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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 XXV

THE ATTEMPT.

The last night that we ever spent together was a very quiet one. We sung but little—only the usual number of hymns in our worship. But we talked late and thoughtfully. We were never all to meet again in this world, and the shadow of the separation was already upon us.

The next day was long and tedious. All our usual exercises had lost their zest, and we could do little but discuss in low tones the coming effort. We would not risk an attack in the morning, for that would have given our enemies all day to search for us. It was far better to wait for evening, even if the day seemed well nigh endless. Slowly the sun rose up, reached the meridian and disappeared behind the jail. We watched the shadow slowly moving up the hill opposite our window till it had well nigh reached the line on the summit that usually marked our supper time. The hour was come! We shook hands with a strong, lingering clasp, for we knew not how many of us might be cold in death before the stars came out. Capt. Fry, who was tender hearted as a child, wept at the parting. He had two coats, and as he had immediate use for one only he loaned the other to me. It was a wonderful boon, for I was nearly destitute of clothing. Everything that we felt ought to be taken we secured about us, so as not to be in the way of the coming struggle. We still had on hand a lot of books belonging to Rev. George MacDonell, who had sent them in not long before. We had not dared to return them for fear of arousing suspicion, and I carefully piled them in the corner and wrote him a note thanking him for the use of them.

At length the noise of shuffling feet and the voices of the colored women who carried in our provision was heard in the hall—a sound always welcome, for we were hungry enough to make the coming of our miserable dinner a great event. The door was unlocked—only one was kept fastened in the daytime now—our food was handed in and the door locked as usual, while the company moved on to give rations to the other prisoners.

Again we heard the shuffling feet in the hall as the waiters returned. For a moment I felt a sharp, knifelike pang shoot to my heart. So keen was it that I thought for a moment that my physical strength was about to fail in this time of sore need—something that had never happened or even been feared before, for always in the presence of danger I had possessed more than usual power. But in an instant it passed away, and I looked about to see if all were at their post. A glance was enough to show that there would be no flinching. The men looked pale, but their teeth were firmly set, and they were leaning slightly forward like a horse straining on the bridle. If there was any fear it was that they would strike even too soon. As for Capt. Fry, whom I had seen weeping a few moments before, he was perfectly calm and his face wore a pleasant smile.

As the jailer unlocked and opened the door for the bread pans to be passed out, Fry stepped forward in such a manner that it could not be closed, and said very quietly as if it were the most natural thing in the world:

"A pleasant evening, Mr. Turner."

We had no thought of hurting the old man if it could possibly be avoided, and hoped to frighten him into surrendering and giving up the keys without any alarm.

"Yes, rather pleasant," responded he, in a dazed and bewildered manner. He could not understand what Fry had come out there for.

The action of the next few moments was so quick and under such a fever of excitement that accounts of both words and deeds vary widely. I have reconciled them as far as I can, not always following my own recollections when the preponderance of evidence is strongly against me.

"We are going to take a little walk this evening—we are going out of here," continued Fry, standing close to him, and looking in his eye to see the first symptom of a motion. I was by his side equally watchful. There was no fear of an alarm being given by the colored women. They were frightened nearly white, but were our friends, and had enough of their wits about them to remain silent.

Turner seemed undecided. "How about the guards?" he said in a feeble tone. We were nearly all in the entry now, for there had been a slow, almost unconscious edging forward, and half a dozen low, quick voices answered, "We'll attend to the guard, Mr. Turner."

"Well, you can go then," he said trembling, while his face seemed to grow even whiter, for our looks were not pleasant.

"Well, give us the keys, then, and you'll not be hurt," said Fry, while Buffum reached out his hand to take them.

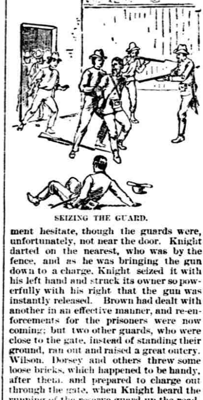
The action seemed to rouse Turner like an electric spark. "You can't do that," he said, and then sprang back, and opened his mouth in the cry, "Guar"—when my hand closed over his mouth and stifled the incipient alarm. It was scarcely fair, but in a moment the three of us were upon him. Fry had clasped him round the body and arms in no gentle embrace, Buffum had wrested away his keys, and was off like a shot and unlocked the doors as if his life depended upon it, while my hand had effectually stopped all noise. He bit my finger with all his might, but the teeth were not sharp enough to do any real injury, and the other bands were gliding down stairs.

Buffum unlocked all the doors easily till he came to the last one, in which were the four Union soldiers and the rebel deserter. Not one in the other rooms dared come forth! But the deserter was intensely anxious. He encouraged Buffum, saying, "Don't hurry, it will come in a moment." Finally it yielded, and the poor fellow flung himself out like a shot from a cannon and was soon in the front of the flight, but the four others remained inside.

One of the points about which there is a little difference of opinion among us is whether the attack on the guard below was not a few seconds too quick—a most natural error under the circumstances. If all the doors could have been first unlocked, and all who were willing to go have been ready, the jailer bound and gagged, and the whole number, led by those who had been appointed for the work, had burst upon the guard together, it is possible that the victory would have been more decisive and the number of escapes larger. But Knight thought, as he was gliding cautiously down the stairway, that there was a movement in the group of guards by the front gate indicating alarm. In this case the attack could not be delayed, and it was made with surpassing boldness and success.

Porter and Bensinger led at the back door. The former grabbed the gun of a guard that stood near, and jerked so hard that the guard, suddenly letting go, Porter fell flat, but was on his feet in a moment. Bensinger caught the sentinel who was disarmed and held him perfectly quiet. Another enemy was in the corner of the yard, and, seeing the rush, brought his gun up, but before he could take aim Porter's musket had covered him, and he was emphatically and briefly warned that any movement would forfeit his life. The third guard in the back yard was at once overpowered and knocked down, though not seriously injured, and in a moment the victory was completely won in this quarter. It was time, for matters had not gone as well in the front yard.

Knight and Brown went down the stairway as softly as cats, but the passage behind them was filled for a little time with those who were to make the attack at the back door, which left them without support, two men against four, and the latter armed. But they did not for a moment hesitate, though the guards were, unfortunately, not near the door. Knight darted on the nearest, who was by the fence, and as he was bringing the gun down to a charge. Knight seized it with his left hand and struck its owner so powerfully with his right that the gun was instantly released. Brown had dealt with another in an effective manner, and re-enforcements for the prisoners were now coming; but two other guards, who were close to the gate, instead of standing their ground, ran out and raised a great outcry. Wilson. Dorsey and others threw some loose bricks, which happened to be handy, after them, and prepared to charge out through the gate, when Knight heard the running of the reserve guard up the road, and, flinging away his musket, gave the word, "Boys, we've got to get out of this;" then, hurrying through the hall and down to the lower corner of the yard, was in a moment to the top of the fence, being the first over, but was closely followed by the others. The fence was nine or ten feet high and was no slight obstacle, but it was soon passed and then followed a most desperate and exciting chase.



SEIZING THE GUARD.

All of this took but a moment. The negro waiters had kept perfectly quiet, looking on the proceedings with the greatest interest, and only beginning to scream when the noise outside convinced them that they might as well contribute their share. Buffum had just succeeded in opening the last door, and flinging it wide with an impatient "There, now," when the thrilling outcry from below warned him that his own departure must be no longer delayed. Fry and myself had been engaged in securing the jailer, who, though old, was powerful, and fought vigorously, but had not finished when we were warned by the uproar that all thought of a quiet departure was at an end, and that there was no longer a motive in holding on to Turner. We all rushed down stairs as best we could, well knowing that we would now be last in the flight, which was not the post of safety. The deserter passed us all like a tiger on the leap—I never saw such speed in a narrow place—and getting to the back door found two guards awaiting him with bayonets at the charge. He seized one in each hand, cutting himself severely, but flinging them aside so forcibly that the men were very nearly overthrown, and then with the same swiftness continued over the fence and on to the woods, soon being in advance of all the fugitives. I learned that he escaped to Washington, but months after returning south secretly to visit his family, was captured, recognized and hanged.

Buffum followed after him and got over the fence with difficulty, but though a very brave man and a hard fighter, he was a poor runner. One Confederate, who was quite swift footed, kept right after him, gaining considerably, and threatening to shoot him if he did not stop. To this Buffum paid no attention, for a running man has an unsteady hand and no certain aim, but he soon stopped because of exhaustion, just as the man overtook him. Now Buffum thought it the right time to try his "Yankee wit;" so he threw himself down and said: "I am so done out that I can go no further; you run on and catch that fellow," pointing to a fugitive running a short distance ahead. But the man saw the design, and with a great oath declared that he had him now and meant to keep him. Poor Buffum was allowed a very brief time to rest, and then was marched back again to the prison. I have scarcely a doubt that if he had not waited to unlock the doors he would have made good his own escape.

Capt. Fry and myself were close together in going down the stairs, he being a little in advance. At a glance he saw there was no chance in the front yard—the way we had intended to take—and at once turned to the back door, which was left open by the passage of the rebel deserter. He got over the wall with little effort, but finding himself chased as Buffum had been, he used a little strategy. A good many shots were being fired in all directions, and he suddenly threw up his hands and fell flat. Those who were following him passed on after unwounded game, and when the way was clear he arose and resumed his course. He was seen again and had a most desperate chase, but reached the shelter of the friendly woods.

At no time in all my southern experience did I find defective vision to be such a dreadful misfortune as just now. My eyes were easily dazzled by a sudden increase of light, and as I came out of the obscurity into the broad light, for some seconds I could scarcely see at all. In this interval I was parted from Fry by running to the front door according to our original plan. There were two frightened guards in the gate tossing their guns about and seeming not to know what they should do. These were not dangerous looking and I ran up to them—for now the power of seeing had come back; but just as I was about darting out of the gate I saw the stream of guards outside. They called on me to surrender, but I was not ready for that and hurried back into the yard. A sentinel tried to shoot me at point blank range, but, fortunately, his gun failed to go off. I got back into the jail and now started out the back way—the course I should have taken at first. There were a number of guards in the back yard by this time, but in the confusion I got through them and to the top of the fence. What was my dismay to see a considerable number of self possessed soldiers outside waiting with lifted guns to shoot any one whose head might appear above the fence. I jumped very quickly down on the inside. One hope yet remained. I ran into the building and out at the front door, thinking that now the front gate might not be guarded, and that in this least likely way I might slip through. But it was vain; a large number of soldiers were on the ground and they were being carefully posted. I saw that the first panic and all the advantages of surprise were over. I ran back into the jail to try the back door once more, but a sentinel was now standing at it and several soldiers followed me into the building. I did not care whether they fired or not, for I now utterly despaired. I went up the stairway, the guards not molesting me, and looked out at the chase which was continuing over the adjacent hills.

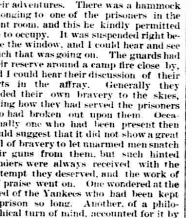
It was a wild and exciting spectacle. Company after company of soldiers came up. The bells of the city were ringing, and shots were being fired rapidly, while loud commands and screams were mingled. I feared that many of our number were or soon would be killed. Then I left the window and went to the front room where the prisoners of war were, and to my inexpressible surprise found that they had not gone out of their room at all! They said that there was too much risk in it—that it would not be possible for any one to get off.

Parrott and Reddick were captured inside the prison yard and Buffum outside. Bensinger, who had been so gallant in the struggle in the jailyard, had a fearful experience afterward. After the first race for the woods he was discovered by some men with dogs. For some three hours they pressed him sorely. He could get out of sight of the men, but the hounds clung to his trail, like bloodhounds as they were! When wearied almost to death, he found a stream of water, and by running for a long distance in that, was able at last to get away from them. But he was utterly exhausted in this long and critical chase, and, being alone, was in no fit condition for the terrible journey that lay before him.

The next evening he went to the negro quarters on a plantation and was received by the slaves with the sympathy they were always prepared to extend to fugitives. But the planter also saw his approach, and, coming unawares upon Bensinger, revolver in hand, forced his surrender. A messenger sent to Atlanta brought a company of cavalry very promptly, and we had the melancholy pleasure of welcoming back our comrade.

Mason was brought in shortly after, and the account stands: Six recaptured, and eight of our own party, with two others—Capt. Fry and the deserter—escaped. This was a better result than we had any good right to anticipate, when planning the attempt.

The most lamentable part of the story was the case of Barlow, a young East Tennessee soldier, who alone attempted to go with us. He was only 18, but brave and very amiable. No harm came to him in the fight, but in jumping down from the fence he broke his leg just above the ankle, and was dragged back to his cell in a very rough manner. No attention was paid to him till the next morning, and very little then. He died from the injury, after enduring great suffering.



FLIGHT TO THE WOODS.

From the window where I was I had a good view of the proceedings below. In a short time all the force of the place, including a regiment of cavalry, was drawn up in front of the jail. I heard Col. Lee directing the pursuit. He was in a towering passion, and shouted out his orders in a very angry tone. Said he: "Don't take one of the villains alive. Shoot them down and let them lie in the woods." He ordered pickets to be placed at the ferries of the Chattahoochee, along the railroads and at all cross roads. I was glad to hear such arrangements, for these were the very places we had agreed to avoid!

All night long the guard talked over their adventures. There was a hammock belonging to one of the prisoners in the front room, and this he kindly permitted me to occupy. It was suspended right before the window, and I could hear and see much that was going on. The guards had their reserve around a camp fire close by, and I could hear their discussion of their parts in the affray. Generally they landed their own bravery to the skies, telling how they had served the prisoners who had broken out upon them. Occasionally one who had been present then would suggest that it did not show a great deal of bravery to let unarmed men snatch their guns from them, but such hinted slanders were always received with the contempt they deserved, and the work of self praise went on. One wondered at the speed of the Yankees who had been kept in prison so long. Another, of a philosophical turn of mind, accounted for it by saying that they had received so much practice in running away in all the battles they had fought, that it was no wonder they were fleet of foot! This sally received prodigious applause!

This was a doleful night. As I heard one after another of the guards tell how he had shot one of the prisoners, how another had been wounded and had no doubt crawled off somewhere to die, and speak of the great preparation for the search, it did seem very doubtful whether any would survive.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JOURNEYING TO THE UNION LINES.

The next morning the jailer put me back in the room I had occupied with the remainder of my comrades. I was much amused when he told me that a man had put his hand over his mouth and nearly smothered him, but he added, with great seeming satisfaction: "I bit his finger terribly, and gave the rascal a mark he will carry to his grave." However, he had not bitten as severely as he supposed, as I had received only a slight scratch that healed in a week or two. I had always been rather a favorite with him, and he had no suspicion that I was the guilty person, as his fright had prevented him from observing anything closely. He spoke in strong complaint of the ingratitude of our companions, saying that he had been kind to them, and this was the return he got for it. While we remained with him he watched more closely, though he supposed he was flattering us by saying that he had no doubt the men who had gone off were much worse than we.

Some time in the forenoon several officers came to see us in no mild humor, and one roughly demanded the course our boys intended to travel. I had no delicacy whatever about giving the information; I even took a good deal of pleasure in telling him that they had said that Atlanta was in the middle of what was left of the Confederacy, and that they were going to travel toward the outside! The officer was so well satisfied with this information that he asked no more questions!

But it was a herculean task upon which our brave boys had entered, and my statement to the marshal was literally correct, though it could be of little use to him. I cannot look back upon what they did without thinking that in dangers encountered and obstacles overcome, the proudest exploits of Livingstone or Stanley were not superior.

A whole volume would be required for the adventures in detail of these different parties, but some brief account seems needful for the completeness of our story. The different narratives have been furnished me for publication by the parties themselves, or are condensed and revised from accounts published by them, some very near the time of the return of the fugitives. The story in each case was of such extraordinary character that local newspapers were glad of the privilege of laying it before their readers. These different accounts have been carefully compared, and any paragraphs which have only passing or local interest have been omitted.

The first story is that of our engineers, and is furnished by Knight, with a few additional items by his companion, Brown. They were the foremost of the whole party in the run for the woods, as they had been in attacking the guard. Knight says:

We started for the woods that were about a mile distant. We ran through gardens or anything else that came in the way, kicking the pickets off several garden fences as the easiest way to get over them. To say we were tired out when we reached the woods does not half express our condition. The woods was but narrow, and we only stopped there long enough to catch our wind, and then pressed on again. Mason, Dorsey and Hawkins were now with us. We next entered a big field, in the middle of which was a deep ravine with brush grown up in it. Here we rested and took our bearings, and then traveled on. Mason now began to get sick, but we worked him along till dark; then through the night we moved along slowly, secreting ourselves a good share of the time.

During the day we hid, but some men caused us to change our position once or twice to avoid them. The second night we also made but little progress on account of Mason's sickness, and after hiding all day again, we still found him no better. We held a consultation, Mason urging us to leave him to his fate and save ourselves. But we decided not to leave him in the woods, at any rate.

We selected a house that was on a little cross road between two main roads, about a mile apart, and with woods near. So Brown and I went to the house and asked for lodging, telling the man that one of our number was sick. He did not wish to keep us, but we told him we were going to stay, as we could go no further. He yielded and gave us our supper. Mason was put to bed, and we staid up with him part of the night, and then went to bed ourselves and had a good sleep. We had not yet determined what to do, but we ate our breakfast in a back kitchen, and then went into the large house to get our hats. Just then three men walked in. They talked a little time about the weather and the war, and we began to edge toward the door. They asked us if we had not broken jail in Atlanta. We told them that we had. Then they advised us to surrender, saying that the ferries and roads were all guarded, and that part of our comrades had been shot down in the woods, and that they had come to take us. Brown said: "No, we won't; now you see if we do." We jumped out of the back door and made for the neighboring wood, jumping the fence and running like two deer. They ran out at the front door and round the end of the house, calling, "Halt, halt!" but we did not halt. We had no choice but to abandon Mason, who was taken back to Atlanta the same day. We undertook to cut across the road to get in behind them, as we feared to cross the open plantation; but we failed and had to take the risk. The old fellow with whom we had stayed turned his hounds loose and put them on our trail. We had a big hill to go down and then one to go up before we could reach the woods. We put in our best licks, and could hear the hounds coming their best. We got down the hill and across the flat, and were climbing the hill, when we saw that the hounds were about to overtake us, and we prepared for battle by stopping in a stony place and getting a pile of rocks ready. We waited for them to come close up, and took them at short range. We rolled them down the hill, and then, as the southerners used to say after a battle: "We won the victory, but we evacuated the ground;" for by this time we could see our three callers coming around the road near by, on horseback, to get ahead of us. We got to the woods as soon as possible, and when we were out of sight changed our course so as to get away from the horsemen. They got part of their hounds rallied so that they would follow along and howl on our track, but they could not be made to close up on us any more. After awhile we would see these horsemen heading us off again, and then we would cut in another direction, and the hounds would give them our course again. About noon we came to a small stream of water. We plunged into that, and would stoop down and take up our hands full of water and drink as we ran. We kept in the bed of that stream for a couple of hours, and then the hounds lost track of us. Soon after we reached Stone mountain, about eighteen miles east of Atlanta, and went on the north side of it and concealed ourselves in the grass till dark, when we picked out the north star and traveled by it.

VICTORY OVER THE BLOODHOUNDS.

For twenty days we traveled by night and hid by day. Each day, for several days, we could see them after us, sometimes with dogs. For six days after we left Mason we were without a bite to eat save what the woods furnished, such as nuts, bark, buds, etc. On the seventh day we were going along a little stream that had willows on both sides, and which ran through a field we wished to cross, as there were mountains on the other side, and we thought we could get on their slope and be traveling in the day time. We had great good fortune here, for we found two ears of corn on the bank and a flock of geese in the creek, one of which we captured by means of the corn, and then getting into the mountains we commenced to pick our goose. If anybody ever picked a goose without scalding, they know what kind of a job we had! When we got tired we took each a leg and pulled it in two! then we went along eating our raw goose, taking first a bite of it, then of corn. That goose lasted several days!

On the tenth day we reached the Chattahoochee river. There was a rail fence alongside of the woods, and we took two large rails, crossed them near one end, lashed them fast with bark, and putting our clothes on the highest end, we floated at the other till we got across. We took a good sleep in the thick cane break on the other side.

The next evening we came to a drove of small pigs and began to figure for one. Finally I stood behind a tree with a club; Brown bit off little pieces of apple and pitched to the pigs; and soon one little fellow commenced to pick up the pieces; then Brown kept working backward till he passed the tree where I stood, and when the pig followed up I shot him with my stick! Previous to this we found an iron strap that had fastened a shovel to its handle, and one part of it had been worn thin. This was rubbed up a little on a stone and it made a very good butcher knife. We split the pig, and with each a half ran up the side of the mountain, and waited till dark for a wonderful feast! We could see over the farm where there was a fire burning out in a back field, and we went there and roasted pig most of the night. Then we had one of those feasts you read about! That pig lasted us till we struck the Hiwassee river in the corner of North Carolina. Here we had thought we could run a boat down by night and hide in the day time. But when we saw the river we changed our mind, for it was a swift stream, full of great rocks, where we could not have run a canoe by daylight. But we tried to cross, and each picked out a rock that we intended to reach. I plunged in and missed my rock, as the current swept my feet away while I tried to put my hands on it. I looked to see what had become of Brown after I had got on a flat stone much further down the river than I intended. He was sitting on a stone laughing at me, though I did not see where the laugh came in. He asked me to wait and see if he could get that far down! He started, and landed far below me, and did not feel so much like laughing!

But the tug of war came when we were on the other side, for now we had to cross the mountains which we had been traveling lengthwise before—mountains "it took two men and a boy to see to the top of it!" It was so rough that we were four days going eight miles.

In a deep mountain valley beside a river we met two men armed to the teeth. We all stopped as if we had been shot, but quickly moved on again. We simply spoke when we met, and all seemed glad to get by without anything more to do with each other. Soon we came to a small log cabin, the door of which was fast. We waited a long time to see if anybody came, and as none did, we concluded to investigate it. Brown stood guard, and I climbed down the wide outside chimney and found nothing inside but two ears of corn. I went up the ladder and there was a bed all made up ready for a person to get in. I turned down the covers and found a rifle and all the furniture but powder; and as there was none of that I did not care to take it. But I carried the two ears of corn out of the chimney with me. There was fire in some of the stumps on the mountains and we roasted the corn, and that was our supper. We went down the river a little further and camped for the night.

BROWN AND KNIGHT CAPTURING A PIG.

The next morning we continued down the river, making good progress, for now the trail was better; when suddenly, around a sharp bend, we came to a large house with two men sitting on the porch. We concluded to go up to them and ask how far it was to Cleveland, and maybe we could get something to eat. When we hailed and asked, one of the men came down to us and told us it was sixty miles. Then we asked for some dinner, telling him that we were sick soldiers. He said we could have some dinner, but for his part he was opposed to the war. We were, too!

We got to some water and some soap, which improved our appearance a good deal, and finally dinner was ready. There were two ladies, one old and the other young. The old lady was one of the kind that do a good deal of thinking and say just what they think. After we were down at the table, she said she wished the Yankees would get there, so that they could get some Lincoln coffee. Then I said that I wished so, too. Then she accused us directly of being Yankees ourselves, and as we concluded that those two men could not arrest us anyway, we said that we were Union soldiers, and belonged to the party called "engine thieves." They had all heard of that raid, and now made us welcome indeed! They invited us to stay a week and rest up. We were willing, if we could be secreted somewhere. They told us that they could hide us where the "first great rebel" could not find us. I told them that was just where I wanted to go!

We had a good time, being kept in the back room during the afternoon. They put a large dog out on picket, and we told them army stories and sung songs till dark. Finally the dog barked and then stopped. They told us not to be uneasy, as the dog's master was coming. They told him whom they had in the back room, and he came in and took us by the hands, and laughed and cried, and told us some hard tales about his being imprisoned because he was for the Union.

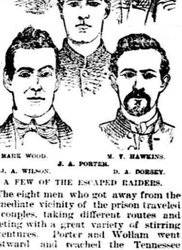
It was now settled that we should stay for a few days. A large basket of grub was prepared, and their boy, pretending to be going coon hunting, made ready a large torch. We were to follow a short distance behind, with quilts and provisions. We first went down the river, and then turned up the mountain and went up, up, till I thought we would never get to the top. We turned into another ravine and again went up, up, till we came to a solid wall across our ravine. It looked as if the top of the mountain had slid down and barred the passage. Our guide turned a little to the left, and among the bushes he got down and showed us a hole big enough to crawl in. He entered with his torch and we followed. There was a good sized room in the cave, and he said we could have all the fire we wanted, and halloa as loud as we pleased without danger. It did look as if the Evil One would have quite a task to find us here. Then he gave us countersigns and promised to come again, and left us to enjoy our good fortune alone. We began to eat the provisions brought along, and continued till it was nearly gone. We would eat and lie down, but get hungry again before going to sleep and eat some more. Finally we quit lest our friend should not come back in time; but he did, and brought plenty of food with him.

For five days we were fed and rested in this safe retreat; then our kind friend took us down again to the river and gave us a guide whom we followed over the mountains. After a long time I noticed a light in the woods and that he was making for it. There we found an old house standing alone and surrounded by the forests. When we got to the door my guide opened it, and to my surprise it was full of men. They told us to come in, for we were among friends. We had a good handshake all around, and then one old man asked us if we had any money. We told him we had not. He said that our looks showed that we had no clothes, and turning to the company he said, "We must get them clothes and money, for men cannot travel without them." We were taken to a barn and kept till the next night, and were then given a suit of clothes (this was the first they had received since leaving the Union army) and $10 each, and a guide who was to receive $30 for taking us three nights' journey.

This placed us across the Tennessee river, when we were sent with instructions from one house to another.

This was comparatively easy traveling, and we passed rapidly and safely on till we reached our own lines. We had spent forty-seven days and nights passing over some of the roughest country that ever laid out of doors!

The rough and simple language of this sketch covers a truly heroic achievement. The devotion to their sick comrade, who was, in spite of all, returned to us in prison, and gave an account of their adventures that far, led to their singular battle with the hounds and the still more terrible race in which they escaped from horsemen and dogs.



A FEW OF THE ESCAPED RAIDERS.

The eight men who got away from the immediate vicinity of the prison traveled in couples, taking different routes and meeting with a great variety of stirring adventures. Porter and Wollam went westward and reached the Tennessee river, down which they floated in a boat, making a land circuit to avoid mussel shoals, till they reached Corinth, in Mississippi, on the 18th of November, having been a month and two days on their perilous routes.

Dorsey and Hawkins pursued a route similar in general direction to the last, but keeping a little further west. They were entangled in the outposts of Bragg's army, then on its retreat from Kentucky, and very narrowly escaped capture. They also were greatly helped by the Union people of East Tennessee, and without such aid would very probably have died with cold and hunger in the mountains. They and all the others were received by their army comrades and relatives as men risen from the dead.

But the most surprising and longest but easiest route was that taken by Wood and Wilson. The former was so sick that it is not probable he could in any other way have been saved at all. They struck southwest till they encountered the Chattahoochee river, when, seizing a boat, they paddled down the stream night after night, hiding by day, till they reached the Gulf of Mexico, when they stood boldly out to sea in their frail craft and were fortunate enough to find our blockading fleet. Of their emotions on once more beholding the old flag it is useless to speak; all who were prisoners during the war will understand it, and no others can! They reached Key West Nov. 12, and were the first of the party to send home a full account of their adventures, which is still on file in the war department.

A few words will finish the story of the six of us who were so unfortunate as to be recaptured. We expected nothing less than instant death; but instead of that we were taken to the Atlanta barracks, then under charge of an officer who had been in the regular United States army, from whom we received more humane treatment than had been before accorded us within the limits of the Confederacy. Here we remained two months, and were then forwarded to Richmond, Va. We spent only about two hours in Libby prison, but were more than three months in Castle Thunder, where our sufferings were often very great. Food was but little above the starvation point. No clothes were given us by the Confederacy, and we were almost naked. Many died around us, and in the very rooms with us, of smallpox and other deadly diseases, but our lives were strangely preserved, though several of our number were very sick. We never were called on to face another court martial. There was much talk of exchange, but our hopes in that direction were so often disappointed that we almost ceased to hope.

At length, on the 17th of March, 1863, we received the joyful tidings that a special political exchange had been concluded, which, by the insistance of Secretary Stanton, had been made to include us. No words can describe our joy when we at last found that it was actually true, and that our year of horror was over and we once more under the old flag.

(To be Continued.)

GRANDPA'S BARN.

Oh, a jolly old place is grandpa's barn,
  Where the doors stand open throughout the day,
And the cooing doves fly in and out,
  And the air is sweet with fragrant hay.

Where the grain lies over the slippery floor,
  And the hens are busily looking around,
And the sunbeams flicker, now here, now there,
  And the breeze blows through with a merry
    sound.

The swallows twitter and chirp all day,
  With fluttering wings in the old brown eaves,
And the robins sing in the trees which lean
  To brush the roof with their rustling leaves.

—Dumb Animals.

LINCOLN'S TENDER CONSCIENCE.

A Branch of Legal Practice Which He Never Tried to Learn—An Incident.

Although Mr. Lincoln was my senior by eighteen years, in one important particular, I certainly was, in a marvelous degree, his acknowledged superior. One of the first things I learned, after getting fairly under way as a lawyer, was to charge well for legal services—a branch of the practice that Mr. Lincoln never could learn. In fact, the lawyers of the circuit often complained that his fees were not at all commensurate with the service rendered. He at length left that branch of the business wholly to me; and to my tender mercy clients were turned over to be slaughtered according to my popular and more advanced ideas of the dignity of our profession. This soon led to serious and shocking embarrassment.

Early in our practice a gentleman named Scott placed in my hands a case of some importance. He had a demented sister who possessed property to the amount of $10,000, mostly in cash. A conservator, as he was called, had been appointed to take charge of the estate, and we were employed to resist a motion to remove the conservator. A designing adventurer had become acquainted with the girl, knowing that she had money, and sought to marry her—hence the motion. Scott, the brother and conservator, before we entered upon the case, insisted that I should fix the amount of the fee. I told him that it would be $250, adding, however, that he had better wait; it might not give us much trouble, and in that event a lesser amount would do. He agreed at once to pay $250, as he expected a hard contest over the motion. The case was tried inside of twenty minutes. Our success was complete. Scott was satisfied, and cheerfully paid over the money inside the bar, Mr. Lincoln looking on. Scott then went out and Mr. Lincoln asked:

"What did you charge that man?" I told him $250.

Said he: "Lamon, that is all wrong. The service was not worth that sum; give him back at least half of it."

I protested that the fee was fixed in advance; that Scott was perfectly satisfied, and had so expressed himself.

"That may be," retorted Lincoln, with a look of distress and of undisguised displeasure; "but I am not satisfied. This is positively wrong. Go, call him back and return half the money at least, or I will not receive one cent of it for my share."

I did go, and Scott was astonished when I handed back half the fee. This conversation had attracted the attention of the lawyers and the court. Judge David Davis, then on our circuit bench, called Mr. Lincoln to him. The judge never could whisper, but in this instance he probably did his best. At all events, in attempting to whisper to Mr. Lincoln he trumpeted his rebuke in about these words, and in rasping tones that could be heard all over the court room: "Lincoln, I have been watching you and Lamon. You are impoverishing this bar by your picayune charges of fees, and the lawyers have reason to complain of you. You are now almost as poor as Lazarus, and if you don't make people pay you more for your services you will die as poor as Job's turkey!"

Judge O. L. Davis, the leading lawyer in that part of the state, promptly applauded this malediction from the bench, but Mr. Lincoln was immovable. "That money," said he, "comes out of the pocket of a poor demented girl, and I would rather starve than to swindle her in this manner."

That evening the lawyers got together and tried Mr. Lincoln before a moot tribunal called "The Ogmathorial Court." He was found guilty and fined for his awful crime against the pockets of his brethren of the bar. The fine he paid with great good humor, and then he kept the crowd of lawyers in uproarious laughter until after midnight. He persisted in his revolt, however, declaring that with his consent his firm should never during its life, or after its dissolution, deserve the reputation enjoyed by those shining lights of the profession, "Catchem and Cheatem." —Ward Lamon's Letter.

To Prevent Collisions.

Two German inventors are credited with having devised an arrangement in the shape of an automatic electric alarm bell calculated to prevent the collision of two trains on the same track. More than this, the invention enables a train in motion to remain in telegraphic communication with the station at either end, in about the same way as do the Phelps and Edison telegraphs. Finally, the invention admits of the transmission of dispatches to passengers in the train, and enables the roadmaster to ascertain at any time whether the track is clear without being obliged to inquire of the neighboring stations —Chicago Herald.

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a woman in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—get a free trial bottle at Dowty & Becher's drug store.

The thorns come forth with the point forward.

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

To steal the hog, and give the feet for alms.

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One grain fills not a sack, but helps his fellows.

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Every path hath a puddle.

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In the house of a fiddler, all fiddle.

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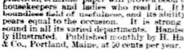

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