

**ROSS' TEXAS BRIGADE BEING A  
NARRATIVE OF EVENTS  
CONNECTED WITH ITS SERVICE IN  
THE LATE WAS BETWEEN THE  
STATES**

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Ross' Texas brigade being a narrative of events connected with its service in the late war between the states by Victor M. Rose

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**VICTOR M. ROSE**

**ROSS' TEXAS BRIGADE BEING A  
NARRATIVE OF EVENTS  
CONNECTED WITH ITS SERVICE IN  
THE LATE WAS  
BETWEEN THE STATES**





GENERAL L. S. ROSS.

→\* ROSS' \*←

# TEXAS BRIGADE.

BEING A

NARRATIVE OF EVENTS CONNECTED WITH ITS SERVICE IN THE LATE  
WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

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BY VICTOR M. ROSE.

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"CONCLAMATUM EST."

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1881.

TO THE  
HERO PATRIOT  
GENERAL L. S. ROSS,  
THE CHEVALIER BAYARD OF THE WESTERN ARMIES  
OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, UNDER WHOSE  
ABLE LEADERSHIP THE TEXAS BRIGADE WON  
ITS JUSTLY MERITED REKNOWN,  
THESE PAGES ARE GRATE-  
FULLY INSCRIBED BY HIS  
FRIEND AND COMRADE  
THE AUTHOR.

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## SALUTATORY.

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Victor Hugo says: "Destiny entertains a purpose. It watches mysteriously over the future historian. It allows him to mingle with exterminations and carnages, but it does not allow him to die, because it wishes him to relate them." Be this as it may, certainly an actor in the scenes he describes should be allowed to possess advantages in the narration of the incidents not possessed by one not so connected.

The author was an actor in most of the events portrayed, and, in addition thereto, he has had the fraternal co-operation of his old comrades—from the commanders down—in the prosecution of this "labor of love."

During the year 1863, Captain Rufus F. Dunn, Company F, Third Regiment Texas Cavalry, was, on account of his feeble health, detailed from operations in the field to write a history of the operations of Ross' Texas Brigade; which design, as the following extract from a letter of General Ross shows, was immediately defeated by the death of Captain Dunn, and permanently impaired by the loss of documentary data, trophies, etc., mentioned. The extract in question reads: "Captain Dunn, whose health had failed, was detailed to write a full and accurate history of the brigade, and I furnished him with all necessary data, orders, papers, etc., to render his duty of easy compliance; but, unfortunately, he died in Alabama, and I received this information simultaneously with the intelligence that my trunk and private papers entrusted to his care had fallen into the hands of the enemy. In my trunk was found twenty stands of colors, and other trophies that we had captured from the Federals."

After many efforts to ascertain the whereabouts of Mrs. Dunn, success was attained in 1878. This estimable lady, Mrs. Parmelia A. Dunn, of Providence, Pickens county, Ala., had, through all these weary years of war and licentious misrule, guarded with fidelity the trust imposed upon her by her dying husband's injunction, and pre-

served, unscathed, through pillage and sack, the precious manuscript upon which his last care had been expended. To this Cornelia of the South, the surviving comrades of her lamented husband tender their heartfelt thanks.

It is regretted that the orders and other papers alluded to in General Ross' letter were not recovered. Hence, much of the material used has been drawn from other sources; generally, from the memories of surviving members of the command, a necessity that caused delay, and exacted much patience on the part of the author in arranging the many conflicting statements that had grown with time. But it is safe to assert that nothing but absolute truth has been entered on these pages; not the whole truth, for that, alas! may never now be told.

The treatment of a subject should always reflect the object sought to be attained without necessitating any special revelation in regard thereto. In this narrative, called for by the dictates of simple justice to the living and dead, a vindication of their motives is essayed by a brief recapitulation of their services in camp and field. Their courage and chivalry, their heroic fortitude, and manly fidelity to a hopeless cause need no vindication. And, if any were needed, we would turn to the childhood home of the English tongue—the cradle of the Anglo-Norman race—and find such vindications as the eloquent extract which is here reproduced from the columns of the *London Standard*, in the year 1878, when the South was stricken by that pestilential scourge of the tropics—yellow fever: “The younger among us can not, perhaps, remember the keen, warm sympathy with which the English of 1861-5 witnessed the heroic struggle maintained by their Southern kinsmen against six-fold odds of numbers, and odds of position, resources, vantage ground, simply incalculable. Even those who, from sympathy with the Northern States were unfavorable to the cause of a great nation revolting against a real tyranny, could not but feel proud of our near kinship with that incomparable soldiery—so designated by their enemies—which, on fifty battle-fields, maintained such a contest as no other race has ever, in modern times, maintained; and, at last, when all hope was gone, held for six months, with 45,000 against 150,000, a slender line of earth-works thirty miles in length; who marched out 28,000 strong, and after six days' retreat in front of a countless cavalry, and overwhelming artillery and infantry pressing

them on all sides, surrendered, at last, but 8,000 bayonets and sabers. It is this people, the flower and pride of the great English race, upon whom a more terrible, a more merciless enemy has now fallen. There can be now no division of sympathy, as there is no passion to excite and keep up the courage needed for the occasion. Yet the men and women of the South are true to the old tradition. Her youth volunteer to serve and die in the streets of plague-stricken cities, as readily as they went forth, boys and grey-haired men, to meet the threatened surprise of Petersburg—as they volunteered to charge again and again the cannon-crowned heights of Gettysburg, and to enrich with their blood, and honor with the name of a new victory, every field around Richmond. Their sisters, wives, mothers, and daughters, are doing and suffering now as they suffered from famine, disease, incessant anxiety, and alarm, throughout the four years of the civil war. There may be among the various nations of the Aryan family one or two who would claim that they could have furnished troops like those which followed Lee and Johnston, Stuart and 'Stonewall' Jackson; but we doubt whether there be one race beside our own that could send forth its children by hundreds to face, in towns desolated by yellow fever, the horror of a nurse's life and the imminent terror of a martyr's death." And, finally, it is a solemn duty that the survivors owe to their fallen comrades to leave a truthful record of their deeds, upon which shall be predicated the judgment of posterity.

It is to such works as this that the future historian of the American sectional war must have recourse for facts; for the truth of history must rest upon the statements of those who were contemporaneous with the events they detail. Were this, then, the sole object, no further reason would be necessary for the appearance of the work. "Returning justice lifts aloft her scale," and the fame of the Confederate soldier has risen far above the aspersions and calumnies that were sought to be cast upon it; and the descendants of Ross' invincible rangers will piously treasure the record of their services as an invaluable souvenir, and transmit it as an heir-loom to their remotest posterity. And to that record the youth of the coming generation will point with pride, and say: "My grandsire fought with Ross at Elk Horn, Iuka, Corinth, Atlanta, and the hundred other fields upon which the 'Old Brigade' signalized itself!" They will rejoice over the recital of our victories, and shed tears over the story of our