ONE of the most chivalric and daring deeds performed during the civil war in America, was enacted by a band of twenty-four young men in Georgia in the month of April, 1862.

General O. M. Mitchel was then marching across the State of Tennessee, having descended from the Ohio, and was aiming for Chattanooga, a strategic point of great importance. There was a very important railroad which ran from Memphis, on the Mississippi River, to Charleston, South Carolina, on the Atlantic coast. This road passed through the important points of Corinth, Huntsville, Chattanooga, and Atlanta, Georgia.

General Mitchel, with his division, was at
the time lying at Murfreesborough, and was moving on to Shelbyville, a very pleasant town on Duck River. The rebels held Chattanooga and the railroad from that place to Atlanta. Thus troops and munitions of war could easily be transported from one of these important points to the other. Could we succeed in cutting the railroad between these two points and in destroying the bridges we might then seize Chattanooga before reinforcements could be sent from Atlanta for its relief. We should thus gain possession of all of East Tennessee. The rebel army would be cut in two. And, indeed, injury would be inflicted which seemed almost to threaten the very existence of the Confederacy.

It was not possible at that time to send an army by a long march to attack the rebels, who were stationed in considerable force along the road, and to take it from them by main force. The most feasible plan was to send a detachment of bold men, in the common dress of the country, on a secret expedition to burn the bridges. The only way in which this daring exploit could be accomplished was for the adventurers to work their way through the rebel lines to Atlanta, there seize by surprise a locomotive, urge it at its fullest speed toward Chattanooga, stopping only to apply the torch to the bridges behind them, and to rush on by Chattanooga till they reached a point of safety within our army lines near Huntsville, to which point General Mitchel was rapidly moving.

A deed of more perilous and romantic courage has perhaps never been undertaken. The results to be attained were commensurate with the hazards of the adventure. The Southern Confederacy, a prominent rebel journal, commenting upon the enterprise, says:

"The mind and heart shrink back appalled at the bare contemplation of the awful consequences which would have followed the success of this one act. We doubt whether the victory of Manassas or Corinth were worth as much to us as the frustration of this one coup d'état. It is not by any means certain that the annihilation of Beauregard's whole army at Corinth would have been so fatal to us as would have been the burning of the bridges at that time by these men."

Twenty-four young men of established reputation for intelligence and bravery were selected for the chivalric adventure. In parties of two and three, in citizen's dress, they met at an appointed rendezvous in a grove near Shelbyville, Tennessee. It was Monday the 10th of April, 1862. Here they matured their plans. Assuming that they were Kentuckians, disguised with the Government of Abraham Lincoln, and that they were seeking an asylum in the South, they broke up into squads of three or four and traversed as rapidly as possible the sparsely settled country to rendezvous on Thursday, the 13th, at Chattanooga, in the midst of one of the thronging encampments of the rebels. The distance to be traveled on foot was a little over one hundred miles. Through multiplied difficulties and many hair-breadth escapes they worked their way along over the rugged spurs of the Cumberland mountains until they reached the Tennessee River, nearly opposite Chattanooga.

There was a horse ferry-boat there, and a great and motley crowd of people drawn by curiosity or the exigencies of war were waiting to be conveyed across. After many embarrassments the adventurers succeeded in crossing the river, having eluded all the surveillance of the patrols and guards. The news had just reached Chattanooga that General Mitchel had taken possession of Huntsville, on the railroad, scarcely one hundred miles west of their encampment. These tidings created great excitement and almost consternation in the rebel ranks. Chattanooga had been until about that time a small, unknown village, buried from the world in the midst of towering mountains, and situated on the eastern or rather southern bank of the Tennessee. The little town presented an air of great tumult and bustle, crowded as it then was with soldiers and civilians and all the followers of an army.

Our adventurers, mingling with the crowd and wearing the common dress of the country, hastened to the dépôt, purchased their tickets for Atlanta and entered the cars. Some of their comrades had arrived earlier, and had already taken a train of cars for Marietta, but a few miles this side of Atlanta. It was late in the afternoon. The cars were crowded mostly with soldiers, so that there was scarcely standing room. The rebels had just received false news of some astounding victories. They were greatly elated. As the cars rolled along jokes, laughter, and oaths rang through the night air.

Marietta was the point at which they were to take the cars preparatory for their bold achievement. At midnight the cars reached that station. The party repaired to different hotels, having arranged to meet in the dépôt at four o'clock in the morning, to take the train going back to Chattanooga. J. J. Andrews, of Kentucky, a man of extraordinary character, and who was perfectly familiar with the South, was chief of the expedition, and managed all its details with great sagacity. By the casualties of the journey two of the young men were absent, and there were but twenty-two who took passage on the train.

A short ride brought them to a station called Big Shanty. There was at this place an encampment of nearly ten thousand conscripts. Here the cars stopped for a few moments while the engineer, conductor, and many of the passengers stepped into an eating-house for refreshments. Andrews rose from his seat and said, calmly, "Let us go, boys!" Mingling with the crowd of passengers, and of course attracting no attention, they moved forward leisurely to the head of the train. Two of them, W. W. Brown and William Knight, from Ohio, were accomplished railroad engineers. One of the men
stealthily uncoupled the baggage cars, upon which the rest had clambered from the remainder of the train, while the two engineers, who were at their post, pulled open the valve and put on all steam. In less time than we have taken to describe it the locomotive was rushing forward at its highest speed. There were four or five rebel regiments within forty rods of the spot from which the locomotive started. We may imagine the bewilderment with which they gazed upon the receding engine as it disappeared in the distance.

Our brave adventurers were too much exhilarated by the excitement of the hour to observe the amazement with which the sudden flight of the engine was regarded by the thousands who were grouped around. Onward they rushed, with almost lightning speed, in silent sublimity of emotion too deep to find expression in smiles or words. Thus far every thing had succeeded according to their most sanguine expectations. With some anxiety, however, they looked upon the telegraph wires, running along by their side. Though they had taken the precaution to start from a depot where there was no telegraph station, still it was a matter of much moment that as speedily as possible they should cut the wires.

Having run about four miles they stopped, and while one of their number, John Scott, of Ohio, climbed the pole and sawed off the wire, others tore up a rail to retard any pursuers. They were now all overjoyed with their success, and warmly they congratulated each other with the prospect of the triumphant termination of their chivalric enterprise.

Andrews had taken the precaution to ascertain what down trains he had to pass, and where to pass them. There was, as they supposed, but one train for them to meet on that day. But in consequence of some military necessity the rebels had put on that day two special trains. When they had arrived at the point where the down train was to pass, quite to their consternation they found that it bore a red flag, thus announcing that another train was following behind. They had, however, still the track for a little time to themselves, and they moved along slowly, for they were ahead of time, to a side track where they were to wait for the special train to pass.

Thus they lost twenty-five precious minutes. It was an awful loss. The pursuers were now upon their track. As soon as the waited-for train was in sight, and they were just ready to
push on with renewed velocity, much to their dismay they saw that this train also bore a red flag, announcing still another train behind. They, however, pushed on to the next station, hoping there to pass the train. In the mean time they cut the wires between the two stations, and hurriedly threw such impediments as were at hand behind them upon the track. Just as they were trying with almost the energies of despair to wrench up one of the rails, they heard the whistle of an engine in pursuit. With frantic strength they broke the rail in two and threw the fragment upon their car as they sprang upon it.

Encouraged by the hope that this would delay their pursuers for some time, they rushed onward and reached a spot where they passed the down-coming train in safety. They now goaded their engine to its utmost possible speed; at times attaining a velocity of sixty miles an hour. Still the foe crowded closely behind. No longer was there any thought of burning the bridges or tearing up the road. Indeed only a miracle could enable them to escape with their lives. Onward and still onward they dashed, passing stations and villages with meteoric speed and roar, exciting amazement in all beholders as
they witnessed the apparently terrific flight of
the locomotive, followed with equal velocity by
an engine with three cars attached, loaded with
excited soldiers.

After running in this manner about one hun-
dred miles their wood and water gave out, their
oil was expended, and the foe was in sight.
They were then within about fifteen miles of
Chattanooga. Their pursuers were close upon
them. Their situation was desperate, and there
was no alternative before them but to leap from
the train and take to the woods, each one to
save himself as he might. They jumped from
the car while still in motion, and running, some
to the right and others to the left, were soon
dispersed through the forest of pines. Escape,
however, was, under the circumstances, almost
hopeless.

It was Saturday the 12th day of April. It so
happened that there was a regimental muster
near by, and many planters were present with
their horses and blood-hounds. This whole
force of soldiers, planters, and hounds was im-
mediately put upon the pursuit of the fugitives.
By means of these fierce dogs, who had been
trained in the pursuit of the unhappy slaves,
every one of these heroic adventurers was captured. There was one orphan boy, Jacob Par
rott, only eighteen years of age. He belonged to the Thirty-third Regiment of Ohio Volunteers.
When seized by the infuriated rebels, who manifested a degree of ferocity which would have
disgraced savages, they took the poor boy, bent him down almost double over a large stone, and
while four of the "chivalry" held him down in that stooping posture, by his hands and his feet,
a rebel officer, in a lieutenant's uniform, with a raw hide laid upward of a hundred lashes upon
his bare back. A riotous crowd were shouting around, all the time clamoring for his blood.
A rope was brought with which they insisted that he should be hung. Three times during
the progress of this merciless scourging it was suspended, when they demanded of the heroic
young patriot that he should divulge the names of his comrades, the designs of the expedition,
and especially the name of the engineer who ran the train. But all the torment which their
savage ingenuity could devise could not extort any confession from him. They only ceased
their brutal work when they found that the task of subduing their victim was hopeless.
The twenty captives, when taken, were all thrust into the negro jail at Chattanooga. They
were thrown into a damp, dirty, miserable cell half underground, as gloomy as the world-reno-
named "oubliettes" of the Bastille. This dungeon was thirteen feet square. In this room over
thirty victims of Southern barbarism were crowd-
ted together. Many of them were Southern men, who, for the "crime" of refusing to join in
rebellion and treason, had been subjected to almost every conceivable outrage. The only en-
trance was by a trap-door opening from the floor above. Two small windows thickly barred
with iron let in a few rays of light and scarcely
air enough to support life. The horrors of the
"black hole" in Calcutta were unsurpassed by those endured in this miserable dungeon. There
was not space enough for all to lie down toget-
ther, and these heroic men, whose sublime daring
should at least have won respect, were exposed to barbarities which were a disgrace to the nine-
teenth century. There is not a civilized nation
on the globe which would have treated prisoners
of war, or even the most loathsome criminals,
with cruelty so revolting. But slavery had con-
verted the South into a state of semi-barbarism.
The pursuit, as described by the rebels, must
have been nearly as exciting as the flight. The
conductor and engineer of the train were quietly
breaking in the Big Shanty Hotel, at Camp M'Donald, when to their indescribable
amazement the locomotive with the baggage car took its
flight. The rebels seem ever to have been inspired with an instinctive consciousness of
the audacity of the Yankees. It was at once
surmised that this was a chivalric adventure of
their terrible foes. The engineer, conductor, and
foreman of the wood department, immedi-
ately started upon the run, apparently chasing
the engine, which was whirling away at the rate
of twenty miles an hour. This at first excited
the most boisterous shouts of laughter from the
thousands of soldiers who were standing around.
But the pursuers knew well what they were
about. Having run about three miles they came
to a hand-car. This they seized and pushed for-
ward with new speed. When they came to an
up grade they pushed it before them. On the
down grades they could advance with great ve-
locity. At length they came to a place where the
patriots had torn up a rail. In their eagerness,
not noticing this, they were all thrown, car and men, pell-mell on one side of the road.
The car, however, was uninjured, and no bones
were broken. The car was replaced on the
track, and the rebels were again in full pursuit.
Thus they pushed on for twenty miles, till
they came to Etowah Station, where there
chanced to be a locomotive fired up and all
ready for a start. This they seized. Putting
on a full head of steam they soon reached Kings-
ton, where they learned that the adventurers
were but twenty minutes ahead of them. Here
they found a locomotive capable of much higher
speed, which was fired up, waiting for the ar-
ival of a passenger train, when it was to pro-
ceed by a branch road to Rome.
A large number of soldiers and planters had
now joined them with swords, revolvers, and
muskets. Aided by their fresh engine, and
with their little army, onward they now flew
with almost the speed of the wind. The ob-
structions which the fugitives threw behind them
upon the track were speedily removed. At
length they came to a place where three rails
had been torn up and carried away. They could
drive their locomotive no farther. With great
promptness and energy they abandoned the en-
prise; ran along the track two miles; met the
down freight train near Adairsville; reversed the
train; ran back to the station; switched the
train off upon the side-track; turned the engine,
and rushed on to Calhoun.
Here they gathered a new force of armed men
to pursue the fugitives, a telegraph operator,
and workmen to repair the road. Again they
were rushing forward with almost frenzied speed.
As they were turning a curve they caught a
glance of the now crippled engine they were
pursuing scarcely a mile ahead of them. The
adventurers had stopped a moment to tear up
the track. Hearing the approach of the foe
they sprang upon their car, and again sped away.
The pursuers pressing on in hot haste came to
the spot where the rails were torn up. Their
workmen, with the necessary tools, instantly
tore up the rails behind them, and replaced those
which were taken away.
The flight and the chase were now exciting beyond all power of words to describe. The
locomotives were frequently in sight of each oth-
er. The engine of the patriots was rapidly fail-
ing. Wood and water were nearly gone, and
the uncoiled boxes were almost melting with
heat. In this their extremity they uncoupled
two of the box cars, and left them to retard the
pursuers. But the energetic pursuers pushed the cars before them to the first turn out, and were soon within four hundred yards of their victims. Only then our adventurers leaped from their car and took to the woods.

We now return to the prisoners in their dismal dungeon.

Their trap-door was opened twice a day, when their food was let down to them in a bucket. There were no opportunities for washing clothes or person. There was no permission to leave the dungeon for any of the wants which these frail bodies require. They were, of course, soon covered with vermin. The heat in that almost tropical region, where so many were huddled together, was so insupportable that they were often obliged to strip themselves entirely naked to be able to bear it. In addition to all this they were cruelly handcuffed, and with trace-chains, secured by padlocks around their necks, were fastened to each other in companies of twos and threes. Such was the treatment, in the American village of Chattanooga, on the beautiful banks of the Tennessee, of the noblest of American citizens, for the crime of loyalty to the Stars and the Stripes.
The prisoners descended into this cell by a ladder, which was then drawn up. Many of the victims of these rebel atrocities were Tennessee Union men, the noblest men of the State. Their food consisted of a small piece of meat, and a little flour mixed with water and baked, presenting a substance about as hard and indigestible as lead. The rebels rifled the pockets of the captives, leaving not a solitary copper behind.

Mr. Andrews, the leader of the railroad party, was a man of unusually heroic and noble character. After several weeks of imprisonment an order came for twelve of the captives to be sent to Knoxville for trial. Andrews, with several of his comrades, was left behind. A week after the departure of those who were taken to Knoxville an officer came into the prison and carelessly handed to Andrews his death-warrant. He made a desperate attempt to escape, but was recaptured, the whole force of the garrison at Chattanooga being sent in pursuit of him, aided by blood-hounds. After suffering more than can well be imagined, torn and bleeding he was taken back to Chattanooga, and so heavily chained that he could scarcely move. As there was danger that General Mitchel might make an advance upon Chattanooga his execution was ordered to take place at Atlanta. He was taken there in the cars, exposed all the way down to jeers and insults from the brutal people who frowned around. Tottering beneath the weight of his clanking chains, he walked to the scaffold. "Through the whole trying scene he displayed the firmness of the patriot.

"Boys," said he to his comrades, as they were taken from him to be carried to Knoxville, "if I never see you here again try to meet me on the other side of Jordan."

Physically he was one of the noblest specimens of manhood. As he was swung from the scaffold his great weight so stretched the rope that his feet touched the ground. The wreathes got some shovels and dug away the earth beneath his feet. Thus this patriot and Christian died. He was but thirty-three years of age, and was to have been married in the very month in which, by traitors hands, he was hung.

The twelve who were removed to Knoxville were arraigned for trial, one by one. They were brought before a court-martial, one each day, the trial lasting about an hour. They were charged with being spies, and were allowed to employ counsel. The defense was, that being in citizens' clothes did not take from them protection belonging to citizens of war, since the Confederate Government authorized all the guerrillas in their service to wear citizen's dress. Moreover, it was a common custom for them, whenever it would serve their purpose, to dress their troops even in the United States uniform. It was also urged that the object of the expedition was purely a military one, for the destruction of communications, which was lawful according to the rules of war.

The defense was apparently so conclusive that several members of the court-martial, who had some humanity still remaining in their bosoms, called upon the captives and assured them that, according to the laws of war, they, under the circumstances, could only be regarded as prisoners of war, and not as spies. It was proved that they had entered the rebel camp not as spies seeking information, but to accomplish a definite object which war allowed.

After seven of the captives had been tried the rapid advance of General Mitchel upon Chattanooga broke up the court-martial, as all the officers composing it were compelled to hasten to their regiments to resist his march. Knoxville was also threatened, and the captives were hurriedly removed to Atlanta. The ferocity which has characterized the conduct of the rebels throughout this war has always been incited by those men in high stations who were its leading spirits. The remorseless despotism at Richmond was determined that no clemency on the part of the court-martial should spare the captives.

On the 18th of June the clanking of the words of some officers was heard ascending the stairs of the prison at Atlanta. The door was thrown open, and the seven young men, who had been already tried, were called into another room. One, who was so sick of fever that he could not stand, was lifted from his cot and supported, with tottering steps, out of the room. In a few moments they returned, with their hands tied behind them, and with the announcement that they were immediately to be led out to execution. Not a moment was allowed to bid adieu to their comrades, to write a parting word of love to mother or sister, or even to fall upon their knees and implore the pardon and sustaining grace of God. The young men were entirely unprepared for this dread announcement, for they had scarcely a doubt that they were to be regarded as prisoners of war. One of them exclaimed in anguish to a friend, "Oh! try to be better prepared when you come to die than I am!" Another, who had been a merry, thoughtless boy, cried out in agony, which touched all hearts but those of his unfeeling executioners, "Boys, I am not prepared to meet Jesus. I know that I am not prepared." Another, Samuel Slavens, who had left a young family in his native State, was heard to murmur with trembling voice, "Wife—children—tell—" when emotion overwhelmed him and he could say no more. John Scott had been married but three days when he entered the army. As he thought of his young bride he could only clasp his hands in speechless agony. Marion A. Ross, of Ohio, seemed to be endowed with supernatural strength. His cheek glowed and his eye flashed with animation. Fully comprehending the sublimity of the sacrifice he was making, he said, with firm voice, "Tell them at home, if any of you escape, that I died for my country, and did not regret it."

All this occurred in a moment. "Come,
The brutal marshal who stood at the door with other officers; "come on, we can't wait." Samuel Robinson, of Ohio, the young man who was too sick to walk, was hurried away with the rest. The death-cart was at the door. The seven captives were crowded into it. A company of mounted rebels surrounded them. When placed upon the scaffold with ropes around their necks George D. Wilson, of Ohio, asked permission to speak a few words. His request was granted, probably with the expectation that he was to make some confession. In eloquent words, and with Roman heroism, this young American citizen then said:

"I have no hostile feelings toward the Southern people. Their rulers, not they, are responsible for this rebellion. I am no spy, but a soldier regularly detailed for military duty. I do not regret dying for my country, I only regret the manner of my death. You may all depend upon it that this rebellion will yet be crushed down. You will all regret the part you have taken in it. The time will soon come when the flag of our Union will float over our whole undivided country, and over the very spot where this scaffold now stands."

There were about four hundred of low, uncultured men, such as compose the rank and file of the rebel army, surrounding the gallows. With oaths and ribald jests they assailed the patriots. As the platform fell five only were seen struggling suspended in the air. Two ropes had broken, and William Campbell of Kentucky, and Samuel Slaven of Ohio, fell to the ground bruised, bleeding, and almost insensible. Soon they slightly recovered and begged that a few moments might be granted them that they might pray for the forgiveness and the help of God. The request was insultingly refused. New ropes were provided. They were again dragged upon the scaffold and launched into eternity. The mob shouted, and dispersed to drink themselves drunk in their merriment over hanging these "Yankee Abolitionists."

The four captives who were left in the prison behind, simply because their trial had not yet taken place, in gloom unspeakable soon saw the cart return empty, thus announcing that the terrible tragedy was finished.

The energetic movements of General Mitchell kept the rebels in a constant state of alarm. The surviving captives were frequently moved from one prison to another, and there was no time to convene another court-martial. They were most of them collected in the jail at Atlanta. The execution of their comrades and the peril to which they were exposed of meeting at any day the same fate, so affected them that by an unanimous vote they established morning and evening prayers. Each one in turn, as they all knelt together, offered his brief and fervent petition. A more touching scene can not well be imagined, or one which more impressively shows what a support true religion is to the human soul in the hour of sorest trial. There was a Methodist clergyman in Atlanta by the name of M'Donnell, who was very kind to these men, lending them books and speaking to them words of Christian sympathy. We mention this that should any of our soldiers chance to meet him, they may remember his kindness to their imprisoned brethren. The negroes were as ever the firm friends of our soldiers. They were unwearied in their endeavors to help the captives, even exposing themselves to cruel scourgings that they might befriend them.

After writing most of the above I chanced to come across a little book, entitled "Daring and Suffering," written by Lieutenant William Pittenger, of Ohio, who was one of the adventurers in this heroic enterprise, and who, after many hairbreadth escapes, succeeded in reaching friends and home. In his interesting narrative he gives a minute detail of those scenes of which here we can give but a brief sketch.

"We had friends in the waiters of the prison, though their faces were black. They assisted us by every means in their power. It was not long till they found that there was nothing we desired so much as to read the news; and they taxed their ingenuity to gratify us. They would wait till the jailer or some of the guard had finished reading a paper and laid it down and then skily parcel it. When meal time came it would be put into the bottom of the pan, in which our food was brought, and thus handed in to us. The paper had to be returned in the same way to avoid suspicion. For several months it was only through their instrumentalities that we could obtain any definite information of what was going on in the world without.

"Having found the negroes thus intelligent and useful, far beyond what I had supposed possible, I questioned them about other matters. They were better informed than I had given them credit for, and knew enough to disbelieve all the stories the rebels told. When the whites were not present they laughed at the grand victories the papers were publishing every day. They imagined that all the Northern troops were chivalrous soldiers, fighting for the universal rights of man. They never wavered in their belief that the Union troops would conquer, and that the result of the victory would be their freedom. I never saw one who did not cherish an ardent desire for freedom, and wash and long for the time when the triumph of the national forces would place the coveted boon within his grasp."

The months rolled heavily along, and summer and autumn passed sadly away. Many plans were talked over by the survivors, now fourteen in number, for attempting an escape. But they were guarded with such vigilance that no plan could be presented which did not seem utterly desperate. At length the provost marshal came into their room one day and informed them that he had received a letter from the Secretary of War at Richmond, inquiring why all the party engaged in the railroad adventure
had not been executed. And soon they received intelligence that another dispatch had come ordering their immediate execution. The frantic struggles of despair now became prudence. They seized their jailer, gagged him, wrenched from him his keys, rushed down stairs and sprang upon the guard, tore their guns from them, scaled the walls, and ran for the woods. The whole garrison in Atlanta was immediately in commotion. A regiment of cavalry was started off in pursuit. Their chivalric commander, Colonel Lee, said,

"Don't take one of the villains alive. Shoot them down, and let them lie in the woods for the birds and hogs to eat."

Eight of the heroes escaped. J. A. Wilson and Mark Wood, both from Ohio, after adventures as marvelous as were ever detailed in the dreams of romance, pushing south directly through the densest throngs of rebellion, at last reached the Gulf of Mexico, where they succeeded in getting beneath the protection of the Stars and Stripes, on a United States gun-boat. J. R. Porter and John Wollam, also from Ohio, ran in a westerly direction. Traveling by night and hiding by day, after a month of hunger, toil, and peril which no pen can describe, they reached Corinth, where the national banner received them under its protecting folds. M. J. Hawkins and D. A. Dorsey, both also from Ohio, after wandering through the woods for three weeks, traveling only by starlight, living upon roots and raw sweet-potatoes, finally aided by Union men, whom they found scattered through the mountains, reached Somerset, Kentucky, from which place they were transported to their regiments, where they were received as from the dead. Two, W. W. Brown and William Knight, also from Ohio, were never afterward heard from. They probably perished of hunger and exposure in the woods. All the rest, six in number, were recaptured.

It was now October. As the jail was not deemed a safe place for their confinement they were removed to the city barracks, where their situation was much less uncomfortable. Several Union Tennesseans were imprisoned with them. Weeks of the dreary monotony of prison-life rolled on. One day, when in the lowest depths of despondency, they were roused to almost a frenzy of joy by the tidings that they were exchanged, and were immediately to be sent to the Union lines. On the 3d day of December, a bitter cold, wintry day, our captives, in only summer clothing, and those ragged and threadbare, were placed in a box-car, and, almost perishing with cold, were borne over the frozen roads toward Virginia. After a long ride, in which they suffered excessively from hunger as well as cold, they reached Richmond. It was the 7th of December, 1862. To their infinite disappointment they found that they had been deceived. Instead of being exchanged they were placed in Castle Thunder, the Bastile of the South. Here they remained in bitter confinement during the months of December and January, hope every day growing more and more faint. They had no fire, very scanty food, and scarcely any clothing. It seemed to be the endeavor of the barbarian rebels to kill them by the lingering tortures of starvation and freezing. In view of the sufferings inflicted upon them one of their jailers was overheard to say, influenced by a spark of humanity which still remained in his bosom,

"If you want to kill the men, and I know the rascals deserve it, do it at once. But don't keep them there to die by inches, for it will disgrace us all over the world."

In March it was announced that arrangements had been made for a general exchange. The joy this excited no tongue can tell. On the 17th of March an officer entered the prison in the evening, and stated that our captives, with several others, were to leave the next morning in a flag-of-truce boat, to be conveyed to the American lines.

"The evening," writes Mr. Pittenger, "was one of wild excitement. Nearly all acted like men bereft of reason. Their joyousness found vent in vociferous cheers, in dancing and bounding over the floor, in embracing each other and pledging kind remembrances."

Early the next morning they took the cars, and at City Point were received into a flag-of-truce boat—the State of Maine—over which the Star-Spangled Banner was gloriously floating. Down the James and up the Potomac they went, their hearts throbbing with joyous excitement. Here they met with that honorable reception which they so richly merited. Each one received a beautiful medal in commemoration of his heroic though unfortunate adventure. All their arrears were paid, the money taken from them and other property of which they had been robbed were refunded, a purse of a hundred dollars placed in each one's hand. They then received a fare-long to visit their friends. Before they left Washington they were received by the President, who greeted them with his characteristic fatherly affection.

The names of these young men should be handed down to posterity with honor. We give them as we find them recorded in the very interesting personal narrative of William Pittenger. Eight of them were executed. Their names were J. J. Andrews, Kentucky, and William Campbell, George D. Wilson, Marion A. Ross, Perry G. Shadrack, Samuel Slaveson, Samuel Robinson, and John Scott, all from Ohio. The following, eight in number, who were also from Ohio, escaped in October, though the first two mentioned probably perished in the woods, as they were never heard from. They were W. W. Brown, William Knight, J. B. Porter, Mark Wood, J. A. Wilson, M. J. Hawkins, John Wollam, and D. A. Dorsey. The following six were finally exchanged: Jacob Parrott, Robert Baffum, William Bensinger, William Reddick, E. H. Mason, and William Pittenger.