

NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1865.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

A Foraging Expedition—An Exciting Encounter and Race.
Written for the NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

It was in June '62, Sherman's division stationed along the Charleston and Memphis railroad, with head quarters at Lagrange. Our brigade—Gen. Buckland's, was at Moscow. Confederate forces were on both sides of us, Forest on the south with headquarters at Holly Springs, and Chalmer's north, with his headquarters at Somerville. Both armies were comparatively quiet. We were busy rebuilding bridges and trestle work destroyed by the "Confeds" on their evacuation of Corinth, Miss., in May. One morning the wagon master came to my quarter and asked me if I would like a ride in the country on a foraging expedition. I had been with him before on several such expeditions, and we generally not only found something good to eat, but sometimes had stirring times. Would I go? of course. I told him I would be ready in four minutes by my jackknife. I went to get excused and was detailed for fatigue duty. I hired a "sub" gave him a dollar to work in my place till I got back and hurried to headquarters. The Sergeant Major had a splendid horse which he was always ready to loan me. While I was strapping on the saddle he remarked that his "Old Navie" lay on the ground in the tent and I had better take it along as we were going north of the river—the north fork of Wolf river, and Chalmer's claimed the forage in that neighborhood. I hesitated about taking the shooting iron, but buckled it on, mounted and soon overtook the train which proved to be only four wagons from the regimental train, going out for fodder. It was not yet 7 o'clock when we passed the picket lines and it was as lovely a June morning as I ever saw. It had rained a good shower during the night so there was no dust. The air was cool and refreshing, vegetation was fresh and green, in fact just the morning for a ride. We struck into a smart gallop and soon left the train half a mile behind us. The country was rolling or rather in waves or gentle undulations so peculiar to southwestern Tennessee and covered with a fair growth of timber, principally oak. About two and a half miles from our picket line there was a sharp bend in the road, at which there was a cotton gin and some sheds, when we came upon one of the ridges I mentioned, about four hundred yards from these buildings, we reined up and was not long in concluding not to go any farther that way, as we could see from eighty to one hundred of Chalmer's men dismounted and apparently feeding their horses. It did not take half a minute to decide what was to be done. I was to remain in the road unless driven off by their fire, while the wagon master was to ride forward into the woods and then hasten to the rear stop the train, have the guards, two men to each wagon, take position in the woods by the road and hold the Johnnies back while the train got back to our lines, and if necessary until we could get help from camp. Had they the Johnnies had out a picket force as they should have had, they could have moved into the woods on our approach and ambushed us, or bagged us without firing a shot, but they were on the watch and saw us as soon as we did them, so there was no chance for dodging on our part.

Not more than half a minute elapsed before I saw the wagon master come on to the road just as the head of the train came onto the ridge nearly a half mile back which was not as high as the one I was on, and consequently the Johnnies could not see them. A couple of bullets came uncomfortably close and I reined my horse into the woods as leisurely as I could to that kind of music. I glanced down the road and saw the wagon master waving his hand for the teams to stop. I think I made as good time getting around onto the road as the wagon master had done. Where the teams halted happened to be a good place to turn and they improved it, for by the time I reached the road and before the wagon master got near enough to have the guards leave the wagons every teamster was plying the whip and every mule was on the dead run, and the wagons, well, if ever four wagons made such a racket as they did, if there was any dead anywhere near they must have looked up to see what was the matter, of course the Johnnies heard it. In fact I think they could have heard it at Somerville, fourteen miles away.

The Johnnies had bridled up and a dozen or more had mounted before I left the road and as I raised the ridge where the teams had turned around they came over the one I had left a minute or two

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before, and on they came, knowing we were running from them they had little to fear. Later in the war it became an established fact that if any thing in the world could out run the enemy it was an army teamster, and I think these four knew they were to make a reputation and cover themselves with glory.

It was a hurdle, a go as you please, but git there Eli, but the guards in the wagons got the most of the "hurdle." It was like the sailor in a storm holding on with both hands, toe nails and teeth, and the Johnnies were closing upon us. The wagon master had come up with the teams where the road was wide and succeeded in passing, but I was less fortunate. At the end of a mile they opened fire and continued to gain, by the time we had covered another half mile we could hear their cursed yell:

"Halt! halt! you—halt!"

I had had a grip on the old navie from the start and now turning in my saddle I sent them a card the best I could, and as I gave them the second one, three of the men in the wagons turned their Enfields loose. I saw one horse and rider go down and the rest in confusion, it was only momentary but it gave us a little start and just then small favors would have been thankfully received if we had only had time to express thanks.

The guards set up a whoop of defiance and the Johnnies came on yelling louder than ever. They got within less than two hundred yards of us, but most of their guns and revolvers were already empty and they seemed determined to ride us down. I gave them two more shots from the old navie and two more came from the wagons. One of the Johnnies reined out of the road, I thought he'd "got it" but the rest paid no attention to him but came right on. When about a hundred yards from our picket post I emptied the last chamber of the old navie. There were only five of them close upon us, a dozen or more were strung out for two or three hundred yards and half a mile back were twenty-five or thirty more. As we passed our pickets they were ready to receive our pursuers but only the five came to grief, one of them got a bullet in his side that cut away one of his ribs, another's horse was shot and the others threw up their hands and surrendered.

Those farther back took the alarm and changed "front to rear" in time to save their pelts. But this did not end the foraging expedition, no sir, two companies of infantry with some fresh teams

were ordered out. The old navie was reloaded, and also an extra cylinder loaded and "we both" went along, and we got some chickens, and we did not get goosed either.

The Johnnie that lost part of his rib was kindly cared for in the hospital along with one of the wagon guards that got a ball in his shoulder, and when convalescent one was furloughed to go home to the north, and the other paroled and allowed to go to his home in Mississippi, and those teamsters as well as myself lived to run away from the Johnnies more than once afterward.

OLD SOLDIER.

Unclaimed Letter List.
Postoffice at CHEBOYGAN, MICHIGAN.
The following is a list of letters remaining in the Cheboygan postoffice, un-called for Jan 17 Persons calling for these letters will please say that they are advertised.
John Bellow, J. J. Beck, Owen Corcoran, Mrs. Maggie Corrant, John Entwistle, Frank Harris, J. R. Karalake, Thomas R. Palmer, Miss Sarah L. Prentiss, Daniel St. Louis, Peter St. Louis, Dell Sly 2, William VanCleave.
GEO. P. HUMPHREY, P. M.,
Slippery Glass Eye.
"The Squire," says the author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "wore one glass eye and a wig. The glass eye was constantly slipping out of focus, and the wig turning around sideways on his head whenever he addressed the people of the Flat Creek District." Sad spectacle. Parker's Hair Balsam preserves and promotes the growth of the natural hair. It also restores the natural color to hair which has faded or become gray. Clean, elegant, beneficial, highly perfumed.

H. W. McARTHUR,
Attorney at Law,
BANK BLOCK, CHEBOYGAN.
Hours: 10:30 a. m. to 12:30 a. m.
12:30 p. m. to 6:30 p. m.

REMOVAL.
THE MISSES JOHNS,
DRESS and MANTLE MAKERS,
Desire to inform their patrons and the public that they have removed their dressmaking rooms from the Bennett block to the
Store formerly occupied by Mrs. Summers, on Main Street,
directly opposite Dr. Gerow's office, where they are better prepared than ever to execute all orders. Thanking the ladies of Cheboygan for their liberal patronage in the past, respectfully ask for a continuance.
Nov. 13th. MISSES JOHNS.

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