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Despite its tragic termination, it shows what a handful of brave men could undertake in America.—COMTE DE PARIS' HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA, vol. 2, p. 187.

By WILLIAM PITTENGER,
A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION.

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(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXIX.

A DAY OF BLOOD.

The 18th of June was a bright summer day. Our party in the jail were making merry with games and songs, utterly unsuspicious of immediate injury. But one of our number, looking out of the window, saw a squadron of cavalry approaching and called attention to it. There was nothing unusual about this, for we often noticed bands of troops on the streets; but they now halted at our gate and surrounded our prison. This was unusual and startling.

The doors down stairs opened. We heard the shuffle of feet in the hall and the clink of officers' sabers as they ascended the stairway. We held our breath in painful attention, while they paused at our door, unlocked and threw it open, and then one of the number, stepping before the others, read the names of the seven tried at Knoxville. They were ordered to respond and stand in a line before him, which they did. Robinson was sick with fever, but a guard assisted him to rise, and he stood with the rest. Then they were all told to follow over into the opposite room, while the Tennesseeans there were brought in return to us.

With throbbing hearts we asked one another the meaning of these strange proceedings. Some supposed our comrades were about to receive their acquittal; others, still more sanguine, that they would be paroled, preparatory to an exchange. But we had no confidence in these suggestions even while we made them. It would not have been necessary to surround the prison for such purposes; and the faces of the officers who had entered our room were solemn and stern.

I was sick, too, having suffered a good deal recently with malarial fever, but rose to my feet oppressed with unutterable fear—the most deadly I ever remember feeling. A half witted fellow who had been put in with the Tennesseeans came to me and wanted to play a game of cards! I had been fond of the game, but never played it after this day! Now I struck the greasy pack from his hand and bade him leave me.

From over the way we heard the sound of voices, muffled and indistinct because of the two iron doors between; then the opening and shutting of doors, the passage of several persons up and down the stairway, and last the sound as of solemn reading.

A little while after—I cannot judge of the length of time spent in such fearful agony—the ministers in the other room think it must have been more than an hour—the door opened and our comrades came back, one by one; but the change in them was fearful. My own friend, George D. Wilson, was leading, his step firm, his form erect, but his hands firmly tied, and his face pale as death. "What is it?" some one asked in a whisper, for his appearance silenced every one.

"We are to be executed immediately," was the appalling reply, given in a low tone, but with thrilling distinctness. The others followed him into the room, all tied ready for the scaffold. The officers were standing in the door, and barely granted them the privilege of taking us once more by the hand before death. Then came the farewells, hopeless in this world. It was a moment that seemed an age of measureless, heart breaking sorrow.

What had occurred in the other room while we were separated? The narrative of the ministers will make that plain.

Rev. W. J. Scott was requested by Col. G. J. Foreacre, then provost marshal in Atlanta, to visit some Federal prisoners at the city jail who were about to die. On his way Mr. Scott called on Rev. George G. N. MacDonell and asked him to go along. At the jail they were taken into the room where our comrades were. Scott says:

"They impressed me at once as a body of remarkably fine looking young men. I could but notice also their cheerfulness under such painful environments." He told them that he was the bearer of unwelcome tidings. This arrested their attention, but they were still unprepared for the blow that followed. Then Scott, with the brevity which was the best kindness, with a few questions answered, gave the full truth, every word being like an added stab, telling them that they had been found guilty at Knoxville—of being spies—that they were to die—to die by hanging—and at once! Their natural and indignant protests were waved aside as something with which the ministers had nothing to do; their only business was to help the doomed men by prayer and counsel to prepare for death, and the hour was at hand. Anxiety and even horror was in an instant depicted on every countenance. When they asked, "How soon?" he answered, "In less than two hours." This was probably a merciful overstatement. The hearts of the preachers, upon whom had been rolled the fearful task of first communicating this terrible intelligence, were very heavy. Scott adds: "They were gallant men, who would have stood unshaken in the imminent deadly breach. They were picked men, chosen for their soldiery qualities; yet in a moment every cheek blanched to the lily's whiteness. In another moment, however, they rallied and appeared firm and unflinching." Scott and MacDonell then gave them such counsel as the dying need, recited to them appropriate Scripture passages, and prayed with them.

What followed is so extraordinary that it is fully given in Mr. Scott's own language with only two remarks. The "few hours' notice" was virtually no notice at all, as, according to Mr. Scott's own words, all the time was taken up with clerical and official preparation. From the moment the awful news was communicated there was no pause save for the prayer of the minister, the reading of the sentence, the binding for the scaffold and the clasp of hands with friends. This was all.

We had often said to each other that no matter who else might perish, Ross in some way would escape by reason of his high standing as a Mason. Probably the following narrative shows better than anything else the fearful resolution with which this deed of blood was carried through. Mr. Scott continues:

As we rose from our knees one of them—I am not sure at this late day whether Ross or Campbell—gave me a Masonic signal which craftsmen are only permitted to use in seasons of supreme peril. I recognized it instantly and took him aside and satisfied myself that he was a "son of light." No one who has never been raised from a dead level to a living perpendicular can appreciate my feelings. I said with a faltering voice:

"My brother, I will do what I can for you consistently with my obligations to the government to which I owe allegiance."

He replied: "I ask for nothing more. We are about to be executed with only a few hours' notice. We had no intimation of it until you informed us. Now, can you not prevail on the military authorities to respite us one or two days?"

I replied: "I will make an honest effort."

The other prisoners must have heard a portion of the conversation, for they seemed quite elated.

I knew that I must act promptly, so leaving brother MacDonell to talk with them, I left the cell and went down into the front prison yard where a squadron of cavalry were already drawn up. They had, I found, been waiting quietly for our appearance. Col. W. J. Lawton had on that day assumed command of the post. He was an old and highly esteemed personal friend. I told him what had transpired in the cell, and urged him to respite them at least until the next day; that to execute them on such short notice would be utterly indefensible; that he could easily cut off all possibility of escape. He was a man of generous impulses, and I saw he was greatly troubled and perplexed. He replied:

"I agree to all you say. I would most gladly afford them relief, but," he continued, "my orders are peremptory. I am required to execute them today and have not the slightest discretion. If I disobey my orders I am liable to be cashiered and disgraced."

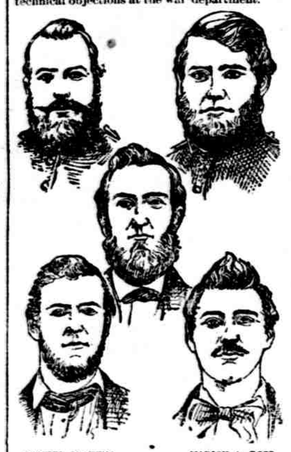
He proposed to show me his orders, but I told him his statement was sufficient.

I was compelled to return and announce my failure. I was then asked if I would transmit some messages to their friends. I said certainly, if the military authorities would allow it. They then dictated their messages, brother MacDonell writing three in his memorandum book and I writing four in mine. There were but slight verbal differences in their messages, and the following may be taken as a sample of the whole:

"I am to suffer death this afternoon for my loyalty. I am true to the old flag and trust in God's mercy for salvation."

The name of the party and number of his regiment was attached.

The messages were not sent because of some technical objections at the war department.



SAMUEL SLAVENS. MARION A. ROSS.
J. J. ANDREWS.
WILLIAM CAMPBELL. JOHN SCOTT.
FIVE OF THE RAIDERS EXECUTED.

Immediately after this failure to get the least respite in the inexorable orders, the officers read the sentence of the court martial, which directed the hanging of the accused "as soon as this order shall be made public;" "between the 15th and 22d days of June inst."

When this cruel clause was first inserted, it was probably thought that all the band would be convicted in the same manner, and then in one terrible hour all would be swept away with no opportunity to leave any word behind! The refusal to send a harmless message to friends—a privilege that would not be denied to the most infamous criminal—agrees with this view.

It was the manner of death rather than death itself which seemed so horrible to our comrades as they took their last leave of us. Most of them were also without any clear hope beyond the grave. A day, even, to have sought divine favor would have been a priceless boon. Wilson was a professed unbeliever, and many a time had argued the truth of the Christian religion with me half a day at a time; but he said, "Pittinger, I believe you are right now! try to be better prepared when you come to die than I am." I could scarcely release his hand as he muttered, "God bless you," and turned away.

Shadrack was careless, generous and merry, though often excitable, and sometimes profane. Now he turned to us with a forced calmness of voice which was more affecting than a wail of agony as he said:

"Boys, I'm not prepared to meet my Jesus."

When asked by some of us, whose tears were flowing fast, to think of heavenly mercy, he answered, still in tones of thrilling calmness, "I'll try, I'll try, but I know I'm not prepared."

Slavens, who was a man of immense strength and iron resolution, turned to his friend Buffum and could only articulate, "Wife—children—tell"—when utterance failed.

John Scott was well educated, and had left a very pleasant home in Findlay, O. Father and mother, brothers and sisters have always been among the most respected of the citizens there. He had been married but three days before enlisting, and now the thought of his young and sorrowing wife nearly drove him to despair. He could only clasp his hands in silent agony.

Campbell had a half smile on his strong face, but it was terribly unreal, with no light in it, as he pressed our hands, and even muttered an unconscious oath, saying, "Yes, boys, this is —— hard."

But Ross was a marvel and wonder to us all. A cloud had long seemed to rest upon his spirits, but now completely rolled away. All foreboding and fear were gone in the presence of the reality. Others were bitterly and terribly disappointed; he was not. The gaunt specter he had so long faced came out of the shadow, and lo! it was disrobed of all terror! He was perfectly erect, with easy grace; there was not a sign of dread, while his eye beamed and whole face became radiant with the martyr's joy. "Tell them at home," he said, in a clear, vibrating tone, "if any of you escape, that I died for my country and did not regret it."

Brown, Knight, Buffum, Mason and myself—all that were left of the Knoxville party—were even more affected than our comrades, for we had not the awful excitement of coming death to sustain us. Had there been a gleam of hope of success how gladly would we have thrown ourselves on the guards and fought for the lives of our brothers! But the officers and the guard filled the door and entry, while the jail yard was also full of enemies. The sense of our absolute helplessness was most agonizing.

All this transpired in a very few minutes, and even the marshal and others with him in the door showed signs of impatience, and urged that their time was short. I cannot help believing, for the sake of our common humanity, that they wished to hasten only because the scene was becoming too painful for them to bear.

Very brief leave taking was permitted with the eight who were in the other room. Robinson, who could scarcely stand, was hurried off with the rest. We heard the dreadful procession descend the stairs, and then from the window saw them enter the death cart and drive away. It was surrounded by cavalry, and thus passed out of sight. In about an hour the procession returned. The cart was empty!

On leaving us the procession had taken a course which soon carried them out of sight over the summit of an adjoining hill, and continued in an easterly direction till it reached the Atlanta city cemetery—a distance of probably two miles. What thoughts crowded through the hearts of the doomed men we know not; but it is to be hoped that in this last hour of life they realized that God was more merciful than man, and found that pardon which is never denied to those who sincerely seek.

CHAPTER XXII.

HEROISM ON THE SCAFFOLD.

The cemetery is beautifully located and finely kept. The scaffold had been built in a little wood at the southeastern side of the yard, then outside, but since included in its boundaries. A monument to the Confederate dead had since been erected in this cemetery, and a large portion of land deeded by the cemetery association for their burial, and it was at the edge of this plot that the great tragedy took place. No element of melancholy horror was omitted. A shallow trench had been already dug within a few feet of the long and hideous scaffold, so that the men as they drove up could look upon their own open grave. The scaffold, which had just been completed, consisted of a single long beam extending from one tree to another, to which the ropes were attached, and a narrow platform of loose plank extending under this, so arranged that the knocking out of props would cause it to fall. A considerable number of spectators were present, but not nearly so many as attended the execution of Andrews—no general gathering of the citizens being permitted—indeed the preparations had been carried on as secretly as possible.

Capt. Fuller, who had chased the men on the cars and attended the trial at Knoxville, was here also to see the end. He had been moved to come by a promise which he as a Mason had made to Ross, that he would mark the spot of his burial, and notify his father, in Ohio. He was faithful to his promise, though the notification, owing to the policy of the Confederate war department, could not be made until the close of the war.

Our comrades mounted the scaffold by means of steps from behind, and then stood, all seven, side by side, with the ropes dangling beside them. At the foot of the steps Fuller shook hands with Ross, for whom he declares he had come to feel a deep friendship. The clergymen, with their souls in indignant protest against the manner of death, had not accompanied the procession. There was no help, and in a few moments death in its most awful form was to come.

Yet the bravery of the seven was such as to command the admiration even of their foes. Capt. Fuller had attended many military executions during the war, for such things were fearfully frequent on the Confederate side; yet he says that he never saw men die as bravely as these. With uncovered faces they looked steadily and serenely on the surrounding foe. But they were not to die without a word of testimony that should be long remembered, and which to some hearts then present seemed the death knell of the Confederacy.

Wilson was their spokesman. He asked permission to say a word before death, and it was freely accorded. Possibly the surrounding hundreds expected to hear some word of pleading or confession—some solution of what still seemed mysterious in the great raid. But if so they were mistaken. I have received an account of this address from more than a score of persons who were present—soldiers, citizens and negroes—and it made the same impression on all. Wilson was a born orator, and he now spoke with marvelous skill and persuasive eloquence. He had conquered fear and banished all resentment; and his calm and dispassionate earnestness was such as became a man on the threshold of another world.

THE SPEECH OF WILSON ON THE SCAFFOLD.

He began by telling them that though he was condemned to death as a spy, he was no spy, but simply a soldier in the performance of duty; he said he did not regret dying for his country, for that was a soldier's duty, but only the manner of death, which was unbecoming to a soldier. Even those who condemned them well knew that they were not spies; then leaving the personal question, he declared that he had no hard feelings toward the south or her people, with whom he had long been well acquainted; that they were generous and brave; he knew they were fighting for what they believed to be right, but they were terribly deceived. Their leaders had not permitted them to know the facts in the case, and they were bringing blood and destruction upon their section of the nation for a mere delusion. He declared that the people of the north loved the whole nation and the flag, and were fighting to uphold them, not to do any injury to the south, and that when victory came the south would reap the benefit as well as the north. The guilt of the war would rest upon those who had misled the southern people, and induced them to engage in a causeless and hopeless rebellion. He told them that all whose lives were spared for but a short time would regret the part they had taken in this rebellion, and that the old Union would yet be restored, and the flag of our common country wave over the very ground occupied by this scaffold.

There were tears coursing rapidly down the cheeks of many Confederate soldiers; the emotion of a number of negroes who were a long way off, yet in easy hearing of the trumpet like voice, was almost uncontrollable. One of them said to Capt. Sarratt two years after, "Massa, if that man had only spoke a few minutes longer they could never have hung him in the world." A rebel officer was heard to mutter, "Why don't they stop him? What do they allow such talk for?" But it was not so easy to stop a dying man, whose words were so kind and persuasive, and whose eloquence was of that highest type which throws a spell over friend and enemy.

So the tide of truthful speech flowed on till many of the poor men in the rebel ranks heard for the first time the full arraignment of their own guilty government with a clearness which carried conviction, and then with the bold prophecy of coming triumph for the glorious cause—a prospect which seemed to lift the speaker above all fear of his own death—the hero closed, giving the sign for the deed of shame—dying with this glorious prediction on his lips!

No coffins had been provided. As soon as life was pronounced extinct the bodies were laid in the shallow trench, just wide enough for their length, and long enough for all the seven to lie close together—a brotherhood in death as they had been in life. Here the earth was filled in, and they remained till, at the close of the war, the national government removed their bodies to an honored spot in the beautiful national cemetery at Chattanooga. A monument should mark both this spot and that in Atlanta, where heroism in death shone so brightly.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONVERSION AND RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Those who remained in prison suffered scarcely less than their comrades. The bitterness of death was upon us also. We did not think that vengeance would stop with those who had fallen. The hope we had so long cherished was overturned at a blow. In Knoxville we had urged that all should be tried together, or that the sentence of one should stand for all. There was no reason for giving any preference to one over another, and no indication that such preference was to be given. But even if we had not believed that only a few days or hours of prison life lay between us and the scaffold, the parting from our loved friends, whose voices were yet lingering in our ears while they themselves had passed beyond the gates of death, was enough to break the stoutest heart. There were tears then in eyes that would not have quivered in the presence of any danger.

But I could not shed a tear. A cloud of burning heat rushed to my head, and fever seemed to scorch through every vein. For hours I scarcely could realize where I was or the loss that had been suffered. Every glance around the room, revealing the vacant places of friends, would bring our sorrow freshly upon us again. Grief for our comrades and apprehension for ourselves were inseparably blended. The suddenness of the shock by which we were separated seemed to reveal a spirit that forbade us to hope, while it was a terrible aggravation of the pain of parting. Thus the afternoon hours slowly drifted by under a shadow too dark for words. No one ventured as yet to speak of hope.

The first distraction in this terrible hour we owed to our friendly jailer. He asked us if we would like to be all put in one room.

We were eager for this privilege, and he brought over the eight who were in the front room and placed them with us. We were now fourteen, including Capt. Fry, of East Tennessee fame, who was placed with us. There would have been much to talk about in our separate experiences in Knoxville and Chattanooga at any other time, but now the thought of the lost swallowed up everything else.

At length some voice suggested—rather faintly at first, for only a few hours before it would have met keen ridicule—that it would be well for us to pray. The thought was warmly welcomed. Not the slightest objection was offered by any one, and we at once all knelt. One member of the party has lately told me that while he knelt with the rest, and was careful to say nothing to discourage us, yet he never led in prayer, or said anything to indicate that he had changed his life purpose. I did not notice the exception at the time, as every head was bowed and every face covered. Capt. Fry was first requested to lead us, which was peculiarly appropriate, as he had always maintained a consistent religious life, and now seemed to feel our great sorrow as if it were his own. He prayed with deep earnestness, strong sobs mingling with his fervent petitions. Then others led, and we continued until all but the one already alluded to had prayed in turn; then those who had prayed before began again. There seemed to be some help in simply telling our trouble. On my own part, I do not think that there was a great deal of faith, at least so far as temporal deliverance was concerned, but there came a calmness and a passing away of bitterness that was restful to our tired hearts. We besought God mainly that he would prepare us for the fate that seemed inevitable, and that as he had led us into great trials, he would in some manner sustain us there. We kept on praying with but short intervals till the sun went down. As twilight deepened into darkness—the emblem of our own lives—so our petitions grew more solemn. God seemed nearer than ever before. In the darkness it appeared easier to behold the heavenly light. We began to ask for deliverance in this world as well as in the hour of death, and to have a hope, very faint and trembling, that it might be granted. Then little by little we began to profess our purpose to live religious lives while we were spared, whether the time was long or short. I do not know that there was anything clear and definite in the way of conversion or sudden change on the part of any; but when it is remembered that in the forenoon we had amused ourselves by all kind of games, that profane words and jests were not uncommon, and that we would have been ashamed to speak of prayer or of religion in any way except as a mere theory, it will be seen that there was no slight alteration in us already. From that hour I date the birth of an immortal hope and a new purpose in life. And in this experience I am not solitary.

It is an interesting fact, which the rationalist may explain as he will, that from the time of that long prison prayer meeting—from early afternoon to midnight—the fortunes of our party began to improve. There were fearful trials still before us, not much inferior to any that we had passed; we long held our lives by the frailest thread; yet till the close of the war, though many perished around us, death did not claim another victim from our midst. We committed ourselves to the Lord, not expecting deliverance in this world; and in his boundless mercy he bestowed upon us all we asked, and far more than we had dared to hope.

Few things in our whole prison experience were more fearful than awakening the next morning. The chill light of a new day—the dispelling of dreams that may have been very pleasant, and have brought home vividly before us—always made the morning hour the most dreary of the day. But on this occasion we looked around and saw the places of our friends vacant, and all the great sorrow of our bereavement again rolled over us like the incoming of the sea.

But we wished to do something. A small Bible was borrowed from Mr. Turner when he came to bring our scanty breakfast—Mr. Thoer, who was always with him to see that he gave us no undue indulgence, did not object—and then we had reading, singing and prayer—nearly every one praying, so that it might rather be called a morning prayer meeting than "family worship," though the latter was the title used. We now resolved to continue this practice as long as our prison life lasted.

From this time forward we had religious exercises morning and evening, and found them a great consolation and support. They began and closed the day aright, and thus added sweetness to all its hours, supplying a subject or thought not bearing directly upon our own gloomy prospects, and thus enabling us to maintain better mental health. We always sung a hymn or two on these occasions. Indeed there was nearly as much singing as at Chattanooga, but of a far different and more inspiring character. Instead of "Nettie More," "Carrier Dove" and such harmless sentimentality, we sang "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and others of a pronounced spiritual cast. This greatly astonished the guards. They were given strict charge to watch us closely, with the statement that we were the most desperate characters in the whole United States; then to hear us sing Methodist hymns, and to know that we had prayers, morning and evening, was a contradiction they found it hard to reconcile. Soon the story of the heroic death of our comrades and our own religious bearing was noised about Atlanta, and no doubt there were many expressions which gave some ground for the bitter complaint of "sympathy" made afterward by the provost marshal in his report. But we cared comparatively little for this, of which, indeed, we then knew nothing. We had never expected to receive much help from the people outside, and would not have dared, for fear of treachery, to accept it if offered. But we wished to find that peace in believing that we had heard of Christians possessing. What would we not now have given for the counsels and assistance of a minister we could fully trust!

It is a delicate matter to speak of the beginning of one's own religious life—to say neither too much nor too little; but in the hope of guiding some other who is feeling after the truth, I will venture, using the light that twenty-five years have thrown back on those early days.

After the terrible 18th of June I am not conscious of any experience of a religious character for several days, except a profound and burning conviction that it is folly to wait for death before trying to be right with God. I might be sinful or wicked again, but the idea that the great business of life may safely be left to the last could influence me no more! Just how to be religious was a puzzle. I knew if I had a command to execute from an army officer I would do it, if in my power, no matter how difficult or dangerous; and I wished intensely that it was just as easy to be religious as to be a soldier. But there was the question of right feelings and right motives that did not seem to come into play very much in the army; for if a soldier did his duty, he was not apt to be asked how he felt about it; I had the belief that I must have joy and rapture in thinking of death, a readiness to shout God's praises which I did not feel; and for a time it seemed as if I could never reach a genuine conversion. I diligently read the Bible which we had borrowed, but while I enjoyed many things in it, little direct guidance for me was found.

I asked counsel of Capt. Fry, for whom I had the greatest esteem and respect. But it was so easy for him to believe that I thought his case must be very unlike my own. I also spoke to J. R. Porter, the only one of our number who had a clear religious faith, and seemed to be happy in it. His first answer was very striking. I asked how he felt about death. He thought that I referred to our worldly prospects, and answered that probably we would soon all be put to death. "But what is your feeling about death itself?" I continued. He said:

"I am not afraid to die, if it is God's will; I trust him now, and I expect to trust him to the last." He took my hand, and there was a steady light in his eye that made me believe every word he said. But when I asked him how he got such a faith he could only tell me that he went to a Methodist "mourners' bench" two years before and sought till he found it. This did me no good, for there was no such place accessible here.

In sore perplexity I read the Bible from day to day and prayed, taking my turn in praying aloud and reading with the others. At length I thought I began to see that trusting Christ meant something like taking his words and teachings for my guide, trying to do all that he commands, and leaving the result, while I did this, with him. This was not that sudden transformation that I had hoped, but I soon found that it opened up a good many things that I had never dreamed of. One of these seemed especially strange under the circumstances. I had yet but a slender hope of ever escaping from the prison except by the way of the scaffold. But in spite of the dark prospect the question came as an absolute test of my obedience, "Will you, if satisfied that it is God's will, be ready to give up the profession of law if you ever get home and go into the ministry?" The first and spontaneous reply was, "No!" I had studied law and meant to practice it if I ever got where I knew of the danger it indicated at the time indirectly. Our guard was strengthened; the jailor was overheard by a prisoner in another room saying: "Those Ohio men will soon all be hung!" The commander of the post, Col. Lee, visited us and asked of us almost the same question Davis asked, as to the difference between our case and that of our comrades, and urged great vigilance on the guards.

These things convinced us that our only chance of life was by taking the matter in our own hands. One plan proposed was to try to get out secretly, at night, by sawing off the bars of our windows and lowering ourselves, one by one, to the ground. The fatal objections to it were that it required us to await a dark night, and even then it was scarcely possible that more than one or two would get out before an alarm was given. I had no hope from it.

But the other plan could not fail if every man did his exact duty, and we were now so well acquainted that we had perfect confidence in each other. It was simply to attack our foes in broad daylight. When our food was brought in the afternoon, and the door opened, we could rush out, seizing and holding perfectly quiet the jailer and his assistant, threatening them with death if they moved, unlocking all the doors so that we might have the assistance of all the prisoners, and then charge upon the seven soldiers below, dispossessing them of their muskets in the first rush; and if this was done without noise or alarm, march them up into our room and gag them there. It was not likely, however, that we would be able to keep everything quiet enough for this; in which case we were to run as soon as an alarm was raised, for we knew that there was a strong reserve close by, and did not feel able to reckon with any more than the seven rebels on hand.

In such an attack, the element of time and exact planning of every man's work so that there is no confusion and hesitation, are of vital importance. We arranged with the utmost nicety. Capt. Fry was to begin the movement, for he was the oldest, and we gave him the post of honor; I was to stand by and help him with the jailer and the watchman Thoer, if the latter was on hand, as he usually was; probably I was given this place from the correct view that with my poor eyes I would be of more service in a scuffle in the hall than in the glaring light outside. Then Buffum, who was as agile as a cat, was to snatch the keys, and, waiting for nothing else, to open all the doors above. There were three, and the fitting of keys from the bunch under such excitement was likely to make this take some time. I think no one of us felt that Buffum had a desirable office. But it was desirable to to have all the prisoners released if only to distract the pursuit. All the others were arranged into two bands with leaders, to slip down the stairway at the proper time and break out on the guards at the front and rear doors simultaneously. Then quickness, courage and desperation were to be pitted against loaded muskets and bayonets, and the issue left to the God of battles.

We had also chosen our comrades and routes. We were to travel in pairs and in every direction. Capt. Fry was to be my partner, and all the rest considered that I was fortunate, for he would be at home in the Cumberland mountains, toward which we were to journey. The intended course was marked out for each couple and everything done to forward the movement on which we believed depended our last chance of escaping the gallows. We did not forget to make most earnest supplications in prayer, and to vow, in the old time manner, that we would render faithful service to the Lord of Hosts if he would aid us in this great emergency.

It was afternoon when we received the intelligence which determined our action and we could not very well be ready to start that day. So the work was set for the following afternoon. We patched our shoes as well as we could, and made cloth moccasins to protect our feet, for many shoes were worn out. We gave messages to each other beginning with the form, "If you get out and I do not"—for we could not tell who would be the fortunate ones in the effort, or how many might fail. We had a strong conviction of success, but whether seven guards would allow their muskets to be taken without using bullet or bayonet against some of their assailants with fatal effect, seemed more than doubtful! I have made ready for battle more than once, but never had so deep and solemn a realization of the uncertainty of the issue as on this occasion.

(To be Continued.)

Artistic Taste in India.

The natives of India are a gentle, refined, art loving people. In no country, Italy not excepted, is the love of art more innate; and nowhere is there presented a higher standard of taste in figure posing and of effect in color combination, whether in embroidery, weaving or painting. In pottery and brass work their patterns are those which, for thousands of years, have most pleased mankind—combinations of slender, graceful, curved parts with massive parts—the same as are found in the pyramids of Egypt, in the tombs of Cyprus and in the ruins of Pompeii, and as today are imitated in the art pottery of Dresden and Worcester. Nothing can exceed in richness of coloring, delicacy and perfection of work, their paintings on ivory, especially figure painting—the most difficult of all. They are passionately fond of ornaments, of dress, of music, of flowers and delicate perfumes. They love illuminated books; are fond of coin collections, and the dwellings of the wealthy are models of exquisite taste in furnishings and decorations; and in architecture, the world might be challenged to produce the equal of that dream in marble—the Taj of India.—Journal of the Military Service Institute.

Fire Drill in Berlin Schools.

The school board of the city of Berlin has made the practice of leaving the class rooms and school buildings with order and promptitude a compulsory branch of study. At the opening of every new term both teachers and pupils must, at a given sign and in a prescribed order, leave the school, and that practical exercise is repeated until it is carried out by all classes to the satisfaction of the authorities. Every director is obliged to make a special report to the school board upon the success of the practice. In that way it is hoped to prevent loss of life in case of fire or other accidents in the school building.—Chicago News.

The Same with a Difference.

Omaha Teacher—Yes, my children always remember there is no human love equal to a mother's love.

Little Girl—Womens love their childrens better than their husbands, don't they?

"Very often."

"Yes, indeed. When we gets the hicoughs mamma gets sorry and tries to cure 'em; but when papa gets the hicoughs she gets mad."—Omaha World.

A curious piece of art is on exhibition in an ivory store at New York. It is an ivory figure of the child Jesus, taken from a Mexican cathedral, and supposed to be nearly 300 years old.—Chicago Times.

A person in health should average each day about two pints and a half of fluids. In this quantity are included water, tea, coffee and other beverages.—Boston Journal of Health.

A Famous Buffalo Range.

From the Red buttes onward you see where the millions have gone. This was once a famous buffalo range, and now the bleaching skeletons lie scattered thickly along all the trail. Like ghastly monuments of slaughter, these ugly excrescences stand out in bold relief on the smooth, hard surface of the prairie, from the huge bull skeletons lying close beside the wagon trail to those far back in the bad lands, where they are merely dark specks in the distance. They lie today precisely as they fell four years ago, except that the flesh is no longer upon them. The head stretches far forward, as if for its last gasp, and the legs lie helplessly upon the turf with precisely the same curves as when they moved for the last time.

Now and then you come to a place where the hunter got a "stand" on a "bunch," and from his hiding place in the head of a gully or amongst the rocks fired leisurely with his 40-120 Sharp's rifle, at the rate of a shot every two or three minutes until every buffalo of the bunch had fallen. Here you can count seventeen skeletons on a little more than an acre, and near by are four more that evidently fell at the same time. The powerful effect of the strong, parching winds and the intense dry heat of summer has literally stripped the flesh from the bones, but the skeletons lie precisely as they fell. The bones are still held together by a few dried up ligaments, but are bleached as white as snow.—W. T. Hornaday in The Cosmopolitan.

Thakore Sahib in America.

The Thakore Sahib, of Limbdi, speaking in San Francisco of his journey through the United States, said: "The cities of the eastern states are as good as any in the world, while the condition of the agricultural districts is better. As I traveled west the marvels seemed to increase instead of stopping, and the same material advancement marks all the great western states. I was singularly impressed with the beauties of scenery of Yellowstone park. I think I like the people of the west better than those of the east. They seem more home like to me. They think that the beauties of nature are better than themselves, and not that they are better than the beauties of nature. The great wheat fields of California presented a splendid sight to me. Some of the finest scenery I have ever seen is that of the Shasta mountains."—New York Tribune.

Origin of an Ancient Proverb.

The dictum that "Cleanliness is next to godliness" has been ascribed to John Wesley, but it is said to have originated from the following sentence by George Herbert: "His (a clergyman's) apparel is plain, but reverend and clean, without spots or dust, the purity of his mind breaking out and dilating itself, even to his body, clothes and habitation."—Chicago Herald.

Personal.

Mr. N. H. Frohilchstein, of Mobile, Ala., writes: I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, having used it for a severe attack of Bronchitis and Catarrh. It gave me instant relief and entirely cured me and I have not been afflicted since. I also beg to state that I had tried other remedies with no good result. Have also used Electric Bitters and Dr. King's New Life Pills, both of which I can recommend.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, is sold on a positive guarantee.

Trial bottles free at Dowty & Becher's drug store.

The honey is sweet, but the bee stings.

Dr. I. Rader, of Fulton, Kan., says: "I have been practicing medicine for 27 years. Many times I have prescribed Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and do not believe it has an equal in the market." It is a certain cure for Coughs, Colds and Hoarseness. It is a splendid expectorant. It contains no opium, chloroform or any injurious substance. 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

He that eats the hard, shall eat the ripe.

An Elegant Substitute

For Oils, Salts, Pills, and all kinds of bitter, nauseous Liver Medicines and Cathartics is the very agreeable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its advantages are evident—it is more easily taken, more acceptable to the stomach, more pleasantly effective, and more truly beneficial to the system than any other remedy. Recommended by leading physicians. For sale only by Dowty & Becher.

He that riseth first, is first drest.

Good Wages Ahead.

George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, can give you work that you can do and live at home, making great pay. You are started free. Capital not needed. Both sexes. All ages. Cut this out and write at once; no harm will be done if you conclude not to go to work, after you learn all. All particulars free. Best paying work in this world. 4-1y

He that plays his money, ought not to value it.

A conflict for possession. When your system becomes disordered do not let sickness or disease take possession. Take St. Patrick's Pills at once. They act promptly, cure costiveness and bilious disorders. They ward off diseases and tone up the whole system. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

He that looks not before, finds himself behind.

Wonderful Cures.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., Wholesale and Retail druggists of Rome, Ga., says: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for four years. Have never handled remedies that sell so well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

I wept when I was born, and every day shows why.

I am selling "Moore's Tree of Life" and it is said to give the very best satisfaction. Dr. A. Heintz. 30-6m3

If the old dog bark, he gives counsel.

Worth Your Attention.

Cut this out and mail it to Allen & Co., Augusta, Maine, who will send you free, something new, that just coins money for all workers. As wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as pure gold, it will prove of lifelong value and importance to you. Both sexes, all ages. Allen & Co. bear expense of starting you in business. It will bring you in more cash, right away, than anything else in this world. Anyone anywhere can do the work, and live at home also. Better write at once; then, knowing all, should you conclude that you don't care to engage, why no harm is done. 4-1y

He that stays does the business.

Try Moore's headache cure, it beats the world. For sale by Dr. A. Heintz.

Where there is no honor, there is no grief.

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Milk says to wine, Welcome, friend.

Any person who is effected with Tetter, Salt Rheum or any itching or smarting skin disease, had better try Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. They will certainly never regret it. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

They that know one another, salute afar off.

A positive cure for liver and kidney troubles, constipation, sick and nervous headache and all blood diseases is "Moore's Tree of Life." Try it. Sold by Dr. A. Heintz.

God complains not, but doth what is fitting.

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