its banks from the grapeshot,

TO THE REAR, MARCH!

Just as we tumbled into the old water-

OSENDALE

Being a Narrative of Varied Service with the 1st Wis. Cav.

By J. M. WATERMAN, Adjutant.

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Some Hot Work With Marmaduke.

It must be remembered that, from the standpoint of an enlisted man, reliable news of
military movements, outside of personal
observation, was hard to obtain, but enough
was known as to the rank and file of Marmaduke's army, and its probable destinatron to cause no little uneasiness. We
all knew the defenses of the Cape consisted, besides the big guns of the three
forts commanding the Mississippi and
their garrisons, of only the 1st Neb. (then
mfantry), the 1st Wis. Cav., and a Mis-

My position at Headquarters as Orderly around us.

During the night of the 24th of April, 1863, Lieut. Ogden and about 20 men of Co.

1863, Lieut. Ogden and about 20 men of Co. E., came tearing into camp, and reported that one of Marmaduke's columns, 3,000 strong, had surrounded the company, and they had had to cut their way out, Capt. Shipman having a thigh badly shattered in the fight, and being captured, with a number of his men.

Here was tangible proof of the proximity of the rebels, and there was little more sleep for us during the balance of the night. There were quite a number of Brother-town Indians, a civilized tribe living near

Fond du Lac, in our regiment, and one of them, Stephen Nichols, always known among the boys as "Steve Nick," was on

duty at one of the pickets-posts that night. He was tall, well-built, straight as a ram-rod, and a good soldier. Just at daylight

Steve came up the pike toward camp at a full gallop, sitting his horse like a bronze statue, his shoulders thrown well-back and

long har streaming from the speed he was making, eyes dilated and thoroughly Indian in their expression. Riding straight for Col. LaGrange, he reported the enemy in sight, and Gen. McNeill was soon noti-

The regiment was called to horse and

The regiment was called to horse and ready for duty. In a few minutes boom! went a big gun from the fort farthest up the river, and on the highest ground of the post, and a monster shell went screaming over our heads. Besides other damage this first shot took off a leg of one of our pickets, and opened the ball in a lively manner, the other forts joined in quickly and effectively.

Twice Marmaduke demanded the sur

Twice Marmaduke demanded the surrender of the post, and twice Gen. MeNeill told him the only way to get it was to
take it. It was known that the rebel
General had promised friends and sympa
thizers in the city that he would take
supper with them that night. Our regiment was massed in column of fours in a
narrow lane leading from camp, awaiting
orders which seemed an are in coming

orders which seemed an age in coming. Our Orderly squad was just behind the regimental staff. To the left of us as we

devoid of trees or any other protection. This end of the ridge was held by the 1st

Neb., and we had a chance, while waiting for orders, to see one end of a very pretty

sloping away for quite a distance. Into

though at target practice.

and effectively.

Rumors of trouble ahead for us began no waver in its course. I did want to to circulate about camp, and assumed climb down from my horse, but was afraid tangibility when it was learned that Marthe boys would laugh at me. I suppose maduke, with an army estimated at from thought flies on lightning wings, for I 6,000 to 10,000 men, was headed our way. Thought of many things while that ugly

noticed me. Col. LaGrange was laughing,

and said:
"You better not dodge like that again,

swfully tired, and fearing the rebel com

were a tired and sleepy lot that night, hav-ing been up all the night before and quite

A FOOLISH EXPERIMENT.

That night a member of our regiment,

shells which had not exploded, and pro-

churn its contents with a wagon hammer, but at the first stroke of his improvised dasher the shell exploded. It was dif-

ficult to find enough of him to bury, and a

njured.

Marmaduke learning that Gen. Van-

busy all day.

sat our horses was quite a ridge running out from a piece of timber, that part of it paralleling our position being a bare point. He unscrewed the cap and undertook to

fight, being only about 20 rods from the knot of comrades around a fire nearby ridge.

Beyond the ridge was an open field experiment and some of them severely

quit dodging then and there.

was a lumberman by profession, and whenever a difficult job of bridge building or repairing, or in fact any other forlorn hope, was to be executed, Maj. Torrey was the man to do it.

On this occasion I was acting as his Orderly. He took four companies, and had the bridge ready to cross before noon. We forded the Castor River, the bridge having been destroyed. Nearing Bloom-layer the bridge having been destroyed. Nearing Bloom-layer the bridge is the top of the hill, and masked by thick underbrush, and clatter went grapeshot all about us. The bulk of the charge went slightly to the left of us, mostly striking the ground close to the feet of my horse, a nervous, excitable beast and fast runner, throwing dirt all over us.

No command was given, for lack of time, I suppose, but before I could think I was going the other way without any one telling I suppose, but before I could think I was going the other way without any one telling aving been destroyed. Nearing Bloom-ield, the advance found the bridge across me to, and the rest of the party with me in a a deep creek, with high, steep banks, gone, and the column was halted on a hill a mile or more from the crossing point until it was robust.

Again Maj. Torrey, with all the men he could work, was sent to the job. The bridge was located at the apex of a sharp loop in the stream, and surrounded with heavy timber. it was a mosty place to build a bridge, as the
woods were full of rebels, in front and rear
at both sides, the stream bending back
like a horseshoe, with the bridge at the
toe, and part of the men were kept busy
fighing the Johnnies.

Acting as Orderly for the Major, I had to

go back to the command many times before the bridge was done, and used up two horses.

at double-quick, hurrying to the front on take your regiment."

The 111th Ohio failed to come by. About

must have struck something solid, for the wounded began to come back, after a time, in quite a stream. They said they had come upagainst a force of Parsons's Texas Rungers, armed with Colt's revolving rifles; that every man of them was standing up in his saddle and shooting like a demon. I don't know as tais place was ever dignified with a name, but it was in the rough country about a day's march from Chalk Bluff. The fight would probably not be called a battle, but the casualties in proportion to the number of men engaged in the light of present-day battles would outrank the biggest of them. Then we called skirmishes what would now be heralded as tremendous bettles.

While on this trip, in a first.

river, down which the road to the erstwhile erry led across a bottom 20 or 30 rods wide

through a fine growth of heavy timber, to the river. Close to the stream, every man behind a tree, was the 1st Neb. and portion of the 1st Wis., dismounted. On As my time had come, I called to the artillery and was shelling the Arkansas woods with every available piece. It was not long before the entire bluff appeared alive with rattlers and all kinds of smakes, brought out by the noise and jar of the over and came up opposite to the cavalry. bombardment.

bombardment.

While the cannon were belching shot and shell an interesting duel was taking place in the bottoms below. It happened that I was again with Gen. McNeill at the front. None of his staff was with him, and we sat our horses about 10 rods from the water and watched proceedings. Across the river the trees were manned by the enemy, both sides watching for something to shoot at.
For a time it looked as though we fur-

nished a target, as we remained mounted, for bullets were flying around us thick and fast, but as they had to expose their persons

tree, and he followed suit.

Close down by the water we saw a young Nebraskan intently watching a big rebacross the river. After considerable manouvering for an advantage the boy dared the rebel to step out from behind his tree and fight in the open. He stepped out, quickly followed by the boy, but before either could fire some one further down the river dropped the brave Johnny, and quite a volley was sent at the Nebraskan, but he regained his tree in safety. Both sides were getting cautious and shots few and far between. I noticed the Nebraska boys holding their guns on one side of the boys holding their guns on one side of the tree and exposing a part of the fleshy portions of their bodies on the other side hoping thereby to draw the fire of an oppo-nent and get a shot at him. The most of the wounds of the Nebraskans, in this remarkable duel, were in the parts thus ex-posed. "Cease firing" was the bugle call,

(To be continued.) Wearing out! That is just what a

great many people are doing. They know something is wrong, and yet can't tell what is the matter. Did you ever think what a large proportion of the American people are sick, or at least if not exactly sick, are not well? Something is the matter all the time. What is the cause of all this? Cer time. What is the cause of all this? Certainly it is not a natural condition, but on the contrary is one that should cause much anxiety and alarm. The American people are proverbially in a harry. They eat the contrary is one that should cause much anxiety and alarm. The American people are proverbially in a hurry. They eat in a hurry, work in a hurry, sleep in a hurry, overworking and overstraining nature, and then wonder why it is they don't feel well and strong. One of the results of the American way of "rishing" things is the impoverishing of the blood, which furnishes the sinews of life. Not being able to nishes the sinews of life. Not being able to respond to the calls made on it, the blood scomes thin and weak, and losing its strength, it soon fails to accomplish the work for which it is intended, and disease in its varied forms is the inevitable result. Nothing will restore failing health, nothing will so quickly and surely bring strength as Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer. Can only be had of local retail agents o direct from the proprietor, Dr. Peter Fahr ney, 112-114 So. Hoyne Ave., Chicago.

The 43d Iil. at Shiloh.

FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What the Veterans Have to Say About Their Campaigns.

IN STIRRING MOMENTS.

Incidents of the Day and Night Before

Franklin.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: For : number of days brisk skirmishing had been going on in and about Columbia, Tenn., between the advancing rebel forces Just as we tumbled into the old watercourse another charge of grape whistled
over our heads and ripped up the road a
rod beyond us. Bless those horses! How
fortunate for all concerned they thought
of that shelter before we did! A moment's
delay would have been fatal, for the second
discharge of grape demonstrated that the
rebel gunner had a perfect range and sent
his missiles so true to it that in all probalifty we would have been swept from the
face of the earth but for the quick thought
and action of our horses.

with care and as rapidly as possible.

Four miles east of Columbia there is a large stream called Rutherford Creek, a brauch of Ouck River. Not far from its junction with Duck River, in order to get an advance guard, but it was characteristic of Gen. McNeill's efforts to find out what was ahead and be early in any scrimmage developed. This inquisitiveness had now gotten himself and staff in a pretty pickle and boiled them in this ravine, a mile ahead of the command.

I got orders to go back and hurry up the troops. My! but didn't I hate to start up that hill with that terrible guin pointed at me? But having emerged all right from similar scrapes, I lost no time in getting away to the rear, expecting at every jump of my horse to hear a shell or solid shot coming after me. I presume the guinner thought he had made a pot silot, as only one of the north and action of the carbon that and or the proportion of the proportion of the north of the carbon of the commander. I presume the guinner thought he had made a pot silot, as only one of the north of the rear, expecting at every jump of my horse to hear a shell or solid shot was all the force that we now that the thought he had made a pot silot, as only one of the north of the coming after me. I presume the guiner was trying to non the enemy in cases thought he had made a pot shot, as only one of the party appeared to be alive, and concluded he would not waste a shot on me.

About half way back I saw men on foot, hones fall in and come on until you over-the said, "you and those at the other three blocks."

either side of the road, as though to give the cavalry clear sailing, and knew it was the fat Neb. At the first report of the roled gun they broke for the front, scenting business ahead, and did not wait for orders. The troopers were soon clattering up the road and forming on each side of it, with the Nebraska boys in skirmish line in advance.

At the top of the hill and beyond there

At the top of the hill and beyond there was a sharp fight, lasting nearly two hours, resulting in Marmaduke's men taking flight for the St. Francis at Chalk Bluff. During the fight the lowa boys had pocition to the right of the road. They must have struck something solid, for the

About 4 o'clock in the morning the rebel eavalry attacked the train in our rear The boys at once began to step lively. Just as the firing commenced we came to a nice skirt of woods on our right.

As my time had come, I called to the

and fired a volley into them, which caused them to get away in a hurry, leaving two of their comrades wounded. After this

there was no more clamoring to camp.

We arrived at Franklin about 10 o'clock
a. m. on the morning of the 30th, where we joined our regiment, cooked and ate ou dinners, and rested until near 4 p. m. when the rebels with a heavy force struck

ir lines. We had been placed some 200 yards in the rear of our works, in reserve. At the first charge from the enemy the regiment in our front gave way in utter confusion, and we were at once ordered up. We had more or less to deliver their fire, our boyal had something to shoot at, and returned the compliment vigorously. After a while the General told me to get behind a big tree, and he followed suit.

Close down by the water we saw a young Charge after charge was repelled until the Charge after charge was repelled until the

UP THE RIDGE.

Comrade Bird Replies to Some Comrades Who Read His Communications.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I may be asking a good deat of space, more per-haps than could be spared for better ma-terial, but I could not withstand the temptaterial, but I could not withstand the tempta-tion to "open up" again on the points in-volved in the two letters, extracts from which follow. The first is from myself to Capt. G. W. Patten, 73d Ill., of Chatta-nooga, Tenn., in reply to the receipt of a pamphlet by him on Sheridan's Division at Mission Ridge, read at a recent meeting of the 73d Ill. Association. I wrote: "If you read THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, you will have seen a Picket Shot from me

nyou read THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE you will have seen a Picket Shot from me in the issue of Jan. 18. I make no special claim for our brigade and division (Wood's) as to time of arrival at the crest, but I have some very definite ideas and convictions on that point that I have never extensively aired and probably never will in print. I was shot in the face when about 15 paces from the crest, and was on one of th jecting points, a ridge or "hog-back" that projected from the mountain, and hence could see far down to the right; and, again being out of the fight just at the time the wave rolled over the ridge and swept the enemy off, I could observe a good deal, and did. However, I have never made a fight on that point, and am as well satisfied with the part we played as if we had been recorded as first on the Ridge. We did not stop 15 minutes on the way on account of

was well nigh gone, the old Fourth Corps had to be called on, for what? Simply to make a demonstration to relieve the pressure on Sherman; nothing more. They must not be allowed to storm the works Oh, no. no. Just secure the rifle-pits at the foot of the Ridge and lay down there, to be torn by

the enemy's shot, shell and musketry."
"I am surprised beyond measure at the way you put this. I may be slow at seeing a point, and I have known that Gen. Grant was credited with lacking confidence in Army of the Cumberland, a trifle so least, but it never came into my mind before that for that reason we were placed in
the center and in the very front of Brag's
army. Why, bless your soul, I have for 35
years been complimenting the Fourth
Corps on having been intrusted with that
part of the play. Where was the crucial
point at Stone River, may I ask when we
of the right wing were thrashed through
the timber as wheat under a flail? Where least, but it never came into my mind be the timber as wheat under a flail? would the old army have been but for the center? And what of Chickamanga? If the center of an army is not the point of all others to be held beyond all possible dis-aster, then I am indeed sadly lacking in my

The second letter by me was to Maj. M. Meredith, 68th Ind., Vinton, Iowa, and in part, in response to his letter to me saying that he had read my account of the upward rush at Mission Ridge, read thus:

"It is as certain to my mind that Col. Espy's 68th Ind. was in the second line and on the extreme left of Willich's Brigade, and just behind the 35th III. (our regiment) as that we went up Mission Ridge Nov. 25, 1863, and that is undisputed.

"I have never been a ciaimant for first conors, first colors, first on the Ridge, mountain, or what not (though we usual) got there in time to see the band-wagon go by , but I want to tell you, my dear, good fellow-comrade, that if the 68th Ind. or any part of it got on to Mission Ridge on the front line it was by rushing up and min-gling with us, which I will not dispute a few might have done; for I know we of the 35th Iii. were on the front line, and you never ran over us, and could not flank us; fo Sam Beatty's Brigade was snug up, foot t foot, knee to knee, and cheek to cheek with the left of our regiment. "Come again, the latch-string is out. Yours till the last main the Horn Brigade

ferried over."-SAM BIRD, 35th III.

Preferred the Front to Hospital.

in the light of presenteday battles would outrank the biggest of them. Then we called skirmishes what would now be heralded as tremendous battles.

While on this trip, in a little grassy hollow a few acres in extent, I saw dead rebela cavering half an acre so thickly that a man could walk all over it on their dead bodies. I noticed mounthing peculiar about their faces, and was told by a prisoner that gunpowder and whisky half seen issued to them that morning; it discolored them.

Dead and wounded were not lacking on our part during the pusuit from Cape Girardeau, and in one place were found the ground with bayonets through their bodies. It was said they had been captolics. It was said they had been captolics. It was said they had been captolics. It was said they had been captolic and would as a street in the front yard of a farmhouse. I went out by the roadside to the affight here in the acre is to be a fight here in the norming the rebels will be expecting the halfance of their forces up from folium-bid during the night, and if we follow the pike they will mistake us for their men."

They objected to this; but I said: "Bring on your men, and be careful what answers you give if interrogated."

We passed safely. The Licutenant with the rear squad concluded that it was not a rebel camp; filed off into the first colored them.

Dead and wounded were not lacking captured, but succeeded in getting away, and overtook us some two miles ahead, when we had stopped near the Union camp. Not finding our regiment, I had the men lay down and rest in the front yard of a farmhouse. I went out by the roadside to After remaining there for Harrison Lohr, Reitz. Pa., writes: "In 1862 there was no stouter or abler young man than myself in Somerset County, the bodies of two of our seconts pinned to the ground with bayonets through their bodies. It was said they had been captured and were thus disposed of to avoid the guarding of them. At any rate, the faces of those who saw their murdered comrades in such position showed a grim determination to amply avenge such brutal treatment of prisoners at the first opportunity.

MARMADUKE'S ESCAPE.

The stand I have just told of was evidently made by Marmaduke to allow his force to cross the river at Chalk Bluff, and it accomplished the end desired, for though we pushed them vigorously, all had crossed except a small portion of the rear guard when our advance reached the river Back somewhat from the St. Francis at this point is a high, rocky bluff on the Missouri side, running parallel with the front the front yard of a fariahouse. I went out by the roadside to watch events. After remaining the refer for the men to watch events. After remaining the refer for the was on left it to join the boys in front. Other aliments soon left it to join the boys in front. Other aliments spoon followed the exposure that I had to pass through, though a liments soon followed the exposure that I had to pass through, though a liments spoon followed the exposure that I had to pass through, though a liments spoon followed the exposure that I had to pass through, though a liments spoon followed the exposure that I had to pass through, though a liments spoon followed the exposure that I had to pass through, though a liments spoon followed the exposure that I had to pass through, though a liments spoon followed the exposure that I had to pass through, though a liments spoon followed the exposure that I had to pass through, the was no liment spoon for my service there was not a day in which I had to pass through, though and to pass through, though and to pass through a liment spoon left it op in the spoon and the to pass through, though and to pass through, though in which I had to pass through, the was the left of an inferior that the pass through

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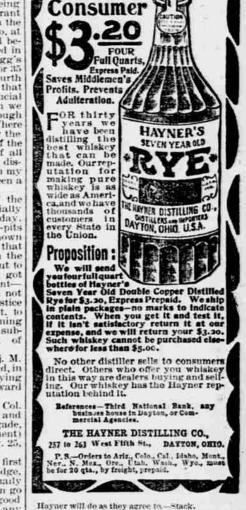
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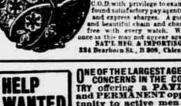
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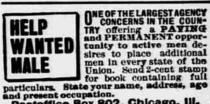
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INTO THE FIGHT.

A rebel battery was doing its best to dislodge the Nebraskans, but Carr and Harvey did not budge. When the battery opened, shells and solid shot appeared like a swarm of bees over our heads. This was the first action, except skirmishes, the recruits of '62 had been in, and I, for one, was wondering what we were there for, orders, as some down on the right are reported as doing.

"But to the main point to which I would call attention, the disposition you charge Gen. Grant as showing towards Thomas, that of distrusting him and his army, and like a swarm of bees over our heads. This was the first action, except skirmishes, the recruits of '62 had been in, and I, for one, was wondering what we were there for, and why we didn't do something. Between us and the ridge was a large garden, running half way up the hill, and inclosed with a picket fence.

While watching the soldiers on the hill, I saw a picket knocked off the fence and a projectile strike the soft ground near the middle of the garden, a black thing come out of the ground and right toward us. I seem of the first, crossed, and destroyed the most of it. Maj. Torrey, of our regiment, was a sum of the left of the left of the found and right toward us. I seem of the left of the Axle Dust Guard: Charles L. McCallister

"I EXPECTED, AT EVERY JUMP OF MY HORSE, TO HEAR A SHELL OR SOLID SHOT AFTER ME." pouri militia mounted regiment, the post being commanded by Gen. McNeill. Our went up the timbered portion of the ridge, fortably near us, one of them clipping off the Seanty force was the cause of the uneasion the left of the Nebraska boys, in line of battle, with rebel shells screeching all

My position at Headquarters as Orderly gave opportunities, from time to time, for picking up a pretty fair understanding of the situation, and I began to think there was desperate work in store for us. The picket-posts were strengthened, and Capt. S. V. Shipman, with his company, E. was sent to guard a bridge across the White water River, about 16 miles from the Cape.

During the night of the 24th of April, 1822 Livet Occasionate April, 2021 Livet Occa men were at work on the bridge. when he began, for I knew what was want-

Riding up to Gen. McNeill, I told him Mat, for you are just as liable to dodge against a shot as away from one." I concluded my dodge was sovigorous the battery was shelling the men building the bridge. I had often been with him, against a shot as away from one."

I concluded my dodge was so vigorous that it gave me a stitch in my neck, which I thought was a wound, and resolved to go over and stop the firing, executing a second edition of the Major's pyrotechniquit dodging then and there. About the time we reached the crest of the hill, and were preparing to charge down the sloping field, we were called off from the It was soon silenced and its officers holding a scance with Gen. McNeill.

MARMADUKE RETREATS.

sioping new, we were called on from the left flank to protect the right, and it seems to me we were all over several square miles of timbered country, hills and valleys, hitting the rebels here and there, before we again took our position near camp.

All the time the forts were actively en-After several hours' delay the bridge was finished, the column advanced, and a sharp fight was made in the woods by the rebels before they retreated beyond Bloom-field. The Colonel of the Missouri regifield. The Coloner of the Missouri regi-ment, a fine old gentlemen, had a howitzer of his own and delighted in using it when opportunity offered. About half way between the bridge and Bloomfield we gaged and making things interesting for Marmaduke and his army. Between 4 and 5 o'clock, when we were getting mander would make good his threat to cat came to a road leading to the right, across a small field, with big timber beyond. In this timber could be seen a large body of mounted men moving, and the howitzer

supper in Cape Girardeau, we heard a steamboat whistle. Soon after we could hear fife and drum beating quick time, and know reinforcements had come. Never mounted men moving, and the howitzer was soon trained on them.

The Colonel was awaiting permission from the General to fire. The latter directed me to ride down the road and see if I could make out what they were. I rode down in the open, caught a glimpse of the Union uniform among the trees, and rode back as fast I could. I got back just in time, for the Colonel was retting impatient. before had music sounded quite as sweet to me as did those drums with a long, swinging line of troops behind them coming up the street from the levee.

Cheer after cheer echoed and re-echoed through hill and vale as we welcomed them and they returned the welcome. I presume those cheers were heard by Marmaduke, and led him to change his mind about that support for head did not that support for head did not the support for head with the support for hea back as fast I could. I got back just in time, for the Colonel was getting impatient to let loose his dog of war, thinking I had been captured. It was soon discovered that Gen. Vandever had formed a junction about that supper, for he did not come into the city that time, but during that night, or early morning of April 26, withdrew his army from our front. We

with us, and it was his men over on our Marmaduke was now in full flight and we right after him. The road we traveled was through a rough, rocky country, and the fighting had to be mostly done in com the fighting had to be mostly done in com-pany and platoon front. This strung us out in a long column, which often had to halt and wait for the fighting to be done ahead and obstructions to our progress George Bradfield, defailed with the wagon-train, and with an inquiring bent of mind, picked up one of the rebels' percussion

removed. In one of these halts I was with the regi-In one of these halts I was with the registrement. We were stopped in a sharp turn of the road. Just to the left were several posed. "Cease firing" was the bugle call and the homeward march was taken up. acres of rocks piled up promisenously. The day was warm and drowsy. Several of us broke ranks and thought those rocks would be a fine place to take a nap. I found a large flat one, and prepared to sleep. I was partly reclining on it and about to spread out my right hand and lay my head on my arm, but some one grasped my hand and jerked me from the rock. this field came the rebel hosts. At this time the Nebraskans could not number dever, with his lows Brigade, was marching to reinforce Gen. McNeill, fell back, and lack of numbers with courage and per was attacked by Vandever at Jackson, the

lack of numbers with courage and perseverance. Strung out along the ridge in two ranks, one firing while the other retired a few paces, loading and then taking their places on the firing-line, they poured a galling fire into the enemy, and as the regiment was made up of the marksmen in the State, did fearful execution. Two of my acquaintances in that regiment. rattles.

After we were again in motion, I was sent forward with a message to Gen. Me-Neill, and found him with his staff acting black hair, and Serg't Bill Harvey, heavy built and with light-brown hair, complete opposites in makeup and disposition, disdaining to retire behind the crest of the ridge, held their positions, and loaded and pumped lead into the enemy as coolly as though at target practice.

Just on warms and streams, a strong friendship had sprang up between the regiments. This feeling was so strong that one would fight for the other as they worn on review, dress parade and the worn on review. horses back, after we had crossed, and thus His fighting costume was always better ferry them over swamps and streams, a adapted to the business in hand than that noon, but the Nebraska boys were not to go till the next day.

Just as we were going into camp that

my acquaintance with him he invariable