

Maurice Garb reviewed the Mann Patent boxes, which are pretty well covered in Todd's book.

Bill Moore had the really difficult part, a discussion of the Cavalry Carbine boxes. He was able to definitely identify the Merrill box because he still had some of the cartridges in the box. This is also described by Todd. There was then a great variety of boxes, most about 10 inches long and 3 inches high. All had two wide belt loops and many had buckles to accept over-the-shoulder belts. All had wooden blocks bored to accept .52 to .58 cal. metallic cartridges and we were unable to really connect any of these boxes with any of the great number of carbines used during the war. It was our conclusion that while perhaps the carbine maker would have a definite box for his gun, the Government would not necessarily buy the boxes with the guns but would have the soldier use the box he happened to have. There are pictures and drawings which show the car-

tridges being carried loose in any box, or even in the soldier's pocket. I was at Gettysburg recently with Ralph Arnold and, in the Visitors' Center, there is the complete equipment of a local cavalryman donated by his family. There is a Sharps carbine, Remington pistol, saber and belt, pistol cartridge box—the whole works—but on the belt is what is obviously a .69 cal. musket cartridge box and this is where he carried his carbine cartridges.

One final word. In Todd's book, p. 195, Fig. 50, is what he calls "Pouch for Revolving Pistol Cartridges." This is correct but the inside view should show an extra flap of leather on each side of the inside of the box. These are fairly common items even today at gun shows, a small flat box, and we think these are Civil War items for three packets of Colt pistol cartridges (or Remington), the smaller for the .36 cal. Navy, the larger for the .44 cal. Army pistol.



Enlisted men of Company C, 8th Texas Cavalry, from Gonzales County, Texas. This is the same unit from which Col. Shannon of the Shannon Scouts came. Left to right are: Peter Kendrum, W.A. Lynch, Felix G. Kennedy, Thomas S. Burney, W. Wood. NOTE THE FOLLOWING: two troopers dressed in Union cavalry overcoats with attached capes; two, perhaps three '51 Colt navy pistol butts, worn in the correct cavalry holsters; one Colt pistol worn in the overcoat front; one soldier wearing 1851 U.S. sword belt with regulation sword belt plate; and, most important, four of the troopers wearing black hats with silver Texas stars on the crowns. These stars are made from Mexican silver pesos.

Terry's Texas Rangers

A Texan's Tale of the Weapons and Men of the 8th Texas Cavalry, C.S.A.

by Glenn Van Eman

The 8th Texas Cavalry began in a stagecoach rocking along between Austin, Texas and Brenham, Texas in April, 1861. Three of the passengers (if the stagecoach was filled it had a capacity of 9) were close friends and two of them were cousins. The leader of the triumvirate was Benjamin F. Terry; his cousin was Thomas S. Lubbock, and the third member was John A. Wharton. All three of these men were returning home, which was generally someplace in East Texas, from a secession convention in Austin, Texas, where the leaders of the State had met to decide who should be delegates to the Confederate Congress now convening in Montgomery, Alabama, the capitol of the newly formed Confederacy.

Benjamin Terry was the leader of the group in more ways than one. He was the wealthiest man in Fort Bend County and was the largest single land-owner in the County, owning what is now known as the Sugerland Industries Property, which covers most of the agricultural land of the County. His somewhat younger cousin, Tom Lubbock, was a very wealthy and successful cotton broker of Houston, Texas. The third man, John A. Wharton, was also wealthy and one of the larger land owners in Brazoria County. He was also a leading attorney there. The three had quite a bit in common: all were wealthy; all were excellent shots, having been hunters since birth, and all were excellent horsemen, interested in the breeding of fine horses in Texas, primarily thoroughbreds.

They decided on the stagecoach trip that as soon as they arrived in Houston, they would immediately begin a journey to Montgomery for the opportunity to be commissioned by the Confederate States Army to raise a company of mounted Texans for service in Virginia.

Now there is the key word—Virginia. At this early stage in April, 1861, as far away as Austin, Texas, they had felt that most of the combat would be in the Commonwealth of Virginia. This was a common feeling among the Southerners and I find it quite strange that they knew at that time that there would be quite a bit of combat in as far away place as Virginia, which is at least 1,500 miles from Austin at its closest point; the capitol at Richmond is closer to 1,800 miles. I have always been surprised that these men had this kind of foresight because, as we all know, 75 percent of the actual combat over the next four years did occur in the State of Virginia.

Two of the men, Terry and Lubbock, decided to proceed to Montgomery a little cautiously and go the overland route. This was not the fastest but was certainly the safest. To do that they had to take a rather circuitous, out-of-way route from Houston, generally traveling East and West by rail, which was certainly tedious in 1861, and in some cases impossible, and then brief trips North and South on rivers. All the rivers in the South flow basically North and South, so they were to take rail trips between rivers where they could, stagecoach trips where they could not, and river travel where it was available on river



packets. They traveled on some six railroads, many of them different gauges, and came into Montgomery, Alabama, from the East, although they had started from due West. Their friend and compatriot, John Wharton, decided to take the somewhat easier route by water, embarking on the steamer at the Port of Galveston, with his destination Mobile, Alabama. In 1861 this was risky; later, this would become impossible, just like some of the railroads. He never completed his journey at all. In the Gulf of Mexico his steamer was picked up by a blockader of the Union West Gulf Fleet. The steamer was boarded; John Wharton, being a very clever attorney, talked his way out of any internment. He told them he was simply a civilian on a pleasure cruise and had no business with the war, and that he was a good old loyal boy. He was allowed to proceed back to Galveston with the other passengers who were not interned. He did not try again to make the trip to Montgomery, but went back to Wharton, his home, and proceeded to raise a company of about 120 men while his two friends were still enroute to the capitol.

On reaching Montgomery, our two heroes of this story had no success at all; in fact, it was the first defeat of many that we're going to hear about. They were told by the Confederate States Army and by the Confederate States government personnel outside of the War Department that they appreciated their enthusiasm and their patriotism, but they did not need any units from Texas. Terry, who preferred to be known as Frank, his middle name, had a lot of clout with Jefferson Davis: he had known Jefferson Davis from the Mexican War. Apparently he leaned on Davis pretty heavily to see if he couldn't obtain a commission and, of course, the authorization to raise a mounted regiment, and Davis told him the same thing that the War Department told him, basically, "we don't need troops."

There were bonafide reasons why they didn't need troops. One that Davis pointed out was that they could not use all the thousands of volunteers that were flocking to the recruiting sta-

tions throughout the Confederate States. They had no arms, no uniforms, no equipment to handle even the smallest number of these recruits. In small arms alone the Confederate States Army captured from the Union forces only a little over one hundred thousand arms of all types. Most of these were flintlocks: flintlock smooth-bore pistols and flintlock muskets, so Davis was correct in saying that they had no arms to equip the troops.

Secondly, the war was going to be of a 6-week duration. No need for troops from as far away as Texas if it would be fought and over in 6 weeks and there was no need really for any more troops than they already had volunteering.

Third, they didn't need any troops from Texas because of the terribly long supply lines necessary for the state to supply their own troops. In the basic concept, the original Confederate States were kind of semi-independent. That's why they had left the Union. This problem was to plague Jefferson Davis for the entire 4 years of the Confederacy. The states were given a lot of control over their own military units, but at the onset were required to furnish them with most of the supplies, arms and equipment necessary.

The last reason was that they didn't need mounted forces of any kind. The war would be an infantryman's kind of war. They would need some artillery support, Davis said, but no cavalry. I might point out that Davis had not served in the cavalry, although he was a West Point graduate and probably the finest Secretary of War the United States ever had: he did not serve in the cavalry! He *may* not have understood their role; a lot of his fellows in both governments did not understand the use of cavalry.

Undaunted, the two men from Texas decided that they would accompany the new Confederate government to its second capitol and they boarded the trains, along with a great part of the Confederate government, including a lot of the cabinet members, and went from Montgomery to Richmond, Virginia, lobbying, pressing flesh, cajoling, begging, pressuring their audience wherever they could to allow them to bring a regiment or a unit of mounted Texans to Virginia. They were not successful on the train trip north and eastward either, and when they arrived in Richmond they had little to show for their efforts except that a lot of money had been spent.

Through the pull that Terry seemed to have with Davis, he was assigned to the staff of General James Longstreet as a courier and he got Lubbock assigned as a fellow courier on the same staff. Why Longstreet? I don't know except that there is a great possibility that Terry had known him from service in Texas. As you are well aware, most of the higher ranking regular Confederate officers who had been in the United States Army prior to the Civil War had served in Texas at one time or another and some of them had pulled many tours in Texas; Longstreet was like the rest of them: he had served in Texas. Quite possibly he and Terry had run across each other and the two may have been friends. It looks that way because most of these gentlemen were not military men, they were civilians, and as couriers performed no military function whatsoever but in the first major land battle in the east at the Battle of Bull Run (we in the South prefer to call it First Manassas) both Lubbock and his cousin Terry were mentioned repeatedly in dispatches by Beauregard, Longstreet and other high-ranking generals as having been excellent couriers. This did not hurt, but what ac-

tually made their case was a small incident after the battle that seemed to sweep the entire South.

It was not a heroic act. Terry, being an excellent shot, could have done this at any time, but while chasing the Union forces in a total rout back to Washington he crossed the Courthouse square of Fairfax County, Virginia and in the center of the square he proceeded, while sitting on his horse, to shoot the halyard holding up the Union flag above the courthouse spire and in one shot severed it and dropped the Union flag to the roof of the courthouse, amid a tremendous tumult of shouts and cheers. He had planned his moment well because he jumped off his horse, ran through the courthouse, up to the third floor, out on the roof, took a Confederate flag that he had in his saddle bags, tied the flag to the severed halyard, tied the halyard back together, ripped off the Union flag and ran the Confederate flag to the top of the flagpole, getting another tremendous ovation. This particular act was picked up by the Richmond newspapers and it was copied throughout the South. The episode did its work well, because Terry and Lubbock were called back to Richmond and immediately issued commissions as Colonels in the Confederate States Army and authorized to organize their long-sought regiment of Texans for service in Virginia. They rushed back home to Houston, by rushing I mean that they left Virginia at the end of June and managed to arrive in Texas in August. They did not waste any time. They had already composed and sent ahead the article they wanted to appear in various newspapers and set the ads to be placed in the newspapers so that by the time they arrived in Houston, there was already a groundswell of people clamoring to enlist from the various counties around Houston.

They had their first call placed on the 12th of August, 1861; they had put in their advertisements that they were "looking for ten companies of mounted rangers to be a regiment to serve in Virginia." That is a quotation and is very important!

Our boys in grey that we're gathering together are going to serve in the Army in Northern Virginia, or so it would seem. The unit was composed men from the south and central counties stretching roughly from Houston, Texas to San Antonio, Texas. Most of the major counties in that area, and none of those counties were heavily populated at all, furnished one full company each. Each company had as officers one Captain, one First Lieutenant, two Second Lieutenants, and a variety of enlisted men, including four Corporals, a blacksmith, physicians etc., and was designed to have 120 enlisted men all told and four officers. The call was heeded immediately and the unit was oversubscribed. They actually had by the end of August, a little over 18 days, 1,200 men who had volunteered and all of these were proceeding toward Houston. Each one of the units would go on their own to Houston: some went by rail, most of them marched on foot, and some rode their own horses. They were joined in the march by their slaves, by their relatives, by their friends, and it was like one huge, gigantic holiday. When they got to Houston, they found that Houston was not the grand and glorious city they thought it would be. Many of them had never seen Houston except as infants. It was one of the largest cities in Texas, of which there were only four, but none of them could be called cities by any stretch of the imagination. It had nothing but dirt streets which promptly turned to mud at the slightest threat of rain and when the earlier

and closer units marched into the city and while they had to wait for the further distant arrivals, they proceeded to put on the first Houston rodeo, which is today called the Houston Livestock & Rodeo, an international event, held in February each year. It was the type of rodeo that you don't see these days: the troopers went all out to show, particularly to the ladies in the audience, that they were fierce horsemen, which they were. One of their feats was to ride up and down Main Street picking up silver dollars and Mexican silver pesos which the ladies had thrown into the dirt or mud and they would pick these coins up with their teeth; this feat has not been performed at recent Houston rodeos. As a result, the unit, when it left Houston several days later on its way eastward, looked like a national championship hockey team with a lot of front teeth missing, although some of the troopers were a little bit wealthier for their efforts.

On September 7, 1861, on Main Street, at what is now the 200 block of Main Street, Houston, Texas, the 8th Texas Cavalry was sworn into service by the Confederate States Army recruiting officer; before the swearing-in ceremony, they were asked whether they wanted to be sworn in for three months, six months, one year or for the war and the unanimous shout was "for the war," which also has some bearing on our story. So they were sworn in for the duration of the war.

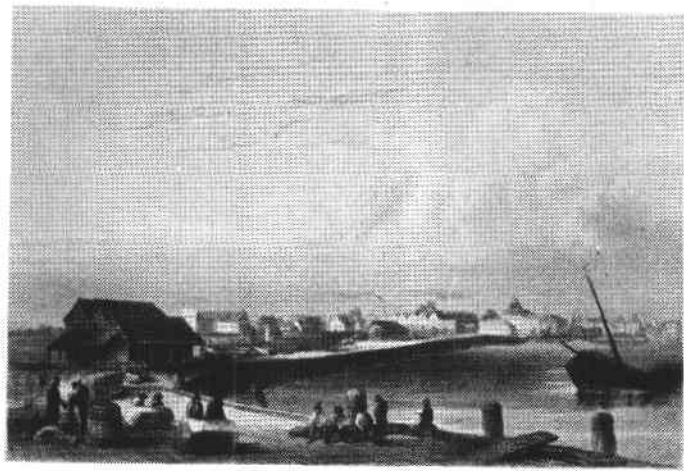
As soon as the swearing-in was completed, they left Houston, headed eastward on the same circuitous route that Terry and Lubbock had taken earlier to Montgomery, Alabama. Those that had brought horses rode them only as far as Beaumont where they were forced to leave their horses and let the slaves or relatives take them back home. In Beaumont the entire unit boarded river steamers and sailed down Sabine Lake, up the Sabine River to Niblett's Bluff, Louisiana, then across overland on the first forced march that any of them had ever made and went to what is now Morgan City, Louisiana. It was called Breasher City in those days. This was a terrible, terrible trip. Most of them, of course, had never marched anywhere. They had always ridden or gone in a wagon or buggy so that this kind of trek was unheard of. In fact, the entire countryside was virtually underwater. They had unseasonal high water, the roads were all underwater, even though they were passable, so that basically they marched in water all the way to Breasher City. A lot of them got sick. A lot of them got what we call the flu today and a lot of them got pneumonia. Some of them had to stay in homes along the way until they recuperated. They took the steam cars from Breasher City into New Orleans where they had their first actual bivouac as a Confederate regiment.

Now, in New Orleans, they were supposed to have their first training session. The only training they had before in Houston was to have the necessary military courtesies explained to them, that is saluting, "yes sir" and "no sir," and the idea that they had to follow orders without question. Otherwise there would have been no point for military courtesy at all.

When they arrived in New Orleans, they were quartered in some cotton warehouses down on the Mississippi River not far from where the Hilton Hotel is now and they were told that they would be in New Orleans for an indefinite time. This was

going to be a staging area for their trip to Richmond, Virginia. Terry, in the meantime, called on the Confederate commander in New Orleans, Major General David E. Twiggs. General Twiggs had just that spring surrendered the entire Texas garrison with all of its supplies to General Ben McCullough, a bona fide Texas Ranger. General Twiggs was no stranger to the Texans. Terry assumed that he was in a real army and asked Twiggs for the supplies necessary to outfit his regiment, including mess gear, sleeping gear, blankets, uniforms and weapons—any weapons. Apparently this was one of Terry's first real contests with anyone in authority. Twiggs' answer was an absolute belly-laugh; he almost fell out of his chair. There were no supplies in New Orleans and they couldn't outfit a squad, much less a full regiment. And, again, they didn't need mounted Texas troopers. So Terry had his first lesson of the Confederate supply system. One, it was almost non-existent and, two, those who fared the best in the Confederate Army managed to supply themselves. Luckily, Terry had gone in with a regiment that was better equipped on the very first day of its existence than nearly any of its fellows in the Confederate States army. Terry's recruiting posters and newspaper advertisements specified that the unit would be provided horses by the Confederate army. This was unheard of. No other unit in the Confederate army had been supplied horses; not only that, no other unit was to be supplied with horses when they initially came into service. All Confederate cavalry troopers supplied their own mounts. But the Texans had been told they must supply their own saddles, bridles, bits, stirrups, other horse gear and weapons. So, all of them came equipped to Houston and what they brought with them was what they were to use for the next four years.

They brought two classifications of weapons, with a smattering of a third thrown in. All of them that could get them brought double-barreled shotguns. Now the shotgun was not a military weapon as we know it and during the next four years



The print of Galveston is from an original lithograph in my collection of pictures of Galveston taken just prior to the Civil War. Galveston was the primary post of the Trans-Mississippi Department of the Confederate States Army, and through it passed a great deal of the war material from Europe, including many LeMat pistols which are shown on existing freight manifests.

they proceeded to modify this commonly held belief and make the shotgun a formidable weapon. Note that they were double-barrels. The troopers that could get them brought D-Guard Bowie knives and those that didn't have Bowie knives lamented the fact in letters they wrote home that they didn't have Bowies and all their buddies had Bowies. An exaggeration, but the Texans felt undressed without Bowie knives.

The third weapon was the pistol. I am using that term specifically because they mention two types in their diaries and letters. Everyone that could get them wanted Colt 1851 Navies. This was the most popular gun when they reported to Houston in August and September of 1861; in fact, it was the most popular gun in all Texas. Then they used the term *Colts* (that's with an "s" but no apostrophe) *Navies* throughout their letters and diaries time and time again. They also mention specifically single-shot pistols, which today we call single-shot martial pistols. So, many of those troopers coming into service who could not get revolvers (the Colt and British Adams were the only revolvers available in Texas in 1861, in any quantity) brought with them the old single-shot U.S. martial pistols, horse pistols they called them. These were carried throughout the war until the very last, often in saddle bags as a reserve gun. But the pistol in the hands of a ranger became an absolutely dominant factor in battle after battle after battle. With these items the troopers were able to supply their own initial armament and throughout the rest of the war they never gave up these two main weapons. Never did they adopt carbines in any way, shape or form nor did they use rifles as a lot of Confederate cavalry units did.

At this point let us look at the reason for their preference for "Colts 1851 Navies." One is that Texas was very remote and didn't have any proximity to the major pistol factories, so while some of the eastern states may have had access to the later revolvers, Texas did not. But Texas had been the proving ground for the military revolver almost since its inception. Now it is true that the U.S. Army had used Colt revolvers in the Seminole and Blackhawk Wars in limited quantities, and some individual officers had purchased their own Colt Paterson revolvers, but the Army did not embrace the revolver until the Republic of Texas had proven its military advantage.

The early Texas Rangers were equipped with Colt Texas Patersons and found them to be better than any other weapon they had ever used against the Indians, so Texans had a long history of using the Colt revolver, even before they ever became a state. Furthermore, despite the fact that the revolver had been invented in 1836 and had been manufactured for a considerable period of time, the Mexican War was fought with flintlock single-shot pistols and to a large degree with flintlock muskets. The only people in the U.S. service using Colt revolvers in Mexico were the Texas Rangers who had been nationalized and put into Federal government service under such men as Ben McCullough. They were not issued Colt revolvers by the U.S. Army. The only two U.S. Army revolvers that saw service in Mexico were Captain Sam Walker's two Colt Walkers, if they actually were used—I know there is some debate on that. He probably never carried them into combat; he was killed in Mexico, as we all know, and he had no chance

to use them to any degree.

After the Mexican War, when the Colt revolvers became "issue items" to cavalry units, you will be interested to know that four out of five mounted regiments of the regular United States Army served in Texas. In fact, one of those served its entire existence in Texas; this was the 2nd United States Cavalry. When it left Texas it became the 5th Cavalry and survived the Civil War as the 5th United States Cavalry. But by simple fractions you would have to agree that 4/5s of the revolvers issued to the five mounted regiments in the years just preceding the Civil War would have ended up in Texas.

Let us review a minute what would be available. We would have a smattering of Butterfield and Warner revolvers. There were no large purchase contracts, but a few of those were brought for testing purposes and conceivably some of those could have ended up in Texas. There were also a few Wesson and Leavitt revolvers, bought for testing purposes, and which also were conceivably in Texas. Then there were the pitifully few weapons that were actually purchased under contract for issue to troopers in the field, other than Colts. The largest group were the 600 British Adams revolvers that were made under a franchise agreement by the Massachusetts Arms Company. We have 356 North and Savage revolvers available for the regular Army mounted regiments and we have 500 early Starr revolvers. These, by the way, were contracted for in 1858, so they could have been in Texas depots and in the hands of troopers in 1861. Outside of these few revolvers, the only other revolver available to the military were the Colts. We tend to think that a lot of the revolvers that we see during the Civil War were available to the pre-war troopers, but they were not.

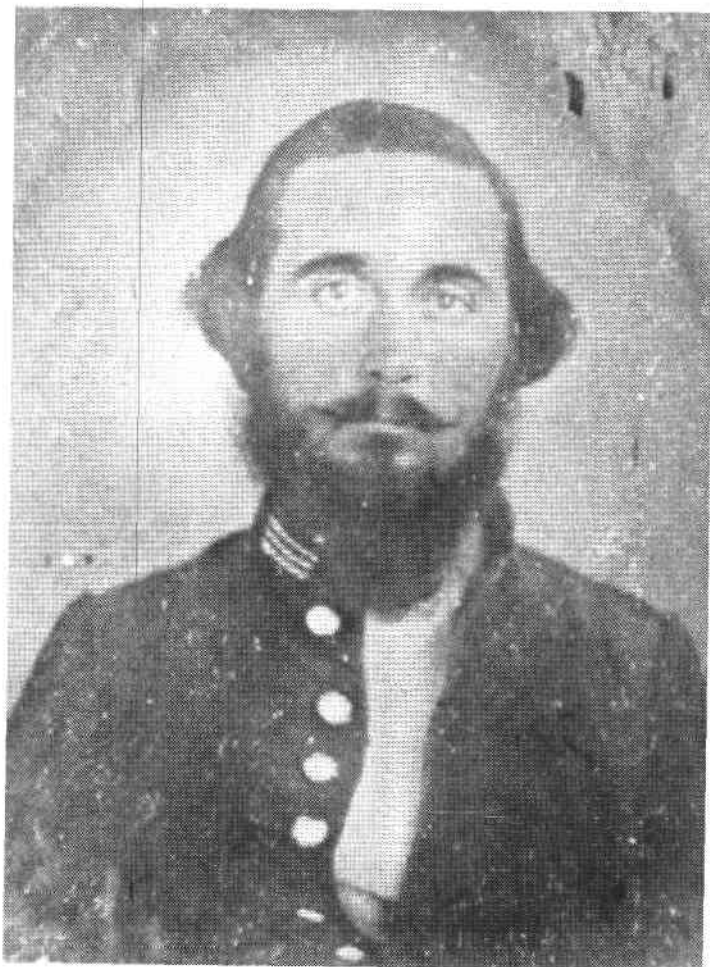
Now, of the Colts purchased under contract, most were in Texas, but there weren't many of those when you get right down to it. The two most popular models, outside of the Colt Walker of which 1,000 had been purchased under contract and 300 of those, as you know, had been returned as unservicable and turned into Fluck Dragoons, you have 7,180 Colt Dragoons of all three models and you have some 3,938 "Colts 1851 Navies."

Now it was this group of 1851 Navies with the U.S. stamp on the frame that the Texan really fell in love with and it is also from this group that so many of these troopers in the 8th Texas Cavalry were equipped. The armament of the U.S. regiments in Texas at the outbreak of the war in 1861 was turned over en masse to the Confederate forces. The U.S. troopers that left the state as military units did not take their weapons with them, at least not outwardly; they may have smuggled out some. So the Texans had a pretty good chance to get somewhere like, roughly, let's say for argument, around 8,000 modern Colt revolvers from the hands of the military, plus all the Colts that were sold throughout the various sporting goods and hardware stores in Texas. Now, how many of these weapons that these troopers were carrying were U.S. contract pieces and how many were civilian pistols we'll never know, because the arms records of the Confederate Army are woefully inadequate. I think it's important to know that throughout the war the Colt Navy never lost its glamour. It was the primary weapon that they

wanted to carry when they came to Houston in 1861 and when they surrendered in 1865 it was the Colt Navy that most of them had to surrender.

The residence of the group in New Orleans was extremely brief, unfortunately. The unit had supposed it would stay there and enjoy the sights and sounds of the French Quarter indefinitely, but unfortunately for the Texans the French Quarter proved to be more than they could handle. Most of them had never left home before. They were all rurally oriented, coming from plantations which were really large cattle, cotton and cane operations. These troopers were not used to cities of any kind and certainly not a city like New Orleans. None of them had ever seen anything like the French Quarter. For the record, the French Quarter in 1861 was exactly like it is today except for perhaps two changes. Today some of the buildings have electricity and some of those that have electricity are air conditioned, otherwise it is the same as it was in 1861. You could buy anything in the French Quarter that you were big enough to buy, and the Texans took full advantage of it and almost destroyed the Quarter. Texans were naturally boistrous, rowdy, loud, comical, humorous people and the New Orleans citizens did not understand them. I will be honest: Louisiana and Texas have always had problems. They have not gotten along really well since their earliest days, primarily because they were settled by different groups of people and they still have some of those problems today. But the city of New Orleans could not take the Texans, so telegrams were fired off to Albert Sidney Johnston, the Supreme Confederate Commander of the West who was at the moment in Bowling Green, Kentucky, in command of the Army of Tennessee. It was more of a title than a unit, but he was the Supreme Commander and the telegrams said, in part, that New Orleans had survived the Indians, the French, the Spanish, the Acadians, the pirates and the Americans but they could not survive the Texans. "You have got to get these madmen out of the city before they totally destroy this center of culture in the South." Johnston knew exactly what they were talking about and, again, because the state had such tremendous political clout in the Confederate military system, he was not hesitant in doing something about it. He immediately sent a flurry of telegrams to the War Department in Richmond saying, "What do we do to the Texans? I want them up here in Kentucky and they want them removed from New Orleans. Why don't you let me have these Texans and not have them sent on to Virginia." He also, while waiting for the answers, sent telegrams down to Terry. Now, Terry was his friend. The two men had been plantation owners. Albert Sidney Johnston, although he was a Kentuckian like Terry was, was an adopted son of Texas and had decided he would be a wealthy plantation owner. The only trouble is that he never got wealthy. His plantation was not a business success and he was helped greatly through his endeavors by his neighbor, Frank Terry, so Terry had a real close relationship with Johnston. Johnston sent word to Terry by telegram that he would like to have Terry's troops come to Bowling Green, Kentucky, and be the principle cavalry of the Army of Tennessee. Now, we don't know exactly how Terry felt but it is pretty sure he agreed with Johnston. He knew he had an "in" with Johnston and that he would have a lot easier service under Johnston that

he would in Virginia under the Virginians. Johnston was a Texan by all guidelines. None of the leaders of the 8th Texas Cavalry, by the way, were native Texans. They were like Johnston: they were born in Tennessee, South Carolina and Kentucky and the makeup of the unit was the same. Very few, only a little over one in five (21% to be exact) were natives of Texas. Most were southerners but not native Texans. So the unit was given a straw vote in the cotton warehouse on the Mississippi River. Those that were sober or those that were present were given a chance to vote whether or not they wanted to go to Virginia and become part of the Army of Northern Virginia or go to Kentucky with Johnston. Now, for the rest of their lives, particularly of the surviving members of this unit, there was always a debate on what actually happened, but they apparently favored going to Kentucky by a very slim margin. A lot of troopers later write that the unit did not favor going to Kentucky but wanted to go to Virginia as they had originally been told when they enlisted. However, it seems to me that a majority, regardless of how small, wanted to go to Kentucky. They knew their service would be somewhat easier under fellow Texans. At any rate, the decision was made by the War Department in Richmond and telegrams were issued directly to Terry to move his unit at once to Bowling Green by way of Nashville. They left New Orleans at night; this would become a modus



Col. Alexander Maury Shannon, Commanding Officer of Shannon's Scouts, 8th Texas Cavalry, CSA, which was the primary intelligence service of the Army of Tennessee from the early summer of 1864 to the end of the war. Col. Shannon was originally in Company C of the 8th Texas.

operandi of the Texas cavalry. The departure of the "night owls" was necessary so that the creditors and townspeople would not harrass them or stone them as they were departing. They regretted leaving New Orleans. They had a good time there and a lot of them would never see the city again. New Orleans did not regret their departure at all except, maybe, some of the ladies.

This move to Kentucky was a little bit of a let down if you consider what this unit was capable of doing. It is seen here, basically, as only civilians in service, but if you consider that if they had followed the initial orders, they would have served under the master of cavalry, the Commander of the Cavalry of the Army of Virginia, Jeb Stuart. That, I think, would have been a tremendous moment in history. Stuart had served in Texas with the 1st U.S. Mounted Infantry, stationed at old Fort Clark outside of Bracketville. He knew Texas like the rest of his fellow regular officers and would probably have been a very well liked commander by the Texans, but he never got that opportunity. Most of them probably never heard of Jeb Stuart and they probably thought of him later as no better than the cavalry leaders that they were to serve under throughout the rest of the war. When they arrived in Nashville over those miserable railroads, where they had to shift constantly from one line to another because of all the mixed gauges making the cars non-changeable, they were quartered in the old Tennessee State Fairgrounds, which would be kind of a haven for them after the rigors of Bourbon Street. They really, at this point, underwent their first serious training. They were given close order drill and cavalry tactics, and they were given every night off in downtown Nashville.

Nashville was just as different from Houston as was New Orleans, except that it was in the other direction. The pendulum had swung. Nashville was the Athens of the South. It was a cultural center, an educational center, and a center for theaters and libraries. Most of the Rangers saw their first stage play or theater in Nashville. They may have seen some stage plays in New Orleans, but of a different type. At any rate, they didn't understand a lot of the stage plays and most of those in the 1860s were melodramas or what we would call a modern melodrama. This was pretty confusing to Texans, where everything was pretty well black and white, either good or bad and where you were either right or wrong. Two drunk Texans, up in the balcony one night, with their '51 Navies in their belts, proceeded to empty a theater when the villain got ready to saw the heroine in half. They saved the heroine's life, they killed the villain on the stage. The theater emptied in a matter of a few seconds and they found themselves alone with a corpse and nobody else in the audience. They couldn't figure out what happened. They stumbled downstairs and out onto the street and at that time, a large crowd had gathered and two of Nashville's finest had arrived to escort them to jail. The Texans said simply that they were not going to jail, they were out there at the State Fairgrounds as a member of the Confederate States Army and if the police persisted, they would kill both policemen, which they proceeded to do. Then they sauntered or staggered back to their tent and nobody touched them. Four other policemen had arrived but they decided they would let the Texans retire peacefully and gracefully!

However, Nashville was beginning to suffer the same kind of

a problem that New Orleans had. The city fathers found the Texans pretty hard to handle, but the young women of Nashville were not intimidated and found the Texans exciting and different. They proceeded to have a lot of brief romances with the Texans, but their fathers, the city fathers and all the government officials decided that the Texans had to go. This was even more of a problem to Johnston than it was to the New Orleans commander because Nashville was the capitol of the grand State of Tennessee, one of the major states of the Confederacy, and Tennessee had a lot of clout. The governor of Tennessee, the mayor of Nashville, the county judge and various other state and local leaders proceeded to bombard Johnston with telegrams urging him to move the Texans immediately from Nashville. Let them receive the balance of their training somewhere other than Nashville, preferably in hell, but get them out of Nashville. Again the Texans were asked to leave at 2 a.m. by train. Steam cars were brought and they were boarded, heading north to Bowling Green.

In the interim they had staged their rodeo, which was Nashville's first, and the same feats that were performed in Houston were performed in Nashville. They had a few more missing teeth and the unit was somewhat richer again. They also received their first horseflesh in the Nashville area. Johnston had been told of the arrangements that had been made by the War Department in Richmond in July, 1861, so he was prepared, out of funds that nobody knew exactly where he found, to buy the Texans the finest horseflesh available. But he only had enough funds, even with a lot of wealthy sugardaddies in central Tennessee and central Kentucky furnishing horses at a ridiculously low rate, to buy some 900 thoroughbreds. The Texans seemed to think that they could choose their own horseflesh before they left Nashville, so the night of their departure from Nashville found them in pretty good shape, horsewise, and for the next four years the Confederate Army, and, after that, the U.S. Army, got claim after claim for horses that had mysteriously disappeared on the last night of the Texans in Nashville, Tennessee. In fact, when the unit was fully mounted in Bowling Green, ready for the winter campaigns of 1861, there were enough fine, well chosen thoroughbreds to issue every man in the unit three horses—every man that could ride, that is. It was the best equipped cavalry unit in the entire Confederacy from that point until the day of its surrender.

While the troops went north by rail out of Nashville to Bowling Green, the horses went with the wagon trains, plodded up north through what was already beginning to be a pretty cold fall. By December of 1861, the Texans, in camp around Bowling Green, for the first time really got down to the serious business of soldiering. In fact, at this point, they first organized the unit.

You may have wondered why they were called the 8th Texas Cavalry. The reason is pretty simple. Although they thought they should have been the 1st Texas Cavalry, due to the date of the commissioning of their officers in Richmond in 1861, and surely the 2nd Texas Cavalry, due to the date of their swearing-in on September 7 in Houston, they were the 8th because they never did submit their records to the War Department through channels, through Johnston's headquarters, until they arrived in Bowling Green. By this, I mean their lists of officers for each of the companies and their commanding officers, their

regimental officers and so forth. They did not have any kind of table of organization officially in print submitted to the War Department, so they were seven cavalry regiments behind by the time their papers arrived in the War Department headquarters.

They never liked that. They never considered themselves the 8th Texas Cavalry, although it was always on official reports and was their official designation. That is why they used so emphatically the name "Terry's Texas Rangers" for their unit designation.

The name "Terry's Texas Rangers" came into being in this manner. They used the expression "Rangers" because this is what Terry had asked for in his advertisements and "Ranger" had a special meaning in Texas beyond what it had elsewhere in the world because of the real Texas Rangers, one of the two most famous law enforcement agencies in the world in 1861. They were also from Texas, so it was natural that they would use the term Texas. When they put the two together everyone in New Orleans, particularly the girls in the French Quarter, thought they were real Texas Rangers, and our boys liked that. It gave them a sort of image that they really didn't deserve, so they used it the rest of the war. In point of fact, a lot of these men were wanted by the real Texas Rangers. None of them were lawmen; none of them had ever been in the Texas Rangers and none of them had ever worn a badge. So they were, you might say, under false colors, but the name stuck and it's still with us today. They loved their leader, Terry, so naturally they were Terry's men. The unit designation, "Terry's Texas Rangers," really seemed to suit them, and for the rest of the war they wore that name proudly. The 8th Texas Cavalry was just an official designation.

They had gone into the army with the idea of fighting and had not done any fighting although they had been in the army about four months. They suddenly were put in the forefront of combat out of Bowling Green and for two weeks had been running patrols, doing observing and had never been fired at by Yankees. They had seen the blue coats in the distance, they had even waved at some of them but no shots had ever been fired in anger. That was not so bad. These guys were on a sort of extended holiday you might say, except it was cold, but they were not being shot at. As with most volunteer civilian units, the first real taste of war was a pretty bitter taste.

The 8th Texas Cavalry was at Woodsonville, Kentucky, on December 17, 1861. They were the advance guard of the Army of Tennessee going into Woodsonville when they ran up against a pretty good group of Union infantry. The Texans were proceeding down a dirt road and on a paralleling railroad embankment going northward into Woodsonville when they engaged in two charges against the Union infantry. They drove the infantry back and broke their lines without the loss of a single man. On the third charge they found out what war was all about! They charged into a thicket of jackbush and a lot of underbush that was occupied by the 32nd Indiana Infantry, a well-trained, well-armed unit. Terry and his staff proceeded to come upon a rise just at the time the unit fired its first volley and Terry was literally shot right out of his saddle. The rest of unit went into a depression in the ground just as the volley was discharged, so they only suffered about seven deaths. They routed the 32nd Indiana and captured their commanding offi-

cer, Colonel Willich. The saddle that Colonel Terry was shot out of is still in existence in a small museum in Richmond, Texas, county seat of Fort Bend county, which also is the home of Company H, one of the most famous of the 8th Texas Cavalry companies. Most of their saddles, which were Texas saddles (that's what the rest of the nation called them, the Texans themselves called them Mexican saddles) were used, consumed and literally worn out in the first two years of the war, so we have very few survivors of the original saddles. If it had not been for Terry's untimely death, his saddle would probably have disappeared forever, but, as with others who were killed, Terry's body and saddle were brought back to Fort Bend county by his slave manservant. Many of the troopers and officers had their slaves with them during the war as manservants. They took care of their needs around camp and in many cases actually fought and were involved in combat with the troopers. We will get into some of the specifics a little later.

The unit regimental commander, after Terry's death, was Tom S. Lubbock, Terry's first cousin. Lubbock was due to follow Terry to the grave in just two short months, and it is a fact that none of the three original organizers of the regiment survived the war. Lubbock had been weakened by disease while in Nashville when an epidemic of measles spread throughout the Texas ranks, reducing the actual effective strength of the unit in the Woodsonville campaign to around 250 men from the original 1,200 that had left Houston. Many of those survived the measles and came back to the unit and built its strength back up, but it was fighting as a very under-strength regiment in the entire early Kentucky campaign. Although he was riding, Lubbock was a sick man and he had also received wounds. Unusual as it might seem, the man who became the Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, the second in command, had received a fierce bayonet wound in the battle of Woodsonville. It's rather rare for a cavalry trooper, especially an officer, to receive a bayonet wound. There were not many bayonet wounds recorded in the entire Civil War, but he did receive a serious bayonet wound and was hospitalized even though he was second in command upon the death of Terry. Lubbock died on January 28, 1862 and the command was transferred to Wharton, the third of the original founders.

The decision by Johnston to pull out of Kentucky was probably a wise one. His unit was terribly under-strength as the Army of Tennessee was almost a paper army. He didn't have near enough weapons to equip the soldiers that he did have. The weapons he had were all obsolete, most of them flintlocks. His only well armed unit was the Texas Rangers. He had no choice really but to pull out of Kentucky. Although he had a lot of men on paper, they were poorly trained and most of them civilians. Most of them had no uniforms and the winter had fully set in and he was losing a lot of men from death and desertion. So he made a tactical withdrawal in February, 1862, and chose the 8th Texas Cavalry as his rear guard, his fellow Texans whom he knew could hold off the Yankees without question. They had only been in combat since December, but from that point on as in their earlier position as advance guard, they always had the rear guard of the Army of Tennessee if they were available when the Army was moving out. Not a very pleasant assignment to face for four years.

The Army withdrew to Nashville and when it became obvious they could not hold it, proceeded to move all the way down to Corinth, Mississippi to go into their first winter quarters. The winter by this time was almost over, at least the severe winter, but still it was cold. Now, the infantry and artillery, of course, go into winter quarters from a lifestyle that is punctuated by gigantic battles and then long periods of boredom where there is little activity and they are not being shot at. This is not true of the cavalry. The cavalry is constantly on the move when the other combat forces are in some sort of a rest period. The cavalry had a miserable lifestyle in the Civil War despite the fact that the other combat forces thought that they had a rather glamorous existence and there was a lot of envy, but in reality they had a terrible duty schedule. They were constantly running raids, getting intelligence, and constantly foraging for food for the other combat branches or for themselves. They were cutting the enemy's line of communication, they were picking up prisoners for intelligence purposes, they were screening the movements of the opposing forces, they were doing something everyday, 24 hours a day. At sometime, everyday of their existence, some member of the 8th Texas Cavalry was involved in a combat situation and basically all members that were in the field were involved, although they weren't involved in it all 24 hours. That is why they suffered such a tremendous depression during the war. They were shot at and exposed to the enemy on a daily basis, day in and day out.

While the main Army of Tennessee went into Corinth, the first assignment of the 8th Texas Cavalry after the retreat was to go back up to Fort Donaldson, Tennessee, where Johnston managed to lose both Forts Henry and Donaldson due to the actions of some inept commanders which he was plagued with for the rest of his life, and the Army of Tennessee was plagued with for the rest of its existence. The 8th Texas Cavalry was to retrieve all the supply wagons that had been abandoned in the Fort Donaldson campaigns where the Union forces had not found them. A whole series of wagon trains had been dispatched to Fort Donaldson and never arrived. The Union army didn't know they were in existence. Some 400 wagons were scattered somewhere in the woods, hidden. So the 8th Texas was calmly ordered to go retrieve them and bring them back to Corinth. This occupied one line in the official reports. This was a terrible assignment. It took approximately one month and they had to find teams to bring the wagons back, they had to act as their own drovers, there were no teamsters with the wagons or at least most of them weren't but they managed to get the entire wagon train back down to Corinth without loss. Unbelievable, but that's what they did.

Their next assignment in March of 1862 was to become involved in the first of the three Murfreesboro, Tennessee, campaigns. This was a situation where they were trying to harrass the Union forces that had occupied Nashville. They could do little permanent damage to the Union forces as they were totally out-numbered and out-gunned but they were able to inflict a lot of damage nevertheless. A lot of the Rangers were used by a young cavalry captain from Kentucky by the name of John Hunt Morgan. That name should ring a bell. He was later to become one of the top cavalry commanders of the war and would die, was actually murdered, as a Major General in com-

mand of the Kentucky Cavalry! Morgan's Confederate States Army operations were very simple, and very dangerous. He would move his "volunteers" into the Nashville area at night, always undercover of darkness. The 8th Texas was to do this many times. They would penetrate Union lines fearlessly and pick up high ranking Union commanders and bring them back to the Confederate lines in the morning. They couldn't capture the entire Union army, so they proceeded to try to capture Colonels, Majors and Generals, if possible. It was a very daring operation, but very successful. The favorite troopers of the Kentuckian, outside of his own Kentucky forces, were the Texas Cavalry who did volunteer or were offered by their commanding officers night after night for these raids.

Morgan's favorite operation was to run in with maybe 10 or 12 men, penetrate the Union lines, pick up one or two officers in different camps and bring them back, maybe spending the night somewhere in hiding, maybe not getting back to Confederate lines for two days. It was a pretty simple operation.

The Confederates, by this time, found the top garment of the war and that was the Yankee cavalry overcoat. So from the very early days in Kentucky, the uniform of the Texas Cavalry was very similar to that of the United States Cavalry. In fact, they used the same tailors. For the next four years, this would be their adopted garment. They were never issued Confederate cavalry overcoats. Not in one record do I find this fact, even though it was a regulation overcoat. It was just like the Yankee overcoat except that it was of grey cloth. As far as I know it only existed in regulations so they proceeded to equip themselves early in Kentucky with the Yankee overcoat which they captured in great numbers. Even though they didn't wear the Yankee frock coat or $\frac{3}{4}$ length tunic, they did wear the overcoat, black slouch hats, black trousers and at night they could go almost anywhere. they would ride right into a Union camp, Morgan would dismount, walk calmly over to the senior officer and ask if he could have a word with him. Usually the Colonel was not surprised, but he certainly did not know Morgan. He would usually step away and Morgan would stick his '51 Navy in the man's ribs and say, "Sir, come with me. I have a pistol. I want you to get on this horse which we have saddled and ride away with us NOW!" The Union officer usually had no idea that he was being captured or who was covering him but he knew he was in trouble and they would proceed to get officer after officer, night after night. This was terribly disturbing to Union morale.

The other program they performed on a constant basis was capturing Union supplies. In the winter of 1861 the people responsible for the protection of the Union supply trains, which were numerous, were the Union cavalry. That was one of the primary uses of the cavalry in the first two years of the war, and in the Western theater a lot of these troops were armed with nothing more than an 1860 light cavalry saber—no pistols, no carbines—despite all the vast outpouring of weapons from the Eastern arms factories. At night this is a poor weapon at best, particularly against these Texans armed with shotguns and Colt Navies. They were able to capture tremendous wagon trains, more wagons than they could ever handle. They would often capture 60 or more wagons at one time loaded with supplies and would have to burn the entire wagon train because they had no way of moving the 60 wagons to the Confederate

lines. Sometimes Morgan was successful, with a great deal of effort and perseverance, in getting the Union drivers of the wagons to go on back as prisoners and drive the wagons, but this was risky. Any opportunity where they could escape would find the Union drovers escaping. So often you would have a wagon abandoned with no driver and the only way to handle it was to destroy the wagon. They would cut the horses loose and destroy the wagon. But in the winter of 1862, the Union army lost millions of dollars in supplies to Morgan and his cavalry.

In the meantime, Albert Sidney Johnston was not idle. He had prepared a grand excursion for the Army of Tennessee and was going to wipe General Ulysses S. Grant off the map in a lightning strike near the sleepy church of Shiloh. In fact, he brought the 8th Texas back from central Tennessee at Murfreesboro and put them in as advance guard of the Army of Tennessee on a headlong race to Pittsburgh Landing on the Mississippi River in southern Tennessee. His only hope for a clear, decisive victory in the West was to defeat Grant, who outnumbered him at Pittsburgh Landing, before Grant could be joined by General Don Carlos Buell who was racing to Grant's defense from Nashville. So the 8th Texas Cavalry went into the forefront of the battle now known as Shiloh. The first day in the battle saw probably some of the hottest conflict they would

see in the four years they were in the war. They fought largely dismounted, using their shotguns to the best advantage, and to use a shotgun to its best advantage, you have to get mighty close to the enemy. In many cases, they could see clearly the eyes of their Union adversaries, they were that close. They also felt, for once, they were on the side of a winning army. The Army of Tennessee was literally kicking the hell out of the Union forces. They rolled back the Union forces under Grant to within 400 yards of the riverbank.

Unbelievably, totally without reason they thought, they were given an order, at approximately 4 p.m. in the afternoon, to cease fire and to disengage the enemy. They had the Union forces in total route, bottled up on the riverbank without any way of real defense. The reason for the order, which came from General Beauregard, was, at the time the order was given, that Beauregard had no idea what the battle plan was, but his co-commander Albert Sidney Johnston had been killed earlier that afternoon (he had literally bled to death from a wound in his leg—his boot had filled up with blood and he had died)—and Beauregard, in a moment of indecisiveness, had decided that he would disengage the Union forces and figure out what was going on. It was one of the biggest blunders of the war. The initiative changed the next morning: Buell had reinforced



One of the only 3 known wartime photos of any members of Hood's Texas Brigade, CSA, in winter quarters at Dumfries, Va. during the winter of 1861-62. Men shown are members of Co. L, Star Rifles, 1st Texas Infantry Regiment. The mess hall is named for the firebrand and later Confederate Senator Louis T. Wigfall. The 8th Texas fought with Hood's Brigade from 19 August 1863 through the winter of 1863-4, were in fact the primary cavalry unit in Longstreet's army in the entire eastern campaign. The picture is of soldiers who were in units that fought along side the 8th Texas on a daily basis.

Grant and had moved his forces across the Tennessee River in the night. From a total Confederate victory on the first day evolved a total Confederate defeat on the second. It was not a rout on the second day, but it was a Confederate defeat. A massive defeat. The Union forces just rolled back the Confederates. The Army of Tennessee lost all the ground that they had gained and fought so hard for the day before. They lost all of the supplies that they had gained along with the artillery they had captured and proceeded to see everything they had fought for go to naught. Finally on the third day of the battle it became the duty of Beauregarde to try to recover what units he could of the Confederate Army and move back south into Mississippi. This turned into an absolute rout. I don't know a kinder word we can use. The Union Army defeated the Confederate Army; the Confederate wounded were moved out first by wagons, then the artillery, then the infantry, and last but not least came the rear guard. The cavalry supported the infantry on the move out and Beauregarde made probably the finest judgement that he ever made in his career to date when he order the rear guard to be under the command of a former slave trader from Memphis, Nathan Bedford Forrest.

Forrest chose well the men that were to hold off the Union hordes. He chose the 8th Texas Cavalry. Obviously Forrest knew his men. He also chose a fine regiment from Georgia. Unfortunately for the Georgians, they never got into the conflict. They were equal to the task but were never given the opportunity. The routed Confederate Army was streaming south in any mode of transportation that the troopers could find, most of them running. For the mop-up after the battle, Grant assigned the final attack to William Tecumseh Sherman. Sherman followed the retreating Confederate forces with fresh, well-equipped, well-trained Illinois infantry forces with whom he was very familiar. I think that Sherman really felt that the Army of Tennessee had come to an end under his grasp. He didn't reckon with what was going to happen.

On a hillside to the west of the advancing Union forces, who were running at quick-time down the road with their Springfields at high port, was positioned the 8th Texas. They had been taking some sporadic fire from the Union forces in the road and had a few casualties, but nothing particularly disabling as far as the unit was concerned. Forrest gave the order for the Texans to charge and was preparing to lead the charge himself when the commander of the 8th Texas, this time a Major Harrison (Wharton having been wounded) gave the command to charge and immediately the front company, with Harrison in the lead, charged the Union forces in the road. The Union forces were demoralized at the very start of the charge because the Texans, as they always did in a charge, opened up from the top of the hillside with a blood-curdling rebel yell. The rebel yell is not a low guttural sound, but a high, shrill piercing shout, almost a scream, which would literally cause the hair to stand on the back of your neck even if you weren't in a combat situation, a terrible sound to the man that is being attacked. The Texans gave it with great gusto. The first company of Texans down the hill really did the dirty work on Sherman's troops. They were all armed with revolvers and double-barreled shotguns, each barrel containing 15 to 20 buckshot. Even though the standard Confederate load for shotguns was buck and ball, the 8th Texas Cavalry preferred, and always us-

ed where possible, buckshot only, and 20 to the barrel if they could get them. This is a terribly large load and weight, because you have to carry your shotgun up at all times. You do not carry your muzzle down like you would a cavalry carbine. You will lose your load. The Texans charged and the Union troops in the road fired their initial and only volley of the engagement. They were in two parallel files and they turned to face the Texans as parallel ranks, and both ranks fired at the Texans as the first company came down the hill and even though they took a few troopers out of the saddle, basically the entire company was able to continue the charge. Forrest was still on the hill and had not left yet, but he's watching this scene like he's sitting in front of a gigantic television screen, with his saber in his hand ready to lead the charge and all of a sudden the Texans are down upon the Illinois troops. The Illinois troops are well officered and well trained soldiers. The officers immediately order them to repel a cavalry charge by fixing bayonets and the front rank dig the butt of their Springfields into the dirt or mud of the road and the rifle muzzle is up at an angle to impale the horses as they come into them. The second rank has the bayonets between the heads of the front ranks. The only thing you see is a mass of gleaming steel bayonets every few feet. They're fully expecting a classic cavalry charge right into their midst. This is going to be their last instant on earth. The Texans ride up to within 15-20 yards of the rifles and upon command from their company commander empty one barrel of their shotguns right into the ranks of the Yankees. Many of them probably fired both barrels. Some eye witnesses say that they fired one barrel and then the other in rapid succession. As they fired the first barrel, they turned their horses around, a maneuver that had been perfected much earlier at the Woodsonville campaign and that they had used in other engagements but never with this effectiveness. The horses were pointed back towards the area from which they had come and the shotgun barrels were struck over the rumps of the horses and the second barrel was discharged as the second troop came into line. There were only a few units that charged. Out of the 10 companies of the 8th Texas Cavalry, probably only six actually got into combat. Upon the first discharge of the shotguns by the first troop down the hill, Company F, the entire road turned into a mass of red. By the time the second barrel of the shotgun was fired, there was nothing left standing in the road.

At this point the succeeding companies, as they would come down the hill, would begin to chase the few surviving Yankess and stragglers who had not gotten it in the road back toward the Tennessee River. Those that had already fired both barrels of their shotgun emptied their revolvers at the fleeing Yankees and managed to kill most of them before they could get back to Sherman. Now, we are talking about a very few men, all running for their lives!

The Texans were not superhuman. They realized that if the fleeing Yankees that were left ever reached the Union reserve forces back towards the river, the Texans would be dead men. But before they could engage the Union reserves, they pulled off their charge and rode hastily back to the hill where they started their charge. Sherman witnessed the entire thing from a rise in the ground and wrote later in his report of the battle that there was no possible way that any army could have survived that charge and kept on pursuing the Confederates. He had no

force left to keep in pursuit. From that point on to the end of the way, he fought his old adversary, Nathan Bedford Forrest, and hated him. Nathan Bedford Forrest, with his Texans, probably caused Sherman more problems than any other single Confederate commander.

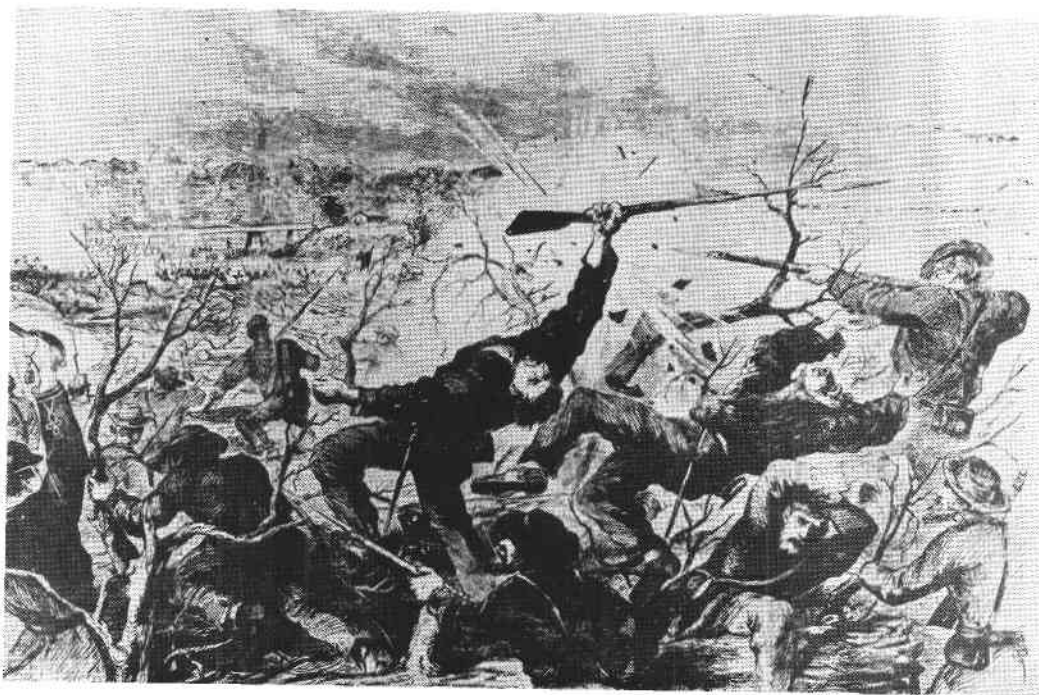
The 8th Texas saved the life of the Army of Tennessee and it was able to continue four years of war and to inflict damage on the Union aggressors. If it had not been for the successful rear guard actions by the 8th Texas Cavalry at Shiloh it is doubtful that the Army of Tennessee would have survived and been able to go into Corinth, Mississippi.

After the Shiloh campaign the 8th Texas was again assigned the duty of harrassing the Union forces in middle Tennessee around Nashville and also began the rather monotonous, dull, but hazardous duty of "blockhouse busting." Blockhouse busting was a means of reducing the control of the Union Army over the river crossings throughout the state. The Union army could not hold the land very well, but if they held all the river crossings, the theory was that they could, in effect, control the land and this was entirely correct. The Confederate Army could roam at will over the land except for crossing the rivers. The rivers in Tennessee are deep and wide. You had such rivers as the Tennessee itself, the Duck River, the Cumberland, the Holston: all of these rivers are large by any standards and the Union army built fortifications on each end of every major bridge and the fortifications are very much like the log stockades used by early pioneers along the Mohawk River in the Colonial days. They were gigantic log blockhouses, pretty self-sustaining with wells or points going out over the river so they

could get water. The men were actually holed up in these fortresses and were relieved spasmodically. They prepared all of their food inside and they could hole up for months, supposedly, against all odds. Actually, they did not hold out very long, but the blockhouses were awfully hard to reduce. The Rangers found this to be very dull duty. There was no cavalry charge in the classic sense. You fire all day at a few portholes in the log stockade walls hoping to kill a few Yankees and hoping eventually the Yankees inside would surrender, which they generally did after putting up a fight.

During one such operation in the summer of 1862, where the unit had poured thousands of rounds at the fort and captured the fort, they counted the dead Yankees found inside. They found that, after all that firing, there were only ten, all of them shot in the head where they had been hit by a direct shot through the gunports when they were firing. Invariably, the blockhouses would surrender and the Rangers would go inside and get prisoners, take possession of the river crossing and hold it for no more than a few days when they would move on to another location. As soon as the Confederate Army was out of the area, the Union forces would reoccupy the blockhouses, patch them back up and control the river point, so all they were really doing was capturing prisoners—they were not taking a lot of land area.

By this time the regiment was brigaded under General Forrest, basically headquartered at Chattanooga, in the southern part of the state and they had as their fellows in this brigade some Georgia regiments, the 3rd and 4th Georgia for a while, who seemed to rather like the Texans. The Texans were dif-



The battle scene is of the "Battle of Mumfordsville, Ky., Sunday September 14th, 1862—The Confederates Charging Through the Abatis in Front of the Fortifications Near Green River" from the *Battle of Mumfordsville Kentucky September 14-17, 1862* prepared by the Louisville Civil War Round Table, June 23, 1962. This famous battle occurred in the 2nd invasion of Kentucky by the Army of Tennessee in the Fall of 1862 under Confederate General Braxton Bragg. The 8th Texas Cavalry fought in the entire campaign, being the Advanced Guard for most of the time. It is interesting to note that the Battle of Mumfordsville was fought on almost the exact same land that the Battle of Woodsonville was fought on during the 1st Invasion of Kentucky; it was during the Battle of Woodsonville that the leader and primary organizer of the 8th Texas Cavalry, Colonel Benjamin F. Terry was shot out of his saddle and killed on December 17, 1861.

ferent, but they weren't all bad!

It also fell their lot in the summer of 1862 to go with Forrest—it was his choice—to relieve the City of Murfreesboro from Union control. They had fought in the first Murfreesboro campaign in the winter of 1862 and in the summer, in July 1862, they were going back.

Murfreesboro had been captured by the Union army and had been turned into a giant concentration camp. Very little has been written about this, but all of the leading male citizens of the town were confined, without trial or without any charges being leveled against them, in the county prison, including the county judge, the mayor, the superintendent of schools, all the principals of the the schools, all the business leaders including all the bankers, store owners, doctors, attorneys—the white males of the city that were in any way leaders were confined in prison. The city had to appeal to the Confederate army to throw the Union army out and Forrest was given that assignment and he did his work extremely well, just as he did at Shiloh. He chose the 8th Texas to go in and mop up the Union forces.

The Union commander at Murfreesboro was General T.C. Crittenden. He had over 2,000 men, enough supplies to last his forces for two years, a lot of artillery and a lot of small arms. The battle for the city took almost a full day and the Union army surrendered to the Texans, 1,200 men, all of their equipment, enough horses to completely outfit the Confederate calvary involved, and a full battery of six artillery pieces. The strength of the 8th Texas Cavalry at the time of the battle was somewhere around 262 men able to ride.

Naturally, Crittenden was captured. He maintained a pretty haughty attitude and said he would not sign parole or agree to be paroled. In effect, he was not surrendering even though he had actually done so. Forrest had anticipated this (apparently he knew the General pretty well) so it did not bother him a great deal. He dispatched two of his roughest, dirtiest, meanest-looking Texans to take Crittenden down to the river. This is the Stone's river outside of Murfreesboro, north of the city. There was no indication from Forrest as to why they were to take him to the river, but they picked up their Bowie knives and their shotguns and escorted the general down to the water, away from any of his fellow Union prisoners and away from all the other Confederate forces. Within an hour they had convinced the general that he was in error. They went through their game-playing just like actors. They decided that they were going to take the general's watch and they were going to kill him and an argument ensued between the two guards as to which one of the Texans was going to get the watch. It was a big production. They were cleaning their fingernails with their Bowie knives, spitting on the ground and cussing violently, while Crittenden was scared to death. He pleaded with them and they didn't do anything for an hour. He began to cry and said they could take him back to General Forrest under whatever terms Forrest wanted. He would sign any document that Forrest put before him. He was finally escorted back to Forrest after an hour of this type harrassment and Forrest demanded that he sign parole and be sent north as a paroled general. You can see how this looked on his record but he did it. Crittenden never forgave Forrest for that.

The Confederate Army of Tennessee was an army that

hadn't had a leader since Albert Sidney Johnston was shot in Shiloh in April, 1862, and Beauregard had been reassigned. It didn't have a plan because it didn't have anyone at the top. Suddenly, into this vacuum is thrust General Jackson Bragg, a Lieutenant General who, unfortunately for the troops we are following, is one of the most inept military leaders of all time. His record is virtually unblemished: he didn't win a single military campaign in the history of the entire Civil War. He was a West Point graduate, a brilliant man, supposedly like General McClellan. He was a great training general, a very thorough general. His troops were well trained and fairly well off, but he was not liked. General Bragg has the distinction of bleeding the Army of Tennessee almost to its death. As soon as he took over he made grand plans to invade Kentucky for the second time and he proceeded to throw his army northward, bypassing Nashville, in a headlong race to central Kentucky, hoping he would get there first with his army and be able to occupy the state.

His opponent in the race is General Rosecrans, commander of the Union army in middle Tennessee, headquartered in Nashville. Bragg has to literally go within earshot of Rosecrans in order to get to Kentucky, so Rosecrans gets word right away that Bragg is on the move and the two armies begin a race paralleling each other through middle Tennessee and middle Kentucky, sometimes no further apart than 40 miles. It was one of the most unsuccessful campaigns the Confederate army ever engaged in, mainly because of its leader. The advance guard of the Army of Tennessee was the hapless 8th Texas Cavalry and had the dubious distinction of leading this army in 42 battles in 38 days, all to no avail. Absolutely unbelievable! They did not dislodge the Union army, they did not hurt Rosecrans appreciably, they did not capture Kentucky. They campaigned again at the end of the summer of 1862 and in September of 1862 they were rushing northward at full force, in cavalry terms that's about 30 miles a day or a little less. They marched all over Kentucky leaving the state in late fall of 1862. In November they had nothing to show but dead soldiers. It was a bloody, vicious campaign fought often in winter conditions even though it was fall and the Texans really took a beating. The biggest single battle of the campaign was at Perryville. The Texas troops, as the advance guard, fought all the way up to the city and at nightfall the Union cavalry regiment that was thrown against them as the Union rear guard, simply stopped as soon as the Texans stopped. Both armies were beaten, whipped: they'd been fighting all day long. The Texans stopped at nightfall as was the military practice in those days. You could not see at night and you would often lose more than you would gain and the Yankees stopped as soon as the gunfire from the Confederates stopped and they went into camp within a few yards of each other. It was one of those situations where you could hear each other's conversations clearly.

The Confederates found themselves on a rough, rocky field with no ground to spread their blankets. The night was cold. A typical situation: a Confederate sergeant came up to his company commander in Company F and said, "Sir, I can't find anyplace to spread our bed rolls." The operation at night for bedding down was simple. Sometimes you had a meal, often of nothing more than cold corn, sometimes you didn't, but you and your bunkmate would share the same bed. You had a

blanket and he had a blanket. One of the blankets, the dirtiest one, would go on the ground, the cleaner blanket would go over their bodies and they would lay together for warmth. At any rate, the sergeant could not find a spot, so the lieutenant told him, "Sam, you look for a place as smooth as you can find and let me know and we will fix your bed." The lieutenant waited and checked on his men. The sergeant came back and said, "I have found a fairly good place, but there are two dead men on it." The lieutenant told the sergeant to roll the bodies over and throw his blanket down and go to sleep. The sergeant did as he was told and the next day the lieutenant wrote in his diary that he noticed that they were sleeping between two sergeants who had died almost together on the battlefield. One was a Confederate sergeant of the 8th Texas Cavalry and the other a Yankee cavalry sergeant.

Night operations usually involved foraging. If you needed anything for the battle the next day or the pending battle, you could probably get it at night. One of the things that the Confederate troopers did was to police the battlefield for equipment. They first went after boots. Boots were impossible to get in the Confederate army, so most of their equipment was Union made, which was better than the South could supply anyway. The Confederates supplied themselves constantly from Union supplies so it became a way of life. They would kill a Union soldier for any one of five things: 1) his boots, which were desperately needed; 2) his horse—anytime they could get a Union horse, they would take it. From the second year of the war all their horses were captured Union horses, usually Morgans. 3) His Union saddle, especially the 1859 McClelland saddle which became the standard saddle of the Confederate cavalry. They had gone to war on their Texas saddles, which had worn out, so they resupplied themselves with McClellands; 4) his revolver, particularly his '51 Navy. Whether Confederate Ordnance was really reflecting the desires of the cavalry troopers who used the weapon, I don't know, but the Confederate armies contracted for 36 caliber pistols almost exclusively. 5) His overcoat. Since the overcoat was a standard item of uniform of the 8th Texas Cavalry, it was their distinctive feature (along with a silver star made from a Mexican peso which was cut by hand by jewelers back in Texas which they wore on the crown of their black felt hats) and they wore them year-round, including the summertime. The men had to be strong to take the heat that these almost black overcoats generated on a hot summer day, but be that as it may, it was a garment worn year-round.

At the end of the ill-fated second invasion of Kentucky, the 8th Texas Cavalry returned to the Murfreesboro area from which they had come that summer, and probably spent the finest month there they ever spent in the army. They were heroes. They had rescued the town and the town poured out their heartfelt thanks to them. They were taken into homes, they were treated royally, they ate like they had never eaten before and probably never would again. The housewives prepared gourmet meals three times a day, and the young ladies of the town bestowed whatever favors they could on the Texans. The Texans were genuine heroes. Unfortunately, December only lasts 31 days and at the end of December their lives were to change again. They were to go back into a major battle with an underdog army and take another beating.

This time Bragg proceeded to further bleed the Army of Tennessee in a futile campaign for a little patch of woods on the banks of the Stone's River. Bragg just about managed to beat the Union army by the end of the summer of 1862 and the beginning of January, 1863 and then made the foolish mistake of throwing everything he had at a small pocket of resistance on the Stone's River which he could have easily bypassed and gone on and taken Nashville, which was his primary objective, and rid middle Tennessee of Union domination, but he didn't do that. He won the battle and lost the campaign. He proceeded to throw his magnificent infantry and other forces across the Stone's river against an almost impregnable position where the Union army, in desperation, had rolled some 50 artillery pieces which were almost hub to hub in order to hold their position and proceeded to blast the oncoming Confederate army when they were in the middle of the water to such an extent that the Confederates literally lost the battle in the middle of the river. The river, as it did so often, as other rivers did so often in the south, ran red with blood and this futile onslaught on the Confederate infantry was to cost Bragg the battle and middle Tennessee.

The 8th Texas was assigned to harass the Union rear and cut off supplies coming out of Nashville. How well did they do? Well, they completely cut off the Union supplies from Nashville. They were fighting with about 625 men and they managed to capture 2,000 armed Union soldiers. They captured two batteries of artillery and all the horses under harness and they managed to completely decimate a fine New York cavalry regiment. In fact, this particular scene is one of those classics that you could make a movie of. They were operating on the left flank of the Confederate main forces and behind Union army lines. One morning, much to their astonishment, they saw galloping toward them a full line of New York cavalry regiment in a classic cavalry charge, sabers drawn, guidons fluttering, coming at them pell mell. The Texans were hastily drawn up in a line of skirmishers and ordered to sit their horses, watching this tremendous spectacle race toward them. Some 1,200 mounted New York cavalymen are coming at full gallop and the Texans are calmly sitting there, shotguns across the pommel of their saddles, waiting until the cavalry sabers are almost upon them!

During the battle of Murfreesboro, or Stone's River, as the Yankees preferred to call it, the 8th Texas Cavalry was commanded by Colonel Thomas Harrison, John Wharton having been elevated to a Brigade Commander under the immediate command of General Joseph Wheeler. Harrison had been with the unit from the very start, having lived in Texas prior to the outbreak of hostilities. It was Colonel Harrison who ordered the troopers to stand fast and sit their saddles while they were being charged by this magnificent cavalry regiment. It was his command that they not fire until the Yankees got right up in their midst, which was an unbelievably successful tactic.

During the Murfreesboro battle, a lot of interesting things occurred and the Rangers would remember some of them with humor. One was the second capture of a Yankee general. The individual troopers had a constant contest to see who in the unit could capture the most officers or the highest ranking officers. A Union general by the name of Willich had the distinction of being captured twice and at Murfreesboro, his second

capture, demanded to know what unit it was that had captured him. He was told, as a trooper shouted down from his horse, "Terry's Texas Rangers." He made the famous comment that they used for the rest of the war, "My God, I'd rather be a private in that regiment than a Brigadier General in the Federal army!" There was a great deal of humor in the 8th Texas, mainly because the Texans themselves had a lot of humor, which was the way they survived the hardships of frontier life in Texas. When they were disarming the few Yankee survivors of the massive cavalry charge, taking their cavalry sabers, most of which were 1860 light cavalry models, they engaged in one of their favorite jokes with the Yankee captives: "Yank, how far will that thing shoot?" They never carried sabers and had great distain for the weapons and liked to ride any Yankee caught with a saber in combat.

The Murfreesboro campaign also brings to mind a situation I mentioned earlier. The slaves that went with their masters (there were a large number of them, probably at one time as many as 500 in all) were often in combat situations, and were often, as the troopers would term them, "trigger pullers," in other words they would actually engage the enemy and shoot at them and kill them if possible. Here is an unusual event and one which, if you listen to the Northern orators of the 1960's, would have been unthinkable, but this is actually true. One of the Union soldiers, a major from the cavalry regiment that had charged the Texans, was being searched and stripped of his weapons while he was sitting his horse, with his hands up above his head. He later recalled in his diary that he look around him to see what kind of men had captured him. He started looking to his right, and they were fairly rough, craggy individuals who seemed to be somewhat lighthearted in a moment that he thought was quite serious. They took his pistol, his saber, his sword belt, and his binoculars. As he glanced around the group, he saw, on his immediate left, a Negro sitting on horseback with a shotgun pointed directly at his head. He jotted down in his diary, when he was in prisoner of war camp after the battle, "Here I had come South and was fighting to free this man. If I had made one false move on my horse, he would have shot my head off." It was inconceivable to the major that the slaves would be willing to fight for their masters.

The 8th Texans had the distinction or the unpleasant duty, whichever, to escort the beaten Confederate army out of Murfreesboro and down to Alabama to winter headquarters in 1863. It was not simply a retreat similar to the one at Shiloh. The Confederate army was not battered and beaten as the armies at Shiloh had been but Bragg, who was an inept commander but always looked after his men, was anxious to get into a better location for winter quarters. Murfreesboro, he felt, was untenable, so he went down into central Alabama where the majority of the Army of Tennessee spent the winter, primarily in Tullahoma, Shelbyville and Wartrace. While Bragg's forces licked their wounds in winter quarters, Terry's Texas Rangers went back on the offensive after their rear guard duty and were involved in campaigns in and around the Duck River, which is a middle Tennessee stream of some considerable size. They actually attacked Dover, a fort build on the side of the previous Confederate Fort Donaldson. It was an unsuccessful attack. The Fort was far too large and formidable for anyone to penetrate, even the outer reaches. During the cam-

paign some of the Rangers distinguished themselves by setting fire to Yankee boats in the Tennessee River, which caused the Yankees a great loss but didn't do much harm to the forces inside the fort.

The entire winter of 1863 was spent harrassing the Union forces in forts and blockhouses just like a great deal of the winter of 1862. Rosecrans, the Union commander at Stone's River, had successfully lured Bragg out of Tennessee and the Confederate army had fallen all the way back to Chattanooga by the spring of 1863. During the summer the Rangers had a pretty good time of it. They managed, for the first time, to get into Georgia. At Cave Spring, Georgia, they went into a kind of an R & R (rest and recuperation) camp where they regained some of their strength and got their horses in better shape. During this period some of their comrades from Texas joined the unit. The unit had left Texas in 1861 some 1,200 strong as far as combat freemen were concerned and with some 500 slaves. It was by now reduced to never more than 700 men in the saddle. A lot of the troopers who had been killed or badly wounded had been replaced by their brothers or their close friends. Throughout the war very few replacements got through to join the 8th Texas, but all those that did were volunteers from Texas. They never had troops from other states or other units join them. The total number of troops involved in the entire four years of the war would be somewhere in the neighborhood of 1,527 men, not counting slaves.

In Georgia they were treated to a lot of parties and festivities by the Georgians. This is one of the few times the Georgians met any Texans. Most of the troops that they had been seeing were from Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee. After spending part of the summer recuperating, they were ordered to join Bragg's main army along a small creek in northern Georgia called Chickamauga. For the first time in the history of the Rangers, they were able to meet their fellow heroes in the Confederate army from Texas. The most distinguished unit in the entire Confederate army was Hood's Texas Brigade, and the two famous Texas fighting units were to fight together in the same army starting at Chickamauga. General Lee had dispatched General James Longstreet's entire corps to help Bragg. They came in from the east and one of the first groups that they came into contact with as they joined Bragg's forces was the 8th Texas Cavalry. The reunion was to be a warm one. A lot of the man had friends and relatives in the other unit. They sat around the campfires the first nights of the campaign and really enjoyed a fellowship and reunion.

Later we'll find that our 8th Texas Cavalry troops were glad to see Longstreet's men go back to Virginia. Beginning in the Chickamauga campaign, they spent one of the toughest winters of the entire war. Chickamauga was fought in September, 1863 and would be the only major battle of the entire war where the Texans were on the winning side and the only battle that General Bragg ever won. Although the Texans engaged and fought in over 1,200 battles and in over 33 major campaigns, this battle was the only one where they were on the winning side of a major conflict. A lot of the battles they fought were victories, but none of them were of the scope of Chickmauga.

The Rangers had very little to do in Chickamauga. They protected the flank of the Confederate army and did little more

than run raids and cut Union lines of communication.

After the battle, Bragg failed to follow up on his victory and, in typical Bragg fashion, he managed to lose the campaign even though he won the battle, a battle in which his army had fought valiantly and brilliantly. The Union army eventually captured Chattanooga, Look Out Mountain and Missionary Ridge in rapid succession. After the disastrous fall campaign of 1863, the 8th Texas was detached from service with the Army of Tennessee and became the cavalry of James Longstreet in the ill-fated East Tennessee campaigns of the winter of 1863/1864. This was one of the most brutal campaigns in the history of man and would rank very well with the heroic efforts of the German 6th Army in the Battle of Stalingrad in World War II. It was fought almost entirely in snow and ice. The horses of the Texans were never fed enough and were undernourished at best when they started the campaign. Throughout the entire campaign their horses were forced to swim the ice swollen Tennessee River itself no less than six times. This is a gigantic river and in the wintertime you can imagine what this did to horse-strength. The Rangers fought well as cavalry, managing to hurt the Union forces wherever they could and in many cases managed to beat Union cavalry, man-on-man, where their forces were anything like the same size as the Union cavalry. If they ran into units that they could not handle, they simply inflicted what wounds they could and pulled back. At this point, Wharton, the only remaining founder of the unit, is promoted to Major General and is beginning to wheel and deal, hoping to become the high ranking General of the Army and take over all cavalry in the Army of Tennessee, which would be impossible since Joe Wheeler occupied that command, and would continue to do so for the remainder of the war.

The Texans involved in the Knoxville campaign in east Tennessee got a taste of warfare at its bitterest. Their brothers in Hood's Brigade had to cross the Holston River in the attack on Knoxville in flat bottom river scows which leaked badly and almost none of the Texans, except some of the officers, had shoes of any kind in the winter of 1864. These troops were ordered to enter the boats which had ice in the bottom and sit while they were ferried across to attack Knoxville. Their feet were absolutely frozen to the bottom of the boat and one of the most pitiful sights of the war, according to some of the officers who witnessed this sight and later recorded it in their diaries and letters, was ordering these men to get up from their seats and march off the boats onto the shore at Knoxville with their feet in ice. Many a commander wept at the sight of his troops in such pitiful condition. The troops in the 8th Texas were in a little bit better shape since they had managed to steal or capture or pull off enough cavalry boots and heavy shoes from Yankees to where they could go in winter in much better shape than their infantry cohorts.

After the disaster in eastern Tennessee in 1864, where Longstreet failed to win a single major victory (in fact lost the Battle of Knoxville and was ordered back to Virginia to the Army of Northern Virginia by General Lee), the cavalry forces were brought back south and participated in the next ill-fated campaign, the Battle of Atlanta. The battle lasted about six

months in all beginning in the spring (March) of 1864. The 8th Texas performed admirably holding Sherman's forces out of Atlanta as best they could. They fought at the battles of Resaca and Cassville as standard cavalry, and mounted their classic cavalry charges with shotguns at the Battles of New Hope Church and Big Shanty. They fought dismounted as infantry often in the days of the 1864-1865 battles. They were not unused to the pickax and a spade and could dig trenches and build fortifications with the best of their associates.

By July, Sherman had penetrated the outskirts of Atlanta, and the 8th Texas Cavalry, now under General Harrison who, as a brigade commander following John Wharton, is involved in the best effort under General Hood in the entire Atlanta campaign. Hood was a tremendous tactical general, but as a strategist was totally inept. He had relieved General Joseph E. Johnston of command of the Army of Tennessee and had managed, as Bragg had done much earlier, to bleed the already bleeding Army of Tennessee, to no avail. It is in this particular campaign that my great-grandfather (from whom I got a lot of this interest) fought his last battle as a cavalry captain in Hamm's Mississippi Cavalry Brigade which fought alongside the 8th Texas Cavalry throughout a lot of the war. The forces under Harrison managed to hold the rail lines leading into Atlanta from the south and east so that Hood could move out most of his troops and supplies. In holding the rail lines open, the 8th Texas had to fight and beat a far superior Union force under General E.M. McCook, who was attempting to cut all the railroads leading out of Atlanta. McCook was badly beaten by the Texans and this one victory encouraged Hood so that he proceeded to direct his cavalry commander, Wheeler, to take all of the army's cavalry and try to cut all of the supplies to Sherman's army from the north. They did manage to cut a lot of the supply lines on a daily basis, but Sherman's forces were so well equipped that the rail line that was cut behind him could be repaired in two days so the Confederates would actually have to cut every rail line every three days to stop supplies from getting to Sherman. This became impossible, the odds were too much in the Union's favor.

The fall of Atlanta came in July, 1864, and Hood led the beaten Army of Tennessee out and continued sparring with Sherman throughout the summer and early fall. He sent his army around Sherman, north of Atlanta, and headed for Tennessee to force Sherman to withdraw from Atlanta to follow him. They had a race in Tennessee and Sherman won. During these terrible days for the Confederacy, Hood was never able to win a major battle and, in fact, fought one of the bloodiest battles in the war, the Battle of Franklin, Tennessee, way back in the heartland of Tennessee, and lost something like 12 Confederate generals over a two day period, including one of his best, the famous Texas General Pat Cleburne, who had his life snuffed out at Franklin, and a lot of the 8th Texas soldiers were either wounded or killed in this campaign.

(This paper will be continued in Bulletin No. 42.)