Daring Adventures With Famous Civil War Raiders

Thrilling Night Journeys Into the Camps of Sleeping Armies—Horsemen Who Plunge Into Danger to Destroy Millions of Dollars' Worth of Property in War-Ridden Country, Leaving Cities in Conflagration Behind Them—Personal Acquaintances With Famous Raiders of the Civil War.

By FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER.

WARS and "rumors of wars" are now disturbing the nations. It is not probable that there ever has been a time when the rumbles of social and political unrest have so shaken the foundations of the Old World. It is in America alone that peace reigns without fear of a "rush to arms," and here, while Old World monarchy is tottering, the reunited American people are celebrating the semi-centennial of their own terrific civil strife.

"It may surprise non-military readers," said Brigadier-General Theo. F. Rodenbough yesterday, one of the last of the old cavalry leaders of the American Civil War, "to learn that the United States, unprepared as it is for war, and unmilitary as are its people, has become a model for the most powerful armies of Europe. It was in the Civil War, just fifty years ago, that we first demonstrated the fighting value of mounted troops and organized cavalry. It has since become the model for all modern warfare."

It was exactly fifty years ago today that the "Black Horse" was charging along the hills of Virginia; horse-soldiers were moving through the streets of Washington; sabres and pistols were flashing in the sunlight. It was on this same October day that a troop of American "Lancers" was passing through staid old Philadelphia on the way to the "battle-front."

The sensation of the times, however, was the cavalry raid. This is essentially the product of the Civil War. It created great excitement abroad, because it was something entirely new in warfare—even the ingenuity of Napoleon conceived nothing so thrilling or so daring.

The last of those famous old cavalry raiders, who with 1,700 men rode 600 miles in sixteen days, died a few days ago, and was buried in the hills of Illinois—it was gray-haired old General Benjamin Grierson, the friend of Grant, and one of the doughtiest fighters that this country ever knew.

First of the Famous Old Raiders in "Boots and Saddle."

The first of these gay "sabreurs" to dash through the enemy's country with his armed troopers, leaving woe and wreckage in his wake, was that knightly old warrior, General "Jeb" Stuart. It was he who performed the bewildering feat of encircling the great sleeping Army of the Potomac, as it lay before Richmond, unmolested, with 1,200 cavaliers, riding the first forty-eight hours without sleep or food, and swimming their horses across swollen rivers. The governments were astounded. Nothing like this had ever been known in warfare. What was to prevent this mounted soldiery from slipping from the front of the opposing host and plunging into Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia or even New York? This was the question of the day. Indeed, such an expedition, under General Early, suddenly emerged from the Shenandoah Valley and stood before the very portals of the national capital, waving the Stars and Bars literally in the face of President Lincoln.

This first cavalry raid struck fear into the hearts of the North, which was only increased when a few months later a feat of equal daring was performed near Murfreesboro by the dashing "Joe" Wheeler, the famous old raider of the Confederacy, who rode once more under the Stars and Stripes in the Spanish-American War, nearly a generation later.

On a Midnight Raid With "Joe" Wheeler.

It was on the night of December 29, Wheeler, with 3,000 troopers at his heels, cantered along the Lebanon Turnpike due north until he had passed from the confines of the Confederate camp at Murfreesboro. Like Stuart, he traveled secretly, trusting to darkness to conceal the identity of his troops from wandering scouts. Before dawn they had reached the rear of Rosecrans's army by hard riding, and were in the vicinity of Jefferson.

The advance guard sent word down the line to Wheeler: "A huge train of wagons has just entered the town and is driving into park."

The troopers were joyous. Here at the very outset was a rich haul, which would probably produce new guns, ammunition and shoes, all of which the soldiers sadly needed.

"Column by fours," ordered the squad commanders.

The bugles rang out on the frosty morning air.

"Charge!"

Three thousand superb horsemen plunged along the road toward the park of wagons, their cries ringing above the thunder of the hoofs. Suddenly an entire brigade of Federals stepped in the pathway of the charge, and the assault was repulsed.

The troopers sprang from their horses. For two hours, a miniature battle waged in the road. During the heat of the combat some of Wheeler's Confederates crept into into the park to rifle the contents. Flames leaped from twenty of the sixty-four wagons as they fled.

There was a clatter of hoofs along the highway as Wheeler's horsemen turned southwest toward La Vergne to intercept other wagon trains following in the wake of Rosecrans's army. Riding over the crest of a hill the Confederates discerned an immense supply train coming along the road with McCook's Brigade.

Hundreds of soldiers were marching with the trains as guards, but the keen eyes of Wheeler quickly estimated their number.

"They are less than our own," he exclaimed, and he determined to capture the entire train and guard.

Booty Worth Nearly $1,000,000.

Like a whirlwind, the Confederate horsemen dashed down upon the foe, and after a futile resistance the Federals were compelled to surrender the trains—nearly $1,000,000 worth of supplies was the reward. Detachments herded the prisoners, while officers issued paroles; others took what supplies they could carry, and then set fire to the wagons. Mules were turned loose and driven across country to the four quarters of the compass. Broken-down horses were exchanged for Federal steeds, and the newer weapons of the prisoners were confiscated.

The livid glare of the conflagration at La Vergne lighted the night skies as the next Federal brigade came along on the way to the front. For miles the roadway was lined with the smouldering remains of the wagons. Unarmed men in uniforms of blue straggled along in the rear; horses and mules overspread the adjacent fields. The streets were covered with broken trunks, valises, knapsacks, broken guns and all the indescribable debris of a rifled army train.

The last of Wheeler's raiders were leaving the scene of destruction when the brigade reached the town. Artillery was quickly unlimbered and a few shells dropped into the ranks of the escaping troopers. At Rock Springs and Nolonsville other supply trains fell into the remorseless hands of the cavaliers, and 300 paroled prisoners were left to carry the news to Nashville.

Forty-eight hours after the start Wheeler and his troopers cantered up to the left flank of Bragg's army. It was 2 o'clock in the morning. He had made the entire circuit of the Federal army without serious mishap to his men, and had left miles of highway covered with wreckage to mark his path. A large portion of his cavalry had secured fresh mounts for their broken-down steeds. They also brought back enough minie rifles and accoutrements to supply a brigade. Moreover, the line of communications to the foe had been interrupted so that the soldiers at the front were depleted in their fighting strength because of insufficient clothing to protect them when the cold December winds howled around their camps at night.

Pillaging With Morgan's Famous Horse-Soldiery.

The modern "raider" in the Civil War was much like the crusader of the ancient wars; he was a knight of the highway whose cunning and daring held the country in terror, but his service to his "cause" can never be fully estimated, for it played an important part in the victory or defeat of armies. One of the most famous of these self-reliant old raiders was General John Morgan, who raided through three States of the Union, even daring to ride through the suburbs of Cincinnati.

It was six months after the battle of Murfreesboro. Bragg was being forced to abandon his encampment in Western Tennessee. To cover the retreat to Chattanooga, and to interfere as much as possible with the advance of the Federal army, he sent General Morgan into Kentucky to destroy railroads and threaten Louisville. Bragg refused Morgan's request to extend the raid through Ohio, and commanded him to follow orders.

On the 2d day in July—in 1863—Morgan, followed by 2,500 superb horsemen of the Confederacy, stood on the bank of the Cumberland River, near Burkesville. On the opposite bank was a Federal guard watching for just such a move. When night had fallen, the cavaliers easily eluded the guard, and cantered along the roads into Kentucky, passing through Columbia.

The next day found the 2,500 horsemen leisurely riding along the highways, stopping now and then to forage. Their voices echoed from the hillsides with song. They seemed not to care who knew that Morgan's raiders were on the warpath. Before dawn of the second day they came to Green River, to find 200 Federal soldiers grimly awaiting them. Morgan ridiculed the idea of this handful of men stopping his hundreds of veteran cavaliers. Detaching two regiments to attack, he sent the remainder to a ford lower down the stream. Then he sent a courier with this message:

"I demand your surrender!"

"The Fourth of July is not a proper day for me to entertain such a proposition," was the defiant reply of the Federal officer, Colonel Moore.

"Ah," exclaimed Morgan, as he heard the answer, "We'll see!" and immediately ordered an attack. For two hours a terrific battle raged, and when it ended the Stars and Stripes still floated over the Federal garrison. Morgan had lost more than fifty of his best troopers, and as suddenly abandoning the battle as he had begun it, he followed in the wake of his larger force.

2,500 Horsemen Stampede a Kentucky Village.

About twenty miles further on, at Lebanon, the raiders came upon another Federal garrison, 400 strong. Remembering the disastrous repulse at Green River, because of an insufficient number of attackers, Morgan hurled his entire 2,500 against the garrison. For seven hours the Federals held their position, but the Confederates were gaining. The defenders fortified themselves in the depot and in residences, and poured a withering fire upon Morgan's men, who were creeping into the town from all sides, firing the buildings as they advanced. Finally, when the houses in which the Federals were concealed burst into blaze, the garrison surrendered.

The news of Morgan's raid swept over the State like wildfire. Bodies of cavalry and infantry took to the road and rushed on after the raiders. For the first few miles, while their horses were fresh, the pursuers gained rapidly, but when they called upon the country side to supply fresh mounts they found that the raiders had foreseen such an emergency and had taken all the good horses themselves, leaving exhausted and wind-broken mounts as a trail.

The telegraph wires hummed with the alarm to the towns and garrisons ahead of Morgan. Home guards, volunteers and regular soldiers, with a sprinkling of individuals, awaited the arrival of the cavaliers, vowing that they would check the daring raid. But Morgan's plans had been well laid. After leaving Lebanon he continued northward toward Louisville, leaving ruin in his path. Shepardville was burning; the bridge across Rolling Fork was in flames, and the countryside was stripped bare of provisions for the pursuers. The raiders galloped through Bardstown unmolested, and then swung due west toward Bradenburg on the Ohio River.

Here it is that Morgan gave rein to his own ambitions. Instead of now turning and dashing back to the Confederate army at Chattanooga, he crossed the Ohio forty miles west of Louisville. In the river lay several steamers. The Confederate cavaliers dismounted and swarmed on deck, driving the crews into the river. The captured boats steamed rapidly across the Ohio into Indiana, where the horsemen remounted and dashed away.

Cavaliers Race With Death Through Three States.

Just as Morgan landed on the river bank his pursuers burst into view on the southern shore. The steamers burst into flames as they approached. Now it was a race with death. Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio was aroused. At every bend in the road, Morgan was liable to dash into a body of Federal foemen. Still he would not abandon his plan, and continued onward through Southeastern Indiana, destroying towns, residences and railroads on the way.

Ten days after the start, the Confederate horsemen swept across the border into Ohio. Making a swift feint at Harrison, they suddenly turned south and audaciously rode through the very suburbs of Cincinnati. They were seen and recognized, but their advent in such a place as Cincinnati was so unexpected that no one had the temerity to fire upon this band of dare-devils.

The course continued due east. Now Morgan was in a desperate situation. Four hours behind him thundered a large force of cavalry, infantry and artillery. Volunteer militia were speeding toward his path from all quarters. Citizens of Ohio felled trees in the roadways to impede the wild dash. Gunboats were steaming along in the Ohio opposite to his path, and large bodies of Federals were marching on parallel river roads.

For 160 miles Morgan led his pursuers a wild chase across the State to Buffington Island, in the Ohio River, hoping to escape into West Virginia. But the gunboats arrived first and headed him off. Simultaneously, the cavalry, artillery and infantry came up in the rear. The raiders fought gallantly, but were overwhelmed. Many of them were killed. Morgan and some of his bravest men escaped and fled north parallel with the Ohio. At Belloville the fugitives were again overtaken, and after a desperate battle nearly all surrendered—all but the undaunted Morgan.

The pursuers were exhausted—it seemed impossible to capture the shrewd raider. Five hundred of the pursuers volunteered to continue the pursuit and to stay in the saddle without eating or drinking until the man who had terrorized three States should be captured. Finally, Morgan was headed off near New Lisbon by a body of 500 pursuers, who demanded his surrender. The famous raider was taken to the Ohio Penitentiary at Cincinnati. A few months later, the State was again thrown into panic to learn that the cavalry leader had escaped and was at large, but was greatly relieved to learn, several weeks later, that Morgan had won his way through the Federal States to Richmond, where he was hailed as the hero of the hour. In the following year, the general was killed while conducting another raid on a smaller scale through Kentucky.

GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

Swiftest Cavalry Raid on American Soil.

The first great Federal cavalry raid of the Civil War was that of General Grierson, who at the head of 1,700 veteran cavaliers, dashed through the heart of Mississippi in the rear of Pemberton's Confederate army at Vicksburg, to Baton Rouge, La., to prove that the Confederacy in the West "was a hollow shell." The cost to the Confederacy of this daring raid was sixty miles of railroad destroyed, 100 soldiers killed or wounded, 500 prisoners captured and paroled, miles of telegraph wires destroyed, more than 3,000 stands of arms wrecked, 1,000 horses and mules captured and a vast quantity of stores and government supplies in ruin.

In the spring of 1863 the world's eyes were upon the Mississippi Valley. Grant was about to transfer his troops from the west shore of the mighty river to the east. Pemberton, the Confederate commander, had placed his veterans along the bank for a distance of about thirty-five miles, guarding every crossing. This was the barrier against which Sherman had hurled his soldiers in the preceding winter, only to recoil, beaten and bruised.

In the little town of La Grange, just on the border line between Mississippi and Tennessee, gathered regiment after regiment of cavaliers in blue, until on April 17 the troopers were ready for one of the greatest raids of the Civil War. Across the border lay the cavalry of the Confederacy. Five expeditions suddenly leaped forward from the Federal horsemen in different directions, and, as Grant expected, the Confederate cavaliers thundered on after them, leaving a pathway open through the heart of Mississippi.

Grierson's troopers shot like a nimble sword through the unguarded path southward into the very vitals of the Confederacy. None but seasoned troopers were accepted for this game of war—troopers who could ride through night and day without dismounting. Each had forty rounds of ammunition, five days' rations and an ample supply of salt for the horses.

Duel of Wits and Sabres Along the Mississippi.

The first night's bivouac was four miles beyond the border in Mississippi. In the following two days the troopers rode sixty miles. They were gay with the anticipation of adventure—but each veteran knew that he was entering upon one of war's sternest games. Cavalry raiding differs from all others in that success is only obtained by strategy and speed. Infantry marches forward with brute force, leaving a bloody trail in its wake, while cavalry depends upon the wits of the officers and the speed of the mounts to carry them around any opposing force. But when a barrier is raised against further progress, then the sabres leap from scabbards and pistols from holsters in the mingling roar of battle, the cavalier is as brave as the bravest foot-soldier.

Grierson played his troopers as a duellist does his rapier—every feint covering the vital thrust. Thus, when the Confederate cavalry and infantry threatened to cut short the expedition, he suddenly hurled three different detachments at as many different points, while Grierson rode on safely, deeper and deeper into the hostile territory, with one serious omen before him—that of Pemberton's army at Vicksburg learning his exact whereabouts and destination. To detract its attention he again detached troopers to threaten the railroad to compel Pemberton to rush to its protection.

This time the detachment consisted of but a handful of troopers—thirty-five in number, under Captain Forbes. Theirs was a desperate errand. While the thirty-five galloped eastward, the main body was galloping just as fast southward, burning the bridges over the rivers behind them. Despite this peril, Forbes's troopers rode forth cheerfully, though the chances were against their ever rejoining their comrades. They practically were thirty-five fugitives isolated in hostile country and surrounded on all sides by thousands of foes.

Cavalrymen Plunge Into Swamp in the Darkness.

It was a few hours after Forbes had left the column, Grierson halted his command in the evening to await the return of a battalion sent to a neighboring town to destroy a shoe factory. Rain was pouring down in torrents. The night was pitch black. When the battalion returned the entire force cantered forward in the darkness. Within a few minutes the foremost men found themselves splashing through water five feet deep and soon the entire command was floundering in a swamp of the Okanoxubee River. The troopers plunged onward, trusting to good fortune to guide them through safely.

When day came, Grierson found that some of the horses, exhausted by a fifty-mile march of the preceding day, had been drowned, but all of his men were safe. Confederate scouts had observed the troopers and had judged their destination to include the bridge over the Pearl River. The column thundered down upon the bridge just as the first flames were creeping along the structure. They had arrived just in time, for a few minutes more would have allowed the scouts to accomplish their work of destruction.

At sunrise Grierson led his troopers in a wild dash upon the line of communication supplying Pemberton's troops with food, clothing and ammunition. Nearly a hundred soldier-guards of the railway were captured and paroled; two warehouses filled with commissary and quartermasters' supplies and several carloads of ammunition were destroyed. The railroad, to a point five miles east, together with two bridges, was totally wrecked. Grierson's work was now done, according to his orders from Grant. But the most difficult part of the raid was before him—he must escape retribution for his acts of depredation.

The sudden stoppage of supplies over the railroad alarmed and angered Pemberton. Telegraph wires began to hum with his orders to attack and destroy this ruthless and daring raider. Within a few hours a barrier of soldiers was stretched across the State to prevent the return of the Federal raiders, while bands of cavalry scoured the region in which Grierson was last seen. But Grierson continued to do the unexpected, and instead of returning over the course he had come, silently disappeared.

Thirty-Five Lost Horsemen Found Again.

For many days and nights this strange phantom army of horse-soldiers passed through the plantation country, now striking terror to the hearts of the planters, only to again disappear and become completely lost in the forests.

It was a few nights later; a torrent fell from the clouds and drenched the earth. The roads became indistinct and at times the horsemen had to dismount and feel for the wheel ruts in the roads toward Strong River. The rythmic beat of horses was the only sound in the timber-lined roads.

Suddenly from behind the clatter of hoofs aroused the rear guard. Three foaming horses dashed around the bend in the road.

"Who's there?" cried a cavalier.

"Company B," called back the horsemen, as they plunged past, heedless of the challenge of the guard.

"Company B!" shouted the guard in unison.

The rear company caught the magic words, and then swept along the column until they reached Grierson himself. Simultaneously, the couriers dashed up alongside the commander; just as his horse was placing his fore feet upon the bridge at Strong River.

The foremost cavalier plunged forward, waving his hat and crying:

"Captain Forbes presents his compliments, and begs to be allowed burn his bridges for himself!"

Grierson was thrilled. He had long since given up ever seeing the gallant company, of thirty-five whom he had sent on their death ride five days before. A half hour later, the structure would have been destroyed and Company B would have been abandoned to its fate. The company had been absent from the main column for 120 hours and in its wanderings had covered nearly 300 miles, and in three successive nights had but six hours sleep.

Gallatin, Bahala and Brook Haven were smoking when Grierson left the towns. At Osaya, on the border between Mississippi and Louisiana, the Federals rode into an ambuscade, but that night came to the bridge across the Amite River. A quick dash across the structure surprised the guard before they had time to destroy it, and Grierson was in comparative safety. The crisis was over, but still many miles lay between Grierson and his destination.

Danger past, wearings settled over the troopers like a cloud. A veteran cavalier who rode these last miles said: 'Men by the scores, I think by the fifties, 'were riding, sound asleep in their saddles . . . A blow across the thigh or shoulders would awaken them, when it would be found that each supposed himself to be riding with his company, which was probably a mile ahead. We found several men who had either fallen from their horses, or dismounted and dropped on the ground, dead with sleep. Nothing short of a beating with the flat of a sabre would awaken them. In several instances they begged to be allowed to sleep, saying they would risk capture on the morrow."

The next morning the troopers cantered into Baton Rough between lines of citizens and soldiers stretching through the streets for a mile, cheering the dusty, ragged and wayworn cavaliers. The following morning Captain Forbes, the hero of Company B, suddenly became insane, his mind giving way under the tremendous strain he had undergone in his separate raid with his thirty-five troopers.

4,000 Horsemen in Heroic Dash to Liberate Prisoners.

One of the most daring raids of the Civil War was when General Kilpatrick and Dahlgren, with 4,000 troopers under the Union flag, dashed through the State of Virginia, to the very portals of Richmond, in an attempt to liberate the prisoners in Confederate prisons, and to carry Lincoln's amnesty proclamation through the Southern country.

It was two months after this heroic but disastrous undertaking that "Phil" Sheridan led ten thousand lean and sturdy horsemen over the path blazed by the raid of their brother-cavaliers.

It was an hour after sunrise, on the 9th of May, that this host of horses and men cantered out upon Telegraph Road, near Fredericksburg. Ten thousand cavaliers, standing in "fours" and well closed up, stretched for thirteen miles along the highway. Bugles sang their orders and the host of mounted warriors began to move. A witness of this vast pageant has said that it required four hours for the army to pass a given point.

The troopers had scarcely passed out of sight when the thunder of hoofs behind attracted the rear guard. A single brigade of Confederates dashed after, and begun to harass the rear. But the main column jogged onward, while the rear guard stopped now and then to brush away the attackers. In one of these encounters, a gallant Confederate clevered his way through a regiment of cavalry to a battery of light artillery, and laid his hand upon a cannon:

"This is my piece," he cried exultantly.

"Not by a d—— sight," objected a cannoneer, as he struck the officer with his fist, knocking him from his horse and making him a prisoner.

The ten thousand poured through Callesburg, late in the afternoon, like a torrent. The dashing Custer suddenly sprang forward at a trot, leading his brigade to Beaver Dam station, on the Virginia Central railroad, where he arrived just in time to intercept two train of cars carrying wounded and prisoners from the battlefield of Spotsylvania. The joyous cries of 378 Union captives rent the air, when they found themselves rescued. The main body came up and rested while Custer's troopers spent the night burning supplies and the railroad buildings, and in cutting the telegraph and ripping up the railroad.

Ten Thousand Cavaliers Clash in Battle.

Sheridan's troopers were cooking their morning meal. A shell from the rear screamed over their heads. Another dropped within the encampment. Outlying pickets soon confirmed Sheridan's suspicion; Stuart and his cavaliers of the army of Northern Virginia had overtaken them. Gaunt "Phil" smiled, for this is just why he had led his ten thousand troopers through the Virginia Valley—to draw the Confederate cavalry from the flanks of Grant's army which they had been harassing for several weeks. Now Grant was freed from this annoyance, and could hurl his infantrymen upon Lee's veterans without fear of a cavalry raid in his rear to cut off communications.

After a sharp skirmish with Stuart's troopers, Sheridan led his cavalrymen southward along the country roads, through a region of desolated farms and vacant farmhouses. On all sides could be seen the ruin wrought by three years of war. Late in the afternoon, the Federals reached and crossed the South Anna, at Ground Squirrel Bridge. On the opposite bank they bivouaced for the night, while Stuart's troopers crept near to the blazing camp-fires.

Before dawn, a single brigade, led by General Davis, silently slipped from the camp and cantered to the East to Ashland station, and once more the Virginia Central railroad was made to suffer. Even though a portion of Stuart's troops hung upon the flank of the brigade and poured in volleys of bullets, Davis's men destroyed six miles of trackage, a warehouse, culverts and bridges before the recall was sounded.

Two hours after Davis had slipped from the bivouac, Sheridan called his men to saddle, and the host of horsemen again took up the Southward march. Meanwhile Stuart dashed around the army and stood at Glen Allen station, awaiting the coming raiders. The Confederates were desperate. Fight as they might, it did not seem to have any effect on the host of Federal horsemen, who greatly outnumbered Stuart's gallant cavaliers. The torrent rolled onward undisturbed, and was now threatening to surge on and over the Confederate capital.

Great Cavalry Battle at Yellow Tavern.

The two armies mounted, clashed with a mighty roar, the Confederate horse giving way gradually until they rested at Yellow Tavern within six miles of Richmond. Here, the cavalier of the Confederacy marshaled his troopers for the final stand. Dismounting, they crouched behind every conceivable object that offered protection, while Stuart strode up and down the line like Fury incarnate.

On came the exulted Federals, and again the foes clashed. The battle roar sounded in the houses of Richmond as though the armies were in the streets themselves. A last charge was delivered. The Confederate line sagged and then broke. Gallant Stuart went down under the thousands of onrushing troopers with a pistol-ball in his stomach, to die a few days later in his home in Richmond.

Without their commander, the Southern horse retreated and left the pathway to Richmond open. But the permanent guard of the capital came to the rescue and fought the encroaching columns in blue, while they gathered in the remnants of Stuart's corps.

"I could capture Richmond, if I wanted, but I can't hold it," said Sheridan to General Fitzhugh, his subordinate officer. "It isn't worth the men it would cost."

The object of the raid had been accomplished. The cavalry of the army of Northern Virginia had been drawn from the flanks of Grant's army, leaving the latter free to give his entire attention to Lee's infantry. But the greatest blow to the Confederacy was the death of the cavalryman, General Stuart, "the greatest cavalier America has ever known."

The effect of the sixteen days of fierce riding and battle had been tremendous. The North was electrified by its audacity. Lee's army had been deprived for the time of its cavalry, its "eyes and ears;" and ten thousand horses and men had been fed by the countryside of the South for three weeks, representing a vast amount of saving of the Union and a corresponding loss to the Confederacy. Sheridan had destroyed millions of dollars worth of supplies and property, as well as interrupting, for a time, the lines of communication from the army of Northern Virginia and the Confederate capital at a time when Lee needed these lines the most.

It is probable that this is the "most important" raid in the Civil War—because its effect upon the end of the war was greater than that of any other similar event fifty years ago. The tales of the old raiders of Forrest and Early of Mosby and the rest, might be told for many hours, but it is sufficient on this anniversary to agree that they were all hardy men whose deeds must soon become American folklore.

FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER.

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