

Letter from the Rangers.

RANGER'S HEAD-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, 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 brisk 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, &c, 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 G, 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 com-

pany G, was also with him; and not satisfied with that successful 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 Leganon. 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 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 vouchsafe 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 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 E. 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, 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. McGray, 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.

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 deprecation, 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 com-

rades 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 camp. Those sent South were 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 TELEGRAPH, May 1, 1863.

Alexandria, Tenn,)

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 weatherboarding 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 Moxinville 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 Moxinville, 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

... reached Liberty - sixteen miles - just after dark, and here, intersecting the pike leading to Murfreesboro, and also to Lebanon, went out four miles, and camped 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 half our wagons, were sent into camp beyond ...
ville.

... after most of the horses had already gone sixty hours on ten ... half its number to hunt up and bring in forage on horseback. ... been eaten plum out.* Two union men in the neighborhood had

one of the houses indicated. Adj't John M. Claiborne was detailed to go up to the house and inquire if a certain man

evening, miss."

Young Lady -- Good day, stranger.

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

Y. L. -- No, stranger. Ain't no sich 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 any thing 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 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 and sartain.

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 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't. -- Madam, I am better posted in affairs than that. Where are Jim and Peter?

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

Adj't. -- 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 my bounden duty to reciprocate their favors as far as possible. I must have some corn.

7

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 were 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. Puc 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. Puc opens his battery and the first shot disables the engine, and several others make it a wreck. In the meantime, the dismounted men pour 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.

Letter from the Rangers

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 some days have 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. & 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 ran 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 Crittenden of the 11th Texas, their former Sergt. 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 with a large tree, which stood in the centre 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 com-

mand. 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 Zillian B. Sayers, Inspector General; Lt. B. F. Batchellor, (Co. C,) Adj't; Lt. George Deckerd, (Co.D.) Aid-de-Camp; Captain, C. B. Pearce, (Ranger C. S.) C. S. Dep't; 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 our 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.

Letter from the Rangers.

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 STONEMALL 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 of Lee's army, the most dashing, popular, successful and able leader of troops on the continent, equalled 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 dew 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 Tennessees," 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 estab-

lished 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 co operation 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. A. Wharton has almost entirely recovered from his late severe injury. He now

4

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 cannot 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 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

6

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 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 Post 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 this 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. 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 McKinville, a few weeks ago, Lt. Sam S. Ashe, of the Wharton scouts, was the hero of a gallant feat by which Mrs. Jno. 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, &c., I learn a list of 17 Texas Rangers

9

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 desert-ers, 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 fur-lough 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, accord- ing to Gen. Wheeler's order, deserters. Should such a list ap- pear, 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 reg- iment, 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

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, JULY 15, 1863.

when they shall read familiar names on the forwarded list.
Yours,
R. F. B.