

Rev. R.F. Bunting Manuscript

Bowling Green, Ky. November 9th, 1861.

Messrs. Editors: - After a long journey thro' Texas and Louisiana I reached New Orleans Two weeks were spent there in Church matters. Thence to Nashville. I met Edwin Sampson, of San Antonio, who had been two months sick at Canton, Miss. en [sic] route for Virginia via South Carolina. He was still weak, though improving. Then at Nashville I found in the hospital from this point, Lucius Campbell and T.E. Drinkerd of San Antonio. Both improving. From them, I learned that Capt. Houston's Company had enjoyed good general health, and they had lost none by death. Terry's Regiment, however, in some of its companies, had a good many sick with measels [sic] and fever, and there had been quite a number of deaths. The men were mostly suffering from cold. Arrangements had just been made for bringing down all the sick from this point to Nashville and about 250 were going down daily. The hospitals were temporarily fitted up by the good people of that city with much comfort, and the ladies were there like ministering spirits to encourage and cheer the suffering soldiers. I have never seen such general sympathy, devotion and liberality as they manifested, both by food and attention by day and night. The ladies emphatically took charge of the hospitals and tried to alleviate every want. Under such treatment most of the men will recover. There are over 1500 sick in this command, the measels [sic] prevailing extensively, these often followed by fevers. But such must be the case with soldiers coming from the South to this cold climate.

On my arrival here yestery [sic], I found it a perfect military camp. Tents and soldiers are found everywhere. I learn that fully one half of this population fled before and on the arrival of our troops. They left everything behind and went Northward, many being from that region and their sympathies being still there. Their houses are occupied by refugees from the Lincolnized [sic] portions of Kentucky, who, also fled, but for their lives, and sought safety within our lines. The people of this place were not driven out by our forces, it was their own choice to go, they would not be "for us," and hence deemed it prudent to leave.

About my first sight here was a company of Capt. Houston's men galloping across the public square with two prisoners and horses, blankets etc. The secret was they had been in a skirmish with the enemy some 35 miles distant, had taken and brought in 2 prisoners, shot two mortally and another severely. On information it was thus: On Tuesday a detachment from Cpts. [sic] Houston and Evans' companies, consisting of 30 men, were sent out on a scouting expedition in the vicinity of Scottsville, Allen county, [sic] to reconnoiter the position of the enemy and ascertain if any of their forces were posted in that locality. On the 2nd day they encamped on Barreu river 10 miles east of Scotsville. Early next morning an advance guard under Sergt. [sic] Pue of Capt. Houston's company were sent ahead to look out for pickets. In about half an hour a runner came back saying that our guard was chasing some pickets of the enemy. Capt. Evans' company was immediately sent forward, whilst Capt. Houston's remained at the

river. In about half an hour another messenger came bringing word for Capt. H. to advance. Putting spur to their horses they were soon on the spot. The pickets had already been driven off and the enemy had hid themselves in the bushes and dense timber. Before their arrival Sergt. [sic] Pue and his command of five, W.C. Marshall and Polk Childress of San Antonio, W.L. Smith of Wilson county [sic], Silas Harman of the Medina, and young Bufford of Columbus, had made the attack with the above result. Being thus in the advance, they did the fighting and got all the glory of victory. This was a great disappointment to the other San Antonino boys who had been kept back as guard and got up too late to join in the engagement. Thus San Antonio has the honor of being in the first "Ranger" skirmish and C.W. Marshall drew the first Lincoln blood. One of the prisoners wounded was quite a young boy, whom Sergt. [sic] Pue handed over to the care of Polk Childress for safe keeping, whilst the fight was going on. He was about the size and age of Polk. The balls were thickly flying and the poor boy was greatly frightened, and commenced crying, and asked Polk what he should do to keep from being hurt again. Polk told him to lie down flat on the road. Whilst in that position on promise that he would go home and do so no more, Polk told him to leave for he wanted to go where the fighting was done, and so he generously let his boy prisoner loose. Thus the "Javalin" boys – the name of Capt. H's company – have commenced nobly the work. I have been thus specific because it was their first skirmish. There will be abundant work to do along this line. Everything indicates a speedy forward movement. There are some 25,000 troops along this line under Gen. A.S. Johnson, who has his head quarters here at present. The struggle in Kentucky will be desperate and bloody. Many lives must be sacrificed. The end, God only knows. May it soon come and victory crown our arms and success attend our glorious cause.

In haste, Yours, R.F.B.

SAN ANTONION HERALD

November 30, 1861

Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 13, 1861.

Messrs [sic] Editors: - Once more I address you from this little city. One of the most beautiful, but a few months ago, that ever lit up a rich and fertile valley. How it shows the desolating march of war. It is little else than a military depot and hospital. Very many of the wealthiest inhabitants having joined the exodus which preceded our advancing army, each palatial mansion, as it is vacated, becomes a home for some refuge, the headquarters of some officer, or a quiet resting place for the sick soldier. Most of the large business houses have become Commissariats for the army. The beautiful hills encircling the city are being shorn of their strength and beauty by the hands of the soldiery, and the belts of forest timber which crowned their tops and adorned their sides are giving place to fortifications, so that nothing may stand between the advancing foe and the huge cannon which will be mounted upon them. Everything is bustle and life. With these grand preparations we cannot resist the idea that soon "somebody will be hurt" in this region. Our commanders, Gens. A. Sydney Johnson, Buckner and Hardee,

are men in whom all the soldiers have an abiding confidence. The appearance, too, of these troops is striking. Although mostly in rough attire from long marches and exposure, yet they are generally the flower of their respective regions. Such soldiers volunteer not for money, but for right and from principle. They fight for everything the heart cherishes, all that makes life dear and home happy – and they must conquer. With these thousands moving upon the streets, you see no dissipation and hear but little profanity. The moral tone of this wing of the army, judging from appearances, is most remarkable. Such troops must prove victorious. The time is evidently not far off when they will meet the enemy. Rumors are continually coming in that the Federal forces are increasing on the Ohio; that they are crossing Green river, and from all we can learn they are making gigantic preparations for a heavy campaign in this region during the next four weeks. But should they advance, our brave boys will be ready for them. Already have general orders been given to all the regiments to be ready to march at a moment's notice. No more furloughs or permits are given to go any distance. In the event of a battle a stand will be made at this point. Being the Key to Nashville, it will be held. This at least is Gen. Johnson's plan. It seems that in conversation about the campaign the other day, Gen. Buckner asked him what arrangements he was making for a retreat? the answer was characteristic of the man – "I shall make no retreat." You may reasonably therefore expect stirring news from this region before the winter comes upon us.

After a few days sojourn amid the bustle of camp life, to-morrow I shall return to Nashville. To me this has truly been a novel visit. Here I have seen all "the forms and circumstances of glorious war," save the dreadful conflict on the battle field. Taking a position on "College Hill," eastward above the city, the white tents dot the surrounding country like snow flakes upon the vallies. [sic] Every morning, around the different encampments, companies of men are going through the different evolutions of the drill with banners flying – the glorious stars and bars – whilst in the evening the general dress parade makes an imposing [sic] appearance. Considering the locality in all its bearings, a more beautiful and romantic spot, even in Kentucky, which the Northern press now calls the "Italy of America," could not have been selected as the headquarters of the C.S.A. The weather has been and is still remarkably mild. The clear, Indian summer days remind us of our own balmy climate; yet they lack that exhilarating [sic] atmosphere which brings health and makes Western Texas a real fairy land. Never can we appreciate "our goodly heritage" in this respect, until we experience the chilly nights and damp cold-giving atmosphere of "the States."

In my last I mentioned the skirmish in which a portion of Capt. Houston's company were engaged; it is reported by their spy, who returned after them, that four Lincolmites were buried in addition to the prisoners, horses etc brought into camp. Well done for our San Antonio boys.

Gov. Uhazzy and son reached here safely and left yesterday in a private conveyance for Glasgow and thence into the U.S. en route for Europe. This reminds me that my

chief mission to this point has not been successful, for it is not now safe for a man whose sympathies are Southern to cross the line, even when prompted by the honest effort to re-unite a separated family. I could get a pass through our pickets, and the Federals would willingly 'bag' me, as their custom is with all coming from the South; but then a return would be hazardous, and doubtless as the armies now stand impossible. Gen. Johnson thought I could not accomplish the trip without arrest and detention within the Federal lines, and advised me not to make the effort. But this is only one of the misfortunes of the unholy war forced upon us. All must bear their part, and when I see what others suffer I cheerfully submit to my apportionment, Doubtless there are many now in "Dixie," looking on or engaged in this struggle, who are Southern from necessity, because born on her soil. But I can frankly say such is not my position. I am a Southerner from choice and principle. With me it is not a matter of mere convenience or profit, but of conviction and conscience.

R.F.B.

SAN ANTONIO HERALD

December 7, 1861.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Augusta, Ga., Nov. 16, 1861

Messrs [sic] Editors: - My last letter was written you amid the active scenes of the tent, at the place where men though only of war. This is dated in the midst of those who are enlisted in another work and who follow after the "Prince of Peace." The former is sometimes a stern necessity, whilst the service of the latter is always a blessed privilege.

The first General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the Confederate States, met in this city on Dec. 5th, in the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Francis McFarland was nominated as presiding officer; Dr. P.M. Palmer, of N.C., then preached the opening sermon from Eph. 16, 22 and 23 vs. The discourse was able in thought, powerful in argument, beautiful in language, glowing in eloquence and admirably appropriate to the solemn and most interesting occasion. After the sermon, Dr. McFarland constituted the assembly with prayers, and by acclamation [sic] Dr. Palmer was elected Moderator.

The roll being called, eleven Synods, composed of 47 Presbyteries, were represented by 55 Ministers and 38 Ruling Elders. These latter representing 76,000 members in the Confederacy. Texas, the youngest, though queenliest sister of them all, had her full Ministerial representation on the floor the first day. Rev. Dr. Bailey was Commissioner from the Presbytery of Brazos; the Rev. H. Moseley from East Texas; the Rev. L. Tenny from Central, and your correspondent from the western. But the Eldership failed entirely. We also had from the Creek and Choctaw nations able and venerable Missionaries, who had spent years among those wild people. The organization at once complete from

all the Presbyteries in the seceded States, what a work was before us! Here was an assembly of venerable and talented Ministers and Laymen set to lay the foundations of a new Church in its outward organization. The necessity of the times had separated them from those whom they had formerly called by the endearing name of "Brethren." Seeking divine guidance, nobly did they undertake the great and glorious work opened up before them. For almost two weeks they have counseled and devised, prayed and debated, planned and constituted, until we now find an organization fully equipped in every department, with perfectly harmonious machinery set in motion. When compared with our old Northern church, whom we venerated and cherished so long and so well, we find, from the experience of the past, there is an improvement in many respects. Perfect unanimity in counsel and harmony in action prevailed, and thus an amount of labor almost incredible has been performed. Schemes have been initiated [sic], and enterprises inaugurated, which will continue to develop and bring forth fruit for all time to come. Influences have been put in motion that will tell with wondrous effect upon this Confederacy in the advancement of religion, education and intelligence. The debates were earnest and able, for the best talent in the church was largely represented on the floor. I may with propriety say the South has no abler theologians or jurists than these, aided with their wisdom, their counsel, eloquence and prayer.

Some important changes were inaugurated as to the future working policy of the Church. – Instead of the "Boards" which have caused so much discussion for years past, in the old "Assembly," we substituted simply "Committees", making some radical changes in their organization, limiting their powers, and holding them directly responsible to the Assembly. The Committee of Foreign Missions was located at Columbia, S.C., with the Rev. Dr. J.L. Wilson for Secretary. The Committee of Domestic Missions at New Orleans, with Dr. John Leyburn for Secretary. The Committee of Education at Memphis, with Dr. John H. Gray for Secretary. The Committee of Publication at Richmond, with Dr. Wm. Brown for Secretary. Thus the benevolent operations of the Church are not centralized as formerly, but scattered throughout our bounds, This plan will interest more, and secure greater co-operation and efficiency. Hence instead of quarrelling about management, each section has its own share of responsibility, and its own labors to perform.

A paper was read and unanimously passed looking toward the closer union and communion of christians [sic] – especially those of like faith and order. The Associate Reformed Synod of the South sent their delegate to greet us, and nobly did he discharge his duty. Theirs is a precious ancestry, who gave a noble testimony for the truth, lifting up a glorious banner against error, and battling faithfully for Christ and his crown. For thirty years cut off from the North on the Slavery issue, they have been separated from us on psalmody. – But now we greet this sister Church, and make her an offer of unity and union on this subject. To the United Synod of the Presbyterian Church the Assembly offered christian [sic] salutations, and sends a corresponding delegate, hoping for still closer communion and fellowship in the future. So also to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, fraternal correspondence was proffered. Thus the

troubles of our country seem to be breaking down all partition walls between those of the same family, and are opening up the way for their re-union in one household. The two former bodies will doubtless soon be united with this General Assembly and this union will give us some 25,000 more members.

Then destiny, directed by the Providence of God, will ere long bring Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky into the Confederacy, thus introducing 30,000 more into our organization. – Thus united and strengthened, we will present one of the first Presbyterian bodies in the world in numbers and certainly in wealth. – That a noble destiny lies before this Church in these Confederate States! May we have grace to meet the responsibility. The subject of Education, in reference to a grand University for the Church, was ably debated in a general educational convention. Initiatory steps were taken towards the accomplishment of this grand scheme. The work among the colored people received such attention as its great importance demands. They are now more than ever commended to our care and spiritual instruction.

The address, to the churches throughout the Earth, setting forth the causes of the separation of the Church in the Confederate States from our brethren in the United States and the views of the Southern Presbyterians on the subject of Slavery, prepared by the Rev. Dr. Thornwell of South Carolina, is one of the greatest papers of the age and is sufficient to immortalize the name and memory of any man. In short we assembled twelve days ago to lay anew the foundation of a mighty Church and we separate with all its vast machinery just in working order and fully set in motion. We adjourned to-night, to meet in Memphis, Tenn, [sic] on the 1st Wednesday of next May at 11 A.M. Delightful and precious will be the remembrances of this Assembly. It forms an era of momentous interest in the history of Presbyterianism in these Confederate States. The '4th of Dec.' will hereafter be a sacred anniversary with us and our children. Glorious memories cluster around it and hallowed avocations are entwined in it. The people of this flourishing and beautiful city have received us with christian [sic] cordiality and unbounded hospitality. Whilst the [illegible] God providence has smiled upon us in two weeks of the most remarkable weather ever experienced here at this season of the year. It has reminded me of your magnificent fall weather – so clear so bracing and yet so balmy – only a little more frosty at night, - Not a cloud has come over us by day and silver moon has made the darkness almost light as noon-day Our beginning [sic] has been in every respect most propitious, we recognize God's hand in it, and by faith we interpret it as prophetic of our future prosperity as a Church.

Surely ours is now a peculiar 1st. Here in this beautiful city, which sits queenlike in the valley of the crooked Savannah, are assembled Commissioners from every Presbytery in these Confederate States, quietly legislating about the spiritual interests of our people and initiating measures for the building up of the kingdom of the Prince of Peace. Whilst but a short distance below us the enemy's ships are blockading our river and his dreaded guns of war are booming out a salute over the ruins of a sister city, laid half in

ashes by the incendiasies [sic] torch. Surely we live in stirring times. Strange scenes are all around us. But God reigns, therefore will we not fear.

R.F.B.

SAN ANTONIO HERALD

January 4, 1862.

SAN ANTONIO HERALD

January 4, 1862.

Rev. R.F. Bunting, recently of this city, has accepted service as Chaplain to Terry's Regiment of Texas Rangers in Ky., and any communication will reach him by being addressed to him in care of D.F. Carter, Esq., Nashville, Tenn.

Nashville, Tenn., - Dec. 19th, 1861.

Mesers. [sic] Editors. – This bright but frosty morning brought me safely by rail to this "City of Rocks." But it was with a sad heart I entered it. The telegraph had already announced that our brave Rangers had encountered the enemy and gained a brilliant victory; but alas! too dearly bought, for the noble-hearted, gallant Col. Terry was among the number killed. On Tuesday morning, the 17th, some two hundred of his force, whilst out on a scout, had encountered the Federal pickets driving them in. Then advancing until about a mile this side of Green river bridge, they came upon 600 of Col. Wallace's 32d Indiana Reg't [sic] in ambush – three hundred being on each side of them in a corn field between trees and haystacks. On our approach the Federals opened fire, and in return our boys charged upon them in a bold and dashing manner, entering at once into a hand to hand fight. – With that impulsive ardor and dauntless courage which distinguished Col. Terry, he bravely led his men against the cowardly enemy and drove them from their chosen position – not without leaving 114 killed on the field, whom the Federals have buried under a flag of truce, and 8 prisoners, who were brought into this city to-day. As yet statements are contradictory, but from all that I can gather up our loss is four killed, including Col. Terry; one dangerously wounded; Lieut. Morris, shot through the arm and lungs, but to-day encouragingly comfortable; and eight slightly. Thus again has Southern valor proved more than a match for the Abolition horde who would subjugate us, bathing our Southern soil in our own blood. Notwithstanding they had three to one in their own position and their cowardly mode of attack, yet our impetuous Rangers rushed in upon them like a tornado, drove them from their concealment and left the field literally covered with their blood. It is said some 15 were piled around one hay stack. Capt. Houston's company acted most gallantly in the fight and escaped unhurt. The identical gun which sped the fatal ball and the accompanying U.S. cartridge box were both secured as relics of the fight. But our glorious victory is overshadowed by the loss of an accomplished gentleman and brave soldier – one who knew his duty and manfully met it - not shrinking at the thought of sacrificing his gallant spirit on the altar of its native land. He was firm, but kind, courteous and genial. A stranger to fear and always courting danger and adventure. His command were devotedly attached to him. –

Now that his manly form is cold in death and his stirring voice is hushed forever, they feel like a household bereft of a father – aye! the stroke falls with double weight. as his equally brave and chivalric bosom friend, Lieut. Col. Lubbock, is still dangerously ill in this city, after about 7 weeks intense suffering he was convalescing, but the sad news came like a thunderclap upon his manly and affectionate heart. Yesterday it was feared he could not survive the shock, but to-day he seems to have rallied and his case is more hopeful. He has an indomitable will and this being aroused by the responsibilities that now rest upon him. we cherish the hope the [sic] soon he will be among us and in the saddle leading his columns on to victory. Our noble regiment, with its 600 disabled by sickness and the remainder now so literally orphaned, is indeed passing through its hour of trial. But we are not conquered – with God on our side, though one and another noble leader may fall, yet there will be others to fill the breach, and although many of our generous-hearted and gallant boys may rest from the conflict, our invaders will yet be driven back; our homes and loved one will be saved from ruin, and our independence will be achieved. Peace to the ashes of our noble dead. But my pen cannot do justice to this theme and therefore I will send with this an editorial from the “Nashville Republican Banner” of this date, which gives a minute description of the ceremonies connected with this sad occasion. From this you may judge with what esteem this people regard our regiment and its departed Colonel.

R.F.B.

SAN ANTONIO HERALD

January 4, 1862.

Camp Terry, 15 miles below Bowling Green, Jan. 3rd, 1862.

Messrs. Editors: - In my last letter I gave you what items were at my disposal in reference to the memorable Woodsonville fight. Since then we have received the Northern account from Louisville papers, and for barefaced and infamous lying, it eclipses all stories which I have before heard.

Our forces were arranged thus: Capt. Isham Jones, commanding the advance guard, first ascertained the position of the enemy and exchanged shots with them, and after reporting to Col. Terry, was ordered to picket from the battle ground to the river on the left, which he did at once, and hence his gallant company was not in the immediate charge in which our Col. fell. Col. Terry led this charge, followed by Capt. Walker and his men, who were in the advance; then Capt. M.L. Evans, commanding his own and Wharton's company, then Capt. W.Y. Houston, with his own and Strobel's men in the rear. Whilst this column was engaged, Capt. Ferrell, with his company and a portion of Holt's, was also on the left, engaging the enemy, and in a very dangerous and exposed position, and knowing nothing of the death of Col. Terry, his men were fighting bravely and desperately; seeing their perilous condition, a battery of 3 or four guns fired a few rounds upon the enemy for their relief; also about this time two companies of Arkansas infantry moved across the field on the extreme left, and entered the woods, opening a

brisk fire upon the enemy, which drove them back from their position. Capt. Ferrell occupied the most favorable position for fighting, and nobly did he improve it. He lost two men killed on the ground, viz: W.W. Bell and F. Lofton, and three wounded, viz: John Henry, and the two Gile's – one of whom (Lee Giles) has since died. He had also eight horses killed and several wounded, showing that the object of the enemy was to shoot the horses and thus get the advantage of our boys. In the daring charge led by Col. Terry, the enemy were driven from the woods, and scattering along the fence, they still fired upon our advancing column. In the effort to cross over many of the enemy were killed, whilst those who succeeded in getting over were picked off by our gallant Rangers whilst running down the corn-rows.

It was in this most gallant charge, when in advance of his men, that Col. Terry fell, from a ball piercing his neck, cutting the wind-pipe and passing up into his head. Amid the excitement of the fight it is not definitely known by whom he was shot, for he was charging upon a squad of some ten of the enemy, several of whom he killed.

The number of our boys actually engaged in this fight was not over 150, and they certainly killed over 100 of the enemy.

Capt. [sic] Walker and Evans, with the noted Paul Anderson, were near by when he fell. – After our boys had completely driven the enemy from the woods and through the field – probably killing all – they returned to the top of the hill and there heard of the death of their gallant and heroic Colonel, whose lifeless body was being carried off the field by Tom Devinney of Houston's company. In the same daring charge in which Col. Terry met his death, Capt. Walker was shot through the right wrist, and one of his Lieutenants (Morris) was dangerously shot through the lungs, whilst John Jackson and Page Bloodgod (privates) were slightly wounded, and Mike Dunn was killed. Three privates were left dead on the field, but all our wounded were thus carried off. The next morning we returned under a flag of truce, and buried one on the field, bringing the other two away. Had not the sudden and unexpected death of Col. T. come upon us in the moment of victory, the work would still have gone forward, and it would have proven a still more glorious day for our intrepid Rangers.

Our loss was four killed and nine wounded, including two of the Arkansas infantry. The enemy's loss we have not definitely ascertained, although several of our men counted 31 killed in one place and 25 in another, where the conflict was the hottest, this not including those scattered about over the entire field. From private reports of the dead buried on the field, it will not fall far short of my first account, 114.

Such a charge as this with cavalry is not generally made, and doubtless would not meet the approval of military men, but it is just to state here, that the order to charge was not given by Col. Terry until the enemy had crossed the field and were in the act of taking possession of the strip of woods on the hill side on our left, threatening to pierce our lines and thus endangering the baggage train. When the head of our column was put in motion for the charge, the enemy were turning the crown of the hill in the direction of

and commanding the last squad, led by Capt. Houston, and were firing over the heads of his men. Previous to the order for the charge, Col. Terry himself, although not commanding the brigade, had sent his own Sergt. [sic] Major and ordered the infantry to meet the enemy's [sic] skirmishers, who had already taken possession of the hill and woods. It becoming evident that the infantry would arrive too late, in order to break up the threatened attack of the enemy, the order was given to charge, and at once the rangers filled the woods, and with a Texan yell they dashed along and above the fence, bringing terror and death to the enemy, who were perfectly confounded at such an unusual charge. So bravely did our boys sweep along, dealing out destruction at every step, that they were panicstricken [sic], not even waiting to use their bayonets, of which they boast so much, and fled from the field with the impression that we were carrying on an unnatural war by bringing Indians into the conflict.

Yours, R.F.B.

SAN ANTONIO HERALD

January 25, 1862.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 10th 1862

Ed. Telegraph – 'Tis said misfortunes come not singly. Such is the experience of the Texans now battling for principle and conscience on "the dark and bloody ground." Once more we are called to pass through the vale of sorrow – to bow under the afflicting providence of God. That picked regiment of gallant spirits, led by its chivalric and accomplished officers, which but a few months ago did bid adieu to your city, with such bright visions of glory and fame and victory in the service of their country, is now doubly orphaned. Scarcely has the echo of the lamented Terry's glorious demise passed away on the bloody field of Woodsonville, than the Angel of Death has again spread his black wings over our decimated ranks, and another brave heart is chilled, and the fire of patriotism that glowed in his manly bosom is quenched forever. Thomas S. Lubbock, late Colonel of Terry's Regiment of Texas Rangers, is no more. He died in this city, at the residence of Mrs. Felicia Grun Porter, on yesterday morning at 3 o'clock, January 9th, in the 45th year of his age. His last eleven hours were soothed by the presence of his devoted wife, his brother Henry, his son Frank and his nephew, Theodore Lubbock of the Rangers. He was able to recognize them, but too much exhausted to speak with them. From his frequent conversations with those who so devotedly ministered about his bed, we indulged the hope that he was prepared to meet his last enemy and gain the victory. The conflict over, now his ransomed spirit rests where suffering never comes, where no farewell is ever uttered, where no cruel was is ever known. During the eleven weeks of his sickness, he bore his sufferings with great patience and a heroic fortitude. Strongly impressed with the idea that the same Providence, which had already brought him through so many perils, would raise him up and shield him amid the dangers of this campaign, he cherished a burning desire to lead his brave Rangers.

He was first attacked in camp with the camp cholera, from which he suffered intensely for several days. The disease, which finally resulted in his death, was typhoid fever. Its duration was about eleven weeks. [see footnote below] An abscess of large size formed in the right side and discharged itself in the bowels, when his symptoms assumed a more favorable form; but, about the sixth week, paroxysms indicating other collections of matter made their appearance, which gradually assumed a graver character, until finally it was evident that an abscess was forming in the liver; other abscesses also formed upon different portions of the surface of the body, clearly indicating a pyæmic [sic] condition of the blood. The abscess of the liver finally discharged through the stomach. This was the immediate cause of his death. Had he not possessed a herculean constitution, and been a man of great energy of character, of strong purpose and unbending will, he must have yielded weeks ago to the complication of disease which had seized his body. Some three weeks since, he was encouragingly improving, but, unfortunately, a telegraphic dispatch was handed him, announcing the death of his brother in arms – Col. Terry – he read it and exclaiming: “My God! this is the hardest stroke of my life.” He fell back in his bed and for days lay at the very gate of death. This unexpected event doubtless had its influence in terminating his now doubly important life. It is not necessary for me to speak of his adventurous career or his position and character among you, for these are all known to your citizens, and an abler pen than mine can do his memory and life more ample justice.

It is known to you that in accordance with the views he early adopted on the question of State Rights, he was always an earnest advocate of secession. No sooner did the war break out in Virginia, than he, in company with his bosom friend, the lamented Col. Terry – hastened to the scene of conflict and as independent fighters, they won, on several occasions, imperishable honors in deeds of noble daring and of brilliant execution. In appreciation of this heroic conduct, they were commissioned to raise a picked regiment of Texas Rangers for Virginia, but were afterwards sent to Kentucky, where the chivalric Terry fell, when leading his men in the daring charge. A few days previous to his death, he received from Richmond his promotion to Colonelcy of the Regiment. As evidence, too, of the love, confidence and the esteem of his brave command, the day before his death he was, by acclamation, elected at “Camp Terry,” by the Rangers to this responsible position.

Much was expected of Col. Lubbock, and had his life been spared he would have led his daring and brave Rangers to many a brilliant victory. His noble soul was fully enlisted in the defense of his country, and the maintenance of her rights, and the achievement of her independence. For her he was willing to lay down his life upon the battle field.

But God has ordered it otherwise. It is ours to bow in submission. He will raise up other brave and noble spirits to lead us on to victory. It may indeed be that we loved our gallant leaders too well, that we trusted to their judgment and their bravery too much, and now God has come and taken our idols from us, in order that we may not rely too

much upon an arm of flesh, but trust more in Him. May we heed His voice and improve His providence.

It will be gratifying to his relatives and friends to know that during his long and severe sickness he was nursed with all the devotion of a sister, by Mrs. Porter, at her own residence, and attended by Dr. Madding, in whose skill and experience he had great confidence, with unremitting diligence and solicitude. At half-past three o'clock, on yesterday, at the residence of Mrs. P., your correspondent performed divine service, after which a military escort, accompanied by a number of citizens and Rangers present, followed the remains to the depot of the Tenn. and Ala. R.R., from whence they started at 7 o'clock, accompanied by the bereaved and sorrowing family, for Houston. May the God of love watch over them in their lonely journey! They are followed with much sympathy, with many prayers.

Terry and Lubbock: These are names that will hereafter be sacred to every citizen of the Lone Star State! Their lives have been freely laid upon the altar of their country. Whenever they are spoken of, they will suggest the very embodiment of chivalry – of everything that the Texas Ranger admires, loves, cherishes and adores. In life they were mutual friends – bosom companions, aye, brothers, in every good, noble and patriotic work; in death they are not far divided. Soon their precious dust will sleep on the bosom of their cherished Texas home. Yours,

R.F. Bunting, Chaplain Texas Rangers.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH

January 29, 1862.

[footnote: The letter from Rev. R.F. Bunting written at Nashville, Tenn., Jan 10th, 1862 was also published in the SAN ANTONIO HERALD, February 1, 1862 with the following variation: Col. Lubbock was a native of Charleston, S.C. From earliest boyhood he imbibed State Right principles. When a youth of scarcely 16, he sailed from New Orleans with the "Greys" to aid Texas in her struggle against despotism. He participated in one of the noted battles of San Antonio, and also in the celebrated battle of San Jacinto, which secured the independence of the Lone Star Republic. He was also one of the famous Santa Fe prisoners, and one of the two who escaped from Castle Perote after about 2 years imprisonment. The other was an Italian and his room-mate. For 60 days Col. L. remained in the city of Mexico. After standing the test of examination, he then started by diligence for Vera Cruz. Arriving in safety he proceeded to Laguna, where he was taken off by Commodore Moore and reached Texas in safety. He was a man of marked character, great energy and decision, and a brave soldier. He received from Gen. Sam Houston a commission as Colonel in the old army of the Republic. These stirring scenes through which he passed but developed the principles which he had early adopted. He has always been an advocate of secession. Being a prominent man in his country, he served in the conventions of his State at Galveston and then at Austin, where the secession act was passed. No sooner did the war break out in Va.

than he, in company with his bosom friend, the lamented Col. Terry, hastened to the scene of conflict, and as independent fighters, on several occasions they won imperishable honors, in deeds of noble daring and of brilliant execution. SAN ANTONIO HERALD February 1, 1862.]

Madison, Georgia.

March 20th, 1862.

E.H. Cushing, Esq:

Dear Sir – Enjoying a few days recreation from attention to the sick in Atlanta, and being separated from the comrades that have endure misfortune during the weeks past, I will pen you a brief letter. But I know not what to say – where to begin. Once we were full of hope, flushed with success, and the paeans of victory were heard everywhere throughout our young Nation. – But now how changed! The enemy has waked from his ‘masterly inactivity’ like a young giant, and his successes are heralded from every point. We tremble to look over the morning news, lest some fresh defeat shall be chronicled; and with solicitude we wait at evening, lest other evacuations and losses of military stores and guns, shall be announced.

The war has actually commenced! We are now beginning to feel that it is upon us. We see the magnitude of the work in which we are engaged. Truthfully did Bennet, of New York Herald, speak when he recently said: “In its effects, the most disastrous battle to the South of all the battles of this rebellion, ten times multiplied, was the battle of Bull Run. It has cost the South many thousands of men, and hundreds of millions of dollars which otherwise would have been saved.”

We gloried in the victory, and it was a magnificent triumph of arms. It was nobly achieved. But from an [sic] humble people, struggling for our rights, and looking to God for help, we at once became boastful and self-reliant. It was our own strong arms and brave hearts that had gotten us the victory; it was the splendid generalship of our own idolized commanders that had led forth our gallant troops, and made them triumphant. We overlooked the fact that there was a Providence in it. We forgot God in the exuberance of our joy. We felt entirely secure, and laughed to scorn the magnificent preparations of our foe, both upon land and water. We declared he is afraid – he is cowardly; he cannot face Southern chivalry. Ah! there was our great error. That defeat, bitter and humiliating as it was, had learned him a lesson, and right well has he improved it. As one of their Generals said on Green river to a Ranger, when meeting under a flag of truce: “when we get ready, we will come upon you with a jump.” Sadly have we realized the force of that saying. Though having special reference to his advance upon Bowling Green through the central route, which we were guarding, yet it has been verified in all his late movements.

Now we hear nothing but retreats, evacuations and advantages gained by our powerful enemy. There is a cause for all this. It comes not by chance or accident. God’s providence is in it. The effort is being manifest. We had forgotten Him. We were looking

to other sources for aid. Our rulers were anticipating foreign alliances. But these failing and adversity coming upon us from every quarter, we turned back again to that only source from whence all our help cometh. Our people have been praying. They have been looking unto that God in whom our Fathers trusted when the day of adversity was upon them. I feel encouraged for the future. We can with honest hearts implore aid. We are not engaged in a war of aggression, striving to destroy the homes of our fellow men with fire and sword and bring distress and ruin upon them in every possible form. We are merely standing on the defensive – we are asking to be let alone – our whole object is the defence [sic] of our homes, our families, our altars, our property. We can take encouragement in the matter. For when we read the Bible record, it will appear that in all those cases mentioned where God's people have sought and obtained His favor by fasting and prayer, it has been our deliverance from some terrible impending calamity. When were a people more threatened than ours? When has an enemy waged a more cruel, bitter and fiendish war than this we now are engaged in? Hence the assurance if we call upon Him, He will hear us and bring us out safely through all these dangers that threaten our existence as a nation. With Him it matters not what their strength or prestige or courage may be. He can make the winds and waves the messengers of His will and bring us through every battle victorious. Under His protection, Jonathan and his armor-bearer put to flight a whole garrison of Philistines. Gideon, with his 300 picked men, routed a whole army of Midianites. So, too, Jehosaphat [sic] was told not to be afraid or dismayed on account of the great multitude of his enemies. "for the battle was not his, but God's." It is true we cannot expect God to work miracles for our deliverance from our enemies, but we have assurance that in answer to prayer, He will, when our cause is just, imbue our leaders with wisdom, make our soldiers courageous and bring victory to our arms and peace to our people. We have no reason for discouragement. No people ever gained a nationality without suffering and distress, money and blood. We need not expect it. But although their deliverance may seem impossible – the net of circumstances being so ingeniously woven and placed for their destruction thus situated, hope may be dimmed by gathering clouds, yet if their trust be in God, some ray of light will beam forth, even through the darkest and most threatening storm and they will be encouraged to press on till victory crowns their efforts. The history of the rise of the Dutch Republic should teach our struggling States a lesson.

No people ever before endured greater suffering whilst purchasing their liberties, yet they finally gained a glorious name and country. A few defeats should not dispirit us and tempt us to say that all is lost. Look at Ancient Rome. After she had met one of the bloodiest and most disastrous defeats that any nation ever sustained. the Roman Senate returned thanks to their defeated General "in that he had not despaired of the Republic." This same spirit of unconquerable resolution, this determination never to despair of the Republic, brought Rome in triumph out of all her difficulties, and gave her the empire of the world. In this our day of darkness and peril let the example of our fathers cheer us forward. For seven long years they battled on through every difficulty and when Brittain [sic] held all their large cities and commanded their entire seaboard and held the most of their Southern States and when time after time they were defeated

and retreated, their army being almost swept away and their cause buried with the brave patriot leaders who had fallen, still there were those who wouldn't and did not yield to despair, who did not give up all for lost and we know the result. Their children's children have long enjoyed the liberties they so dearly purchased, and their names and deeds will live whilst our language endures. Neither in the war of 1812, did our fathers allow disaster and defeat to dampen their hopes or lead them to despair of their cause. For after three long years of struggle, when our Capitol was in the hands of the enemy and some of our cities occupied and our seaboard was threatened, they forced him to acknowledge a peace. So, too, our struggle may last for years, it may be fierce and bloody, there may be much to discourage, cities may be taken or destroyed, States may be overrun, armies may be defeated, the people may suffer every indignity and oppression. God may permit all these things, but our cause will triumph in the end. Our young nation will take her place among the nations of the earth and be honored, prosperous and great. I believe a noble destiny yet lies before her, and her sons and daughters have but to give themselves for the benefit and the victory will be gained. We have recently set reverse after reverse. The "Anaconda" is still tightening [sic] his huge holds around us that we may be crushed.

We are yielding to the pressure. We are evacuating our strongholds and drawing in our lines, thus narrowing and strengthening our defences [sic], and we are thus preparing for the great struggle; yet if we hold steadily and firmly in view the glorious cause which is the object of all endeavor, the goal of our highest ambition, the theme of our most earnest prayers and the consummation of our hopes, who can for a moment doubt that success will eventually crown our arms, and justify before the world the glorious and holy cause for which our Confederacy is nobly battling? No righteous cause, when supported in the fear of God by any people as numerous as the dwellers in these Confederate States, can possibly be lost, unless abandoned. If we should prove by our acts and our faith that we are unworthy of this noble birthright of freedom, for which we are now struggling, the heritage will not be ours. Then generation after generation of our children will weep over our error and suffer the penalty of our sins. May Heaven forbid it!

In Georgia the people seem fully awake to their duty. Their noble, Christian Governor called for eleven thousand troops and twenty-two thousand responded. Daily, the cars are hurrying them forward to camps of instruction. Everywhere the people are in earnest. No time is to be lost. Trust our Lone Star State may be saved from the unhallowed tread of our insulting foe. We forget not those whom we left behind in the defense of our rights and her soil. I know but little of the regiment since leaving it at Murfreesboro', three weeks ago to day [sic], on detail duty with the sick. – Have heard that they left Shelbyville, Tenn., on the 14th, for Huntsville, Ala. Rumor says, whether true I know not, that Gen. Johnson has been petitioned to send us to Arkansas. We will then be under Price. About 40 sick were brought down to Atlanta. All are improving now. We lost four since leaving the regiment, viz: Ben. L. Calloway. J.W. Baldridge, A.J. Pouton and G.L. Guinn. To-morrow I expect to return to Atlanta, and next week join the command. We know not what is before us these days.

Yours, R.F. Bunting,

Chaplain Texas Rangers.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

April 4, 1862.

Camp Beauregard, Near Corinth, Miss.,

April 1st, 1862.

Dear Sir: - After discharging my duties at Atlanta and finding our sick either returned or convalescing, I retraced the road in search of the regiment. We had heard nothing directly from it for some time, as it had been kept in the rear of the retreating army and detachments were often sent back on scouts to watch and harass the enemy. Along the route things were quiet. The new recruits had about all gone into camp for instruction. I observed that the planters were improving the opening spring, and ploughing the ground for planting. The feeling seems to run in the direction of bread, for since old King Cotton has been dethroned, bread seems to have been crowned, and is now the popular reigning monarch, especially with the soldiers.

Do not believe I can ever hold him in as high esteem as before. His glory has departed and "Ichabod" is inscribed upon his deserted golden palaces, thus let bread be King until we gain our independence and take our place among the nations of the earth. On last Thursday the ubiquitous Morgan had some of his men up along the N.C. road bringing out all the freight they could remove and burning the bridges, so that the enemy could not use them in advancing towards Stevenson. Their pickets came near cutting off the last train as it left Talishoma. However all got through safely. From Decatur, this way, troops are scattered all along the route. At "Iuka" there seems to be a great many, and thence to this point the woods are full of encampments. Our friends need have no apprehensions this time. We will have a sufficient army for meeting the invader and driving him back, whenever the crisis comes. Troops are pouring in every day from the South and taking their position.

The Federals are busy bringing up their transports loaded with troops. They are landing the most on the opposite side of the river, but a heavy force on this. Gigantic preparations are being made on both sides and when the struggle comes on, it will be dreadful. The two mighty armies are now encamped within a few miles of each other. They are looking each other in the face. Every day's delay but prepares us the more, and hastens the season when he must evacuate our seaboard and Southern waters.

I found the regiment within a mile of Corinth. The boys are in good spirits, and so many familiar faces coming from Texas to recruit us, cheered us very much.

We have but little sickness now, and that very light.

On Saturday evening an order came for twenty men from each company to be ready in two hours for a two day's scout. With haversacks filled, at the appointed time, the

gallant Col. Wharton was mounted at the head of his men, and accompanied by Maj. Harrison and some volunteers, who wished to explore the country, they were off towards the enemy's position.

On Sunday evening, the advanced guard, led by Lt. Ellis, detailed from Company B and G cut off and captured four of the enemy. The command reconnoitered [sic] his position and advanced nearer than any large party have yet gone. It seems that the enemy had discovered that the Texas Rangers were about, and laid a beautiful trap for them. He sent out a heavy force of infantry, cavalry and artillery on Sunday night to surround our boys at daylight; but when the hour arrived, they had returned towards Corinth and were safe. He was thus thwarted. We sent out a heavy force to engage him, but do not yet know with what success. This scout has been very beneficial to our boys, for they have learned the topography of the country, and now cannot be entrapped. We are recruiting our horses fast as possible, but experience great difficulty in obtaining forage. The enemy has possession of our best range, and our supply is thus cut off, to a certain extent.

A brilliant future is opening up before this regiment, now. We have been greatly afflicted, and for a long time, have passed under the clouds of adversity. God, in His providence, removed our idolized Colonels from us; we suffered greatly from sickness; were exposed to hardships and suffering, and exposure during the austere winter. Then above all, we were under Gen. Hardee, who never did the Rangers justice, and they felt it. But now, by the special request of Gen. Beauregard, Gen. Johnston has assigned us to his command.

We are directly under a leader in whom all have confidence and whose name is upon the lips of a whole nation. He has work for us to do and will give us credit for it. He honored our camp with a visit last evening, accompanied by his staff. He was received by the Colonel in that courteous style for which he is celebrated. No sooner was it known throughout the camp that Beauregard was among us, than the whole regiment turned out and they formed a perfect wall around the tent, in front of which the two were talking. The General, in style, looks the Frenchman all over, favored us with a brief speech. He promised us when the battle was over he would give us another talk, he would then feel less embarrassment. The boys in response, made the welkin ring with hearty cheers. Yesterday, Dr. Bryan, of your city, was greeted by his old friends in the regiment. At the same time a number came in from Washington county. The Hon. Mr. Quinin also reported a party in Mississippi waiting orders. We are glad to see our friends at this critical juncture and will give them a hearty welcome. Whilst on this subject, I will add that Col. Wharton has authorized me to say that he will not admit amateur fighters into the Regiment and further, that the Government will mount no more men; but all who come mounted and equipped (or can purchase horses here) will be received for the war. This opens the way for joining a cavalry regiment that has seen perilous service and which already enjoys more reputation than any other one in the army. We want none but Texians. Countrymen of the Lone Star State to the rescue! We are battling for

our homes, our altars, our loved ones, our property, our rights. May God crown our efforts with success. Yours, R.F. BUNTING

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH. April 18, 1862.

List of Killed and Wounded in Wharton's Regiment

The following is a list of the killed and wounded in Wharton's Regiment of Texas Rangers, in the battle of Shiloh, on Sunday and Monday, 6th and 7th of April:

Col. John A. Wharton, slightly wounded in leg.

Maj. Clinton Terry, Volunteer Aid, since dead.

Killed.

Company A – 1st Lieut [sic] John Low. Privates – Richard Holdsworth, Dan Neil.

Company B – Richard Champion, private.

Company D – John F. Crain, 3d Serg't. [sic]

Company H – David Cook, private.

Company I – Ben F. Burr, private.

Wounded.

Company A – Capt. Rufus Y. King's – Capt [sic] King, arm badly broken; 2d Lieut. M. L. Gordon, shot through the body; Ord. Serg. [sic] T. Major Freeman, leg badly broken. Privates – A.A. Stovall, slightly; R.N. Beavers, shot through body; Frank Smoker, shot in arm.

Company B – Capt. R.M. McKay's – Privates – W.B. Fleming, A.J. Trumbull, R.A. Allen, J.P. Burkhart, Dr. James M. Staton (new recruit). All slightly.

Company C – Capt. M.L. Evan's – Privates – John Holloway, through neck, badly; Walter Wood, face and shoulder, badly; N.W. Grant, slightly.

Company E – Capt. M.L. Rayburn's – Lieutenant H.E. Storey, in the knee; Sarg't [sic] G.D. Mitchell, slightly. Privates – J.M. Semple, John M. Brounson, slightly; Nicholas Contreas, arm broken.

Company F – Capt. W.R. Jarmon's – Privates – Joseph Anders, badly and a prisoner; A.G. Ledbetter, twice and slightly; I.T.J. Culpepper, in ankle, and Samuel Drake, in the knee.

Company G – Capt. W.Y. Houston's – All escaped unhurt.

Company H – Capt. Gus Cook's – Capt. Cook, in the leg; Orderly Sarg't [sic] J.T. Walker, and Sarg't [sic] C.C. Fielder, both slightly. Privates – Arthur Hirsfield and F.W. Kimball, slightly; Thomas Barrington, shot through the head; W.B. Spencer, shot in the

leg, since amputated; A.D. McArthur, shot in the neck and shoulder badly; J.G. Ward, in the arm; (new recruits,) H.C. Thompson, through breast; R. Robinson, through jaw; J.L. Cox, through neck and back; H.N. Lawson, through thigh; Hubbard Drake, in arm.

Company I – Capt. I.G. Jones – 2nd Lieutenant Littlefield commanding. – Sarg't [sic] T.B. Boiling, arm broken. Private Robert Taylor, shot through breast.

Company D., Capt. [illegible] C. Terrill's – Privates – John H. Washington, wounded in both thighs and a prisoner; George Miller and Reuben Slaughter, slightly; Charley Howard, shot through breast and shoulder; Peter McKellar, arm broken; T.L. Whitter, [illegible] and shoulder; Joseph McClure, hip broken; William Roe, William Evans, Charles Mason, slightly.

Wounded.

Company K., Capt. Pat. Christian's. – Private J.P. Neal, slightly wounded.

Missing.

Company B., William Ashe.

Company H – W.B. Earnest, (new recruit,) A.G. Autery, John Stewart.

Total Killed.

One Lieutenant, 1 Sergeant, 5 privates.

Total wounded.

One Colonel, 1 Volunteer Aid, 3 Capts. [sic], 2 Lieuts. [sic], 6 Sergts. [sic], and 42 privates.

Total Missing.

Four privates – whole total 66.

So far as I can learn, the above embraces all the casualties worth noting among the men. We had about 90 horses killed and wounded. Showing that the Rangers were in those places where the balls flew thick and fast. Just so soon as I can get the facts of the battle, will write you fully. But few of the wounds will prove fatal to life, though some may cause the loss of limbs. The most are very painful. A number will be ready for duty in a few days again. The wounded are being furloughed to visit friends or are being sent further South for treatment.

Yours, R.F. BUNTING, Chaplain.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, April 25, 1862.

Camp Beauregard, near Corinth, Miss., April 10th, 1862.

E. H. Cushing.

Dear Sir. – The long suspense has been broken. The grand Southern rally has been made, and a new era has been opened in the war. The conflict was terrible; it seemed a death struggle with both armies. The one was flushed with recent success, and composed of the very best troops in the Federal service, strictly disciplined and admirably equipped. The other was impressed with the conviction that defeat here is ruin, and with everything that can inspire men to deeds of valor, they entered upon the unequal and desperate conflict. On Saturday, the 5th inst., our preparations were complete for attacking the enemy. He was on this side of the river with a force of 65,000 men, consisting of the divisions of Generals Smith, Sherman, Wallace, McClernand and Prentiss- Grant commanding the whole. It was known that Gen. Buell was pushing forward with 30,000 more. This junction once formed, he could throw his vastly superior numbers upon us and overwhelm our devoted band. Hence sound policy demanded an immediate attack. Had the condition of the roads permitted our army to gain its position for opening the attack on Saturday, which was the intention of our Generals, our victory would have been overwhelming. His whole army would have been ours. The prisoners say they were not expecting an attack, and were entirely surprised. But this dreadful scene of slaughter and blood was reserved for the Sabbath. It was one of April's loveliest, balmiest days. The sweet quietude of nature rather invited the weary soldier to repair to the house of God, where his soul might be refreshed and comforted, than to the field of carnage. Doubtless many a manly arm was nerved, and brave heart was cheered amid the desperate charge, where hundreds were falling on every side, by the thought that far away loved ones were bowing the knee in holiest prayer for their preservation and success. Much as the christian [sic] must regret this unhallowed use of the Sabbath, yet the position of the two armies seemed to make our attack a military necessity.

To give your readers an idea of the position of the enemy, I would state, he was in force at a point called "Shiloh," which is composed of an old Church and a frame house, distant 3½ miles, from the Tennessee river at Pittsburg landing. At this point, the Federals landed from their boats, and here they kept their reserve in men, guns, and stores of all descriptions, under the protection of their gunboats, and in sight of their transports. Their encampment extended from the river to "Shiloh" and 2½ miles beyond, thus making a continuation of camps for some 6 miles between Owl and Licking Creeks. Their encampment was most complete in every respect, orderly, comfortable and richly furnished with everything necessary for a soldier. Since Thursday, our army had been marching from Corinth, over bad roads, which run through a hilly country, very thinly inhabited and frequently interrupted by creeks, ravines and swampy bottoms, all of which made transportation most difficult.

They were now within two miles of Shiloh. On Saturday night our troops lay upon their arms, almost in sight of the enemy. They were now about 20 miles from Corinth. At day break, on Sunday morning, the attack commenced by the advance of Hardee's division, driving the enemy's pickets. His division was soon engaged with the main body of the enemy, who occupied a most favorable position in a wood, with his batteries well

covered. The plan of the battle is due, I learn, to the genius of Gen. Beauregard, and is the strongest one known in military science.

It was composed of three parallel lines – the front, centre [sic] and rear; each line having its centre [sic] and two flanks. The reserve was attached to the rear line, and the artillery placed in position between the front and centre [sic]. Gen. Hardee commanded the front line, Gen. Bragg the second and Gen. Polk the third; Gens. Johnson and Beauregard remaining with the reserve. Gen. Bragg also commanding the artillery. In this position our army moved upon the enemy at daybreak, and along a line of 4 miles the artillery made a most terrific fire. The enemy fought with unexampled vigor and obstinacy, contesting gallantly every inch of ground; but nothing could withstand the onward march of our heroic Southern troops, and he slowly retreats. About 8½ in the morning, he lost four batteries, and soon one of his camps falls into our possession. But he takes a new and stronger position, where he defends himself with great obstinacy against our whole army, which is brought against him. Thus does this unparalleled contest go on hour after hour, throughout the entire day.

About half-past 2 P.M., the fatal ball pierced the thigh of our great General Albert Sidney Johnston, whilst he was heroically leading a charge. By 4 o'clock the enemy was in full retreat, when Gen. Prentiss and a whole brigade were captured and sent to the rear.

Steadily and firmly did our victorious columns drive him for four miles, until he reached the river, finding protection under his heavy batteries upon the bank and upon his transports. Darkness now ended the strife and we were in possession of the field. All the enemy possessed on this side of the river – except the bank guns – was ours, his camps, ammunition, military stores, the best part of eighteen batteries and a large number of prisoners. After this most dreadful fight of 14 hours our weary troops came back to the enemy's deserted camps and enjoyed the abundance there found. Such a variety of supplies, our brave men were not accustomed to see and it was indeed a rich treat after the dangers and fatigues of the day. The gunboats kept up a continued firing all night, throwing the shell into our camps, which aroused the men endeavoring to sleep and this blended with the black clouds, heavy thunders and vivid lightning, caused the long hours to pass wearily. Then besides all this, the sad and harrowing thought that hundreds of our brave men were wounded and still left exposed upon that bloody field, all alone and unattended, this added to the bitterness of that awfully dreary night. By and by the morning dawned. Although it had been the intention of Gen. Beauregard to finish the battle before nightfall on Sunday and then retire again to his position at Corinth, not giving the enemy an opportunity to attack us under cover of his gunboats, yet, on account of the scattering of our troops. after they had captured the enemy's camp and batteries and their immediate surrender of themselves and their duty to the most puerile and unsoldierly jubilations, leaving their posts to stray about the Yankee camps, loading themselves down with trophies, many even going back to their camps in actual or feigned belief that the victory was complete, we lost the privilege of making their army capitulate ere darkness closed upon the field. When the call was made for

the last vigorous charge, thousands were absent from their posts engaged in pillage. The interruption of the labors and plans of Sunday was most hazardous to our army. Gen. B. felt it and early the next morning he sent out reconnoitering parties, which suddenly came among the enemy's outposts, showing that he had not been idle, but had advanced his lines and had been largely re-inforced. [sic]

A federal Division of 7,000 had been encamped eight miles below, and they had come up during the night. Thus encouraged he commenced the attack on Monday, advancing against our position just outside of the camps. Our line of battle being already formed, from the fragments of brigades which could be collected, and battery after battery was brought to bear upon the enemy. Thus for hours the conflict raged, with terrible violence and with varying results. The enemy was chagrined with his disastrous defeat and loss of Sunday, whilst we had a glorious victory to maintain. Sometimes the enemy is driven back and sometimes our brave men would be compelled to yield. Thus the fighting was stubborn and the loss fearful on both sides. After a most dreadful conflict along the centre [sic], the enemy was driven back and concentrated his fire upon the left wing, but from this he was also driven. Thus the day wore on and it was 11 o'clock. As on the previous day, our gallant troops had pressed the enemy so heavily that he had fallen back inch by inch, marking every step with blood and death. Shout after shout rang along our lines as we pressed upon his yielding columns. But suddenly we are brought to a halt. New batteries are found erected in front of us, and volley after volley is poured forth from a new line of opponents, clearly indicating that a new enemy is upon us. Buell has crossed the river with his 30,000 fresh troops, and now a new battle is to be fought! Our exhausted men labor under great disadvantages, with such a large number of fresh troops. The contest now being unequal, steps at once are taken for a retreat. Train after train, filled with our wounded, the stores and ammunition are sent to the rear, the cavalry are ordered to burn the encampment, yet in our possession, and the remnants of regiments yet on the field are thrown against the enemy, in order that his advance may be checked. In this position our troops fought desperately until darkness closed the unequal contest. Today we lost about 2½ miles of the ground which had been so gallantly won on the 6th.

The enemy now retreated to what camps he had regained in the night, whilst we occupied his camps in the centre [sic] and on the left. Thus ended the battles of 'Shiloh', the severest and bloodiest battle ever fought on this continent. Our arrangements being complete for a retreat, the enemy too much crippled for the pursuit, night favoring our movements, strong batteries placed in position to defend them and cavalry to protect them, and all our Generals present to superintend and direct, our gallant little army, which had gone forth 32,000 strong, to meet an enemy whose original strength was 65,000 (when reinforced was over 100,000,) took up the line of march for Corinth.

No one engaged in this bloody battle will ever forget that black and rainy night. The clouds accumulating throughout the heavy cannonading, now pour out incessantly their streams of water. Sadly did they pelt the helpless and lonely wounded, who lay

unprotected all over that extended field of death. The heart sickens at the dreadful thought. May a kind Providence shield their defenceless [sic] heads and cheer their sinking spirits. Much might be said but I must close. Although present during the bloody 6th and 7th, yet my time was so constantly occupied with our wounded that I could not follow our dashing regiment, which was moving from point to point, wherever work was to be done. Hence I must depend upon the observation of others for accurate information. Our loss in killed, wounded and missing will not exceed 10,000; in prisoners it is small, and confined principally to stragglers. We secured some 5000 of the enemy as prisoners. We have no means of knowing definitely the enemy's loss. From a Nashville Banner, now edited by Walker, formerly of the Cincinnati Times, which was in camp yesterday, we learn from an editorial that the Federal loss in killed, wounded and missing, prisoners, is 22,000. Further, that Gen. Buell was mortally wounded, Gen. Crittenden seriously, if not mortally, and Gen. Grant badly. Should this report be correct – the authority seems good – then our brave little army, many of them without coats, many with old flint locks, and the great majority woefully lacking in drill and discipline, has badly whipped the very best fighting troops of the Federal army. They had been taught under strict discipline and were admirably equipped. Although our final victory was not so complete as the close of the first day augured, for our troops had become demoralized by the capture and enjoyment of so many stores, yet very much has been gained. He has been taught a severe lesson, his invincible western troops have been defeated and disorganized, their prestige has departed from them. We have gained a large amount of stores, cannons and guns. Our troops are clothed in Federal uniforms. We have abundant blankets. Numerous regiments that went into the fight with old flint locks or squirrel guns, brought out splendid with new guns and bayonets. We are now in our former position, and in as good a condition for a fight as before the attack. He is crippled and demoralized. We await results. A few weeks will decide.

Writing hurriedly in my markee [sic] and with constant interruption, this letter must be imperfect. In my next, will give you the doings of the Texas Rangers.

Till then, good bye.

Yours, R.F. BUNTING, Chaplain.

P.S. – The St. Louis Republican says: “Glorious Federal victory – 200,000 Confederates on the field of Shiloh – 40,000 left dead – a grand retreat – Corinth and all the military stores in our possession, and their army annihilated – the rebellion will be quenched out in twenty days – the Federals had but 100,000”

What consummate liars! R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, April 23, 1862.

[Note: This same list was published in the San Antonio Herald, May 10, 1863.]

Camp Bearegard [sic], Near Corinth, Miss., Thursday April 10th, 1862.

Dear Herald. – I write a line to say that some of us are safe after the bloody battle of Shiloh on Sunday and Monday. Unable to get any full returns I can but say for the satisfaction of the “Javallines” – Capt. Houston – although fighting nobly through the entire affair, came out without a man killed or wounded. Though losing a number of horses. The most are now in Camp and the remainder will be in tonight. We lost about 50 Rangers in killed and wounded. Capt. H. was honored with the presence of Paul G. Anderson and Pressly J. Edwards, who might be styled “Aids”, and a number of others who all fought gallantly and came out unhurt. The boys have seen a big fight this time. We will write you a correct list of casualties [sic] just so soon as they all get in. The regiment is badly used up in horses. In haste Yours R.F. Bunting

THE SAN ANTONIO HERALD, May 3, 1862.

Camp Beauregard, near Corinth, April 19th, 1862.

E.H. Cushing, Esq.,

Dear Sir. – Whatever pertains to the great battle of Shiloh, must be intensely interesting, at this critical period to the people of these Confederate States. Especially will the citizens of Texas cherish the heroic acts and deeds of noble patriotism, which her own sons so gallantly performed on that ensanguined field.

It is now my object to give a brief out line of the part which the “Texas Rangers” performed during those memorable days. They added fresh laurels to those previously won in this campaign. Scarcely had they pitched tent near Corinth, after that long and eventful retreat from Green River, ere they were ordered to prepare for a two days’ scout to reconnoiter the enemy in the direction of Pittsburg. This being successfully done, and some prisoners brought in, they were at once ordered to “luka” – some 25 miles distant – where our forces were expecting an attack. After spending fruitlessly two days and nights of exposure and fatigue they returned. Scarcely had they unsaddled, before an order comes for four days rations to be prepared and the command to proceed at once to Monterey. With men and horses completely broken down, this was not the most agreeable news. However, a soldier knows nothing but to obey, and at once preparation begins. Fortunately they were detained until Friday morning. Early the command – some 450 strong – was in the saddle, and they proceeded to the Purdy and Pittsburg road to defend the left wing of our army, which rested on Owl Creek. During the night, 100 men were on picket through a heavy rain, whilst the rest in supporting distance, awaited the morning’s dawn. On Saturday they scouted about all day, reconnoitering enemy’s position, and encamping at night this side of Owl Creek.

On Sunday morning, about 5 o’clock, the battle opened between Owl and Licking Creeks, by our attacking the enemy. – The right of our army resting on Licking and the left on Owl Creek. The line of battle thus extending 6 miles. Col. Wharton proceeded with the command to Owl creek, when he halted and sent Maj. Terry and Dr. Weston to

Gen. Beauregard to ask for further orders. He ordered us to cross Owl creek bridge and co-operate with the left wing of the army, which was immediately done. Shortly after our arrival 10 men were detailed to take a gun in an adjoining field, but on reaching it, the enemy had fled after disabling the remaining living horses. About noon, Gen. Hardee ordered us to dismount and protect a battery that was without infantry protection, and this was immediately done. After obeying this order. the Rangers were again reformed in an adjoining field, awaiting further direction. About this time the enemy being driven back, Gen. Beauregard ordered us to pursue them along the road which led to the river, saying that the whole right of the enemy was in full retreat, and being an open country for pursuit, we must intercept them, as he depended upon the Rangers for the final victory of the day. This was all our boys needed, and in a gallop they set out for the work. They had not gone over 300 yards before the head of the column received a heavy fire from a large body of the enemy. He had left the road and ambushed at the head of a big hollow, the most being concealed by lying down. In order to reach his position, it was necessary to cross an intervening ravine by single file, and rising the hill – on the opposite side of which he was in position – where the head of our column was 300 yards from the rear, then he commenced firing from his concealment at the head of the ravine.

It was during this time that our loss was so severe, for we were able to exchange but three or four rounds and then retire. The nature of the ground being such that not more than 20 or 30 of the Rangers could be brought into action at once. With the enemy so completely in ambush and the nature of the ground forbidding our dismounting to fight as skirmishers, a proper regard for the valuable lives of our daring men rendered it necessary for the Colonel to withdraw to the distance of 200 yards and re-form. Whilst gallantly leading this advance column he received a ball in the leg and had his horse shot three times, so disabling him that it was necessary to get another. Here, too, the cool and daring brother of our lamented Col. Terry, burning to avenge his untimely fall on the field of Woodsonville, received a mortal wound, from which he has since died. Our casualties were further viz:

Killed –

Co. A. – Dan Neil and Richard Holdsworth.

Co. D. – John F. Crain.

Co. I. – Ben F. Burr.

Co. H. – David Cook.

Whilst bravely leading his men, the gallant Capt. King of Co. A. was seriously wounded, as were also his Orderly Sergeant T. Major Freeman and private R.N. Beaver; also slightly, A.A. Stoval.

Co. C. – John Holloway and Walter Wood, slightly.

Co D. – George Miller and Reuben Slaughter, slightly.

Co. E. – J.H. Sample, slightly.

Co. F. – A.G. Ledbetter, badly.

Co. H. – W.B. Spencer, (since dead), M.A. Page, Thomas Barrington, H.C. Thompson, J.G. Ward, A.D. McArthur, badly; J.L. Core, R.W. Lawson, J.T. Walker, slightly.

Co. I. – Robert Taylor, Joseph McClure, T.L. Witter, T.E. Bolling, Peter McKellar, badly; Wm. Evans and Charles Mason, slightly.

In this most disastrous charge our brave men fought under every disadvantage from a concealed enemy and unfavorable ground; yet this did not for a moment check their advance. There, if necessary, the last man would have fallen, but the order would have been obeyed. The first squadron, composed of A and I, with H, suffered the most seriously from being in advance.

After withdrawing and re-forming the regiment, the infantry which had been in the rear passed out and attacked the enemy with whom we had been lately engaged and there being no opportunity to bring us into action, Col. W. proceeded to the extreme left, where he found a battery without infantry protection and annoyed by the fire of the enemy. Dismounting Cos. B, C, E, F and H, they were thrown forward as skirmishers.

Charging down a steep hill, across a terrible bog and up another hill, on which the enemy – perhaps a regiment strong – was posted. Dashing forward, they drove him before them and through the encampment which he was defending.

In this charge, Capt. Rayburn was badly wounded whilst gallantly leading his company, also private Nicholas Contreras.

Co. F. – J.T.J. Culpepper and Samuel Drake, slightly.

Co. H. – R. Robison and Hubbard Duke, badly and A.G. Autrey, missing.

Rallying after this brilliant charge, they mounted and the command proceeded up into the field on our left, where the enemy shelled us with some effect. John H. Brownson, of Co. E, was wounded with a shell.

Several horses were killed, Capt. Jarmon's falling from the effect of a bomb, but rising again. This position being unprotected and perilous, we retreated and followed some distance up a branch for covering. Dismounting, we stood sometime behind a battery, but no enemy appearing, we mounted again and pursued him to his next encampment, but shelling us from this position, which was in the range of his gunboats, we returned to the field. Night coming on, we bivouacked in a wood skirting this field on the extreme left, providing ourselves with the forage for man and horse from the richly supplied camp of the enemy, which was the second we had taken. It rained heavily during the night, and the enemy kept up a continued firing from his gunboats. This annoyed greatly our weary men, for at random distance our sullen foe was sullenly firing his messengers

of destruction. At length, day comes and we are again in the saddle, awaiting a renewal of the fight by the enemy. Soon the ball opened, and our army fell back a mile, (we had driven the enemy about 3 on the right and 4 on the left Sunday) where the battle raged for several hours with terrific violence and alternating success. The regiment being drawn up in the rear of the infantry, Col. W. received an order from Gen. Beauregard to charge the right wing of the enemy, which was in a thick woods. He proceeded at once with the command to obey the order. It being impossible, from the thickness of the undergrowth, to charge then upon the flank, he attempted to pass to an open field somewhat in his rear and form for a charge. To reach this point, we were compelled to march by single file through the woods. Upon rising an eminence that led to, or rather commanded the field in which we were to form, we found it occupied by at least two regiments of infantry, drawn up in line of battle, which constituted the reserve of the enemy. As the head of our advance came in sight, the whole line of the enemy opened its fire upon it. Here Lieut. John H. Low, of company A, who had proved himself a most gallant soldier several times, fell mortally wounded. Charley Howard, of company I, was also badly wounded. Companies A and I being the advance squadron, suffered again. Our horses here suffered heavily, a number being killed, and Col. Wharton's wounded badly. It being impossible here to form for a charge after a few rounds from those in front, we were ordered to fall back, dismount and fight on foot. We were thus on the enemy's extreme right, fighting him as skirmishers, when our army fell back upon Shiloh Church. Here John H. Washington of company D, and Jos. Andrews, of Company F, were both seriously wounded, and the enemy pressing us closely, they were carried into a house used for a hospital and thus fell into his hands. The battle raged for a considerable time around Shiloh Church, and with more terrific desperation than at any previous time during the two days, after which our left wing gradually fell back behind a hill, in good order – this was after 4 o'clock – our artillery continuing the fire on their supposed position for an hour or more, but without drawing an answer, then our left wing gradually and in perfect order withdrew from the field and encamped close by. About this time, the right wing also came out, four abreast, from their victorious fight through all that day and passed by us in good order and exuberant spirits.

Looking upon those splendid ranks and gleaming bayonets, one would rather think that they were marching to a marriage feast than retiring from that two day's conflict, amid scenes of blood, strife and death.

We were ordered by Gen. Beauregard to protect the left wing of our army in the retreat and to burn two of their encampments, which was done. That night with some other cavalry, we encamped in the rear of the whole army and within hearing of the drums of the enemy, we throwing out pickets in the direction of his position. We had neither food for man or horse, and heard nothing of the enemy. To add terror to this second night of the battle, it rained during all its long and mournfully desolate hours. The dawn of Tuesday found us again in the saddle, the whole army being now withdrawn towards Corinth. The cavalry was thrown in the rear for its protection. Here Col. Wharton not supposing that there would be any more engagements, turned over his command to

Maj. Harrison, and started for Corinth. He had heroically ridden 40 hours with his wounded leg, and from exposure and sleeping in the rain for two nights, he was compelled from the severe pain, though most unwillingly, to take the step. During the entire fight, Jared W. Groce acted as his aid, being by his side all the time, and departed himself with great gallantry.

Under Maj. Harrison we moved in the direction of Monterey, turning to the right towards Breckinridge's camp. When we reached the hospital, there were still some 300 wounded, mostly ours. It was rumored that the cavalry of the enemy was advancing upon our forces. Pickets were immediately thrown out, but reported no enemy in sight. About 3 o'clock it was reported that he was in position with three companies of cavalry and a regiment of infantry. After considerable maneuvering on both sides, the enemy endeavoring to entrap us and we to ascertain his position, Col. Forrest, being the senior officer present, formed the cavalry in line of battle. The Rangers numbered some 205 and a detachment of his own, and with Kirt Adams's – some 120 – making in all 325. The Rangers occupied the left and center and the others the right. Thus being drawn up in line of battle, we waited to draw the fire of the enemy. This being done, Col. Forrest gave the order to charge. The Rangers had gone but a few steps until they raised their usual terrific yell, which was the signal for every man to charge forward and take care of himself.

The appearance of this dashing charge struck terror to the first line of infantry, which fell back in confusion upon the cavalry, and they in like manner retreated upon the right wing of the infantry, thus breaking their own lines. In this general confusion our boys bravely dashed forward, killing, wounding, and taking prisoners most of the first line. The second now poured upon us a shower of bullets, but, fortunately, they ranged too high; and charging on after his faying cavalry, which was now mixed up with his infantry, quite a number of each were killed and taken prisoners. The remainder was put to an inglorious rout. Here our force being executed to a galling cross fire from his extreme right, was called back, it being known that a third line was still in reserve for us. When re-formed, the Rangers, except those in charge of the prisoners and attending our wounded, were mostly present, but the other cavalry was much scattered. The result of this brief affair, the most brilliant of all the cavalry charges in the battle, and the only one where the Rangers had suitable ground for such service, was a large number of the enemy killed and wounded, (some say 250) and about 53 prisoners. About 50 of these, including two captains and one lieutenant, were taken by the Rangers, all of whom, except seven wounded and left in the hospital, they brought into Corinth. The credit of this same work has been given, in the papers, to other officers; but the dashing charge and brave conduct of the Rangers mainly accomplished it.

The killed and wounded on our side was confined principally to the Rangers. For the time and number engaged it was very severe –

Co. B. – Richmond Champion, killed, Wm. Ashe, Missing; W.B. Fleming, A.J. Trumbull, R.A. Allen, J.P. Burkhart and Dr. James Staton, wounded.

Co. E. – Lieut. H.E. Story and John Littlefield, badly wounded.

Co. H. – Capt. Gus Cook, Serg't [sic] D.C. Fielder, Arthur Hirshfield and F.M. Kimball, wounded; W.B. Earnest and John S. Stewart, missing and doubtless killed.

In this successful charge, Maj. Thomas Harrison led his Rangers with the utmost coolness, and during the entire fight he displayed the genuine bravery of the gallant soldier. Going into the battle with less than 450 men, we lost 66 in killed, wounded and missing. We had 52 horses killed, and over 40 badly wounded. In appreciation of the services of this gallant band, whilst the necessity of dismounting much of the cavalry is now being discussed, I learn that Gen. Beauregard has telegraphed for the privilege of buying 150 horses for filling up the losses of the regiment.

After the charge, Gen. Breckinridge ordered us to withdraw, and entice the enemy to an ambush he had set for him; but in this we failed. He was evidently satisfied with that ten minutes' work, when the field was covered with his wounded and dead. He ordered us to move forward and defend the Hamburg road, from which he expected an attack of the enemy. Here we spent another long and disagreeable night in the rain. On Wednesday we came up to Monterey and breakfasted and fed the horses. Returning in the evening to Gen. Beauregard's headquarters, we assisted the other cavalry present in picketing for the night. On Thursday morning we were early ordered to cross over to the hospital and bring away the wounded. They were both our own and those of the enemy. They rode whilst our boys walked fifteen miles through the mud. The unpleasantness of the journey was somewhat relieved by the earnestness with which the Rangers argued with the Yankees, on the error of their ways and their earnest exhortations to better conduct in the future. The scene was often amusing. On Friday, an order from Col. Wharton brought in the remainder of our command. Thus ends our connection with the memorable fight of the 6th, 7th and 8th of April.

R.F. BUNTING,

Chaplain Texas Rangers.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, May 19, 1862.

Rangers' Camp, Near Corinth, April 22d, 1862.

E.H. Cushing, Esq.:

Dear Sir – The casualties of the late battle and sickness leave us without a field officer present, Capt. W.Y. Houston being in command. Col. Wharton left us on furlough last week. Col. Walker has not returned, but is expected daily. Maj. Harrison is absent, sick from the exposure of the battle. Capst. [sic] Botts and Simmons are both absent on furlough; also six other Captains, sick or wounded. We have quite a number of the men sick. The weather has been exceedingly disagreeable for a few days. But now has fairred up again and to-morrow the command will go 15 miles down the Mobile and Ohio

R.R., to Rienzi, where we will recruit and await the arrival of General Johnson's cavalry brigade from Texas. The discharging and furloughing business has been brisk since the fight, but is rather stagnant now.

Our losses have been somewhat repaired by the new recruits that have been flocking to our standard for several weeks past. They are distributed among all the companies. By permission from General Beauregard, Co. L has been added to our regiment for the space of three months. J.L. Anderson was elected Capt.; Jesse Gordon, 1st Lieut.; Frank Bell and Thorton Winston, 2d Lieuts. [sic] They number 75 men rank and file, and seem determined to improve their time. Although not organized as a company before the battle of Shiloh, yet they united with the other companies and gallantly fought through the three days.

Of those who came with Capt. Johnson, one was killed and four wounded, all reported with Co. H, in whose ranks they fought. They reached us just at the right time. We need more of the same kind of material. It is no time to sleep or stay at home.

We are but awaiting events.

R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, May 21, 1862.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Special Correspondence of the Telegraph.

Montgomery, Ala., May 6.

Ed. Telegraph – My last letter was dated in the camp, where men think of cruel war. The fearful conflict of Shiloh was just over, and we were amidst the wounded and dying. But how changed the scene! Here are assembled those who follow the Prince of Peace, and far away from the din of battle they have met to consult concerning the interests of the church which they represent, and the advancement of that spiritual kingdom which will endure when the nations shall learn war no more.

I can scarce realize the change. Here, among these venerable and holy men, the spirit of love and peace and hope reigns, and in humble reliance upon the God of our fathers, they go forward in their glorious work. Would that such feelings should constrain those engaged in our country's service, and that such an atmosphere was felt on the tented field.

In view of the presence of the conflicting armies in the vicinity of the city of Memphis, and the consequent danger and difficulty of assembling in that place; in accordance with the recommendation of the last Moderator, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the Confederate States of America met, according to proclamation, in the Presbyterian Church in the city of Montgomery on Thursday, May 1st, at 11 o'clock A.M. The last Moderator, Rev. B.M. Palmer, D.D., of New Orleans, being absent, on motion

the Rev. J.L. Kirkpatrick, D.D., of North Carolina, was appointed to preach the sermon and preside until a Moderator could be chosen.

Dr. K., preached a solemn, eloquent and able sermon from Romans, 8th Chap., 7th verse.

Commissioners were then enrolled from the following Synods, complete in ministerial representation, partially in the Eldership, viz: Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia (except two Presbyteries); the Synod of Mississippi (three Presbyteries); the Synods of Memphis, Nashville and Texas, (one Presbytery each); and the Synod of Arkansas no Commissioner – making a total of thirty-one Ministers and sixteen Ruling Elders, your correspondent representing the Presbytery of Western Texas, and the only Commissioner west of the Mississippi.

Twenty Presbyteries had no Commissioners present. Dr. Kirkpatrick was chosen Moderator, and Dr. E.T. Baird, of Mississippi, acting Stated Clerk in the absence of Dr. Waddel and Dr. McBride of South Carolina, Temporary Clerk.

One-half hour was spent each morning in devotional exercises, with reference to the distracted state of the country.

Dr. John Leyburn presented the report on domestic missions, which is located in New Orleans. The Committee has been in successful operation since the last assembly and until interrupted by the enemy, was doing a good work. Dr. L. being a refugee from New Orleans, was authorized to select a temporary location for the Committee's operations, he being allowed to choose a temporary Committee to aid him wherever a place of safety may be found. He will doubtless stop for the present at Macon, Ga.

Dr. J. Leighton Wilson presented an interesting report from the Committee of Foreign Missions. It showed a most liberal and commendable spirit of liberality among our churches, towards that noble object. Notwithstanding the war has separated us from intercourse with other nations, leaving only to our care the Indian tribes west of the Mississippi, and from these new partially separated, yet the contributions of many have not been curtailed. This is a hopeful sign for the future. The committees on education and publication were not represented by their secretaries and their reports failed from the irregularities of the mails. The secretaries were all reelected and in general the committees, they being also authorized to make such temporary changes as circumstances may demand, and all needful arrangements for the security and transmission of funds entrusted to them. No corresponding delegates were present, because such bodies have held no meetings since our last assembly. Those appointed them to represent us were continued for this Spring's meeting of such bodies and new delegates for next Spring.

The committees on the revision of the book of Discipline and the University and the instruction of slaves were continued. The Presbytery of New Orleans overtured the Assembly that, "in order to secure uniformity of procedure and relieve Presbyteries from

embarrassment, to pass an act authorizing the Presbyteries to receive such ministers as may come from the Old School General Assembly North, without the usual letters of dismission upon affording satisfactory evidence of their good standing, and making the usual statement of their doctrinal views." It was agreed to, directing that they pass the usual examinations on experimental religion, Didactic and Polemic Theology and church government.

Dr. Baird prepared and presented an able pastoral letter addressed to the ministers and members of our churches and the youth of our congregations now in the army, fighting the battles of our national independence. It was ordered to be printed for distribution. It was recommended that on the last Sabbath of every month, the baptised [sic] young men of the army should be the special object of prayer.

The day of prayer for institutions of learning and the youth of both sexes there receiving an education, was changed from December to the last Thursday of February, which has so long been observed. The members of the Assembly filled the pulpits of the city on the Sabbath, and every night was occupied by preaching in the Presbyterian Church. The state of our Confederacy had prevented many from attending and made those present anxious for their families and homes. Hence the entire absence of speech-making and useless debate. The sessions were most delightful and perfectly harmonious. On Monday night, the 5th, the Assembly adjourned to meet in Columbia, S.C., on the first Thursday in May, 1863, at 11 A.M. There was one remarkable feature in this meeting, no application of leave of absence was asked during the sessions. Thus closed the Second General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the Confederate States of America. Those wishing minutes can have them when the mails open, by forwarding four bits to the Rev. Dr. J.R. Wilson, Augusta, Ga. I have given you this brief synopsis as the mails will prevent the religious papers from reaching your State. We regret the calamity that separates us from our homes and loved ones and from intercourse with our sunny land, but we believe God yet rules and we hope that all will yet be well. I will return at once to Corinth. We are expecting the great battle to open every day. It cannot be long delayed.

I remain yours,

R.F. Bunting.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, June 2, 1862.

Camp of Washington Artillery, Corinth, Miss., May 11th, 1862

Editor Telegraph – Dear Sir; After a safe return from attendance upon the General Assembly at Montgomery, in company with Dr. Bryan, I reached this military encampment on yesterday morning. I learned that the Rangers had left Rienza, 20 miles below, en route to Russelville, Ala. They were thrown in the command of Gen. Seall in connection with Morgan's and Scott's cavalry, and have crossed into Tennessee.

Should events favor the movement, they expect to advance into Tennessee and on towards Kentucky. Col. Wharton has returned from New Orleans and left for the regiment. I found Maj. Harrison here entirely recovered from his severe sickness and only awaiting the great battle before following after the regiment. The Major is a gallant soldier and seeks every opportunity to join in the conflict upon the battle-field. Capt. Botts is also here, but has his furlough extended, not yet being sufficiently recovered to undertake the trip. I was delighted to grasp once more by the hand John Stewart of company H, who was reported missing on the 8th of April, in the brilliant charge of Tuesday. He was crossing a bog, when they were falling back from the charge, and his horse sinking under him, before he was able to extricate himself and remount, some 20 Yankee cavalry were upon him, and there was no alternative but to surrender. He was allowed to ride to the river and there, with all our prisoners taken during the preceding days – some 400 in all – they were kept on the river's bank, without covering, exposed to the rain, cold and short rations until Friday, when they were shipped to St. Louis. The treatment was very harsh, and caused the prisoners to suffer exceedingly. Upon their arrival at St. Louis, before the prisoners were removed from the boat, Mr. Stewart was missing. Suffice it to say that after a good deal of exposure, fatigue and danger, he, with another prisoner, reached here safely a few days ago. He was the only one of our Rangers they were able to carry away with. Thus our boys always escape the snare before entangled in its meshes.

We have an army here, all in readiness for the enemy. On Friday afternoon there was a brilliant skirmish on our right wing, where our troops, under Price and Van Dorn, chased two brigades, capturing their encampment; and, only by accident, failing to capture 8000 or 9000 prisoners. We are expecting the battle to open every moment. The enemy are cautiously advancing in heavy force, bringing their siege guns and preparing for a magnificent fight. It will be the turning point in this war. May the God of battles give our troops the strength to meet the enemy and put him to flight. Our trust is in God.

We have a large number of Texas troops here now. They will be ready for the conflict. The weather is clear and most propitious.

In haste, yours, R.F. BUNTING

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH (Houston) June 27, 1862.

Camp Look Out, (near Chattanooga,) Tenn., June 16, 1862.

E.H. Cushing, Esq. – Dear Sir: It is my privilege to inform you that our command is again one that portion under Col. Wharton, after some 13 days experience among the Yankees, has returned safely to this side of the river. The trip was one of great danger, severe exposure, hard service and little reward. They passed from Lamb's Ferry, near Pulaski and Fayetteville and on to Winchester. Our troops occupied for a day or so this place, but evacuated it and retired toward the mountains for safety. They were watched very closely by the enemy, who had superior numbers, with artillery. It was deemed

expedient, however, from numerous circumstances, to retire from that region and get reinforcements. They found the people all along the route loyal to the South, and they panted for deliverance from the oppressor. Everywhere the Southern soldier was hailed with joy, and bid a most hearty welcome. In connection with the other cavalry, the Rangers had several skirmishes, but they all escaped unhurt. It is most remarkable that all have been enabled to pass through this trip with safety. Oftentimes they felt their situation was critical, and all felt that the prayers of the righteous were necessary for their deliverance. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," and when all avenues of escape from peril seem closed to us, then he often opened up a way of escape. Such was truly the case with this command. They all felt, when joined with us again that they had found a home. We are now encamped under the shadow of the celebrated Look Out Mountain. The boys are improving [sic] the opportunity of climbing its heights and looking upon the grand panorama of nature which is unfolded on every side. We are getting the arms repaired and the horses shod preparatory to some other movement in a few days. The notorious Col. John H. Morgan is now in Col. W.'s tent, and those two brave and chivalrous leaders are doubtless laying some net in which we may entrap the Yankees. A few days will develop the result of this conference. These two forces will doubtless act in concert.

That long looked for personage, called the "Paymaster," has been among us, and money is plenty. But the credit has been of long continuance and it will soon pass away. Everything in the way of clothing is exceedingly high, and the supply is very limited. The regiment has been compelled time after time, to leave portions of baggage until it is about all lost, burned or stolen at different points. We are brought down to first principles in this line. But one cannot boast above another. I believe however, that the less baggage a soldier has, especially moving constantly as we are, the better it is every way. We will the more appreciate comfort, home and peace. The weather is pleasant now, and we will not suffer. The regiment is enjoying unusually good health. Those who had been absent sick are returning. The wounded are also coming in, some restored, others disabled for service and are being discharged. We regret the loss of gallant spirits from our ranks, but we yield to the necessity that compels it. We anticipate some stirring times in these parts soon. It is probable that Gen. E. Kirby Smith is today fighting the enemy at Cumberland Gap. The enemy has crossed the mountain and is in the Valley advancing upon his men. It said that a large force is on the opposite side of the Gap and he will attack us both in front and rear. We will have a sufficient force to meet him and gain the victory. We do not know what his intentions are yet upon this point. A few days will develop the matter. It is possible the enemy will endeavor to gain Chattanooga and Knoxville in order to relieve through this channel the army of Virginia. It would be a great calamity to us to lose [sic] these points, and every effort will be made to hold them. In this we will doubtless succeed. But we know not what a day may bring forth. We must await events and trust in God.

Capt. M.L. Evans has just arrived from Texas and brings letters and papers. We are delighted to hear from our friends at home. But we are filled with sadness at the thought

that our own State is invaded, and doubtless ere this some of our cities are surrendered to the enemy. We have only seen the demand for the surrender of Galveston. We await further news with much solicitude. May Heaven interpose to spare those whom we have left behind us from insult, pillage and ruin. Let all stand up nobly for their rights, their honor and their homes. Meet the enemy as a cruel, perfidious [sic] and fiendish foe should be met, and terror will enter his ranks and they will be broken.

The Texas Squadron from Dallas, under Capt. Gano, left here for Knoxville yesterday morning.

Having an opportunity of sending a letter by private hands, I write in haste.

Yours, R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, July 14, 1862.

From the Rangers – Brilliant Skirmishing.

Our letters from the Rangers, just received, are from the 28th of May to the 28th of June. Much of their contents we have already published. We make some selections, however, of such items as we have not given.

Mr. Bunting writes, under date of May 28th, an account of the Elk Ridge affair. We have only had a mere mention of it before. He says:

On Thursday, the 8th, a detachment of 12 men each from Companies A, B, C, D, G, I and K, under the command of Capt. Y. Houston, proceeded to Holm's Kentucky Regiment, encamped near Rogersville where 250 men, under Lieut. Col. Woodard, joined them. About sundown the united command set out and marched until an hour before day, when they stopped at Bethel, and the citizens generally supplied the wants of the men and horses. After a brief rest, they again resumed the march. The Rangers, under command of Capt. Houston, turned to the right and crossed Elk River at the lower ford. They were to strike the Railroad and look out for an encampment of the enemy, which it was understood, was in that region. They were to proceed until they should form a junction with Col. Woodard, who crossed at the upper ford, and was to proceed also to the railroad, three miles higher up. Capt. Houston had proceeded but a short distance, until the encampment of the enemy was discovered, and he determined at once to attack him. The command was immediately formed in order of battle and moved towards him. The right squadron, under command of Lieut. Kyle, of company D, rested on the railroad. Soon a hand-car was seen proceeding from the camp of the enemy, in the direction of Athens, with six men in it. It was necessary to intercept them lest seeing our movements they should give the alarm and bring reinforcements from Athens. Capt. Gus. Harris rode out and fired his pistol at them. This halted them, and leaping from the car they ran towards the thicket, when a volley was poured after them, without doing any damage. Lt. Kyle sent out 6 or 7 men from his squadron, and surrounding the bushes, all were captured. The firing alarmed the Federals, about 80 in number, and

they prepared for a fight. Their position being very strong, they poured a galling fire upon our boys as they bravely charged them. After a brief, but stubborn fight here, the enemy was dislodged, and moving across an open field, he sought shelter in a house near by. Our command was preparing to surround the house, when Col. [illegible initial] cavalry came dashing up and surrounded the house. They poured a heavy fire into the enemy, losing one Captain killed, and a private; also, one wounded. The Federals seeing they were so far outnumbered now surrendered. It was a brief, but brilliant fight, and the victory was principally achieved by the Rangers. However, it was not without a serious loss, for Capt. Gus. Harris fell dead whilst gallantly leading his boys in the charge. We also lost William Dewoody, a volunteer attached to company D. He was from Hays county, and a brave man, whom his companions greatly esteemed. He lived about one-half an hour. Charley [illegible], of company G, was also mortally wounded and died in about an hour. James Pinkston, of company K, was wounded in the thigh, but not dangerous.

The enemy lost his whole force, viz: 15 killed, some dozen wounded, and 45 prisoners. Thus ended the battle of "the Trestle-work" – perhaps officially called "Elk Ridge." The command then returned by the same route, and rejoining at Bethel, they enjoyed the hospitalities of the people again, and returned to camp.

Another correspondent writes on the 28th of June, giving a sketch of the movements of the regiment from the 27th of April down to the date of his letter. We have already published the account of "Galveston" of a portion of this time. We copy from the point when the regiment reached Chattanooga:

Gen. Adams (from whom the Rangers had parted on going to Chattanooga) remained on the north side of the river until the 5th of June, when the Yankees surprised and drove him across the river, and afterwards bombarded Chattanooga six hours. I was in the place at the time. With the hundreds of shot and shell thrown by them, only two men were hurt, and one or two others slightly damaged. Not a moment's warning was given to move the women and children from the place. They afterwards fell back down the river 25 miles to the mouth of Battle Creek and Shell Mound, when our regiment and Col. Davis' Florida regiment were stationed, and attempted to cross, but were driven back.

They had a small gunboat built at Huntsville, mounting three guns – one 12 pound howitzer and two 6 pound rifle cannon, which appears the terror of the command of Gen. Ledbetter, or, more particularly, of Ledbetter himself. I verily believe, had it proceeded as far up as Chattanooga, he would have given up the place. Three Rangers attacked it and drove it 10 miles down the river. At another time, 13 Rangers attempted to board it, but were prevented by an accident. After that, the boat kept the other side of the river.

Our wagons joined us on the 13th of June, much to our gratification. We had lived without tents for more than a month, and had our bread baked where we could, and got provisions of the people – a source of no little trouble.

In Tennessee and Georgia, on this trip, I for the first time saw white women working in the field. On enquiry, I learned that a majority of them were compelled to work by reason of their male relatives being in the army, or do without bread. If Old Abe was handed over to these mountain lassies, he would receive his just deserts [sic] in quick time.

An agent of the regiment is now in Richmond to get it transferred, if possible, to Hindman or to Texas.

John J. Stewart, reported missing at Shiloh has returned to the company. While leaving the battle ground, after Tuesday's charge his horse fell and stunned him. On his recovery the enemy had him prisoner. He was taken to St. Louis, with about 200 others, on a steamboat. The boat arrived at night, and the prisoners were taken off without calling the roll. He and one of Scott's cavalry, taken in same charge, secreted themselves in the hold of the boat, and made their escape from her, on her downward trip, below Cape Girardeau; whence they footed it through Missouri and Arkansas to Memphis, and rejoined their regiments.

Lieut. Lowe, reported killed is a prisoner, badly wounded, in the hands of the Yankees. W.A. Page and W.H. Spencer died in the hospital, of their wounds.

Discipline is now very strict in this regiment, and any slight neglect of orders gets a man before the Court Martial.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, July 25, 1862.

Ranger's Camp, near Chattanooga, Tenn., July 26th, 1862.

E.H. Cushing Esq,

Dear Sir. – Whilst at "Camp Hardee," Ky., in the last week of January, I gave you a synopsis of the condition of "Terry's Regiment of Texas Rangers," with a list of casualties. The months intervening have been eventful, both to us and the cause of the Confederate States. We have passed under the cloud in many ways. We have spent long and dreary days in the calamitous retreat. We have been in the midst of the dreadful battle. We have marched on long scouts, and tracked the enemy across mountain and through valley – by day and night the toilsome work has gone forward. Some have fallen in the midst of the conflict – others have been left by the way, and breathed their last among strangers – sometimes, however, attended by a faithful comrade, they thought for the last time of home and spoke of the loved ones, and then bid farewell to earth. A very few are held within the enemy's lines. Some detained by sickness, others held prisoners of war.

But, in the good providence of God, we have been enabled to bring together once more the whole command, among these grand old mountains that are round about Chattanooga. We are recruiting for a few days, and preparing for the next order to "march." The thought has occurred to me, that our present condition, under circumstances so favorable, would be appropriate for making another review, and giving our friends at home a few items concerning our loss in the past, and our present strength. So far as reported, the following is our loss by death, since the January report, in each company:

Maj. Clinton Terry, Volunteer Aid, died from wounds.

Co. A. – Capt. Rufus Y. King – Daniel Nell, of McLennan county, and R. Holdsworth, Bell county, killed in action; J W Baldrige, Milam county, D M Gordon, Williamson county, W B Arendal, Burleson county, died.

Co. B. – Capt [sic] R McKay – Richmond Champin, Brazoria county, killed in action; A J Stansberry, Wharton county, Jos A Stewart, Austin county, and H T Curitan, Brazoria county, died.

Co. C. – Capt. M L Evans – 2d Lieut [sic] James Dunn, Gonzales county, and W T Moore, Limestone county, died.

Co. D. – Capt [sic] S C Terrill – Corp'l [sic] Ed Harris, Bastrop county, E W Black, co., N H Lovell, Travis county, died; John F Creain, Bastrop county, killed in action; John H Washington, Travis co., supposed killed in action.

Co. E. – Capt [sic] L H Rayburn – Lieut [sic] H E Storey, Gonzales county, wounded and died with pneumonia.

Co. F. – Capt [sic] W R Jarmon – G L Guinn, A Ponton, Lavaca county, J L Harris, T B Jones, Fayette county died; J H Andrews, Fayette county, missing at Shiloh.

Co. G. – Capt [sic] W Y Houston – Jos Barker, Guadalupe county, died; Chas Reiber, Bexar county, killed in action.

Co. H. – Capt. Gustave Cook – Ben L Calloway, S G Moore, Wharton county, James Rector, Bexar county, B B Fatheree, Liberty county, John Rorie, Fort Bend county, died; [illegible initial] A Page, Harris county, W B Spencer, Fort Bend county, died from wounds; David Cook, Fort Bend county, killed in action.

Co. I. – Capt [sic] G W Littlefield – Capt [sic] A D Harris, Gonzales county, and Ben F Burr, Guadalupe co., killed in action; L R Cookrun, Guadalupe county, died; Robert Taylor, Victoria county, died from wounds.

Co. K. – Capt [sic] Pat Christian – J M Hackney, Harris county, and T. J Sybert, Washington co., died.

Co. L. – Capt [sic] J S Anderson – None

The total of casualties since the regiment was sworn into service is as follows:

Discharged, 203; Dishonorably discharged, 3; Died, 114; Killed in battle, 12; Supposed do., 1; Missing, 4; Transferred, 13; Deserted, 5; Resigned, 12; Drummed out, 1. Total 373.

We have received one hundred and thirty-six new recruits (adding to this muster "Company L," with fifty-eight rank and file. we then have one hundred and ninety-four. This company being sworn in but for three months, their time is about expired, and most will return to Texas.) After deducting our various losses, our roll shows seven hundred and sixty-two still with us. (This does not include "Company L.:) Of this number about sixty are absent, from their wounds, sickness and other causes.

When we left Bowling Green, in January, on our last scout to Green River, we could muster about 450, but now we have 250 more with us. Considering the constant services performed by this regiment, and the various dangers and perils through which we have passed, our condition is remarkable. Doubtless no other regiment from Texas can show less casualty. It is indeed the hand of God that hath done it, and his providence hath protected and shielded us.

I can truthfully say that this regiment is now in better condition, both as to men and horses, that it has ever been during our campaign. We have no sickness in camp. The men are in good spirits and able for duty. They are anxious for some onward movement. The discipline is also better than at any former period. Court Martials are of frequent occurrence, and their sentence seems to be willingly acquiesced in. It is no unusual thing to see several Texas Rangers now digging holes in the ground, or marking time for several hours each day. I believe this regiment will now compare with any other one (of cavalry) in the service, in good behavior and the observance of law and the discharge of duty. Col. Wharton is much gratified with his success in this respect. Maj. Harrison is our best disciplinarian, and is a model soldier and officer. The regiment now has a review every afternoon, and skirmish drill on foot in the morning. The boys perform in a very scientific manner. The horses are much improved from the recent scout across the river. We have but few men that are not mounted. The deficiency is being supplied every day. Everything is quiet in this quarter. We live in daily expectation of a great battle at Richmond. We may be ordered from here at any moment.

Things are becoming complicated about Knoxville, and we may be ordered in that direction. But our hearts will turn back towards the setting sun, and often do we hear the desire expressed, that we be sent west of the Mississippi. We have no late news from home, and know nothing of the movements of the enemy, since the demand for surrender of Galveston, but should the tidings come that he is invading our State, scarcely could the boys be kept in this region. But we must obey 'the powers' that be, and whenever they say "go," thither duty leads us. We leave you all in the care and

keeping of our covenant, God. Our prayer is ever for your safety, prosperity and happiness.

The weather is now upon the whole pleasant. – We have very warm days, and the nights are unusually cool. I am able to preach quite regularly on the Sabbath. We hold service both morning and afternoon with large attendance, and we trust not without good result. It is our duty to sow the seed. May the Lord of the harvest bless it.

Yours, R.F.B.

P.S. – 27th – To day the camp was enlivened by the reception of a large mail, forwarded from “Tupelo, Miss.” We miss the telegraph very much. Hope our friends will embrace every opportunity of sending letters to the States, directed to “Chattanooga, Tenn [sic],” they will eventually reach us. The dates were several weeks past. We know as yet nothing of late movements in Texas. R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, August 15, 1862.

Letter from Rev. R.F Bunting to Col. L.W. Groce
Ranger Camp, near Athens, Tenn. August 15, 1862.

Dear Sir: Your esteemed favor of June 15th., has just been received. Permit me to acknowledge the receipt of Four Hundred and Twenty Dollars for the benefit of the sick among the Texas Rangers.

In their behalf, I would return our thanks to your wife, Mrs. C.A. Groce, for her efforts in raising a subscription of cotton for this purpose, and also to those other friends who so liberally responded to her call.

The money has been handed over to Col. Jno. [sic] A. Wharton, and will be appropriated as circumstances require. These tokens of friendship are ever gratefully received by the soldier, when suffering in the cause of his country. They assure him of the interest that the loved ones at home still feel for him.

Respectfully yours,

R.F. Bunting, Chaplain.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, Sept. 5, 1862.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., Sept. 26.

Messrs. Editors:

After a four weeks detention in East Tennessee by an attack of fever. I find myself once more in this city so memorable to the Texas Rangers. The regiment crossed over the mountains in this direction some five weeks ago. They left this place two weeks since

and on the 12th inst. they were on the other side of Green river and en route, with Gen. Forrest, for Louisville. By this date they are doubtless in the vicinity of that city. Since 9 miles this side of McMinnville Gen. Forrest had information that the enemy were building a stockade, and that one side was unfinished. He resolved to attack them. They had intimation of his presence in the vicinity, and working all night finished their defence [sic] by 12 M. At 1 P.M. the attack was made. He dismounted every second man and ordered the Captains to take command, leaving the Lieutenants in charge of the remainder and horses. Thus they advanced on foot until the fire of the enemy compelled them to fall in the weeds and high grass, where two rounds were fired, when a retreat was ordered. It was not however without a loss of some 20 of our forces killed and wounded. Among the number, I regret exceedingly to say, was Capt. W.Y. Houston, of San Antonio, who fell while gallantly leading his men within a few feet of the stockade. He was shot in the head, the ball entering the upper lip and passing through the roof of the mouth, penetrated the back of the head, passing out. He was killed instantly. In his death Company "G" has lost a faithful, competent and brave officer, and the regiment is deprived of one of its most efficient Captains. He has been with his boys throughout the entire campaign, and although numerically the smallest company in the regiment, yet one of the most efficient both in numbers and action, when duty called or danger was to be met. To the attention bestowed upon them and the provision made for them, by their ever vigilant Captain is due their success. Prudent, skillful and gallant, his place will not be easily filled. The death of Captain Houston will bring sorrow to a large circle of acquaintances and friends in your city and neighborhood. He will long be remembered for his genial disposition, his urbanity of manners, kindness of heart, and honesty and industry in his profession. But he has passed away. His life has been sacrificed for his country – a cause which enlisted all his energies and the noblest feelings of his soul. He died facing the foe and at the head of his men, leading them in the desperate charge. He was one of my warmest and best friends, and I mourn his loss as though a brother had departed. I remember well his position and attention during my last sermon preached to the regiment before my sickness. The Lord grant that the truth may have had its effect and prepared him for the departure. The following rangers were also wounded, though not dangerously: J.E. Thornton, Co. C; C.E. Littlefield, Co. E; - Tutwiller, and one other slightly, whose name I could not learn, of Co. F; Hugh Tally, slightly, Co. G. They are all convalescing. Dr. David Houston, the Captain's brother, went in with a flag of truce in the evening and attended to the wounded. They were all paroled. He remained with them in the neighborhood. He had his brother buried in a neighboring graveyard. After leaving that position on the route to this point our regiment encountered the enemy again, and D. Rudgely of Co. B, had a leg shot off below the knee by a cannon ball, and he soon died from the shock. Also Sam Ashe of Co. B, R.C. Pullen of Co. I, were wounded. Both are fast improving. I find that two of those left here died from wounds after our fight, viz: N. Monks and Sam Nims of Co. B. The others were paroled and are all here yet and improving – all are out of danger. Capt. Rayburn of Co. E, met at Chattanooga and is here awaiting an opportunity to join the regiment. This is now impossible from the Federal retreating army, and Union bushwhackers in

Kentucky. He was seriously wounded in the right arm at Shiloh, but is now able to join his command, although having little use of his arm. Yesterday I visited the grave yard at the C.S. Presbyterian Church, where our gallant Rangers, who fell here and died since, as above, sleep side by side. Language fails to describe the kindness and devotion of the ladies of Murfreesboro to our wounded. The rangers are favorites here. To their desperate fighting they attribute the victory on the 13th of July. The Federals have all departed but their footprints are visible everywhere, in the desolation and destruction through this beautiful country. The people breathe free again. In Nashville they still have from three to five thousand, but the city is completely invested by our cavalry, and all their forage trains are captured. They must evacuate in a few days. All their troops have gone, except these, in the direction of the Ohio, but through various routes. Soon this region will be delivered from the foul invaders [sic] tread. Last Tuesday, we learn, Gen. Bragg left Lebanon junction on the N. and L railroad for Louisville. We are awaiting good news from there every day. Kentucky will soon be ours, and our flag will wave in triumph along the banks of the Ohio. God is smiling upon our cause and giving victory everywhere to our arms. To his name be all the praise. Yours, R.F.B.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., Oct. 8th.

Messrs. Editors:

Once more I address you from this beautiful and hospitable city. Some ten days since I visited the vicinity of Nashville and remained within hearing of the Federal drums for a week. It was not safe for me to venture in the city, although I succeeded in getting out a batch of letters from my family. It was with the greatest difficulty any one could get through their pickets. Often they would detain citizens for several days and then only give them passes on condition that they would not return again. Our cavalry had stopped the market wagons, thus cutting off their sources of supply in vegetables and meat. The enemy professes a determination to hold the city. To this end he is strongly fortifying Capitol hill and some others adjacent to the city. He is also digging rifle pits through the streets, and making holes through many of the houses, through which the soldiers may shoot upon the streets. Indications seem to point to a stubborn resistance. It is said they threaten to destroy South Nashville as far as Broad street, to give their guns fair sweep. They certainly have the heart to do any infamous work, if they had but the courage. The citizens are getting to short allowance of provisions, and unless deliverance soon comes there must be great suffering, especially among the poorer classes. The Yankees are said to have abundant stores. So closely invested are they by our cavalry that they cannot forage in small parties, unless at the peril of losing both wagons and men. So terrified have they been that their pickets venture out but two miles. Almost every day they have been driven in with loss. Yesterday morning they became more bold. Having intelligence of the strength of our force at Laverne on the pike, midway between this city and Nashville, they came out in force and drove in our pickets, attacking our small force there about daylight. Gen. Anderson being in

command, had made no sufficient preparation to meet them, even with the troops with him. A regiment of infantry had gone down the night before, and another on the night preceding the attack, and they stood up manfully against the enemy, losing two companies – about 130 men – captured, and a few wounded and killed. – The cavalry being mostly raw, got up a stampede, and a portion of them fled from the field in a most cowardly manner, and spread the news all over the country, that our forces were all cut up and captured. They came dashing into this place bare-headed and frightened most shamefully. The people supposed that soon the Federals would be here again and the greatest alarm prevailed. Often could you hear such expressions as these – “Oh, that the Texas Rangers were here.” – “If the Texas Rangers were only here, there would be no stampeding.” Gen. Forrest having arrived from Kentucky, sent down a battery and followed it himself. The enemy had early driven our force through Laverne, and captured our only piece of cannon, a 6-pounder. But when Forrest arrived, they were soon forced back in the direction of Nashville. On the part of Gen. Anderson (formerly P.M. in Nashville,) the whole affair was indicative of incompetency, whilst a great portion of the cavalry behaved in a manner that was most cowardly and disgraceful. The Federals plundered everything upon their retreat. Gen. Forrest has established his headquarters here and will at once organize the troops, and soon will be ready to attack Nashville. They are forwarding infantry from Chattanooga to his assistance. I feel satisfied that in a few days he will be able to capture it. From all we can learn they have from six to eight thousand sick there, and this will not leave them a fighting force of more than five or six thousand men. It is essential to the security of this section, and it must be taken at all hazards. Then Bowling Green must be captured and communication opened up on this route with our army in Kentucky. Our last advices from Bragg are that he was occupying Bardstown and his men were resting and in good condition. For some cause he has permitted Buell to enter Louisville with his force. The movement is inexplicable, for he could have been easily captured, his men being greatly demoralized and Bragg having superior numbers. It is said that Bragg supposed Rosencranz [sic] had joined Buell and feared to risk an attack. It is certain Buell avoided meeting him, and hence the inference, both were afraid to venture an engagement. – Gen. Forrest was sent here to organize these troops. Col. Wharton is acting as Brigadier over his brigade. Lieut. Col. Walker has resigned and is on his way home. He is in bad health and cannot use his arm, which was badly wounded at Woodsonville. Maj. Harrison is now in command of the regiment.

Capt. Rayburn, myself and several others expect to start for Kentucky to-morrow. It is reported that the bushwhackers and “home guards” are infesting all the roads, but we hope to get through safely. Will probably join a force going up from Lebanon. We have many rumors, but little that is authentic. The very reliable gentleman has not found the way up here since the Yankees left.

I have received from a ranger just on from Texas and Chattanooga, a large mail, but very few letters from the west. Why is it? I write in great haste. Your R.F.B.

SAN ANTONIO HERALD, November 1, 1862.

Near Nashville, Tenn., September 29th, 1862.

E.H. Cushing, Esq. – Dear Sir: - When the Texas Rangers last left East Tennessee for this region, your correspondent was detained by a fever. So soon as strength permitted, I came to Chattanooga. The cars were not yet running on the C. and N. R.R., and this caused a few days delay at that point. The soldiers were generally gone in different directions. General Maxey's brigade coming up from Bridgeport, where he had held Buell's army in check for weeks, and finally drove the last division away, by a skillful and daring attack, was sent on to Knoxville, thence via Cumberland Gap into Kentucky. On Saturday, the 20th, the first train started with passengers. They had previously carried two engines and some cars across the Tennessee river. On Monday morning I started, and before sundown, reached Tullahoma. At Bridgeport, just opposite the town, if it can be called thus, there is an island half a mile broad. Here both bridges were entirely destroyed by fire. One was a costly and magnificent structure. This caused delay in crossing on boats. The contractor has ninety days for completing this work. Until finished it will greatly impede travel and freight. At Tullahoma the passengers all fortunately secured wagons which had brought in freight, and in the morning we set out for Murfreesboro', forty-five miles distant. Although a rough mode of traveling, yet it was rendered pleasant by the company, some being soldiers and others refugees returning home after months of absence. At Murfreesboro' we found everything quiet, the citizens gradually resuming their business. Gov. Harris had established his head-quarters temporarily here. We saw but little evidence of the Yankees having possessed the country until reaching Stevenson. Then commenced the fortifications and stockades. The former were frequent, but at every encampment, and they were all along the road; the latter were built with loop holes for shooting out. In case of an attack they could run into these and be secure from any attack except artillery.

They seemed to have feared their own shadows. Every step was secured by a defence [sic]. The windows in the depots were planked up by heavy cedar puncheons and loop-holed. After we struck the roads along which they had passed, their foot-steps were marked by desolation and destruction. Frequently houses were burned, and fences everywhere. The crops were greatly injured or destroyed. Stock was killed or driven off. The most likely servants, male and female, were stolen. The people were literally eaten out. Household and kitchen furniture was carried off. They will steal everything animate and inanimate, that a Southern man possesses, and they make no distinction between friend and foe. In following their track, seeing their defences [sic], and hearing from the lips of the suffering people their insults and robbery, one cannot but feel that they are the basest and most infamous set of thieving cowards that ever disgraced a nation. But now their race is about run in this region. Nashville is still held by them. It is supposed that their force does not exceed from five to eight thousand people. Every day they are bringing down the iron rule upon the people. Provisions are getting scarce, and it is

thought they will evacuate soon, although they are digging rifle-pits and throwing up fortifications all through the city. Every street is barricaded with cotton bales, leaving only a temporary opening for passing by day. In some portions of the city they are drilling holes through the walls of the houses, through which the soldiers may shoot in an attack. There may yet be a bloody battle, before it is evacuated. Yesterday morning's paper contained an order that any man found in the city hunting a runaway negro should be shot. They also forbid any one coming in or going out from the city. So closely are they invested by our guerrillas and cavalry that they dare not venture their pickets over two miles from the city. Almost every day they are attacked on some of the pikes. Every wagon train they send out for forage is captured and prisoners taken. Their situation is becoming desperate. It is rumored that Gen. Price is advancing upon the city. If so, their fate will soon be sealed. Gov. Andy Johnson is still in the city. He is generally drunk, and breathes out destruction upon the people. He wishes to destroy the city, and in its ruins to bury the inhabitants. It was on the destruction of the place that he and Gen. Rousseau had a quarrel, when the latter slapped his jaws publicly. It is rumored this morning that 2,500 cavalry are around the city. May the day of their delivery soon come.

Tennessee has felt the power of the oppressor, and she has bled at every pore. She is now intensely [sic] "Secesh." Gen. Buell now the best General they have left, has most of his troops en route to the Ohio river. We do not know where he is, but it is very certain that he will be captured. Then he, too, will be honored by some inferior position. It is supposed that Gens. Bragg and Kirby Smith have formed a junction and marched on Louisville, which may now be in our possession. Then unitedly they will attack Cincinnati. Here we know but little of the movements of our army. On the way up at Manchester I found a wounded Ranger, and he told me of an attack which Gen. Forrest had made upon a stockade some eight or nine miles this side of McMinnville. In the evening he had been informed that one side was open. But the enemy had worked all night, and by 12 o'clock the next day it was completed. At 1 P.M. he made the attack. He ordered every second man to dismount, and leaving the men and horses in charge of the lieutenants, the captains were ordered to advance. Approaching the stockade, a terrific fire met them and they were compelled to fall down in the weeds and grass. In this position they fired two rounds, when a retreat was ordered; but not before we had lost about twenty men, killed and wounded. Among these, I regret to say, was Capt. W.Y. HOUSTON of Co. G. He fell within a few yards of the stockade, whilst gallantly leading his men in the charge. A ball entered his upper lip, and passing through the head caused instant death. In his loss, the regiment has been deprived of one of its most competent officers. He has always been with his company throughout the campaign, and was an efficient, skillful and gallant officer. But his work is done; his life has been sacrificed in the cause which enlisted the energies and generous, noble impulses of his manly heart. In the evening his brother, Dr. David Houston, came in under a flag of truce and had him interred in an adjoining grave-yard.

The following Rangers were also wounded, although not dangerously:

Company C. – J. E. Thornton.

Co. E. – C.E. Littlefield.

Co. F. – Wm. Thornton and Tutwiller.

Co. G. – Hugh Tal[illegible]ey, slightly.

One other of Co. F, whose name I could not learn, was slightly wounded. Dr. Houston was left in charge of the wounded, and all were doing well.

When coming in this direction, and near Woodbury, the advance was fired on by the enemy who had been advised of the route by which our forces were moving to the attack, and here, D. RUDGELY, of company B, had his leg almost cut off below the knee by a cannon ball, from the effect of which he died in a short time.

SAM ASHE, of company B, and R.C. PULLIN, of company I, were both wounded, but are fast convalescing.

When at Murfreesboro', I met a Ranger who had left the Regiment on the 9th, on the other side of "Green River," baggage train and all, en route for Louisville. Ere this they are in that vicinity, perhaps in the city. It is now very difficult to join them on account of the enemy, who are scattered along the route, and the Union bush-whackers of Kentucky. I left in Murfreesboro' a number of the Rangers. Among them was Capt. RAYBURN, of company E. whom you omitted in your list of the wounded at Shiloh. His right arm was there seriously shattered by a minnie [sic] ball, and although yet almost useless, still he is anxious to join his company and share their fortunes. Of those left wounded there on the 13th of July, only two have died, viz: Sam Nims, company B, 17th of July, and N. Wonks, company B, 6th September. The others are still there and doing well, all are able to walk about, viz: L.J.A. Collins, Sol. Carter, John Farmer, company K; McCann, company B; G.B. Kennedy, company C.

They have been paroled. The citizens of Murfreesboro' have lavished upon our wounded every attention that could add to their comfort and recovery. Indeed I should not be surprised to hear that some of them would return after the war and claim a wife among her beautiful daughters. The Rangers are the favorites, because to them they attribute the glorious victory on that memorable day. Whilst there I visited the village graveyard at the O.S. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, where the soldiers of both armies were buried.

There quietly sleep the twenty-four who fell in Forrest's command on the 13th of July. In one place our own killed lay side by side, and on the right the two who have since died. Sad and mournful were the thoughts which crowded upon me, as I read, one by one those familiar names.

Here was the young man, the dew of youth fresh upon his brow, the pride and joy and hope of his father's house; here, the man of middle age, in all his strength, the stay and comfort of the absent and loved; here, the father and husband far separated from the

weeping, heart-broken wife and the desolate, bereft little ones. But, they all rest well. They sleep quietly and gently as though they were in companionship with the departed, whose dust slumbers far away in their sunny house, where the tear of affection would often bedew the green grave, and the hand of love would plant the sweet, delicate flower to bloom over those sacred remains. Although with other of our noble and brave comrades, who have fallen here and there by the hand of disease, or from the ball of the enemy-

They sleep far away not a loved one may tread,

So softly around their low, narrow bed;

They sleep far away, no kind hand to trace

A rose tree to mark their last resting place.

Yet, whenever that hallowed spot is visited by the citizens of Murfreesboro', though they may be strangers and they read those names, their hearts bounding with gratitude to God, and their eyes flowing with tears, they will say "These are the gallant men who fell in rescuing our homes and our altars from the invader, and delivered our city from the oppressive rule of our cruel and heartless enemy. Come, let us wreath bright flowers, and hang festoons around their tomb."

To our fallen comrades, I would say, peace to their ashes. Let their memory ever be enshrined in our hearts.

R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, October 27, 1862.

For the Telegraph.

LIEUT. H.E. Storey, of Co. E. Texas Rangers, died on the 22d of April, at Baldwin Station, on the Mobile and Ohio R.R. He was a son of the late Judge Storey, of Lockhart. He was wounded at the battle of Shiloh. The ball entering below the knee and ranging upward, gave him a very painful, though not dangerous wound. Bearing his sufferings with great patience, soon he would have been restored again to his company, but for the severe exposure incident to the battle and the journey back to Corinth. Pneumonia set in about a week after, which unexpectedly terminated his useful and patriotic life. Although among strangers, yet M.A. Hunter, of his company, was with him, and secured for him every attention which a skillful physician and benevolent and devoted ladies could bestow upon the suffering soldier. It was not expected that the young and gallant officer should so soon lay his armor off; for he was in the midst of youth and hope, with a noble band of comrades under his command, and a glorious cause to battle for. But alas for human expectations! The grim messenger, who had passed him by on the bloody field of Shiloh, where so many chivalrous Texans fell around him, now comes, after the din and strife of battle has ceased, and on his gentle

heart he lay that icy hand, and it beats no more on earth. The young hero sleeps in death far from loved ones and home. From his uniformly modest disposition, his moral life, his courteous and earnest attention on the means of grace, we cannot but believe that he has found rest in Jesus. With the members of Co. E he was deservedly popular; none had a stronger hold upon their friendship than he, and none commanded more respect and obedience. He was a model officer. In his death, the regiment has lost one of its most efficient soldiers, and his company is deprived of the society of one who was a congenial companion, a prudent and gallant officer. He is the fourth son which this noble family has lost in the different wars of our country, whilst three others still remain in the service. When the sad tidings are borne to the widowed mother, it is some consolation to know that her sons are giving up their lives in a just and righteous cause – a struggle for home and altar, freedom and country, May the God of love sustain her heart in this her day of grief and sad bereavement. With the voice of Hope pointing to Heaven where “the household of Faith” shall never more be broken, may she be comforted in her declining years.

R.F.B.

THE HOUSTON TELEGRAPH, Supplement, Oct. 3d, 1862.

Murfreesboro’ Tenn., Oct. 17th, 1862.

Editor Telegraph – There seems some peculiar attraction for Texas Rangers in this city. It is the rallying point from all the country round about. – Some are here from necessity, some from preference. After a brief excursion up to Rome, Tenn., en route for Kentucky, the Federal cavalry, which infest that region gathering up stragglers and destroying stores, intercepted our way, and very unwillingly we were compelled to return. Here we must await further operations in the military line. The majority of our boys here, are those who have been wounded at different places, or have been absent on sick furloughs. We have now a force numbering about twenty-five. We were all delighted to-day in greeting back again David S. Terry and two traveling companions, direct from Houston. – They made the trip safely. He is a great favorite with us. The gallant son of our heroic and lamented Colonel, who fell so early after we had entered the campaign, we hope that a brilliant military career is yet before him. William Ward, of company B, who was captured at Woodberry – whilst attending upon Sam Ashe, who was wounded – and carried to Nashville and confined in the penitentiary, effected his escape and has safely joined us here. It seems the Yankees cannot hold a Texian prisoner – they always manage to escape by some means. It being unsafe to venture through by the direct route to Bragg’s army, all who are mounted are making arrangements to go via Sparta, Knoxville and Cumberland Gap.

It is a long route, though, but the only safe one at present. In addition to the casualties of the stockade fight mentioned in my last, I learn that James T. Pettus, of Company F is supposed killed, and Buck Drisdale was wounded in the thigh; also, James Prior, of

Company G, was shot through the arm. He is able for service again. S.G. Clark, of Company F, was killed near Nashville, whilst a portion of the regiment were flanking. We have nothing later than two weeks since from the regiment in Kentucky. We are anxiously awaiting some one to come through, so that we may hear the result of the great fight there and our loss. We doubtless, suffered as usual, very heavily, although we hope but few have fallen. There is now no communication between these headquarters and Bragg's army. But it will not long be so. Yesterday morning Murfreesboro' was all astir on hearing that Nashville was being evacuated. At once troops began to move in that direction, Gov. Harris being in advance. We waited anxiously, and hoped for confirmation of the news. The day wore away and left us in uncertainty. To-day, again, a reliable messenger reiterates the good news, but we are yet in doubt. I believe, however, they are meditating such a step, and even preparing for it. There may yet be a bloody battle in the "City of Rocks;" but I hope not. Whenever the attack is made, notwithstanding their strongly fortified positions we will be successful. We await the news of tomorrow with deep interest. Troops are pouring in by railroad every day from Chattanooga, and soon Gen. Forrest will have a good army here. To-day he issued General Order No. 1, viz:

"Soldiers: - You have scarcely taken up your positions in the heart of Middle Tennessee, - cheered by the greetings of your fellow-citizens, and a return to the region of your homes and firesides, before you are called upon to rejoice over another signal victory in Kentucky. I announce to you that the forces under command of General Braxton Bragg, have met the enemy, lately commanded by Gen. Buell, and completely repulsed him. We have captured more than 18,000 prisoners, including Gen. Tom Crittenden and other officers of distinction. We have killed and wounded from 10,000 to 15,000. Forty pieces of artillery, with large quantities of arms and munitions of war, have fallen into our hands."

The Louisville Journal is also said to admit a loss of 25,000 and "nothing gained by it." Its editorials are written despondingly, and severely criticise [sic] Lincoln's late proclamation. It is the opinion of prominent statesmen here that this late reverse will drive their army beyond the Ohio, and give Kentucky to us. The people are becoming thoroughly aroused, and newspapers are now springing into existence, warmly advocating our cause. Kentucky and Tennessee once in our possession, then our army will have abundant supplies of breadstuffs. Providence has blessed them with an abundant harvest. Throughout this State, so far as I have seen, the corn crop is very heavy, although grain is light; yet, as if in anticipation of a partial failure in this respect, the God of nature has caused the forest to bloom and bear a most abundant crop of nuts, berries, and wild fruits. Such immense loads of these I have never before witnessed. And although our enemy has consumed and destroyed much of the crop whilst growing, both grains and fruits, yet here is a reserve storehouse filled with a rich supply, which will make the pork for our people and army, and fatten other stock. Thus our wicked and insulting enemy is thwarted in his plans for starving us out. All things

considered, our condition is most flattering, and the indications are prophetic of an early peace.

In haste, yours, R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, November 10, 1862.

Murfreesboro', Tenn., November 3d, 1862.

E.R. Cushing: Dear Sir – These are times freighted with uncertainty. What we state today may be contradicted tomorrow. In these ends of the earth, we alternate betwixt hope and fear. A few weeks ago the people were boyant [sic] with expectation. They felt that the time of their deliverance had come. The enemy were retreating in complete demoralization. His troops, with bitter imprecations against our people were making “double quick” toward the Ohio. All things seemed propitious. The days of our misfortune seemed well nigh numbered. Kirby Smith had entered the “bloody ground” under the most favorable circumstances. The people were flocking to him by the thousands, as we were told; the cry was arms! ARMS! for the gallant Kentuckians. He was achieving most brilliant victories. Gen. Bragg was moving with a splendidly equipped army in the same direction. The one was threatening Cincinnati, whilst the other was to advance upon and capture Louisville. But alas! these expectations have all perished. They have been evanescent. Like the glories of the rainbow, they have passed away like the beauties of the setting sun. The people are disappointed and mortified and the fond hopes they had formed of liberating Kentucky and Tennessee are dashed. The grand “jeans” expedition of Gen. Bragg, with the present light before us, is here universally pronounced, from beginning to end, a brilliant blunder and a magnificent failure. Without losing a battle, he has suffered all the consequences of defeat; after marching hundreds of miles in pursuit of a firing enemy; after capturing towns and cities; fighting and winning battles; taking hundreds of prisoners, and securing immense army supplies, he suddenly turns his back on his conquests, and leaves to the beaten and wondering enemy all the advantages of victory. It is true this campaign will adorn our history in its achievements – its gallant exploits and deeds of noble heroism; it is true that we have gained, perhaps, a brigade of new troops and some arms; it is true that we have gotten much “jeans,” herds of cattle and mules; but will all these compensate for the disappointment of our hopes and the failure of our grand schemes for the liberation of Kentucky – the redemption of Tennessee, for the heroic dead who fell on the battle field, and the wounded who are now in the enemy’s hands. The future may develop [sic] the wisdom of this entire movement; but at the present we can only ask cui bono and await an explanation of the facts involved from the chief actors. But notwithstanding all we were led to anticipate both from verbal and printed statements, in reference to the people of Kentucky, we are now assured of this fact: that her people have not taken up arms in our cause. But the explanation is very easy. With all our promises, we have not yet shown ability to hold that State against the Yankees. Hence the Kentuckians will not risk their property or families or lives on such

great uncertainties. Viewed from this stand point, I cannot but believe now – notwithstanding the hopes which I have expressed in previous letters, and which were then in accordance with public expectation, and warranted [sic] by the events transpiring – facts communicated in various ways – that this expedition into Kentucky is a failure for two reasons:

1st. The people are not ready to take up arms and join us. No doubt the majority are with us in sympathy. The ladies made the march of our army a splendid ovation. They cheered our soldiers by their presence, their voices, their bounteous preparation of provision; but the men were more reserved. They would embrace every opportunity to give an encouraging word when it could be done quietly, but they doubted our ability to protect them. They knew from past experience that should our army retire, then certain confiscation of property and the ruin of their estates, with fiendish indignity to their families and perhaps chains and imprisonment awaited them.

2d. The defeat at Corinth, which caused Van Dorn to fail in carrying Price's army through to Paducah and Smithland. These simultaneous failures are disagreeable facts, yet we must have the courage to look them full in the face. Our faith is again to be tested. In the hearts of our people, uncorrupted by political chicanery, faith still has her throne – and there she resides simple, pure and perfect as in other dark hours of disappointment. Were it not for the press, the pulpit, the valor of the soldiers, with the skill of their Generals and the undying faith of the people, our cause had long since been lost. What has brought light out of darkness will do it again. What has saved us before, will save us again. Here we are awaiting developments. Precious days are passing away and Nashville is not taken yet. We know nothing of the movements of Gen. Bragg's army save by conjecture. It is yet in East Tennessee, but probably moving in this direction. Everything seems to indicate an early concentration of troops in this region, but I begin to fear that now it is too late to capture and hold Nashville. We have given the enemy too much time to advance again into Tennessee. I believe that he has some four or five divisions in Bowling Green, and unless his progress is impeded by the destruction of bridges and the cutting off of his supply trains, we will yet be disappointed, although we shall continue to hope that yet "the stars and bars" shall float in triumph over the "City of Rocks." Troops are every day coming in from Chatanooga [sic], General Breckenridge is here with his division; General Forrest is near Nashville with a large cavalry force, several batteries, and a brigade of infantry; Gen. John H. Morgan, is on the opposite side of the river, with a large cavalry force also. Thus they are now completely hemmed in. Were we not pressed by the advancing divisions, we could very soon starve them into a surrender, for they depend upon foraging for supplies. But every day's delay gives the enemy time for reinforcements and helps us but little. With the great advantages to be derived from the possession of that city, the wonder is that we are so tardy in our movements. Once occupying that city, then we could keep the enemy in check, and for the winter's campaign make the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers our base line of operations. By obstructing and fortifying these rivers, we could hold all this country and thus secure the vast supplies which it affords,

and give protection to the noble people. Failing in this, our alternative will be to fall back again over the mountains, and make the positions occupied last spring our line of operations.

This course will for months bring new disasters and be most discouraging. Should it be necessary, then will Middle and West Tennessee, and northern Alabama experience all the horrors of the eight months past. They have no heart to undertake the trial again; for the enemy promised in his retreat to come back with fire and sword, and halter. Surely, this section of our Confederacy has already drunk the dregs of the bitter cup of sorrow. Heave forbid that once again it should be pressed by the hand of this fiendish foe to their burning lips. I have seen on every side the desolations of the enemy; everywhere his footsteps are marked with robbery, insult, theft, oppression, rape and destruction. Let his miscreant soldierly but once more possess the country, and everything will be swept away; the people will be homeless, in exile and in chains; they expect it, and the exodus towards "Diexie [sic]" will be immense; yet we shall hope and pray that such a misfortune shall not come upon them.

But the mention of our condition here remind me that our own "Island City," so beautiful in situation, and so enchanting by cultivation and improvement, is occupied by the enemy. The calamity has fallen upon us at last. His presence is a sad reality. By our late advices, he also holds Sabine and Aransas Passes. This indicates his policy this winter. Our coast towns will doubtless be occupied for we have nothing to prevent it. He may hold them, or destroy them through revenge; but it is for Texians to say whether his vandals shall advance into the country. He will come with horrid words and fair promises and loud professions for the "protection of rights and private property." It is an artful net to entrap the unsuspecting. But once a foothold, and the citizens in his power, and every pledge will be broken – every promise will be violated. Depend upon it, this is all a cunning device and the chains once forged, you will be held in a vassalage more oppressive than the Russian surf [sic]. To prevent a repetition of the scenes re-enacted elsewhere, it will be necessary for the citizens to rise in their might, and say to the invader, "thus far but no farther" shall you tread upon our soil. – Once it was wrested from a despot by the daring of her sons; and now it shall not be ruled by one more oppressive, unprincipled and malignant. Let every natural defence [sic] be bristling with the faithful rifle – every mott of timber be nature's stockade – every forest be a retreat from which shall issue forth the missiles of destruction! – Yes! let every fireside be the soldier's protection, and every home a battleground. Teach him, by such devotion to your country and sacrifices for her deliverance, that wherever his impious feet shall dare to tread, when attempting your subjugation, humiliation and ruin, that he walks in the shadow of death. Let every footprint made upon your soil be marked by his blood. This, and this alone will check his course, and send back his desolating hordes to bring their boats for protection. – Such a course may bring down burning vengeance upon a few; their all may pay the forfeit; but it will spare the many. Lost to every sense of principle and honor – a stranger to shame though our foe may be, in this inhuman crusade against us and our institutions and our liberties, yet he will respect the brave, and cowl

before those who meet him face to face and assert their rights, and prove their faith by their acts.

Here the universal testimony is – take our all and use it for our country – but save us, SAVE US, from enduring again the presence of this inhuman foe. Texians! be wise ere it is too late. Now is your time to arise in defence [sic] of your homes, your altars, your liberties. Whilst her sons are achieving a name and a fame, which are both glorious and immortal on the various battle fields, and which must constitute one of the brightest pages of history, let not their homes be desecrated by the unhallowed presence of the invader, let not their loved ones be insulted, oppressed, robbed and murdered. We are willing to trust the issue with you. May God defend and prosper the right.

In my last, I mentioned that a number of the Rangers were about starting a second time for Kentucky in order to join the regiment. After about ten days absence they returned. The difficulties in the way, and our retreat from the State, rendered it necessary. Here we still await some positive intimation about their movements. I received a telegram on the 31st ult. stating that they were at Kingston, in East Tennessee. But, we have heard from several sources that they are coming in this direction. We will wait a few days more, and then make another effort to reach them. We have nothing positive about our loss in this expedition, except that it was very light. I hope soon to give you a full statement. The Hon. W.S. Oldham, direct from Richmond, has been here a few days. He is endeavoring to get his daughter, who is on a visit near Nashville, and then will proceed to Texas. We are all enjoying good health here. The weather is pleasant, but very dry.

I find in the correspondence of the Mobile Register the following notice of the Rangers:

“At Bardstown, Col. Wharton, with a force of Texas Rangers, finding himself cut off by four Federal regiments, rode at half speed for four miles, and found his foe drawn up to receive him.”

With barely a moment to blow his horses, he gave the order to charge. The result was one of the most brilliant dashes of the war, and was complimented in orders. He routed the Yankees, pursued them a mile, killed 50 and took 43 prisoners. From other sources, I learn the regiment was in daily skirmishes, and has earned a brilliant name for its courage and success. Yours, R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, December 1, 1862.

Murfreesboro, Tenn., Nov. 11th, 1862.

On last Wednesday morning heavy firing was heard in the direction of Nashville. From previous indications the impression soon became general that the long expected attack had commenced. All was commotion. Horses were in great demand, and many gallant knights were eager to participate in a struggle so honorable. We could get no definite information about the progress of the supposed battle and this rather cooled the ardor of some who seemed most anxious.

About 1 o'clock several Rangers set out in search of the fight, but they had progressed but a few miles, when they were met by a most furious storm. About this time they met Governor Harris of Tennessee and others returning, and reporting, the work all over for the day today, and no programme [sic] for tomorrow, they scattered out for quarters. A regular Texas norther was on us with its piercing blast.

On the next day, going as far as Lavergne and finding all things quiet beyond, we returned again. It seemed only a reconnoissance [sic] of their works. Besides the artillery, there was some cavalry skirmishing. We had a few wounded, whilst we killed a number of the enemy and captured some prisoners. The object in view was to draw them out on this side, whilst John Morgan should destroy the cars, depot and stores in Edgefield, and if possible destroy the Railroad bridge over the river. He accomplished the former, but failed in the latter. The enemy getting heavy reinforcements, Morgan was compelled to fall back in the direction of Lebanon, in the meanwhile harassing his trains. Thus things rested in uncertainty until Sunday, when the enemy appeared in large force marching on Lebanon, thus threatening to flank this position.

On Tuesday morning when the news arrived, it seemed probable that in a few hours we would be evacuating. The Yankee force was reported to be about one division of some 15,000 men, and was supposed to be an independent column from the one that had already entered Nashville. Great uncertainty prevailed and rumors abounded. The citizens were making every preparation to move furniture to the country and send their families down into Dixie. Everything was commotion and bustle.

Yesterday the enemy crossed the river and occupied Lebanon; but Morgan was watching their movement and with his cavalry was delaying their progress. Before day this morning he ambuscaded them and killed several hundred, and we learn they have turned again in the direction of Nashville. It is now supposed that the force had proceeded from that place. Their object is not fully known.

However, we are determined today to fall back from Murfreesboro only at the point of bayonet. Our engineers are out in the direction of Nashville surveying the country, and when the enemy advances we will be ready to meet him. The cavalry and artillery only are now between the two cities, the infantry having returned here. A large portion of Bragg's army is at Tullahoma, and in a few hours can be here. As things now stand, it seems most probable we will have some hard fighting through this region. We can not afford to yield up this richly supplied country without a hard contest, though a few days may change the entire programme [sic]. There is no accounting for the freaks of our Generals in this division of the army.

We are, however, learning wisdom from the experience of last winter. For some time the stock for the army supplies has been moving Southward. The authorities are shipping vast amounts of stores beyond the Tennessee river. Should we be compelled to fall back in that direction, we will have our provisions in the advance. The greatest difficulty will be in furnishing the troops in clothing. They army is fearfully deficient in blankets

and shoes, and know not from whence the supply must come. There must be much suffering this winter among our troops.

If we were allowed to attack the enemy and gain a victory, we might replenish our scanty wardrobes. Every soldier will supply himself, should an opportunity occur. The Commandment says: "Thou shalt not covet," but when we think of the perfect outfit which our enemies have in their tents, which are pitched on our soil and on our own homes, and when we look at our limited supply and think of the pelting snows and frosty, freezing nights now approaching, we can not but think there ought to be at least a division. We are entitled to a share of comfort. But give us a chance, and we will pay our respects to the enemy and send them home for another supply.

With the cold weather will come exposure and sickness. Where, then are sick Texans to find a home? We were compelled, last winter, to seek charity at the doors of other States. They had their hospitals and nurses, but we had none. Somewhere the blame rests. I have heard of no preparations as yet by our State for the coming winter. We move on such an extended scale in this department that the regiments can make no positive arrangement for their sick. We have now enough of Texas troops for a large hospital. We will need it. Without such an institution, we must sacrifice many of our brave boys. For these promiscuous hospitals are little more than vast slaughter pens.

We have money appropriated for this purpose by the Texas Legislature, and I hope some one who is competent will be entrusted with this work.

It is not safe to fix up permanent hospitals in this region, but accessible positions should be selected in the cotton States, and there our soldiers should have comfort and friends and attention, when suffering from wounds or disease. As it now stands, Texas soldiers are found everywhere, and are compelled to submit to every kind of treatment, and often neglect, from officials who are placed in these miscellaneous pest-houses. When shall these things end?

I rejoice to read that provisions are being made in Virginia for the Texas Brigade, when sickness shall come upon them. Gallant men! Heroic soldiers! They have won immortal fame on the battle-field, and with pride we hail them as brothers! They richly deserve every attention which their State can afford them.

But the lord of Hosts seems pre-eminently [sic] to bless the Army of Virginia. Its guiding genius, General Lee, is a Christian. Its representative man, Stonewall Jackson, is a Christian. Many of its officers and men are Christians. May this not account for its unparalleled success? The world has never witnessed such a series of splendid victories before.

Now, too, there some victories of a higher, sublimer [sic] and holier character. The former were for men's temporal freedom – for the deliverance of a great nation. These are spiritual conquests – the triumph of truth, virtue and holiness – the disenthralment [sic] of the soul from the power of sin and the slavery of Satan. God is recognising [sic]

that branch of our army in its sufferings and noble efforts for our young Nation, and He is pouring down abundantly His spirit in the revival of His own work. Reports come to us that whole divisions are enjoying a season of refreshment from the presence of the Lord, and men are enquiring what they must do to be saved. We thank God for this token of his presence with us in our glorious struggle, for this evidense [sic] of his blessing upon us and our efforts. We take fresh courage and hope for the future, that it may be bright and auspicious.

Would to God that we could say the same of this Western army. But we will not despair; the Holy Spirit may yet pass by this way and bless us. The seed has been sown in tears and in faith, and we yet wait and hope for the blessing. There is everywhere a respectful waiting upon the means of grace among our soldiers, and the truth will find a lodgment in the heart, and will yet bring forth fruit. It is to be regretted, however, that many are careless, and that there is so much wickedness in camp, and so little that is good and virtuous.

One great difficulty in the way – perhaps the greatest – arises from the fact that so very few of our officers are professors of religion. Hence the indifference that is felt in reference to this branch of the Chaplain's work. Among the commissioned officers of a regiment, he almost stands alone. He is deprived of that sympathy which exists among kindred spirits. We Chaplains all feel this, and often times it comes over the heart with withering effect. Men soon unconscious of the influence they wield over these under them. In such positions "one sinner destroyeth [sic] much good" and ruins many souls.

Since my absence from the Rangers I have observed the attention of other troops upon the preaching of the Word, and for the satisfaction of our friends at Home, I can truthfully say that in no regiment have I observed as large attendance at preach-in as among us. This at least is a gratifying evidence that we have not forgotten and do not neglect the cultivation of other and happier days. Those of us who are Christians will hope and pray for revival of religion among us. Brethren and friends, join in that prayer. God will answer.

R.F. Bunting, Chaplain.

Terry's Texas Rangers.

P.S.: We have heard that our regiment left Kingston, East Tennessee, on Nov. 2nd, with a heavy ammunition train. Have not reported here yet,

Messrs. V. Rogers and E. Terril arrived here safely today, direct from Houston.

We have just had telegraphic news of a great victory in Virginia, with McClellan again killed and Hooker a prisoner.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, Dec. 8, 1862.

Murfreesboro', Tenn., Nov. 19, 1862.

Editors Herald: For weeks past one is reminded of the clear days and balmy weather of Texas. The weather has been remarkable for its dryness. The waters have become very low, and the ground too dry for sowing the cereals. But now the monotony is broken. We have had refreshing showers the dust is laid and the air is feeling wintry at times. We have had several very sudden and severe changes, but they passed over without rain. Now, however, the flood gates of heaven once opened, we may expect considerable rain and discomfort in camp. Although rain is greatly needed, both by the soil and the people, yet we cannot refrain from saying "amen," to the prayer of an eccentric and devoted old Father in Israel – the Rev. Mr. Carr – who attended the last Methodist Conference for this region. Whilst exploring [sic] God's blessing upon our country and her noble cause, among the other mercies which was asked in faith, he said, "O, Lord! be pleased to send us rain enough to lay the dust and fill up our springs, but let there not be enough to raise our rivers and bring upon us the gun-boats of our cruel enemies." To-day, as the big drops fell so quickly upon the earth and the sky was so black and threatening, my mind reverted back to our position here last spring, when our devoted army, under the immortal Sydney Johnston, was retreating through this place. The association caused a feeling of sadness to steal over my heart, and, in spite of myself, the suggestion would arise, that perhaps the insolent foe may press us hardly again this winter, and we will be compelled to again undergo this weary march. A kind Providence has blessed us indeed during the months past in withholding the rains, and our rivers have been very low. But should they now rise, we have great reason for apprehension about the results. It is true we have learned that the gunboats are not impregnable; but then with a high stage of water, the enemy can bring his transports swarming with troops and laden with supplies, and thus he can gain a decided advantage over us. As it now stands, he is cut off from his sources of supply, and cannot bring so heavy an army as he would wish for our defeat and ruin. Nashville being left in his possession during our advance into Kentucky, he still holds it, and is likely to battle all our efforts for its capture. I fear our day of grace is now over. We have not improved this most propitious fall, and now he has thrown a large force there, and is already advancing in this direction. Several times his troops have recently occupied Lebanon, and after burning the large flouring mill, arresting citizens and carrying off negroes and property, they have evacuated it when pressed by the cavalry. For several days a considerable force has been camped on the pike leading here, some seven miles from Nashville; their pickets extending near Lavergne. The impression here has been general, that it was the intention of our Generals to evacuate this city and fall back to Tullahoma. The panic among the people was distressing. Many have already gone; some have removed their servants and stock as far as possible; others have taken only their families, and fled as before a dreadful pestilence. Once they drank of the bitter cup, and have not the heart to stand and have abolition hands press it again to their burning lips. They are willing to give up all – willing to be exiles from their homes – rather than endure the presence and the oppression of the enemy, which rendered life so intolerable a burden during the last spring and summer. Some say death would be

preferred to such a life of torture as those months entailed upon them. But the last few days have been more suspicious. The Generals have been in council here, and it is said that we will make a stand in this region. The troops are moving in this direction from below in considerable force. It is impossible to say where the battle-field may be – that depends entirely upon contingencies. But should the enemy advance upon us and we should give him a fight, it will be the most stubborn and bloody of this war. Here are Tennesseans, who fight not only for their homes but on them, and Kentuckians, who are already exiles from the State of their birth, and here is the high-way to their return. Here, too, are those who are determined to stop the advance of the enemy into the Cotton States, from which they have come prepared for the conflict. Just here are concentrated immense interests. Tremendous issues are involved also. To gain the victory will bring forth glorious results. To be defeated will prove ruinous [sic] in every way. We cannot afford to give up Middle Tennessee. The troops are conscious of this, and they are panting for the conflict. An army was never more anxious to move forward and engage an enemy. Should they be disappointed, the effect will be most serious and disastrous [sic] to our cause. The policy of the campaign for the winter has been foreshadowed by the enemy. He has sent Halleck to the West, and Rosencranz [sic] to this Department. So we may expect the war to be carried on in the most fiendish style which Abolitionists can inaugurate. Then in further confirmation of his designs upon us, for “the restoration of the Union,” a lady just through the lines from Nashville, brings intelligence of the policy of the campaign, derived from Gen. Rosencranz [sic], with whom she had a long conversation whilst obtaining her pass. He announced his programme [sic] in a few brief, but decisive words. It is his expressed determination to subdue the people as he advances. He intends leaving nothing behind him in the shape of an enemy. Those who are not for his cause, are against it; and he will consequently tolerate in no community latent enemies. When he meets a citizen, two alternatives are presented. He must either join the Abolition ranks or be sent within the Confederate lines. Neither does he intend that any women and children of “the enemy” shall remain behind. They too must migrate to Dixie; and should they be reluctant to depart, then a simple process of ejection by the force of the armed military will suffice. Such is the avowed policy of this crafty, ingenious, decided and uncompromising Abolition commander. Who does not read his meaning? He will occupy and use all the immense supplies of this rich country and throw within our lines a heavy population of consumers, who will need our aid and likewise draw heavily upon what is supposed to be our limited means of subsistence. Whilst this dreadful work is going on, who can tell the fiery ordeal through which our people must pass? The advance of the invader will open up a new book of sorrow and woe, misery and desolation. Not alone will we be able to mark his track with blood and destruction, as I have before mentioned, but crushed hearts, bruised spirits, severed families, desolate hearthstones, and forsaken altars, will bear evidence to the ruthlessness of an invasion, which has witnessed no parallel, in everything atrocious and monstrous since the days of Attila. The Goths and Vandals, fierce and remorseless as they were, really exhibited more of kindness and nobleness of nature than the enemy who now oppresses us and seeks our humiliation and our ruin. If he succeeds in his

plans, then our fertile fields are to be left untilled – our churches are to be deserted – our homesteads depopulated – the voices of exiled women and children, more sorrowful than those of Ramah, heard on every side, as they bid farewell to the home of their birth – the city of faithful servants, with savage brutality, torn from the protection of life-long friends – our beautiful villages to be left desolate and in ashes. Yes! then will be the legitimate effects of the Abolition policy, which our determined and brave soldiers must oppose, and if possible overthrow. Unhappy Poland, under Russia, and Venice under Austria, met a happy doom, compared with that which awaits this noble people, if this policy can be carried into its practical operation. When compelled to retreat through here, they boasted that if they ever returned it would be with “fire and halter and sword.” Already they are applying the torch about Nashville and on the pike to Lebanon, and numbers of princely mansions have been reduced to ashes within a few days. What horrors may we not expect if these things are permitted to go on unchecked? Those who have never witnessed them, and hear of them but vaguely and in the dim distance, cannot realize the doom that awaits a region occupied by the enemy. Here we have had some experience, and hence can raise the warning voice. The people seem awake to their true interests. The old Tennessee regiments, that have been so sadly decimated by disease and battle, have been entirely filled up. The conscripts (what few were left) up to 35 have all reported, and to-day those up to 40 started for McMinnville. Should the enemy come, he will find but few men left at home. We have at length heard from the Rangers. On Sunday a courier arrived from Gen. Wharton, ordering all Mounted Men to report to Sparta. The next morning Col. Harrison came in, via Chattanooga, and is here awaiting the arrival of the regiment within a day or so. We are assigned to duty on the left wing, between here and Nashville. We will, no doubt, have stirring time in that direction very shortly. So soon as I can reach the regiment I will give you what information I can obtain in reference to the Kentucky expedition and their present position. I had the pleasure of meeting here, the other day, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Cross, once a resident in your city. He has been for more than a year chaplain to the 2d Tennessee regiment, in Virginia, but is now chaplain to Gen. Donaldson’s brigade. The Doctor is enjoying fine health, and seems pleased with his position. In coming over the mountains from East Tennessee he had the misfortune to have his spectacles stolen out of his hat whilst asleep. It was certainly a most uncharitable theft – one that leaves the Doctor in a most perplexing condition. For, being very near-sighted, he cannot recognize his friends. Then, being unable to replace them here, he will most emphatically be compelled to “walk by faith and not by sight.” Yesterday we had reports of a skirmish near Lavergne, midway ‘twixt this city and Nashville. Almost daily our pickets drive the enemy in. Very frequently capturing both soldiers and contrabands. An amusing incident occurred in the Provost Marshal’s office the other day. It shows too, how the Abolitionists are dealing with the “peculiar institution.” Some contrabands were brought in, and their names were asked for registry. One negro wench very proudly answered, “I am Mrs. Col [blank], of the U.S. Army!” But such occurrences are very frequent, when the invaders occupy the country. It is no unusual thing for the mistress to be compelled to witness, in her own parlor, the marriage of her likely house-maids to

officers and privates of the army. Then supplying themselves with whatever they wish, they leave her as Mrs. [blank], and with the taunt that now they are as free as she. What are we next to expect? May God soon bring deliverance to our oppressed country?

Yours, R.F.B.

SAN ANTONIO HERALD, December 27, 1862.

Rangers' Camp, near Nolinsville, Tenn., Nov. 25th, 1862.

Editor Telegraph – Dear Sir – I address you once more in camp. After a long, active and perilous campaign in Kentucky, the regiment is again watching the movements of the enemy in this region. That trip was one that will never be forgotten by the Rangers. Being always in position of danger, our loss was considerable; yet, considering their great exposure and continuous service, we were most fortunate in bringing out so many of our men; but the last few months have made many a vacancy around the camp fire. – Some gallant spirits have fallen upon the field of battle; others have been wounded and kept in the hands of the enemy, and others have been promoted to higher positions. This was for us a memorable campaign in its many thrilling incidents, its frequent engagements with the enemy, and the constant labor performed; for during some thirty days in that State, our brave men were engaged in thirty-four skirmishes and fights with the enemy; sometimes they would fight two or three times daily. Our loss was, viz: Lieut. Col. Mark L. Evans, seriously shot in the head, and left in Harrodsburg; his fate is not yet certainly known.

Company A, Capt. John C. Lowe – Wounded, Austin R. Robinson, severely in the side, at Salt River, Ky., and left there; G.W. Price, slightly in hip, at Wild cat; G.A. Gill, slightly in ankle, at Salt River.

Co. B, Capt. R.M. McKay. – Wounded, R.K. Chatham, seriously in the head, at Mt. Washington, and left in Kentucky; R. Morris, badly, at Bardstown; J. Duncan, both legs shot off below the knee, at Perryville, supposed mortally wounded, and left in Kentucky.

Co. Capt. A.H. Shannon. – None.

Co. D, Lieut. Ferg. Kyle, commanding. – None.

Co. E, Lieut [sic] J K White, commanding. – Wounded, G A W Wright, shot through the body at Bardstown, and died; A Compton, slightly in hand, at Mt. Washington, Ky.; A P Browning, slightly in leg at Perryville; S R Bruce, badly in leg, at Perryville, and left in Kentucky – acting Orderly for Gen. Wharton; Serg't [sic] Geo. Mitchell, shot in shoulder, at Mt. Washington.

Co. F, Capt. W R Jarmon. – Wounded, Henry Terrill, slightly in hip, near Bardstown; A D McGonagill, badly in side, at Perryville, and left in Kentucky.

Co. G, Capt. Wm M Ford. – None.

Co. H, Capt. Gus. Cook. – Wounded, James Doras, slightly in shoulder.

Co. I, Capt. Geo. W Littlefield, - Killed, R B George, shot by R Carpenter at Scottsville; G J Boothe, wounded in arm, at Wild Cat.

Co. K, Capt. Pat. Christian. – Wounded, Green Bouldin, in leg, at Mt. Washington; M V Dillard, slightly in head, at Mt. Washington; John H West, badly in leg, at Bardstown, and left in Kentucky; Albert I Aukes, slightly.

A number of others received slight scratches, from balls and shells, but not serious. Several were taken prisoners and paroled [sic]; some returned with the command, others forced their way back through the lines. The following were paroled and sent to Louisville, and there confined for three weeks in the military prison; they have been forwarded to Vicksburg for exchange: R K Chatham, Co. B; Ord. Serg't [sic] A T Logan and Chs. [sic] Pelham, Co. D; John K Tynan, J M Howell and V Crocker, Co. G; Chs. [sic] Mason, Co. I.

Our last morning report shows the present strength of the regiment viz: Aggregate, 690; present in camp, 572; fit for duty, 500; sick in camp, (none seriously,) 12; absent, - sick, furloughed, paroled, special duty, etc. – 118. The field and staff at present are, Thomas Harrison, Colonel; L J Rayburn, acting Lieut. Colonel; Gus. Cook, acting Major; Capt. W R Friend, A. Q. M; Capt. Charles B Pearree, acting A.C. S.; R F Bunting, Chaplain; T J Potts and R E Hill, Surgeons; John M Claiborne, Serg't [sic] Major; Ben. A Polk, Reg't [sic] Bugler; T H Barry, Q M Serg't [sic]; John M Brownson, Q.M. Clerk; Geo. Burke, A.C.S. Clerk; J B Cowan, Issuing Serg't [sic]; Thos. C. Clay, Ord. Serg't. [sic] Capt. G C Ferrill is absent from sickness; he is now Major. Capt. John C Lowe, of Co. A, who was reported killed at Shiloh, was captured, and when convalescent was paroled and has returned to the regiment. John H. Washington of Co. D, was also reported killed, but he is again convalescent. The formation of the brigade and other matters have caused a number of changes in the company officers, but I will not mention these until the promotions are all through. This is now the order of advancement, only the 3rd Lieutenant being elected. J. Perry Bryan, of Co. R, has received the appointment of 1st Lieutenant of Artillery, and will soon leave for Texas. W.B. Oldham, Jr., has been promoted to a position on General Marcey's staff, and reports at Murfreesboro.' W. Walker Wheeler, of Co. D, is also promoted to a position on Gen. J.R. Baylor's staff, and will soon return to Texas. Arthur Pue, of Co. G, has received the appointment of 1st Lieutenant of Artillery, and is connected with our brigade. As others have written you about the formation of the brigade, it is unnecessary for me to add any thing further. It reached Murfreesboro' on the 22d and proceeded at once to its position on the left wing of the army. We are encamped about fifteen miles from Nashville. With the other regiments we take our turn in picketing. Yesterday five companies under Major Cook took their position about three miles from the enemy's camp to picket the Nashville Pike. Our army is moving up from Tullahoma, and appearances would indicate that soon there will be an engagement. The pickets are daily skirmishing. We do not know the precise strength of the enemy, although it is heavy. He is now camping in very large force between the Murfreesboro' and Franklin pikes, his camps extending some eight

miles this side of Nashville. Doubtless so soon as all his forces are massed in that position, he will advance. The weather is now very favorable, being dry and cool. The water courses are exceedingly low and in many places water is very scarce. When both parties are ready, we look for a very heavy battle here. We feel confident of success. Our troops have generally seen service and have already won a name and fame upon several bloody fields. The enemy once checked here, it will give us great advantage and hold this region which is so richly supplied with forage and supplies. We will fall back only from a pressing necessity.

Yours, R.F.B.

November 28th, 1862. – Yesterday morning whilst breakfasting, a courier brings the report that the enemy is advancing upon us. In few moments the regiment is mounted and hastens to the point. Our pickets have been driven in and he is coming onward with his artillery. The bridge being burned over Mill Creek, his progress is impeded a little while. We now hear firing along the entire line. Our brigade is placed in line of battle, the battery protecting the road and checking his advance. Different skirmishes occurred until about 12 o'clock, when the enemy ceased firing along the whole line, so far as we could hear, save now and then a random shot to divert us in front, whilst he should flank us on the left. A portion of our brigade anticipated this movement, retired back to our encampment and awaited his approach. By 4 o'clock the pickets bring in word that he is falling back upon the pike, and all is quiet. We had some lively skirmishing with small arms and gave them some well directed fires from the battery. Our loss was two men wounded – the Rangers escaping. We judge the enemy suffered considerably from the panic created by our battery playing upon them. Their cavalry we have never seen since the fight at Bardstown. They keep them along simply as an ornamental branch of the service. Yesterday morning our entire train was sent back some 7 miles to Triune for greater security. The Rangers remained in their old camp last night. The advance yesterday was upon our entire line. The enemy assailed us furiously at Lavergne and Lebanon. It may have been a general forward movement; if so, we will soon hear of them again. We expect a lively time in this region shortly. We are ready. The weather is most favorable, and everything is propitious. We have abundance of forage, have a splendid country and are among our friends. With God for us we must be successful.
R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, December 26, 1862.

Rangers' Camp, Near Nolinsville, Ten., November 25, 1862.

Messrs. Editors: - After a long separation from my regiment, I am home once again. Oh! that is a precious word – one that awakes memories of other and better and happier days in every heart. To the soldier his present home is humble, but being where duty calls, he is content. But to our household, being a large one, the last three months has brought many changes. Some gallant spirits have laid their lives upon the altar of their

country, their last battle is fought, and now they quietly sleep far from the loved and absent; others have been wounded and are laid aside from service, whilst others still, have been promoted to higher and more responsible positions. The Kentucky campaign was one of very great exposure, frequent privation, constant service and peril; yet compared with the amount of labor performed, our loss was very small. During the stay in Kentucky, of some thirty days, our brave men were engaged in thirty-four skirmishes and battles with the enemy. Frequently they would fight two and three times daily. The Rangers being in the rear were more frequently attacked than any others. Our loss was viz: Lieut [sic] Col. Mark L. Evans, seriously shot in the head, and left in Harrodsburg. His fate is not yet certainly known. [Since dead.]

Co. A, Capt. John C. Lowe – Privates Austin R. Robinson, severely in side at Salt River, Ky., (left there); G.W. Price, slightly in hip, at Wild Cat; W.A. Gill, slightly in ankle, at Salt river. Co. B, Capt. R.M. McKay – Privates R.K. Chatham, seriously in the head at Mt Washington and left in Kentucky; R. Morris, arm badly at Bardstown; J. Duncan, both legs shot off below the knee at Perryville, (left in Kentucky). Co. C, Capt. A.M. Shannon – None. Co. D, Lieut [sic] Freg. Kyle, commanding – None. Co. E, Lieut. J.K. White, commanding – Privates G.A.W. Wright, shot through the body at Bardstown and dead; A. Compton, slightly in hand at Mt. Washington, Ky.; A.F. Browning, slightly in leg at Perryville; B.R. Bruce, badly in leg at Perryville, and left in Kentucky, (acting Orderly for Gen. Wharton) Sergeant George Mitchell, shot in shoulder at Mt. Washington. Co. F, Capt. W.R. Jarmon – Privates Henry Terrill, slightly in hip, near Bardstown; A.D. McGonagill, badly in side at Perryville, (left in Kentucky). Co. G, Capt. William M. Ford – None. Co. H, Capt. Gus Cook Private Jas Doras, slightly in shoulder. Co. I. Capt. Geo. W. Littlefield – Privates R.B. George, shot and killed by R. Carpenter, at Scottsville; G.J. Boothe, wounded in arm at Wild Cat. Co. K, Capt. Pat. Christian – Privates Green Bouldin, fresh wound in leg at Mt. Washington; M.V. Dillon, slightly in hand at Washington; John H. West, badly in leg at Bardstown and left in Kentucky; Albert lankes, slightly. A number of others received scratched from balls and shells, but not serious. Several were taken prisoners and parolled [sic]. Some returned with the command others found their way back through the lines.

The following were parolled [sic], sent to Louisville, and there imprisoned for three weeks. They have been forwarded to Vicksburg for exchange; R.K. Chatham, Co. B; Orderly Sergeant A.T. Logan, Charley Pelham, Co. D; J.K. Tynan, J.M. Howell, W. Croehker, Co. G; Charley Mason, Co. I.

Our morning report shows the strength of the Regiment, as follows: Aggregate, 690; present in camp, 572; fit for duty, 560; sick in camp, none seriously, 12; absent, sick furloughed, parolled [sic], special duty, etc., 113.

The field and staff at present are: Thomas Harrison, Colonel; L.M. Rayburn, Acting Lieutenant-Colonel; Gus Cook, Acting Major; Capt. W.R. Friend, A.Q.M; Capt. Charles B. Pearce, Acting A.C.B.; R.F. Bunting, Chaplain; Doctors Potts and Hill, Surgeons; W.B. Sayers, 1st Lieut. and Adjutant; John M. Claiborne, Sergeant Major; Ben. A. Polk,

Regimental Bugler; T.H. Barry, Q.M. Sergeant, John M. Brownson, Q.M. Clerk; Geo. P. Burke, A.C.S. Clerk, J.B. Cowan, Issuing Sergeant; Thomas C. Clay, Ord. Sergeant.

Capt. S.C. Ferrill is absent from sickness. He is now Major. Capt. John C. Lowe, Co. A, who was reported killed at Shiloh, was captured, and when convalescent returned to the regiment. John H. Washington, Co. D, also reported killed, is again convalescent. There is some change in company officers, but I will omit noticing these until the promotions are through. Everything now goes up in our regiment in that way, except Second Lieutenant, which is by election. Arthur Pue, of Co. G. is now Lieut [sic] of Artillery, and C.W. Marshall, of San Antonio, is Sergeant in the same battery. We are in the Brigade commanded by our old Colonel. The Staff has the following members from our regiment. Brig. Gen. John A. Wharton; Capt. M.H. Boyston, A.A.A. General; Lieut. Jared E. Groce, Aid; Dave S. Terry, Volunteer Aid; Lieut [sic] B.H. Davis, Ordnance; S. Priedberger, Orderly; Capt. B.A. Botte, A.Q.F.; Capt. R.H. Simmons, A.C.S.; J.W. Gulick, Surgeon; James Edmonston and Pres. C. Baker, transferred to Q.M. Department; James F. Miller and William H. Jenkins transferred to C.S. Department.

The Brigade is now composed of the following: 8th Texas Cavalry Regiment, Col. Thos. Harrison; 2d Georgia Cavalry Regiment, Col. C.C. Creuss; 4th Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, Col. B. Smith; 3d Confederate Cavalry, Col. J.R. Howard; Tennessee Cavalry Battalion, Maj. W.S. Bledsoe; Section of Artillery, 6-pounders, Capt. B.F. White; Company of Cavalry, Capt. Paul Anderson. The last named acts as body-guard, under the rather non-euphonious title of "Snags." Fearing our "star," they add to them a cedar "snag." The Brigade numbers, in the aggregate, nearly 3000 men. Whenever an opportunity is presented they will do good service. Gen. Wharton has been tried before and has proven himself worthy of all confidence as a commander. His skill and ability will now be tested in a wider field than ever before.

Gen. Buell, in his official report of the Kentucky campaign, pays our cavalry a very high compliment, when he says, "The rear of the retreating army was covered by cavalry, managed better than cavalry was ever managed before." The Rangers, being in the rear of our own Brigade all the time, have the credit of doing this work so effectually. Their charge at Bardstown, under the lead of Col. Harrison, is the most brilliant one we ever made. It was a complete route of the Abolition cavalry, and its success saved the Brigade.

I omitted to mention, because I did not know the fact, that Thomas W. Drinkard, of Co. G, was wounded in the Stockade fight, where the gallant Capt. Houston fell. It was found necessary to amputate his right arm below the elbow. R.F.B.

SAN ANTONIO HERALD, December 27, 1862.

Rangers' Camp, Near Triune, Tenn. Dec. 9, 1862.

Dear Sir: - It is always pleasant to write to one's friends. In times of peace it is easy to give information. But all things are changed when cruel war is desolating our country; and occupying the position which your correspondent does, it is very difficult to speak advisedly on many things. We can only judge from what we see and hear, and even then it is not advisable to tell all we know about military matters. We are still here, - how long to remain the future must decide. The enemy is in a short distance of us, and daily we skirmish with his pickets and reconnoiter within his lines. For the better security of our brigade train, our main encampment is in this position. Having no infantry support heretofore, it was deemed advisable, in case he should come upon us in force and suddenly. We know not precisely his strength - probably 60 or 80,000 - but we do not know that; his tents lie scattered like snow flakes upon the vallies [sic] and over the hills on this side of Nashville. He forages in this direction, and daily drives inn our pickets in some direction. His foraging parties are composed of two or three regiments of infantry, supported by artillery, with a division not far in the rear. So that it is rather dangerous for a few pickets to show much battle until assistance is near at hand. We frequently capture some of their foraging parties. Now a heavy infantry force is but a few miles in our rear - a division or two - and it is advancing. This would indicate that Gen. Wharton is not to be left any longer with his cavalry and two guns to defend this entire left wing. A battery of four guns have just been sent to us from Murfreesboro'. All along our lines our troops are advancing in force upon the lines of the enemy. This would indicate that we will soon have a fight.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston is in Murfreesboro', and I suppose will take command, greatly to the gratification of the army. Any day, therefore, we may advance, and then the great conflict will take place. We have a good army, and when the time for action comes it will not be found wanting. It is rumored that Gen. John F. Morgan has completely surprised the enemy at Hartsville, Ky., capturing large quantities of stores, killing a goodly number and taking many prisoners. This will cripple his force very much. Although the Louisville and Nashville railroad is now in running order, yet that cannot be depended upon for much assistance to the enemy, for a cavalry force, under competent leaders, is en route to attend to that matter. We will soon hear from it.

I have no doubt, that should we make the attack the enemy will be driven from his position, and Nashville will yet be ours. It may not, however, be the policy of our Generals to fight here, although everything points that way at present. We should either possess the country or leave it. To hold our position on the left, as it has been done for some time past, will break down our cavalry. Our regiment has five companies on constant picket, while those resting in camp are called out daily to skirmish in some direction, or check the enemy in his foraging expeditions. Then we have frequent calls for scouts and details, which keeps our available force constantly moving. The companies do not get their rest days in camp without being called off. This renders the service very hard. But our position demands it, and the Rangers willingly comply. Col. Harrison is using every means to make his regiment as efficient as possible. We still

enjoy good health. The few who are sick are distributed in the neighborhood and well provided for. We have thus far had no use for a hospital this winter. God grant that so it may continue.

The boys have been very diligent in hunting clothes and boots. They have succeeded well, and now the great majority are comfortably supplied. Friends in different places have sent to individuals.

Some little clothing has arrived from Texas, and by all means we are doing very well. Jeans are selling from three to six dollars per yard, (Confederate money) and boots from \$20 to 40. Sometimes the ladies run the blockade and then we get articles at something like old prices. This is a hazardous experiment, but these Tennessee ladies will run the gauntlet for the benefit of the soldiers. How or where these articles are bought, it is not necessary to state, but they do, now and then, find their way into our lines. Texians owe a debt of gratitude to the patriotic, noble and beautiful daughters of Tennessee which can never be paid. To our gallant boys they have proven angels of mercy in the chamber of sickness and in the camp, in the enjoyments of the domestic circle and in providing many necessaries and comforts. Through a long life in the future will many of us turn to these acts of kindness, and they will be a bright oasis in these trying days when health is jeopardized and life is in constant peril. Ever will we, in gratitude to God for such friends at such a time, invoke Heaven's richest blessings upon them and theirs. But now even we are endeavoring to repay them, in protecting their homes, defending their rights, and soon we hope to drive the foul invader and insulting foe from their State. They are willing to make every sacrifice, and why shall not we do our duty in their defence [sic] and for their deliverance?

We send out, daily, scouting parties who make some daring reconnoissances [sic] within the lines of the enemy. Sometimes going within 2 and 3 miles of Nashville. The most successful was under Lieut. Doak, of company D, who, with ten men, was sent out in the direction of the Franklin pike, meeting the foraging party of the enemy, they attacked them. Whilst skirmishing briskly with them, Billingsly discovered three horses tied at a farm-house, and accompanied by Gill and Lieut. McNary, who was guide for the scout, they dashed off and found a Brigade, Q.M., a Regimental Q.M. and a Lieutenant of Artillery, all of whom they captured. The next day the scout returned safely with their prisoners.

Col. Harrison left at daylight this morning with all the available men in camp, to make a reconnoissance [sic] of the enemy's lines on the Winstead pike. We just now hear the firing of cannon quite rapidly, and suppose they are engaging the Abolitionists. He will give them a good fight before retiring – that will only be done when over-powered by numbers. We are all gratified with the popularity and efficiency of our Brigadier, JNO. A. WHARTON. He has the confidence of those under his command. Whatever he plans they will execute. Should an opportunity be presented, he will lead them to deeds of daring that will place his name higher upon the roll of fame than ever before. We all feel a pride in having a son of Texas in such a position – one so worthy and so gallant. Maj.

B.A. Botts is temporarily acting Ad't. [sic] General in the absence of Capt. Royston. Everything in his department is executed in perfect order with dispatch, neatness, precision and adaptation. When a paper passes through his hands it is perfect. With experience in the routine of the business, I doubt if our army can produce his superior for an Adjutant. Gen. W. has been most fortunate in the selection of his staff, and they will add greatly to his success and the comfort of the Brigade.

Judge Love, who for months accompanied us, and with his genial disposition, kind heart and humorous [sic] flow of spirits, made many a weary hour pass pleasantly, has now left us and is with the General at Brigade Headquarters. We will long remember his soldier- life with us – his kind, encouraging words and his generous acts. He enjoys excellent health, and stands the ups and downs of camp and march much better than many that are younger. We hope a kind Providence will yet permit the noble old patriot to see these troubles through, and that he will be permitted to return to his beautiful Island City home, there to spend the declining years of a useful life in happiness and peace. When we think of the once happy homes now forsaken, and the many occupants exiled and often bowed down under the weight of bitterest grief – here one and there another pining under the icy touch of misfortune – who would not pray that God may soon give us peace?

R.F.B.

Murfreesboro', Tenn., Dec. 10, 1862.

Dear Cushing: - Col. Harrison returned safely last night. With some 140 men he made a reconnoissance [sic] of the ground occupied by the enemy. He passed beyond our videttes some three miles, and driving in the pickets of the enemy, he entered his lines and penetrated to within a short distance of his division encampment. For some time he manoeuvred [sic] his gallant rangers before them. At the same time Lieut [sic] Pue opened his 6-pounders upon them. He never replied; and there that gallant band stood in full view awaiting a chase. The abolitionists doubtless suspected a trap, and were cautious, and thus our command withdrew, after accomplishing their object. It was a most perilous position, and required a soldier to guide it and then return in safety. His location is well known on the left, and when the word is given we will move forward confident of success.

On arriving here this morning I found it a perfect military encampment. It presents the appearance of Bowling Green last year. Everything indicates preparation. Gen. Johnston is busy reviewing the troops and maturing his plans. The people are hopeful, the army is jubilant. We have just passed through an excessive cold spell of weather, with quite a heavy fall of snow. It is now clear again, yet very frosty. The health of this portion of the army is amazing.

On my reaching here to-day, the city was all excitement at the arrival of the abolition prisoners, captured at Hartsville, Tenn. The courthouse enclosure was alive with them. They are Ill. and Ohio recruits, and had been out but a few weeks. Gen. John H.

Morgan's cavalry, supported by the gallant 2d and 9th (formerly 5th) Kentucky infantry, attacked them early last Sunday morning, and after a very severe fight they captured 2,104 – double the number engaged, 3 pieces of artillery, with large quantity of stores, etc.

The Kentuckians lost over 80 killed and wounded. It was a complete victory. Col. Jack informed me to-day that Adjutant Royston had left this morning for the brigade. He is entirely restored in health, and will enter at once into the discharge of his duties. He will receive a hearty welcome back among us. In addition to capability and efficiency as an officer, he adds the charm of those accomplishments which constitute a perfect gentleman and a gallantry which wreaths with honor the soldier's brow. McDonald, of Co. C, who has been connected with the Brigade Battery, died last week. He was from your city. A young man of noble impulses, he proved his own worst enemy. Now he has gone from earth.

R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, January 14, 1863.

Rangers' Camp, Near Triune, Tenn., December 9d, 1862.

Editor Telegraph – Dear Sir – I embrace an opportunity of sending you a brief note. Mr. Wythe W. Wheeler, of Co. D, who has been acting Adjutant for Gen. Wharton, in the absence of Adj't [sic] Royston, starts for Texas to-day. All is quiet this morning on the left wing. The most of our regiment is out on picket and scouting. We are kept going constantly. Our boys watch the front very closely. Yesterday they bough in an Illinois Yankee prisoner. He represents quite a large force in our front. Almost daily we skirmish with the enemy. We know not what a day may bring forth. Things are culminating in this region, and we may have a fight any day. Our regiment is in good condition; there is general health.

The Louisville Journal of a late date is received, and it reports among the recent deaths at Harrodsburg, from wounds received at the battle of Perryville, that of Lieut [sic] Col.. EVANS, of the Texas Rangers. This announcement brings sorrow to many hearts. He was formerly the Captain of Co. C. A kind hearted man, a genial friend and gallant officer. He, too, has passed away. We had cherished the hope that he would recover and be restored to us again; but God hath ordered it otherwise, and to his will we bow. But I find the clouds are dropping down small hail upon my paper, and this admonishes me to close.

Yours, R.F.B.

THE TRI-TELEGRAPH, January 5, 1863.

Shelbyville, Tenn [sic], Jan. 6, 1863.

Editor Telegraph – Dear Sir – The old year, freighted with momentous events, is numbered with the mighty past. Its blended hopes and fears, its mingled signs and tears, its victories and defeats are all among the things that were. - Eighteen hundred and sixty-three has been born amid the stirring scenes which will have a prominent record in history. The second battle of “Murfreestboro” had just been fought, a glorious triumph had followed our arms and the paeans of victory were sounding forth along the lines of the “Army of Tennessee.” That brilliant achievement was the last legacy which the departing year could give to our bleeding country. We will cherish it as a precious memento. For a week the insolent foe had been advancing. Confident of success, his track had been marked by plunder, robbery and desolation. But in the providence of God, a severe chastisement was awaiting him. His decimated ranks plainly told how heavily he had paid the penalty of these wilfull [sic] crimes. On Christmas, about 11 o’clock, his battle line slowly advanced upon our left wing, which had been protected by Gen. Wharton’s Brigade for over a month. His line extended from the Wilson and Winstead to the Nolinsville [sic] pike, some 7 miles. During all this time the duty of picketing the Wilson pike had been assigned to Lieut. Ellis, with Co. G. About noon his pickets were driven in, and he was soon compelled to abandon his reserve stand and fall back towards Nolinsville [sic]. The line of the enemy being composed of infantry, cavalry and artillery, could only be impeded by our cavalry. The brigade had early been ordered to the front, and during the afternoon the Rangers skirmished very heavily with the enemy for several hours. Observing their coolness and individual daring when charging upon the enemy, one could not but feel that they were engaged in a holiday amusement rather than the introduction to a great battle. Towards evening quiet reigned and we returned to camp. Today Lieut. R.C. Davis, of Co. E, received a flesh wound in the arm, L.P. Gordon, Co. F, slightly in the face; Jesse Billingsly, Co. D, severly [sic] in arm and side. Friday morning, couriers from our pickets reported the enemy still advancing in heavy force. His battle-line was extended and compact. He had early reached Nolinsville [sic], some three miles below our camp. It was now certain he was making a general advance, and the brigade was sent out to skirmish and dispute his way. The Rangers were to-day conspicuous for the determination and courage with which they fought. At one time they were in the hottest place they have lately found. But the danger only seemed to develope [sic] their coolness and gallantry. During the day Captain White’s battery of two guns did splendid execution, and greatly contributed to our success. Some fifteen Rangers are on detached service in this battery. Under Lieut. Arthur Pue they are efficient artillerymen. King’s Georgia battery to-day abandoned a gun and it fell into the hands of the enemy. It was lost through pure cowardice. Slowly the enemy advanced his line. Abut two o’clock it was evident our camp was in danger. Hastily tents were struck, and the train moved beyond Triune. Here the wagons remained until morning, and set out for Murfreestboro’. It was a very rainy and disagreeable sight. As darkness came on it found the enemy within a few hundred yards of the house which had been occupied as headquarters by Gen. Wharton. Our brigade bivouacked in his front in order to be ready for work early in the morning. Our casualties

had increased. Lieut. A.H. McLuer, Co. E, was killed. J.H. Glascoe and F.C. Pybus, Co. C, were slightly wounded. E.H. Dennis, Co. K, was missing. Col. Harrison had his horse shot under him. Capt. Cook was temporarily stunned by his horse falling. Sergeant Major Jno. [sic] W. Claiborne had both himself and horse knocked down by a cannon ball.

Saturday was gloomy. From the exposure of the night and want of food the men felt ill prepared for a renewal of the fight. But daylight opened the ball again. By this time Gen. Wood's infantry brigade had come to our assistance. With a battery or two they supported our charges. The infantry did but little fighting. Our cavalry was constantly engaged during the forenoon. Triune being situated in a rolling country, the ground was adapted to this work. The manoeuvring [sic] was skillful, and everywhere the enemy was met by our gallant boys. Gen. Wharton and Staff were constantly moving, and in person he directed the movements. The cavalry of the enemy was becoming more daring, but the infantry was close by for support. This rendered our charges dangerous. For whenever his cavalry was pressed, they would fall back and draw us upon the infantry,

With their long range guns we were in their power. In the afternoon, when we had retired beyond Triune, his batteries opened upon us. It was observed to-day that the Rangers were always nearest the enemy and under the heaviest fire. They can oftener get into a fight with him than any other cavalry. It was now the evident policy of our Generals to draw the enemy on and mass our troops at Murfreesboro'. Hence our skirmishing and falling back. It was a day of constant vigilance and fighting. Our last engagement was heavy, and one and a half miles this side of Triune. Our loss increases. Capt. J.C. Lowe, Co. A, lightly in mouth, by spent ball; G.B. Beaumont, severely in shoulder; Albert Medford, mortally – since dead; Co. D. D. D. Munn, slightly in thigh, Missing – Corp'l [sic] J.P. Ford, R.B. Sh[illegible]pp. Co. F – Henry Brown, slightly, breast and shoulder. Co. G – D.J. Blair, left arm badly shattered; M.L. Kimball, in hand, slightly. Co. A – Eugene Griffin, missing. Co. K – Sergt. [sic] L. B. Crump, leg, severely; I.O. Goalder, hand, badly; R.J. Bruce, of White's battery, was slightly wounded in shoulder; he was of Co. B., formerly.

During the evening a heavy rain fell, which made the dirt roads very miery [sic], yet the train plod on through mud and water until late at night, when it camped near the Salem pike. The sun set clear, and the night was very frosty; but the dry cedars furnished good fires, and thus the exposure was neutralized. The cavalry camped near the train. The infantry had mostly preceded us from Triune. It was a serious trip for them. Daylight Sunday morning found the train ready to move, and by the end of a pike 12 o'clock found us within five miles of Murfreesboro'. The warm sun and balmy air contrasted most favorably with yesterday's gloom and rain. We all anticipated a few hours rest in preparation for the coming fight; but scarcely had the horses been unsaddled, and the wagons started for forage, the blankets and clothing been spread out to dry, before a courier comes dashing along with the announcement that the enemy was still advancing

upon us, and within two miles, by another Triune road. All was commotion again. The calvary hasted to the rear, and the train moved towards Murfreesboro'. It proved to be a false alarm, although he was on our track, 6 miles in the rear. The Rangers spent the night near his advance. The train camped near town.

On Sunday night every available man and horse was made ready for the coming battle. Early Monday morning the brigade moved through Murfreesboro' and passed out 6 miles to the terminus of the Wilkinson pike. This was the direct route to Nolinsville [sic], the point from which we had started out. The enemy had concentrated his right wing on this route. The day was mild and beautiful. Our boys were exhilarated [sic] by the bracing air, and were in splendid fighting trim. Gen. Wharton threw his brigade in line of battle on both sides of the pike, and awaited the approach of the enemy. About 12, M., firing in front announced his presence. It was soon evident he intended flanking our left, and to prevent this we all crossed the pike. Soon the firing became rapid, and at times very heavy. His cavalry was becoming bolder, and on several occasions made a brilliant dash upon our brigade; but whenever the Rangers confronted him he was routed. The surgeons and myself occupied a position where we could observe the manoeuvres [sic], and candor compels the admission that the Rangers did the most of the fighting on this occasion. We were moving from point to point as the brigade would fall back, and often they were engaged with the enemy when the other regiments had left them from one-half to one mile. It was evident they too often changed their base, and too quickly turned their backs upon the advancing foe. True, it was our object to draw him on, but we were also expected to fight him as desperately as possible, and thus inflict a severe punishment on his cavalry. Undoubtedly the most brilliant affair of the day was a charge upon the "4th Ohio cavalry." Splendidly mounted, and also equipped with the most improved arms, they fancied themselves invulnerable against a rebel charge. We had understood that it was exceedingly anxious for an engagement with the Rangers. An opportunity was here presented for testing their fighting qualities. They had met the 2d Georgia and routed them, and were in close pursuit. The chances seemed good for a complete success; but just at this critical juncture the Rangers were near by. Col. Harrison improved the opportunity. So ordering a charge, with a yell they dashed after the 4th Ohio and the scale soon turned. The exultant pursuers were now pursued. In a most glorious style they were driven from the field, and chased over a mile and a half, and then the chase only ceased because we feared an ambuscade from their infantry. They left a number of their dead and wounded upon the field. We brought out some 20 prisoners, a number of horses, guns and pistols. We met with no loss. I do not wish to do injustice to the other regiments of our brigade. They have done some good fighting, and I doubt not are gallant men. But the majority of them are without side arms, and hence the great disadvantage in close quarters. When their long range guns are fired they have no alternative but to get out of the way. This often leaves the Rangers unsupported, and exposes them to great danger from an overpowering force. As the evening advanced we drew the cavalry near our left wing. His infantry following closely behind, brought him to the desired position.

After this complete rout, our regiment bore further towards the left, supposing that the enemy was flanking in that direction. The regiments for some cause had taken a panic and ran to the pike and within our lines. As we neared the infantry on our left, they supposed that we were the cavalry of the enemy and most unfortunately opened a heavy fire upon us. The Robison's Texas battery poured a terrible fire towards us, which killed several infantry men and one of the brigade. Here Sam Friedberger, Co. D, and Orderly to Gen. Wharton, was seriously wounded in the thigh and breast; Pery Gwine, Co. E severely; S.N. Tutwiler, Co. F, through left hand, and J.D. Palmer Co. H, severely in foot. So soon as the mistake was discovered, the firing ceased. L., Blackburn, Co. F was to-day injured by his horse falling. Dr. Lacey, Brig. Surgeon was captured by the enemy and made a prisoner within the lines. Soon taking our position on the extreme left, we sent out pickets and went into night quarters along a cornfield fence. Wearied from such constant service, soon quiet reigned in the ranks – the men had cast themselves down upon the damp ground for rest. About 11 o'clock, several guns were fired by the pickets, and every trooper sprang to his horse. It proved a false alarm. It was now raining and thus at intervals it continued through the night. We had several false alarms and no more rest. It was thought the enemy would attempt a demonstration upon the Railroad by the Salem pike, and hence constant vigilance was necessary in that direction. Friday morning was dreary and chilly. By daylight we mounted and were placed in line of battle. Hungry and weary, we occupied that position, save now and then changing about during the day and still watching for the enemy. Col. Harrison with a few men, made a reconnoissance [sic] in front and reported the cavalry of the enemy in very large force. Now and then it rained very heavily, but there we held our position mounted and ready for battle. After 10 M., a high wind arose and drove back the heavy clouds. It was very cold and augured a clear day to-morrow. Simultaneous with the advance upon our left on Christmas, the enemy also moved upon the Nashville pike. Here he was met by Gen. Wheeler's cavalry, and contested with him every step of the way. After almost a week's effort, he is directly in our front. To-day he deploys into line of battle along our entire front. In the center he takes his position upon a ridge at a distance of something over 1500 yards from our first line and considerably overlapping our left flank. On Sunday we had formed our line of battle about two miles from Murfreesboro' and stretching transversely across Stone [sic] river, from the Lebanon pike on the right, to and considerably beyond the Franklin dirt road on the left. During Friday, heavy skirmishing ran up and down the line from the centre [sic] to the left, but it was attended with no material results. Late in the evening it swelled almost into a battle when the enemy attempted two charges upon Robertson's battery. He was repulsed by one of Gen. McGown's [sic] Brigades. The battery was badly cut up. For about an hour before dark, we had on the left an artillery duel, which was very spirited, but being at long range the casualties were very few. About dark, our brigade fell back a short distance from the position occupied during the day, and bivouacked for the night. It had now become evident that the attack in force would be upon our left, and Claiborne's division was detached from the right for the purpose of strengthening that point and extending our line. We now had on the left wing four divisions – Cheatham's, Wither's,

McCown's [sic], Claiborne's and Wharton's Cavalry Brigade. Wednesday morning brought the last day of the old year. After several days of gloom and rain, the sun rose clear and beautiful. There at early dawn stood those two vast armies in silent battle array, it would almost seem that instead of foes confronting each other for the work of death, it was some brilliant parade to celebrate the departure of the year that was just passing away. But at length the cavalry moves forward, and soon a volley of musketry on our left told plainly that the work of death had in reality begun. A few moments more and the battle cry passed from point to point until the whole line from left to center was one unbroken blaze of fire. About [illegible] o'clock the divisions of McCown [sic], Claiborne and Cheatham were ordered to charge. The enemy was strongly planted in a dense thicket where the out-cropping of the limestone rock formed a natural fortification. Swiftly, but with a perfect line our troops emerged from the skirt of timber in which they had been sheltered, and moved across the open plain which intervened. By and by the division of Withers, which had been exposed to a murderous fire from the enemy, was thrown forward with tremendous force. The battle now became terrific: crash upon crash of musketry stunned the ear; the ground trembled with the thunder of the artillery; the thick cedars rocked and quivered amid the hail of iron balls, and the air was rent with the explosion of shells. The enemy seemed determined to stake the fortunes of the day upon holding the position which he occupied, and offered a most determined resistance, but it was not in human courage to withstand the impetuosity of that fearful charge. "Victory or death" seemed the motto of every soldier, and both commanders and men caught the inspiration of the hour, and onward they swept, whilst at every step the leaden hail poured through and through their ranks, until their course could be traced by the dead and dying. Still onward they pressed. Nothing could impede their course, artillery and infantry were alike disregarded, whilst the enemy was driven before them like the leaves before the wild tornado. Prisoners were captured by hundreds and the ground was literally blackened with the bodies of the wounded and the dead. Such a charge is seldom witnessed. Thus they swept for several miles through open fields, and cedar forests, across rocks and fences, over ditches and ravines. As though for a death struggle the enemy threw brigade after brigade, battery after battery across their track, but their course could not be stayed, the order was given "to charge" and they were scattered like chaff before the wind. In the meantime the cavalry was not idle. Just as we moved into position, a terrific yell came sounding out upon the frosty air. It was from the Texas infantry brigade of General Ector, which rested upon our right. They were charging the position occupied by Gen. Wellieh [sic], (it was his regiment with which the Rangers fought when Col. Terry was killed,) and in a few minutes he was a prisoner, and his battery in their possession. Forward our brigade dashed under the lead of Col. Harrison, who acted Brigadier throughout the fight, and passing across a thick belt of timber, they formed in the open fields and swept forward. The Rangers occupied the centre [sic]. We could now see the Yankees in the distance running for life. Soon squads were overtaken and hurried to the rear. Onward swept that outer wing. The horses seemed to catch the spirit, and they dashed forward with fresh speed. To our right the Confederate flag was flying, and the infantry was keeping pace with us,

sweeping everything in their course. The farther we charged, the more inspiring. At length we were within view of the Wilkinson pike, already some 5 miles having been passed over. A large wagon train was seen hurriedly moving towards the enemy's centre [sic]. That was a prize worth capturing, and if possible the chase became more exciting. Prisoners were now sent to the rear by scores. Quickly the pike was gained, and our brigade bore to the right and charged upon a battery which stood in a commanding position. Soon the gunners were driven back and two guns were brought out by the Rangers.

His cavalry in vain attempted to charge upon us. Here again we met one of his choice cavalry regiments – the 15th Pennsylvania. It is called "The Anderson Troop," and was Gen. Buell's body guard. But they could not stand before the dash of the Texas Rangers. We drove them from the field, leaving six or eight of their killed, besides capturing a number of them and their horses. Serg't [sic] A.L. Baines, Co. K, was killed here. This point was four and a half miles from Murfreesboro' on the Wilkinson Pike. The infantry were also pressing the right of the enemy across this pike and driving it upon the centre [sic]. All his hospitals, with the surgeons, upon his right wing, were now within our lines. They had unceremoniously taken possession of all the private dwellings on this pike, often driving the occupants out without the privilege of removing any of their valuables or property, and now all were in our hands. But the cavalry chase was not to end here. The wagon train was within his lines, and Gen. Wharton ordered its pursuit. It was near the Nashville Pike and in the rear of his main army. Col. Harrison dashed after it and soon discovered its location. The enterprise was hazardous, but the prize was valuable. With a portion of the Rangers he attacked it, drove off the cavalry guard and captures some 2000 prisoners, 300 or 400 wagons and a battery. At once he ordered it turned towards the rear. Every man was engaged, and success seemed certain; but after holding it for some time, the remainder of the brigade failed to come up to his support, and the cavalry of the enemy coming upon him in force, he was compelled to relinquish the rich prize. Had the Rangers been aided in this grand effort, it would have proven the most successful haul of the day. Few as they were, most manfully did they fight the cavalry that was thrown in force upon them. We were within their lines two miles, and within 500 yards of Gen. Rosencrann's [sic] headquarters. Here we met a heavy loss. Our casualties today were, viz:

Co. A – Alfred Stoucham, wounded and left on the field.

Co. B – Lieut. Y.H. Sharpe, wounded seriously through the body; C. Cosse, slightly in throat; J.B. Esses, severely in left arm; Jno. [sic] McIver, severely in leg; James Patterson (new recruit) badly in spine; E.B. Thomas, in hand; Joe P. Harris, badly in thigh. Missing: [illegible initial] R. Hendricks, Doc. D. Harris, Joe Stewart, Wm. Ward.

Co. C – B.F. Burris, shot through the arm. Missing: W.M. Slaughter, F.G. Kennedy.

Co. D – P.M. Mullins, thigh, badly; Wayne Hamilton, leg, badly; K.E. Rector, arm, twice, and a prisoner. Missing; Ord. Serg't [sic] Jno [sic] W Hill, P.J. Watkins.

Co. E – Missing: W.B.F. Byrd, Aaron Compton, D.J. Hall.

Co. F – F.A. Green, slightly in hand; Serg't [sic] J A Holman.

Co. G – Lt Wm Ellis and R.D. Burns wounded.

Co. H – J.T. Walker, Capt [sic] and Insp Gen'l [sic], badly in leg; S. Gallaher, wrist and breast slightly; J.H. Louthier, slightly in hand.

Co. I – Lt J H Parramore, slightly in heel; Lt Wm E Jones, badly in foot; S G Jackson, arm shattered; E P Dimmit, in foot; Henry Stevens, flesh wound in arm; Joe Hardy, shoulder.

Co. K – Missing: J F Matthews, S Epperson.

The remainder of the day the brigade was engaged watching the movements of the enemy. We camped on the field that night. Thursday morning they were off early with Gen. Wheeler and his cavalry on a raid to Lavergne, where they succeeded in destroying some 300 wagons and captured 500 prisoners and one piece of artillery. Friday and Saturday they were alternately on the right and left wing watching the movements of the enemy. Being engaged with the surgeons, I have not witnessed their labors since Wednesday. They are now between this and Murfreesboro', covering the retreat of that portion of the army on this pike.

Wednesday was the great day of the fight. – Breckinridge's division attacked the enemy on our right, on Friday, and the fight was terrible. We drove the enemy some distance, then he rallied and we were forced back again. With occasional skirmishes, it rested thus until Saturday night, when Gen. Bragg began a retreat. The enemy is badly crippled in his men and trains, and is reported retreating also. With victory on our side, we cannot divine this moment. We cannot but ask, cui bono? The abandonment of Murfreesboro' loses to us the moral effect of our victory.

But still our troops are in the best spirits. It was a matter of great surprise to all when on Saturday night our army moved from its position. It may be strategic. It may be a needful change of base – time will decide the wisdom of our withdrawing from the battle-field after holding it three days. A portion of our army started on the Manchester pike and a portion on the Shelbyville. They seem to be moving towards Tullahoma. The Federal cavalry are following us in this direction. Whether Rosecranz [sic] is bringing his army we cannot definitely declare. Our scouts reported, on Sunday morning, that his army was not within 7 miles of Murfreesboro'. Mystery, as yet, envelopes the movements of both armies, but we do know that our enemy is badly cut up. He had 60,000 men, according to the lowest estimate. We had 40,000, and not one-half of these were engaged in the battle. I have seen no official report of our loss, but the general impression is, that the killed, wounded and missing will sum up 6000. That of the enemy is four times as many. I was over the field for three days and I believe his loss in killed was four to our one, at least. He lost about ten Generals in killed and prisoners. We captured 43 pieces of artillery and several ambulances heavily loaded

with select medical stores, whilst some 400 wagons were burned. We also captured some 7000 prisoners. I think those figures will approximate his loss. Thus crippled, with his army demoralized, as they undoubtedly are, although Gen. Bragg is retreating, we claim a decisive victory. History will give it to us. Our friends at a distance should not feel despondent, for we are not in this condition. We lost but very few prisoners – many a noble spirit has fallen – among those we have Gen. Raines, of Tenn [sic], and Gen. Roger A. Hanson, of Ky., - indeed, the great wonder is that many more are not numbered with the dead. When I recount the dangers through which our regiment passed and the many narrow escapes, I am astonished that so very few have been seriously injured. We did not, perhaps, carry over 300 into these series of fights, and an unusual proportion of our officers have been more or less wounded, whilst a majority have had horses wounded or killed under them. Of all that number but very few have escaped without being hit by a bullet either in the body, their horse or clothing. Col. Harrison having the command of the Brigade, acted with his accustomed coolness and bravery, always in the advance, he seems unconscious of danger. Wherever duty calls, there he leads his men. He had one horse shot under him near Nolinsville [sic], and during Wednesday's fight was slightly wounded in the thigh. Gen. Wharton was constantly moving, and it mattered not whether it was a place of danger or no, there he took his position and issued his orders. Acting as Major General, he managed his force with great judgment and manoeuvred [sic] with skill and success. Contrary to his usual experience, he has escaped so far uninjured, although having a horse shot under him. When the brigade was under command of Col. Harrison, Major Rayburn led the Rangers in a most gallant manner, until compelled by indisposition to leave the field, when Capt. Cook took his place. During the greater part of Wednesday he commanded the regiment. Indeed, for several months, the Captain has discharged, in a most creditable and acceptable manner, the duties of a field officer and has not been for some days in command of the regiment. Should a vacancy occur by any means, no one would sooner be chosen to fill the place than he, and certainly none more competent or gallant is found among us. He also had a horse shot under him. To Drs. Culick and Hill we are indebted for special attention to our wounded. They were as well provided for as our circumstances would permit. Some were left on the march in the hands of friends, during and since the battle, some were left in private houses and others were sent to hospitals. Cooperating with them, I can bear testimony to their kindness, attention and skill in this department. A few fell inside the lines of the enemy – of their fate we are as yet ignorant. We mourn for our fallen comrades, and deeply regret their loss when now our country needs so greatly their services, but it is the Lord's will, and we bow in submission. To the hearts so badly bereft – those crushed by the tidings of sorrow which shall come upon them – we offer the consolations of the Gospel – there is found our only hope. In a temporal view of these afflictions [sic], it will be a pleasure in future days to say that such an one fell in the ranks of the Texas Rangers, when battling for his country and her independence. History will record the heroes of this glorious struggle. R.F.B.

Rangers' Camp, Near Shelbyville, Tenn., January 15th, 1863.

Failing thus far in forwarding my last by a private hand, I will add a few lines more. After a visit to Winchester, our wagon train, returned again to this point, and the brigade is now encamped some four miles out on the Murfreesboro' pike. Here our tents are pitched, whilst all the available material is on duty, some five miles further towards the enemy. It seems that General Bragg was only directed to fall back, if necessity required such a step, to the hills beyond Duck river; but the telegraph operator, by mistake, said "Elk river," and this caused a portion of our army a weary march thirty miles beyond the point and back again. But it is mostly concentrated here now, and we are in good condition to meet the enemy should he approach. We have been having some very heavy rains lately; these may cause the Cumberland to rise and bring him supplies, reinforcements, etc. These things may bring cheer to his broken ranks, and he may venture another movement forward. But I presume it will not be without some annoyance and considerable risk and loss of wagons and stores. Gens. Wheeler, Wharton, Forrest and Morgan have now 17,000 cavalry, and with such faithful attendants hanging upon his flanks, now and then dashing upon his rear and making a circuit of his whole army, he will have a lively time away from his gunboats. A portion of his force is now 8 miles this side of Murfreesboro'. We but await his advance. Gen. Bragg seems busily engaged in making the preparation to give him a hearty welcome along the banks of Duck river. He has just issued the following:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF TENNESSEE,

Winchester, Jan. 9, 1863.

Soldiers of the Army of Tennessee: -

Your gallant deeds have won the admiration of your General, your Government and your country. For myself I thank you, and am proud of you – for them I tender you the gratitude and praise you have so nobly won. In a campaign of less than one month, in the face of winter, your achievements have been unparalleled. You have captured more than ten thousand prisoners, taken and preserved thirty pieces of artillery and seven thousand small arms, in addition to many thousands destroyed. You have besides captured eight hundred wagons, loaded chiefly with supplies which have been destroyed or brought safely to your lines, and in pitched battle you have driven the enemy before you, inflicting a loss at least of three to one greater than you have sustained. In retiring to a stronger position without molestation from a superior force, you have left him a barren field on which to bury his hosts of slain and rally and recuperate his shattered ranks. Cut off from his Government both by rail and telegraph, and deprived of supplies by the interruption of his communications, we shall yet teach him a lesson for the rashness of penetrating a country so hostile to his cause. Whilst the infantry and artillery defy him in front, our invincible cavalry will assail him in flank and rear, until we goad him to another advance, only to meet another signal defeat. Your General deplures, in common with you, the loss of your gallant comrades who have fallen in our recent conflicts. Let their memories be enshrined in your hearts as they will

ever be tenderly cherished by their countrymen. Let it be yours to avenge their fate and proudly to emulate their deeds. Remember that your face is to the foe, and that on you rests the defence [sic] of all that is dear to freemen. Soldiers! the proudest reflection of your General's life is to be known as the commander of an army so brave and invincible as you have proven. He asks no higher boon than to lead such men to victory. To share their trials, and to stand or fall with them, will be the crown of his ambition.

BRAXTON BRAGG, Gen. Commanding.

This document speaks for itself. Stirring scenes are yet before us; much work is left to be performed. When the day of trial comes, this army will not be found wanting. In all this programme [sic], the Texas Rangers will be assigned a conspicuous place. But under our gallant leaders, we will not mar the brilliant record of the past.

For whenever one noble spirit falls on the field of conflict, there is another ready to take his place. Or should he be promoted to a higher position, his mantle of authority descends upon those who will wear it honorably, and leave no spot upon its texture. During the battle of Wednesday, the 31st, Col. Thomas Harrison was acting Brigadier, and how admirably he filled the position, I have mentioned before. He still is commanding the brigade. I understand Gen. Wharton is ordered by Gen. Bragg to mount several of the dismounted Texas Regiments in this army, and this will give us another brigade. I know not upon whom the honor will be conferred, but I do know that Col. Harrison is worthy to receive such a position, and will bring a mature judgment, great military skill and heroic bravery to the discharge of its duties. William B. Sayers, who has so faithfully, efficiently and gallantly filled the office of Sergeant Major, and then Adjutant of our Regiment, has been acting as Adjutant General to Col. Harrison. His modesty united with his great precision, his correctness in official duties, with a tried courage, make him a model young officer. This change, with Maj. Rayburn's serious indisposition, developed upon Capt. Gustave Cook the command of the Regiment during the greater part of the day. His ability to lead the Texas Rangers was fully tested in the celebrated "wagon charge," and late in the evening when a regiment of Federal cavalry was thoroughly routed and chased. Indeed he has everywhere proved himself a soldier prepared to meet any emergency. He was assisted in the command by Capt. Pat Christian, who acted as Major. In this position he proved himself the gallant soldier and skillful officer. For over a year the Captain of company K, he has filled the place with great credit to himself and his men. Always present with them, sharing in their privations and dangers, cheering them by his humor and wit, he has, already made for himself a name among the brave and when promoted to the position he now temporarily occupies, he will bring the experience that will make him an efficient field officer. Sergeant Major J.M. Claiborne, has also discharged the duties of Adjutant in a manner most creditable to himself and satisfactory to the regiment. But time or space will not permit me further to specify where all behaved so nobly, and gained for themselves the admiration of the army. Added to their previous fame, the achievements of the second battle of Murfreesboro', they now stand second to no other troops in the army of

Tennessee. Wherever Texians are found, they win a name on the battle field. On our left wing was Gen. Ector's brigade, composed of the 10th, 11th, 14th and 15th Texas, and on that glorious charge, which should immortalise [sic] the fame of any troops, they were conspicuous. They first broke the stillness of the morning with a genuine yell, as they rushed upon the foe, and onward they dashed until the victory was complete. But their ranks were badly thinned. It is said that they were at one time charging a battery, and a rabbit springing up before them, with a shout they dashed after it until caught, and then rushed upon the battery, although passing through the very jaws of death, and it seemed but for them a holiday sport, until it was captured. The gallant 9th was also in the fight, but I do not know its position. Just before leaving Nolinsville [sic], Lieut. Gordon, of company A, was the hero of a brilliant excursion, in which he captured 14 prisoners. Gen. Wharton ordered him to take a detachment of the Rangers and capture a heavy picket guard on the N. Pike. It was composed of infantry and cavalry. The guide was mistaken in their position, aiming to get in their rear, else he would have bagged the whole party. Striking the pike in their front he ordered a charge. The enemy was on a hill and gave him a round as he advanced, and then broke for their lines, their reserve, which was in heavy force, only saving the entire party from capture. Lt. D.D. Terry, aid to Gen. Wharton, and Eugene Griffin, company H, led the advance with Lieut. Gordon. He met no loss. It was a bold and successful affair, and reflected great credit on the Lieutenant. We are now having very disagreeable weather, a heavy and cold rain storm has been succeeded by a freeze and fall of snow. Many have been without tents, it is very trying, and will produce its effects. But the soldier must bear and hope. Yours. R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, February 13, 1863

Correspondence of the Telegraph.

FIFTEEN MILES FROM SHELBYVILLE, on Fayetteville Pike, Feb. 2d, 1863

Editor Telegraph – We are now in Lincoln county. Although wearing the name of the despot who governs the U.S. and waged an unholy war against those who wish neither his rule nor his shield of protection; yet it nobly eschews all relationship with the namesake. It has responded to the South most nobly, and stands among the first in its offering of men to this glorious cause. Almost a week ago the brigade started forth upon an expedition, the destination of which was a profound secret to the uninitiated. But doubtless ere this the mystery is solved and some grand surprise has been given to the enemy, or perhaps some brilliant achievement has been accomplished. Whilst we were engaged in the irksome work of picketing on the Murfreesboro' and Shelbyville, pike after the battle for some two weeks, Gens. Morgan, Wheeler and Forrest were on the more desirable work of harrassing [sic] the enemy in his rear, capturing his gunboats and transports and performing great feats generally. Now that he is thoroughly aroused and vigilant, our brigade is sent forth to perform some similar feat, and will be expected to have similar success. The expedition will call forth the military genius of Gen. Jno. [sic] Wharton, but he will doubtless prove himself equal to his brother Brigadiers, as he

has done before when an emergency demanded his presence and a trial of his skill and judgment in leading his brigade. We expect something worthy such an expedition will be accomplished before they return. Everything in this quarter is quiet. We learn that the Yankees yesterday surrounded and surprised some of Wheeler's pickets, who relieved us wounding a few and capturing a number. The surprise was doubtless through carelessness on their part. The army of Tennessee is resting after the fatigue of the late battle, and is preparing for further deeds of heroism whenever the foe shall come after us. Now our line of defense forms a sort of obtuse triangle, having its apex at Tullahoma, and the lines formed by our left resting on Shelbyville on the one side and our right resting on Manchester on the other, constituting the sides of the angle. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston arrived at Tullahoma a few days ago, and will doubtless superintend the reorganization of this army, in order that it may be the better prepared for action, efficiency and victory, than at any previous time. Gen. Bragg has headquarters at Tullahoma, and is still the subject of much criticism in the journals, some sustaining and others condemning him. But history will doubtless do him ample justice, and show the reasons for the retrograde movements of the army. But I believe that if he was removed from this command and some one, in whom the people and the army would have more confidence, was put at the head of the "army of Tennessee," it would inspire more general confidence and make fresh enthusiasm among the troops. Under his generalship, the soldiers have no encouragement to peril life and often lay it down for a glorious victory, because they do not believe that he will improve it, but on the other hand by falling back, will lose much of its advantages. It is very certain that we gained a most decisive victory at Murfreesboro', and more than ever we are convinced of the fact by their own correspondents, whose letters are now being republished in the South, and it is moreover believed, that had the battle been vigorously renewed on Thursday morning, their army would have been driven back in confusion and utter disorganization to Nashville; but by delaying day after day, the enemy recuperated his broken ranks, and inspired his dispirited troops with the belief that we were so crippled that we could not renew the attack, and then on retreating and thus permitting him to occupy Murfreesboro', the entire moral effect of the victory, was lost to us in the North, and also to no small extent in the South. Could we have but repulsed that army, and we had the ability to do it, as were those at Fredericksburg and Vicksburg, who can tell the results which would have followed? But their apparent victory here gave the North renewed assurance [sic] that the rebellion would be crushed out in Middle Tennessee, and this compensated to some degree for their defeats in the East and the West. One glorious victory gained here and the enemy routed, would have a magic effect upon this army, and this noble people. May heaven yet grant us such a blessing.

We have many rumors by grape vine and telegraph and through the press of mediation and recognition and armistice, but as yet we have nothing positive, although the signs of the Northern times seem to intimate that soon a thorough change will take place in public feeling there, and the utterings which are coming across the great waters, are continually deeper and more earnest in our behalf. All these things seem to us satisfactory evidence that already we have seen "the beginning of the end." The

impression is gaining ground in well informed military circles, that a few months more of earnest, faithful and successful efforts on our part, will bring to our hearts and homes and country, the blessings of peace. Great and growing dissatisfaction seems to pervade the Northern army, as will be seen by the resignations, removal and dismissal of their Generals. The proclamation of Lincoln, which is the crowning infamy of all his diabolical schemes for our ruin, seems to have its results, and the work will go on until those results will bring great benefits upon our cause. I think we have only to trust in God, "keep our powder dry," and do our duty as becomes those to whom a mighty trust is committed, for a little while longer, and after the long weary seed time, in which we have gone forth with tears, we will be permitted to return bearing with us "the sheaves" of the riches; and most precious harvest which the world has ever witnessed. These signs, which bid hope to spring up in our hearts – which seem prophetic of the nearing and glorious future, when our young nation shall enter the Caanan [sic] of her rest and prosperity – should not cause us to relax one effort or to cease executing one well matured plan for carrying on this war; but on the other hand inspiring our hearts with fresh hope, we should renew our efforts and increase our prayers for God's presence to still be with us and his blessings to still follow our arms, until our enemy is utterly overthrown and we are free. This once accomplished, then our glorious Confederacy will take her place in the great family of nations, and although the youngest born sister, yet by no means the least or most unworthy, for already by her heroic devotion to the cause which lies so near the heart of her people, by her sacrifice, her gallant deeds, her glorious achievements in arms, she has exhorted the unwilling praises and admiration of the civilized world. Unity in our councils and our hearts, successes upon the field and upon the sea should not cause us to forget that "vigilance," coupled with desperate deeds, is the price of our liberty. Whilst our foe is distracted in his counsels and paralyzed by the dissensions among his people, this should bind our hearts together as the heart of one man, so that we can gain an advantage over our proud, defiant and insolent foe, and compel him also to acknowledge our independence and allow us to go in peace, that we may worship God under our own vine and fig-tree, and choose the form of Government which will best subserve our interests, protect our institutions make us prosperous and happy.

At this late date, I will acknowledge a beautiful present received some months ago by the regiment. It arrived last summer, during my sickness, and was at once carried on the Kentucky expedition; hence the omission on my part to mention it before. I refer to the appropriate and neatly executed flag presented by Miss Eliza E. Groce and Miss Annie Jefferson, of Hempstead. Being a parallelogram in form, the ground word is composed of a deep red, French merino, having ten broad bars of blue silk running crosswise on either side. Upon these are twelve small white stars, and one larger, where they meet at right angles to the centre [sic]. It is ornamented with a neat and tasteful border. A graceful blue silk streamer flies from the top of the flagstaff, bearing on the one side the inscription, "We conquer or die;" and on the other, "Terry's [a five pointed star with the word TEXAS between the points] Rangers."

The flag has been committed to the protection of Ensign Albert C. Jones, Co. 9, who is assisted by Corporals W.W. Locke, Co. E, and Aaron Burelson, Co. D. The fair donors may be assured that in the keeping of these gallant men our flag will be borne safely thro' the thickest of the battle, and will never fall into the hands of the enemy whilst there is a Texian arm spared to rescue it from such a disgrace. Often, when the conflict rages with its greatest fury, are our colors seen proudly waving in the breeze, and calling to the rally or indicating a preparation for the desperate charge.

We are continually undergoing changes in the regiment. Co. B (the "Archer Greys") is now Gen. Wharton's body guard. Lieut. W.L. Gordon, Co. A. has been promoted to a captaincy, and now commands a spy company, made up from the brigade. Samuel Ashe, Co. B. is promoted to 1st Lieutenant under him. The work of disintegration which is constantly going on from our ranks in promotion, transfers and special detail, has its effect in diminishing our effective force; but still we are expected to take our position and maintain the name and brilliant fame which has been gained in the past.

We have now associated with us in the brigade the "11th Texas." They were previously dismounted, and after a considerable experience as infantry, they have been mounted again. The "11th" belonged to Gen. Ector's Brigade, and was under the lead of its lamented Col. Burks, one of his most efficient regiments. He fell whilst gallantly leading it in the charge on the 31st, at Murfreesboro'. By his death it has met an irreparable loss. The boys are overjoyed at the prospect of being cavalymen again. Col. Bounds is now commanding them. It is a burning shame that such horsemen as Texians are, and I may justly add, such fighters, too, should be put in the infantry service, when so many are mounted who are merely, as General Bragg once said, in answer to an inquiry about his cavalymen, "men on horseback ." Poorly mounted, poorly armed and shamefully poor horsemen, they are often a reproach to this honorable arm of the service, and are a loss to the web foots where they would be compelled to do good fighting – Although these Texians are in our brigade, yet the old Rangers, ever jealous of their title, and proud of their name which has been so dearly purchased, have adopted a new device which will distinguish them from the 11th: you will now see their hats branded thus; a five pointed star with the word TEXAS between the points, the name TERRY over the star, and the letter R in centre [sic] of star.

Whatever may be their changes, whoever may lead them, yet they cherish the name and memory of their lamented Colonel, who so early fell upon the field of battle, with an undying love. Never will they consent to be known in this war, nor yet upon the page of history, by any other name. It was he who first gave prestige to the regiment; he who led it from the land of flowers, and upon the bleak hills of the "dark and bloody ground," in its first brilliant charge upon the enemy, sealed his devotion to his country, by a life which could be illy spared when the demand for men was so pressing.

R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, March 11, 1863

Special Correspondence of the Telegram.

FAIRFIELD, (near War Trace), Tenn., March 3, 1863.

Editor Telegraph: - Military matters are so complicated along the Mississippi these days, that we know not when or how our mails can reach you. But a private opportunity is now presented, and I will improve it. We know not that our letters all reach Texas, but still endeavor, time after time, to communicate with our friends. Occasionally, I meet a "Telegraph," and there learn that my hurriedly written letters do sometimes appear; but doubtless quite a number have been lost, either by the mail or carelessness of individuals. This, to some extent breaks the connection of events in our regiment. But what I omit I trust others more competent will supply.

We are now at our old duty, picketing on the right wing. When the regiment struck tent near Berlin and marched here via Shelbyville, we had a most disagreeable trip. It rained in torrents day by day; the constant exposure, the swollen streams and the muddy roads, when leaving the pikes, all combined to render the march one of very great fatigue and discomfort. Indeed, during the month of February, we have had sunshine but five days; the windows of Heaven seemed to have been opened afresh, and the weather yet is not settled. March is generally considered the most uncertain month of the winter, but I trust we have seen the worst, and we shall hope for the best in these coming days.

Yet, notwithstanding our numerous vicissitudes and the various labors to which our regiment has been subjected, yet there is better health than for months past. We have at present no serious cases of sickness with us. Our wounded, as far as we are apprised, are all doing well. Our regiment still shows, at the first of this present month, an aggregate of six hundred and twenty-nine. Although quite a number are on detailed service, yet we can send out a respectable force for duty.

We are temporarily in this position, being 3 miles from War Trace (on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad), we draw our commissaries from that depot. But the region is about exhausted, and soon we must change our locality. We now obtain our forage on disputed territory, and every day risk our train. Both ourselves and the Yankees now look to that uncertain range for such supplies. Any day may bring on a serious collision. But being so well posted in these matters, we do not fear a hostile meeting, it if be necessary. Our camp is now in the vicinity of Beach Grove, which is on the pike leading from Tullahoma to Murfreesboro'. We are now some twenty mile from the latter place. This makes our position here emphatically in "the front." But Gen. Wharton will in a few days command a division. This will give him Wheeler's old brigade, in addition to his own, which is already too large for convenience. This change will relieve Jno. [sic] H. Morgan, who now pickets on our extreme right, and Wharton's line will then extend some twenty-five miles from Chapell Hill to Woodbury. Gen. Morgan will then doubtless again pay his respects in person to the abolitionists, who are wielding an iron rule over Kentucky.

Jno. [sic] A. Wharton has discharged so efficiently and satisfactorily his duties as Brigadier, that doubtless a short time will find him a real Major General. This will be a compliment richly earned by a brave soldier, a successful officer and a worthy Texian. The Rangers are gratified to see those who have so often and so gallantly led them elevated to positions of honor and influence and usefulness in our army. Col. Thos. Harrison has commanded a portion of our brigade ever since the battle of Murfreesboro'. This is a position in which he can gain fresh laurels, and by his skill, dauntless bravery and success, he, too, will prove himself worthy of the brilliant honors which are being conferred upon Texians.

The continued absence of Lieut. S.C. Farrill, who has been home on sick furlough, devolves still the command of the Rangers on Capt. Gustave Cook, who is now by seniority Major of the Regiment. To those who know his sterling qualities as a man, his success in professional life, his genial nature and the energy of his character, it is useless for me to add a word more in reference to his adaptation for such a responsible and honorable position. With such a disposition of our officers, should the impending conflict soon come upon us, we do not fear the result. Here, as elsewhere, in military circles there seems at present a perfect calm. This indeed may be but prophetic of the coming storm which is gathering along our eastern seaboard, upon the Rappahannock, on the banks of the Mississippi, and upon the bloody ground of Tennessee. The proud foe seems marshalling his mighty hosts from every quarter and concentrating them at different points in order that he may hurl his legions upon us, and at one blow strike down the rebellion which has now assumed such gigantic proportions. It is expected that we will meet him at Tullahoma. Should such be the case, it will doubtless be the decisive battle for Middle Tennessee. However, should the enemy change his tactics and come with a heavy force up the Tennessee river in his transports, that may cause "a change of our base" in order to avoid being flanked. As things now stand, such a movement is not improbable on the part of the enemy. However much our army may deprecate such a necessity. Yet, should he land a heavy force at Florence, Ala., then it would be necessary for us to fall back to Bridgeport, or perhaps across the Tennessee river. Such a step will be most unfortunate for our people and the army. It will prevent the citizens from planting any crop this spring, either for their own support or for our aid next summer and winter. I learn that the enemy will not allow the farmers in Middle Tennessee to make a crop at all this spring. He is pressing all the available stock for army purposes and, by official order, destroying the implements of husbandry. – This will leave our people in a sad condition. But we must yield to circumstances. There is a providence in all these things. We may yet be required to learn useful lessons of dependence on Him, and our ability to sustain ourselves by his blessing upon our efforts in every department of trade and agriculture. Ere long you may expect some important movement here. General Van Dorn was at Columbia last week with nine thousand cavalry, which he brought from Mississippi. By Thursday his force was over Elk river, and it was supposed he would make an attack upon Franklin, Tenn. I was there when his troops were crossing, and found Whitfield's (Texas) Brigade with him. Van Dorn will doubtless act as Lieut. General of Cavalry. – This is a position for which he is admirably

adapted, and will make this arm of the service most efficient in thwarting the plans, and cutting on the supplies and destroying the trains of the enemy. With our heavy cavalry force in this department, such injury should be inflicted upon the enemy. Especially in the event of a general battle, it may be the means of defeating the army of the invader. At any rate we cannot be idle, "the powers that be" will not allow us to remain thus. Gen. Wharton has now a new company, formed for special service and of picked men. It is made up from the different commands under him, and numbers about fifty men. Of these twelve are Rangers and ten from the 11th Texas.

Lieut. M. L. Gordon, Co. A is Captain.

Sam B. Ashe, Co. B, 1st Lieut.

Sam Haverick, Co. G, 2nd Lieut.

T.D. Sanders, Co. F, Orderly Sergeant.

It is called the "Wharton Scouts," and is composed of choice material and they will have the opportunity of doing hazardous service. We are here cut off from regular mails and hence know not how the great Northwest is progressing in her reported revolution. Still we are hoping for something tangible and effective to result from the movement. The opinion among our people seems gaining ground that there is something on foot there, although we cannot exactly get at the reality of the affair. I learn from a gentleman just from Richmond that there the opinion seems current, that we will receive them into the Confederacy and thus end the war. Doubtless afterwards there will be terms arranged satisfactory to both parties. This may not suit the feelings and views of the people, but suppose our statesmen will in wisdom judge aright. Some of them, judging from recent debates in Congress would be disappointed, however, if the war should end before all the preachers and editors are brought into the army. The opinion is often expressed and almost unanimously concurred in, that the Southern Confederacy should form no permanent alliance with any free States. It would doubtless be a source of continued agitation, and eventually will bring on a disruption in the future. The West has been our most determined foes in this struggle, her soldiers are the men whom we find skilled in arms and splendid fighters. Their hosts have swarmed upon us like the locusts of Egypt and demanded our heart's blood, and surely now they cannot love us with so great a passion as willingly from principle to adopt our Constitution and make an alliance with what they call, "the sons of all villainies" – slavery. We should well consider before we press the viper to our young nation's breast that will ere long be warmed into fresh life, and again infuse into her heart the poison of death. It is to be feared that our great anxiety to "end the war" will overbalance our better judgment and lead our rulers into error. We need now great patience, much wisdom, prudence and statesmanship. We need brains for diplomacy at this critical juncture.

Tidings come to us now and then from Texas which brings joy to our hearts. We hail with gratitude and thanksgiving the brilliant achievements of our brothers upon the seaboard. Our heretofore insolent foe has been taught a most useful lesson; he has

been humbled and defeated where he least expected it. May the victories so gloriously won inspire our people to still nobler needs of heroism, and so guard your shores that no more "the old flag" desecrated shall wave upon our soil.

But the boys are so busily engaged before the tent in discussing how they shall go home, and are indulging in such glowing anticipations about the sweethearts whom they expect to take back with them – how happy they will be when the war is over, that I am really bewildered by the pleasing thoughts which crowd upon my mind, and therefore must close. Not, however, without expressing the desire and uttering the prayer that their fondest and most cherished hopes shall all soon be realized. Gallant soldiers! they have cheerfully suffered privation, nobly fought our foe, and bravely won a name and fame, and they deserve all the blessings of peace. R.F.B.

March 4th, 1863

We have just heard officially that Gen. Van Dorn has captured Franklin, Tennessee, with three thousand prisoners, a number of wagons, arms, etc. The successful work was accomplished on the first. His loss was very small. This daring raid into the enemy's lines will stir them up to greater vigilance, but our cavalry is continually floating around upon his wings, and he may expect frequent visits. On the same morning, a portion of our brigade under Col. Malone, who was on picket at Bradyville, was attacked by a heavy force of the enemy. After holding them in check for several hours, during which time our cavalry met their sabre [sic] charge with clubbed guns, and in a hand to hand encounter killed a number of them; a heavy body of cavalry coming to the rescue, we were compelled to yield the position. Our loss was small. Considering our troops were deficient in six-shooters, the affair was most creditable for the Tennesseans.

On the same day, I regret to say that two of the Rangers were captured whilst on forage duty. Although several miles within our lines, yet on account of the advance and advantage, they were surprised. They were on detached service – as are all the others, in Capt. Gordon's Scout Company. They were R.T. Hill, Co. D, and M.H. Sanders, Co. F. They were carried to Murfreesboro', and doubtless ere this, have taken a trip North to visit others of our comrades who are confined in abolition bastiles [sic]. This has been a regular, raw, chilly, disagreeable March day. The available force of the regiment is on picket duty in the front. In the morning, K.K. Rector, Co. D, and S.G. Jackson, Co. I, will start for Texas. They were wounded at Murfreesboro, and are consequently discharged. May a kind Providence preserve them safely through the dangers of the journey, and restore them to their homes, and for long years to crown them with prosperity and happiness, as a reward for their gallant conduct. R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPN, March 30, 1863

Ranger's Camp, Fairfield, Tenn., March 7, 1863.

E.H. Cushing, Esq. – My dear sir: Once again yours of February 2d is received. With it I am indebted to your kindness, in sending per Lt. Col. S.C. Ferrill (handed me by Capt.

Littlefield) twenty one hundred and forty dollars, for the benefit of the Rangers. You add, "This money is raised in different parts of the State, and sent to you for forwarding," etc.

In behalf of the Rangers I acknowledge, with gratitude to our Heavenly Father who has so richly blessed our State, this free will offering, which so spontaneously comes from the friends who first bid us go forth in this struggle, and who have never forgotten us in all the sufferings and perils of this campaign. Well do the gallant Rangers remember the day when, in obedience to their country's call, the doors of these once happy homes opened, and amid many tears and farewells, they rushed out upon this sea of strife, followed by a father's benediction, a mother's prayers, a wife's affection and a sister's love. After these many months of separation and anxiety, it is cheering, time after time, to receive these expressions of their continues confidence in us, and their love for us. May Heaven in return, richly reward in basket and store, in happiness and peace, our absent friends and benefactors.

Believe me yours, R.F. Bunting,

Chaplain Terry's Texas Rangers.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, April 22, 1863.

Rangers [sic] Camp, Fairfield, Tenn., March 12th, 1863

Editor Telegraph – permit me, through your paper, to acknowledge, per Lt. Col. C.S. Ferrill, from Mrs. Celeste R Gossler, three hundred and eighty four dollars and fifty cents, which was realized at two concerts and tableaux, given by the young ladies of Rutersville Female College, for the "Terry Rangers." Thus not only are the fathers and mothers at home contributing towards the comfort of our gallant soldiers in the field, but the fair young daughters of our State are interested in this blessed and patriotic work, whilst engaged in the quiet pursuit of study, which will fit them for usefulness in society and the church, and make them ornaments and blessings to their country. We appreciate this gift from the young ladies of the Rutersville Female College, and whilst it was a pleasure to them in giving the entertainment by which they realized it, and a gratification to their audience, it is a pleasure to receive such token of interest in our cause and their esteem for the Rangers. Mrs. Gossler will please present to the young ladies our thanks for their substantial friendship, with the assurance that I will personally direct its expenditure upon the suffering and needy soldier. With respect, yours,

R.F. BUNTING

Chaplain Terry's Texas Regiment

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, April 22, 1863.

Rangers' Camp, Fairfield, Tenn., Mar. 12.

Messrs. Editors: The last advices declared all quiet along the front. Indeed, it could well be otherwise. It seems the days of Noah have returned to us again. Not so much the "marrying and giving in marriage," as the continually pouring down of rain upon the

earth. It does one's heart good to see the bright sun these days. During February we but seldom looked upon his smiling, warming face, and then only at brief periods. This month so far has been no better. All things considered, it makes a winter campaign no trifle in the grand "Army of Tennessee." Such a state of things compels both parties to remain quiet only when necessity requires a movement upon disputed territory for forage. This sometimes brings a collision of arms, when a few accidents occur. Perhaps some brave cavalier is dismounted or captured for his temerity. Our brigade has for some time been engaged in the monotonous work of picketing. Occasionally, however, they are waked from their dreams of security by the sound of artillery which foretells the approach of the enemy upon some of the pikes. The dirt roads are now next to impassable, and hence the necessity to follow these main arteries which course through noble old Tennessee. Gen. John A. Wharton is now acting as Major General, and pickets from Chappel Hill to Woodbury, some 25 miles, with his cavalry. This brings the entire front under his control. He yesterday started out upon a tour of investigation along his lines. Always vigilant and prompt in an emergency, he is winning golden honors for both himself and command. Promotion to full Major Generalship does not seem very far before him. He is one of the few men who can be both a politician and a soldier. I am informed that his Brigade now stands higher at Head Quarters than any in this Department. The week's fight before Murfreesboro certainly was worthy of all commendation. – This morning, early, our regiment was ordered off towards and beyond Shelbyville. The exact nature of the duty before them has not transpired. It may be to picket some important road along on the left wing, or perhaps to join in some expedition. They had only been in camps three days – a portion being on duty each day, and were not in condition for such a trip. But it is our luck. Wherever there is work to be done, there the Rangers are sent. Considering the exposure of late there is but little sickness of a serious nature. A good many are necessarily complaining, but a few days relief from duty will remedy the indisposition, and I hope a kind Providence will smile upon us during the spring as in months gone by. We have had but one death from disease since last July, and that was private S.W. Callorn, Co. F; who took pneumonia and terminating in typhoid fever, he sank under it. Should we still escape one month more the disagreeable weather will be over. There has been such a lull in war matters since the Murfreesboro fight that we are expecting active times very soon. Indeed a heavy battle may not be far off from us here. It is said that Rosencrans [sic] has been strongly re-inforced [sic], and it is doubtless true, so that we will have a larger force to meet than before. I know of no body of troops from anywhere having come to our relief, although our army is constantly filling up from the conscripts and return of absent soldiers. But when the hour of trial comes our Generals will doubtless be found ready to meet the invading foe.

We hear sad and painful tales from our friends within his lines. Everything is paralyzed [sic], robbery, plunder and destruction seem the watch-word. For five miles around Murfreesboro the fencing is totally destroyed. The provision of all kinds is seized, and the people are compelled to submit to the humiliation of drawing rations for their support. Then there seems no hope for the future whilst he occupies our territory, for the

farmers are prohibited from planting any kind of grain; while implements of husbandry are all taken and destroyed, by military order. The stock is all pressed for the use of the army. They say the sheep shall all be killed and this will diminish the supply of clothing and no crop being in the ground for the support of the old, the women and children, this will compel the male population who are absent in the Southern army, to return home and provide for their wants. Thus it has come to be a warfare upon the women and children, and the helpless. All alike are called upon to suffer, rich and poor, friend and foe. What all the region thus occupied by the enemy must do next year for supplies is a problem that time must solve. If it is our policy still to fall back, and ever to yield our territory acre by acre and mile by mile, when are we to stop? How are our people to be sustained? It does seem that the time has come for a change in our programme [sic]. We should begin now with the opening spring to cease the defensive and vigorously act upon the aggressive. FORWARD! should now be the watchword for our army.

I have spoken above of our acknowledged enemy, who is arrayed against us, he comes to fight us, he declares his intention to subjugate us, to destroy us. We know his position, where to find him, how to meet him. But this is not the only enemy we have to meet, would to God it was so but the people of these Confederate States have an enemy at home, among our own people, in our homes, and in the places of business that is more dangerous to our liberties, more threatening of our ruin. It pains us to feel that it is so. We would not expect it of our countrymen. But reports come to us from our returned soldiers, officers and citizens of the fearful depreciation of our money – that it is at a greater depreciation in Texas than any other State, that provision is now at such prices that it is beyond the reach of thousands. (This is in a measure remedied in San Antonio by your home aid or supply societies.) The wail of wife and children crying for bread comes up to our ears. It is not because there is none in the land, for no State in the Confederacy is now better supplied, but it is owing to the fact that speculators and extortioners have gathered up all the supply and having it in their power, it is put to these ruinous prices for their private gain. The abolition army comes with its counterfeit money, and this is paid to our people for their property, and thus they are robbed. The speculator depreciates our currency at home, and it will not reach the necessaries of life, and the families of the soldier are starving; at other times private property is seized and appropriated without any pay, whilst the speculator and extortioner place out of reach those things necessary for the sustenance of life, and thus tantalizing the sufferer, he brings misery upon his victims, and they too, the bone and flesh of the absent soldier. The one is an avowed foe the other a professed friend, but which is the greatest enemy to our prosperity; our happiness, our independence?

Doubtless this class of men all have their excuses – they have been very liberal; they have made great sacrifices, they cannot afford further charity, etc. But has it not generally paid a good return? Is it not generally a good speculation? What is all their money gifts in comparison with the wear and tear of soul and body, with the exposure to and suffering from disease, with blood and life which the soldier freely endures and cheerfully gives for the cause? And because he is thousands of miles away and his

family are thus destitute, must they cry for bread and suffer for clothing necessary to hide their nakedness? At present prices can they be supported? We hear too many tales of wrong, oppression and extortion to remain in silence, and not lift a warning voice. The day will come when these brave men who are now absent and fighting for their country will return. Their hearts are now often agonized in view of these things, and think ye not, that they will have a day of reckoning with those who have caused all this misery, anguish and suffering! Oh! there is a fearful day of settlement in the future. Men may hoard up their silver and gold, they may keep back from the hungry, bread and meat, because they cannot pay this currency. They may box up all the supplies of food and then by advancing the price to be unreasonable figures depreciate Confederate money, which the soldier receives for his pay, but "be sure" the day comes, "when his sins will find him out."

Ranger's Camp, 6 miles from Shelbyville, March 18th, 1863.

Our command is now on this pike leading from Shelbyville to Triune. All the available part of our regiment is on picket duty in the front. Yesterday Capt. G.W. Littlefield was [missing line of text] is very warm and pleasant. It is reported that the enemy has fallen back on the pike on our front. It may be to flank us in some other position, or it may be caused by Confederate movements in Kentucky. If coming at all, a few days will doubtless develop his plans. We expect stirring times here very soon.

Capt. Ford and W.H. Bigelow arrived safely a few days ago. The letters from our friends were all received, and gave us great pleasure in their perusal. Yours, R.F.B.

SAN ANTONIO HERALD, April 23, 1863.

Camp of Texas Rangers, Fairfield, Tenn. March 12th, 1863.

Editor Telegraph: We still have quiet along the front of this army. Occasionally a forage train has a skirmish or the enemy makes a raid upon some picket stand, but with little result. The Rangers have been in camp for three days shoeing horses and recruiting, but were off again early this morning for some point beyond Shelbyville. We have had for weeks intensely disagreeable weather. The exposure is having its effect upon the troops. They are wet day after day and then sleeping on the ground in wet blankets, but with all their exposure they stand it remarkably well. We have a good many cases of indisposition, but nothing very serious. God has wonderfully preserved us during this winter. His loving kindness has been very great towards us. I regret to record the death by disease, the first one for many months, of private S.W. Scaliorn, Co. G. He was first attacked by pneumonia, then typhoid fever, which terminated his life. He was a quiet, worthy and faithful man, and an excellent soldier. His company sustains a great loss in his death. We are glad again to welcome back Lt. Col. S.C. Ferril, who has been absent on sick furlough. He was unfortunate whilst nearing Huntsville, Texas, in having his shoulder dislocated by the stage turning over. His arm is still disabled, but he is much improved in health and will soon be able to take command of the Regiment. He was always a popular and successful Captain, and bringing the same ability as a commander into his present position, he will make a splendid field officer. Capt. G.W.

Littlefield has also arrived safely. Although whole in limbs, yet his heart became strangely affected whilst absent, and he was captured by one of the fair daughters of Texas. We wish him all happiness in his new relation, and that after this dark war cloud has passed over, he may again return to receive the blessing and love of his accomplished bride.

Albert Stoneham, Co. A, who was severely shot through the body at Murfreesboro, has returned safely, and although yet unfit for duty is improving. Thus one by one they wander through the lines. He is indebted to a Yankee hospital steward for his escape from a trip North.

In haste, yours, R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, April 24, 1863.

RANGER'S CAMP, Six miles from Shelbyville, March 13, 1863.

Our duty brings us now on the pike leading from Shelbyville to Irwine. Our regiment is now on picket duty in the advance. The enemy's pickets are some distance below us. Yesterday the most of the brigade moved up to Unionville which is 12 miles from Shelbyville. Capt. Littlefield was out with a scout yesterday, and had a little skirmish with the pickets of the enemy. It is rumored by citizens, and appearances seem to confirm the report, that he is falling back from his advance position. It may be for a flank movement upon us in some other direction or it may be caused by Confederate movements in Kentucky, of which we have rumors. Something seems going on in that direction; but we are doubtless on the eve of great events in this section. For one week now we have had clear beautiful and balmy weather. Spring seems at last to have come upon us in all her glory. The roads are improving, and we may look for an early advance of the enemy. We have heard good news from Port Hudson. Gen. Van Dorn was closely hemmed by the enemy in his late scout, but after inflicting very severe punishment upon them, he escaped safely. Their presses however, report his capture, and their army believe it. But the capture was the very reverse. Our army is confident, and but awaits his approach. You need have no fears for us. Yours, R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, April 22, 1863.

RANGERS' WAGON CAMP, SIX MILES FROM SHELBYVILLE, TENN., March 23d, 1863.

Editor Telegraph: - Whilst now and then the tramp of war echoes in the far distance from the Valley of the Mississippi, the drums and trappings [sic] of an advance on either side are yet unheard in Middle Tennessee. But the raw winds of March are humming, the saturated earth yields itself to the warm spring sun; and as sure as the gails [sic] of the equinox, so sure the storm of battle approaches. It may overtake us on this soil, or the theatre of action may be changed to some other locality. Our brigade is busy along the front both picketing and scouting. Almost daily some of the regiments come upon the abolitionists, and drive them back upon their reserves. We cannot ascertain their movements certainly. For days it has been rumored that they are

evacuating Murfreesboro'. It comes through different channels. The abolition soldiers say they are going to Bowling Green. But the last rumor, and one, too, which is very reasonable, and is in keeping with the cunning and skill of Rosecranz [sic], seems important, viz: that he is now embarking his troops at Nashville upon transports. The object is doubtless to go down the Cumberland, up the Tennessee to Savannah, thence to Huntsville. Should this be his programme [sic], it will throw his army in our rear and cause a movement on our part. Gen. Johnston may deem it politic to then make an advance upon Nashville, and forward into Kentucky, or he may fall back to Bridgeport. It is very evident that Rosecranz [sic] wishes and intends to avoid our fortifications at Tullahoma. They are formidable, and he is not intending to risk his reputation and the ruin of his army by an attack upon them.

We have had delightful spring weather for 12 days past, and we expected him to advance. But such is not the case, and mystery seems to envelope his movements. A short time will doubtless develope [sic] his wily plans.

It is currently rumored and believed that Gen. Bragg has gone to some other department, and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston now personally commands the Army of Tennessee. Last week he arrived at Tullahoma, accompanied by his Staff. He also brought along horses and baggage. This change will add greatly to the efficiency of this army.

Last week we were all surprised and rejoiced to see the familiar face of Eugene Griffin, Co. H, in camp again. He was captured at Triune, 2[missing]th December, whilst skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry. Being surrounded, escape was impossible. They treated him that night with kindness, and the next day carried him to the penitentiary at Nashville. He states that up to Wednesday night the confusion among the abolitionists were very great, and everything indicated that the army was defeated. Wednesday night Gen. Paine's corps from Gallatin – some 15,000 in all – commenced passing through to reinforce Rosecranz [sic], and continued until Friday morning. Then confidence seemed restored among the troops. Whilst the news was favorable for us, the citizens were greatly encouraged, but when the tide turned against us, they were correspondingly depressed. On Saturday morning the papers reported that we were falling back, and on Sunday it was confirmed, which brought great joy to the Yankees. Rosecranz [sic] telegraphed as his reason for not entering into Murfreesboro' on Saturday, that we had the small pox there, and he did not wish to bring his men in contact with it.

Indeed, so seriously was this matter represented, that he contemplated passing around the place entirely. The true reason was Confederate bayonets bristled before it, and his army was so badly whipped that he had not the power to take the place even with his reinforcements. The prisoners were all brought in during the last of the week and detained until Monday, when they were started for Bowling Green on the cars. – There were eleven hundred – about nine hundred sick and wounded remaining – although they claimed four thousand in all who were able to travel. He first met the captured Rangers at the City Hotel in Bowling Green. The boys were all well, and sixteen in

number, viz: Co. B, W.R. Hendricks, Dr. D. Harris, Ire Stewart, Wm Ward still missing, and unless wounded and at Murfreesboro is doubtless killed; Co. C, W.M. Slaughter, F.G. Kennedy; Co. D., Jno. [sic] W. Hill, B.B. Shipp, P.J. Watkins; Co. E, W.B.F. Byrd, D.J. Hall; Co. F, Jesse A Holman; Co. G, Robert Burns, Co. H, Eugene Griffin; Co. K. S.M. Dennis, G.F. Matthews, S. Epperson. They were detained forty-eight hours at Bowling Green and were put to unloading the boats which were to carry them away. During this time they received but one ration. Fortunately, however, the boats were loaded with crackers, and the managed, not only to supply their wants, but laid in a supply for the trip. In Nashville they would have starved if the patriotic people had not supplied their wants secretly. Here, too, the noble, devoted women furnished all with comfortable clothing. All things being ready, they embarked on two boats, one towing a little barge, and steamed down Barren River. Landing only at Evansville one night, six days brought them to Cairo. Here they remained two days. Col. Hawkins, of Kentucky, made them a speech and gave them the opportunity of taking "the oath." The majority treated his proposal with contempt, but 200, of the 1100, accepted the proffered boon and were released. They were made up from all the regiments and of all nations. I regret to say that several were from the 11th Texas. Here they changed one boat and proceeded down towards Columbia, under the pretence [sic] of going to Vicksburg. But they tacked about and returned to Cairo and on to St. Louis. Here they remained two days, and the Arkansas Post Prisoners (3200) came up. Tom Mitchell's company, from Fort Bend county, was among them and were all well. Here old friends and brothers met unexpectedly. They reported only one hundred men killed and wounded at Arkansas Post. From St. Louis they proceeded to Alton, Ill. Twenty four days were consumed on the trip, being kept on the deck all the time, without fire by day or night, in the bitter cold month of January. They suffered intensely. Their treatment cannot be described – the object seemed to be to kill as many as possible. Great many were sick – twelve dying, nine being drowned and twenty escaping. The Rangers suffered a good deal but lost none. At St. Louis the demonstrations of sympathy were very strong. Along the Missouri side of the river they could often see handkerchiefs waving, but along Green River all seemed Union. Being now transferred to the cars they set out for Chicago. All along the route the people seemed to delight in furiously condemning the Southern Confederacy and cursing Jeff. Davis.

They were closely crowded in box cars. Nothing of interest transpired until reaching Springfield, Ill. Whilst the cars were stopping Ira Stewart, of company B, escaped through a small window, and when starting Griffin followed, and reaching the platform he got off safely. Whilst they were effacing their escape the boys were all standing up and coughing, thus drowning the noise. They were all then doing well and arrived at Chicago the next day. The "Times" said they were stout, hearty and intellectual gentlemen – supposed the scum had taken the oath – and were worthy of a better course. They went into the barracks cheering lustily for Jeff. Davis. In the same paper Col Hawkins referred to the two escaping near Springfield, and requesting all good and loyal citizens to aid in arresting them. Once free they passed over into Indiana under the character of Missouri refugees seeking homes for their families. Travelling through the

snow on foot for some seven or eight days, part of the time laying out in the snow at night, they found a friend who assisted them. At his house they were both sick for near three weeks, and attended by a rabid abolition doctor, who daily claimed that the slaves would be cheaply freed at the cost of the blood of every man, woman and child in the whole Confederacy. He at length suspected them and endeavored to effect their arrest, but "changing their base," they eluded him for days. Whilst detained in this region Griffin attended several lodgers of the K.G.C.'s, where he passed for a "worthy brother," who was lecturing the order and feeling the sentiment of the Northwest on a re-union with the South, leaving New England "out in the cold." The first lodge addressed donated \$33 to aid him in his work. The money was appropriated in clothing Stewart and himself, and paying traveling expenses.

Receiving from a friend the signs and pass-words, without taking the oath, he did not consider that he was violating his honor by giving the object of the order. So far as he could discover it the following points were prominent: 1st. To resist the draft; 2d, To allow no emancipated negroes to be brought into the State; 3d, Not to take up arms against the South under any circumstances, unless under compulsion; 4th, To give aid to needy brothers, and to aid and protect from the authorities all those who should escape from the army. The organization forms a very respectable minority. Its objects being known to the government of the United States, efforts have been made to suppress the organization – He found the sentiment that the South and Northwest must be united very decided, and they prefer it by compromise. The people have no desire for the company of the Eastern States. Occasionally he would find an unconditional Southern Rights man. Being able to travel, they took the cars on the Illinois Central railroad at Vandali, and separated at Sandoval. Stewart went to Cairo, hoping to reach an uncle who resided in the Federal lines. We have heard nothing further from him. Griffin travelled via Mitchell to New Albany and Louisville. He put up at the P[illegible]anter's Hotel, but his money being all gone he was not the most comfortable, lest they should request his bill. Remaining there six days he met a friend who supplied his wants. During this time the celebrated State Convention met at Frankfort, which caused so much hope throughout the South. The object was to nominate candidates for State offices. During its sitting Gen. Gilbert, commanding eastern district of Kentucky, brought up a regiment of soldiers and surrounding the Senate chamber with presented bayonets, he had the names of the delegates taken down as they were called out by counties. Only forty were represented, from the fact that many counties could not get transportation on the railroads. Then taking the stand he made a speech in which he said that such a meeting was entirely unnecessary, for none would be permitted to run for an office in Kentucky unless he could give satisfactory evidence of his loyalty to the United States Government, nor hold office if elected.

He also adds that the Legislature of the different States have not elected delegates to a Convention, but have simply asked Congress to call a Convention which shall be represented by all the States North and South, for the purpose of securing an armistice or compromise. Thus bursts that great convention bubble which caused so much stir in

the South. After getting a fresh supply of money, he paid his respects to General Boyle and requested a pass for Bowling Green. After many questions about his loyalty, all of which being satisfactorily answered, he now hailing from Indiana, saying "if not loyal, he would have been fighting for the Government," (although no question was asked about which Government it was,) he received a pass for Jno. [sic] P. Isbell. Next morning taking the cars, he was en route for Dixie, finding, as usual, soldiers all along the railroad, and stockades at every bridge; but before reaching Bowling Green, he made it convenient to be left at a water bed and wood depot. Once more afoot, he struck out for Glasgow. Being recognized in that neighborhood, the Federals were after him again, and he found it necessary to lay in the woods eleven days, it raining all the time. Some of Morgan's men, who had been discharged, were in the same condition, and he had company. After they had given up the hunt, he started by night on the nearest route to our lines and crossing the Cumberland at Saline, he was soon among friends. For the first time he breathed freely. After an absence of near three months, he safely rejoined his command. His experience forms a private and interesting episode in the history of this most singular war. A man of less tact and shrewdness than Eugen Griffin, would scarcely have achieved such a deliverance from captivity. Once more with us, he is anxious to mount his war steed and pass his respects to his hated captors.

Capt. Gordon, with the "Wharton Scouts," and a detachment from company B. under the direction of a guide, returned today from a most daring and successful scout near Murfreesboro'. Reaching a thick cedar brake early in the evening, they remained till after dark; then, under cover of night, they passed over the ground occupied by the left wing of our army on Wednesday's [illegible line of text] 1½ miles of the city. After making this reconnoissance [sic], [illegible line of text] no pleasant work through the thick cedar breaks [sic], in the darkness [illegible line of text] campments [sic], it was a perilous position, but they came through [illegible line of text] The Rangers are continually scouting within their lines. Thus [missing text]

It becomes my sad duty to record the death of another Ranger by [illegible line of text] of Hon J.G. McReel, of Bragoria County, died near Fair- [missing text] fever. It terminated in [illegible] of the brain. He had [missing text] of skirmishes and the battles before Murfreesboro'. During the engagements his bearing was that of the brave and [missing text] brother could give to [illegible] his sufferings and comfort his heart. He gave gratifying evidence that he was also a soldier of the Cross. "Although he shall return no more, nor see his native country," yet we can hope that he is at rest. This thought can, to some extent, soothe and comfort the fond hearts which stern and bitter grief shall sadly rend because of this desolation in the family circle. But, alas! multitudes are feeling now the same crushing sorrow. Costly, indeed, is the price of the liberty we so earnestly seek, purchased as it is by the blood of our noble young men!

A dirge for them; the doubly dead,

In that they died so young.

R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, April 29, 1863.

RANGER'S QUARTERS, 6 miles from Shelbyville, Tennessee, April 2d, 1863.

Editor Telegraph: - I write under a genial sky. Old March, true to his character, played us many tricks on the weather question; but now since he has gone, we will not write dark records against him, although he oftentimes frowned upon us and treated us with very great coldness. But we have bid him farewell, and now we seek a friend more congenial with our tastes, and certainly one more calculated to make us comfortable. The old month left us amid a cold storm of three days, in which we experienced every phase of weather except the agreeable. To add to our misery, two very severe frosts fell upon the peach and plum trees, which were in full bloom, and we fear that these delicious fruits will fail this summer. Should this prove so, it will be a serious calamity to those who have but partial crops or fail entirely from inability to plant. April has opened up most propiciously [sic], but I fear it is too bright long to last. In this most mixed and intensely disagreeable of all climates, we cannot expect a long continuance of pleasant weather but doubtless it is all in our favor, so far as army movements are concerned. For the more changeable, the greater impediments are thrown in the way of the enemy's advance. I cannot now say that all is quiet along the front, for we have had brisk and heavy skirmishing for three days. Several of our regiments are having an advance camp around Unionville, and from that point they scout and go out to the picket stand successively. On Tuesday, Col. Ferrill took about half the companies and scouted on the pike to Eagleville, which is 9 miles from his camp, and 7 from Triune. About one mile this side of Eagleville, his advance came upon the pickets of the enemy. He drove them in and pressing them so closely they could not form in town, where they fell back upon their first reserve, all there joining in the rear. He pursued them vigorously some two miles beyond, until they met a large body of their troops. His force being small, for a portion had been sent on forage guard, he deemed it prudent here to arrest the pursuit and fall back slowly, keeping up a brief skirmish. But they seemed not disposed to follow him, doubtless suspecting a trap. It was quite a brisk affair, as we captured some 6 or 7 prisoners and three mortally wounded and several others slightly. Several captures of horses, guns, etc, were also made; but being "mounted infantry," they had no side arms. I am sorry to say that we were not as fortunate as usual, for Richard Burger, private in company D, received a severe flesh wound in the left thigh, and A.W. Thaxton, company K, slight in right thigh. It was not known what the object of this advance was on the part of the enemy, although we had known that he had a large force at Triune. It was expected that on the next day he would give us some fighting. Consequently, Capt. W.R. Jarmon took his squadron, companies F and C, and early hastened to the front. In the vicinity of Eagleville, his advance, composed of 13 picked men, under Lt. Blackburn, came upon the abolition advance of three. Charging upon them, they fell back upon 12 and they upon 30, and our gallant Lieutenant leading his dozen boldly upon them, they too were thrown into confusion and dashed back to their

main force. Meeting with a check, he ordered his men into a position for skirmishing, and then for two hours and a half, that heroic little band not only checked their advance, but held them in check. The squadron was in a position to observe all the movements of both parties. The enemy had a brigade of infantry, a regiment of cavalry and a battery, all drawn up in line of battle, and a most imposing sight it was to see their blue uniforms so admirably massed, and their bayonets glistening in the bright sun. They first endeavored to send their cavalry forward as skirmishers, but these met with resistance; then they came on foot, but with no better success. Thus, against such overwhelming odds, did our boys hold their position until the battery of the enemy shelled the woods furiously, and they were compelled to retire. So bravely did they skirmish and with such coolness and success, that Capt. Jarmon has sent up their names to Gen. Wharton for promotion. Cotton, of company G, was also with him; and not satisfied with that successful [sic] affair, he remained behind till nightfall and getting into their lines, he went up to an infantry encampment and finding the wagon yard outside of the camp ground, he cautiously approached and loosing the halter from the wagon brought out a splendid mule in safety. Although inflicting some serious damage upon the enemy, yet we met with no casualty. It was expected that to day we would have some warm work. At 4 o'clock the bugle called up the regiment, and by daylight Col. Ferrill was leading his dangers and the "11th Texas" again to the front. Some commissaries and forage were to be brought out and he determined to have them, if it was necessary to fight for them. Indeed, all our forage for some time has come from disputed territory. We have not yet heard the result. We are utterly at a loss to divine the meaning of "Old Rose." He has received at Nashville a large lot of fine ambulances for us. We only ask a chance to get them, for we stand greatly in need of such luxuries; but he may not deliver them up promptly. His movement on this pike may be only a feint to cover up some other one of greater importance. However it may be an onward movement towards Tullahoma. Three months have passed since the battle of Murfreesboro', and he has made no advance, and indeed may not intend to do so by this route. Doubtless a few days will determine something here. Gen. Wharton is now making arrangements to go upon a four week's scout. Perhaps two of his regiment will remain here for picket duty. The Rangers go with him. We are making preparation for a long tour. We go first in the vicinity of Lebanon. Our duties will depend upon the movements of both the enemy and our own forces. I shall not be surprised if we go to Kentucky before seeing the wagons again. The spring is now opening beautifully and the cavalry must go into more active service. We cannot forage in this region, and it is necessary to seek green pastures elsewhere. Having enjoyed so long a calm, we cannot reasonably expect rest much longer. The next sixty days will, doubtless, develop [sic] immense operations on the part of our enemy. Should he succeed in his fiendish designs upon us – should he succeed in retaining those already in his army, and also in filling up its decimated ranks by the conscript law – he may fasten this struggle upon us for many months; but, should the Lord of Hosts vouchsake [sic] his presence with our armies and His blessing upon our arms, we may, within this time, give the death blow to all his hopes and break the boasted power of his immense armies, both upon land and sea. We have only to be

faithful to our high trust, do our duty and depend upon divine aid, and I believe we will yet see soon the dawns [sic] of the end. The great peace bubble, which the Northwest inflated so greatly, seems to have burst, and although we should not yet despair of some results from that quarter, yet mainly our own brave hearts and strong arms, with God's blessing, must bring us peace.

I have, heretofore, neglected to say that the Masonic brotherhood in our regiment have regular communications. The dispensation for "Terry's Military Lodge, U.D., of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons" was granted by [illegible initial]. W. Sam Mather, Grand Master, of the Grand Lodge of Texas, August 9th, 1862. The organization meeting was held in the Masonic Hall, at Sparta, Tenn., Nov. 13th 1862. Communications have been held in Triune, Berlin and Unionville, also on high hills and low vallies [sic], in the vicinity of Murfreesboro' and Shelbyville. The officers of the Lodge are, viz: Brothers C.K. Stribling, W.M.; Len Barnett, S.W.; A.C. Baker, J.W.; A.L. Steele, Treasurer; B.F. Batchellor, Secretary; J.F. Miller, S.D.; Gustave Cook, J.D.; J.S. Stewart, C.S. Dodd, Stewards; Wm. B. M[illegible]ray, Tyler. The number of applications have been about thirty, and of initiations about fifteen, about half the latter are officers. The Order seems very popular in the regiment. Inculcating as it does, universal benevolence and unbounded charity and encouraging every moral and social virtue, which introduces peace and good will among mankind, it recommends itself to the philanthropist, the patriot and the christian [sic].

Fraternally yours, R.F.B.

April 3, 1863.

Yesterday morning the Rangers started early for the front. Soon after passing through Eagleville, they came upon abolition pickets and drove them in, when they took a turn at skirmishing, inflicting upon the enemy some damage. Our only casualty was the wounding of Clem N. Bassett, Co. H, badly through the left hand. E.J. Pitts, Co. C, had his horse shot and his cartridge box cut from his body by a ball. This was rather close for comfort, but he was very fortunate in escaping – it seems that the enemy was out in full force with a brigade of infantry, two regiments of cavalry and a battery. He had his forces splendidly displayed, and all seemed ready for the advance. But Col. Ferrill determined to check that game. Having with him the Rangers and the 11th Texas, he threw out his flankers and skirmishers along a line of five miles. They supposed that the whole country was full of rebels from such a display, and very soon changed their base and put back for Triune. Following them as far as he desired, he returned.

We have no new developments to-day. Gen. Sheridan said a few days ago upon the streets of Triune that he had been interrupted in his plans since the Texas Rangers had come on this pike, -But they would soon be gone to some other point, and then he would have his own way again. We intended to walk over the cavalry they would leave to picket. The people all along the road are raising the same old cry, "The Rangers are going away, and the Yankees will be upon us again. – We feel perfectly secure when

they are on the front." It is a fact that their presence inspires more confidence among the people, brings more terror to the enemy, and with less depredation, than any other cavalry in the Army of Tennessee. They have made a brilliant record in this war, and each day adds glory to their fame.

We have just heard of another faithful and gallant comrade, who has fought his last battle and rests in peace. J.D. Palmer, Co. H., was wounded at Murfreesboro last July. He was left there and nursed with all the devotion of which the noble ladies of that now oppressed city could bestow. He remained for some weeks confined to his room, and was not discovered by the Yankees, although after getting up, walking the streets among them and hearing them talk, yet cautious in his movements and words. At length, being ready to travel, he started for the South in charge of two ladies, who conducted him out of Murfreesboro', and kept him until our army began the march into Kentucky. He then started to join his regiment. At Altamont the Yankees got after him, - Failing, however, to reach the regiment before it had gone to Green river, he returned to Murfreesboro', and was there awaiting the return from the Kentucky campaign. He was again wounded on Monday, before the great fight at Murfreesboro', and sent South. Being at his father's house, and attended by the loved ones at home, he had recovered and was ready to start back and join us again; but being attacked by small pox, he was soon cut down and no more will he answer at roll call, or stand among his comrades and battle for his country. It seems hard that one so noble and so brave should fall from disease; but it is God's will.

We have also heard that R. Campbell, Co. B, died at Fairfield, March 26th. He was left there, and, as I learn, died very unexpectedly and suddenly.

It gives me pleasure to say that the health of the regiment has improved within a week past. - We have now no seriously ill in camps. Those sent South are doing well at last accounts.

I have been permitted to preach quite regularly for some Sabbaths past. Situated as we are, but little good seems accomplished in the army. Everything about war is antagonistic to a growth in grace. But we can only sow the seed, and trust in God for the harvest. We know that many die in the triumphs of faith, and this should stimulate us to greater effort. I now endeavor to preach at the wagon train in the morning, and go out to the front in the evening. Could our Christian friends at home look upon our congregation, all seated upon the ground, and listening with fixed attention to the Gospel, it would cheer their hearts and encourage them to pray more earnestly for the conversion and salvation of their absent ones. I believe many of us will meet in Heaven. The chaplains in this Army are endeavoring to secure a supply of reading matter for the soldiers. Plans are now on foot which will secure this most desirable object. We have been almost entirely deficient in religious reading since the retreat last spring. Our migrating condition causes this misfortune. But we hope for a better day in the religious department in the Army of Tennessee. May God yet revive his work among us! R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPN, May 1, 1863.

Alexandria, Tenn [sic], April, 13th, 1863.

Editor Telegraph: - During our last few days on the left wing we had daily skirmishes with large forces of the enemy. But this was too monotonous for Wharton's brigade. An expedition of more peril and daring was on foot in the direction of Lebanon. On Sunday, the 5th, the Rangers took up the line of march. The wagon train was left in camp near Shelbyville. The old regiment, including those on detached service, numbered about 500. The day was clear and mild, and all were in buoyant spirits. We pass via Wartrace to Fairfield, bivouac near by for the night. Monday morning at daylight finds us all in readiness, and soon the column is in motion, accompanied by White's battery, commanded by Lieut. Arthur Pue. Our road lies through narrow, but beautiful valleys and romantic hills. Everywhere the farmers are busy with the implements left them in preparing for planting. About 11 o'clock we reach Pocahontas, twenty-eight and a half miles from Shelbyville. This Tennessee town must be noticed. It consists of four cross roads, a small tree standing at the point where they intersect, and upon it there are four guide boards, all turned upside down. Near by stands a frame house about fifteen feet square, with the weather-boarding all torn off. This, with a farm house about 300 yards distant, compose all the improvements.

Our stay was brief. Thence six miles to Jacksboro' where we take the Smithfield road, two miles, and spend the night. We have thus far carried our forage in the wagons.

It is rumored that the abolitionists are in strong force in our front and pressing Col. Smith's regiment. We send forward reinforcements, but they retire, and all is quiet.

Building camp fires for broiling meat, and also for comfort, our encampment makes a beautiful appearance at night. It is frosty and very chilly for April.

Tuesday morning all are saddled up and ready to march by sunrise. Eight miles bring us to "Blugh's," on the Woodbury and McMinville [sic] road. Here we are joined by Col. Butler's 1st Ky., Col. Crew's 2d Ga., Col. Malone's 14th Ala., and Col. Smith's 4th Tenn. We are directed to await orders. About one o'clock the united command starts for Liberty. After traveling about nine miles, we are ordered to right-about and retrace our steps. Intelligence is received by Gen. Wharton, at McMinville [sic], that the abolitionists are in heavy force at Liberty, sixteen miles from "Blugh's" The 3d Confederate and 11th Texas, which preceded us one day, had been attacked and forced to fall back beyond Snow's Hill. It was not deemed prudent to venture forward this evening. Sundown brought us back to "Blugh's," without rations or forage, and in a region entirely eaten out. It is very poor at best, but cavalrymen are accustomed to such fare, and hence make the most of it.

Next morning finds us in the same condition, and awaiting orders. About noon Maj. Gen. Wheeler and Brig. Gen. Wharton came up, and we move forward in the direction of Liberty. Road is rough and very hilly. Men are hungry and horses very [illegible lines of

text] dark, and here, intersecting the pike leading to Murfrees-[illegible line of text] about nine o'clock.

This is a most beautiful country and highly cultivated.

Now, it was evident an expedition of some import was on saddle again. Moreover, to-day all unsuitable horses and men, with all our wagons, were [illegible line of text]

Reaching camp we [illegible line of text] after most of the horses had already gone sixty hours on ten [illegible line of text] half its number to hunt up and bring in forage on horseback. [illegible line of text] been eaten plum out. Two union men in the neighborhood had one of the houses indicated. Adj't [sic] John M. Claiborne was detailed to go up to the house and inquire if a certain man [missing text]

evening, miss."

Young Lady – Good day, stranger.

Adj't. – Does Mr. Elisha Griffin live here?

Y.L. – No, stranger. Ain't [sic] no such man in these parts.

Adj't. – (looking at paper with name on it; Young Lady at Papa, on bed breathing hard) – Well, Elias Griffin, then.

Y.L. – Yes: he lives here.

Adj't. – Where is he at?

Y.L. – In bed: maybe on his death bed.

Adj't. – Ah! very sorry. has he got anything to feed horses on?

Y.L. – (coming towards Adj't. with hands up, saying) – Stranger, he is got a little pile of corn, a mighty little pile. Please let us keep that. Sixteen gals in family, and no more as ten barls [sic] of corn. Stranger, if you take that, we will starve.

Adj't. – Well, madam, I can't rob a woman, if her brothers are fighting to rob my family. Is that all you have got?

Y.L. – That's so, shure [sic] and sartain [sic].

Exit Adjutant to report his proceedings to the others, awaiting with jaded and hungry steeds. In the mean time the old gentleman in bed looked the picture of death, gasping and groaning as if despairing any longer of the pleasures of earthly bliss, but seems rather tenacious of having the silver cord rent in twain.

The Parson, displeased a little at our ill success, hears a noise of talking at the barn, and, coming closer, discovers Confederate soldier, and hears the voice of the old woman. He makes a proposition to examine further into the matter, expressing a doubt as to the truthfulness of the statement made by the Unionists. Adjutant, agreeing, got

down and went into the barn. Loud talking by the old woman, and simpering of young ones, of whom four were present. Confederate soldier, deaf to all entreaty from young ladies and threats from old woman, with big stick, was about to come a Yankee trick by opening the lock of door by main force.

Adj. – Gents, hold on, and let us all reason together.

Conf. Soldier. – The old gal reasons with a stick. See it there. (Eying a huge hickory, the old lady standing with back to the door and facing the foe.)

Adj. – Good evening, madam. (Old gal made no reply. Young ladies crowd around, discover brass buttons and cap, ask if he is an officer.) How much corn have you?

The gals get away, and old lady crowds towards me. Confederate soldiers make a move for the door, and old lady, with action not suited to her years, resumes her original position on the defensive.

Old Lady. – As God is my judge, we ain't [sic] got truck enough to keep soul and body together.

Adj. – Well, madam, if I am permitted to see, I can assure you that not a man here shall touch your corn, and I will give you a safeguard until a letter can be gotten from Gen. Wharton.

Hesitating, he started close up to her stick, which seemed in awkward position for the simple purpose of supporting the infirmities of age. Retreating and executing a flank movement, he could see nothing, and so told the old lady, unless he had a light.

Old Lady. – You can have a candle, and look through the crack.

Exit gal after the light. Taking the candle, he looks through a small crack, and sees a small amount of corn, Madam, is this all?

O.L. – That's all, stranger; and now it's near on to forty years me and the old man's been one, and I helped to make it all, until the gals got big enough to help.

Adj. – Madam, I am better posted in affairs than that. Where are Jim and Pete?

O.L. – (Hesitating) – They are in our army.

Adj. – Ah! Which do you call our army? (No reply.) Madam, your boys are in Bill Stokes' Tennessee Federal Cavalry. (No reply.) And they are daily robbing women and children. They steal niggers, horses, bacon, burn, pillage and destroy, and take ladies' wardrobes. Madam, I feel it is my bounden duty to reciprocate their favors as far as possible. I must have some corn.

Old lady with hickory at 45 degrees. Her face assumes the face of an enraged panther, saying "You must walk over my dead body."

Young ladies, all together, - Stranger, stranger, if you take that corn, then we beg you to kill us.

Tears streaming down their cheeks. Hardest of hearts melt. Boldest of plans defeated by such mature strategy. Exit Adjutant, with Confederate soldiers close at hand, and old lady calling for safeguard.

Horses were unfed that night. Whilst the old lady with her big stick, dying old man and crying gals haunt our dreams through the night.

Sequel. Upon inquiry, we find the old man was driving a wagon all that day, hauling away the corn. Gals borrowed from the neighbors for the purpose. The old man had only five in family, viz., himself, old woman, hickory stick, and the aforesaid boys in the Yankee army.

A portion of the regiment got no forage, and but few had any provision. It was midnight before ready for sleep. Our Brigade is commanded by Col. Thomas Harrison, and is composed of the Rangers, 11th Texas and 3d Confederate, 1st Kentucky and White's Battery. Col. Crews commands 2d Georgia, 4th Tennessee, and 14th Alabama. This Division is commanded by Gen. Wharton. One of Morgan's Brigades, commanded by Col. Duke, consisting of three regiments and a battery, is behind us near Liberty. Gen. Wheeler commands the whole. The Yankees have passed before us a few hours, the infantry and artillery going to Murfreesboro' and the cavalry to Carthage. They had some 1,000 in all. Thursday morning our Regiment leads the Brigade, and passing through this place and on within 5 miles of Lebanon where we camped. Col. Duke's Brigade comes up after dark, and soon the command is massed. We pass through a beautiful country to-day, and receive a glorious welcome by the ladies as we advance. No sooner is a camp ground selected than details are sent out for bread and forage. We had understood that Wilson county had 20,000 bushels of corn for Wharton's Brigade, and much provision, Now was our time of need, and such a gift would be most propitious. We soon found abundance, and for the first time this week our camp was supplied.

The Generals have headquarters at Lebanon. Being very tired we tried to get some rest, but it was emphatically a night of orders and preparation for some grand movement. At 3 o'clock the bugle roused us, and in a few moments sounded for saddling up. The whole command was soon in motion, and day found us at Lebanon. It was now the query whither we were going. The destination of the expedition was a matter known only to the Generals commanding. - Col. Duke's Brigade halted in town, and Wharton's two brigades passed on down the Nashville pike, and circumstances seemed to indicate a tour to Kentucky. Onward we moved greatly to the astonishment of the inhabitants, for had one risen from the dead they would scarcely have been more surprised than to see Confederate cavalry on the high way towards Nashville. But their actions plainly declared that they were with us in sentiment. Along the pike we see large wheat fields, and considerable preparation for planting corn.

There is no destruction of fences until within a few miles of the hermitage, where the work is complete for a good distance. But the citizens have built in places and are trying to raise bread. Although there is scarce anything left to work the land with, for the last Yankee raid swept all the horses for miles. They are mounting infantry and pressing horses every where, pretending to have captured them from our army. We halt awhile about 11 o'clock, then move forward at a brisk lope. Just before reaching the Hermitage our train is packed and guarded by a regiment. Wheeler and Wharton lead Cols. Harrison and Crews' Brigades, and leaving the pike just this side of the Hermitage, twelve miles from Nashville, we strike for the Cumberland river in a dashing style. Meanwhile, Col. Duke's Brigade passes farther down the Nashville pike to picket and guard it. This is the route our cavalry followed last fall when going into Kentucky, and we all felt assured that this was our destination. We hoped in a few days to tread once more "the dark and bloody ground" Passing within sight of the spot where the lion-hearted old hero sleeps in his grave, and around his magnificent plantation, we passed through a most beautiful and highly cultivated section for some eight miles, when our advance reached the river at Payne's landing, ten miles from Nashville. The Rubicon was sweeping by our feet, but it was not to be crossed. The battery commanded by Lieut. Pue was admirably masked, and the advance regiments were dismounted and placed in ambush for the down train from Louisville. So admirably was the work executed that the sentinels who were pacing the railroad bridge and the Yankees occupying the stockade, never discovered our presence. The railroad here runs along the river bank. – After remaining about one and a half hours the freight train comes rushing down. Lieut. Pue opens his battery and the first shot disables the engine, and several others make it a wreck. In the meantime, the dismounted men pour [sic] volley after volley into the cars, wounding and killing the horses and cattle aboard. It seems they were shipping horses for mounting infantry. From the disturbance among the dumb animals great destruction must have been the result.

R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, July 24, 1863.

Texas Rangers' Camp, Near Sparta, Tenn., May 12th, 1863.

Editor Telegraph: - Though stirring and glorious news comes to us from our brethren in arms on the soil of the old Dominion, still all is yet quiet along our lines. Ere this date we had supposed that some momentous events would have transpired up this way, but so far all hopes have been disappointed, and all prophecies are unfulfilled. Any day, however, the storm may burst upon us; and, Oh, terribly will the iron hail pour upon the ranks of our devoted army! May the God of battles cover our heads when the hour of conflict comes! Our trust is in Him, and to Him do we look for the victory. Situated as we are, little news reaches us, and we scarcely know what is going on in the outside world. Col. Harrison's brigade, except the Rangers' battery, is now at Liberty. The last courier from him brings word that the abolitionists have a mounted brigade at Lebanon, although in great fear of an attack. It is reported by our scouts, who have taken a view

of Murfreesboro, within a few days, that no tents are visible. This confirms a report that Rosecrans had sent all such baggage back to Nashville and he may intend a forward movement of some kind very soon. One thing is very certain, our cavalry must seek other quarters shortly. All along our front the forages are consumed. We are here to recruit. In doing this necessary work we are hauling corn about forty miles. About half of the regiment are continually out as escorts or on scouts. We have some days ten ears of corn for our horses, and frequently without any. How the cavalry can remain here I know not; for weeks they have been consuming the bread which the people need for existence until the new crop comes in. But that is a long time off. The corn is just coming up and a good crop is planted. The grain generally looks well, and a few weeks will soon bring in a supply of new flour, and this will supply the commissary department.

There is, too a good prospect for fruit of all kinds. For ten days we have had gloomy, wet, chilly weather, very disagreeable for camps; but it faired off without frost, and I may say the winter is really over. The weather is clear, very warm during the day and chilly during the night; but upon the whole pleasant. The health of the regiment is most excellent, there being no severe case of sickness for some time. Maj. Cook has been absent for some days with about one hundred and fifty men, guarding our forage in the neighborhood of Caney Fork, near where we crossed in returning from Alexandria. Captain Christian is across that stream on a scout, and may bring some intelligence when he returns. It is said that John H. Morgan is free once more. At any rate his command passed up in the neighborhood of Livingston the other day, and we have heard that he and Gen. Pegram have driven Col. Carter, the renegade of East Tennessee, across the Cumberland river. Col. C. had crossed over with 5,000 cavalry and was doubtless, on some important expedition, but his plans have thus been frustrated. The abolitionists seem to have a longing eye upon East Tennessee, and unless we are very vigilant they will yet gain an entrance into that region. Should this occur it will prove most disastrous to our cause and weaken our army here.

Capt. Gordon, of the Wharton, scouts, has recently returned from a perilous and daring scout into Kentucky. He proceeded to Franklin where he had an ambuscade for the train on the N. and L. Railroad. The plan was ingeniously laid, and would have proved most successful had it not been for the treachery of some of the Union people who informed the train coming up from Nashville of the trap laid for them. Leaving the passengers at Franklin they loaded up with soldiers and run up to the designated spot, when the engine stopped and the Federals began to yell out the long train. His men were posted behind trees along the track, some not over ten feet from the cars. To retreat under such circumstances would be certain death to his little party. There they held their position nobly until they drew the fire of the enemy, at the same time discharging their arms with deadly aim among the foe. They then made for their horses, which were tied in the rear, and left the scene. An eye witness says the enemy lost about 25 in killed and wounded. But I regret to record his loss at two killed and 13 wounded. Among the killed was Robert Critenden [sic] of the 11th Texas, their former Sergt. [sic] major. He was a gallant soldier, and his loss is much regretted. Henry Graber, of the Rangers, was

shot through the body and left within a few miles of the fight. He is with a kind and true family, and will receive every attention.

Ward, of the 11th Texas, was also wounded. – Capt. Gordon then turned for the Cumberland and after meandering and many narrow escapes, for three separate bodies of cavalry were after him closely, he reached the Dixie side of the river. His scouts are still in the cedar brakes, between Murfreesboro and Nashville, and are inflicting much damage upon the enemy. About ten days ago we were much alarmed for the safety of Gen. John A. Wharton.

He was returning, with his staff from his office in Sparta, to his quarters in the country. Riding a wild young animal, he was brought in collision [sic] with a large tree, which stood in the centre [sic] of the road. He was going at full speed, and the stroke was glancing, else he would have been instantly killed. His left knee was very badly bruised, and his foot injured also. He has been confined to his bed for about a week, but is convalescing quite rapidly. Doubtless, in a short time he will be in his saddle again. God has very mercifully spared his useful life, and we trust that he will be permitted to lead us upon the foe, until his power is broken and we are free.

Gen. Wharton not only enjoys the confidence of the superior officers in his army, but is very popular with his command. His old brigade, which was very large, is now a division. Col. Harrison commands our brigade, and most of his officers are taken from the Rangers. He will doubtless ere long be appointed Brig. General. I know of no one of our Colonels who is better adapted for the position, or who can bring more ability into the discharge of its duties. His staff at present is as follows: Adj't [sic] William B. Sayers, Inspector General; Lt. B.F. Batchellor, (Co. C,) Adj't [sic]; Lt. George Deckerd, (Co. D.) Aid-de-Camp; Captain, C.B. Pearce, (Ranger C.S.) C.S. Dep't [sic]; Captain Douglas, (1st Confed.) Q.M.; Tom C. Clay, Ordnance Department.

Captain Pearce takes with him Geo. P. Burke and J.B. Cowan. Thus another Brigadier Staff goes up from the Rangers. But we still have a good supply on hand.

J.F. Matthews, Co. K, who was captured at Murfreesboro', and confined at Camp Butler, near Springfield, arrived safely a few days since.

He confirms the death of S.M. Dennis, at St. Louis, and J.H. West, at Camp Butler. The latter was wounded at Bardstown last summer and left in Kentucky. But when he had recovered from his wounds, he was carried to Camp Butler, where the confinement and cold weather brought upon him consumption, and the opening spring found his body ready for the grave. They were both members of Co. K. Thus one after another of the regiment is taken from among us. How many will be the missing links, when we tread again the soil of Texas. But it was for country we took up arms and turned our backs upon our flowery home, and the sacrifice must be made. To God will we bow, Heaven grant consolation to the many bleeding hearts who bitterly mourn for the missing and the dead, and may God in loving kindness, fill with his presence and love, the vacuums made in our once happy homes. The price of liberty is costly, and yet many more lives

must be laid as a sacrifice upon the altar of our young Confederacy, before she is disenthralled from the bondage of the Northmen and has a place and name among the nations of the earth. The costlier our independence, the more it will be appreciated and the heartier our thanks for its blessings. Whenever we are worthy of such a boon, God who controls the destiny of nations, will bring no peace. We still hear cheering news of the spiritual condition of the army of Virginia. Her soldiers are pressing into the Kingdom and are enlisting under the banner of the cross. In the army of Tennessee, there has been much more interest than usual manifested, and the Chaplains at Shelbyville and Tullahoma have held weekly meetings to devise ways and means for the advancement of religion among the troops, and not without encouraging success. We of the cavalry arm of the service, have not the advantage of the infantry, because of our constant duty, our frequent changes of position, and the difficulty of having our regiments together. However, we can but improve our time, when an opportunity presents, and sow the seed in faith. I am enabled now to preach once and twice on every Sabbath, and it is indeed a refreshment for the spirit, when at the bugle's call, we can all assemble in the quiet grove and join in the service of Almighty God.

It brings fondly to remembrance the blessings of other and happier days. We know that the loved ones at home do not forget us in their prayers, and this cheers us amid all our fatigues, our perils and sorrows. May the day of re-union be not far off – the day when we shall thread again those familiar spots, hear kind greetings, and know the friendship, fellowship and love which have made our hearts so happy in the past. Yours, R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, July 8, 1863.

TEXAS RANGERS' CAMP, 12 miles from Sparta, Tenn., June 3d, 1863.

Editor Telegraph: - Since my last letter, our hearts have been made sad by the confirmation of the news that STONEWALL JACKSON is dead. Well might we join in the universal sorrow; for a nation is bereft. Whilst we mourn for the death of the Christian hero, the chivalric patriot – warrior, all the world will estimate his loss at its true standard. It is, in many respects, irreparable. But, "our trust being in God," it is well; and, in his own language, we know that for him, "it will be infinite gain to be translated to Heaven, and be with Jesus."

He was the lannes [sic] of Lee's army, the most dashing, popular, successful and able leader of troops on the continent, equalled [sic] in this war only by Albert Sydney Johnston, a man of stern fealty, of free born valor, of mighty energy, of Christian patriotism, and deep piety – an officer who combined the elements of superstitious awe and the blind credence of his men – a soldier literally of the Cross, pure as day, just as the dews of Heaven, but weird and wrinkled through and through by the grim features of the god of war. But now he has passed away. Yet his memory will be embalmed in the hearts of his countrymen. We may not see his like again in this war. They know this in France. They know it in England. Our enemy knows it, too. Hence his press is now

acknowledging the true merits of the departed hero, and vindicating the historic record of his illustrious campaigns. Although he is taken from our country on the day of its fiery trial, yet that does not imply that the army of Virginia shall no more be victorious. We still have noble Christian officers to lead our troops to victory. God can remove the chief of workmen, and still carry on the cause of Liberty.

In this connection, it is gratifying to state, that the Lord of Hosts continues to pour out his Spirit in different portions of our army, and through the instrumentality of means to convert souls. For some weeks past, there has been considerable interest manifested in the "army of Tennessee," both at Tullahoma and Shelbyville, which has resulted in the conversion of several hundred souls, whilst many more are inquiring the way of life. This blessed work is confined principally to the infantry, who have been mostly stationary for some months. The cavalry, occupying the front, and being much scattered, and often changing locality, has not an opportunity for a united or protracted effort, and hence we cannot record the visible tokens of his presence and power in a revival. We must still lament that, although

"The dew lies thick o'er all the ground,
Yet our poor fleece is dry."

The Christians of different denominations are waking up to the importance of this work, and agencies are being established for supplying the soldiers with suitable reading. The Methodist and Presbyterian Churches, in their late spring meetings, have made arrangements for sending some of their most eminent ministers as missionaries to the different armies in the Confederacy; whilst the lower church judicatories are undertaking the work of supplying chaplains for the brigades and regiments in the service. Other denominations have doubtless taken similar action, but it has not met my eye. There has heretofore been a lamentable deficiency in chaplains, and it is all doubtless owing to the early legislation of Congress on this subject. But it has at length pleased the lawmakers to give the office a notice, in some degree commensurate with its dignity and importance, and now men of talent and reputation can enter upon its duties; and, with the cooperation of the different branches of the church, we hope that soon every regiment will be blessed with the means of grace. The soldier appreciates the preaching of the Gospel, and it has an elevating and hallowing influence upon his heart and life. It reminds him of other days, of brighter scenes, and the loved ones at home. It cheers the heart, too, to know that he is not forgotten in prayer by those who are far away. I know that multitudes of devoted Christians every where will join us when we pray, "Lord, revive thy work in the army and navy."

I am gratified to say that Gen. Jno. [sic] A. Wharton has almost entirely recovered from his late severe injury. He now attends to his business in his office at Sparta, and will be ready for more active service whenever the order comes. Five of our companies are kept about 45 miles from here, at Granville, on the Cumberland. It is 13 miles above Carthage where the Yankees keep a considerable garrison. The most of our

subsistence and forage has been brought from the other side of the Cumberland. Our boys often forage within a few miles of Carthage. This supply has enabled us to remain here, and, with the clover fields, our horses are doing well. Four companies are kept with White's battery for a support. Smith's Tennessee regiment pickets on our left, upon Caney Fork. Col. Smith is now a prisoner, and, contrary to all rule, is still confined in jail at Gallatin. The regiment is commanded by Lt. Col. Paulding Anderson, who was promoted to this position from being the Captain of Gen. W.'s former body guard, the Cedar Snags. Lt. Jim Britton (Co. H) is now their captain.

Morgan's command guards the river on our right up to Monticello, whilst Col. Tom Harrison's brigade occupies Liberty.

The Yankees advanced upon Col. Anderson a few nights ago, and, crossing Caney Fork with infantry, artillery, and a small cavalry force., they compelled him to fall back several miles, losing about a dozen men captured, and the "Snags," four. A portion of company B, the "Archer Grays," was camped on the bank of the river, and although escaping safely, yet they lost one wagon and some blankets, which were burnt. The next morning, one of Smith's men, advancing quite close upon the enemy, he got the benefit of twelve cannon shot, but without effect.

It was reported by a gentleman from the front on yesterday, that the Yankees were advancing in force upon Monticello and Columbia. These are our extremes on either wing, and it may foreshadow a general movement of some kind.

Things have been remarkably quiet for a long time in this department. We have been watching, with breathless suspense, the movements in Virginia and Mississippi, and now old "Rosy" may give us something to do at home very shortly. Indeed, we are becoming restless up here in this mountain country, and a change of some kind would be very desirable.

We are in great uncertainty and perplexity about "the situation" in Mississippi. Sometimes the clouds are very heavy, very dark, and very threatening, but the eye of philosophic faith cannot fail to see the silver lining which fringes their outer edge, and this is but prophetic of the clear sky beyond, which doubtless yet shall burst in beauty and in glory upon our astonished gaze. Gen. Johnston is there; his name is a tower of strength; his military skill inspires us with hope, and we believe that yet all will be well. We may be disappointed, but if it is God's will, we can only bow as before, in the day of adversity, and whilst he presses the bitter cup to our burning lips, repent of our sins, and call upon Him, if so be, that He will have mercy upon us. If we are not yet prepared for our independence – for the high and holy trust which will be committed to us and our children – then the war must go on until that day arrives. We can but wait and hope, and do our duty.

We trust soon our suspense will be relieved by the glorious news, that the abolition horde have been driven from a foothold around Vicksburg, and in disgrace compelled to take their boats and raise the siege of that heroic city. Much depends upon our success

there, for should it please a kind Providence to give us the victory, it would doubtless hasten on a peace. The North-West is still greatly agitated, and a defeat of their troops on the Father of Waters, would add fury to the gathering storm.

We have had several late arrivals from Texas, and they all bring us good news from home concerning the growing crops, God smiles upon the labor of your hands, and Nature opens her storehouse for the sustenance of man and beast. But still our hearts are pained to learn that speculation and extortion are joined hand in hand to crush out the very life-blood of those who are unprotected, and to depreciate so dreadfully our currency. It is humiliating to feel that, whilst so many – the very flower of the sunny South – are making every sacrifice of comfort, ease, friendship, wealth, happiness, health, and life, for the deliverance of our struggling country from the heartless [sic] task-masters of Egypt, that those are found, who remain at home, to take advantage of the times, and gain a pile of shining dust. "Tell it not, Gath, publish it not on the streets of Eskelon," that men so recreant of every principle that is manly, virtuous and patriotic, are found having a name or a home in Texas. Let them be known and remembered when the war-cloud shall pass over, and the day of re-unions, happiness and prosperity shall dawn upon our free Confederacy the youngest born, but by no means the least lovely and queenly in the sisterhood of nations.

George T. Holman, Esq., from Fayette county, brings with him a most liberal contribution (elsewhere acknowledged) from the ladies of Fayetteville for the Rangers. A father's anxiety for a son, held in a northern prison, prompted the difficult journey, and he has been rewarded by finding him just returned a few weeks ago, and ready for duty.

Majors Daniel McPhail and Robert Rutherford, from Washington county, arrived safely. The former now a member of company B. We have thus received some late letters, and it is hoped our friends will embrace all such opportunities for sending letters this side of the Mississippi.

Geo. W. McNeil, of Brazoria county, who has for some months acted as Provost Marshal on Gen. Wharton's staff, is now assigned to duty in White's battery. He is first Lieutenant, and commands a gun. This position gives the gallant officer an opportunity for making a name by his genius and his bravery.

Our regiment still has its periodical changes in the staff department. Lieut. Col. S.C. Ferrill has resigned, and this devolves the command of the regiment upon Maj. Gustave Cook. He is, therefore, by seniority, Lieut. [sic] Colonel, and in fact, Colonel, inasmuch as Col. Harrison is now assigned a Brigade, and will ere long receive his Brigadier's commission. By this change Capt. S.P. Christian is Major. During the most of this year these popular and efficient officers have commanded the regiment, and their ability has been fully tested. Under their control, the Rangers will lose none of their former prestige for daring and success.

We are blessed with continued health. We have recently heard of the death of Peter Sasser, Co. K. in Georgia, whither he had gone last winter when suffering from severe

sickness. Thus has passed away one of our kindest hearted men and best soldiers. The stubborn disease did its mission, the lungs ceased to work and "the soldier's off duty forever." When the Yankees visited McMinville [sic], a few weeks ago, Lt. Sam B. Ashe, of the Wharton scouts, was the hero of a gallant feat by which Mrs. Jno. [sic] H. Morgan and Mrs. Dick McCann, escaped.

He was just recovering from a spell of sickness, but hearing that the enemy was approaching, he rode out to see if the report was true. Meeting the Yankees two miles from town he fired on them. Being joined by three other soldiers, the four kept the whole force in check for some time – I have heard two hours. At least it shows what a few daring spirits can accomplish where there is a will. In compliance with General Orders received from Corps Headquarters, ordering all officers and soldiers who are absent over seven days without leave from the proper authority to be dropped from the muster rolls and published as deserters, etc., I learn a list of 17 Texas Rangers has been forwarded to your paper. Should such list ever reach you. I trust the matter will be understood. Although in accordance with this late order, absentees are declared deserters, yet in fact they are not so. I am aware that some soldiers have taken advantage of leave of absence and remained much over their time and they should be punished, but such an order bears most unjustly upon many others. In this list is one noble young man who was shot through the head at Shiloh, brought to Corinth and sent South to some unknown hospital. He doubtless died in a few days, and he is reported as a deserter, because no report has ever been heard from him. Others are absent sick, but the "seven days" act marks them deserters. Others again are on furlough in Texas, and we know they are en route for the Regiment, but the difficulties of the way have prevented their getting through as yet, and they come under the same law. The list had scarcely been mailed before two who had been in Kentucky after horses, and from surrounding difficulties had been detained over time, returned with six horses. Yet their names by said order had been dropped from the roll, and thus were considered, according to Gen. Wheeler's orders, deserters. Should such a list appear, you will therefore oblige those implicated by appending this explanation or by an editorial on the subject. I believe there is no actual deserter from the Rangers of Terry's old regiment, and I believe furthermore that there is not a man whose name stands upon our roll who would desert the cause in which we are engaged. I trust this will relieve the minds of our friends when they shall read familiar names on the forwarded list.

Yours, R.F.B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, July 15, 1863.