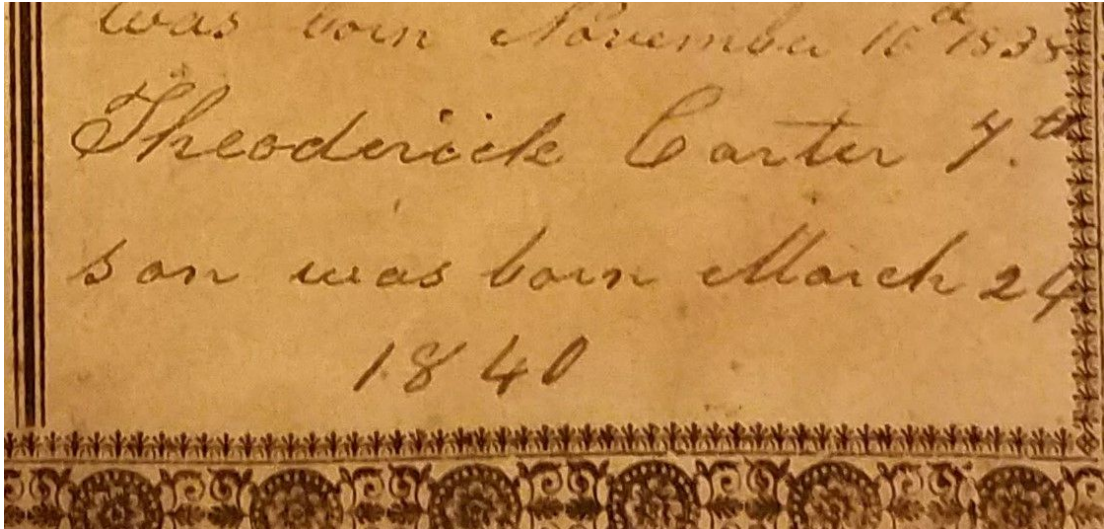


Tod Carter, Captain, Co. H, 20 TN Infantry, CS

1840 March 24: Theodrick "Tod" Carter was born to Fountain and Polly Atkinson Carter in Franklin, Williamson, TN.



1850 August 26: the U.S. Federal Census enumerated in the 9th Civil District of Williamson County, TN showed ten-year-old Theodrick living with his parents and siblings. His father, Fountain, was a surveyor with \$17,000 in real estate. The Carter family owned fifteen slaves.

1852 September 15: Carter's mother, Polly, died.

1855 In a letter to his son, James, Fountain Carter wrote "Theodrick is nearly grown perfectly steady learns very fast and understands what he reads better than any boy I ever saw."

1859 July: Carter and his older brother James were accused by the state of beating and abusing a man by the name of Henry Hawk. They were never prosecuted as James died two weeks later of "Insanity."

1860 February 12: Carter and his brother Moscow attended the Opposition State Convention supporting John Bell as delegates from Williamson County.

¹ Carter Family Bible, Short Family Collection

8. H. S. Ewing, M. B. Carter, Thos. Shute, R. B. Carothers, John Parrish.
 9. David Campbell, R. P. Hayes, A. P. Maury, J. F. Cummins, J. L. House, H. J. Maney, Tho. Carter, D. R. Crutcher, Wash. Grigsby, C. F. Wall, J. M. Whitfield, J. H. Morton.
 10. I. G. Neely, J. G. Core, B. B. Toon.
 11. E. A. Beams, William Early, J. T. Andrews.
 12. W. A. Steele, John Waddy, C. O. Giles.
 13. William Jones, J. C. Helm, E. S. B. Gosey, J. W. Starnes.
 14. T. H. Davie, J. R. Regen, J. R. Marshall, Samuel Tullos.
 15. Joshua W. Owen, George W. Simpson, John Edmondson, Henry Sneed.
 16. J. M. Winstead, Zach. Allen, William Holt.
 17. Park Street, Ed. J. Green, J. B. Copland.
 18. Samuel Perkins, W. H. Matthews, Tho. Battle, Watt Jordan.
 19. J. B. Crockett, T. H. Roberts, B. H. Pas-²

June 22: The U.S. Federal Census enumerated in the 9th Civil District of Williamson County, TN showed twenty-one-year old [sic] Theodrick living with his father and siblings. His father was a farmer. The Carter family owned twenty-eight slaves.

1861 May 28: Enlisted in the C.S. Army along with his older brother Moscow. They mustered into Co. H, 20th TN Infantry. Younger brother Francis had previously enlisted in the 1st TN Infantry, he was transferred to his brothers regiment.

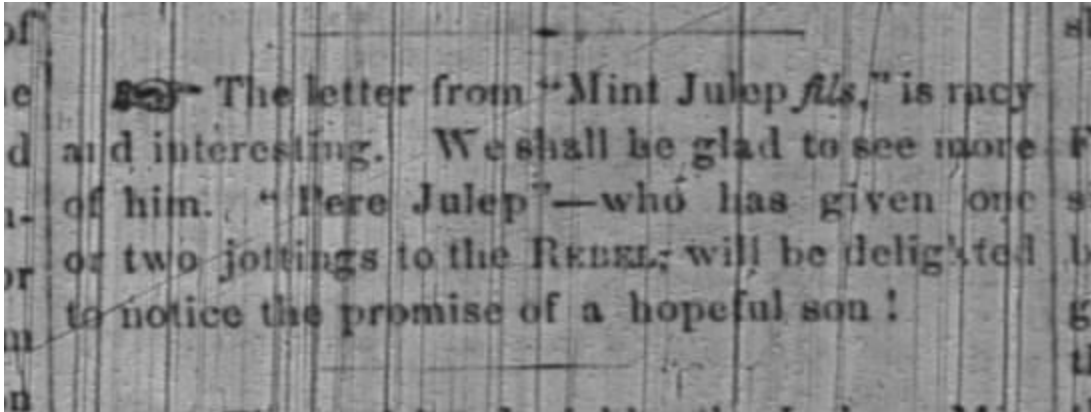
1862 January 19: Brother, Moscow, was captured at the Battle of Mill Springs and sent to Camp Chase, OH.

April 7: Brother, Francis, was wounded severely in the hand at the Battle of Shiloh. He was subsequently discharged from the C.S. Army.

September & October: Company Muster Roll. Present. Promoted to Captain and appointed Quartermaster.

November 26: Carter took up the moniker of "Mint Julep" and began writing as a correspondent for his comrade Albert Roberts' newspapers. His letters detailing battles, staff morale and the general goings on in camp life appeared in newspapers all over the South.

² The Republican Banner, Nashville, TN, Sunday, 12 Feb 1860, pg. 2 (accessed newspapers.com)



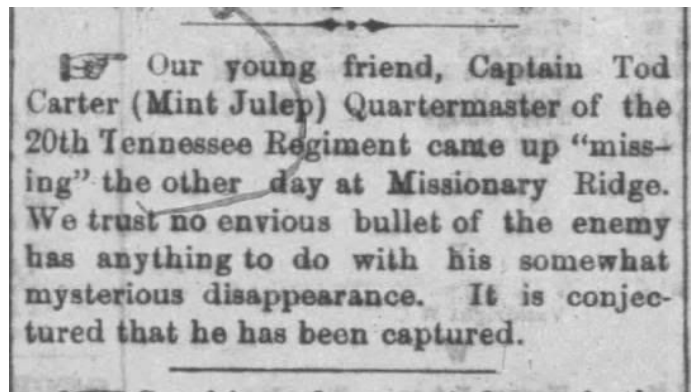
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1863 January & February: Field and Staff Muster Roll. Present near Tullahoma, Tenn.

July & August: Field and Staff Muster Roll. Present.

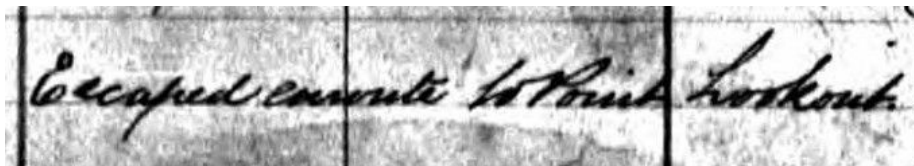
November & December: Field and Staff Muster Roll. Absent. Remarks "In prison."

November 25: Carter was captured at Red House Ford, TN. He was sent to Johnson's Island Prison, OH.



4

1864 February 10: Transferred to Point Lookout, MD.



5

³ The Chattanooga Daily Rebel, Wednesday, 26 Nov 1862 (accessed newspapers.com)

⁴ Southern Confederacy, Atlanta, GA Thursday 3 Dec 1863, pg. 2 (accessed newspapers.com)

⁵ Carter, Todd, U.S., Civil War Prisoner of War Records, 1861-1865, pg.48514 (accessed ancestry.com)

March 18:



On yesterday we received a dispatch dated from Grenada, to this purport: "Tell Col. Smith that I escaped from Johnson's Island on the 4th, and will join him at at once." It is signed by Major Todd Carter, of the 20th Tennessee. This Todd Carter is favorably known to the appreciative as one of the brightest and most genial humorists of the time, under the *nom de plume* of "Mint Julep." He made quite a note of his imprisonment the other day, and we are delighted to announce his safe and triumphant return to the Confederacy.

April 5: Carter wrote a letter to the newspaper describing in detail his escape from the "Yankee Bastile."

Near Dalton, GA., April 5, 1864

My Dear Happy: -- I was a life member of the Missionary Tract Society a few weeks ago, but owing to some defect in my locomotive powers, discovered, alas, too late, (the discoverer by some freak of Nature rarely profits from his discovery,; I become an involuntary guest of the blue coats over the border, on the 25th day of November, 1863, but my foot is now upon my native heath, and so my name has undergone no material change. Don't expand your eyes with undue astonishment and Pacha-like [ask my halo,] fur vanity instinctively seeks an escape valve, and without bidding. Wait, my dear Happy, until my pipe is filled and lighted, and I will my tale unfold.

Ah, my dear Happy it would warm your old soul into boyish memories to have thrown a hasty glance over that table. Mint's peculiarly resources boasted of only six cents, yet he felt as if he were a big bidder at once of Chase's gold auctions. By the kind assistance of friends, his purse was soon replenished with Yankee patriotism, (greenbacks,) he smiled in a new suit of clothes, and felt brave with a six-shooter in his belt. Ten days were whittled away in a variety of diversions at Porkopolils, and he whiffed a fragrant Havana on a graceful little steamer as she stood in the stream for Memphis. Gen. Gantt, the heroic Southern patriot, who bravely sacrificed his honor in his new born devotion to the Union, was absurd. Around him flocked a

⁶ Southern Confederacy, Atlanta, GA Friday 18 Mar 1864, pg. 2

dozen or so flint-faced, blue-gilled Yankees en route for Arkansas at his instigation to take possession of the abandoned plantations. God speed them to the harvest home of the bushwackers! We passed many little, iron clad, stern wheel, steamboats on the river known as the "Musquito Fleet." At Paducah there was a gunboat. At Cairo I noticed a large turreted gunboat. The river banks at the latter place bristle with heavy artillery and the wharf and streets are filled with army stores, soldiers and negroes.

The officers, numbering perhaps two hundred and forty, captured in the engagements at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, reached Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, on the 7th day of December last. On the 8th day of February, following, three hundred and eighty of us, chose alphabetically, were shipped to Point Lookout, Maryland, to partake of the hospitalities of Gen. Butler, publican. No one was wheedled by the Yankee promises of a speedy exchange, circulated to prevent efforts to escape, yet no one could divine what our fate would be. Whispered forebodings

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The entire day was consumed in transporting the requisite number over to the city, and in the evening of the second day we were aboard the oars and whistling away at the glorious speed to "Maryland, my Maryland."—Every one had some secret scheme for escaping; every

one was confident of success; every eye was bent eagerly upon every relaxation of Yankee vigilance, and sanitized closely every opening to pure air and blessed freedom. But the windows were forbidden to be raised, and every movement of our boys, even the stirring upon our seats, while the train was dashing on at break neck speed, was watched with cat-like jealousy. Away went the cars, and away went the hours, but blue coats and bayonets were still around us. The hope we had nursed so tenderly folded its wings. Great God I to be free, to be free I. He alone who has been in the Yankee's power, even for a brief hour, can love freedom arightly. The cars had not stopped their speed. I was sitting near a window. Capt. James Gubbins, of the 5th Louisiana regiment, was sitting just behind me. Our schemes were the same, but we had exhausted our supply of whiskey in fruitless efforts to intoxicate the guards, and we had exhausted every expedient that the ingenuity could suggest we were still prisoners.⁷ He tapped me on the shoulder and said: "Julep, follow me."

He lay with his head on his companion's lap with his head against the window, and as the sentinel near by turned away he raised the window with his foot, thrust his legs through, his friend lifted him gently, he gave a spring and was out. The window closed, the seat was empty, and he was free, but the Yankee no wiser. Away went the cars. In a few minutes another seat was empty, and Julep stood upon mother earth and touched his hat to the swiftly departing train. According to agreement, our steps were immediately turned toward each other, but the night were away, and by some mysterious means we never met. About breakfast time, weak and sore from the shock of the fall, I entered a house. After a few minutes rambling conversation, having discovered that my host was a Democrat, divulged my secret, partook of an excellent breakfast, and slept the day away in peaceful security. The lady of the house had never seen a genuine rebel before, and with the outspoken impulsiveness of a woman which will betray at some unguarded moment the hoarded feelings of the heart, her face brightened, and she grasped my hand with a heartiness that would do honor to Dixie. She told me I was among friends. I entered Massillon, Ohio, toward the close of the evening, and bought a black carpet-bag, which I filled with newspapers in lieu of baggage, I reached Pittsburgh Pennsylvania, by the express train about 2 o'clock that night, and was soon in bed, and snugly snoozing at the Monongahela House. Lieut. Gassis of some Pennsylvania regiment, was in the room with me. The fellow snored away lustily, innocently ignorant of the fact that his neighbor was a "Reb."

⁷ James Gubbins compiled service record does indeed state that he escaped from the cars on the night of February 10, 1864 in transport to Point Lookout. James was killed at Cedar Creek on October 19, 1864.

After a pleasant stroll around the streets of Pittsburgh the next morning, an old habit led "Mint" into a lager beer saloon, where he found a trio of festive blue coats hob-nobbing with a deserter from Imboden's cavalry—The fellow wore a grey jacket and was delivering a series of heroic exclamations expressive of his repentance, his devotion to the Union and his infamy. Mint tossed off a couple glasses of the foaming beverage and left in virtuous disgust. Midnight found me at Columbus, Ohio, en route for Cincinnati, but in a most perplexing dilemma. We had to change cars, and there were sentinels at every car door on the quiet ride for three of our boys who had escaped from Camp Chase the evening before.—Now Mint, unfortunately, wore some handsome gold lace on a piece of rebel grey under his overcoat, and the slightest investigation would have proven fatal to his pretty little dreams of freedom. He walked in a barroom conveniently near, to stimulate his wits and overtook a pair of fancy Shoulder Straps on a similar mission. They emptied their glasses of Greek fire to the success of our glorious cause, (Union!) Mint and Shoulder Straps were soon friends. They smiled again and after a brief while locked arms and walked into the carts, with a salute from the sentinel. The engine whistled and we were off. Dinner time found Mint at the Broadway Hotel, Cincinnati, bending over a huge slice of roast turkey, jellies, celery and a thousand delightful et ceteras.

After leaving there, all private baggage was searched, and all persons of a suspicious character closely questioned. So far, I was like Caesar's wife out to have been, "above suspicion," but just as we reached Memphis my turn came. A suit of gray woolen underclothing in my satchel sharpened the officer's suspicions, and he subjected me to a rather embarrassing catechism. Assuming a very indignant air that my loyalty to the "best government" should be questioned, having sacrificed home as an exile from rebel conscription in Tennessee, his heart melted, and he released me. I spent ten days at Memphis, playing citizen during the day, and by the aid of gold cord and plume on my hat, a Yankee officer by night. The obsequious compliance of the saloon proprietors to the fancied Captain U.S.A., was intensely diverting. The most refreshing feature of Memphis is the negro schools.

Your stoicism would truckle to your risibles, could you see a crowd of full grown Negro women, intermingled with a large sprinkle of little kinky heads of the other sex, bounding out of school with an armful of books, slates and buckets, and shouting like madcaps. The negro wenches assume all the coyishness and affection of school girls of fifteen. Oh hush I. Some of the negro soldiers are insolent, but most of them, when approaching you, thrust their caps; under their arms, and, from the force of nature, play the slave.

The pickets around Memphis are three hundred yards apart, and negligent affording easy and safe ingress and egress to the blockade runner At Oxford, Mississippi: I was arrested as a spy, but soon released. I have already written too much, my dear Happy⁸, and will close for fear of wearying you. I cannot close without saying to you that our people in the Federal lines, though bankrupt in property and worn in spirit, are still true. Though silenced by bayonets and Yankee bastiles, they meet in secret like lovers and talk of the South and pray for our success. The women hover around the beds of our sick and wounded like bands of angels. Every lip, and heart and eye tell me that "all is well."

Yours, Respectfully, Mint Julep

October: Carter in his anger at new regulations put upon war correspondents by the Confederate Gov't in order to protect the army lamented in the last prophetic words he wrote. He died a month later in a "gallant charge."

"Thus my letter, like the swan's last song, which, in the hurry and confusion consequent upon her departure, was left unsung, is lost—aye, lost.

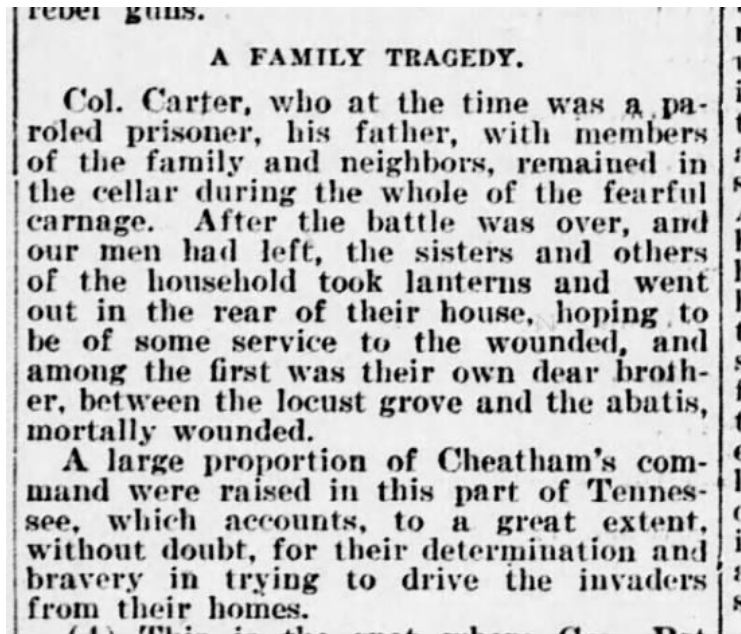
I also have a handsome obituary which I would send you, but the poor fellow unfortunately fell in a gallant charge in one of the "operations" of one of the armies of the Confederate States. Ah, me!

Mint Julep

N.B.: "One month after the termination of the campaign to which this refers," I will inform you when and where it was written. M.J.

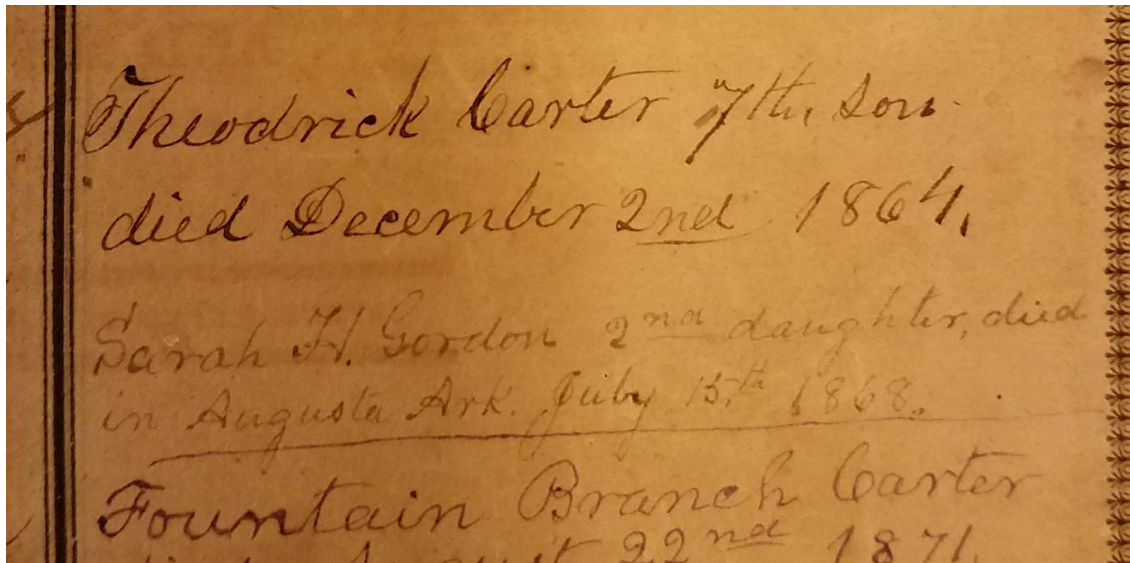
November 30: Tod Carter was wounded fighting at the Battle of Franklin. He charged up Carter's hill towards the U.S. Army entrenched around his family home. He and his horse were shot multiple times.

⁸ "my dear Happy" refers to John Happy, which was a pen name of Albert Roberts. Albert Roberts was from Nashville (1835-1895.) He was editor of many Confederate newspapers: Montgomery Mail, Chattanooga Rebel and Southern Confederacy, all newspapers where "Mint Julep" editorials ran. After the war he was the editor for the Republican Banner.



December 1: Carter was found lying unconscious and wounded on the battlefield. He was carried home. Dr. Deering Roberts, the 20th TN staff surgeon, came to the Carter House to remove the bullets.

December 2: Theodrick Carter died in the room across the hall from the room he was born in. He was buried in Rest Haven Cemetery in Moscow Carter's family plot.



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⁹ The National Tribune, Washington, DC, Thursday, 4 Feb 1904, pg. 2 (accessed newspapers.com)

¹⁰ Carter Family Bible, Short Family Collection.