

"RIDE OF THE THREE THOUSAND"

Story of Morgan's Famous Raid Through Three States During the War of the Rebellion, and Final Capture of the Confederate Raider and His Men.

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The advance of Morgan's cavalry felt its way toward Corydon that first morning in Indiana, and well in front were my own men, contrary to what I had planned for them. But of that they were ignorant. A few hundred legionaries with a courage far greater than their strength, sought to check this audacious rebel host. From their rude, hastily constructed breastworks they sent forth a very gallant fire. But it was snuffed out like a match in a tempest, and the men who pulled the triggers were first enveloped in the cloud of gray, then disarmed and cast aside. This was the first obstacle since the invasion was accomplished. And how soon it came! Though failing to do more, it did cause a little delay, and delay in such a situation is everything. Even then the thousands of blue-garbed pursuers were at Brandenburg.

Onward! Through the town clattered the rebel hoofs and rumbled the rebel cannon, and the great game of "fox and geese" was under way. What a fluttering of wings there was, what consternation, and yet what a determination arose to run this gray fox to earth!

Flight of the Fox.

The next morning, Salem, 50 miles inland, and 300 removed from any hope of help! Already thousands had hurried to arms, and other thousands were concentrating for hasty equipment. Behind, the roads shook with the tread of the cavalry that had followed from the south. Against this one, a dozen Generals were laying plans, organizing and transporting forces. Half-frantic telegrams were passing over the hot wires between Louisville, Indianapolis and Cincinnati, and countless lesser places. Alarm bells were ringing in every town and village and hamlet.

The enemy must be cornered. But the gray fox knew how to turn and to wind in and out, never losing his direction. And he knew how to make ten. Reports of his imminent conflict, and put him first here and then there, and the bewildered fox knew not where to strike. They made ready at many places and moved according to their information. Country people and townsmen along the invader's track were in a state of alarm bordering on panic. Not accustomed to beholding any considerable body of soldiers and horses so hostile, they vastly overrated the numbers of my General's men. Besides, they were expecting to have their throats cut, and an expectation of this character is not conducive to a calm judgment of things and events.

Running a Race.

On and on under the blazing Summer sun, with little sleep and littl rest! As by magic, the whole population knew that 3000 horsemen were running a race—the most astounding race in history—with death or captivity the penalty for losing; a race with the telegraph and steam cars, and the unnumbered foes that growled about them and behind them and forced them on. And far ahead other horses were rushing to meet them and to drive them this way and that way.

The atmosphere was charged with excitement and fear, and danger lurked everywhere. Unharvested wheat stood over-ripe and neglected in the fields. Husbandmen had suddenly become soldiers, and in masses were being rushed here and there along the invader's track. Never before had there been such a spectacle as clearing the primeval forests. These did men now work to block with felled trees the roads they had taken such pains to make. The sound of the ax, the crash of falling trees, mingled with the shouts of men, the clatter of shot hoofs, and the crack of guns. Far aloft soared the smoke of burning bridges destroyed by the General to hinder his enemies.

For four days he ran. He did not fear the legionaries or raw recruits, numberless as they were. It was the foe behind, and those other well-trained soldiers hastening up from the war region and rising like a cloud far in his front, for whom he was on the lookout.

Enemies Everywhere.

The broad river was on his right hand, and it was now alive with armed craft ready to pounce upon him if he should attempt to recross. On his left, for hundreds of miles to the northward, was a country filled with enemies desiring his destruction. In opposition to these conditions was the fertile brain and daring spirit of one man and the strong arms of his faithful followers.

North Vernon, Versailles and Sunman soon. It was now Monday morning, and four days since the river was crossed—days of hard riding and fast, with scant time for rest. The beginning of a new week; what would the end of it be?

The air was filled now with murmurings of rapidly concentrating foes pouring forward from the middle North in excited streams like the rising tides of the sea. The alarm bells had aroused the people. From shop and store and field, from office and counting-room, they came, eager, untried, and with nerves tremulous with tension.

What way would the fox turn? He did not turn. Straight ahead he rode,

passing the Indiana border and thundering upon the highways of Ohio. And now 30 miles in a day and a night he went, while on his right two Unionist forces, each in the darkness believing the other to be the invader, fell into furious conflict and drenched the soil they were to defend with their own blood.

On Sweeps the Fox.

On and on he swept, brushing aside one foe and eluding another, defying the telegraph, steam cars, the dozen Generals, the swarming thousands—night and day, day and night. His men were of iron, but iron will break when eaten by rust, and into these men was eating the rust of tremendous exertion without rest. There was no time for recuperation, no time to replace the vitality that was being constantly expended.

A few of the weaker dropped from their saddles and were picked up from

and then were pressed on again. The sun went down, but still they pressed on, through the twilight and into the night to a point off Blennerhasset's Island, where three score years before Aaron Burr unfolded to the English scholar his plans for a southwestern empire.

Not so quiet as then were these somber shores. Coming from all directions, even from the south where lay the green, its bound, thinning, dimming, the lights of the bound patrols, were the pursuing hunters, who now believed that the object of the chase was surrounded and without chance of escape. They moved in and shut off all means of egress, save on one side where an abrupt mountain barred the way like a mighty wall which no man, they thought, would dare attempt to

Eight Hundred Dared.

One man did dare, and 800 followed in single file, in the darkness. Up and up, stumbling, falling; up and up, winding around, and then down and down and away, while the fox awaited the coming of the dawn to finish the work of destruction.

On again, toward the east, rode these men so desperately tired and so desperately beset. For six days many they moved, sometimes in the dark, the lighted, or to the left, sometimes hurried back, hampered, harassed, but forward toward the east. A cloud of dust marked their march and revealed their presence, and

A MODERN SAMSON



THE BLIND CHINESE GIANT IN THE TEMPLE OF NATIONS.

the wayside by pursuers, some of whom were now treading on their very heels.

It is incredible that men can endure what human nature suffered. They were in the saddle 21 hours out of 24. For day to day they were killed or captured, singly or in groups. Everywhere they were met by fresh companies of legionaries, which swarmed and buzzed about them, and often darted upon the flanks or upon the rear and stung. The sprarr and confusion increased; the shouts of men, the trampling of hoofs, the rattle of equipment, and the guns and sabers of the on-rushing thousands gleamed and glistened in the blistering sun.

Still Rides On.

But the grim man in gray rode on. Until he was overthrown there would be no rest for pursuers or pursued. What mattered it that his force had been bitten and torn until only a weary fragment remained? It was the leader who was important, not his followers—this bold chieftain, who so often had ridden far and wide unchecked. And just now the President of the United States, the great Lincoln, was making anxious inquiries as to his whereabouts.

Another Sunday dawned, the 26th of July. Far in Eastern Ohio ran 300 men—300 of 300, and many of these, feverish almost to delirium from wounds received in fierce fights on previous days, reeled in their saddles as they went. They were two miles beyond the village of Gavers, the General at the front of his presumptuous rebel.

A single column filled the Midsummer air, growing louder day by day. The earth shook under the tramp of new legions. All business was suspended. Nothing was thought of but the rider who for weeks had eluded and baffled his enemies in three states, and turned upon himself the eyes of millions. For his splendid courage he was lauded; for his blindness he was condemned. He was regarded as a fallen giant, but he was still the winning future admiration of the nation, and the present respect of those who were straining every nerve and muscle and brain cell to bring about his overthrow. But not yet was it accomplished.

The same day, 20 miles above Buffington Island, he came again to the margin of the broad river. Here he resolved to cross it in a swelling flood. Orders were given, and the men rode in as they had ride upon the green sward or upon the dusty road, reckless of risk and danger. Those in advance were far out toward the southern shore when the gunboats of the Federal suddenly appeared. The General himself was in midstream, his powerful horse swimming gallantly.

Returns to His Men.

Looking back, he saw that it was impossible for the rest of his command to effect a passage of the stream in the teeth of the enemy's fire that was now being directed against them, against him and those about him, against those others now nearing the green soil of Kentucky. He guided his horse around and went back in the hall of shot, to remain with the remnant of his command to the end. Only 800 were now left to him of the

other clouds of dust rose to mark the paths of the hunters.

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Cornered at Last.

The gray fox was cornered at last in the open, but he had led a long chase. He surrendered to a man believed by him to be a Captain of militia, and made quick terms for parole. Who forms the Union General would not believe his words? Upon Morgan demanded that he be put upon the field again where he was, and avowed that he would fight them to the end. But this was the end; the race had been run. Beneath his horse's feet 500 heart-breaking miles had sped. The telegraph, the steam cars, the dozen Generals, the swarming thousands, had won, and the men who lived there was only the prison.

Was anything accomplished by them save their own destruction? I will answer, yes; the victory six weeks later by Bragg's Confederate Army in the great battle of Chickamauga, when the two forces there engaged lost more than 30,000 men.

One He Couldn't Smash.

A baggage man out in Podunk, West, made of new baggage old junk. Shipped me a trunk through To Kalamazoo. But he didn't smash open its trunk.

—Detroit Free Press.

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END-OF-THE-CENTURY TUG OF WAR.

—DETROIT FREE PRESS.

MYSTERY OF THE CABIN

EXPERIENCES OF TWO HUNTERS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Queer Things That Happened During Their Occupancy of a Murdered Man's Quarters.

The afternoon was far advanced, as we toiled up the rough mountain road.

"We must be nearly to Peterson's place by this time," said Sam, wiping his brow.

"Yes, I think we are," I replied. "Our directions were to go beyond Peterson's to the end of the road, where we would find a good place to camp; but don't you know? I fancied I saw a smile on the face of the last fellow we talked to, when we told him where we were going. I wonder if there is anything wrong about our directions."

Before Sam could answer we took a sharp turn and found ourselves in a little clearing, in the center of which was a rough board house. Some seven or eight tow-headed little figures stood staring at us in amazement and then scampered off like a lot of brownies, in every direction.

A little black dog set up a fierce barking and rushed furiously down towards us; then the door opened and a man stuck his head out and called away the dog.

"Is this Peterson's place?" I called.

"Yes, that's my name," said he.

"Where you fellers going?"

Seeing that no harm befell their father, the brownies now returned, and soon were clear out all but the old wagon. I explained to the man that we were out on a deer hunt and asked him how far it was to the end of the road.

"I think it's about four miles, but you'll find it pretty rough. When you get there, you can unhitch your horses and lead 'em down a little trail to the right, about a hundred yards, an' you'll find a shed to pitch in, and a spring close by. There's a good place down there to camp, too, but I wouldn't place you to sleep in the shed, for it's alive with fleas."

"But we were told," said Sam, "that there is a deserted cabin there that we might use."

Peterson scratched a match and applied it to an old black pipe before replying, and then said, with a peculiar smile:

Eckhardt's Cabin.

"Well, there is a cabin there, sure enough, but it's the one old Bill Eckhardt was murdered in, an' I don't think you'll want to sleep in it more than once; you can try it though. If you want to, You'd better put up here till mornin', fer it will be dark before you get there tonight."

We thanked him for the invitation, but said that we would go on, for we did not want to lose another day's time.

"Well, good luck to you, boys. Let me know how you come out, as you go back."

We promised to stop on our return and bidding him good-bye, drove on. Four miles of mountain road seemed to us like ten, and long before we had reached the end of the journey, sighted a tall figure over us like a pall. At last, the weary horses came to a dead halt and Sam jumped out and ran ahead to see what the trouble was.

"We are at the cabin," he cried, and sure enough the horses' heads were right up against the cabin. I fumbled about for a light, ignited it, while Sam hitched the team and we had no difficulty in finding our way down to the shed, where we tied our horses; then we returned to the wagon.

After leaving Peterson's, Sam and I had had some conversation on the subject of ghosts, and he had declared that he didn't believe there was such a thing; that when a person was dead, he was

fire had burned down to a bed of coals, and then turned to stone.

Worn out with the day's journey, we slept very soundly until about midnight, when I was suddenly aroused by the crackling and breaking of twigs and branches all around us.

I jumped to my feet and peered about in the darkness, but could discern no signs of the intruder. The woods at night are always full of mysterious sounds, and, being an old hand at camping out, I paid no further attention to it, but lay down again to sleep. I slumbered about an hour, again to sleep, and I awoke about in fitful naps, broken by fantastic and gruesome dreams, in which the murdered man figured largely.

Finally I dreamed that he stood before me, wildly waving his arms about. Then I saw a man rush upon him and deal

day, and now a great mass of black clouds was rising, it seemed from every point of the horizon. We could hear the deep rolling of thunder, which gradually grew louder and louder as the storm approached. Not without feelings of repugnance, we determined to take shelter in the cabin, at least, until the storm passed.

The door was not fastened, and we hurriedly removed our bedding and provisions from the wagon and tumbled it all in a heap on the floor of the cabin. We were gone too soon, for the rain soon began to fall in drops as large as dollars, and the little bushes and trees on the mountain side was quickly transformed into a rushing torrent. Once inside the cabin we came to the conclusion that it was not such a bad place after all, and when we had a fire blazing in the fireplace.

TIGRESS OF THE ORIENT.



TSI AN, DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.

him a terrible blow on the head. He fell like a log right across my body, while I lay cursing in despair over what seemed an ass. I was unable to move hand or foot, but at least I broke the spell and awoke to find Sam, tossing about in his sleep, had thrown one arm across my chest, and was snoring loudly enough to supply "death gurgles" for a dozen men. I gave him a punch in the ribs, which quickly brought him to a sitting posture, rubbing his eyes and slowly inquiring:

"Who's smater, wha's smatter?"

"Time to get up," said I. "If we expect to get a deer by sunrise, it is only 2 o'clock, but by the time we had made a pot of coffee, rolled up our bedding and

placed over which to cook our supper, we agreed that we would not again move out under the tree."

This cabin consisted of one large room, bare of all furniture save a rough board table and two or three rough planks nailed together to serve the purpose of a bedstead: one three-legged stool and a cracker-box. Overhead there was no ceiling, and a single crooked pine, perhaps, which might have stolen the spoon and then dropped it down through one of those holes in the roof. As for that midnight experience, why, that could have been an owl!"

Notwithstanding this lucid explanation I did not wish that I was back, nor did I altogether believe in the bird theory. Somehow or other, I rather liked to delude myself with the idea that it was a real ghost we had met in the old cabin.

Herbert V. Perry.

DEAD HOPE.

Dear Hope is dead; Her hands are folded on her quiet breast. I lean above and try to know 'tis best, And pray that I may envy not her rest. Since she is dead.

She was as dead! Our pathway led us over mountain steep, Then deep within the vale, where shadow creeps. I cannot blame her that she tal asleep, 'Til' she's alone.

How fair she is!

Whene'er she walked thorns changed to beauties flowers;