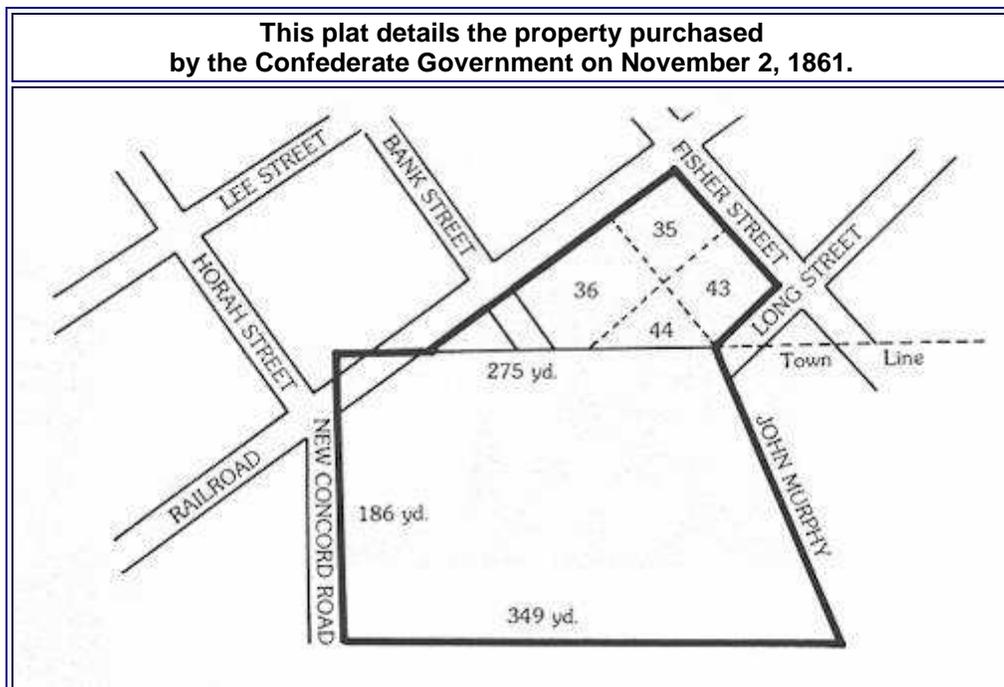
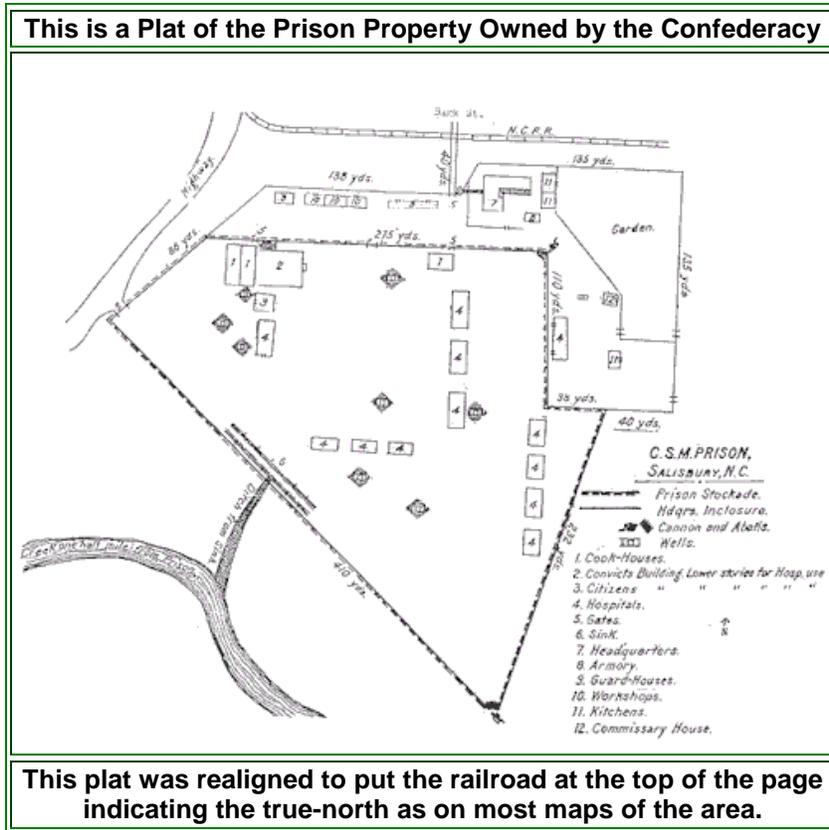


Salisbury Confederate Prison and the Hardinson Morgan family of North Carolina

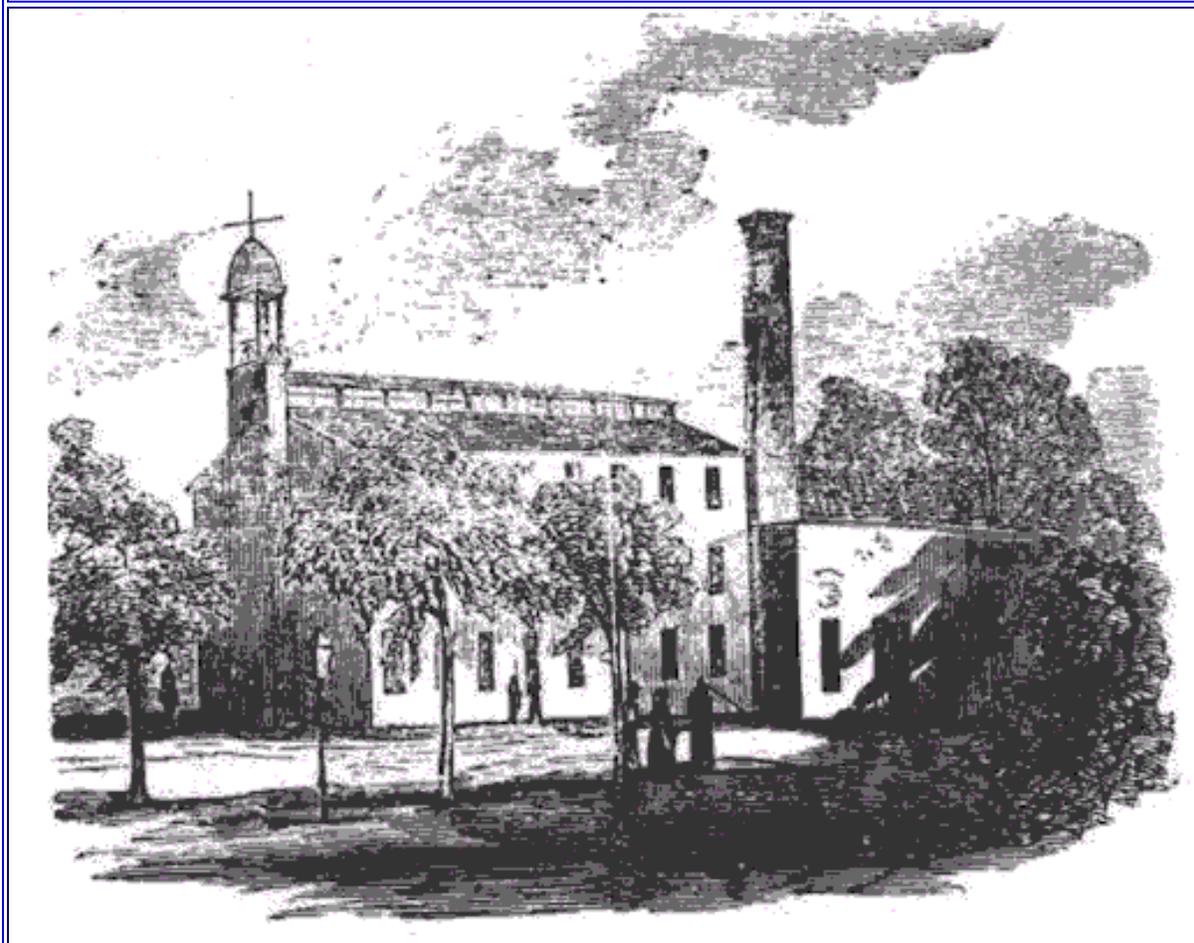
The only Confederate Prison that was located in North Carolina was in the town of Salisbury. The prison was established on November 2, 1861. The site consisted of sixteen acres within and contiguous to the town of Salisbury, and contained a principal 3 story cotton factory building, about ninety by fifty feet constructed of red brick; also six brick tenements with four rooms each, and a larger superintendent's house of framed materials, with smith shop and two or three inferior buildings.





This is a "Birds Eye View" of the Salisbury Prison Compound.
This painting was made in 1864 and details the entire facility.
[Click image for full size.](#)

This picture of the Salisbury Prison appeared in *Harper's Weekly*
for June 14, 1862 (vol. 6, p. 375)



The picture below was discovered among some private papers in the early 1950's.
It was given by the New York Historical Society to the
North Carolina Department of Archives.

Baseball was played at Salisbury in the early part of 1862 when POWs from New Orleans and Tuscaloosa were sent to Salisbury. W.C. Bates mentioned the advent of Baseball at Salisbury in his *Stars and Stripes* but regretted "that we have no official report of the match-game of baseball played in Salisbury between the New Orleans and Tuscaloosa boys, resulting in the triumph of the latter; the cells of the Parish Prison were unfavorable to the development of the skill of the 'New Orleans nine.'" ♦ Prisoner Gray mentions that baseball was played nearly every day the weather permitted. Claims have been made that these were the first baseball games played in the South.

This is a Painting of the "First Baseball Game played in the South"



This picture is an indication of the hospital conditions in the Salisbury Prison. In the background you may note the dead being loaded onto a cart for burial in the trenches with a swing and a heave.



This is the only structure that remains from the Confederate Prison. It is located in the 200 block of East Bank Street. It originally was a story and a half log house owned by William Valentine, a free man of color, who was also a banker. Across the railroad tracks from the guardhouse a commissary house once stood. The railroad arrived in 1855 and was the perfect corridor for shipping supplies. On December 9, 1861 the first of 120 union prisoners were unloaded at Salisbury.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

OF THE

C. S. MILITARY PRISONS.

I. All orders effecting prisoners of war and the general discipline of the entire command, will be issued only by the officer commanding; and orders proceeding from any other source will not be regarded by officers on duty at the prisons.

II. There will be roll-call daily of the prisoners at 7½ A. M., and at 5 P. M., and the officer of the guard must be present at each.

III. No prisoner, whatever his rank, will be allowed to leave the quarters to which he is assigned, under any pretext whatever, without special permission from the officer commanding; nor shall any prisoner be fired upon by a sentinel or other person, except in case of revolt or attempted escape.

IV. No letters, packages, or parcels of any kind, can be passed into the prison or hospital, without first being examined by the officer commanding, or the Surgeon of the post.

V. Prisoners are not allowed to have any communication with persons outside of the prison, and no visitor will be allowed an interview with a prisoner without permission from the Brigadier General commanding the Department of Henrico. ~~from the Brigadier General commanding the Department of Henrico. from 11th 9to.~~

VI. Prisoners are not allowed to converse with the sentinels; nor must they congregate about the windows after dark.

VII. The firing of one gun at night, or two during the day, will be the signal for the immediate assembling of the guard.

VIII. Under no circumstances will the sentinel be allowed to sit down upon post, or to rest their guns on the ground.

IX. At 9 o'clock P. M., the lights throughout the prison, except in the hospital and officers' quarters, must be immediately extinguished; and it shall be the duty of the Officer of the Guard to inspect the prison at that hour, to see that the lights are put out, fire secured, and that everything is quiet.

X. No conversation, intercourse, or trading with the prisoners, in any manner whatever, will be allowed.

XI. The Officer of the Guard must not be absent at any ~~one~~ time from his post for a period ~~exceeding one hour.~~

XII. The guard off post must remain constantly at the guard-house ready for instant service, and their guns must be kept on the rack.

XIII. Every guard room must be policed each morning by the old guard, and will not be received, by the officer of the new guard unless in good order. Both the officers of the old and new guard will be held responsible for the execution of this order, and also for the safe keeping of all articles left in the guard house.

XIV. These rules and regulations must be read to the new guard every morning before posting the first relief.

(Signed,)

TH. P. TURNER,
Major  Comd'g.

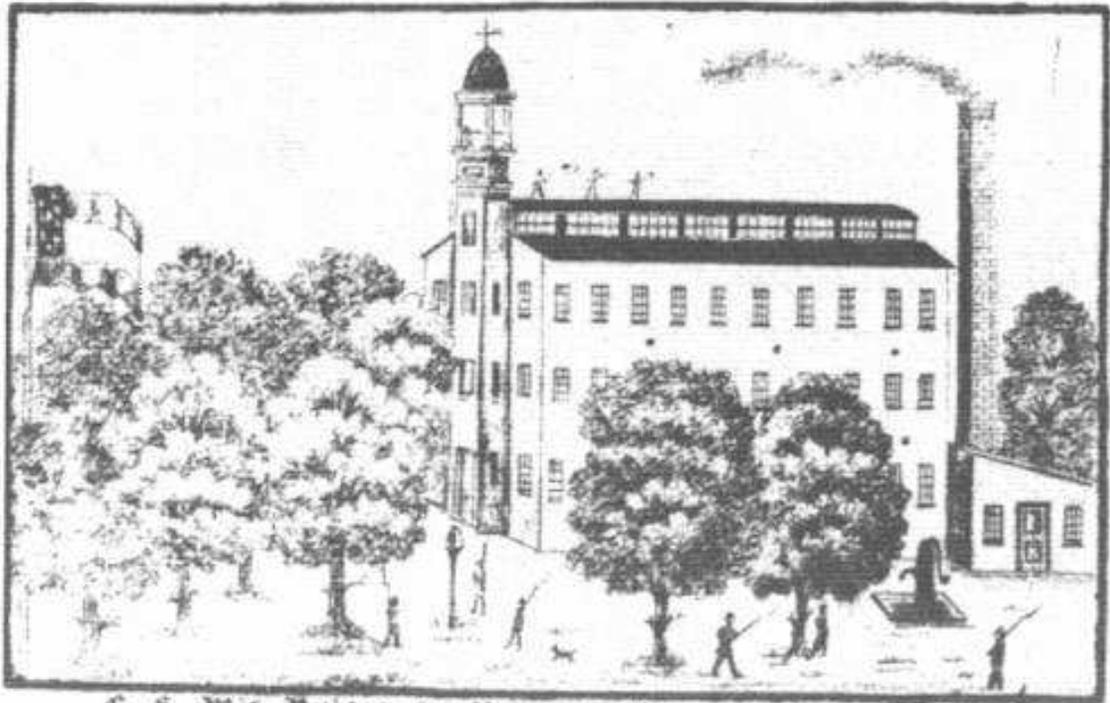
Approved,

JOHN H. WINDER,

Brig. Gen. Comd'g Dept. Henrico.

The most ambitious escape attempt took place on Friday, November 25, 1864. Owing to lack of food, very little shelter, the extreme winter of 1864 and overcrowding due to transfers from Andersonville the prisoners rushed the gates. A gate cannon was fired three times killing 65 persons outright and wounding an unknown number. Official reports estimate the number of prisoners who died from wounds and cannon fire at over 250.

This is an artists rendition of the "Massacre of the Union Prisoners attempting to escape from the Salisbury Prison on November 25, 1864.



E. S. M.: Prison for Prisoners of War at Salisbury N. C.
Drawn by Geo. W. M. 25th Nov. 1864
Engraved by G. W. M.

The following is a rare picture of the Trinity Guard made during the summer of 1861 before the main college building in Randolph County, North Carolina. The man in the center is Braxton Craven; to his right is Professor W.T. Gannaway, and to his left is Professor Isaiah L. Wright. Those in the background were the men of the first confederate guard unit at the Salisbury Prison.



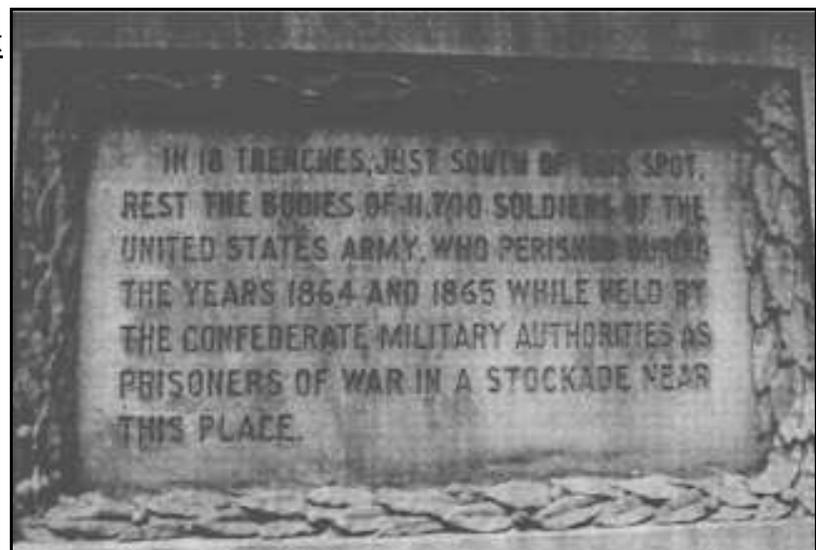
Visit the National Cemetery on Military Drive to see where Salisbury Civil war prisoners are buried in 18 trenches 240 feet in length with estimates placing the number in the trenches at 11,700♦ and the individual graves of another 412 prisoners of which 283 are unknown.

♦ Report by COL. Oscar Mack, August 18, 1871



US
Monument

This is the south side of the monument erected by the United States Government at the Salisbury Cemetery in 1876. The statement from the monument is enlarged to the right.



From: <http://www.salisburync.gov/prison/3.html> (website provided by Vaughn Longanecker)

The Hardinson Morgan family: The Civil War, the sale of the plantation and the move to Iowa

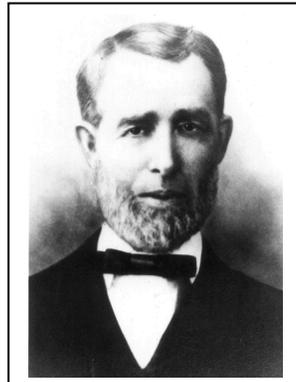
Hardin Morgan had a rope put around his neck, the other end around the pommel of a saddle, and was dragged to the Rebel camp by Rebel Home Guards. He was in a regiment quartered around Salisbury Prison (similar to Andersonville). On the occasion of the Union prisoners breaking out, Father's Co. was ordered to help in their round-up. After that was accomplished, Father's Capt. returned to find Father standing in front of his tent. The result — Father court-martialed; sentenced to be shot. Father's two Nephews, Lieutenants in Rebel army, together with Mother's intercession (she was PG. at time with E.A.), gained Father's pardon, and then at the close of the War, he was set "free" with the slaves.

On the return of the rebel soldiers, in their disappointment at their defeat, they hated and despised the Union sympathizers. Our Family was completely ostracized by those who had served in the Rebel Army, and, strange to say, even their former slaves, who still adhered to their former masters, looked down on us. We decided to move out — our destination, Iowa.

We sold our plantation, with a new frame house partly completed, a tobacco factory, drying house and all the rest of our belongings, except the few things that we brought with us, to three freed Negroes. They pooled their earnings, amounting to the said \$500.00 and Father accepted it. With three other families in similar condition, we set out by wagon, crossed the Yadkin River (I remember that crossing as a perilous feat) and then reached Greensborough, North Carolina. We stayed over-night in a schoolhouse, which Father, the elected Captain of the expedition, secured. Slept, or did we sleep? On pallets spread on the floor. It was here I heard my first French Harp (mouth organ) the sweetest music up to that time I had ever heard. The "fiddle," played by both Father and Mother, was the only musical instrument I had heard before. They loved music and played for dances- - but after being converted and joining the Baptist Church, they dropped the fiddle and dancing as the work of the devil. I don't know what punishment would have been inflicted on any of us children, had we dared to appear on a dance floor.

The following is taken from the Family register in the old blue book as we called it, because the pages are blue in color. It is in Father's own handwriting:

- After leaving our southern home, Oct. 17, 1869, it took us three days to reach Greensborough.
- Took the cars at ten o'clock at night, got to Richmond at 11 o'clock next morning.
- Left at 1 the same day; went to West Point in 2 hours-35 miles.
- Took passage on the Boat Kennebec 20 after 3 o'clock in the evening.
- Sailed 215 Mil. (Chesapeake Bay) got to Baltimore at 8 o'clock in the morning, under Captain Fremont.
- Stayed at Baltimore eight hours. Left at 4 in the evening.
- Got to Ohio Riv. at Bellaire at half past 7.
- Passed Zanesville at one-half past 10.
- Got to Columbus at 1 o'clock.
- Passed Union City at 5 o'clock, Friday Evening.
- Got to Logansport, Ind., at 9 o'clock. Snowing very fast.
- Left Logansport at one-half past 2, Saturday morning.
- Got to Chicago at nine; left at 11 am.
- Crossed the Mississippi River, 24 after 4 at Clinton, Ia.
- Got to State Center at 11 pm.
- Moved to New Providence, Nov. 20, 1869.
- Moved to Liscomb on Nov. 7, 1870.



Let me take up the narration from the time we reached State Center. Father got two teams and lumber wagons for the three families. The one wagon was driven by a fourteen — year old boy, whose father drove the other wagon. With the boy on the spring seat, rode Mother holding her Babe in arms, and I. We were all dressed in thin homespun clothing, which was wholly inadequate for that time of the year. The boy that drove our wagon heard Mother call me Jimmie, and he said: "Poor, little Jimmie," took off his coat and put it on me. The rest of the children- Nancy, Mase, Mattie, Jack, Lou and Em walked the entire distance of eighteen miles to New Providence, of course, Father walked with them.

We lived at New Providence one year, the latter part of which was spent in building two houses with a lot between them on the main street of Liscomb. Isam Copeland worked with Father, and one of the houses was for him on the lot between the two they planned to erect a store bldg. But their money ran out. This house was our dwelling place for the life of Father and Mother. An addition was built on much later. The house was sold to Mern Bixby who moved it back on the lot. It is on the north side of Main Street about a block and a half from the depot. I think it is still owned by Mr. Bixby. Thus endeth the trek of the Morgan Family from Boonville, N.C., to Liscomb, Iowa.

Re the fiddle: We had a neighbor at Liscomb, who came to Father with an old violin and asked him to string it up. Father did so, and then the neighbor told him to keep it until he would call for it. After all those years of not touching a fiddle,

Father picked up where he left off in a remarkably short time. One day, when Father was playing “The Campbells Are Coming”, Mother said, “You don’t end that right.” Father replied, “Let’s hear you end it,” handing her the fiddle. To my surprise, she took the instrument, twanged the strings to see if it were in tune, then played the end of the selection, and handed the fiddle back to Father. He gave a grunt of approval, and said, “I guess you are right.” Our house was close to the sidewalk, and often a small audience would gather to hear our “music”.

Another version: The Home Guard and the Preacher

In the latter part of the Civil War, the South was driven to draft both the old and the young for service in their armies. Father had managed to escape the draft until the last two years of the war. We, together with a number of his neighbors, were for the union, though the most of his neighbors owned slaves. We did not believe in slavery, but employed Negroes and paid them for their work. I daresay the pay was small, but it was a token in the direction of our belief in the freedom of the slaves.

The connection with the Rebel army, was the Home Guard, which, it was said, was composed of the meanest men in the service, and who were assigned to this job because of some disablement, and their cruel disposition in rounding up any and all that they could force into the Confederate Service. This Home Guard was wont to make its appearance quite unexpectedly, but our Union sympathizing neighbors were informed of their coming by the “grape-vine” method operated by their slaves, and hid in the swamps. They were fed by their slaves carrying food to them, until the Home Guard disappeared.

I think Father escaped at first by turning “Preacher,” at which time, perhaps, he studied the Bible, which enabled him in after years to quote more accurately from that Book than any man I ever heard, be he clergy-man or layman. Many-a-time have I heard him say to a visiting Minister who had quoted something from the Bible: “Hunh-uh! That is not right.” He then corrected the quotation, and, if there was any further controversy, Father would reach for his well-worn Bible and in a short time, would find the passage, read it, and the Minister would acknowledge his mistake. This was done without the aid of a concordance, simply by sheer act of memory of the book, the chapter and the verse.

Eventually, the Home Guard took Father from a bed of sickness, dragged him to the Rebel camp, not far distant, and impressed him into the service of the Rebel army. His regiment was stationed to guard the Union prisoners at Salsbury prison, which was next to Andersonville in its terrible condition. On one occasion, the prisoners broke out of the stockade, and the Rebels were ordered out, every man, to round them up.

In a few hours, this was accomplished, and when the troops returned to their camp, Father’s Captain found him standing in front of his tent. With an oath, he asked Father what he was doing there, and why he had not obeyed his command. Father replied that he had nothing against those men, but if any one of them wanted to pick a fight, just to send them over, and he would try to accommodate him. For this Father was court-martialed and sentenced to be shot. There were three things which activated to prevent his execution: First, the intercession on his behalf of his two nephews, Lieutenants in the Rebel army; second, Mother’s visit to the General (She was then carrying our little sister, Ellen Annetta); Third, Lee had surrendered and the War was about to close.

During the time that Father was in the Rebel army by compulsion, Nancy was left in charge of the work on our plantation, that is, in the field, and right well did she carry out her commission. All the children were at home then except Mollie, who had married Quill Speer, a widower with three children — Dallas, America and Jim. They lived on a farm not far from our place. At home were Nancy, Melissa, Mase, Sidney, Mattie, Jack, Lou, Em and myself. That was quite a crew for Nancy to handle, but all that were able to work were willing workers, and under Nancy’s direction, they carried on the work of the plantation well and effectively.

After the war was ended, the Confederates returned to their homes defeated and embittered. You will remember that Gen. Grant gave to the Cavalrymen their horses. One man came riding through our field where Mase was at work. He asked Mase for a certain direction. Mase gave him the information, where upon the man dismounted and promptly knocked Mase down. He remounted and rode away. This incident illustrates the feeling that the returned rebels had for Union sympathizers. Our Family was ostracized, which was the main reason to sell out and move to Iowa. The other reason was that Quill, Mollie and Melissa had moved to Iowa two years before.

We were just finishing a new house, but we sold our whole plantation, including a tobacco factory and a drying house, in fact, everything except what we could carry in our hands for (hold your breath!), Five Hundred Dollars. Three Free Negroes bought it. No white man had any money. These Negroes had bought their freedom before the Emancipation Proclamation by doing extra work, and had saved the amount stated above.

From: Stories told by Hardin’s children and published in a family history book called ‘The Morgan Genealogy’ in the 1950’s. Later transcribed to ‘The Soft Wind Whispers’ (BBOTW.com), written by Hardin’s descendent, Nancy Larsen (2007).