

Company H, 120th Ohio Volunteer Infantry



Cemetery Photo Credits: Lori Driver at [Find a Grave](#).



Portrait photos contributed by Nina Rippee.

BAER, John M. 11 Oct 1862

John Mason BAER

John, age 18, is listed in the Roster of Ohio Soldiers 1861-66 volume 8, page 263, as a 1st Lieutenant. He was appointed 1st sergeant from Sergeant 28 Dec 1862; promoted to 2nd Lieut. 15 June, 1863; to 1st Lieut. 21 March 1864; captured 3 May 1864 near Snaggy Point on Red River LA; transferred to Co. K, 114th OVI 27 Nov 1864. Transferred to Co E, 48th OVI, 24 July 1865. [1st Lieut.] Mustered out 14 Oct 1865. [Also Company I, Eighty-sixth O. V. I. for four months in 1862 before joining the 120th.

Soldiers and Sailors System lists: Don't mix up these two.

John M BAER, 1st Lieut., Co E 48th OH Inf.

John BAIR, Pvt, Co E 48th OH Inf. [See this soldier in his own pdf.]

Father: John BEAR
Mother: Nancy PALMER [Anne]
Birth: 14 Oct 1845
Marriage: Libbie [Elizabeth] C. RILEY, 18 Nov 1867, WI
Death: 1 Feb 1936, Ontario, San Bernardino Co, CA
Cemetery: Riverside Cemetery, Appleton, Outagamie, Wisconsin

Pension Index: John M. BAER, Co H 120th, Co E 48th OH Inf, Co K 114th OH Inf, Co I 86th OH Inf. Invalid applied 1 Apr 1872, Application 173900, Certificate 118221, filed in OH.

John's father, Rev. John Jacob Baer was a lieutenant in the 8th Ohio Militia in the Mexican war in 1847, born 1814, died 1872.

Commemorative Biographical Record of the Fox River Valley Counties of Brown, Outagamie and Winnebago, J. H. Beers & Company, 1895, pp 470-472.

"Captain John M. Baer, register of deeds for Outagamie county [Wisconsin], was born in Wyandot county, Ohio, near Upper Sandusky, October 14, 1845. "The father [John Jacob Baer, Jr.] of the Captain was married in Ohio, in 1838, to Miss Nancy Palmer, a native of Maryland.... John Jacob Baer was a minister originally of the Methodist denomination, but in 1850 associated himself with the Winebrenner branch of the United Brethren Church..."

[pg 471] "John M. Baer, who is the youngest but one in his father's family of five children, when twelve years of age [<1857>], concluding that the home discipline was rather severe, decided to cast adrift and shift for himself. A friend furnished him with capital to the amount of two dollars, and with that he started. After walking about seventy-five miles, till he found himself near Lucas, Richland county, Ohio, he secured employment in a woolen mill, and there remained during the next four years." [<1857-1861>]

"Meantime, in 1859, he expended one hundred dollars in the purchase of a Mexican war land warrant, and paid an attorney ten dollars to locate it for him. It proved to be near his present farm in Outagamie county, Wis."

[Note: On 16 Jan 1860 John J. Bair became the assignee of land in Wisconsin containing 80 acres. Original Military Warrant number 42245 (55-80-42245) of Catherine Caler, widow of George Caler, private in Captain Coulson's Company, (Col. Hill regiment) Pennsylvania Militia War of 1812. (Also may be spelled George Keller)

There is also a record at [Bureau of Land Management](#) that John M. Baer bought land in Outagamie county 1 Nov 1867, and again 23 Sep 1891 in Mille Lacs county. And John J. Baer bought land in Outagamie Co. in May 1870 and July 1872.]

"In April, 1862, when but a boy of sixteen summers, he enlisted in Company I, Eighty-sixth O. V. I., and four months later, its term of enlistment (three months) having more than expired, the regiment was mustered out, having served in Virginia in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. Eleven days after his discharge, on October 11, 1862, he was again in the service, having enlisted in Company H, One Hundred and twentieth O. V. I.; two days later he was made a sergeant, was promoted to first sergeant, December 28, 1862; to second lieutenant, June 18, 1863; and to first lieutenant, March 21, 1864. He was transferred to Company K, One Hundred and Fourteenth O. V. I., November 27, 1864; to Company E, Forty-eighth O. V. I., July 24, 1865, and discharged October 14, 1865, at which latter date he held a captain's commission, but was never mustered in that rank."

"He was wounded in the shoulder during the desperate fighting at Vicksburg, Miss., May 22, 1863, and at Snaggy Point, La., May 3, 1864, was shot through the bowels. His regiment, numbering about five hundred officers and men, was aboard a boat and only 120 succeeded in getting away, the others being either shot, drowned, scalded to death or taken prisoners. The Captain was shot after leaving the boat, and was captured four days later while on board the steamer 'John Warner,' going down the river in company with four gunboats, his capture occurring at the same locality where he was wounded. He was sent to Cheneyville, in central Louisiana, from which place he escaped, on crutches, on the 22nd of June following, and succeeded in getting within a mile of the Union lines when he was recaptured and sent to Alexandria, La. Four days later he was paroled and sent to New Orleans, where the ball which had caused him so much trouble was extracted by Surgeon-General Hammond. He soon reported to Camp Chase, Ohio, where he was placed in command of the paroled prisoners, remaining until December 28, 1864, on which day he was exchanged.

Upon rejoining his regiment at New Orleans, January 7, 1865, Capt. Baer found it consolidated into two companies and assigned to the One Hundred and Fourteenth O. V. I., his company receiving the letter 'K.' Joining Gen. Steele at Pensacola, Fla., he was detailed as acting aide-de-camp on the General's staff, and served with him during the Florida campaign. With two companies, being the remnant of the One Hundred and Twentieth Regiment, he charged the enemy's works at Fort Blakeley, Ala., capturing their main line and

taking possession of the village, a portion of his men carrying axes, in places of rifles, with which to cut away the obstructions they [pg 472]encountered. From that point the command proceeded to Mobile, and joined the division of Gen. C. C. Andrews. In June, 1865, they were sent to Texas, and Capt. Baer was appointed ordnance officer of the District of Texas, serving on the staffs of both Gen. Andrews and Gen. Joseph A. Mower until his discharge. His position was a difficult and responsible one, as all arms were turned over to him while the troops were being discharged. Capt. Baer was finally discharged in October, 1865, and came at once to Outagamie county, settling immediately upon his farm, previously located by his attorney as noted, and commenced at once to clear and improve it.

In November, 1867, he was married to Miss Libbie C. Riley, a native of Clermont county, Ohio, and daughter of Garad P. Riley, who was chaplain of an Ohio regiment during the war of the Rebellion, and had four brothers in the service, all members of Ohio regiments. He carried on his farms in Ohio until his removal to Indiana, where he now resides. Mrs. Baer is deeply interested in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the old soldiers, and is active in effort in their interest. She is gifted with genius, and is a writer of rare merit, her productions appearing in various magazines and periodicals. As to his political views, Capt. Baer has been independent, and he has filled numerous positions of trust. At the age of twenty-one he was elected town clerk, serving two years; then elected assessor, serving also two years. At this point he was burned out, and moved to Ohio in 1869. On his return to Appleton from Ohio in 1874, he was at once elected a justice of the peace, a position he filled with trust and ability; was also chairman of his township, and member of the county board six years. In November, 1887, he was elected to his present position of register of deeds of Outagamie county, in which incumbency he gives eminent satisfaction. He is at present postmaster at Appleton, Wisconsin."

The National Tribune [Washington DC], 5 Feb 1885, page 3:

John M. Baer, First Lieut., Co. H, 120th Ohio, Ninth Div., Thirteenth Corps, Binghamton, Wis.

"Snaggy Point Slaughter

Capture of City Belle, John Warner and Three Gunboats.

To the Editor: I have just read in a late issue of your valuable paper what Frank H. Mason and John W. Fry have to say, in their article 'On the Teche,' about the slaughter at Snaggy Point. I think I am able to add something to the account of the attack and capture of the City Belle and John Warner, as I was on both those boats and have a lively reminder of that terrible fight in an ugly wound received in the back while making my escape from the City Belle. I feel myself incompetent for this self-imposed task, but as myself and two others were the only ones that went through the whole of that terrible experience, it seems to devolve on one of us to write it up; and as I am in hopes of calling out a statement from one or both of those comrades, if living, I will, if the boys will look over all imperfections, do the best I can. Going into the army when but 15, I did not have any great amount of grammar or rhetoric stowed in my cranium; but in the almost four-years' service with the 86th, 120th, 114th and 48th Ohio (having been consolidated with the two last-named regiments, the 120th being reduced below a regimental organization) I got a sight of experience that has served me perhaps just as well in the knocks I have had to take in this world. But to return to the object of this letter:

On May 2, 1864, the 120th Ohio embarked on the steamer City Belle at Baton Rouge, La., bound for Alexandria, La. I cannot tell what was the object of this expedition, unless to patrol the river, and that don't look reasonable to me now, as we had no protection whatever, with the exception of the pilot-house, which had boiler iron set up each side of the wheel, as all Mississippi boats had in those days. If my memory serves me right, we arrived at the mouth of Red River some time that day, lay there a few hours, and then went up to the mouth of the Atchafalaya and lay over night. There was a gunboat stationed there. The next day (the 3d) we proceeded up the river, companies of the regiment being detailed alternately for lookout and to return fire if fired upon by guerillas. AT noon of that day my company [Co H] was detailed for such duty.

We donned our accouterments, with 40 rounds, and 60 more in our knapsacks, or haversacks, as knapsacks those days had almost gone out of style in our regiment. Gun in hand, we awaited developments. About 3 o'clock a negro hailed us and reported rebels not far up the river. He seemed greatly excited, and not gleaming much that seemed reliable, the boat continued on its way. Snaggy Point forms an elbow in the Red River and, the water being low, the channel is narrow. We had arrived in this elbow when we saw the Johnnies rise from behind the levee. We were stationed on the second deck from the wheel-house, forward, on the side facing the enemy. Now to explain what happened afterward. You must understand that the officers and soldiers (except the men on detail) were not anticipating such an attack. Soldiers were lounging over the boat, officers in the cabin or other places, at different diversions, just as would be expected in such a place. As soon as we saw the rebs I gave the command, 'Fire! Lie down!' We scarcely were down when such a shower of minie balls struck the boat, followed by the report of cannon, it seemed hardly possible that a man could be living on board. We returned fire at once. Every soldier and officer, as far as I could see, rushed to the rescue and sent a bullet where it was possible for them to do so; but the second round from

the artillery pierced the boiler, which caused an explosion, blowing off a part of the boat, and then a dense cloud of steam enveloped us. Imagine, if you can, 460 men crowded on a small boat unprotected, with 1,200 cavalry, 2,000 infantry, eight pieces of artillery (two 32-pound Parrotts, a six gun 12-pound field battery) firing on them. This I do not think an exaggerated account, as I got the report from the rebels themselves. After the second volley I ordered my men below. Some went over the railing and let themselves drop, the others went down the stairs, some few had jumped into the river before we went down.

Companies K and G suffered severely, being stationed on the hurricane deck aft the wheel house, the part of the boat that was blown off. We tried to keep all on board until we drifted near the shore; but new recruits had lately added to the regiment, and this was the first fire for them, and it was impossible to control them.

The attack was so sudden and overwhelming, that few of the officers reached their commands. Col. Marcus M. Spiegel, of the 120th, and Col. Mudd, of the 2d Ill. Cav., were killed in the cabin, the pilot was killed at the wheel, and the Assistant Pilot wounded while going to his relief. This was reported to us before leaving the boat. I only know that in a very short time after the explosion of the boilers it was every man for himself and God help us all! As the boat neared the shore we shoved the staging into the river and jumped on. I stood on the boat until I saw several men fall and roll back down the bank, it being almost perpendicular and about 30 feet high. They kept up a constant fire on us all the time. I jumped on the staging and got to shore without getting wet. I think the boat was about 12 feet from the opposite shore from where the enemy were. I had got nearly to the top of the bank and took hold of an overhanging shrub to assist myself, as it was about four feet perpendicular, when I was stuck in the center of the back by a minie ball, the ball cutting part of the strap to the pants buckle. When I came to I was lying on the top of the bank, where I sprang when shot. How long I lay unconscious I do not know, but think not longer than 10 minutes. Men were rushing past me. The first man I recognized was Col. Slocum. I called to him, 'For God's sake get me out of this.' The rebs were firing shrapnel into us, and as I could not move I expected to be killed. In a few minutes some of the men came back and took me a short distance into the woods, behind a log. I cannot now remember who those comrades were, but they were brave, self-sacrificing heroes, who risked their lives many times in taking me back. We remained there but a few minutes when the shot commenced coming through under the log. By this time I felt better, and with their assistance I got behind a tree. The sufferers on the City Belle had run up a flag of truce, and the rebs were on the shore preparing to swim across to tow the boat over. The boys that had escaped were scattered through the timber, and the sight of the rebs so enraged them that they couldn't resist the temptation to fire on them. Soon a man came out waving a white handkerchief and begged of the boys for God's sake to stop firing, as they were drawing fire on the boat, which was strewn with killed and wounded. Lieut.-Col. Willard Slocum organized the fragment, reparatory for retreat toward Alexandria -- 126 in all. Poor fellows, they had lost everything save their colors, their guns and grit -- all except Uriah Larue, the oldest man in the regiment, who had everything complete as if he had just stepped out for inspection; he had the only knapsack there was in the regiment. My comrades took turns helping me along. The first plantation arrived at they procured a negro as guide and a mule for my accommodation; but I could not stand to ride. We had gone about seven miles -- it was very dark -- and, finding that I was unable to go further, I begged of them to leave me. We could then hear the clash of the sabers of the rebel cavalry, who had crossed the river and were pursuing us. Ike S. Miller [actually Ike S. Mylar - see below] and Andrew Manhart, of my company, volunteered to stay with me. A hasty good-by to all the boys, and they were off. I was then very weak; my boots and pantaloons were nearly filled with clotted blood, and the pain seemed unendurable. The boys soon found a place of concealment, and we bivouacked in a swamp, without a blanket or a mouthful of food, and those brave comrades took off their blouses for me to lay on, and tore up their shirts to dress my wound -- expecting every minute to hear the bay of the hounds, to be captured and driven off to a rebel prison-pen. It is a brave man that will fight well in battle, but a far braver one who voluntarily does what Ike and Andy did for me. That was the loneliest night and longest I ever spent -- it seemed as if the morning would never dawn; such pain and fever, with not a drop of water: for they dare not expose themselves. We heard the enemy passing several times through the night. Morning came at last. After reconnoitering, the boys reported a house, not far off, on the bank of the river. After consulting, we concluded to go there and throw ourselves on the generosity of the occupants, and if they refused relief, demand what we wanted. We got to the house without being seen by any of the negroes, and found the man and his wife to be rebels, but with humane hearts. They stowed us away up stairs. The man, his wife, and a colored servant girl were all that knew of our being there. They gave me a bed and Ike and Andy some comfortables on the floor, and the colored girl brought us bacon, corn-bread, molasses, and milk -- the best there was in the house. One of the boys kept a constant lookout. The rebel cavalry came up in the yard and talked to the old man twice during the day, and went away again. About 4 o'clock a. m. we heard a boat; the boys fixed a flag on a stick, and when the boats neared us, Andy ran for the river, waving the flag. He was fired upon, but kept straight ahead until he reached the shore. Talk about the dinner-bell being a welcome sound, that is nothing to compare with the Engineer's bell when the Pilot rang him to 'stop her.' We could hear it plainly in the garret. It was the steamer John Warner, with the 56th Ohio on board, bound for home on veteran furlough. Nos. 8, 24, and 27 (Musquito Fleet), and an ironclad

with the irons left above the falls. I am not positive about the numbers on the gunboats. They lowered a yawl and sent it ashore with 8 or 10 men, who talked to the boys, and the John Warner rounded to, and Col. Raynor, of the 56th Ohio, inquired into matters. The boat landed, and four men came up with the barberchair and carried me aboard. The gunboats had passed, and stopped from a signal-whistle from the John Warner. The Surgeon of the 56th probed my wound and dressed it 00 the ball being lodged in the body nothing could be done then. Some of the officers from the gunboats came aboard the John Warner, and we described as well as we could the situation of the rebels, and the number of men and guns that we estimated were at Snaggy Point. The Marines 'smiled a smile that was bland,' and evidently thought us not capable of judging the strength of the enemy. They intimated we were scared, and didn't know how quick they (the Marines) could shell the Johnnies out: besides, they had heard so often that the rebs were just ahead in force, and with a battery, that they took not much stock in it. Of course, we resented the accusation that 'we were scared,' and swore we could stand it if the Marines could, and go ahead if they thought best. They decided to drop down the river a few miles and lie-to over night; that on the following morning one of the gunboats would run down the river, followed by the other boats (the John Warner in the rear), the gunboats to engage the batteries, while the John Warner ran the blockade; which plan they attempted to carry out. About 8 o'clock the next morning one of the gunboats blew the signal, and we all steamed down the river. We were then about five miles above Snaggy Point. As soon as we started, Ike and Andy took me out of the cabin to the same position we occupied on the City Belle, only we were on the opposite side of the boat, as we were now going down the river, and we were well protected by bales of cotton piled two deep all around the boat. The boys had procured guns and full supply of cartridges of the 56th. There we waited to see the 'Marines shell them Johnnies out.' As the first gunboat came within range of the two 32-pound guns the rebs opened fire on it, and then the gunboat gave them a broadside, which was answered by all the rebel guns. As fast as our boats came in position they drifted with the current, and an incessant fire was kept up, pieces of timber flying from the gunboats every time they were struck; it being at short range, not more than one-fourth mile, very few shots missed. The infantry go in. Now the time had come for the John Warner to run the blockade. Every preparation had been made, and, with the timbers quivering under her immense power of steam, the gallant steamer shot by the first gunboat. Then the 56th opened fire. There they stood, the brave Col Raynor and his war-scarred veterans, looking as if they could conquer fate itself; and that they fought desperately need not be told, for who ever knew them to flinch in the hour of danger? The Colonel rushed back and forth waving his sword; the officers, with sword in one hand and shooting from revolvers with the other, cheered and urged on their men -- which was useless, as every man was doing his level best to down a Johnny. Then came a yell from the rebs, and they mounted the levee. We looked back and saw the boat we had passed all ablaze. Then came the explosion of her magazine. We passed another boat which was firing very slowly, the rebel infantry and cavalry filling its portholes, when open, so full of shot that they could not use their guns. Then came another yell from the rebels, and looking ahead we saw another boat floating disabled down the stream. It had swung crossways in the river, and they were shooting through her lengthwise. This was a sternwheel boat. Then came a crash, and a solid shot went through the wheel-house of the John Warner, disabling her engines and causing her to drift with the current. The noble Captain was then heard calling, 'Help! Tow me out!' We had not reached the point of the bend, consequently our boat almost ran ashore on the rebel side. Cheer after cheer went up from them, that I suppose sounded to us as our cheers did to them at Arkansas Post, Magnolia Hill, Champion's Hill, Black River and Vicksburg, and I was just beginning to appreciate how demoniacal and loud a victorious shout sounded to a defeated soldier. By this time we had passed the bend and were nearing the opposite shore, the Captain all the time calling to the gunboat, 'Tow me out.' Our cotton bales had proved a good protection until now. The boat swinging around, they got an enfilading fire on us, and then the boys carried me below and laid me by the pumps, aft of the boiler. The boat struck the shore, and the 56th made their escape, as we had done from the City Belle. Not so many were shot, as they made their escape under cover of the boat, the cotton furnishing good protection to them in going up the bank. Col. Raynor received a severe wound through the thigh, and was unable to make his escape. All the gunboats were disabled. Some were set on fire by shells and burnt. The others were compelled to surrender to the rebels with all on board. The men were leaving the boat, and here I gave my good-by to Ike and Andy. I had been urging them to go, but they refused to leave me. I knew I would be sent to a hospital, and they would be driven off to Tyler. [Prison camp at Tyler TX] Seeing they could do no good by remaining they consented. They carried me to the edge of the boat to see if they got safely up the bank. Then came the handshaking. The tears rolled down their cheeks, and I know mine were no better. They said, 'Don't lose your courage, Johnnie, and you will be all right.' I can't forget those words. They leaped ashore and ran the gantlet again. I heard the thud of the bullets in the dirt as they ascended and saw them raise their hands to me as they disappeared over the bank, and then what a feeling of loneliness and desolation came over me! No one was near me, nor a soul on board I had known till the day before. My wound pained me, and I little cared at that moment what my fate might be. A white flag was run up on the John Warner, and the firing ceased. Some of the men that belonged to the boat carried me into the cabin again. By the way, the John Warner had the bravest civilian for a Captain I saw while in

the army. As we went up the stairs he was standing by the Captain, cursing the rebels to the fullest extent of a boatman's vocabulary, and swore he wouldn't leave the boat until every man wounded was cared for; but little they cared for what he intended to do. The rebel soldiers swam across the river, made a line fast to the boat, threw the coil into a yawl, and rowed to the opposite shore. The line was seized, and amid cheers and shouts the boat was landed to the opposite shore. The line was seized, and amid cheers and shouts the boat was landed to the opposite shore. The plucky Captain was one of the first to be taken off. Then the rebels swarmed over the boat, drank all the whiskey, ransacked the boat, and plundered the wounded and dead. I had some money, and to secure it tucked it under the leather lining in my hat, and that was the first thing they took. They searched my pockets, took my watch, then a brute pulled off the boot I had on and swore he would knock my brains out with it if I didn't get him the other. Some of the better ones interfered, and by giving my shirt compromised with him, after telling him a dozen times the other boot was aft of the boiler. Another took my pants off and left me with drawers, sweat-shirt and socks. Soon a humane fellow came along and got me a drink of water and gave me a swallow of wine out of a bottle he had taken from the bar, asked about my wound, and gathered up some old clothes they had thrown off. My blouse happened to be under my head, so I was fitted up with a pair of wool socks, gray pants, blue blouse and a wide-rimmed Texas hat, accompanied with any amount of body servants. Burning the boat. The boat soon after took fire, and the rebel officers had hard work to get the men to carry off ammunition that was stowed in the hold, and I was taken forward on the lower deck near the capstan, and there left till I feared they would not get me off at all. The heat had blistered my face, when a soldier dragged me a little ways out of the heat, and another took hold of my feet, and they carried me off. I think I was the last man off the boat. A Desperate Negro. There is one incident I wish to relate here. While lying on the boat near the capstan, a negro soldier (a Sergeant) came rushing by from the hull, ran down the staging, drew his revolver and snapped it three times in the face of the Colonel in charge of the detail getting off the ammunition. The revolver failed to go off, the Sergeant was seized by the soldiers, dragged off, tied to a tree and shot. The wounded were taken to a cotton shed near by; from there in wagons to Cheneyville, La. Here I met many of my regiment who were wounded and taken on the City Belle -- amongst them Surg. Stanton, Ass't Surg. J. C. Gill; also, a Surgeon from one of the gunboats; Col. Raynor, of the 56th Ohio; a First Lieutenant from a New York regiment, and a Major and Adjutant from some colored regiment. The Doctors herein named had performed all surgical operations, and had done all for the wounded that was possible, but when we arrived they had no surgical instruments -- not even pocket cases, they having been taken away by the rebel Surgeons; so they could do nothing for us, except give us the kind of care which they untiringly bestowed on all the wounded. An old negro woman who was captured with us was boss cook; the assistants were the slightly wounded soldiers. All the prisoners that were not wounded were taken to Camp ford, Tyler, Texas. The Confederates left two barrels of flour, several boxes of crackers, and some other commissaries captured from the boat, which lasted about two weeks, and then we subsisted on unsifted cornmeal made into bread, with no salt and nothing to leaven it but ashes. This, with molasses, was all the Confederacy furnished. The citizens kindly donated many delicacies for the badly wounded, but there were so many of us that the few inhabitants could not keep the poor fellows from suffering and dying for want of proper nourishment. The major and Adjutant made their escape from the hospital soon after we were taken. The condition of the wounded became so deplorable and so many died that Corp. John Null and myself concluded to attempt and escape, in hopes of reaching our lines, and, under flag of truce, bring rations to our dying comrades. Null was shot through the hand, and I could now go on crutches. But our escape from the hospital, the hardships endured to the Atchafalaya, our recapture when within two miles of the Union lines, and our return to prison, would fill several columns; and not knowing how this will be received, I will close by saying I would be glad to hear

from some of the survivors of Snaggy Point. -- John M. Baer, First Lieut., Co. H, 120th Ohio, Ninth Div., Thirteenth Corps, Binghamton, Wis."

[Straight line distance from Cheneyville LA to Simmesport LA on the Atchafalaya River is almost 29 miles.]

Photo: The Pioneers of Outagamie County, Wisconsin, Post Publishing Company, 1895, page 212: This volume says that John M. Baer was born in Tiffin, Seneca Co OH. "...he located eighty acres of land in Black Creek in 1859...

Grand Forks Daily Herald [North Dakota], 18 Nov 1913, page 4: "My 67th Birthday This is my 67th Birthday....Libbie C. Baer.

Mrs. Libbie C. Baer, a popular writer of verse for newspapers and magazines, was born in Clarmont [Clermont] county, Ohio, Nov. 18, 1846. She was educated there and graduated from the Clermont academy in 1865. Two years later she became the wife of Captain John M. Baer. Her first poems appeared in print before she was out of her



JOHN M. BAER.

teens. Among her best known works are 'Long Ago,' 'A Summer Idyl,' and 'In the land of Fancy.' Besides literary work, Mrs. Baer is active in charitable and civic interests and is a past department president of the Woman's Relief Corps. She now makes her home in Wisconsin."

Cincinnati [Ohio] Post, 10 May 1920, page 2:

In an article about alternative healing:

"Mrs. Libbie C. Baer, mother of congressman J. M. Baer of North Dakota, is 73 years old. She had been an active woman, known to the older generation as a writer of clever verse; national vice president of the Woman's Relief Corps and as elocutionist of note.

For years Mrs. Baer had been virtually an invalid; chronic lumbago, high blood pressure, rheumatism and heart disease, threatened an end to life. Today, however, she is well and happy. She gives all thanks to Riley.

Who is this man Riley?

He's a cousin of James Whitcomb Riley, famous Hoosier poet. He was born at Caldwell, Tex., 52 years ago, and his father, Dr. John S. Riley, was a frontier physician of the old school, and as surgeon served in both the Mexican and Civil Wars. Young Riley studied for a medical profession.

Today, however Riley gives 'no medicines and resorts to no use of the knife. By the use of his hands he straightens out muscular and bone dislocations, relieving pressure on nerve and blood channels and permitting free nerve activity and blood circulation. That's all. No 'miracle' about it!"



Photo: Local and National Poets of America with Interesting Biographical Sketches and Choice Selections from Over One Thousand Living American Poets: Thomas William Herrigshaw, Amer. Pub. Ass., 1892, page 1382:

Evening Star [Washington, DC], 3 Feb 1936, page 21:

"Capt. John M. Baer Dies at Age of 90

Father of Former North Dakota Representative was Officer in Civil War.

Capt. John M. Baer, 90, father of former Representative Baer of North Dakota, died Saturday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. C. C. Groff, in Ontario, Calif.

For many years, Capt. Baer, a Civil War officer, was manager of the Green Bay and Mississippi Canal Co., in Appleton, Wis. Although retiring from active work about 20 years ago, he was an adviser for the company up to the time of his death.

Former Representative Baer, who lives here at 1617 Buchanan street, now is cartoonist for Labor. Capt. Baer also leaves another son, E. Sherman Baer, Ontario, Calif.; 10 grandchildren and one great-grand-child. Capt. Baer was a descendant of early American settlers. His wife, the late Mrs. Libbie C. Riley Baer, was a poet and writer and a cousin of the poet, James Whitcomb Riley."

1850 Census, Brown Twp, Knox Co OH, Dwelling 2838, Family 2903: James BAIR, age 34 birthplace unknown, clergyman; Eliza, age 32 birthplace unknown; Cornelia E, age 7 OH; John, age 4 OH.

1860 Census, Madison Twp, Richland County, OH, Dwelling 1052, Family 1062: John BEARD, age 45 PA, laborer; Anna, age 57 MD; Cornelia, age 17 MD; John, age 14 OH.

Family search member record: John Mason BAER married Libbie C RILEY 18 Nov 1867 in Outagamie, Wisconsin. [Elizabeth]

1870 Census, Black Creek town, Outagamie County, Wisconsin, page 405: J M BAER, age 24 OH, farmer; L C, [female] age 22 OH; U.M. [female], age 1 Wisconsin.

1880 Census, Black Creek, Outagamie County, Wisconsin, page 95: John M BAER, age 34 OH, farmer, father born PA, mother born ?; Elizabeth E?, wife, age 33 OH?, parents born ?; Arelis M, daughter, age 11 born in ? [not Ohio, but can't read the state]; Otho, son, age 7 OH; Edward P, son, age 2 WI; Anna, mother, age 72 MD, has dropsy, parents born ?; Joseph WOLF?, age 18 WI, laborer.

1890 Veterans Schedule: Appleton, Outagamie Co WI: Line 50, House 392, Family 423: John M. BAER, Capt, Co H 120 OH Vol Inf. Post Office: 768 Laurence St, Appleton.

In an 1899 newspaper announcement concerning the annual reunion of the 120th OVI it was mentioned that Lieut. J.M. Bair was to be one of the speakers. He was living in Appleton, Wisconsin at that time. He was still living there in 1905 when he sent flowers to the funeral of Lieutenant Van Nest of Company F.

1900 Census, 3rd Ward, Appleton, Outagamie County, Wisconsin, page 66: John M BAER, age 54 OH, born

Oct 1845, married 33 yrs, manager ??? G. Bay, parents born PA; Libie?? C, wife, age 50 OH, born Nov 1849, married 33 yrs, 4 children/3 still living; parents born OH; John M J?, son, age 14 WI, born Mar 1886. [This son, John, was a politician in North Dakota and was also a cartoonist and journalist. See this outside [Link](#). His papers reside in the Chester Fritz Library, Univ. of North Dakota. More [Here](#).]

1910 Census, State St, 3rd Ward, Appleton, Outagamie, WI, pg 67, dwelling 159, Family 185: John M. BAER, age 64 OH, 1st marriage, married 42 yrs, father born PA, mother born MD, manager water power, not marked for military service; Elizabeth C., wife, age 63 OH, first marriage, married 42 yrs, 4 children/3 still living, parents born OH; Ottie U., daughter, age 41 WI, single.

1920 Census, 3rd Ward Appleton, Outagamie, WI, pg 74: Jno BAER, age 73 OH, parents born PA, advisor ??? Co; Elizabeth, wife, age 68 OH, parents born OH.

Libbie C. BAER died 17 Feb 1929. [Find a Grave](#).

1930 Census, Ely St, Chino Twp, San Bernardino County, CA, Dwelling 13, Family 13: Charles C GROFF, age 66 PA, parents born PA, age at first marriage 47, truck farmer; Attie B, wife, age 61 WI, parents born OH, age at first marriage 42 yrs; Catharine GROFF, daughter, age 16 CA, single; John M BAER, age 84 OH, father in law, widowed, age at first marriage 22, father born PA, mother born MD, no occupation, marked as a veteran in the Civil War.

Obituary: Wooster Daily Record 8 Feb 1936 reported that Captain John Baer had died at age 90 at his home in Ontario, California, and was buried on Feb. 5. [Ontario, CA is between Los Angeles and San Bernardino.] Only two survivors of the 120th were then left: William Rittenhouse of Ashland and Peter Sparr from Creston.

There is a picture of John M. Baer at: <http://www.ohiocivilwar.com/cw120.html>

[Note: Actually these men were still living at the time of John Baer's death: Peter Sparr died 20 Mar 1937. William Stull, Private, Company B, died 20 Jul 1937. Joseph W. Bricker, Company H, died 16 Oct 1937. William Jamison died 25 Feb 1939, and William Rittenhouse died 6 May 1939.]

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