Gastonia Gazette. The

ESTABLISHED IN 1880.

Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

ESTABLISHED IN 1888.

No. 2

(J. T. BIGHAM & CO.,) Vol. IX. PROPRIETORS.

Gastonia, N. C.: January 13, 1888.

The city of Philadeiphia owns a vacant lots that are appraised at three hundred thonsand dollars.

An old gentleman living near Harnett county was awakened from sleep a few nights ago to find a rat sitting on his face just beside his nose.

DARING AND SUFFERING.

A History of the Andrews Railroad Raid Into Georgia in 1862.

The Most Heroic and Tragic Episodo of the Civil War.

Embracing a Full and Accurate Account of the Secret Journey to the Heart of the Confederacy, the Capture of a Railway Train in a Confederate Camp, the Terrible Chase That Followed, and the Subsequent Fortunes of the Lender and His Party.

The expedition, in the daring of its inception, had the willness of a romance; while in the gigantic and overwhelming results it sought and was likely to obtain it was absolutely sul JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL HOLT'S OFFICIAL RE-

It was all the deepest laid scheme, and on the grandest scale, that ever emanated from the brains of any number of Yankees combined.-THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY (ATLANTA, GA.), April 15, 1862.

Despite its tragic termination, it shows what a handful of brave meli could undertake in Amer-ica.--C. atta DE PARIS' HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA, vol. 2, p. 187.

By WILLIAM PITTENGER. A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION.

[Copyrighted, 1887, by War Publishing Co., N. Y., and published by arrangement with them.]

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 asso-ciation 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 y dug within a few feet 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 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 An drews-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 Ress, 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 focs. Capt. Fuller had attended many military executions during the war, for such things were fearfully frequent or 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 confessionsome 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 dispassionale earnestness was such as became a man on the threshold of another world.

ing 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. solitary. 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 hope-less 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 prinutes 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 com-ing 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 arcely less than their comrades. 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 sen-tence 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 tween 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 For hours I scarcely could realize where I was of 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. 1 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 pe titions. 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, 1 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 praving 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 or

the part of any; but when it is remem bered that in the forenoon we had amused ourselves by all kind of games, that pro fane words and jests were not uncommon and that we would have been ashamed t 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

It is an interesting fact, which the ra tionalist may explain as he will, that from the time of that long prison prayer meeting-from early afternoon to midnightthe fortunes of our party began to im prove. There were fearful trials still be fore us, not much inferior to any that we had passed; we long held our lives by the frailest thread; yet tll 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 alway 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 "Nettle 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 Meth

law reigned. But at once the self re-sponse was clear, "What kind of sponse was clear, "What kind of obedience is this?" I saw that I was not sincere in proposing to enlist under Christ as my captain, unless I would really obey him. It would be a poor allegiance that stopped short with the things I wanted to do. For a long time I could not pass this point. The difficulty when communicated to my prison companions seemed utterly absurd. 'Try to serve God in the prison, where

you are," they said with a rough plausibility, "and don't bother about preaching, being a lawyer, or anything else, when you get out, for you never will get out." This seemed good advice, but it would not bring a serene mind or the victory over the fear of death which I so much desired. One after another of those in the prison found the comfort I lacked; and it was not till wearied and worn out with the struggle that I vowed if God would only give me his peace, I would serve him as sincerely in the prison or out of it as I had tried to serve my country, and in any way that he might direct. Oh! that this vow had been always more faithfully kept!

From this time I did have a steady conviction that I was on the Lord's side, and that I had a right to commit myself and my life to his keeping. The prison did not prove a palace; its discomforts were still felt keenly, and the prospect of death by the gallows did not appear more invit-ing. I would not have been the less ready to make any desperate venture for escape; but I had a hope which went beyond the prison and the scaffold-beyond any contingency of earthly fortune, while it did not take away any real earthly good.

We all remember with deepest grati-tude the Rev. George G. N. MacDonell, one of those who attended our comrades on the day of death. We did not see either of the clergymen then, or know who they were, or, indeed, that there was such attendance until long after. Whether Rev. Mr. Scott did visit us or not I am unable to state with positiveness. A minister came, and I was afterward told that his name was Scott, but he may have been another person, as I think this one was not a resident of the city. The interview in this latter case was unpleasant. The preacher had been brought in by our old jailer on the very natural presumption that persons who prayed and sung so much would like to meet a clergyman. He promised the officer of the guard that he promised the oncer of the guard that he would talk only about religion. But his first question built up an impassable barrier between us. He asked how we could be so wicked as to some down there and fight against the south and try to overturn their government? We had been trying to repent of our sins, but had not not for a that particular one wat and got so far as that particular one yet, and answered a little tartly by asking how he and his friends could be so wicked as to rebel against a good government. He answered by a reference to the north trying to overthrow slavery, and I asked him if it was possible that he, a minister, was an apologist for slavery! It hap-pened that he was a zealous defender of the institution and very sensitive on this point; and so much noise was soon made in the discussion that the guard removed him. He did not come any But our interview and quaintance with Rev. Mr. MacDonell was of a very different character, though it also opened unpromisingly. In his first prayer he petitioned very earnestly that our lives might be spared if consistent with the good of the Confederacy! This offended some of us, but the better opinion was that if sincere in his loyalty to the rebel authority, he could hardly have prayed differently. So kind was he to us afterward that some thought he might possibly be a Union man in real sentiments; but he has since assured me that he was not in the slightest degree, and that all he did for us was at the dictates of humanity and religion. We had a very pleas ant interview. He gave us valuable coun-sel, and I felt it a great privilege to talk over religious questions with one so intelligent and sympathetic. When he left he promised to send us some books, and did not forget to promptly forward them. These we took good care of, read thor-oughly to all in the room and then returned, asking for more. These he generally gave, and we thus continued till we had read nearly his whole library. Those only who know what a dreadful weariness it is to pass days without any definite employment can realize the great boon these good books bestowed on us. It made the prison room a veritable school; and in view of our religious efforts the character of the books was just what we would most have desired. I did not care, as in Knoxville, for law books, but the fact that many, though not all, of the minister's books were of a theological and religious cast only made them the more welcome. This Atlanta jail was my theological seminary!

knew of the danger it indicated at the time indirectly. Our guard was strength-ened; 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 hesita tion, 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 jail : 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 desperat

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 moment

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 neafly 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 hart," said Fry, while Buffum eached 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 month and stifled the incipient alarm. It was scarcely fair, but in a moment the three of us were upor 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

word, "Boys, we've got to get out of this;" then, hurrying through the hall this;" then, hurrying through the hall and down to the lower corner of the yard, was in a moment to the top of the fer being the first over, but was closely followed by the others. The fence was nine or ten feet high and was no slight obsta-cle, but it was soon passed and then fol-lowed a most desperate and exciting chase

(ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF PER ANNUM,]

IN ADVANCE.

All of this took but a moment. The negro waiters had kept perfectly quiet, looking on the proceedings with the great-est 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 bes 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 hin severely, but flinging them aside so, forcibly that the men were very nearly over-thrown, 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 cap tured, recognized and hanged.

Buffum followed after him and got over build in 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," point-ing 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 the

he would have made good his own except Capt. Fry and myself were close to gether in going down the stairs, he being a little in advance. At a glance he saw there was no chance in the front yardce he saw



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 re-gret 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 leavodist 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 i 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 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, th only one of our number who had a clean

religious faith, and seemed to be happy in His first answer was very striking. asked how he felt about death. He though 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 nt to macti

CHAPTER XXIV. A DARING ESCAPE PLANNED.

From the very beginning of our imprisonment we had thought and planned about escape. A very hopeful scheme had been foiled at Chattanooga by the separation of the band when the twelve were sent to Knoxville. Andrews and Wollam had actually gotten outside the prison wallsthe latter remaining at large for many days. How to escape was one topic of conversation which never lost its interest. We felt that if once more in the open air our chance of reaching our lines in the clear October weather, and with the abundant supplies in the fields, would be far greater than in the spring. We went over all the errors committed on first leaving the train, and each gave all others the benefit of all the knowledge of geography he possessed.

But in many other respects we were less favorably situated now for an escape than we had ever been before. The distance was greater to be traversed, for Gen. Buell had been forced back almost to the Ohio river. Our own number was diminished by death. We were all weakened by more than six months of terrible imprisonment, and some of our best men were too sick to take a very active part in the struggle, while a strong guard was constantly on duty and we were in a strongly barred and locked upper room in the edge of a city , which was almost in the center of the Confederacy.

But we resolved at every hazard to make an attempt if there should be the slightest intimation of an intention to bring us before another court martial. It was better to die on the bayonets of the guards than on the scaffold.

Long before this, when utterly wearied with captivity, we wrote a letter to Jefferson Davis-still preserved in the government archives-stating our case from our own point of view. This brought no response. More recently we wrote again to Gen. Bragg, commanding the department in which we were. This had been forwarded, step by step, to the president of the Confederacy, bringing from him a savage question as to why we had not al been executed like our comrades! This letter and its numerous indorsements are published in the War Records. We only

to be pitted against loaded muskets and bayonets, and the issue left to the God of battles. We had also chosen our comrades an

rontes. We were to travel in pairs and in every direction. Capt Fry was to be my partier, 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 suc cess, 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.

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 118.

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 be hind 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 through the gate, when Knight heard the thought for a moment that my physical running of the reserve guard up the road, strength was about to fail in this time

were not sharp enough to do any real injury, and the other bands were gliding down stairs. Buffum unlocked all the doors easily till

me to the last one, in-

but the four others remained inside.

passing boldness and success.

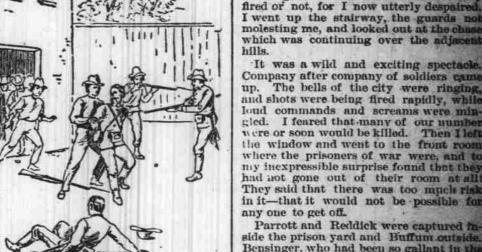
"Don't hurry, it will co

the way we had i once turned to the back doc left open by the passerter. He got over

Finally it yielded, and the poor fellow flung himself out like a shot from a cangame, and when the way was arose and resumed his course. He was non and was soon in the front of the flight chase, but reached the shelter of th One of the points about which there is a friendly woods. little difference of opinion among us is

At no time in all my southern expe-rience 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 whether the attack on the guard below was not a few seconds too quick-a mos natural error under the circumstances. If all the doors could have been first un locked, and all who were willing to go obscurity into the broad light, for son have been ready, the jailer bound and gagged, and the whole number, led by 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 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 es guns about and seeming not to know what they should do. These were not danger capes Jarger. But Knight thought, as he was gliding cautiously down the stairous looking and I ran up to them—for i the power of seeing had come back; just as I was about darting out of gate I saw the stream of guards onth They called on me to surrender, bu was not ready for that and hurried b way, that there was a movement in the group of guards by the front gate indicat ing alarm. In this case the attack could not be delayed, and it was made with sur-Porter and Bensinger led at the back into the yard. A sentinel tried to she me at point blank range, but, fori nately, his gun failed to go off. got back into the jail and now start 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. out the back way-the course should have taken at first. There were Bensinger caught the sentinel who was disarmed and held him perfectly quiet. number of guards in the back yard by this time, but in the confusion I go Another enemy was in the corner of the yard, and, seeing the rush, brought his gun up, but before he could take aim Porthrough them and to the top of the What was my dismay to see a consid able number of self. possessed sold outside waiting with lifted guns to sho ter's musket had covered him, and he was emphatically and briefly warned that any outside waiting with might appear a any one whose head might appear a movement would forfeit his life. The third guard in the back yard was at once overthe fence. I jumped very quickly down on the inside. One hope yet remained. ran into the building and out at the from door, thinking that now the front gate might not be guarded, and that in this powered and knocked down, though not seriously injured, and in a moment the victory was completely won in this quar ter. It was time, for matters had not

gone as well in the front yard. least likely way I might alip through But it was vain; a large number of sol diers were on the ground and they were Knight and Brown went down the stairway as softly as cats, but the passage behind them was filled for a little time being carefully posted. I saw that the first panic and all the advantages of sur-prise were over. I ran back into the jail to try the back door once more, but a sentinel was now standing at it and with those who were to make the attack at the back door, which left thom without support, two men against four, and the latter armed. But they did not for a moseveral soldiers followed me into the building. I did not care whether the



SEIZING THE GUARD.

ment 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

ing away h

Parrott and Reddick were captured h side the prison yard and Buffum out 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 so men with dogs. For some three they pressed him sorely. He could out of sight of the men, but the he clung to his trail, like bloodhonnds they were! When wearied almost death, he found a stream of wate by running for a long distance in the was able at last to get away from they But he was utterly exhausted in this lon and critical chase, and, being alone, we in no fit condition for the terrible journe that has before him that lay before him.

The bells of the city were ring

The next evening he went to the n quarters on a plantation and was re by the slaves with the sympathy if were always prepared to extend to fu-tives. But the planter also saw his

