. It was in the home of Mrs. Carter, who had by this date in 1895 become Mrs. S. A. Gaut, that Chapter No. 14 of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized.)

#### **Tod Enlists in the Confederate Army**

In the spring of 1861 there were often heard in the quiet village of Franklin the shrill sound of the fife, the clatter of horses's hoofs, the muffled roll of drums, and the electrifying notes of the bugle. They were heard on May 18, for another military company was being formed down in front of Rainey's store near the railroad. The tall fellow who was organizing the group was thirty-five-year-old Moscow Carter, Tod Carter's older brother, who was chosen Captain. Fifteen years before he had served one year as a Private in the United States Army during our war with Mexico. One of the recruits that day was Tod Carter who had turned the key, locking the door to the bookcase that held his law books, closing his promising career as a young lawyer. Ten days later the company which was given the designation "H", was sworn into service and sent to Camp Trousdale on the Tennessee-Kentucky border.

But on May 1, shortly before Company "H" left for camp, both Tod and Moscow Carter became Master Masons, as shown by the report of the Grand Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons. Many soldiers became Master Masons under a special dispensation that permitted the Lodge to confer all three degrees at once, without the twenty-eight day waiting period usually required. The solemn ceremony took place on the second floor of the Masonic Hall on Second Avenue, then called Cameron Street, the home of Hiram Lodge No. 7, from 1823 to the present. Tod's Masonic Manual which he carried all through the War has been preserved.

When ten companies had arrived at Camp Trousdale, the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, Volunteer Infantry, Confederate States Army, was organized, and Tod's older brother, Moscow, was elected Lt. Colonel. Tod's younger brother, Francis Watkins or "Wad" Carter, eighteen and a half years of age, who had enlisted earlier on May 9 in company "D" of the First Tennessee Regiment, was transferred to the Twentieth as soon as possible. The regiment spent several weeks at Camp Trousdale, drilling, marching..... and having measles.

In August 1861, before the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment had seen its first action, which was to occur September 19, at Barboursville, Kentucky, a Captain of the United States Navy, accused of being a spy, was apprehended in East Tennessee. On orders from the Confederate War Department, the suspected spy was taken to Richmond, Virginia, by Capt. W. M. Clark of Company "B" Zollicoffer Guards, and delivered to Mr. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy. Among the companions selected to accompany Capt. Clark were Tod Carter, W. H. Matthews, and W. S. Battle. The whole Regiment, it is said, wanted to go!

Capt. Clark wrote a letter to his wife from Richmond, which was in the Tennessee Historical Quarterly dated March 1952. From this letter we learn how greatly impressed these young soldiers were with the magnificence of the Exchange Hotel in Richmond, with its immense mirrors, marble floors, and gurgling fountains. In the dining room of the hotel one evening the soldiers spotted Ex-President Tyler. They imagined every important-looking person they saw to be a celebrity. They visited the Virginia State Capitol where they saw the bronze equestrian statue of George Washington by Crawford. They toured the armory where cannon, cannon balls, and muskets were being manufactured. Then they walked down to the Navy Yard to get their first view of a real ship. After their prisoner was delivered to Mr. Mallory, the men re-joined their Regiment which was no longer at Camp Trousdale. From the diary kept by Tod's brother, Lt. Col. Moscow Branch Carter, we learn something of the life in an army camp for the three Carter boys. He traces the army's line of march in East Tennessee and Kentucky. An entry dated November 30, 1861 mentions cold winds, freezing rain and snow, with soldiers being compelled to sleep on the bare earth, with scanty covering, beneath gauzy tents.

By December 2 a position for a new camp had been reached at Mill Springs, Wayne County, Kentucky, a hamlet on the south side of the Cumberland River. Sleeping on the frozen ground, the men of the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, and others, camped until enough flat boats could be built to take them across the River.

As Christmas neared Moscow described the exciting preparations being made for a cock-fight and a big feast! But an entry on December 14 states that on that day Tod, now a Provost Marshal, had started to Nashville in command of a lot of Union prisoners, accompanied by Dr. Dan Cliffe, Regimental Surgeon. Thus Tod missed the celebration of his first Christmas in the Army. He returned to camp on January 3, 1862.

It was from Camp Beech Grove, across the river, on January 9, 1862, that Tod wrote a letter to his good friend, Dick Bostick, who lived at "Everbright," as the Bostick place was called, just one-half mile from the Carter House. (As far as is known this is the only letter written by Tod which has been preserved, and for its preservation we are indebted to his great niece, the late Mrs. Mary Britt of Franklin. It is deeply hoped that other letters may someday be found.)

Camp Beech Grove, (Ky.)  
January 9, 1862

Dear Dick: (Bostick)

Without the weakness of expecting a reply, I intend writing to you, and for no other purpose in the world but to kill time. I have just eaten a hearty supper, the second one tonight, and can't sleep for some time yet. I am in Cliff's tent. Our Regiment has not finished their winter quarters yet, and if there is not a material change in line of policy they will not until spring sets in, for they are sent out on every little expedition that is made. We have had some bitter cold weather for the last two weeks, interlarded with rain, sleet, snow, and hail, and with freezing wind howling through the ragged cloths. You may imagine that we are at times not as comfortable as we would like to be. We are encamped in the bend of the Cumberland and the ground is a perfect marsh ... the muddiest hole I ever saw. The enemy, about 8,000 strong, are encamped near Somerset, fifteen miles distant. Our pickets fight every day but have had no general engagement. The enemy marched out in force to attack us about ten days ago. Gen. Zollicoffer had a council of war last night but have not learned what policy was adopted. Lt. McNairy of our Regiment stole out of camp yesterday and went to a little town called Harris and captured the U.S. Mail. Gen. Zollicoffer had a huge time reading letters, two-thirds of which were devoted to him. I suppose you have heard of Alec Vaughn's death. The cowards that murdered him will be hung, court martialed at the Gap (Cumberland Gap). Gen. George Crittenden has been drunk nearly all the time. He dresses and looks like a dashing French rogue and has impressed the entire army with the belief that he is trifling and worthless. He appears in public but little, and exercises but little authority. He has a guard around his quarters and a guard over his horses. You will imagine that he will not take like Zollicoffer with the boys. I have five more Yankees but hope that I will not be required to take them to Nashville, for my last trip wore me out completely. If I keep my health and am not ordered down the river, I will not come home any more until the expiration of my term of service, and will then re-enlist if the War continues. My prisoners say an impression prevails among officers and privates of the Northern Army that the War will continue but little longer. Whether this impression is based upon the expectation of whipping the South into submission or not I cannot say. Nearly all the Brigade are willing to enlist again at the close of the year and I doubt very much whether the present organization is disturbed. If

an appeal is made to that effect I have not doubt of its success. I am going in for thirty years, or the war, when my term expires.

Dick, I am building me a shanty on the south side of the river. A Provost Marshal needs quarters. When I finish my house you must come up and spend several weeks with me. You can easily come up the river in a few weeks, with but little fatigue and expense. Phil (Eelbeck) will come with you, I wrote him to resign. If he does not receive my letter, tell him that Cliffe (Dr. Dan Cliffe) says he ought to do so. He could not live here a month with such weather as we have had for several days. Present my best wishes to Miss Fanny Park and tell her not to accept Phil until I come, for she will certainly have a chance at me. I brought with me many memories of her, fragrant as spring blossoms with perennial freshness.

If you should be stricken with the miraculous idea of replying to this, do so before the first of June, for perhaps I shall not be here then. Direct your reply in care of Gen. Zollicoffer, Mill Springs, Kentucky, via Knoxville. I will write Phil tomorrow. Present my compliments to Mr. Cummings and Mr. Marshall.

Yours,

The. Carter.

Phil Eelbeck was Tod's first cousin. Dr. Dan Cliffe was Regimental Surgeon. Mr. Cummings was a tailor in Franklin. It is thought Mr. Marshall was Mr. John Marshall. Miss Fanny Park was the daughter of Dr. John Park. In 1866 she married Dr. James Duvall Wallis.

Just ten days later, on January 19, 1862, at the Battle of Mill Springs or Fishing Creek, Lt. Col. Moscow Carter was captured. Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, Commander of the Brigade to which the Carter boys belonged, was killed. Twelve pieces of artillery, wagons, ambulances, and about one thousand horses and mules had to be abandoned by the Confederates. Without rations or shelter, in the dead of winter, they retreated about ninety miles across the mountains to Gainsboro, Tennessee, being forced to live mainly on parched corn for about ten days.

From Col. Carter's diary we learn that Tod Carter was among a deputation of sixteen Confederates sent to Mill Springs with a flag of truce for the purpose of arranging with the Federals concerning the body of Gen. Zollicoffer.

A month later Forts Henry and Donelson had fallen. The Confederates at Gainsboro, under command of Gen. George B. Crittenden were ordered to Shiloh or Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee River. Col. Carter had already reached Ft. Warren, the Federal Prison in Boston Harbor. In a letter written by his sister, Sally on April 16, 1862 we learn that Tod's brother, "Wad" was wounded. Tod's fate was unknown. She also mentioned that Tod had been made an aide to Gen. Crittenden.

**Tod Promoted to Rank of Captain.  
Appointed Assistant Quartermaster**

On May 1, 1862 Tod was promoted to the rank of Captain in the Quartermaster Department, according to records found in the National Archives in Washington. On October 24 he was appointed Assistant Quartermaster.

### **Tod Becomes a War Correspondent**

On August 2, 1862 there had been established in Chattanooga, Tennessee what was usually the only news source for Confederate soldiers, in the South, *The Chattanooga Daily Rebel*. Tod Carter became a War Correspondent from Middle Tennessee for this paper, writing under the name, "Mint Julep".

Several issues containing the column by "Mint Julep" have been located at the Library of Congress in Washington. The earliest is dated November 20 and appeared in the issue for November 26, 1862.

By grapevine and otherwise From Middle Tennessee

Camp near Murfreesboro, Nov. 20, 1862

You will perhaps recollect the promise I made, when you gave the farewell grip, to drop in on you now and then, with a word from the camp, or, if at leisure some wet, gloomy evening to "call", and whilst chasing the weary hours with fits of gossip and scandal, draw a fragrant cork and mingle hopes and memories over the pure juice of the grain. This evening is surely wet enough, and as gloomy as a raven could have heart to wish. The cork is drawn, and the juice sparkles as brightly as of old! Here's to you!

Rumors for a moment's chit-chat fly around me as leaves from the brave old oak, whose bare brawny limbs afford a break-wind to my sheeted wigwam, but they are all from the mysterious old grape-vine. For several weeks our camp has presented the same treadmill routine, without a single new feature to break its lifeless monotony. The only orders of any particular new interest that we have received are to cook two days' rations, which the boys, fearing a scarcity of transportation, generally eat before the skillets are cold. I haven't heard a joke since the unfortunate rise of the whiskey item in the report of "Prices Current". Haunted with stray memories of the many old days, as the wind sings its lullaby through the ragged tent cloth, I often peer through a hole into the moonlight to see if some restless ghost of an old joke is not paying solitary pilgrimage to its old haunts, but I turn in disappointment to the consolation of my blessed old pipe. I might if so disposed very briefly and eloquently say it is profoundly dull. Now and then a bevy of pretty girls pay us a strolling visit, but a handsome friend at my elbow, wreathed and glittering with gold lace, claims they have come to see him. At any rate I can always tell when they are about by his borrowing my white shirt. I never could persuade any of the dear creatures that I am handsome, and I don't know why. It is curious, very curious. Our Colonel (Thomas Benton Smith) who is young and who thinks he is good looking, has cut loose from the Commissary Department altogether. Baskets and pretty notes are daily occurrences around his quarters. Byron says women are stargazers. I believe they are. They are perfectly voracious in their fighting propensities, and have no use for a fellow who survives the first fight. An

ugly mess-mate of mine says the reason they are so pugnacious is because they are all under conscript age. God bless them. I love them.

The Conscript Fathers held a council of war at this place a few days ago. My invitation miscarried. Gen'l. Remark was there, and says they are resolved to make a stand during the winter season, somewhere in this section, perhaps at this place, as a number of turnpikes from the North country concentrate upon the railroad at this point. The rumor has at any rate dissipated much of the gloom that was gathering about the hearts of the desponding, and kindled a happy feeling of gratification in every quarter of the country. The valleys nestling along the Harpeth and Cumberland Rivers are the granaries and larders of the State, and should be held if possible.

The news from about Nashville is meager. From the entire field I am unable to gather a single sheaf of interest. The place is besieged by guerrillas and bush-whackers, rendering ingress and egress rather uncertain. Now and then an adventurer makes the trip, and brings the stereotyped tale of Yankee insult and oppression. Their hearts are in a continual struggle of hope and fear. Rumors of a retrograde move on the part of the Southern forces reach them, and the night of hopelessness closes around them. Again the cracking of the guerrillas' guns is heard, and they catch at a gleam of hope, like the prisoners of Chillon at the struggling sunbeam that crept through a crevice of their dungeon. "Carthago delenda est!" The number of butter-nut gentlemen and burr-tailed filleys that throng the road to McMinnville revives many a memory torn from history I learned when a school-boy, of the faithful visiting Jerusalem. Their faces eclipse Webster and Cobb-Walker in their definition of devout and funeral. A new grave-yard is the only simile at hand that furnishes any idea of their sorrow-steeped countenances.

I met a discharged soldier this morning who had ingenuity enough to find his way to the paymaster's office, and who had actually drawn his pay! If the poor fellow had health, he deserves promotion. He was complaining that he was denied the bounty of fifty dollars. He vainly imagined that the Confederate Government spoke authoritatively when it promised the bounty to all soldiers who re-enlisted. He had not learned that General Bragg had repealed the provision as concerns discharged soldiers. He was entitled to the bounty the moment he re-enlisted, and should have been paid then, but, after serving eighteen months he ought not to have been wounded and lost his health, and become unserviceable to the Government. I tried to convince him of this, but he was incorrigible. The poor fellow, thin and pale from a wound received at Shiloh, maintained that a soldier who had given up his home and health and everything, when cast off as utterly worthless, was entitled to the bounty to support him in his helpless exile, and should not be condemned like a mule and turned out upon the highway to die. I reminded him that General Bragg had repealed that provision of the law as far as discharged soldiers were concerned, and had so notified the paymasters.

Well, I have written enough. You can read this in broken doses.

With many compliments and much respect,

Mint Julep, Fils.

### **Tod Describes the Battle of Murfreesboro**

About December 1, 1862 the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment was ordered back to Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and here Tod spent another Christmas without the company of his two brothers. Lt. Colonel Moscow Carter was now a Prisoner of War and Pvt. Francis Watkins Carter had been wounded and given a medical discharge. In the following column written from Manchester, Tennessee, and dated January 4, 1863, Tod describes what he saw and heard during the Battle of Stones River or Murfreesboro, which occurred December 31-January 2 1863.

#### **FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT "MINT JULEP"**

Special Correspondence of the *Rebel*.

Manchester, January 4, 1863

[Pub. Jan 15, 1863]

Dear Rebel--The entire South is at this time voraciously devouring every particle and incident of our bloody fight in front of Murfreesboro, and I suppose you too are under the influence of the prevailing portions of this bloody conflict, and in compliance with an old promise, I will briefly recount what I saw and heard.

As you are aware, the opening forces, though skirmishing on a heavy scale for three or four days, were not regularly engaged until late tuesday, too late to be in any manner decisive but the plans had ripened, and when night closed upon the scene, the unwanted hush of the long dark lines in deadly proximity, like the muffled stillness of the waters at the approach of the storm, bespoke the bloody carnival of the morrow. By the break of day-dawn Wednesday morning, the guns of the skirmishers began to crack, in straggling, scattering shots, gradually quickening into a fierce and brisk fire, on the extreme left of our lines near Triune, with now and then a field piece flinging in its thunder to the stormy prelude. By sun-up, the hoarse notes of regular battle were heard in that quarter. The game was up, and the pack in full cry. Steadily the surges swept from the left toward the centre and right, growing heavier, deeper, and stronger as they came, and when the hour of noon was past, almost the entire line was submerged in the fiery tempest. Four hours it raged with the wildest fury. Gen'l Breckinridge's division was on the right, stretching across and at right angles with the Murfreesboro and Nashville turnpike when it reached it. They had been stationed during the morning, on the Lebanon pike, to defeat a flank movement, should the enemy attempt it, in that quarter, but the increasing demonstrations made near the Nashville road, lulled every fear of such a move, and determined our leaders to dislodge them from their strong position.

The division was drawn up across a broad open stubble field, on the left of Stone's river. This field had been the theatre of a bloody conflict during the early part of the day. Fragments of shell, the torn and trampled ground, broken vehicles and other debris of battle, indicate a hard-bought field. It was to be again fought and won. The enemy in heavy force hovered darkly around the skirts of a scrubby growth of timber, just across this field. Their sharp-shooters as thick as locusts, were concealed in the grass, behind trees and fences, and in the clefts of the

rock along the bank of the river. Gen'l Preston's Brigade extended from the river towards the ruins of McGowan's house in the centre of the old field. This brigade moved forward in solid column. Staff officers were galloping backwards and forwards, up and down the line giving orders, field officers giving commands and, with colours fluttering wildly in the wind, they reached the crest of a long ground swell, and saw the woods and fields bristling with blue coats and Yankee bayonets. Down went blankets and knapsacks, and giving an old-fashioned Tennessee yell, they closed in. What a roar and tempest of balls! The air screamed with hissing shot and bursting shells! Long strings of the wounded and bloody limped their way to the rear, thickly sprinkled with blue-coat captives. The Minnie sung its best and merriest Southern air. Our lines moved on. While leading gallantly his boys in a charge, Tom Smith, the popular young Colonel of the 20th Tennessee, fell, shot through the breast and arm. Orville Ewing, a son of Hon. Edwin H. Ewing, and volunteer aid to Gen'l Preston, was shot through the head and killed. A nobler man and braver soldier never fell in battle. Captains Anly and Whitfield of the same staff were also wounded. The field was thickly strewn with the killed and wounded, Southern and Yankee, laying side by side in ghastly confusion. When night closed around, the field was ours. Many of our old friends fell in the fight, among them were Captain Watkins and Lieutenant Crosswait. Although the two armies were in sight of each other and only three quarters of a mile apart, yet the entire day Thursday, and the greater portion of Friday were consumed in skirmishing and cannon duelling. Late in the evening of the latter day, Gen'l Breckinridge's division made one of the most brilliant charges of the war. The enemy had massed a heavy force in the cedar forest North of Stone's river, near Lebanon road, and were menacing this wing, which was held by this single division. Towards the close of the evening they left a large reserve in this strongly entrenched position, and advanced on us with a long heavy line of infantry, and artillery, over-lapping our command by a strong brigade. Gen'l Breckinridge charged them and a conflict ensued, bloody and desperate in the extreme. Their artillery opened upon us a most terrific fire, and our forces melted away like night shadows before the break of morning, but they struggled on in the face of the fiery sleet, like gods for their altars. For an hour the demons of hell seemed to have met in wild, blood-drunken revelry. The enemy finally gave way, and our boys dashed upon them like a tigress to her bloody banquet and drove them howling through wood and field, and over the cedar-girt hills to the river, and across the river to their den, and their reserve. And then, notwithstanding the statement of your correspondent, withdrew quietly and without opposition. The enemy fought bravely, but they met men fighting for their homes, and their little ones and notwithstanding their superior force were repulsed and driven back in slaughter. The ground was literally blue with their dead and dying. Our thinned ranks attest their courage with a melancholy eloquence.

Many of our highest and best spirits fell upon that field. Lt. Col. Labenda, the very soul of gallantry is still there. Spring will bring her sweetest flowers to that sacred spot. Our loss was heavy. As an instance, the 20th Tennessee, (God bless her, a regiment without a coward!) with less than four hundred men in the fight, lost one hundred and fifty eight! We repulsed them, yes we whipped them every where and our boys were willing to settle the war in sight of Murfreesboro. Why we retreated some future Columbus must discover,

"He that fights and runs away,  
Will live to fight another day."

An amusing incident occurred on the battlefield in the midst of a most galling fire. One of our soldiers, a regular "gay bird", was wounded in the leg, just as a captured Yankee passed him on the way to the rear. He mounted him and rode him without bridle or spur, but at double quicktime, to the hospital.

Well good day, I must close.

#### MINT JULEP

After the Battle of Murfreesboro, the Confederates fell back to Shelbyville and Manchester Pikes, behind Duck River, and went into winter quarters at Shelbyville and Tullahoma, southeast of Murfreesboro, where they remained about six months. Cavalry raids were the only engagements. It was from Tullahoma that Tod wrote several columns for the *Chattanooga Daily Rebel*.

#### **A FRESH "SPRIG FROM MINT JULEP."** Special Correspondence of the *Daily Rebel*.

Camp Near Tullahoma, Tenn., Feb 2d, 1863 [Pub., Feb. 6, 1863]

Dear Rebel:--We have no camp news of especial interest. We have had rain, sleet, and snow in gloomy succession since my last letter with only an occasional fleeting spell of sun-shine. Both armies are mud bound, so you need expect no movement of importance in this quarter until this wet spell breaks away. Our cavalry forces under their respective leaders were drifting towards a rallying point, a few days ago, and have since then mysteriously disappeared. You will doubtless hear from them ere the wax and wane of many moons. Another soldier, whose name I have not been able to learn, but I am informed, was a member of a Louisiana regiment, paid the penalty of desertion, day before yesterday. It is melancholy duty to take life, but imperatively necessary for the success of arms, at such a juncture as this.

I had a stolen glimpse of several northern papers of a late date, last night, and I will give you such items as my memory may furnish from a hasty gleaning. They are all brimful of the dissatisfaction, discontent, and rioting over the north, all growing out of the gloveless abuses and usurpations of the bob-tail dictatorship at Washington, culminating a desire for an immediate peace. But these peace dreams are based upon the idea of a restoration of the Union as it was, and are consequently wild, unreal vagaries. Notwithstanding their clamors for peace, if their hearts have even entertained the proposition of our separation in recognition, their lips, paralyzed with apprehensions of a berth in the bastiles, refuse to give it utterance. Let us not be deluded by these dreams of peace, however sweet their whisperings. Peace will come, but our Taxation of efforts and preparations will only stay its coming.

Mr. Lincoln has rendered himself so ridiculously contemptible even to his "fools and victims", that when his message was read in the Senate they refused to accord him the poor courtesy of ordering the precious document to be printed--

" -Now lies he there, And none so poor as do him reverence."

The legislature of Indiana tendered a vote of thanks to Gov. Horatio Seymour of New York, for "his able and patriotic defense of the Constitution, the Laws, and Liberties of American citizens". While it is in my memory, I will mention an expression of Mr. Sherman, in the Yankee Senate, a few days ago, dropped, when discussing a bill for the release of political prisoners: "Unless something is done on this subject at an early day, we will have collision between the States and the Federal Government. We have now almost civil war in two states of the Union". That comes in rather an authoritative shape, and though a straw it indicates a shifting of the winds. It seems that the Abolition Legislature purporting to reflect the sentiments of glorious old Missouri, are beginning to feel a little uneasy in their pilfered power as the vessel rocks to the storm. They have set up a plaintive howl and piteously implore Abraham to rescue his children. They have, eighty-four of them, affixed their autographs to a memorial addressed to the veiled Prophet, setting forth "that there is still underlying the surface of this State, a large substratum of disloyal, treasonable sentiments which may break out the first favorable opportunity". What an eloquent tribute to the gallant old State, this cry of her murderers for help!

Mr. Allen of Illinois, in the Yankee House of Representatives, has made an able speech, protesting against the deportation of slaves in his State, in violation of her Constitution. He warned Mr. Lincoln that history furnishes instances of "the royal purple being spoiled by plebian hands". Rather "pert".

The most gratifying oration to genius that my range of reading furnishes, was accorded to Mr. Lincoln, at Cincinnati on the occasion of his birthday. The negroes donned their Sunday duds, and poured through the streets in a brilliant profusion of sable "beauty and chivalry", swimming in smiles and coquetry upon the grand gala day! Napoleon had his monument of cannon in the place Vendome, Washington of hearts, and Abraham the 1st, the smiles of the sable belles! How widely men's taste differ.

The northern papers published the report, said to be based upon good authority, that the Army of the Potomac is to be virtually disbanded, the greater portion to come out West, to co-operate in the campaign just inaugurated, and the remainder to protect the ditches around Washington. At any rate Burnside has bid his army an affectionate farewell, and turned over the command to Hooker.

The Nashville Union announces with a good deal of twisted lightning flourish the arrival of Col. Bob Johnson and his regiment of Tennessee cavalry at Nashville. Just as they were about to cross the State line, the gallant Colonel rode to the head of the column of returning exiles and paused, like a "seedy" tippler before his once favorite doggerly and indulged in elegant recollections. The long sad past lisped to him in many a sweet memory. The Napoleonic future that spread before him, glittering with glory fired the mingled emotions of his soul, and like the throttled throes of the volcano, spurning all restraint, burst forth. In the frenzy of the moment he called up his orderly, who sang to soothe his struggling feelings, the touching lyric, commencing "Somebody's after Yancey I do know," &c.

The dramatic effect of the scene was thrilling in the extreme. It is fondly hoped by their many anxious friends they all survived, but we sustain many serious apprehensions.

Au Revoir,

Mint Julep.

P.S.--Since writing the above a friend read me a decidedly interesting rumor from a correspondent down South. I give it as I got it.

A week or two ago, a lady from Ohio, a Mrs. Judge C- - - who has a brother in the South, visited Gen. Price with letters purporting to have been written by some of the most eminent men of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, proposing the admission of these States into the Southern Confederacy. They say they have secret organization embracing the three entire states and that they have been preparing this step for a year. That their interests are identified with ours and they are tired of the war. They propose if they are received, upon a given day to rise en masse, seize the arms, ammunition stores, and property of the United States and declare themselves in rebellion. They promise to bind themselves forever to deliver up all fugitive slaves.

Gen. Price knew Mrs. C., and was sufficiently familiar with the writing of many of these men, to rest assured of its genuiness. He accompanied her to Jackson, Miss., called a council consisting of Gen's Loring, Reed, Pemberton, and Gov. Pettus, and introduced her. The result was, she was furnished transportation to Richmond for further action. M. J.

#### FROM MINT JULEP.

(Special Correspondence of the Rebel)

[Pub. Feb. 11, 1863]

Dear Rebel: It is most emphatically dull here -- dull as a wet Sunday evening at a country cross-roads. There is no news, no gossip, no scandal, nothing. The smooth current of camp life has not been rippled for several days. We are compelled to resort to cards and the pipe to whittle time away. Occasionally a thrifty specimen of the dirty-face, snub-nosed, breeches and boots genus, too infantile for the polite attentions of the conscript officer, cries out, "Here's your pies!" upon the "perilous edge" of the guard line and collects around him forthwith an admiring audience, to whom he discourses with astonishing volubility upon the innumerable merits of the article in question. Many an "aching void" is stilled by the simple process of investing fifty cents and the snub-nosed cherub, without a tear or farewell, rings his "Here's your pies!" in other beats. The tread mill routine grinds slowly on.

Generals Joseph E. Johnston and Preston, paid us a visit yesterday. I suppose they were on a tour of inspection. General Joseph E. looks fresh and vigorous. He promises to sojourn with us until our affairs wear a more pleasing prospect. The war in Middle and East Tennessee will assume a stirring interest before spring bursts her buds. Did you ever see Gen. Preston the distinguished Kentucky orator? I love to look at the motherly old creature. It stirs up a whole nest of baby-hood

recollection. He reminds one so pleasantly of a benevolent old grandmother we used to see, when we wore, or rather didn't wear, breeches, with her bead reticule, a pair of silver spectacles perched majestically over her eagle-beak, affectionately courting the cooling breeze with an old turkey-wing, a relic of a venerable old family gobbler.

A friend just in from Williamson county informs me the Yankees were out there in force when he left. We suppose they are extending their lines for the purpose of foraging. The citizens of that county were plundered by the Yankees last summer, despoiled by the "irregular horse" under Wheeler and Forrest and are again to be robbed by the Federal hordes. We occasionally get a peep into affairs at Richmond, through the papers. Tennessee gets her Foote into everything. The sparring over the new Conscript is an amusing though rather serious play of ignorance. They play like desperate gamblers for popularity.

What ancient author made use of the expression, "Montes, parturiunt, et ridiculus mus nascetur?" Any how, it occurs to me just at this moment (the Army Regulations forbid a soldier speaking contemptuously of a member of Congress).

And the Editors and Ministers are to be dragged into the service to increase our strength? Perhaps it would give us two, maybe three companies more to enroll the editorial corps. We would be perfectly irresistible with the addition of a small battalion of the Knights of the Quill. (This should not be spoken above a low-whisper for Rosencranz may overhear us.)

Does the strength of the South consist alone in home, flesh, sinews, and muscle? If so, our cause then is surely hopeless, for beyond question the North outmeasures us in point of weight and bulk. Our superiority consists in the morale, the animus. Is this not the creation of intelligence? The Northern people submit tamely to usurpation, but at its first noiseless, stealthy approach the Southern spirit starts like a panther. The difference in intelligence and training accounts for this. Why cripple then the medium of supply for this peculiar strength of the South? Could the redoubled warriors, breathing fire along the corridors of the capitol, see the throng of ragged soldiers pressing eagerly around the news office at this place daily, for a paper, perhaps a change would come over the spirit of their dreams. These poorly clad soldiers, "foot sore and weary," are perhaps as sincerely devoted to the cause as these sweet smelling "Conscript Fathers." Are the people to be blindfolded in the midst of a revolution when all is at stake? Baron Munchausen tells us of a blind sow he saw upon one occasion that grasped her pig's tale with her teeth and was in this manner led from place to place. Do our friends at Richmond require this of us? I leave the farce.

Good day.

MINT JULEP.

#### **ANOTHER SPRIG FROM MINT JULEP**

(From our own Correspondent.)  
Tullahoma, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1863

Dear Rebel: We are again in the midst of rumors as thick as "Autumn leaves in Ardennes' gloomy vale." They all spring from that mysterious intermitting source of so much good news, Kentucky, and are perhaps as airy and intangible as the thousands that have heretofore blown over the country. One says a Federal Kentucky regiment resisted the conscription of negroes into the Yankee service at Louisville, and a desperate fight ensued between it and an Iowa regiment sent down for the purpose of suppressing the disturbance. The Kentuckians proving rather stubborn, an entire brigade was brought into the ring to tame them, and an Indiana regiment crowded, whetted its gaffs, and leaped in to assist Kentucky. They were finally subdued and sent North for imprisonment. Here's another one that will do to string. A gentleman just from Kentucky admits that delegates properly accredited from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky, met in Convention at Louisville on the 18th of this month for the purpose of peremptorily demanding of the Rump Government a suspension of hostilities and an armistice, and in the event of a failure in this, will immediately form an alliance and make bids to the Southern Government for protection. I have a perfect fund of such shinplaster news, but I reckon these are almost as many as you can get off for awhile.

I saw a batch of late Yankee newspapers this evening, but they contained nothing of unusual interest. They are all blubbering over the misguided policy of the "saints and wise men" at Washington, and whining for peace. Their consul at Monterey informs his government that smuggling operations are carried on extensively on the Texas frontier, and laments most bitterly that the Lord's anointed, blue-gill Puritans, are masters of the ceremonies. He states millions of dollars worth of cotton are exchanged at Monterey, monthly, for munitions of war, and that there is now an order on file for six hundred thousand blankets, at that place.

Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the Administration to gag the people, and its rigid surveillance and censorship of the press, mischief will leak out here and there in spite of them. Do you recollect the story of the man who endeavored to employ his hat for a patch, when his garments were too badly torn for a satisfactory result? The image of the poor fellow, dodging and shifting his old beaver and perspiring freely at his unsuccessful labours, always occurs to me when I get hold of a Yankee paper. But to my story. What does this stray bit of humor mean? Mr. Roberts in the Indiana General Assembly, a few days ago, said: The Government has been secretly mysteriously placing arms in the hands of the Abolitionists of the State. The General Assembly should know for what purpose these arms are distributed. The people should demand of the military authorities an account of this matter. They might be driven by the unwise conduct of the authorities to force, to assert their rights. He hoped such a thing would not occur, but it might, and would, if the people's rights were continued to be trampled upon.

Mr. Vandever from the Committee on Federal Relations in the Illinois Senate, reported a long string of sulphurous resolutions, one of which, being peculiarly interesting, I quote for your perusal. It is rather a new style of literature to emanate from that body. "Resolved that while we condemn and denounce the flagrant and monstrous usurpations of the Administration and encroachments of Abolitionism, we equally condemn the heresy of Secession as unwarranted by the Constitution, and

destructive alike to the security and perpetuity of our Government, and the peace and liberty of the people; and fearing as we do that it is the intention of the present Congress at no distant day, to acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy, and thereby sever the Union, we hereby solemnly declare that we are utterly opposed to any such severance of the Union, and we can never consent that the great Northwest shall be separated from the Southern States composing the Mississippi Valley. That river shall never water the soil of two nations, but from its confluence with the Gulf, shall belong to one great and united people". It was ordered to be printed and made the special order for next Tuesday.

Well if Micawber will be patient, something will surely turn up before very long. In the mean time the furlough game is as obsolete as a last year's almanac. A friend of mine claims that the old doctrine that "a man can go home when he can go no where else", has been successfully exploded by Gen. Bragg. Occasionally a Conscript drops in on us from the more sequestered parts of the Lord's vinyard. Gen. Bragg has employed the cavalry to issue invitations. They are compelled to go into the "high-ways and hedges" in order that the table may be filled. Their modesty is equal to their valor, but merit is always modest. The country has long and lustily clamored for their services but being so sensitively retiring and unassuming in their disposition it become necessary to force their talent out. We always accord them an escort and other demonstrations of honor from the depot to the camp. But enough,

MINT JULEP.

**FROM MIDDLE TENNESSEE**  
From our Own Correspondent "Mint Julep."

Tullahoma, Tenn., Feb. 25, 1863.  
[Pub. Feb. 28, 1863]

We have not had the refreshing pleasure of seeing you in several days, save on one occasion, and then we were indebted to a strolling friend for a glimpse. It is the impression among the boys that if another news agent were detailed, with extra duty pay, or appointed aid de camp, a generous rivalry might insure us a more plentiful supply of reading matter. As it is, we whittle away time over stale jokes and stray rumors. Toward the close of evening we are regaled with a piece of tombstone literature, in Gen. Bragg's happiest style; announcing that some fleet-footed lieutenant's gilt has been torn from his collar, for leaving the battle-field at Murfreesboro before the balance of us. Now and then the Provost Marshal, or as a friend calls him, the Provoke Marshal, perpetrates a practical joke, by conscripting a camp follower, and commanding him to the graces of a Springfield musket and knapsack.

Our army is again in good fighting trim, and the ranks rapidly filling up by the influx of absentees. I suppose it is better clothed, equipped and fed than ever before. The country is bountifully supplied with game, but the boys are forbidden to shoot, for fear of hitting some General's aide. These sweet-smelling, kid-gloveey band-boxy, tea cakey, attar-of-rose exquisities are as plentiful as gnats around a vinegar jug. But you must

not construe my expression into any reflection upon the usefulness of this necessary appendage of our Gypsy-life. It is true they dangle a dress sword gracefully, run handsome horses in dashing style, and smile most daintily at the ladies, yet it is no less true, they can tell the ragged, weather-beaten fellow that foots it with his gun and heavy knapsack, exactly what he ought to be. You can thus very readily appreciate the field and scope of their usefulness, and the necessity of taking every precaution to protect them from the weather and disagreeable inconvenience of camp life, and to guard against the rudeness of bringing them in contact with unmannerly soldiers, and everything calculated to grate harshly upon their tender sensibilities.

I have conversed with several intelligent and creditable gentlemen from Williamson county in the last few days, and they bring melancholy tidings of the fate of her gallant people. The country is being desolated. The abolitionists are burning and destroying houses, razing fences, stealing horses, shooting cattle and hauling off all the provisions in the county, not even leaving many families meat or bread enough for a single meal. They have broken up the wagons, hoes, and plows, destroyed the harness, and every thing that can be employed in cultivating the earth. The officers boldly proclaimed that the people shall not raise another crop. Citizens are robbed of their money, and their houses pillaged of every article of wearing apparel, and bed clothing, and their furniture and table ware broken and ruined by the heartless scoundrels. I was informed of three instances of my acquaintance, fair, modest, virtuous young women being ruthlessly violated by the hellish ruffians. These are not pictures woven by fancy, nor the creation of vague rumors, but facts attested by authorities that cannot be questioned. If retributive justice is no myth of fancy, it surely is time now for an exhibition of its power. When the men of the country are torn from their homes to fight for the Government, that Government should take some retaliatory steps to protect their helpless families from the hands of the incendiary and the ravisher.

"Cry Havock, and let slip the dogs of war."

MINT JULEP

### MIDDLE TENNESSEE

From our special Correspondent, "Mint Julep."  
Tullahoma, Tenn., March 4, 1863  
[Pub. Mar. 6, 1863]

I have still no news of material importance to report to you. Reports have been chasing each other over the country, that our cavalry made a dash into Franklin, on the 22d ultimo, and drove the abolitionists from the town. The entire story was decidedly refreshing for the peculiar felicity with which the details were given, yet it proved to be the veriest nothing. Early on the morning of the 22d, the abolitionists conceived the extremely happy and ludicrous farce of celebrating Washington's birthday, and artillery was called into requisition to fire a salute. As the salvos pealed over the country, conjecture caught the notes, strapped on the seven-leagued boots, and jumped to the conclusion that our irregular horse were giving the Yankees fits. Thus was broken a pleasing illusion. The

spirit of extortion has grown so morbidly fierce in this section that the prices of the commonest commodities, climb during one night with the speed and agility of the fabled gourd. The striped sticks of candy that used to kindle such a bright smile, upon our dirty faces when we were little fellows, we could fill our pockets with, for a half dime, and then the sale yielded the retailer a profit of one hundred per cent. They now sell very readily for twenty-five cents. This is rather small text, but it sufficiently illustrates the grasping insatiable spirit of the vultures who are greedily devouring the very vitals of our government. Six months hence what will be the fate of the soldier's wife and child utterly dependent upon the poor pittance he receives, and her own feeble exertions, for the means of subsistence? The prospect is a cheerless and bitter one. But the hearts of these bloodsuckers are so steeled with selfishness, that they are deaf even to a hungry babe's prattling plea for bread. But the heartless policy of these Shylocks will recoil with a crushing force. An individual haste will illustrate a general principle. Suppose one of your neighbors has one hundred dollars in Confederate money, the staple currency of the country, and goods worth in ordinary times, fifty dollars. Impatient to become wealthy, he sells these goods for one hundred dollars, thus depreciating the currency, and doubling the price of his goods, the hundred dollars in his pocket have suffered a like depreciation, and his innocent haste to become rich, he awakes from his golden dream and finds that his goods are gone and he has only one hundred dollars in his pocket, according to the value he has fixed to the currency. He over reaches himself, and finds his profits like the fabled bag of gold at the end of the rainbow.

There is a very suggestive legend connected with the settlement of a very interesting little village in Maury County popularly known as Kinderhook. There was for a long time only one piece of property in the settlement, and that was an old blind bridle, but the characteristic spirit of thriftiness, broke through all restraint for they stole from each other until they were rich.

"I cannot say how true it may be  
I say you detail as it was said to me."

Spring is again with us, and a bright soft spell of sunshine tells of buds and flowers not far distant. Just two years ago to-day, Mr. Lincoln assumed the reins of the executive authority. Perhaps his drivelling soul shrinks abashed at the ruin, the desolation, the new grave bills of his half-spent term. Like the mischievous boy who turned the sluice upon the mill in reckless experiment, powerless to restrain it, he turns and gazes helpless and terror stricken upon its mad plunging. In the spasmodic effort of approaching dissolution, his truculent minions have enacted a sweeping "conscript law" embracing all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, save the functionaries of the executive, and judicial departments. What a harvest for the battle field. A not distant future will decide whether the Northwestern people will submit tamely to its execution. Good night.

Very respectfully yours,  
MINT JULEP,

**FROM MIDDLE TENNESSEE**

From our Own Correspondent "Mint Julep."  
Tullahoma, Tenn., March 14, 1863.  
[Pub. Mar. 20, 1863]

The trite expression, in *status quo*, is a faithful and graphic history of the war machinery hereabouts since my last letter. Time hangs as awkwardly about us as a badly fitting coat. There is emphatically nothing astir. Tullahoma is as chill-inspiring as the swamps about Corinth. The town itself looks like it was convalescent from a long spell of chills. A man who doesn't shake every other day is looked upon as eccentric. We hav'nt reduced it to a system yet, but in the course of a few days we will have reliefs regulated to shake at the tap of the drum. Little baby earthquakes! The ills of my flesh are so far confined to an interesting case of the Confederate itch. It differs materially from the old United States seven-year itch, and is regarded quite a luxury. The scratching is extremely refreshing. Without it, I would "Have no delight to pass away the time." You ought to come up and catch it.

Yesterday I donned a citizens suite for old memory's sake, and took a rural jaunt on my favorite steed, Rozencrantz, to sound the depth of the roads, and procure a mess of turnip salad. The roads are falling. You know my experience as deck hand was rather brief, and not very instructive; but I give it as my opinion that only very light draught gunboats can pass over the roads from here to Shelbyville. But March has strung her wind harp, and the waters and mud will soon subside and leave a wide berth to the bullfrog in his lullaby. But being in quest of turnip salad, I plunged my rowels into Rozencrantz's side, and he groaned and floundered on through the wind. Rozencrantz is my review nag. Perhaps you have seen him. He is old now, and his bones sadly protrude, but occasionally a spark kindles in the old fellow's frame. He imagines he is a colt again, and gives way to a youthful propensity to indulge in an old fashion jog-trot, but the stumbling denouement reassures him that the buzzards are awaiting impatiently for their feast. He has seen better days. He is of a heroic dappled grey, and is a lineal descendent of the royal steed that bore Mazeppa so bravely through the wolf chase. Forage being scarce the other night, the mules ate his tale off, and he is now a spectacle, only. "Fit to point a moral or adorn a tale."

Well we floundered on after the turnip salad. After a hard ride of two hours I reined up in front of a very impressive but unpicturesque log structure of a style of architecture rather medieval, nestling in a clump of black-jacks in the midst of a sequestered valley. I was confident that here I would find my turnip salad; so, no one telling me I should not dismount, I dismounted. It is unnecessary to mention what I did, or how long I remained there. The fact is I have only an indistinct recollection of black eyes, and blue eyes, and turnip salad, and a canteen (which I inadvertently carried with me) all dancing in confusion around me. The time swept by sweetly and obliviously, and I felt like Tam O' Shanter, that I was "O'er the ills of life victorious."

Toward the close of the evening, consciousness awoke, and while indulging in a little dramatic scene with my breeches legs thrust in my socks, a party of cavalry dashed furiously up in convergent lines, myself seeming to be the center of attraction. After an exchange of the usual courtesies and civilities, they proffered me a polite invitation to join them in a ride, and, not having any pressing engagements for the evening, I willingly accepted, and we started. We passed the time away very merrily for a half dozen miles or so, and it struck me that the road began to wear a very familiar aspect, but I said nothing and rode on. Presently I caught a glimpse of white tents in the distance, and discovering that a mysterious masonry of winks, and nods, and smiles was passing between my companions and affording a fund of merriment, I modestly insinuated that an explanation of this strange conduct would be agreeable. The secret leaked out. They had mistaken me for a woods bird, had conscripted me and were tolling me back to camp! The joke was a good one; I unslung my canteen and proposed a "smile" to General Bragg's health. I reached my regiment just in time to hear the orders read at evening parade. A portion of it smacks of the "decidedly rich."

Lt. Dulin, Ass't. Insp't. General on Gen. Liddel's staff, was arraigned before the court for assuming command of an Arkansas company on the battle field at Murfreesboro, and executing a maneuver unauthorized by modern rules of warfare. It was said that he ordered a charge on a hospital and a whisky barrel which was done in a dashing style, but the redoubled leaders, as many a brave man has done, fell by the wayside like the seed sown by the man in the parable. Our military authorities, cramped and dwarfed ingenious by a too steady adherence to moss-grown formulas, were utterly unable to appreciate the untrained dash and daring of this feat and ordered the arrest. The proof was insufficient and the Lieutenant was acquitted.

MINT JULEP

### **Twentieth Tennessee Regiment Is Honored**

#### **FROM MIDDLE TENNESSEE**

Tullahoma, Tenn., March 20, 1863

[Pub. Mar. 25, 1863]

Dear Rebel: We have had a perfect floodtide of soft Spring sunshine for many days. Blue-birds are beginning to carol and now and then we see green tender blades of grass peeping timidly out of the earth. This spirit of reanimation has touched the hearts of our boys and full of the fresh inspiration they listen eagerly for the first notes of the Spring campaign. Yesterday was grand gala day with us. General Johnston having assumed immediate command of the forces in Middle Tennessee, announced a review of the entire army at this point yesterday. It was a novelty to nearly all of us, and full of delight and interest. The day broke brightly and beautifully for the occasion and long ere the sun had swept the mists from the broad open field near town. For two hours the various long dark flowing streams were unbroken until the review ground bristled like a stubble-field with sturdy warriors. Orders rang and rattled over the field, Babel fashion. Sabres and spurs clanked as gaily caparisoned chargers, blazing with loads of lace, champed their bits and pranced and curvetted, impatient for the rising of the curtain. Curious citizens in

gingerbread jeans stern-visaged soldiers, and colored people of African persuasion, greeted the eye in every direction. It seemed "As if the yawning hills to heaven, A subterranean host had given." The trees and house-tops were filled with ragged dirty-faced boys, like a pigeon-roost. Your handsome correspondent perched himself not gracefully but very securely in the fork of a stubborn black jack in the midst of the Falstaffian recruits, to secure a more extended view of the scene. Upon the far side of the field, women of conscript ages had gathered in a vastly delighted profusion. What a battery of bright eyes were pouring their plunging fire into our ranks! But our boys stood it like heroes. Not a man budged. Many of them, suffering from an attack of the calico proclivity, recklessly approached within a short distance of the breastworks. (I am not punning, I am religiously opposed to it.) These were chiefly officers of a high grade, for under the present regime a soldier with less than three stars can't shine. Where did this sudden apparition of beauty spring from? Our encampment, like the enchanted garden spoken of in Eastern tales, at the close of evening was a joyless wilderness, but at the first burst of morning was blooming with sweet flowers. The low-laughing eyes and foot-racing smiles made the occasion as merry as Christmas bells. I was just reflecting how very provoking it would have been if, our reverend grand-mother Eve, in her coy girlish days, when her lips pouted prettily for kissing, had coquetted our grand-sire Adam, and he in his boyish awkwardness and verdancy had sworn never to marry! I had just reached this stage of my cogitations when the bass and kettle-drums began to war and rattle like a bunch of thunder bolts, set off squib fashion among the crags of a mountain, and the fifes screamed as if they were bent on blowing out their last note. What a rattle of sounding hoofs! Yonder they come at the top of their speed! Colonels shout out to their men, "eyes front!" and square themselves as bolt upright in their saddles, and look as stiff and grim as if by mistake, they had swallowed a lightning rod. Company officers, confident that the attention of the Generals and their cortege will be aimed directly at them, plant themselves like corn-stalks in front of their companies and gruffly mutter command to their men withoutturning their heads. But the curious unmannerly soldiers will steal an opportunity and peep slyly down the line to see the fun.

Whoop! Hurrah! Here they come with steeds foaming and smoking. What a glitter of uniforms and trappings! Here comes Gen. Joseph E. Johnston with his pensive, reflective cast of countenance, astride a beautiful black stallion; Lt. Gen. Hardee, stern and severe, yet a sly twinkling of his merry blue eye reveals a bold, romping, rollicking spirit; General Breckinridge, a very beam of chivalry, and the host of gaudy aids. But they are gone. Drums thunder along the dark line and flags stoop in graceful salute. Well, this is a grand review and the first I ever saw. If it should occur every day in the week it would still be interesting. Every soul would be spurred for the conflict.

I strutted along the line to look at the flags. Some of them were of rich, beautiful silk, the work of our glorious women, confided by them to their brothers, husbands and sweethearts when the bugle first gathered the clans, but now they are weather-stained, faded and bullet-torn. Many of them were blue Confederate battleflags, full of death's harvest-home. Ah! but these thousand freshly made gravemounds in every State are pledges of our freedom. Every heart in the South makes a weary pilgrimage to some of these sacred spots. The hand of man can never blot them out.

I strolled on. The troops shift position and clear the arena. The field is transformed. A mimic battle is being fought. Long serried lines of cold steel sweep steadily forward. The sight almost chills the blood. The command "double-quick, charge!" rings out, and with wild furious yells they dashed forward upon the imaginary foe. Frantic shouts break from the vast multitude of spectators. Officers, generals and all, fired with memories of Shiloh, Perryville and Murfreesboro, are submerged in the excitement, and rush forward, waving their caps and swords in the air, shouting onward! I could almost hear the villainous bullets plough the earth and splinter the twigs about me, and I instinctively looked around for a conservative tree. What a glorious thing fighting would be if nobody was hurt. Perhaps the inventive faculties of the blue lip puritans will trump up some pleasant little device as a substitute for steel and saltpetre before they deal the cards for another war.

But the masses are drifting toward another part of the field, and like Paul Pry, "I will just drop in to see what's going on". A hollow square is formed; Gen'ls Johnston, Hardee, Breckinridge and Preston are there with their respective staffs; carriages filled with bright-eyed girls have drawn near; Gov. Harris is there and his face brightens into a smile like old times. I edged my way through the crowd like a small boy with a basket of pies. A flag is being presented to the 20th Tennessee Regiment by Col. O'Hara, General Breckinridge's Chief of Staff, and I will furnish you with such portions of his remarks as my memory reserved as a pleasant little reminiscence of the war. The flag was formed of beautiful white and red silk, made in triangles, the points meeting in the centre and clasping a large shield:--

"I have a duty devolving upon me to-day, which I esteem an honor, and perform with pleasure. I am deputed to present to you a flag wrought by the hands of a lady of Kentucky. The inquiry may suggest itself: Why the distinguished gentlemen charged to bestow this banner, has not chosen to present to a regiment from his own State? The answer I think is too obvious to need expression. I might add that the noble Kentuckians who have relinquished all the ties, and almost all the hopes of home to devote their lives and their all to this cause, are contented with the assured appreciation of their illustrious commander and countrymen, and with proud consciousness of having nobly done their duty, and their constant and equal devotion to the common cause leaves no criterion by which their General might distinguish among them. He and they feel that it is a regiment of some other state that the honor of bearing this flag will be more appropriately confided. And the General has felt the delicacy and difficulty of making a selection among the various regiments which constitute his command, many of which have won his admiration by their gallant conduct under his own eye in many a stricken field. After mature consideration, however, in view of its uniform gallantry and length of service under his command, he has concluded that it is upon the 20th Tennessee Regiment that these colors will be most properly bestowed. In the first memorable battle on the soil of Kentucky, in this war, the 20th Tennessee was signalized by its devoted patriotism and disciplined valor. At Fishing Creek when the sternest were dismayed, and the timid yielded to the panic, the gallantry of the 20th Tennessee shone forth with conspicuous lustre. At Shiloh, when the reeling battalions of the enemy confessed the superiority of the Southern valor, the banners of the 20th Tennessee were among the foremost in that bloody struggle. At the

bombardment of Vicksburg throughout the sulphurous carnival that raged so many days and nights around that heroic city, the 20th Tennessee stood, baring its scarred front to the storm of shot and shell. At Baton Rouge when our Southern chivalry rushed upon the insolent invader of their country, the 20th Tennessee was again seen in the van of the battle. At Murfreesboro, whether on the left of Stone River among the bloody cedars or on the right in the fearful charge of the 2d of January which laid low many a noble spirit, the 20th Tennessee maintained its bright renown and plucked new laurels from the jaws of death. In view of this record of its heroic service and patriotic devotion, it has been decided I feel assured with no offensive discriminations, to confer upon the 20th Tennessee regiment this beautiful banner wrought by the fair hands of the most distinguished women of Kentucky. I feel that I may safely undertake to declare it is the opinion of those ladies that to no more deserving and loyal custody could this emblem of our cause be confided, let me, fellow-soldiers, assure you that the men of Kentucky share their opinions, and endorse their award: They feel also, that it is to no alien hands that this trust is confided. While there is a pulse in the heart of a member of the 20th Tennessee, they feel assured that this emblem will be cherished and guarded as more precious than life. In this confidence, I as their representative commit this banner to your keeping. I believe that this history has already determined the common political fate of Kentucky and Tennessee, and that this simple ceremony here to-day, is but the symbol of the affiliation of two millions of people with the fortunes and destiny of the Southern Confederacy!"

Col. Smith, the boy Colonel of the 20th Tennessee, received the flag, and turning his eye upon its fluttering folds said:-- "Colonel: In behalf of the officers and soldiers of my regiment, I accept this beautiful flag. My language does not permit me to express my feeling on this occasion. This compliment, unexpected as it is, is doubly pleasing, coming as it does from Kentucky, the land of chivalry and from the noblest of her daughters. A State whose name is linked with the brightest jewels of American history, her women are as lovely as her mountain flowers. For my officers and soldiers, I thank you. When the storm of battle rages fiercest amid the wildest conflict, we will think of the fair donors, and cling to this banner. For the complimentary manner, Sir, in which you have presented it, I thank you. Soldiers! To you I commit this gift. In its folds rests your honor. Let it never be contaminated by foemen's hand. Let the Confederacy and the world see that in the hour of her darkest trials, Tennessee will stand by the colors of Kentucky, as they would by the standard of their native State. They feel that their honor, their glory, their safety, their people are one!"

Thus closed the review. Asking a thousand pardons for trespassing so long upon your patience, I will close. Accept a renewed assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

MINT JULEP.

The last of the columns which were obtained was written from Fairfield, Tennessee, on May 13, 1863:

#### **OUR ARMY IN MIDDLE TENNESSEE**

Special Correspondence of the Rebel.

Fairfield, Tenn., May 13, 1863

[Pub. May 29, 1863]

The prospect of a speedy engagement here has blown away, and our troops are dozing and snoozing in the waited quiet and laziness of camp routine along the entire line. But on account of our proximity to the enemy, and our constant readiness, a fight may occur any day.

I met a friend just from Nashville yesterday, from whom I gleaned some interesting information. He was confined in the State Penitentiary three or four weeks, and preemptorily refusing to take the odious oath, he was, in company with a half dozen others, furnished an escort to the outposts on the Charlotte turnpike, and turned loose with parental admonition that his presence in the Federal lines again would insure a hempen necktie. Once more breathing pure, free southern air, he bent his footsteps this way with the silent promise never to enter the Union cage again. To each of the prisoners a copy of the following questions was addressed:

"Provost Marshal's Office,  
Nashville, May 1, 1863.

Sir: I am directed by the General commanding to ask of you answers to the following questions:

Are you friendly to the Constitution and Government of the United States? If released, will you support and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States constantly hereafter? Are you willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, and file bond for the faithful observance of your pledge?

Support of the Constitution does not mean neutrality. Will you, if released, give your active and hearty cooperation to the Government in its efforts to put down the present rebellion and restore peace?

An immediate answer is requested.  
Very Respectfully,  
John A. Martin,  
Colonel and Provost Marshal.

To such as refuse to subscribe to this oath of treason, a copy of the following is given:

Outside of Picket Lines,  
Near Nashville, May 8, 1863.

You are hereby notified, in accordance with instructions from Headquarters Department of the Cumberland, that you are to remain South during the war, under penalty, in case of return, of arrest and trial as a spy.

John Corcoran,  
Captain 8th Kansas Regiment.

But before his departure South, quite a number of these citizens, were sent to Northern prisons, among whom are many names familiar to the

exiled citizens of Nashville. One batch consisted of D.H. Allison, J. Andrew, J. Brantley, B. Buckner, E. Driver, Dr. Dupree, W.H. Ewin, W. Higgins, J.W. Horton, A.J. McClure, J.S. Ramage and J.D. Stevens.

Captain Driver, infamously notorious and notoriously infamous for his frenzied devotion to the Union, was loud-mouthed in urging the arrest of Southern men until his religion penetrated his own household and his son was shipped North, like a felon, to an imperial bastille, when a change came over the spirit of the old man's dreams. A throng of friends and kindred gathered around the prisoners to bid them farewell, and he mounted a stand and denounced the Government as more outrageously tyrannical than the policed despotism of Australia. His virtuous indignation bubbled and effervesced to the edification of his listeners for half an hour. When his treason is no longer profitable they despise and scorn the traitor.

Gen. Rosecrans has evinced great skill and shrewdness in disguising the strength of his force. He practiced a handsome deception on the citizens for weeks by stealthily marching troops in various directions toward Kentucky during the night and marching them to the city in the daytime with an air of weariness and a parade of transportation, and by constantly shifting encampments, to induce the belief that he was being heavily reinforced. This ruse succeeded like a charm and gave birth to the many extravagant rumors of troops pouring into Nashville. Upon careful inquiry my informant was confident that, in addition to the accessions of small parties of stragglers, the army at Nashville had received only one body of reinforcements known as Cox's Division. The strength of this did not exceed an ordinary brigade.

*The Louisville Journal* dubs the little affair at Fredericksburg the most disastrous and disgraceful defeat of the war. From various sources I learn this defeat had a very depressing influence upon the spirits of the enemy. Gen. Lee is a skillful diplomatist. It is the only dignified and profitable means to negotiation for us. Their honor is the instincts of policy, and their patriotism, the romantic affection of a buzzard for his carcass. We fight them with shot and steel and they fight us with shot and stealing.

MINT JULEP.

By July 8, 1863 the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment and others had been forced out of Middle Tennessee, and were ordered near Chattanooga, the gateway to East Tennessee and Northern Georgia.

September 18-20, 1863, the three days' Battle of Chickamauga,

called "the great death struggle of the ages," took place. The

tired Confederates, who had had a bad year in the west, were cheered by

the brief glory of this Battle. But the Army of Tennessee, triumphant and

bloody, seethed with discord over the lethargy and alleged ineptitude of

Gen. Braxton Bragg, its Commander. The Federals retreated into

Rossville, Georgia, and on through the mountain gap to Chattanooga, spared by the tardiness of Bragg's pursuit. On September 24 the two-month siege of Chattanooga ensued, ending October 27.

### **Capt. Tod Carter is Captured**

Then followed the Battle of Missionary Ridge, about a month later, on November 25, 1863, the Ridge being east of Chattanooga. It was here that Capt. Tod Carter was captured.

The late afternoon sun glistened off burnished bayonets. Shadows lengthened. Bragg's Army had three defensive positions on the Ridge: the first was at the base, a strong line of rifle pits. The second was half-way up, intended to give security to those who might be forced from the base. The third was at the 600-foot summit, where the Ridge was razor-back thin. There was no plateau here on which to re-form. Volleys from the Federal line thundered along the Ridge. Bragg's rifle pits were captured, and his forward position overrun. The Confederates fell back and began laboring up the impossible mountain side! Gen. Grant reported that he sent north no less than 6,100 Confederate prisoners after the battles around Chattanooga. Those Confederates who were not casualties retired to Dalton, Georgia, and went into winter quarters. But several months would elapse before Capt. Tod Carter would arrive at Dalton. On December 4, 1863 he was forwarded to S.E. Jones, Provost Marshal at Louisville, Kentucky, the relay station being at Broadway and Tenth Avenue.

On the following day he was discharged from the Louisville prison and sent to the Federal prison on Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio. (See Register No. 1, Official Records, page 60). This Depot, Prisoners of War, as it was called, had been established in the fall of 1861 for captured Confederate officers. Johnson's Island, containing 275 acres, only 40 acres being in the prison grounds, is three miles off shore from the city of Sandusky. There were barracks to accommodate 3,000 prisoners, a hospital, mess hall, and block houses. The bunks were three tiers high, wide enough for two men to sleep, and supplied with bed ticks filled with straw. The barracks were warmed with cast iron box stoves, using wood for fuel, and lighted with tallow candles. The prison yard was surrounded by a fence built of plank, two inches thick, placed on end and about 16 feet high. A gunboat lay at anchor some 200 yards from the prison. It is said that on January 1, 1864 the temperature on Johnson's Island fell to 26 degrees below zero. There were never enough blankets.

In a badly worn red-lined wallet found among Col. Moscow Branch Carter's possessions at his death in 1913, and believed to have been Tod Carter's wallet, was a letter which Moscow had preserved for forty-nine years. It was a letter written by Moscow on March 1, 1864 and addressed to his brother:

Capt. Tod Carter, Prisoner of War, Johnson's Island, Ohio, Block 8, Mess No. 1. This letter had been mailed at Nashville, Tennessee, on March 4. In it Moscow had described the occupation of Franklin and had added: "I have a little piece of news you may never have heard before. After your capture (At Missionary Ridge), your horse swam the river, and returned to camp in full rig. The boys thought for a long time you were killed, seeing your horse without you." Moscow also mentioned that the last letter he had received from Tod had been dated Feb. 8, in which letter Tod had said that he expected to be transferred to Point Lookout (near Baltimore, Maryland).

Official Records show that Tod was indeed scheduled to be transferred to Baltimore on February 9, 1864. Moscow's letter was duly forwarded to Point Lookout from Johnson's Island, and the postmark on the envelope was May 4, 1864. But Tod Carter was not at Johnson's Island nor was he at Point Lookout to receive his brother's letter!

### **Tod Escapes**

It was "while crossing the State of Pennsylvania en route to a northern prison," according to family tradition, that Tod made his daring escape from a moving train in the darkness of night. He feigned sleep, with his feet resting in the train window, and his head in his seat companion's lap. When the guard looked the other way, Tod's seat companion gave him a shove out the train window! The train was stopped and a searching party was sent back to look for him, but Tod had made his escape. A northern farm couple befriended him, and in disguise, he made his way back to Memphis, Tennessee, by way of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. From Memphis he made his way to Dalton, Georgia, where the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment was still encamped.

### **Tod Re-joins the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment**

The exact date that Tod reached Dalton has not been established, but official records show that he was "absent" in January and February, and "present" in March and April, 1864. Therefore it appears that between February 9 and sometime in March, Tod made his way from Pennsylvania to Georgia to rejoin his Regiment. To further establish the fact of his successful escape and his presence again with his old outfit, we refer to two receipts for \$20.00 loans made to soldiers and signed by him thus: "The. Carter, A.Q.M., Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, at Camp near Dalton, Georgia, April 15, 1864."

Gen. Joseph E. Johnson, who had replaced Gen. Braxton Bragg after the defeat at Missionary Ridge, waited at Dalton, Georgia, with about 42,000 Confederates. On May 6 Gen. W. Tecumseh Sherman opened his Georgia campaign in front of Dalton.

On July 18 Gen. John B. Hood replaced Gen. Johnson as Commander of the Army of Tennessee, withdrawing from Atlanta on September 1. On September 29 he started northward toward Middle Tennessee, just a few days after President Jefferson Davis had visited his Army. The men were "lashed by rain, sleet, snow, and freezing cold," and rations consisted of "three sinkers a day," sinkers being biscuits made from unbolted wheat flour without milk, grease, salt, or soda. Many wore rags tied on their feet or "green hides," for their shoes were worn out.

On November 21 Gen. Hood crossed his Army over the Tennessee River at Tusculumbia and Florence, Alabama, and led it toward Columbia, Tennessee, by way of Lawrenceburg and Mt. Pleasant, Tennessee. Gen. John M. Schofield, of the Union Army, who had been a classmate of Gen. Hood's at West Point, reached Columbia on November 24, having kept just ahead of Gen. Hood in the convergent movement upon this Middle Tennessee town.

As far as is known Capt. Tod Carter had not returned home to Franklin since that day three and one-half years before when he had enlisted in the company being formed by his older brother, Moscow. But on November 28, 1864 he held in his hand what was perhaps the most treasured order ever in his possession! The order was written on a mere scrap of tablet paper but it was signed by his commanding officer! It read:

Headquarters Tyler's Brigade, In the field-near Columbia, Tennessee  
November 28, 1864

The. Carter, Aide-de-Camp, has permission to go in advance of this command to Franklin

By order of T.B. Smith, Brig. Gen'l, commanding.

Tod's home town, Franklin, Tennessee, and his beloved family less than twenty-five miles away and he had permission to go into Franklin ahead of the Brigade of which he was a member! At home was his aged father, Fountain Branch Carter, now 67. Here too was his older brother, Col. Moscow Branch Carter, who had been a prisoner of war at home on parole for about a year. Here at home were his four sisters and his beloved sister-in-law. In addition there were nine little nieces and nephews, all under twelve years of age. No doubt Tod thought of his father's fireside that November day, and the hams and bacon that always filled the smoke-house, and the good meals the servants prepare in the little kitchen in the yard. No doubt he had often longed for his own restful bed while sleeping on the frozen ground. But most of all he longed to sit once more at his father's breakfast table with all the members of his beloved family!

The horseback journey on a rather rough road from a point in the field near Columbia to Franklin was a long and tedious one. Finally he and his good friend, Sgt. James L. Cooper reached Winstead Hill, about two miles from the Carter House. At the foot of the hill on the west side of the Columbia Turnpike was the home of Mr. Green Neeley. Here Tod and James spent the night of November 29, both sleeping under the same Army blanket. Mr. Neeley recounted later that Tod was "in a perfect ecstasy of joy" at the thought of seeing his family the next morning! Tod also talked to an old friend and neighbor, Mrs. Sophronia Reams and told her that he would "eat breakfast at his father's house in the morning"!

History has recorded the momentous events that occurred during the night of November 29, 1864. A Union Army of about 24,000 under Gen. John M. Schofield by-passed the sleeping Confederate Army, under Gen. John B. Hood, at Spring Hill, which is about half-way between Columbia and Franklin. All night a double column seven miles long marched down

the Columbia Pike past the Green Neeley house. This Union Army was trying desperately to join the forces of Gen. George H. Thomas at Nashville, about eighteen miles to the north. But the bridges over the Harpeth River at Franklin had been all but destroyed. The ford over the swollen stream was at this time impassable. The pontoons which had been ordered had not arrived. Gen. Schofield was greatly agitated. He put Gen. Jacob D. Cox in command while he went to see what could be done about river crossings.

"By the level beams of the rising sun it was determined that the Carter Hill was the key to any strong defense in front of the town", wrote Gen. Jacob D. Cox U.S.A. in "The Battle of Franklin". They must prepare to make a stand if need be.

At four-thirty in the morning, Gen. Cox, accompanied by his mounted staff, awakened Fountain Branch Carter and, in the custom of the Army, commandeered the Carter House, which became the Federal Command Post. Weary Union soldiers, "loosening pistol holsters and sword belts, threw themselves upon the floor of the front sitting room or parlor for a little much-needed sleep. They were everywhere, in and about the house! Their inner line of entrenchments was dug just sixty feet south of the Carter House, in line with the smoke-house and farm office. Four barns were torn down in order to obtain timber for head-logs in their entrenchments, and timbers were also torn from the Carter cotton-gin across the road.

No doubt Tod knew that the Union Army filled the Columbia Turnpike ... but did he not know his way home through the woods, every mile of which he had explored as a boy? Most likely he had not learned that soldiers of the Union Army also had possession of his home. Did Tod come to his beloved home once more?

This story was found in an old scrap-book. A correspondent for the *Philadelphia Times* came south many years after the war, searching old war scenes. He picked up this story from old Si, his Negro wagon-driver. As Si approached the battleground at Franklin, he reined in his horses and stopped in front of the Carter House. He began to tell the correspondent how young Capt. Tod Carter had returned to his locust-shaded home on the morning of November 30, how he had stopped at the garden gate, which was between the smoke-house and the farm office, with tears streaming down his face. Before lifting the latch he paused to thank God he was back home again. Then he suddenly saw a loved one frantically motioning to him to "Go Back"! Perhaps he ate no breakfast at all that morning. He made his way back to Winstead Hill.

By noon the Federal line of breastworks was nearly completed, wrote Gen. Cox. The camp dinner was over. Horses were fed and saddled. A group of orderlies lounged on the grass by the roadside at the foot of the hill, while officers were sitting on the back veranda of the Carter House, smoking or sleeping, as the mood took them. The day was bright and warm, Indian summer weather, coming after the first sharp frosts and snows of winter. Except for an occasional straggler following his command in, nothing was to be seen between the Carter House and Winstead Hill. While preparations for the impending battle were going on, the Carter family were not inattentive observers. They had witnessed on other occasions sharp skirmishes between Rebel cavalry raiders and

the Federal pickets stationed about the premises, in which men were killed and wounded, some in the yard, and even in the house itself. They felt themselves somewhat inured to the casualties of war; but the great number of men now so hurriedly and so intently engaged in demolishing houses and constructing works of defense, looked to them painfully ominous. The scene presented was on a bigger scale than anything they had ever seen before. It created feelings of profound anxiety. Whether to abandon home and the little that was left to them, after three years and more of devastation, and to seek personal safety in flight, was the all-absorbing thought. In either aspect the prospect was discouraging. To leave home, pillage was almost certain, and blackened ruins might be all that would be left to greet their return. With one accord it was determined to remain. Perhaps their presence would be respected and the house spared. They would trust to God to shield themselves from harm. Although Hood was said to be a rash fighter, it was hardly thought he would be reckless enough to make a determined assault on the formidable works in front of him. But to be prepared for any emergency, it was directed that a bundle of clothing, proportioned to the strength of each one, be prepared, for the two-fold purpose of having that much saved in case all else was lost, and for partial protection should they be forced to leave the house. If the latter were necessary, all were instructed to throw their respective bundles over their backs, and follow the leader whithersoever he led."

#### **Those Who Took Refuge In The Cellar**

With the aid of older members of the Carter family, the author has compiled a list of the names of those who comprised the Carter household at this time:

Tod's father, Fountain Branch Carter, 67, for twelve years a widower, his wife Mary Armistead Atkinson Carter, having died in 1852.

Tod's older brother, Moscow Branch Carter, 39, formerly a Lt. Colonel in the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, Volunteer Infantry, Confederate States Army, but now a prisoner of war at home on parole. He too was a widower, his wife, "Callie", having died in 1860, leaving four small children: Mary Orlena, known as "Lena", almost twelve; Walter Fountain 10; Annie Josephine 6; Hugh Ewing 4.

Tod's sister, Mary Alice Carter McPhail 29, who had returned to Franklin from Texas at her father's insistence, when her husband, Daniel McPhail, had joined the Eighth Texas Cavalry. With her were their three small children: Orlando ("Lannie") who was 1; Alice Adelaide 8; and Marcus 7.

Three other sisters: Sarah Holcomb ("Sallie") 27-, Annie Vick Carter McKinney 28, widow of Aaron McKinney, who had died in 1856, three months after they were married; and Frances Hodge Carter ("Fanny") 20.

Tod's beloved sister-in-law, Sallie Dobbins McKinney Carter 28 widow of James Fountain Carter, Tod's brother who had died in Mississippi in 1859. With her were two small children: Fountain McKinley Carter 1 1, and Ruth James,6.

There were two colored servants. It has been brought to the author's attention that most probably there was also a little colored boy named "Oscar" who was born in 1861. (Oscar became the father of Jesse Carter, a well-known hospital worker, and died at the age of 92.)

To the members of the Carter household were added "a family of five, near neighbors, who sought the protection of the stout walls of the Carter House just before the combat opened," wrote Gen. Jacob D. Cox in his book, *The Battle of Franklin*. It has been ascertained that this was the Albert Lotz family who lived in the white-columned frame house located on the east side of Columbia Pike, slightly to the north of the Carter House. Mr. Lotz had, purchased 5 acres from Fountain Branch Carter in 1858. From 1978 correspondence with Mr. David Lotz of Menlo Park, California, a great grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lotz, it has been learned that the children were Paul, who was nine; Matilda, who was six on the day before the Battle; Augustus who was only two. It is possible, wrote David Lotz, that Amelia who was seventeen, was also in the Carter House cellar during the Battle. Mr. Albert Lotz and his wife, Margaretha, were natives of Germany, having been naturalized in Franklin in 1859. He was a master carpenter, designer of furniture, builder and tuner of fine pianos. In 1870 they sold their home to Robert G. Buchanan and moved to San Jose, California. From his great granddaughter, Mrs. Jeanette Jandebour of Walnut Creek, California, we have learned that Albert Lotz carved the furnishings in the Williamson County Court House, built in 1858.

Thus it is shown that there were in all twelve little children under twelve years of age who endured the horrors of a battle raging over their heads ... but no harm came to them.

It is known by the family that Fountain Branch Carter had a hole dug in the cellar in the section toward the village, and here all the meat from the smokehouse was hidden, lest it be taken by enemy soldiers. A board was placed over the meat, the bricks were replaced in the floor, and a table was placed over the spot. Enemy soldiers did not find it.

The Union soldiers were "lolling around on the porch and on the grass in front of the Carter House" wrote Gen. Cox in *The Battle of Franklin*. Two were sitting on the back steps of the Carter House when the "first premonition of battle came in the shape of a shell tearing off a portion of the cornice of the porch and exploding in the yard near-by." Another shell followed passing completely through the small room of the ell! A Union staff officer came dashing in from a point further out the Pike and reported that the Confederates were moving forward in line of battle! Their solid lines, to the right, to the left, and in front, advancing at a rapid pace, showed plainly enough that the crash was at hand!

Although the Carter House had withstood the shock of former conflicts, they seemed as child's play to the approaching storm! But there was no time now for members of the Carter household to flee to the village, so suddenly had bullets begun to fall. They took refuge in the rock-walled cellar. A minnie ball pierced the hat worn by little Fountain McKinley Carter as he stood in the back yard. His sister, little Ruth James Carter, cursed a Yankee soldier and angered him greatly. (He was said to be drunk.) She ran to the kitchen and her black mammy carried her to her mother. She was taken upstairs and hidden in a hole in the plastering behind the bed. Yankee soldiers were heard stomping through the house down stairs and it is said they told Fountain Branch Carter they would burn the house down if they could not find her! Fountain Branch Carter went to the Court House to ask the Provost Marshal for a guard. All the women of the family were ordered to take the Oath of Allegiance, it is said.

Col. Moscow's oldest child, little Lena, almost twelve, was no where to be found when bullets began to hit the house and the others ran to the cellar. The cellar door was being closed. Lena had run up-stairs to get her precious doll and her doll trunk!

"Hardly had the cellar been reached", said Col. Carter, "before the din of battle grew appalling!"

When the armies met it "seemed as if Hell itself had exploded", wrote Gen. George W. Gordon. "The very atmosphere was hideous with the shrieks of the messengers of death. The booming of cannon, the bursting of bombs, the incessant rattle of musketry, the shrieking of shells, the whizzing of bullets, and the shouting of hosts all added to the horror of that night".

Dr. Henry M. Field in "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows" quotes Col. Carter as saying that as the mass of Union soldiers surged around the Carter House, some shrank from the awful fire and crowded into the cellar-way. The family retreated behind a partition, but as there was no way of barring the door, the intruders pressed in there also, and then into the third most northerly section of this underground refuge. At this point as Col. Carter himself relates, he turned upon the Union soldiers, cursing them, and drove them out!

Little Alice Adelaide McPhail though only eight years of age, remembered seeing two soldiers in blue uniforms hiding in the big fire-place in the most southerly room of the cellar. She also saw several hiding behind a tool box.

"In the gloom of the cellar the little children cowered at the feet of their parents, and all seemed in a state of acute expectancy, but gave no audible sound of fear", related Col. Carter. "While the terrible din of battle lasted it seemed to the adults that they must die of terror if it did not cease, but when there was a lull the suspense of fearful expectation seemed worse than the sound of battle".

Added to the horrors of that night was the anxiety of the Carter family for the safety of Capt. Tod Carter.

Tod's duties as an Assistant Quartermaster did not require him to engage in combat. His good friend, Sgt. Cooper, tried to persuade him to remain out of the Battle. But Tod replied that no power on earth could keep him out of this fight! The enemy had built breastworks across his own father's farm and his own home was overrun by the Union soldiers who had made his home their Headquarters!

Since September 24, 1864 Tod Carter had served as an Aide to Gen. Thomas Benton Smith, now commanding Tyler's Brigade in Bate's Division. The vanguard of Gen. Hood's Army of Tennessee had reached Winstead Hill at about two o'clock in the afternoon of November 30. Bate's Division was massed at the foot of the Hill at three o'clock with orders to take ground to the west until it cleared Brown's Division and Privet Knob, a prominent elevation to the west of Columbia Pike. Having turned to the left, its advance was guided by the house of Mrs. Bostick, "Everbright", near the Carter's Creek Turnpike. Having passed through Mrs. Bostick's yard, with Gen. Smith's Brigade to the west, they moved forward straight toward the Carter House. Here the men were terribly exposed for the Twentieth Ohio Battery had been placed just west of the Carter smoke-house for the purpose of effecting an artillery cross-fire from Carter Hill as the Confederates advanced, sweeping the approaches in the direction of the Bostick place.

It was on the first charge and when nearest the enemy's works that Capt. Tod Carter dashed through the lines on his horse, "Rosencrantz", with drawn sword, reaching as far as his arm would allow toward the enemy. He was leading the charge in the center of Bate's Division. His horse was seen to plunge and those near him knew he had been struck. Tod was thrown over his horse's head and when he struck the ground he lay very still. The hour was five o'clock, just as the sun was setting. He had been mortally wounded only about 525 feet southwest of his home, the Carter House.

From the darkness of the cellar inquiries could be made through the iron grating of the small cellar window as to how the battle was going. Shortly after midnight it was learned that the battle lines were empty, save for the dead and wounded. The Union Army's retirement had been conducted very quietly and they had proceeded toward Nashville to join Gen. Thomas, a destination they would have reached the preceding day, had there only been a means of crossing the Harpeth River! Finally the twenty-three or more persons over whose heads the battle had raged, the Carter family, the colored servants, and their neighbors the Albert Lotz family, emerged from the cellar, unharmed, thanking God for their deliverance.

Scarcely had mutual congratulations been exchanged when a Confederate soldier brought the tidings that Capt. Tod Carter lay wounded on the field. Tod's oldest brother, Col. Carter, a prisoner of war at home on parole, who had thus far directed affairs, went immediately in search, but by misdirection went to another part of the field. In the meantime, Gen. Thomas Benton Smith, of whose staff Tod was a member, reported the casualty, and led the way, followed by Tod's father, three of his sisters, and his sister-in-law. Mary Alice McPhail stayed with the little children.

In the darkness and the smoke of battle which had settled near the earth, they climbed over the breastworks and the trenches, carrying lanterns. They could scarcely walk for the dead piled upon the field. Into many faces they peered, looking for Tod. Other searchers filled the field carrying torches, for thousands lay upon that field of death. It was just before day that Tod was found, lying upon the cold ground, his horse, a powerful gray, lay dead near-by. His wounds had rendered him delirious, but when found he was calling Sgt. Cooper's name, and continued to call

it at times until the end. Sgt. Cooper had spoken to him just a few minutes before he was shot down, telling him not to start his men forward too soon, but his reckless daring caused him to do so.

Tod was gently lifted by Mr. Nathan Morris, Captain of Litterbearers, assisted by a Mr. Lawrence and a Mr. L.M. Bailey of Alabama. They placed him on an army overcoat and carried him through the garden gate between the smoke house and the farm office. It seems logical that he would be taken up the stone steps at the south end of the back veranda. For, according to an old letter written by Mr. Bailey some years after the war, he was first taken into the debris-filled family room, wrecked by shot and shell, and laid upon the floor. There was scarcely a place to lay him down.

The young women who had found Tod, thought to have been his sister Fanny and his sister-in-law Sallie Dobbins McKinney Carter, were so overcome by grief they lay across the bed. The Carter House was still filled with the dead and wounded of the Union Army who had been left behind, and skulkers.

On the afternoon of December 1, according to a story by "Frances" (thought to be Frances Adlicia McEwen) in the Confederate Veteran Magazine dated March 1895, a group of young ladies who were students at the Franklin Female Institute visited the Carter family to express their sympathy. They entered the front hall and were shown to a small room on the ell, which was Tod's sister Annie's room. Here a soft light revealed the form of Tod Carter, with bandages around his head. Bending over him and begging for just one word of recognition were his heart-broken sisters who whispered softly, "Brother's come home at last."

Dr. Deering Roberts, Regimental Surgeon, probed for the bullet which entered Tod's head, while two young nieces, Alice Adelaide McPhail and little Lena Carter, assisted by holding a candle and a small lamp, the only light available in the early morning darkness. But Tod Carter died on December 2 at the age of twenty-four. He died in the front sitting-room, across the hall from the room in which he was born. A simple stone in "Rest Haven" Cemetery at Franklin, Tennessee, marks his last resting place.

Seldom in the perils of war has a soldier been found on the battlefield by members of his own family, having been directed to the place where he fell by his own commanding general, to be carried from the field into his own home, to die beneath the roof of the house where he was born, surrounded by his own loved ones--for many a Confederate soldier's bones were left to bleach on the field where he fell.

Because it is unparalleled in the heart-breaking annals of war, the story of young Capt. Tod Carter's death is told and re-told to each succeeding generation, though it occurred more than a century ago.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Rosalie Carter, great niece of Capt. Tod Carter, granddaughter of Col. Moscow Branch Carter, and great granddaughter of Fountain Branch Carter, was born at a cottage which stood next door to the Old Carter House. She has spent her entire life just a few hundred yards from the Battlefield at Franklin, Tennessee. She knew her grandfather and his younger brother, Francis Watkins Carter, personally. As a very young girl it was her privilege to welcome the Veterans attending the Fifty-First Anniversary of the Battle of Franklin, her words of welcome having been written by that beloved historian of Franklin, Miss Susie Gentry.

She is a graduate of the Dental School of Vanderbilt University, as was her father, Dr. Moscow Branch Carter, Jr., both father and daughter having been-elected Life Members of the American Dental Association, and both holding membership in the Vanderbilt Quinq Club. She has served as Vice-President of the Tennessee Dental Association, and National President of the Association of American Women Dentists. She has served as Tennessee State President of both the National League of American Pen Women and the National Federation of Business and Professional Women Clubs. She has served as Vice-President of the Tennessee Branch, Huguenot Society of the Founders of Manakintowne in the Colony of Virginia, and Regent of the "Old Glory" Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution. She is a member of the National Society Dames of the Magna Carta, Williamson County and Tennessee Historical Societies. She is President of Franklin Chapter No. 14 United Daughters of the Confederacy.

She is the author of a handbook entitled, "A Visit To The Carter House", this historic shrine, restored and owned by the State of Tennessee, in commemoration of the Battle of Franklin, being her ancestral home. She is listed in Marquis 'Who's Who of Women, Chicago; International Who's Who in Poetry, London; World's Who's Who of Women, Cambridge, England.