# FOURTEEN HUNDRED AND 91 DAYS,

IN THE
CONFEDERATE ARMY.

A JOURNAL,
KEPT BY W. W. HEARTSILL.
FOR FOUR YEARS, ONE MONTH, AND ONE DAY.

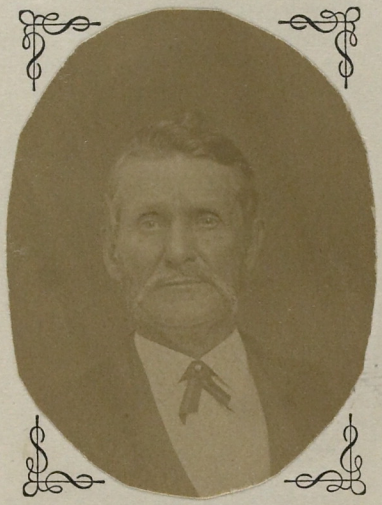
OR CAMP LIFE; DAY-BY-DAY,
OF THE

## W. P. LANE RANGERS.

FROM APRIL 19th 1861, TO MAY 20th 1865.

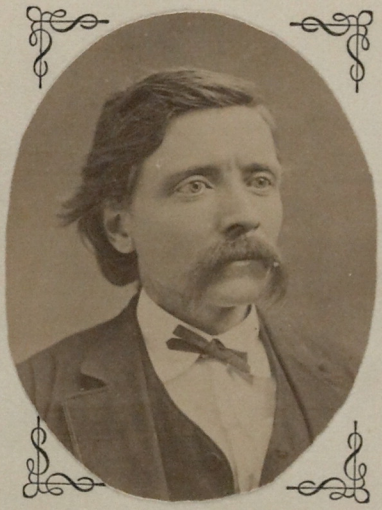
Capt. Sam. J. Richardson.

Capt. Sam. J. Richardson.



Genl. W. P. Lane.

A HERO, OF THREE WARS.



W. W. Heartsill.

## DEDICATION.

To the memory, of a brave, young Confederate soldier; who followed the Patriot, Statesman, and Soldier:, the noble Zollicoffer in the fierce conflict for Southern Independence; and who, in the morning of manhood, in the vigor of youth, at the age of twenty, mingled his lifes blood with the soil of his native State. None living; none dead, more noble than my dear, DEAR Brother,

**NAPOLEON ALEXANDER HEARTSILL.**

And to his memory this work is dedicated, with brotherly affection burning as warm to day, as when in boyhood we rambled over the hills and valleys near the old home in east Tennessee,

July 1st 1876. W. W. HEARTSILL.

# PREFACE.

Nearly every book we meet with now'a-days has a preface; I do not write this one to be in the fashion; but to show the reader the difficulties, attending the keeping of a journal, And to begin with, I will give Mr Samuel L Clemmens' (Mark Twain) views on journal writing, Page 40 "Innocents Abroad." He says; "After prayers the Synagogue shortly took the semblance of a writing-school. The like of that picture was never seen in a ship before. Behind the long dining-table on either side of the saloon, and scattered from one end to the other of the latter, some twenty or thirty gentlemen and ladies sat them down under the swaying lamps, and for two or three hours wrote diligently in their journals. Alas! that journals so voluminously begun should come to so lame and impotent a conclusion as most of them did; I doubt if there is a single pilgrim of all that host but can show a hundred fair pages of journal concerning the first twenty days' voyage in the Quaker City; and I am morally certain that not ten of the party can show twenty pages of journal for the succeeding twenty thousand miles of voyage; At certain periods it becomes the dearest ambition of a man to keep a faithful record of his performances in a book; and he dashes at this work with an enthusiasm that imposes on him the notion that keeping a journal is the variest pastime in the world, and the pleasantest. But if he only lives twenty one days, he will find out that only those rare natures that are made up of pluck, endurance, devotion to duty for duty's sake, and invincible determination, may hope to venture upon so tremendious an enterprise as the keeping of a journal and not sustain a shameful defeat." The above I would endorse in full, but modesty forbids on account of the closing three lines. Again, the same writer says; "If you wish to inflict a heartless and malignant punishment upon a young person, pledge him to keep a journal a year." I have had experience enough to know that every word of Mr Clemmens, on journal writing, is true. When the Rangers left Marshall on the

20th day of April 1861, at least, one dozen of the "Boys" went to work on their journals, and eleven out of the twelve failed inside of two months. should'nt wonder, that if facts could be ascertained, thatin the two armies, (Federal and Confederate) at least five thousand, journals were commenced, and that not over one dozen were finished; during the four years of the war, I had the opportunity of investigating, and making enquiry, and I never met with a soldier who had kept his journal, even, to the end of the second year. Those who started out to keep a journal. know the difficulties, and none other.— The mere writing of incidents each day, did not constitute the trouble, it was to preserve what you had written.

I kept in my pocket a small memorandum book, upon the fly-leaf the following was written; "If I am killed, or if by any mishap this book is lost, please send it to my father, A. Heartsill, Louisville, East Tennessee." When one of these books was filled up, I sent it home (Marshall Texas) for safe-keeping. Scores of times, I was as wet as water could make me, as these books bear evidence. Sometimes my book would come all to peices after a soaking, and as it was written with a pencil, I had to retrace with a pen when opportunity offered.

I do not claim that great things have been accomplished, in keeping a journal for over four years in the army; but I do claim, that very few, such journals were kept. And as a mirror of camp life, and the trials and pleasures, of a private soldiers life in the army: this kind of a journal is the most correct. I should dislike very much to undertake another one, for the same length of time, and under the same circumstances. You will find this journal "Chock full" of three things, first, doings of the W. P . Lane Rangers; second, bad orthography; and thirdly, a great deal of shocking grammar. In justice to the printing profession, I will state that the mechanical part of the work was done by the writer hereof,-- on a small "Octavo Novelty Press;" printing one page at a time. The work was done at spare moments, during business engagements; printers will know the attending difficulties; for by the time the roller and ink were in good condition for work, the one page was printed, then to be distributed; and by the next day, or three days. or a week, another page was set up and the same difficulties to be encountered. On the 9th day of December 1874, the first page was printed,- the last on the 28th of June 1875. In cold weather the ink was too thick, in the summer I would sometimes get too much on the roller, and thus I worked, and have succeeded in turning out a very poor work mechanically, and I might truthfully say, altogether. Sacred history records one event that will never occur again - the flood,-- and as sure, a "Second edition" of this journal will never be printed by the undersigned on an "Octavo Novelty Press.

Marshall Texas, July 1st 1875. W. W. H.

# 'SEMPER PARATUS.'

MARSHALL TEXAS, APRIL 19th 1861.

I do not propose to write this Journal for the inspection or criticism of the public; nor do I expect it to be of interest to any one outside of the relatives, and sympathizing friends of the members of the organization, of which this journal claims to be a history. I shall occasionally, and perhaps frequently express MY opinion; which I have no doubt, will in the end, prove ludicrous; nevertheless, I shall endeavor to state the truth upon all passing events, considering the object for which the journal will be kept. And now one word to the members of the Company: In writing a diary, many things may be recorded of a personal character: remember no wrong is intended, and that a true description of our trip, and the various incidents that may transpire, is my only aim. The writer may "Dot" down too frequently, more of his own personal and private affairs, than is warranted; yet, when you reflect, that this is not written for the perusal of the world, not even the public scrutiny of a more contracted circle; you will forgive. So comrades, I know you will bear with me, for I am satisfied taht you can, and will, appreciate the many disadvantageous circumstances, under which I will have to labor. It is useless for me to undertake to chronicle upon these pages, the causes that have brought on the coming contest; "Suffice it to say," it is upon us, and if fight we must, then let's put up the best fight we can. I believe that the struggle will be short; not exceeding twelve months. And I furthermore predict that, as our cause is just before high Heaven, that we will succeed in this great undertaking. In after years, the man, woman, or child must be ignorant indeed, who has not learned that in November 1860, ARRAHAM LINCOLN was elected President of the United States, and the people of the South construing this as an "Overt act," did in the following few months, put in motion the mammoth wheel of secession. During the month of December 1860 and January 1861, mass-meetings were convened in every county in the State; and dellegates appointed to a Convention to be held at the City of AUSTIN in February. The following gentlemen were the dellegates from this (Harrison) county; Col W T Scott, Col A Pope, Judge W B Ochiltree, Col M J Hall, and Gil McKay Esq. The Convention was nearly unanimous for secession; but refered the question back to the people, for their verdict; to be decided on the 2nd day March 1861. The result on that day is well known. One of the acts of the State

Convention, was authority given the Govenor, to call for two Regiments of Rangers, for the frontier service; to fill the places of the U S troops, who are all abandoning their post's, and are now on the march to the coast; thereby leaving the inhabitants of the frontier country exposed to the murderous excursions of the Indians and treacherous Mexicans. The above brief history, is the condition of affairs in our country about the 1st of April 1861; near which time, Sheriff A W Crawford received authority from the Govenor, to raise one Company from this and adjoining counties; with instructions to give the neighboring counties fair opportunity to furnish their quota. Mr Crawford immediately opened a book for the registeration of names; there was a perfect rush to enlist, as the impression prevailed that the Company would be ordered immediately from Austin to Galveston. On the 7th Inst, I registered my name, at the same time with my friends Henderson, Duke, and Curtis. By the 10th the list was full to overflowing; as the surrounding counties have furnished their full numbers. Mr Crawford appointed the 19th of April, as the day for the organization of the Company, and this is the day on which my journal of the Company begins, and as to when, or how it will end; the Great "I AM," alone knoweth. Believing that our cause is just; a strict sense of duty has impelled me to the course I have persued in enlisting; as military fame I do not desire, even had I the ability of earning it, This new "WAR FEVER," finds my friend Duke and I, clerking in the store of Messrs Bradfield & Talley; both of us originally from the State of Tennessee; reared in a peaceful quiet community, and when the present great question is to be decided by an appeal to arms; we, with many others eagerly embrace the first opportunity to enlist, And we may realize the old adage, "Experience is a dear school, and fools will learn at none other." We may not find so much "Fun and frolic," as we anticipate. With the above scattering notes, we enter upon the work before us.

April 19th 1861. At an early hour the hitherto quiet, of Marshall is disturbed by the "Neigh of the war horse," and the assembling of the Cavalry. The counties of Panola, Upshur, and Marion have sent forth some of their best material; and the town is full of soldiers, all finely mounted and equiped for service, with the the exception of arms; these we expect to get at Austin. At 9 o'clk we fall into line on the north side of the Courthouse, and prepare for valuation of horses; which is conducted by Maj Wm Bradfield, A G Scogin, and A W Crawford; this consumes much of the day. At 3 o'clk we proceed to the organization of the Company; which was consumated as follows; tickets had been previously prepared with names of aspirants, and in some instances unauthorized; but as all are willing to serve in any capacity that their friends may desire; consequently there was a full ticket, and considerable stir among the friends of the respective candidates. The ballots were deposited in a ballot-box, and while the officers of the election were counting out the vote,-- the Company was called together in the Courthouse, and the oath administered by Judge Frazer; after which, on motion of a member of the Company, (Maj Sam J Richardson) which was unani-

mously, and enthusiastically adopted; that the name of the Company shall be the "W. P. LANE RANGERS," in honor of a worthy citizen of Marshall; Maj W. P. LANE, who has distinguished himself in many hard fought battles for Texas Independence. About sun-set the result of the election is announced; which makes our Muster Roll stand complete, as follows;

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Captain. | Sam J Richardson, | of Harrison | county |
| 1st Lieut | Thos B Ragsdale, | ,, Upshur | ,, |
| 2nd ,, | John T Holcombe, | ,, Harrison, | ,, |
| 3rd ,, | Isaac W Clark, | ,, Upshur | ,, |
| Ord'ly Sgt | Laban R Bayless | ,, Marion | ,, |
| 2nd ,, | Alfred W Harwell | ,, Harrison | ,, |
| 3rd ,, | James M Vaughn, | ,, Upshur | ,, |
| 4th ,, | Jas R Chambers, | ,, Harrison | ,, |
| 1st Corp'l | Samuel Wattson, | ,, Marion | ,, |
| 2nd ,, | Sam J Burton, | ,, Harrison | ,, |
| 3rd ,, | Benj P Black, | ,, Upshur | ,, |
| 4th ,, | Andrew J Hart, | ,, ,, | ,, |
| Surgeon | Wm J McCain, | ,, ,, | ,, |
| Bugler | Luther R Witt, | ,, Harrison | ,, |
| 2nd ,. | W Bright Cole, | ,, ,, | ,, |
| Blacksmith | W M McKinney, | ,, Upshur | ,, |
| Farrier | Robt M Warwick, | ,, Harrison | ,, |

PRIVATES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Allen Robert S | Cosgrove James H | Hughes James W |
| Attaway Louis L | Cox Hardy P | Higgins Thomas V |
| Anderson Alvin H | Dobbins Sylvester | Hawley Lee C |
| Bullock Henry Clay | Duke John Martindale | Jarrott James R |
| Beard John | Elgin Thomas Ashford | Jarrott George W |
| Benge Richard Provine | Fain James M | Jones Henry H |
| Bonner Reuben P | Fitzpatrick Schuyler G | Johnson Marcellus W |
| Beavers William M | Gravitt John M | Kennedy Samuel J |
| Boswell Charles P | Geer George L | Keener Lawrence J |
| Bann Alexander | Gaither George W | Lawrence Jessee M |
| Barker John N | Harris Micajah Jessee | Lott Stephen S |
| Bedell Edmund Thomas | Hamlett Francis Marion | Loughery Robert W Jr |
| Cotten Joseph | Hudson Thos Jefferson | Marshall Frank M |
| Crisenberry Hiram M | Heartsill Wm Williston | McDonald John W |
| Curtis James C | Henderson Luther A | Mosher Henry H |
| Collier Calvin Wiggins | Hyde James Robert | McCain Rufus A |
| Collier Wm Irvine | Hinds Joseph D | Miller D C |
| Clark Adolphus N | Hummell George H | Morris Anderson |

Norris Joseph
Pounds Thomas J
Perry Walter C
Reilly Francis
Rees John B
Ramsey John W
Rabb Wm Penn
Reynolds Samuel H
Starkey Wm C
Smisson John A
Scott John W

Sedberry Mike K
Sanford Wm Daniel
Smith Nathan A
Saufley J Crittenden
Shepherd John W
Trosper James M
Twitty Thomas
Tillery Milton Jarrod
Thompson Wm S
Underwood Samuel A
Vines John M

Vanderhuff William
Williamson Wm Wesley
Walker Johnson
Watson George W
Weaver Thomas O
Watt William
Williams Robert W
Williame Wm P
Wallace Benj A
Young James W

RECAPITULATION

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wood | county | 2 | Harrison county | 41 | Panola county 8 |
| Rusk | ,, | 1 | Hunt ,, | 1 | Jefferson ,, 1 |
| Upshur | ,, | 31 | Marion ,, | 17 | Smith ,, 1 |

Total 103.

The result of the election is received with general satisfaction, and now as night draws near: many of the boys are "Half sea's over," and so are man of their sympathizing friends. The citizens provide lodgings for those of the Company from abroad. In to-days Republican, there is a request for the Rev Mr Dunlap to preach a parting sermon to the Rangers: the Church was densely crowded. The "Marshall Guards" turned out in full uniform, and were in attendance. After an hour profitably spent, in listning to the counsel of a good man; I for one bid you, good night.

Apl 20th. Ere the first golden streaks, shoot their flickering light athwart the eastern sky, to announce the coming of a bright April morning; the spirited steeds of the Rangers are making the streets of Marshall ring with their proud, and defiant tread; and by the time the sun has made his appearance o're the eastern hills; there is a lively commotion, and the most casual observer may see that this is no ordinary day in our town. The fact is, the ladies of Marshall are responsible for all the excitement that now surrounds us; to day they are to present us a splendid FLAG, and I may as well give a description of of it now, as at any other time; It is formed of three bars, two feet each in width, and fifteen feet long; the centre bar white, the other two red; at the upper left-hand corner, is a deep blue square to the depth of two bars; on one side of this square are eight stars, (emblematical of the eight States that have seceeded.) On the opposite side is the emblem of our State, the "LONE STAR." On one side of the Flag is painted in plain neat style, (by Mr N S Allen) the following; "SEMPER PARATUS." W. P. LANE RANGERS. by the ladies of Marshall, April 20th 1861." At 9 o'clk, Maj Lane formed the Company in an old field east of town; we marched four abreast into town, and wheeled into line on the Public square, east of the Courthouse, ready to receive the Flag; which was presented by Miss Sallie O Smith. For me to at-

tempt to give, even a synopsis of this gifted lady's remarks, would do her gross injustice; but when I say that her language was beautiful, and her sentiments patriotic; it is all I dare say, but will give the address in full at a future time. The Flag was received on the part of the Rangers by Lieut John T Holcombe, in a few appropriate, and well received remarks. And now comes the trying time, or as some of the boys have it "The crying time." Parting from relatives and friends, That painful task over; and at 12 o'clk we take up the line of march, escorted by the Marshall Guards, (Capt F S Bass.) At the College we find a happy surprise; a table groaning beneath a load of the good things of old Harrison; a parting remembrance, from the ladies. After a hearty dinner; at least by a large number of the boys; for some are too full of parting sorrow; to say nothing of others who are overloaded with "Tangle foot." At 1 o'clk, "To horse" is sounded, and once again in line. After a short stiring address by Thomas J Beall of the Guards; we are off westward upon "War's tempestious sea." And now begins our first lessons in military service. We have no transportation, and upon every horse may be seen, either a coffee pot, frying pan, tin cup, or some article of camp equipage. Every man is supplied with cooked rations to last several days; and as to clothing and blankets, an old Texas Ranger would rather think us a Caravan, crossing the desert, with a tremendious stock of merchandise; than a regularly organized Company going out Indian hunting in the far west. Now let your humble servant make a list of articles on board Pet; (Who by the way is as pretty an animal as is in the Company; a jet black, with long wavy mane and tail; and as fat, and plump as a Guinea pig,) Here's a manifest of Pet's cargo; myself, saddle, bridle, saddle-blanket, curry comb, horse brush, coffee pot, tin cup, 20lbs ham, 200 biscuit, 5lbs ground coffee, 5lbs sugar, one large pound cake presented to me by Mrs C E Talley,) 6 shirts, 6 prs socks, 3 prs drawers, 2 prs pants, 2 jackets, 1 pr heavy mud boots, one Colt's revolver, one small dirk, four blankets, sixty feet of rope, with a twelve inch iron pin attached; with all these, and divers and sundry little mementoes from friends. And when I tell you that I am not an exception; you can imagine how we are packed up. Five miles out, my first troubles begin; I drop my coffee pot, and I am so botherationally (excuse the word) packed up, I have a mind to leave it in the road; but what will my mess mates say, if I come up missing with my part of the house-hold and kitchen furniture. Well after a roll down, and a scramble up, I am all O K again; and without any further mishap I reach the Sabine river at Camden. You may think it strange that I speak only of myself reaching the river; but I can't tell where the rest of the Company are; it is true we march in order, but it is certainly LONG order; for some of the men have been in camps for two hours, while many of them will hardly get in to night. By a free use of my lungs, I succeed in getting the ferryman to come over and I am soon in Rusk county. Out back of the towe I find the boys strewed around promiscuously; I should have said "Camped," you think; but I mean what I say, "Strewed around." Now remember I did not say anybody was "Tight;"

neither did I say that anybody was sober. You can draw your own inferences; which if you do, is more than a large number of the boys can do in regard to forage for their horses; not that the corn is not here, for our Captain and Mr Crawford have supplied each camping place with forage two camps ahead of this.

Upon looking around, I find the Company divided off into messes; and as every thing pertaining to the Company, is part of its history; I will give the messes by their names, and the members of each.

Gilmer Mess.

McDonald. McKinney.
Marshall. Underwood.
Cox. Vanderhuff.
Beavers. Bonner.

Doctors Mess.

Dr McCain. R A McCain.
W I Collier. C W Collier.
Black. Williamson.
Lieut Clark. Hinds.

Coffeeville Mess.

Benge. Starkey.
Lawrence. Vaughn.
Jones. Reynolds.

Orderly's Mess

G W Watson. Lott.
Hamlett. Saufley.
Bayless. Geer.

Cotten's Mess.

Cotten. Dobbins.
Sanford. Thompson.
Vines.

Jefferson Mess.

Ramsey. Sedberry.
Sam Wattson. Weaver.
Johnson.

Upshur Mess.

Morris. Boswell.
Gaither. W P Williams.
Cosgrove.

Panola Mess.

Anderson. Attaway.
Perry. R W Williams
Fain.

Marshall Mess.

Henderson. Harwell.
Harris. Crisenberry.
Duke. Twitty.
Heartsill.

Tillery's Mess.

Tillery. Hudson.
Higgins. Trosper.
Watt. Miller.
Keener.

Murray League Mess.

A N Clark. Rabb.
Kennedy. Walker.
Bullock.

Jarrott's Mess.

J R Jarrott. G W Jarrott.
Norris. Barker.
Scott.

| Marion Mess. | | Cork Screw Mess. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bann. | Hughes. | Young. | Witt. |
| Hummel. | Moshier. | Elgin. | Chambers, |
| Shepherd. | Reilly. | Hyde. | Allen. |

Captains Mess.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cap't Richardson. | Lieut' Ragsdale. | Bedell. | Cole. |
| Curtis. | Lieut' Holcombe. | Fitzpatrick. | Hawley. |

Cush's Mess.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Smith. | Wallace. | Rees. | Gravitt. |
| Burton. | Loughery. | Beard. | Smisson. |
| Warwick. | Hart. | Pounds, | |

I find most of the Company in Camps. Horses are made fast to trees, Forage is next drawn, and Horses fed; and now all we have to do, is to make aPot of Coffee and then our FIRST Camp supper is ready, and served equally as quick as prepared. And now at twi-light as we are clustering in groups; you can-not if you have not yourself been a Soldier, conceive the many thoughts revolving in our minds:, the countenance of each Man is an index to the mind with-in:, this one is happy, jovial and satisfied:, here is one that is sad and gloomy, he is thinking of loved-ones, from whom he has to-day parted perhaps for forever in this life; here and there you may see one, two, or a half-dozen that are in the best of spirits, then again it is evident that some have the MEANEST OF SPIRITS in them; for this I suppose if there ever was an excuse, they have it at this time. One by one the Camp fires flickering light dies out, and now at 10 o'clk Marshall Mess has passed a motion by a unanimous vote to go to bed, or in more appropiate language; "turn in".

Aprl, 21st. Long before day-light, Luther makes the lonely forest around Camden echo and re-echo, with HIS reveille; and at Stn-rise we are in the Saddle, and form line in the main Street of the town, for our first Roll-call; all presant ( or absent ) Some of the Boys look rather fatigued from yester-days Campaign; some complain that they did not reach Camps by several miles; some awake thit morning and find that they had unaccounably missed their Pallet; some slept with their Horses, and our friend Frank H, who put up yesterday evening at the Etheridge House, found himself this mornfng snugly cornered back of the Garden fence, he paid two and a half and asked no questions. Curtis did not get to Camps last night, while on the march his Horse took sick and died:,so he will have to return to Marshall for an other one. A march of 18 miles we pass through the village of Bellview, and here some of the Boys are so unfortunate as to have a small brindle Dog to follow them off;, this is an ugly affair, but of course wholy

unintentional on the part of the Boys; the owner of the aforesaid "BRINDLE PUPP" followed to Canton, and stood a treat to at least twenty drinks to get the Dog back and while all hands were pledging their faith:, the diminutive specimen of the Canine race was miraclously passed through the back window; and now six miles out from Canton, CUSH ( for that is the name under which he, "the said Pup" is enrolled ) is to be seen behind J. B. R, contentedly riding on a certain pacein g sorrel Mare. Three miles on and Camp at Sam Irvins in Smith County, As we are all supplied with good things from home; Camp duties are verry light:, therefore we have no cooking to do, except making Coffee: As we have no Wagon transportation we find we have over-loaded our Horses, and everv few miles may be seen some article that has been abandoned by "our forces". I should here state that our friend Witt is faithfully performing the duties for which he was elected; some one enquired of him to day " Luther why do you blow that Bugle continually." says he, "the Captain said for me to TOOT it occasionally, to keep the Boys from taking the wrong road, and I am going to blow it as often as I d— please."

April 22nd. Into line and off West-ward:, and Boys I shall say nothing about the Bee-hive that is missing at Irvins this morning, nothing about what has swollen Bill T's tongue, nor N. S's eye, nor George W's big lip; I am mum. 8 miles on and we pass through an other little Town, composed principally of Dogery's:, here Cush is sold twice; once for Whiskey, and an other time for Tin-ware:, but he is as often re-captured. We cross the Neches River, at Sanders' Mill, and Camp on the West bank. This day's work has about used up our Bugler:, he has been so untiring in his effort to carry out Orders, that his lips are so swolen that he can-not raise an-other note; and he hands in his resignation, with the proud satisfaction of duties faithfully, rnd VERY FREQUENTLY performed.

April 23rd. Four miles on and pass through Kickapoo, as soon as we are on the Public Square the question is passed down the line "is there any BUST HEAD in the Town?", all with a peculiar unanimity, answer "watch old Frank"; in a few moments he was seen to ride out of a narrow Alley on the opppsite side of the Square, and with a dejected, and down-rite pittiful look he exclaimed, "NARRY DRAP ", The command has no futher business to transact, and the order rings forth, forward march; which is obeyed by a hundred voices "Kickapoo" "Kickapoo". we are again on the march, no doubt leavlng the impression upon the minds of the temperate peaceful Citizens of Kickapoo, that the old Tribe of Natives had returned to claim their ancient hunting grounds. Sixteen miles on and arive at Palestine, the County-site of Anderson Co:, here we are welcomed by the Citizens in good old style. It is usless for me to undertake to deseribe the scene at Camps four miles out:, when it is known that there was a free treat given in Town, for over two hours duration. All passed off finely, and many will be jokes told on this one, and that one in regard to our Millitary career in and around Palestine. At this Camp the Panola Boys come up; they having gone hy home from Marshall.

This is the last Camp that is suppled with Forage from Marshal', and in addition to the last load of Corn there was a Barrel of Lager, sent forward by Frank Friderici:, this is unloaded, and LOADED, with great rapidity, and Frank's health is drank frequently, and sometimes I fear unconciously.

April 24th. A good nights rest has decidedly a beneficial effect upon the Boys: "Richard is himself again"; all is calm and serene. Breakfast over, fall in, roll—call and on the road again. 3 miles on and we strike what is called Scrub Prairie. This is the first Prairie that many of us have seen; especially your humble servant. The yell is raised and coniinued until we reach the Trinity River, which we cross at Bonner's Ferry:, in two hours we are all safely landed on the West shore. Here we encounter new difficulties, which we from the Sand Hills, never dreamed of:, on either side of the Road is bottomless 'SALINE'S", which appears perfectly firm on the surface; but alas for Man or Beast if perchance they fall into one; Higgins rode into one, and it was with great exertions that his Horse was rescued, from this circumstanee, D — has given Higgins the elegant title of "stick in the mud". 25 miles on and Camp one mile West of Fairfield, the County-site of Freestone Co:. Half the Company did not arrive in Camps; as we have traveled so much farther than was ezpected in the morning. Henderson. Duke and I reached the town and put up at the Hotel. One of the old National Guards would think this queer Soldiering; may-be so, but I can assure you Mr Frenchman, that it is a verry pleasant mode of serving one's Country.

April 25th. A march of 25 miles, and now at 2 o'clk we are in the little Town of Springfield. (Limestone Co.) here the Confederate Cannon (Anvils) are made to boom to welcome the Rangers into Town. 6 miles West and Camp. Our marching for the past two days hrs been over the Prairie, and no one who has never seen a Prairie can for an instant conjecture the grandure and beauty of such a Country:, the air is ladened with the rich fragrance of every variety of wild flowers, while multiplied thousands of Horses and Sheep, and countless herd's of Cattle are grazing o're this broad lovely land:, the tall waiving grass, the merry chirp of the Birds, the snow-white Lamb as it gambols around the Herd, the wild frolicsom Colt, as he scampers hither, thither, in the warm April sun, all happy in the most lovely part of the inhabitnd Earth.

April 26th. On again. Nothing of interest transpires until about 12 o'clk, when a verry hard rain began to fall, the wind, oh the wind, how it drives the rain-drops in our faces. allmost like leaden balls, and so continues until night:, when we Camp at Mr Sheds, in McLellan County. This is decidedly our first sip of the bitter portion:, every thing is wet. and there is nothing to make fires out of, excepi green Mesquite, no rations, and worse than all, no Forage. I with several others, coil ourselvs up in the corner of a Stable and there pass the night.

April 27th. Long, long days from now, will the Boys remembea the night at the "Sheep Ranche". After a warm Beef-steak, ditto Ash-cake, (be it remembered,

that the good things we started from home with have diseapeared. ) makes us feel " as of yore ". 14 miles on and we cross tha Brazos River at Waco, the County-site of McLellan, Co:. Two Millitary Companies escort us into, and through the City-like Town. 5 miles West and Camp. Just as we are preparing to Camp, some one started up a verry singular little animal' which to nearly every one of us:, was a phenomena, after considerable yelling, runing, and Pistol firing the stranger was captured; and proved to be nothing more, or less, than a "MULE EARED RABBIT." At this Camp we have splendid grass for our Horses.

April 28th. A march of 20 miles and arrive at Belton, ( Bell, Co. ) and are pained to record the fact, that this is the only place that has not received us with some demonstrations of welcome:, not that we are entitled to such demonstrations; but when the inquiry is made, why is this so?, the answer is, "Belton is Union ". shame on you;. A march 10 miles and Camp in Salado, on Salado Creek, Bell Co.

April 29th. March 15 miles and enter Georgetown, the County-site of Williamson County. Here the citizens make up for their neighbors of Belton:, for each and every one of the citizens appear to use every exertion to make us feel "at home" 6 miles South-west and Camp.

Aprii 30th. 18 miles and Camp at a Sehool House, on Big Walnut. To-day I saw for the first:, a regular "stampede", some ten or twelve of us, stoped to rest and our Horses becoming frightened, 5 or 6 of them broke loose and were soon out of sight over the Prairie, fortunately we are near Camps, and the Boys whose Horses are on the "wing" did not have far to walk. At Sun-set, prospects fine for rain.

MAY 1861.

May 1st. Day-light this morning does not find me where I located last night: this is explained as follows:, that fine prospect that I mentioned last evening did not pass by unimproved, for, about eleven o'clk we ( our mess ) were all aroused by a drenching rain; at first we thought to stick it out; until about four inches of water suggested the idea of going to a House which we thought close by; and after searching for two hours, stragling about in the darkness; we at last find a Stable and take lodging for the remainder of the night. Early this morning Henderson, Duke and I start for Crisenherry's Horse which was one of she stampeders yesterday. At 12 o'clk we learn from a Man that a Horse answering the description, has been taken to Camps, so we return and find "Jim" quietly eating his rations; But we find the Company gone, we follow on and 6 miles brings us to the City of Austin. We find the Company quartered one mile West of the City, in Gen'l Harney's Quarters. Austin is the point at which we expected to receive orders to turn Coastwise, or perchance go East of the Mississippi; for the news is coming of great Warlike preperations going on East of the River, and the wish of the Company is to go East. We will not remain here very long; perhaps two days.

May 2nd. Goode's Battery from Dallas, arrived in the City to day.

May 3rd. Still at Harney's Quarters. May 4th. Received orders to peoceed to San Antonio, and are furnished with transportation. At 1 o'clk we march into

the City and given a complimentary dinner by the Austin Light Infantry:, at the Avenue Hotel. At 3 o'clk we are off, and cross the Colorado at Austin. 10 miles on and Camp. May 5th. Two miles on and pass Manchac Springs. 25 miles on and pass through San Marcos, on the San Marcos River. This place is the County-seat of Hays Co, which is in my opinion the best farming country I have yet seen in Texas. 6 miles on and strike Camps, and from our Camp back to Town, the farm-houses are so numerous that the way is known as String Town. May 6th. A march of 16 miles and Camp. My Horse being very lame on account of "Shoes off":, I get permission to go on to the next Town, New Braunstels: 7 miles distant, situated on the Gaudalope, and is the County-site of Comal Co. The inhabitants of New Braunsfels are exclusivly German:, and I never received better treatment in my life. At dark Cap't Richardson comes in and stops at the same Hotel, the Gaudalope House, C. Schmidt Proprietor. I succeeded in having my Horse shod, and "Pet" is again ready for the "War path".
May 7th. By 10 o'clk the Company comes up and I "fall in". A march of 18 miles and Camp on the Rio Ciblo in Bexar County. We are now getting into a prairie country; the Prairies are covered with Mesquite, a low thorny Bush with leaves like the Locust; the buildings are generally constructed of Stone with flat roof's I have to day seen the first ADOBE house, I ever saw; they are built of large dirt Brick's dried in the Sun and put up with Cement:, they would not last long in a country where there is much rain, or freezing weather:, but out here they will stand as long as our hard-burned Brick Houses of the East. The country generally has a wild, desolate appearance, The Mesquite grass is very fine and our Horses are "in Clover". As we are in a few miles of the ancient and War-worn City of San Antonio, the Captain and some of Men who have business to transact have gone to Town. May 8th. A march of 8 miles and enter San Antonio the Metropolis of the West:, and a place noted for the scenes of former fierce and bloody conflicts. It is situated on the San Antonio River, 8 miles from it's source. Upon our arrival we learn that Col' Van Dorn, who is in Command of this Department; mustered all his forces and started out from here this morning to intercept a Command of U. S, Troops from New Mexico, who are on their way to the Coast, under the command of Col' A. Reeves. Cap't Richardson is using every exertion to procure Arms for us, so that we can go out and take stock in the fight, if there is to be one as reported; but as all the heads of the various Departments are "in the field". our Captain gives up his endavours, and pitch our Camp on Alamo Plaza, and immediatly in front of the old Alamo Church, where Davy Crockett and his brave comrades were inhumanly butchered by the Greasers. In looking around for a smooth place to "spread down" I locate for the night on the old Breast-works thrown up by; and used by Santa Anna in the memorable seige of the Alamo. At this writing, 9 o'clk P. M, only FOUR Rangers are in Camp, the others are out taking Christmas. May 9th. The Rangers can stand the suspense