

FROM BORLING GREEN.

Camp Mud Puddle, Near Bowling Green,

Jan. 19th, 1862.

Messrs Editors:-I know of nothing which we could more usefully employ now than one of Gen. Chambers' aerial boats in our encampment. We are in an elbow of Jennings' creek and more water than is convenient. It was intended that we should only tarry here for shoeing our horses. Hence the position was selected for the convenience of wood and water. Although when the first companies arrived it was dry, yet after all had come up, the reservoirs above seem to have broken loose, and yesterday morning at day the cry was heard all over camp, "Here's your water," "here's your floating tent," "here's your soldier's luck" &c. This heavy fall of rain prevented any companies from going forward yesterday, although four struck tent this morning and followed the three already advanced towards Green River. Two days more will take the remaining three, and a general camp will be formed in the vicinity of "Oak [x] other still more ad[x] scouts and pickets wil[x] will bring us up in the neighborhood of "Bell's tavern" and in the region of Woodsonville. Gen. Hindman and his troops have not been able to sleep soundly

x

Document Torn

since the rangers left them unprotected, and again we must occupy the frontier position. Although this is the post of danger, yet it is the most responsible and most honorable. The rangers are expected to bring on a general engagement. You may therefore soon hear of some warm work along our lines. Although we will probably not have much over 400 efficient men, after deducting those who have died, been discharged, furloughed or are now sick, yet they will maintain the reputation of our regiment. Did we but have 1000 gallant spirits with which we first encamped in Ky, what a noble work could we do along the banks of Green River. Our vacated offices are all filled and once more the rangers are themselves again.

Our noble, popular and chivalric Col. Wharton is untiring in his efforts to have the regiment provided with everything that is necessary for the comfort and efficiency of the rangers. He is proving himself the very man for the position. The only fear is that his health may not be sufficiently restored to stand the exposure. Lieut. Col. Walker, who is the very impersonation of the brave and daring soldier, will not be able to advance with us for a few days, on account of his wounded arm. It is rapidly improving and he will soon take his position and will be among the foremost when the hour of conflict comes on. It is now intensely disagreeable for the movement of troops on account of rain and mud. This will no doubt check the advance of the gr[x]

of Abraham the 1st upon this po[x] beginning to
 doubt if they intend to attack this strongly fortified
 position; but believe that their movement on Green River at
 the rail road bridge is but a feint, and that they will en-
 deavor to flank it and pass on to Nashville. The concentra-
 tion of immense numbers of troops at Paducah and elsewhere
 would seem to indicate that they have an eye to [x]
 important city and will move upon it both [x]
 the Cumberland [x] land. Time will develop
 their [x]er get safe[x]
 and is not [x]

[x].,

[x] River

Jan. 24th, 1862.

The following items will show the present condition of
 "Terry's Regiment of Texas Rangers," now [x] noted in
 the Kentucky campaign. When we first pitched tent near
 Bowling Green last October we numbered one thousand and two
 men. During the intervening time, the regiment has seen such
 constant and perilous service. All things considered we have
 not suffered so seriously as might be supposed, a[X] though
 those, whose gallant hearts led [x] proudly forth
 upon the march, have been silenced in death and many a
 generous, noble and daring companion has finished his work [x]
 now there is no response to his name. A few days ago, after

a brief leave of absence [x] recruiting, shoeing
our horses and selecting officers, we were ordered "forward"
to relieve the "Alabama Cavalry" of Miss., and occupy again
the frontier position, which is that of peril as well as
honor. On examination I find 790 men on our rolls and
about 450 ready for this expedition. This leaves us some
340 [x] furlough, sick and detached
servic[x] lost up to the 22d ult., 54 by death
[x] discharge, resignation &c. The [x]
officered thus--Jno. A. Wharton, Colonel, S. Walker, Lieut.
Col., Thomas Harrison, Maj[] Surgeons, J. M. Weston and
R. E. Hill, Chaplain P. F. Bunting, A. C. S., R. H. Simmon
A. S. M., Benjamin A. Botta, Adjutant [x] No. 100,
Company A. "Prairie Rover[x] Rufus Y. King, 1st
Lieut, John C. [x] Wm. H. Jones and M. L.
Gord[x] Comp. [x] "Archer Grays" Capt. R. M.
McKay, 1st Lt. W. W. Gross, 2d Lieut's T. H. Sharpe &
T. J. Bennett, Comp. C. "Wall Confederates," Capt. M. L.
Evans, 1st Lt., A. M. Shannon, 2d Lt's James Dunn & J. W.
Baylor, Co. D. "Bastrop Rangers," Capt. B. C. Ferrill, 1st
Lieut, F. Kyle, 2d Lt's J. F. Birditt, W. R. Doake, Co. E.
"Gonzales Rebels," Capt. L. M. Rayburn, 1st Lt. J. E. White,
2d Lt's H. E. Story & R. S. Davis. Co. F. "Lone Star
Rangers," Capt. W. R. Jarmon, 1st Lt., Phocian Tate, 2d
Lieut's R. D. McClelland & B. E. Joiner. Co. G. "Javaelinea,"

Capt. W. Y. Houston, 1st Lt. Wm. H. Ford, 2d Lt's Wm. Ellis & Geo. Stormfeltz. Co. H. "Terry Guards," Capt. Gustave Cook, 1st Lt. T. E. Weston, 2d Lt's R. J. Calier & W. D. Adams. Co. I. "Lubbock Scouts," Capt. I. G. Jones, 1st Lt. A. D. Harris, 2d Lieut's G. [x] W. [x] Tierfield & James H. Barremore. Co. [x] "Lubbock Guards," Cal [x] Lt. A. W. Morris 2d [x] H. Bouldin. With [x] advancing column, whom we know and have confidence in as brave men, our daring boys are anxious at once to take their position and hasten forward, that again they may tread upon the ground where the chivalric Terry fell and avenge his death upon cowardly hirelings, who would desolate our homes and destroy our sunny south, subjugate a heroic people and perpetually enslave them for daring to be free men. We are now engaged in no child's work, we are amid stirring events; a great reputation won by gallant deeds, has to be sustained, the memory of the cherished dead and the honor of the living demand it, our boys are determined that no expectations shall be unrealized. No other cavalry in this department have the reputation of the Texas Rangers. In all their picketing, never yet has a false alarm been given, never have they retreated before the advancing enemy. After we were relieved from this position before, Gen'l Hindman says, he could not sleep sound since the Texas Rangers were gone.

They were not absent a week before he wished them back again. The opinion prevails at Headquarters, that no surprise will ever take place in this line whilst they are on duty. Not only are the roads all picketed, but every by-way and cross path is closely guarded and every stray horseman is tracked and our boys know by his marks, whether he walks or lopes. I have never heard the confidence expressed in any troop of men, which this regiment enjoys. The Texas Ranger is known everywhere, his deeds of adventure and reckless daring are upon every lip. You may therefore expect to hear, within the next five weeks that the Federal cavalry have been intercepted [x] their scouts this side of Green River [x] they have joined in leading the back [x] see. Should another opportunity occur [x] field of Woodsonville, they will give some sagacious correspondent of the Cincinnati press, another opportunity for trying his imagination at discription. Of this famous fight the opening one on Ky., scil a writer from Mumfordsville says "The Texas Rangers, while riding like Arabs, fought like devils, they rode up in several instances on the bayonets of the skirmishers (where they "Rallied by hours") and were lifted off their horses on the German bayonets. That "lifting off" was a right smart performance for Federal infantry, But then what were our boys doing whilst this feat was being [x]? It is rather strange [x] and not a man was [x]

except those whose [x] under them, nor was there [x] received a bayonet wound save a scratch or two. But the northern press must [x] the craving appetite for news and this will [x] for an item. To-night again our pickets are out treading over these familiar hills, but the enemy will cross their path. About 1 o'clock we encamp within sight of the old locality near "Bed[x]." As we came up the soldiers below were jubilant at the prospect of a fight. Gen. Hindman had moved up his force last night expecting to encounter two regiments of the enemy, who are foraging around on this side of the river. Taking the precaution however to re-cross towards night. Cannon were heard in that direction this morning and it was supposed an engagement was going on, when we reached this point, some 10 miles in advance. No sooner had we arrived at our camp, than the order was given to have the arms all in order and to be ready for marching at a moment's warning. All was excitement and every Ranger was preparing for a fight. But no further word coming from above, the work for clearing away bramble, stretching tents, building fire and cooking commenced in earnest. This evening the soldiers returned, after marching all night and to-day, bringing the report that no enemy were visible. It is now generally supposed that their object is to flank Bowling Green on both sides and thus avoid the advance along this way. It may be so, then nothing

of stirring interest will take place here; but it may be a ruse to draw away our troops towards other localities and thus to make a forward march upon Bowling Green by this route. Time will decide the matter. To-night I am for the first time in my own "marque" and humble though my temporary dwelling place may be, yet its my home and I feel contented. The night is clear and still, though quite frosty, and the blazing fire before my tent's door is agreeable. The wet season being over, it is now spring like and charming. But 'tis too bright to last long. Good night.

Yours, R. F. E.

P. S. Judging from the few letters received from my old friends in S. A., paper and ink must be getting very scarce. Is it so?

SAN ANTONIO HERALD, February 15, 1862.

Letter from Terry's Regiment

Camp Hardee, Near Green River.
January 27, 1862.

E. H. Cushing - Dear Sir; For the information of those whom we have left behind in the land of sunshine and flowers, your correspondent will note a few items on the present condition of Terry's Regiment of Texas Rangers, which is destined to live in the history of this Kentucky campaign. Amid the congratulations and good-byes of friends and with a future all aglow with visions of martial glory, the long and weary march was undertaken. It is known to your readers that by and by we camped on "the dark and bloody ground." Last October when we first bivouacked near Bowling Green, we numbered one thousand and two men. Soon the perilous work of picketing and scouting was undertaken. Wherever a brilliant exploit or a daring adventure was to be performed there the Texas Ranger was sent. Thus for near three months the work goes on. But exposure brings disease, and scores are prostrated upon beds of suffering. The angel of death spreads his black wing over our camp, and his cold shadow falls upon many a noble soldier, and the heart that so nobly responded to the war-cry was stilled in the silence of the grave. Some fall upon the battle field. They died just where the patriot would wish to die, but the majority are watched over by strangers and fall victims to cruel disease. But we feel that we have passed

under our cloud of adversity--we now begin to see the brightening sky, and over the darkest spot we trace the bow of hope. Some four weeks ago we were relieved for the purpose of repairing the wear and tare of war electing officers, &c. Now again we are ordered "forward" to the post of danger, as well as honor. Our thinned ranks are now well filled up, and comrade welcomes comrade back again to the advancing columns. Although we miss at roll call the names of 34 who are no more, and some 125 who have resigned and been discharged, yet 790 are still on our roll, and some 450 are "with us" and ready for this perilous expedition of five weeks. We have still 340 absent on furlough, sick or detailed service. After our ups and downs, our various blended lights and shadows which follow on the track of war, we are once more officered and ready for the work assigned us. As we have had numerous changes, I will give your readers our present organization, viz:

John A. Wharton, Colonel; J. G. Walker, Lieut Colonel; Thomas Harrison, Major; J. M. Weston and R. E. Hill, Surgeons; R. F. Bunting, Chaplain; R. H. Simmons, A. C. S.; Benj. A. Botts, A. Q. M., and M. H. Boyston, Adjutant.

Company A. "Prairie Rovers," (1) Captain Rufus Y. King; 1st Lieut. John C. Lowe; 2d Lieuts. Wm. H. Jones and M. L. Gordon.

Company B., "Archer Grays," (10*) Captain R. M. McKay; 1st

Lieut. W. W. Gross; 2d Lieuts. W. H. Sharpe. T. J. Bennett.

Company C, "Waul Confederates." (2) Captain W. L. Evans;
1st Lieut. A. M. Shannon; 2d Lieuts, James Dunn and J. W.
Baylor.

Company D, "Bastrop Rangers," (3) Captain S. C. Ferrill;
1st Lieut. F. Kyle; 2d Lieuts. J. F. Burditt and W. R. Doake.

Company E, "Gonzales Rebels," (4) Captain L. M. Rayburn;
1st Lieut. J. K. White; 2d Lieuts, H. E. Story and R. S. Davis

Company F, "Lone Star Rangers," (2) Captain W. R. Jarman; 1st
Lieut. Photian Tate; 2d Lieuts. R. J. McClelland and B. E.
Joiner.

Company G, "Javallines," (5) Captain W. Y. Houston; 1st
Lieut. Wm. Ford; 2d Lieuts. Wm. Ellis and Geo. Stormfeltz.

Company H, "Terry Guards," (7) Captain Gustave Cook; 1st
Lieut. T. S. Weston; 2d Lieuts. R. J. Calder and W. D. Adams.

Company I, "Lubbock Scouts," (6) Captain I. G. Jones; 1st
Lieut. A. D. Harris; 2d Lieuts. Geo. W. Littlefield and James
H. Parramore.

Company K, "Tom Lubbock Guards," (8) Captain S. P. Christian;
1st Lieut. A. M. Morris; 2d Lieuts. W. H. Thomas and H Bouldin.

*The figures indicate their present position, retaining their
old letters.

Thus we are prepared for the perilous duties assigned us,
and you may rest assured the Rangers are themselves again.
Although our ranks are greatly thinned by the numerous

misfortunes which have in one way and another come upon us, yet all seem determined that the reputation which this regiment has already acquired shall not be tarnished in the least degree. Though fewer in numbers than when we entered the campaign, yet brave hearts and daring achievements will still be our history. The memory of the gallant dead, and the honor of the living demand that the Texas Rangers be the foremost in every brilliant deed. I have never known any body of men to enjoy in a greater degree the confidence of the people, and have a better reputation at headquarters, than this regiment. It is felt there that there never will be a surprise by the enemy whilst our boys are picketing along the lines. They are woodsmen and horsemen--equalled by none in this department, and when a section of country is once visited by them, it is thoroughly explored. Never yet have they given a false alarm, nor brought in a report of the enemy's movements that was not according to the facts in the case. When they were ordered to fall back below Bowling Green, their absence was regretted by all this command. Gen. Hindman himself acknowledged that he could not sleep soundly at night since the Rangers were gone. It is to be hoped that he will now have the repose necessary for one occupying his responsible position, since his protectors are back again. On last Friday morning, we struck tent at Camp Lubbock, 10 miles below, and marched to this place, which is near by "Bell's tavern." As we came along by the

encampment below, the report reached us that Hindman had gone with his force towards Green River, and from the sound of cannon in that direction, a few hours previous, it was thought a battle was then progressing. Everything was excitement and our boys supposed the time at hand when they could avenge our loss on the field of Woodsonville. No sooner had we reached our camp ground than the order was issued that all arms should be put in order, and that the command be ready to march at a moments warning.

In the meanwhile, the tents were erected and the ground was prepared for a comfortable dwelling place. In the evening the troops returned without finding the enemy, or enjoying the pleasure of a battle. It seemed they did not find them where they were expected. No sooner were we here than details were made for pickets and scouts. Daily our boys are in motion, and if there is a Yankee within our reach they will be tracked. We are disposed to think now that the enemy will not come down this line to Bowling Green, but that their object is rather to flank that place and pass on to Nashville. However, if their lines are advancing in the form of a crescent, which late events seem to indicate, we may eventually find them crossing Green River in large force and moving down upon us, then it will be our privilege to skirmish along the route and draw them on to Bowling Green. We are now in the dark as to their intended movements; but a few days will, doubtless, decide. It is our wish

that some movement would be made. Should they attack Bowling Green. I have no doubts of the result. That would be a fearful repulse for them, and a glorious victory for us. Our new Colonel, although yet very weak, from his long and severe sickness, is with us, and proves himself a worthy successor of the lamented Terry. He is a man of prudence and judgment, as well as energy and bravery. Lieut. Col. Walker is prevented from joining us for the present, on account of his wounded arm; this, however, is improving, and soon he will be with us to lead wherever brave deeds are to be performed. Major Harrison is also prevented from being at his post, from an indisposition, which has caused him to suffer greatly for some time past. Your correspondent is here, endeavoring to help on the good work in any way in his power and especially attending to the spiritual department. Although a campaign like this is not well calculated to foster a growth in grace, or to advance the interests of religion, yet, when circumstances permit, we "forget not the assembling of ourselves together" in the groves for public worship. The attendance is large, and the attention most encouraging. We shall indulge the hope that the seed sown will bring forth an abundant harvest in the future. We have but little sickness in camp, and our absent sick are generally convalescing very encouragingly.

Yours,

R. F. BUNTING
Chaplain Texas Rangers

DEATHS IN TERRY'S REGIMENT

We have just received a letter from our correspondent in Terry's regiment, written on the 3th ult., which contains a mortuary list of that regiment up to that date. The letter was written at Bowling Green, and of course the general intelligence contained has been anticipated. We publish the list:

Col. B. F. Terry, killed in battle; Col. Thos' S. Lubbock.

Company A. (1) Capt. Rufus Y. King:--B. R. Johnson; R. N. Mumford, S. Mitchel, Milam Co.; L. C. King, Travis Co.; Wm. Nash, D. G. Thompson, Falls Co.; A. J. Weaver, B. F. Aycock, Burleson Co.; G. B. W. Vaugh, Bell co., and L. D. Douglas, Grimes County.--10.

Company B. (10) Capt. R. N. McRay's (Wharton's) James Bush, Jesse Rice, Austin Co.; R. H. Caritan; E. H. McNeil, David Sims, J. B. Pickett, Brazoria Co.; R. E. Chatnam, Leon Co.--7.

Company C. (2) Capt. M. I. Evans:--Corporal Jno. McDonald, L. J. Cariton, J. Ferguson, J. R. Mangaham, R. H. O'Neal, R. V. Dunn, J. B. Baker, Gonzales Co.; G. F. Byerly, H. Somax, Fayette Co.; E. C. Tatum, Carnes Co.--10.

Company D, (3) Capt. S. C. Ferrill:--D. P. P. Smith, Jno. G. McGehee, R. M. Lewis and Serg't Jno. H. Morgan, Bastrop Co.; Thos. A. Hart, Fayette Co.; John Davidson, F. K.

Hill, Jesse A. Rowe, Travis Co.; Joseph Harris, Burleson Co.--killed in battle, W. E. Soall, Frank Lofton, Bastrop, Co.--Died from wounds since in battle, B. B. Giles' Travis Co.--12.

Company E, (4) Capt. L. M. Raybourn:--J. W. McGarrity, W. L. Giddens, Gonzales Co.; M. B. L. Schrier, Carnes Co.; Wm. Augustine, Dewitt Co.; G. W. Fogg, Harris Co.--5.

Company F. (9) Capt. W. R. Jarmon, (Strobel's)--E. H. Fames, J. P. Phillips, H. F. Cheatham, John Yarborough, G. E. Priest, Fayette Co.; M. G. Harbour, Abraham Jones, Allen Seals, J. A. Buzzendall, William Ware, Lavaca Co.; T. G. Mercer, D. C. Payne, Colorado Co.-12.

Company G. (5) Capt. William Y. Houston.--Lieut. Martin S. Mitchell, San Antonio; Levi Humphries, Joseph Baker, Guadalupe Co.; Folk Vaught, Atascosa Co.; Thomas Harris, Bexar Co.--5.

Company H. (7) Gustave Cook, (Holt's) M. Huston, J. S. Seriare, Jesse Dean, T. W. Atwell, Charles Kemp, John Miller, Fort Bend Co.; W. W. Waller, Austin Co.; Harris Silliman, Harris Co.; Neil Livingston, Joseph Perry, Brazoria Co.; Charles Moore, Wharton Co.-11.

Company I. (6) Capt. I. G. Jones.--H. M. Norwood, Ed. Thorn, Joseph Stevens, Wm. Stevens, B. F. Mooney, Wm. Hall, Gonzales Co.; J. B. Buff, R. H. Kay, H. H. Thigpen, Lavaca Co.; G. T. Bankhead, Jackson, Co.; T. L. Snyder Dewitt Co.;

James McKinney, San Patricio Co.--12.

Company K. (10) Capt. S. P. Christian. (Walker's)

Wm. S. Pitts, J. W. McDonald, Thomas Walker, Mont-
gomery Co.--killed in battle, Michael Dunn, Washington
Co.--4

R. F. B.

THE TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, March 21, 1862.

Rangers Camp,
Near Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Febr. 24th. 1862.

Mesars Editors - For a few words. I wrote you a letter at Bowling Green and one at this point, giving you all the particulars of the last two weeks, eventful as they have been to our division of the army. We are passing under our dark cloud, but we still hope for the good day coming. On Sunday morning 9th our regiment left "Bella tavern" and fell back eight miles to "Dripping Springs." On Wednesday morning we struck tent and fell back to Bowling Green. On Friday morning the enemy appeared suddenly on Baxter's hill on the north side of Barren river and shelled us through and out of that city. Then began our retreat in earnest and on Sunday night about 12 o'clock our boys rode into and through Nashville and the wagons arrived about four next morning. Nashville was being evacuated! - "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon" - Nashville was being evacuated. Stopping until Monday morning, the baggage was moved on four miles further and we camped for the night. On Tuesday morning again we were ordered to move in this direction and although the pipe was a living stream of army wagons, soldiers and all sorts of vehicles, yet after two days jogging along we reached this place and encamped. This was a general rendezvous for those on detailed duty, wagon guard, attendants upon the sick and stragglers generally. On Tuesday morning last all the Rangers that could be spared, were ordered to report to Nashville. They then went down towards Charlotte and have been ranging through the region betwixt that point and

this camp. They got in this morning after six days constant work and without tents. Such rains as we have had for a week past has not been seen here for twenty years. It has been dreadful on the poor soldiers. Our boys stood their trip remarkably well. Our retreat for over 180 miles has been one of suffering and privation and "the End is not yet." Lucien Campbell, of the Salado, was left very sick with the pneumonia, near Michelville, Tenn. and should he recover, will be taken a prisoner by the enemy. Wm. H. Jenkins of Houston Co. who stopped with him, being himself very much indisposed, barely escaped their pickets and reached this camp. The regiment doubtless have left several beyond our lines of whom I, as yet, know not. This morning I buried R. J. Eskridge of Capt. Jones Co. He died from pneumonia. Our sick were brought with us. Generally they are doing as well as could be expected. This movement backward has added a goodly number to our regiment, who had taken up good winter quarters among the generous people of Tenn. Some of them seem much abler for duty than those who have been toiling all through the campaign. Even misfortune has its blessings. We are now much stronger than ever before since first landing in Ky. I recognize within a few days many a new face, but the "star" indicates that they are Texas Rangers. The Federals are in Nashville and we are not there. That's about as much as we know now. To-day, we are here, to-morrow we may be some where else and that is about all we know about

it. How many troops we have, where we are going, are things, which we know not and if did, it would not be politic to say so just now. Our Generals are wise men and we will trust their direction. A short time will decide our course. Tennessee seems for the present lost to our Confederacy. We have seen neither newspapers or telegraph news for over two weeks. We are entirely ignorant of the doings of the outside world. Camp rumors abound. Their name is legion. We believe nothing. It is a most uncertain and perplexing condition. We got a few letters here which where brought down from Bowling Green and Nashville. But three or four wagon loads of mail were started to Chatanooga on Saturday and lost in the river three miles from here. All the rest is gone from us. A net of misfortunes seem to surround our army here. It cannot always be so. Weeping way endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning. We will by and by retrace our steps along this magnificent region. It has fared off and is now clear and spring-like. Should I ascertain that my two letters are drowned in "Stones" river, I will try and give you some of the items of our trip from Green river.

We have no mails as yet, owing to the accident on the Chatanooga road on saturday. Lieut. Col. Johnston of Arkansas was killed and others wounded. They were transporting troops. Having neither envelopes or wafers I will send this in the old style.

In haste Yours

R. F. B.

SAN ANTONIO HERALD, March 22, 1862.

LETTER FROM THE RANGERS.

Rangers' Camp, near Murfreesboro', Tenn.,)
February 26th, 1862.)

E. H. Cushing, Esq.--my Dear Sir:--Our Kentucky campaign, with all its labors, sufferings and sacrifices of brave men, is fairly "played out." Sunday morning, the 9th of February, found this regiment and "Morgan's Squadron" the only remaining troops along the Green river line. In obedience to orders, we struck tent and fell back eight miles to "Dripping Springs." Here we found our best camping ground--with abundance of wood, a pure spring boiling out from the rocks, and the encampment laying in the form of a crescent upon the hill-side. But all things are short-lived in war. On Tuesday night, at 10 o'clock orders were issued for ten days' rations to be prepared, and for the command to be ready to march by day-light. Soon the slumbering camp fires blazed brightly, and with shouts and merry songs the culinary department was in full operation. That night the Ranger dreamt of some forward movement, and he met the enemy in fancy upon the field of conflict. Long before day, that hill side was all astir with preparations, and early all were mounted and ready for duty. The mystery was to some extent solved. Maj. Harrison, with about one half the command, proceeded on a scout towards Green River, and the remainder accompanied by Col. Wharton, fell back in the rear of Hindman's division towards Bowling green. Painful rumors had reached us from that quarter, but, like Thomas, we were disbelieving.

Onward the slow train of wagons and infantry moves and we follow. When nearing Bowling Green the reality crowded upon our view. Along the bank of Barren river for one and a half miles, where we had left a perfect city of white tents, nought was remaining but chimneys and straw and broken camp stuff. Far as the eye could trace o'er those valleys and hills, all had disappeared like the snow before an April's sun. We could only note where they had been pitched, by the flames or black clouds of smoke which were rolling up from their ruins. We now felt that rumor has proven a reality--Bowling Green is being evacuated. Slowly our column wound around those ridges and down the side of Baker's Hill and over the wooden bridge. It looked more like a funeral train than a march of gallant soldiers with their weapons of war. We saw, in different directions, long lines of soldiers moving away as though some danger was impending. Our regiment was assigned a camp ground near by where the chivalric and lamented Terry first pitched tent. We then learned that on Sunday morning, the 9th, they had commenced dismounting the guns, and ever since had been shipping cannon, ammunition, provisions and men to Fort Donelson, Nashville, &c. Hindman's division was to form the rear in what was now a grand retreat. Thursday night was one of those genuine winter nights, which freeze out a man's patriotism. It rained, and blew, and froze, and then crowned all by sleet and snowing. To those whose tents had caved in under the pressure of the

storm, the morning sun was cheering as they crawled out from under the frozen canvas. This was our time for departure; but orders came for us to be in readiness only. Then about 9 o'clock, "load up, saddle up," was issued from head-quarters. Soon the wagons were in motion upon the frozen road. When they had gone about half a mile, and had reached the fair grounds on the west side of the city, the big music commenced. It was Yankee Doodle in earnest, with loud and deeply cheering variations. The enemy had stolen a march upon us. His artillery and some cavalry and infantry had driven in four of Col. Wirt Adams' cavalry pickets across the river, and about 10 o'clock A. M. he was in position upon Baker's Hill, in our own fortification, and his batteries were throwing shell into the city. This was our first intimation that he was anywhere near us. It may have been known to Generals Hardee and Hindman that Gen. Rousseau was advancing; but if so, they were beautifully surprised. This attack gives us another illustration of the enemy with whom we are fighting. Here is a city well nigh evacuated by soldiers, but filled with women and children in their quiet home. They are aroused to a sense of their danger by the sound of cannon and the whizzing and bursting of bombs over their heads. They enquire what it is, and the answer passes from lip to lip, "the enemy is shelling the city." I was on the public square when the first shell fell near the depot. Such consternation, confusion and alarm I have never before witnessed. Homes were fast deserted--women were seek-

ing the fields with their little ones clinging to them, or wading through the frozen snow. Some took possession of carriages, some of wagons, others mounted on horseback, and the hurrying, living stream of frightened humanity rolled in the direction of Vinegar Hill, then over it, and southward towards "Dixie."

In the meanwhile, the shells fell thick and fast around the depot. Our wagons first passed by it uninjured. Then the news had reached the Ranger's camp, and gallantly did they ride by the place of danger, and although for near half a mile the shells fell on every side, yet neither man nor horse was hit or injured. Fortunately the guns ranged over their heads. Halting in the square, they prepared for a fight. But the enemy could not be got at, the bridges were either blown up or burned, and the river could not there be forded. They had cannon, and could shell us. All our cannon were thirty miles below, and our guns could not reach them. There they were before our eyes, ranged in rows upon our new, complete fortification, and pointing their cannon upon us. It was provoking, but an arrangement, not our own; hence we were not responsible for it, and retreated out of the city as gracefully as the case would admit of. The infantry, teams, and frightened civilians had about all passed on, and we brought up the rear. The cavalry, some 1500 in number, all formed on the south side

of Vinegar Hill and there remained till about 4 P. M. In the meantime, Capt. King, with his company, were detailed to go back and burn the depot and all the goods, stores and soldiers' stuff gathered about it, and the quantity was immense. Some fired the Fair grounds, with 50,000 bushels of corn, others the pork-house, with 250,000 pounds of meat, others returned to camp and gathered up saddles, tents, &c., that were left, and they were consumed, together with a house in town where our things had been stored. This was to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. He will get nothing belonging to the Rangers as a relic. This was the only burning done by military authority. Fine houses were that morning burning all around the city, but that was done by the citizens. Two nights before a citizen had fired his own gambling house on the square and about half the north side was destroyed. Had it not been through the efforts of the officers and soldiers there, the greater part of the place would have been destroyed. The Union and Southern men themselves are responsible for the burning. The evacuation being complete—save some forty sick left in the hospital, with a physician,—we commenced our long retreat. As usual, the Rangers were assigned the post of danger and of honor. Of all the cavalry present, they were assigned, during this and the next day, both the advance and rear guard. Great apprehension was felt lest we should be intercepted at

several points and cut off. Hence great vigilance was necessary. It was now stinging cold, and following the infantry was a tedious business. About 16 miles below B. J. we halted for the night. Neither wagons unloaded or tents erected--both food and blankets were scarce. Staid from 10 o'clock till near day, and we were on the march again. It was a trying night. Having dispatched messengers to the troops and artillery below us, they had halted near Franklin, Kentucky, and were better prepared for an attack. On Saturday the retreat was continued, the weather being quite mild. Before night the entire force camped below Mitchelville, Tennessee, in Camp Trousdale, adjoining, where there were good winter quarters. Sunday morning, before day, all was in motion again. Our boys remained behind here, as at Franklin, to protect the shipment of soldiers on the railroad, and munitions, and bring up the wagons. The main body, of the now greatly increased command, stopped ten miles from Nashville, to feed, about 4 P. M.; but, after dark, took up the line of march in extra "double quick," in order to get over the bridges at Nashville that night.

About 11 o'clock the wagon train was within two miles of the river, but the road was perfectly jammed. This caused a halt, and a movement only by jerks. The main body of our regiment had been detained at Mitchelville, guarding the property, until 4 o'clock, and then loped into Nashville, some 40 miles, by 12 o'clock. Passing by the wagons, and over the

bridge, they turned into the Murfreesboro' pike and came out four miles before an unoccupied spot could be found. Here, about 1 o'clock A. M., we had the satisfaction of turning into a field, and put up for the night, supperless and tentless, in a pelting rain. The wagons got over about 4 A. M. We had, providentially, been preserved from an attack of the enemy on our retreat from Bowling Green, doubtless, through our victories, up to Saturday night, at Fort Donelson. Here we felt we were safe once more. But imagine our disappointment when we were told that Fort Donelson had been surrendered, and on Sunday, that the authorities of Nashville had formally surrendered the city, because it could not be held by our army. It seemed like a dream, the tidings were so unexpected, so humiliating and so mournfully sad that we could not realize the truth. But painfully did we feel it, when we learned that the military stores were to be divided among the soldiers, and the provisions among the people on that morning. It was expected the gunboats of the enemy would be up the river every hour, to take formal possession of that beautiful, wealthy, hospitable and queenly Southern city. The soldiers had found among her generous and noble people a home in sickness--their houses had been opened, their time had been devoted to us, their money had been freely spent for our comfort--never were a people more devoted to a work of philanthropy, and now, when the hour comes for us to repay them by protect-

ing their homes and families, we must turn our back upon them and leave them a prey to our and their enemies. That day the streets of Nashville wore a peculiar appearance. They were crowded with anxious people of every kind--every one driving his own direction, after his own business. Some preparing to flee, some looking out for plunder--for you will find vultures of humanity everywhere, especially in the track of an army, whilst others were preparing to settle down and make the most of it, and deep anxiety was pictured on their faces. The stores were all closed, and the darkened windows seemed to indicate that the black wing of pestilence had been spread over those once sunny and joyous homes--for sadness and desolation brooded everywhere. Just like that morning when the first born of Egypt's household's were found dead and every family had its own crushing grief, so this cloudy and gloomy day dawned upon Nashville, and in every Southern home there were bitter tears and farewells, when one and another of those cherished circles fled for safety. There was weeping for those whose principles compelled them to abandon their business and home, and for those, too, who must remain amid the enemy.

I have seen sorrow before--private and public calamity, but never have I witnessed such a scene as the evacuation of Nashville. God forbid that I must ever see it re-enacted again in any other city. As the Rangers rode out to their

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camp, groups of lovely and beautiful women--those who had ministered to our suffering soldiers when wasting away under cruel disease, and who had by their solicitude and kind attentions manifested a mothers and sisters devoted love--were gathered in the doors of those princely mansions, and with waving handkerchiefs and flowing tears, bid us silent farewells. Sometimes an elegant table was spread for the hungry soldier as the last act of kindness they could show us. During all that day, Nashville was in a dreadful state of suspense. Doubtless some craven spirits were found secretly rejoicing over her humiliation, but the majority were indeed passing through the furnace of trial.

Monday night we camped 3 miles this side of Nashville--moving at four that day--and on Tuesday morning we were early loaded up ready to join in the general retreat. The pike was one moving mass for miles. We jogged along until Thursday, when the wagons reached this place and we pitched our tents for a brief stay. On the same morning, Col. Wharton with all the Rangers who could be spared, with two days rations reported to Nashville, thence they were sent to Charlotte to protect the wagons, and soldiers who were straggling in from Donelson. Instead of two, they were out six days on the scout, and returned here via Franklin, Tenn. It was a trip of extreme exposure and hard service. The Federals did not venture to occupy Nashville until seven days after it had been surrendered

to them. They doubtless suspected it a trap for them. This gave us time to get away the most of our stores. But there has been an immense loss of provision and munitions of war and clothing, in evacuating Bowling Green and Nashville. Things which we can ill spare. There will yet be many a hungry man before many weeks roll by. Our retreat has been most disastrous. The soldiers are disheartened. The people are despondent. The Kentucky provisional government has fairly "gone up the spout"-- it was only a farce at best, and intensely unpopular with the people of Southern Kentucky. Its usurpations and high sounding pronouncements did our cause "evil, and only evil continually" with the people disposed to be with us. But our severest stroke is the evacuation of Nashville, and this garden spot of the State. May God overrule it for our good and the good of our glorious cause. It is but temporary. With their gunboats on our rivers, they can take our forts. Closely after these follow their transports with immense numbers of troops. Thus they can overwhelm us with numbers in these water positions. We must therefore withdraw from the water, reorganize our army, and get fresh troops from the South. Then bring them out upon the land, meet and whip them. We are retreating now. It is a military necessity and policy. But our army will by and by come back over this ground like a mighty flood. In Kentucky we were among spies and enemies--here they will

be among Southern people, and when the tide turns, we! be unto their army. There has been much confusion among our troops. They were unwilling to fall back. But being concentrated here a few days, they are now moving southward. In a few days all will be gone. Our destiny, our numbers, and what we intend doing, you will know in due season.

Since our arrival at Nashville we have had the most dreadful rains known for 20 years past. Great damage has been done to bridges, railroads, &c. But it seems fading now. These have been sad and dreary days to us all. We have seen no papers for 15 days, and are in perfect ignorance of the outside world. We abound in rumors. But we believe nothing until confirmed. Nothing has been confirmed as yet, only that we are still retreating. We got to Bowling Green just in time to find the post-office removed to Nashville, and on arrival there, it had been sent to this place, and now, after getting a few letters, it has gone to Chattanooga. With good luck we will doubtless overtake it bye and by. All mails are stopped in these regions, our hope is to find a passenger bound to "Dixie" and send our letters to be mailed there.

Our present position is a betwixity and a betweenity-- we are in a State neither fully Confederate or Federal, nor yet can we rejoice in anything "provisional" of either kind. We may soon be like Col. Bates, of the Clayson district,

member of the Provisional Assembly of Kentucky, with carpet-sack in hand, he was recently seen walking the streets of Bowling Green, enquiring for the Provisional Government of Kentucky. Some of us may soon be searching in vain for "Dixie", up this way, without even a carpet-bag left us. But, amid all our adversity, our regiment has gained a goodly number of men, who were laid up in snug quarters for the winter. For all that I can see, many of them are the healthiest looking men among us. When we were in Bowling Green a number could not stand the trip on horseback, but must be hauled into town and sent by cars to Nashville. But it only required a few rounds of cannon to wonderfully strengthen them, and the medicine acted like a charm. They mounted and rode with us all the way. They have been convalescing remarkably fast all over the country, as the Yankee cavalry were nearing them, and join us at every point. Now the cry is, more men than we can mount. Our regiment is fuller than I have ever seen it within four months. We hauled our sick generally with us. The poor fellows suffered very much on the weary march.

Six were left scattered through the territory now occupied by the Federals. They will doubtless be made prisoners when convalescing. But several will probably die. We have lost but two yet reported since our retreat, viz: J. F. Stansbury, of McKay's company, who died near here, and R. J. Eskridge, of Jones's company, who died here. To-morrow, Drs.

Rodgers, Potts and myself start in charge of about 30, who are unable for our next march--none seriously sick--for Atlanta, Ga. This will leave us over 700 effective men. Thus we are well represented in our time of need. Should our gallant Colonel be permitted to lead the boys into a battle, they will sustain the Texas Ranger's fame.

I have written thus fully because we have not had an opportunity of sending letters home recently, and may not again for some time. Our present condition is most satisfactory. With the prayer and hope that my next may be written under circumstances more propitious--when the star of our Confederacy may rise bright and clear above the clouds which now surround her, I remain fraternally, yours,

B. F. BURTING.

Chaplain Texas Rangers.

TRI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

March 12, 1862.