# CUBA'S HERO AS A PRISONER.

*PRESIDENT DON TOMAS ESTRADA'S STORY OF HIS CAPTURE.*

**Pursued by the Enemy—Sleeping in the Forests—His Escort Reduced to Seven Men, and then to a Single Attendant—Taken by Guerrillas—His Treatment by the Spaniards.**

On the 21st of October last, the then President of the Republic of Cuba, Don Tomas Estrada y Palma, was taken prisoner by the Spaniards in the eastern jurisdiction of the island. Of the manner of his capture, of the causes which led to it, and of its immediate results, pertinent to himself, Señor Estrada furnishes a most lucid and graphic description in a letter just received from Spain, and which has been kindly furnished us for publication.

As the majority of our readers are probably unacquainted with the previous history of Señor Estrada, who has now become a historic character, and as an introduction to his letter, which any comments would mar, we print the following extract from a book published some years ago in this city, in which the author gave a very interesting account of what and whom he saw in "Mambi Land." He says:

"Among the gentlemen I met in the camp of Modesto Diaz, Señor Don Tomas Estrada deserves a special mention. He is a member of the Cuban Congress, and owns the land of Guá and the country surrounding it for many square miles; yet his wardrobe was restricted to one suit of clothes, a few changes of linen, while his boots were very much worn, and exhibited several yawning crevices. He was a young man, quiet and gentle in disposition, well read, and of a thoughtful, practical mind. He had been educated in France, and was well posted in the revolutionary literature of that cradle of liberal aspirations. At the outbreak of the war he was living with his widowed mother on his estate. The attachment between them was unusually tender, and the lady, though far advanced in years, insisted on accompanying her son to the Cuban camp. A small detached residence was built for her accommodation in a secluded part of the forest. Here she was surprised and captured by a Spanish detachment. The old lady stoutly refused to accompany her captors, but was dragged away by main force. The captors soon got tired of their prisoner, and after dragging her for some miles through the forest, abandoned her in a senseless condition in the woods.

"Next morning the Cubans pursued the trail and discovered where the old lady had been abandoned, but she was nowhere to be found. All parts of the wood were searched for several days, and at last the old lady was found under a chestnut tree, dying from starvation, having subsisted for several days on the few nuts and wild fruits she could gather. Though every attention was paid to her, she died in a few days from the effects of the cruel treatment to which she had been subjected. This sad incident had thrown a cloud over the life of Estrada, which no sunshine will ever completely clear away."

The author, very shortly after meeting with Señor Estrada, happened to be present in Modesto Diaz's camp at El Macho, at which some two hundred deserters from the Spanish lines, and their late commander, a Spanish Major, had just arrived. He says: "The officer was allowed to go about at pleasure, but not to leave the camp. His wife, who was a Cuban, and his child, were also in camp. He was presented to Gen. Diaz, who treated him civilly but very coldly. It was said to see the efforts he made to ingratiate himself with his captors, who exhibited no enthusiasm in his regard. As no one else seemed inclined to listen to him he opened his heart to me, explained the hardship of his position, and declared his readiness to join the Cuban army if only his life would be spared. It was impossible not to pity the poor fellow and his young wife. He urged me to speak in his behalf, and although I had made my mind up not to interfere between the belligerents, I spoke to Tomas Estrada in favor of having the Major's life spared. Notwithstanding his strong griefs against the Spaniards, he used his influence to obtain mercy for the prisoner. One of the officers in my presence recalled to Estrada his mother's barbarous murder, when he made the noble reply: 'My mother's memory is too sacred to be defiled by a thought of vengeance.' It struck me as one of the noblest sentiments I ever heard."

ESTRADA'S LETTER.

MORRO CASTLE, Nov. 3, 1877.—I address you from the Morro Castle, which I shall leave on the 5th inst., to be taken directly to Madrid, by an order of the Government of Don Alfonso, which was remitted by telegraph.

I will relate, briefly, the facts and the causes which have placed me in the hands of the Spaniards.

A Cuban, Esteban Varona, who acted doubtfully from the beginning of the revolution, remaining on the enemy's side up to 1874, at which date he came over to ours, after having, directly or indirectly, caused the capture of Gen. Calixto Garcia Iñiguez; Esteban Varona, I repeat, in company with Lieut.-Col. Esteban Duque Estrada, was taken to Santa Cruz on the 25th of August last, as a prisoner of war. I was convinced shortly afterward, by reports and facts which I was enabled to gather, that Varona at least, if not Duque Estrada, had arranged the matter with Brig.-Gen. Bonanza, then Spanish Commander at Santa Cruz, in order to cloak his surrender within the enemy's lines with an appearance of honor.

The fact is that Varona, thoroughly cognizant of the weakness of character of Col. Antonio Bello, in command of the Yara regiment at Manzanillo, went immediately to him and invited him to have a conference with the Spanish Brig.-Gen. Daban.

Bello, although aware of the circular of the Government, which prohibits, under penalty of being tried for treason, any conference with persons from the enemy's camp, accepted the proposition, and together with some other officers had an interview, on the 20th of September, at the village of Congo, two leagues from Manzanillo, with Gen. Alfonso de Cortijo and Brig.-Gens. Daban and Bonanza. Varona was present at the conference.

On the same day Bello addressed me a letter, by conduct of Brig.-Gen. Bonanza, in which he stated to me, more or less, the following: "Reasons which I cannot put down in writing have obliged me to hold a conference with Spanish officers at Congo, and they advise me to ask of you authority to pass through the enemy's lines to the residence of the Government, in company with Generals Jose Maceo, Vicente Garcia, and others, for the purpose of holding an interview which is indispensable for the dearest interest of the country and even for the regimen under my command. Gens. Cortijo and Daban will also be present. I must notify you that the whole thing is a question of the rectitude of my principles, or rather years of sacrifices, and with this understanding, if the suggestion I make is not accepted, you can rely that I will return to my position at the head of the regiment Yara with the same firmness which always characterized me."

The text of such a letter, and the perfect knowledge which I possessed of the moral character of Col. Antonio Bello, convinced me that he had entered upon the path of treason, and that it might not be impossible for him to seduce a part of his command, which desertion would cause serious mischief in the military district of Bayamo and Manzanillo.

It was indispensable that I should repair there at once, and endeavor, meanwhile, to prevent Bello from feeding any ill will or mistrust.

Therefore I took some steps to induce Brig.-Gen. Bonanza to believe that, on account of my absence, neither his letter nor that of Bello had reached me.

I was making preparations to go to Bayamo when Gen. Gomez arrived, on his return from the extreme eastern section of Holguin. I informed him of what had occurred, and having determined that he should remain in Cauto Embarcadero, where his presence was required, I gave him some instructions, in writing, among them orders how to act in case Bello, Varona, &c., should have the audacity to go into Camaguey through the Spanish lines; and I received from the hands of the 30th of June, 1875, a decree ordained that any persons bringing proposals of peace not based upon the independence of Cuba, to our camp, should be tried by drumhead court-martial as spies.

On the morning of the 5th of October I parted with Gen. Gomez. I was to commence my journey that evening with Gen. Vicente Garcia, who was to accompany me for two or three days' ride.

ARRESTING THE OFFICERS.

At about 11 o'clock in the morning an express arrived with a despatch from Gen. Gomez, in which the latter reported having that, at a place called Jobo Dulce, Cols. Bello, Santiesteban, Varona, José del Carmen Casellas, and two other persons, all having come from the enemy's lines, claiming that he had arrested all of them, and awaited orders. I immediately sent orders for Gen. Gomez to bring the prisoners, closely guarded, to where I was. They arrived about 4 o'clock. I at once called together, under my presidency, the members of the Cabinet, composed of Gen. Gomez, Secretary of War and the Interior; Gen. Francisco J. Cisneros, Secretary of Foreign Relations and Treasury; and Lieut.-Col. Nicolas Hernandez, Secretary of the Cabinet.

I had each one brought before us, alone, Cols. Bello and Santiesteban, Capt. Jose Alonzo Rivero, and Lieut. Esteban Varona. I ordered each one of them to state the causes and the events which had led them to that situation. Bello and Santiesteban agreed in their statement that the sole ground for the defence of which was intruded by their companions, was threatened by a body of the enemy, and that as the regiment was composed of men who had been mixed up in the reactionary attempts of 1873 and 1874, they considered these circumstances, taken altogether, very serious ones, and that they might produce desertions among the troops; for which reason they had thought it prudent, in order to gain time, as the Spanish officers had offered to suspend hostilities for some days—as far as Bello went—to accept the conference at Congo, and as far as concerned him and Santiesteban, to risk going through the enemy's lines to the residence of the Government, in order to make it acquainted with their fears; and as both of them considered the motives which impelled them to take such a step a very urgent one, they thought it absolutely necessary not to delay it by waiting for my authority.

Capt. José Alonzo Rivero stated that he had only obeyed an order from Col. Bello, and the fact of his having passed through the enemy's lines was in no wise an act of his own free will.

Esteban Varona commenced by saying that he had been made prisoner within the zone of Santa Cruz; that his life had been spared; and that even he had been offered a passport to leave the country, but that, knowing that the Yara regiment was short of ammunition, it had occurred to him to invite Col. Bello to a conference for the purpose of arranging with that officer how to obtain cartridges. That, after the conference of the 20th of September at Congo, he had gone with Brig.-Gen. Daban to Cardenas, where they had an interview with Gens. Martinez Campos and Jovellar; that the former (Martinez Campos) had said to him, "You can confer a great benefit on your country. I am disposed to put Cuba in a position in which she can gain her independence in less time than it would take her to write by letter of arms, even if she ever did so. I am ready to grant to Cuba every possible right and liberty; to recognize the rank of all, whether foreigners or Cubans, who are now in the insurrectionary army, and to pay whatever is due them for nine years' services to all persons, either in the military or civil service of Cuba." Varona added: "Believing the good of my country mostardently, and thinking that I might make it happy, I have come, not to present proposals, but simply to state what has been communicated to me."

In consequence of the statements made by Bello, Varona, and the rest, in almost the same words as the foregoing, I claimed the floor (after ordering the person who was last questioned to be taken away) for the purpose of expressing my opinion upon the matter. I said that Esteban Varona came unquestionably under the decree of the 30th of June, 1875, and that he could, and should be tried by drumhead court martial. That, as regarded the other prisoners, I found that they had incurred different degrees of responsibility, which I declined to qualify, for which reason I deemed it prudent, in order to furnish the best possible proof of impartiality, to appoint a military tribunal, with the character of a consultive body, which, having examined Bello, Santiesteban Rivero, and the others, should determine the class of responsibility which each of them had incurred, in case they should not be condemned to the extreme penalty, from the fact of having come with him, and which should determine by what sort of trial, whether ordinary or verbal, they should be tried. The other members of the Cabinet spoke in their turn, and, after calm discussion of the subject, my proposition was accepted.

As soon as the session was closed, at about nine o'clock at night, I immediately signed the document authorizing Gen. Maximo Gomez, Secretary of War, to appoint the members of the Council, which had been agreed upon in Cabinet meeting, and to deliver Varona at once to the tribunal. I ordered the Division of Camaguey, and to do the same with the other prisoners as soon as their trials were concluded.

PURSUED BY THE ENEMY.

At daylight on the 6th Gen. Gomez proceeded with the prisoners to the barracks of the Jatibonicu regiment belonging to the Division of Camaguey, and I, with Gen. Vicente Garcia, took the Tunas road on our way to Bayamo.

The fact that the forces of Camaguey happened to be widely scattered in different zones of the district, and that the greater portion of them were in the interior, rendered it compelling pressing necessity that I should reach Bayamo as soon as possible, in order not to incur the serious risk of crossing that vast extent of country, which was being constantly traversed by the enemy. In fact, taking with me a very small escort, Gen. Garcia and I did not want to withdraw any troops from Camaguey, where an important operation, from which much was expected, was just then about to be carried out.

On the 10th I crossed the road leading from Las Tunas to Guamo, and on the 12th I reached the Cauto River, and on the 14th I crossed the Cauto river and close to the town of Cauto-el-Paso. I should have crossed the Cauto river that same day, on my way to Bayamo, had my guide arrived in time.

On the 15th, at the time at which I had arranged to start, and when I had just got into the saddle, three shots were heard, which announced that the enemy were close by. The Spanish force, I learned later, consisted of two bodies, one from Holguin, the other from Las Tunas. I had the greater part of my escort hidden in suitable positions, with orders to fire upon every person in the enemy's ranks, firing soon commenced, and I was forced to withdraw, because my escort was totally unfit to withstand the on-slaught of the Spaniards. The enemy came up with me the next day at Thasgeras. The village was opened upon them from an ambush. I escaped in consequence, and was instructed to follow my trail until he came up with me.

I waited for him at the Cabada del Yarey, three leagues from Tasgeras; but instead of the officer in charge of my escort, the enemy came up about five o'clock in the afternoon.

Seven armed men, all who were left to me, stood the fire, while I, with Gen. Cespedes, José Nicolas Hernandez, my private secretary and Secretary of the Council, two aide-de-camps, and other servants escaped. I endeavored to get back to Las Bocas, in the hope of regathering my escort, which I supposed had been scattered in that vicinity, and also because the guides that had remained with me intimated that they were unacquainted with the country beyond Las Cabadas de Yarey.

I was close up to Las Bocas at noon on the 15th, and at nightfall I had with me only a few armed men, not men of my escort, but a small guerrilla force which was operating about the Cauto river. On the morning of the 16th the enemy suddenly appeared on our front, and rused upon us, amid the deafening quick, and although fire was opened on them, they hardly gave us time to jump into our saddles. Our retreat was most difficult, pursued as we were by the enemy, who had civ-ry detailed a cavalry guerrilla, who, calculating the direction of our march, had infantry lying in wait to cut off our retreat. And so it happened; the cavalry guerrilla came up with us in a clearing, and captured the mules of our servants, who sought refuge in the woods. Shortly afterward Gen. Cespedes and my aide-de-camp, Capt. Rodriguez, whose horses were greatly exhausted, came up with us. Major Castellanos had been separated from us during the first encounter that we had with the Spaniards in the morning. The only one who remained with me was José Nicolas Hernandez. After we had traversed about a league and a half through the woods, we found a trail which we were entirely ignorant, we determined to hide the horses in the forest and to wait a short distance away from them. We remained there the remainder of that day and that night. On the morning of the 17th we tried to find the path which we had left the day before; we lost our way in the woods, failed to find our horses, and at last struck the path at the same place. We went it very cautiously, in an opposite direction to that we had taken the previous day. Night surprised us, and we had to spend it in the woods. On the 18th we recommenced our march, even with greater caution than on the previous day. We became lost. We were getting close up to Tasagras, where the enemy usually often piten their camp. About 11 o'clock we rested in the wood, close to the road, and we saw a Sub-prefect, Emilio Cabrales, one of my servants, and another person pass. They were looking for us. We went out and met them, and instructing them to hunt up our horses. We watched for their return at the same spot. When once more remounted we took the road to the Sub-prefect's house. At the distance of about half a league from his house we left the horses hidden on a little cattle farm, and continued our way on foot, reaching the house about sundown.

CAPTURED BY GUERRILLAS.

At sunrise on the 19th, while I was sending off a guide with despatches for the Prefect of the district, and instructing two armed men who were at the Sub-prefecture to repair to the estate Las Pozas in order to search that neighborhood, in which the Spaniards are accustomed to encamp, and just as I was preparing to leave the Sub-prefecture with the intention of waiting a short distance off, for fear that the ranch might be surprised, one of the men whom I had sent out on the scout returned almost instantly and said, "The enemy is right here; I have no doubt about it." I immediately seized the letter bag of the Sub-prefecture, the archives, and said to the Sub-prefect, "Show me the road." He walked some steps ahead of me, but ran off at once at full speed, and I lost sight of him. I met another man, Perdomo by name, on the road, handed him the letter bag and archives and followed him; but I soon lost sight of him also, and shortly after found the letter bag, which he had thrown away, lying on the road. As I stopped down to pick it up, I caught sight of the enemy, in ambush, a few yards off, and at the same moment a guerrilla, a native, and whom I at first mistook for one of the armed men whom I had before seen at the Sub-prefecture, rushed at me with his machete, not affording me time even to draw the revolver which I carried in my belt. My secretary, Hernandez, who had run off in another direction, was also taken prisoner by two guerrillas, likewise natives, who captured him lying on the ground where he had stumbled.

We were bound like criminals, hand and foot, with ropes particularly by one or two of the Cuban guerrillas. We were immediately conducted to the place where the main body of the Spaniards lay encamped. It was the command of Col. Mozo-Viejo, and belonged to the district of Holguin. The division of Las Tunas had already withdrawn.

I should mention that the Holguin force had gone for rations to Cauto-Embarcadero on the 16th, after the fight we had with them, and that I on the 18th it returned to the zone situate between the rivers Cauto and Salado, for the purpose of hunting up ranches in which families might be living, and with no idea of pursuing me, because they thought that, having lost my rifles, I must be far away; so that the fact that I and Hernandez were taken prisoners was not the result of combinations or calculations on the part of the enemy, but simply a fulfilment of a decree of fate. The guerrilla force, into whose hands we fell, had received no information that we were at the ranch of the Sub-prefect, which they came upon on the morning of the 19th. They came up to it in consequence of the scouts of the command having discovered on the previous evening some traces, which led them to suspect that some families were living there. This is the only reason by which to account for the fact that the Spanish guerrillas did not capture our horses.

Even at the risk of tiring you, I will relate detailedly what happened to Hernandez and myself from the moment we reached the spot where the command was encamped up to date.

Col. Agustin Mozo-Viejo, who commanded it, asked me my name and the position I occupied in the insurrection. I told him my name, and that I was President of the Republic of Cuba. On receiving my reply he broke out into most gross insults, stigmatizing the Cuban patriots as bandits. He then added: "And your party, where is it?" I said to him, "Had I had hope of which you, I should not be now a prisoner of yours." My answer irritated him to the extent to such a point that he threatened to have me shot on the spot. I replied, "You can do what you please, and I avail of this opportunity to observe to you, that neither you nor any one else can make me answer questions to which I ought not to reply; and you should know, furthermore, that I have never been so weak as to lie."

At this moment Capt. Ramon Domingo Ibarra, of the Staff Corps, approached the Colonel, whispered something in his ear, and called me into his tent. He requested me to be seated, and begged me to overlook the manner of Col. Mozo-Viejo, who, he said, under that appearance of rudeness, possessed a good heart.

After this I returned to the spot pointed out to me, and had to put up again with more impertinence from the commander of the force, who ordered me minutiating the strength of the ropes with which we were bound. Observed one of his servants to rearrange and tighten them. At breakfast time Capt. Ibarra and Lieut. Morales de los Rios, son of the General of the same name, had soup served to both Hernandez and myself. We both refused it, but Hernandez subsequently yielded to the requests of these two officers, who had in the mean time managed to loosen our bonds.

TIED WITH A ROPE.

As soon as the men had finished their meal the force started on the road to Holguin. Hernandez and I walked on foot, with a soldier, who held the end of the rope by which we were bound, alongside each of us.

The rivers Salado and Rioja were very swollen, but we were compelled to cross them on foot, with the water up to our breasts.

The column encamped about 5 o'clock in the evening on the banks of the river Rioja. The Colonel ordered a bonfire to be lighted, so that our clothes might be dried. To Hernandez, on the lady of the house, and the wives of Sphahia (we were among the Moors). They are conspicuous for their beauty. Their dark eyes are large and lustrous, their features are delicately chiselled, and waving tresses fall in profusion from beneath their modest kerchiefs. Their carriage is graceful as the does.

But, though possessed of the common personal charms, their attention is by no means confined to the toilet. Everything which their homes contain as the work of their own hands. The cloth of the husband's jacket and fez of the wool of the sheep he tends is dyed, spun, and woven by the hands of his faithful wife. She it is who makes the garments worn by her cotton, which grows before the door; the bright scarf that binds his waist is from the silkworm which feeds upon his mulberry trees; the mats and tapestries whose bright designs, taken from the pattern book of tradition alone give his home a cheerful air, are the work of her industrious loom, and many more objects that I am incompetent to enumerate are due to her untiring labors.

It was these same Sphahian women who only ten years ago were, with their helpless children, hunted from mountain to mountain, outraged, and massacred. In the village of my guide, who was on horseback, to take Hernandez up with him. As for myself, I made a superhuman effort to finish the day's walk, not choosing to show even physically the least weakness before the Spaniards. Nevertheless, I did it in vain, and I fainted. In the cottage of my guide, though the owner was by no means a chief among his people, the tablecloth, the napkins, the sheets, all of them homemade, were bordered with Cretan lace; the pillowcases was a single piece of the same work; the counterpane was so gorgeous with many colors that I did not refrain from expressing my admiration of it. "Yes," said my host, "my wife is of a very good family, and knows the old-fashioned ways of weaving which her mother taught her."

The cottage itself consisted of a moderate-sized room, with a gallery for sleeping in, and two very small ones, of which the larger was the kitchen. The walls were not even whitewashed, and the floor was of mud; yet the spirit that reigned there compelled one to ask, I know not why, if the Cretan plates, which are prized by rare much as Japanese crockery is in England; but without wine, not a drop of which was to be found in any of the seven villages—a strange fact. The wife waited on us, for conjugal respect is strictly enforced, which was suspected by infidels is punished with death. It is easy to believe how such a people hate and despise any one, be he caimakan or be he "infidel," who attempts to introduce the vices of Western Europe into their mountain retreats.

**An Interesting Discovery.**

*From the Albany Argus.*

The Archæological Society of Milwaukee has opened twelve mounds found around Kosikonong lake, near Milton, Wis. Pottery in large quantities was obtained, and the archæologists say it is unlike that of the Indian mound builders. But perhaps the most interesting feature of the discovery is a tablet inscribed with characters, the like of which has never been seen. Prof. Mitchell of Milwaukee thinks he can detect in them traces of Sanscrit, but the antiquarian remains, if they will be sent to the British Museum. The mounds were each seventy feet in diameter. The top soil in all the mounds was similar to that found in the vicinity, but the remaining layers were very different from those usually found in that region, and had been brought there by artificial means, layer by layer, of a doubt, and probably taken from the lake shore, as muscle shells were found from below the natural layer of soil clear down to the bottom. The skeletons were found resting upon the yellow sand not feet below the surface. The table was found underneath a human skeleton, in the spot where it served. It is believed that from this discovery something will be learned of the race that first peopled this continent.

Darwin will be rejoiced to learn that the writers of this archæo Sanscrit form the "missing link." It may judge from the skeletons, or rather, from what is known of them, that the upper bones of the arm, humerus, were secured in a good state of preservation, and had the peculiar perforation at the lower end, found only in the gorilla and in the lowest order of the human family. This peculiar formation consists of a small hole through the bone, which makes about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and is not found in the anatomy of any civilized race or the Indian tribes of the present age. In the top of the mound from which these remains were taken, at a depth of two feet, the skeleton of an Indian was removed, but the humerus showed no perforation, and, in fact, the conformation would not admit of its being found, the bone being as thick at that particular point as it is in the humerus of civilized man.

**A Fourth of July Family.**

EASTON, Dec. 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Barney Ward of Allentown have seven children and wife since 1867. On the 4th of July 1868, the first child was born. A second was born on the 4th of July, 1871. The 4th of July, 1872, added a third child to Mr. Ward's family, and each succeeding anniversary of American independence has been celebrated by Mr. Ward's presenting her husband with a fine, healthy child. If no casualty shall have caused children to be born on Christmas day, the Wards will have celebrated the "seven memorable holidays of Freedom."

**The Last Redoubt.**

*From the Cornhill Magazine.*

Know ye yon slope stud with
The cannon's belch and the rifles' pelt;
For a last redoubt up the hill remained,
Be the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard,
His lips were compressed and his look was weird;
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out!" he cried.
Then the name of "Allah!" echoed wide.
And the forces were wakened and the fray
And the battle-fire burst into play, perhaps.

One fell, and a second quickly stepped
The cap that he left where the rocks jutted and dropped;
The second—a third straight filled the place;
The third—and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a foe in the mud was crushed,
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
Many a Russian bayonet, red with gore,
Found Allah's arms and a believer's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,
And the ridge with the musket rattle rang,
Till the dazed Russ found the last redoubt
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt, a fair-eyed young
Turned round to the brave—and fled the coward;
Round him, his hair in the wind streaming air,
He lead erect and his bosom bare.

"Fly! they are on us!" his men implored;
But he waved them on with his waving sword.
"Remain! he held, "is no shame to die!"
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then clung they about him, and tugged, and knelt,
Till from a belt torn out his belt,
And fired it thence at the first back set
Foot on the edge of the parapet.

Over that first one topple, but on
Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone,
A horrid rain! Its men decimated,
Yet a bayonet's length from the length of his blade.

"Yield!" But aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on his foe, on his crouch in shade,
Then back he recled with a bladeless hilt,
His honor full, but his life blood spilt.

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;
His limbs were shapely, and soft, and round;
Sun-down in his hair, on his cheek in shade—
"Bismillah!" they cried, "he is an Inglet maid!"

Mehemet Ali came and saw
The riddled breast and the tender law.
"Make her a bier of your arms," he said,
"And dainily bury this dainty dead!

"Make her a grave where she stood and fell
Against the jackal's scath and the vulture's spell.
Bid the Muscovite men like them make right,
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night."

So a deeper trench 'mong the trenches there
Was dug for the form as brave as fair;
And none, till the Judgment trump and shout,
Shall strive her out of the last redoubt.

ALFRED AUSTIN

**A Fourth of July Family.**

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# UNUSUAL GALLOWS SCENE.

*TRYING TO EXTORT A CONFESSION FROM A DOOMED MAN.*

**Walter Riley Hanged for the Murder of Bob Dabbs—"One Minute and I Shall Stand before God. All I have said here is True."**

*From the Cincinnati Gazette.*

SCOOBA, Kemper county, Miss., Dec. 7.—Walter Riley, colored, was hanged here this morning for the killing of Bob Dabbs in 1871. Riley was also the confessed murderer of John W. Gully, to whose assassination Judge Chisholm was alleged to have been accessory, and the charge that he was so accessory was made the pretence for lynching him. Great anxiety was felt among those who had been concerned in the assassination of Chisholm and his daughter to obtain from Riley an acknowledgment that would brand Chisholm as an accomplice in Riley's crime, and relieve them of the odium of having destroyed an innocent family. About four hundred persons were present, nearly all white men and boys. Riley was a light mulatto. The life of the man was nothing to the spectators; all interest centred in the confession they were to hear from him.

Being asked by the Sheriff whether he had anything to say, the condemned replied: "A great deal. I want to talk about an hour." The prisoner stepped to the front, and, bowing gracefully, spoke as follows:

"I have been a bad man, and you see it has brought me to a bad end. My grave is dug in the woods as though I was a wild man, and my portion is among the despised. I am not to be laid to rest with my race nor numbered as one among the dead of the people. But that gives me no concern, for God will raise me up even from the sand laid in the pine forest, and I will stand with the rest on that awful day. I fear not the face of this congregation, for I am soon to stand before a mightier congregation than this earth ever saw. I forgive all who have injured me, and beg forgiveness of all. I bless my friends and I bless my enemies. I am guilty of these two murders, and I alone am guilty, but I have truly repented, and hope for pardon."

The prisoner here exhorted at great length, and several times repeated his confession of having killed Bob Dabbs in 1871 (the crime for which he was convicted), and John W. Gully last April. He then kneeled and offered a fervent prayer. He then confessed again, and was silent.

Sheriff—Would any of the people like to ask Walter a question?

Then ensued a performance, the like of which probably was never before witnessed at any legal execution. A murmur of questions rose on all sides, a dozen speaking at once, till the Sheriff said:

"Let Dr. Fox talk!"

Dr. Fox—Walter, you told me when we last talked that you killed John Gully, and that you were hired to do it?

"Yes, sir."

"Remember, Walter, you are going into eternity soon, and if you can speak a word to relieve the minds of the people, do it—please do it, for your own sake and the sake of this distracted county."

From all sides the cry was repeated: "Tell us, Walter, tell us why you killed John Gully. Tell us who got you to do it, and relieve the minds of the people."

"Well (hesitatingly), I might say I was persuaded to do it—but only by bad company."

"Walter, Walter!" almost shrieked an old man in the crowd, "don't you know there is no hope of a heaven for you if you go into eternity with a lie in your mouth?"

"Why, I know that."

"And don't you know that if you keep back the truth it is as bad as to tell a lie?"

Sheriff (impatiently)—Yes, yes. Walter understands all that.

Old Man.—"Let him speak and relieve the people. God cannot forgive anybody who keeps back the truth."

And from all sides again came the appeal, "Tell us, Walter, whatled to the murder of John Gully?"

Well"—a long pause—"I was persuaded into it."

"Who? Who? Who persuaded you?"

"Well—only bad company."

"What bad company? Who was it?"

"Well, I call all that bad company that leads a man to drinking, and from that to murder."

"Oh! dear, dear, dear!" groaned the old man, "he will go into the presence of God with a lie in his mouth."

Dr. Fox—Walter, don't you see that these people are troubled in their minds? In your mouth lies the issue of life and death to the persons here. You may save the innocent by pointing out the guilty. You have to die—no one here can help you there. Tell us if you have any other knowledge, and give relief to the innocent and the troubled.

But the prisoner, with the same calm dignity and measured tone, without a trace of fear, replied:

"Gentlemen, I know I've got to die. Man can't save me. I only am guilty."

Again the bleary-eyed old man sang out in a sort of whining tone:

"God can forgive anybody who keeps back part of the truth. Tell it all, Walter." Then the prisoner, all sidetracked, said: "I'll tell it." "Tell it;" "You've got to die for it." "Them as brought you here ought to be known." "They's no reprieve for ye this time." (Referring to the fact that he had previously been respited when on his way to the gallows.)

Then the old man groaned out, "Oh, Walter, Walter, tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—or you can never enter heaven."

For over an hour did this sickening business go on, the poor, tortured man replying always with gentleness and dignity that beyond what he had stated he knew nothing, and the whole crowd urging and contradicting him in bold whispers. It seemed to me the most curious, irregular, and illegal proceeding ever had in any civilized country.

Then Mr. Brame, a magistrate, said: "Walter, you know you lie. But you say now can't be used against any one. You are dead in law. No one can be touched unless there is other evidence than yours. But it is to satisfy the minds of the people. There is a mystery about the death of John Gully that must be cleared up. Tell us who it was persuaded you to kill him, and who hired you to do it."

"Mr. Brame, I can't go before God with a lie in my mouth. If any white man had anything to do with it I don't know it. Nobody ever sent me any word that I ever got."

The whole crowd then fell to questioning again, and to the fact that Riley took $40 in money, a bad, pair of boots, and a new saddle from Gully. In the midst of the hubbub the Sheriff suddenly called out, "William Riley, will you come up here?" and a venerable old man ascended the scaffold. The prisoner began to whisper to him, when the crowd shouted, "Let him speak! Let him speak!" The aged man, who was a preacher, turned to the crowd, and said: "Brethren and friends, I have a few words with you. That man (pointing to the prisoner) was once my property. He still bears his name. He was a bad boy, as he tell you. But I am not come here to play the detective on him; I am only to assist him to true repentance. He has confessed his sins only shall be forgiven." The old man then offered a fervent prayer, and said: "Walter, in a very few minutes you will be stand before God. I believe it is the will of God you should confess to this people. Keeping back the truth is as bad as a lie. Tell it all, tell it all, and may the Great Searcher of hearts accept you in His everlasting kingdom."

Walter—No, no; I cannot die with a lie in my mouth, and I cannot say what this order by wands me to say. I am guilty. I cannot bring an innocent man into this thing.

For the first time he showed signs of impatience, but the crowd persisted in questioning him about his attempt to escape from jail. He replied that the file was furnished by a friend, and he did not think a just God would require him to betray that friend. He insisted that the "lying" nothing of Bob Dabbs was true, and that Bird, Clay Chisholm's cousin, only knew it when he went to the gin house. Again and again did the crowd urge him, and always with the phrase, "There is trouble and sorrow among us." "Do speak and relieve the minds of this people," &c. At last, when this torturing process had lasted quite half and a half, the Sheriff ended it by summoning a colored preacher, who offered prayer. Walter took the hymn book, and he himself gave out two lines at a time, in the Wesleyan method, the hymn:

And must this world's false pall
Hide my God from my soul?
And must I look at death through it?
And must I part with my immortal soul,
And soar to worlds unseen?

He led the singing in a clear voice, then sang a short hymn alone; knelt and offered a moving prayer. The black cap was drawn over his head, and the rope adjusted. Then said he, "I want to speak last" to Dr. Fox.

The Doctor hurried forward, and such was the anxiety of the crowd for a confession, that there were murmurs all around, "Ah, he'll tell who hired him now; he didn't believe he was to die before." But, as the Doctor told me, Riley only murmured in his ear:

"One minute and I shall stand before God. All I have said here is true."

The Sheriff severed the rope with a single blow. Will him died all knowledge of causes for the killing of John W. Gully—that act which was the pretext for the awful tragedy of April 29.

**The Keely Motor.**

A gentleman connected with a well-known banking firm in this city, and one of the largest stockholders in the Keely Motor Company, having returned from Philadelphia, where he had been to investigate the progress made by the inventor, said: "The stockholders held a meeting in Philadelphia, and resolved to make a long pause in regard to the invention. From time to time we go and see how things are jogging, and are shown marvellous results, but there is always something lacking which prevents a public presentation of the invention. Everything is to be done. The conclusion we have come to is this: Either this is the greatest invention the world ever saw, or Keely is the most clever and skillful humbug ever known. We shall wait and see."

**Fatal Mining Accident.**

GEORGETOWN, Col., Dec. 15.—Yesterday, on Red Elephant Mountain, at the Boulder West Mine, Chas. Marrel and Henry Anderson were fatally injured by the premature explosion of a blast.

*THE UNCOVERED HAND.*

**How a Dog Led to where its Murdered Master's Body was Buried.**

*From the Evansville Journal.*

Some time during the latter part of last May a barber named E. A. Barlean, employed in the Union Depot barber shop, disappeared suddenly. At the time of his disappearance he was known to have had about $700 on his person, besides a fine watch and other trinkets of value. A strict search was instituted, and on the 23d of June his clothes were found, or at least a portion of them, in an outhouse. The discovery was made during the heat of the agitation caused by the railroad strike, and did not create such a sensation as it would have done under ordinary circumstances. But it whetted the determination of his friends, who set to work in earnest. On the 26th of June, Henry Burner, a carpenter employed also in the Union Depot, was found to be wearing some articles of clothing which had belonged to the murdered man, and for the possession of which he could give no satisfactory explanation. He was arrested and carried before Judge Heidenrich, but there was no proof of his complicity in the murder, and it was apparent that he must be acquitted.

Barlean's friends, however, determined upon holding this clue, and pressed the prosecution, and on the 29th of June Burner was sent to jail in default of bond, on the charge of grand larceny, based on his possession of the clothes. He has been in jail ever since awaiting trial, and is there at present.

Yesterday morning great excitement was created in Vincennes by the discovery of the body of the murdered man. It seems he had a favorite dog, which, since his disappearance, has been hanging around the Union Depot. About three weeks ago the dog was observed to go very often to the top of the grand staircase, and a splendid Newfoundland, belonging to a gentleman of a mile from the depot, along the line of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, he would disappear in that direction and be gone for an hour or more, and then come walking back slowly to the depot. That was repeated almost every day, and yesterday morning a gentleman observed him with unusual energy. He saw the dog go and scratch under one of the trees.

The gentleman, desirous of unravelling the mystery, followed him, but on his approaching the spot, the dog became enraged and showed fight. The gentleman armed himself with some stones, and soon made the dog retreat. He then proceeded to the place, and saw a dead man's hand protruding from the earth and sticking up with open fingers. He examined the place, and found that the dog had scratched much of the earth away from the body, which was buried only a few inches from sight. It was about 7 o'clock in the morning when this discovery of the horrible mystery soon procured assistance, and the body was readily identified as the body of the unfortunate barber, E. A. Barlean.

*NOTES FROM THE WAR.*

**The Difference Between the Rich Skobeleff and the Poor Gourko.**

*From the London Times.*

Here is old Krüdener absolutely refusing to go away, though he has been offered a liberal pension repeatedly. He is over 73 years of age, was a full Colonel in the Polish campaign of 1831, and has to be shovelled on to his horse by his Cossack orderly; yet he will not go away, and still continues to misdirect a corps of 25,000 men. It seems to certain persons that a mistaken tenderness to these old men is death to their troops. At Nikopol Krüdener made the Ninth Cossacks charge a battery mounted, to his own intense satisfaction, but to the utter destruction of half the men and horses of the regiment.

At Brestovcz village (the place from which I write) is Skobeleff's advanced forepost line, covered by artillery, heavy siege guns, and rifled mortars. His division, the Sixteenth, up to its full number, is still at his disposal in excellent huts, a mile and a half farther back, prepared for any cold, and with a fireplace and chimney to every hut.

His is the only Russian camp I every saw that is clean in the English sense of the word. All others are pigsties or worse, polluting the streams and brooks, regardless of the consequences. His is clean. His one object in life is to be idolized by his men, and he fully succeeds. He appears to bear a charmed life.

Skobeleff says, and he says with truth: "This is a new era in war. We have new explosive elements for the benefit of others. The shovel and the breech-loading rifle have changed everything. Artillery goes for nothing; the infantry assault is the only, though the most precarious, mode of success. This, from a man who has had greater triumphs than any other in this army, is very valuable.

And he persists in leading his division on himself, for he says he cannot find it in his heart, like others, to send men on to