E HERALD.

CITY, — DAKOTA.

AY, FEB. 3, 1888.

NIE, Editor and Publisher.

been introduced in Con-
nator Sabin for an appro-
$20,000 for dredging Big
and placing a dike at the
lake.

w passed by certain states
at in Dakota, prohibiting
of game to another state,
pronounced unconstitu-
udge McCrary of Iowa,
ne having power to regu-
ce between the States.

obey, formerly a member
ature from this district,
nced the publication of
per in Chicago entitled
's Voice. It will advo-
l revision of the tariff
ent ownership of railroad
h lines.

iff and Wages.

n, Stock and Home.]

e says the question of
ether a question of wages.
ff is the only thing that
borers above the "pauper"
Europe, yet when that
as secretary of State un-
nt Garfield he sent to
port of the cotton trade
to which his signature
d. In that report he gave
wages of operatives of
usetts mills as: Men
n, $6.62; male children
$3.08 per week. In
England, Jan. 1, 1882:
men from $3.50 to $4.50
the same time the work-
England were 54 in a
66 in the United States.
it is remembered that
read is cheaper than in
States, clothing of all
nts much cheaper, and
s little or no difference
he number of hours is
sideration, it does seem
ence given by Mr. Blaine
igh position of Secre-
that other causes than
es the prices of labor.
apparent does this seem
ider that we must go to
rotected countries of
rmany to find the really
Europe, they are not in
gland.

o Times (Democratic)
the Springer bill which
son and the delegates
berdeen convention en-
act to keep Dakota out
It says:
now, according to her
overner appointed by
er 600,000 inhabitants.
ave three or four repre-
congress, by the side of
to voice her opinions
airs and national legis-
Springer's bill provides
by the people of Dakota
This keeps her out of
tial election. It then
her constitution, if adopt-
in be submitted to con-
akota may be kept out,
oses make it desirable.
other presidential elec-
s is party work, utterly
tesmanship, and Mr.
as well know that the
Dakota, like the crime
as, is beginning to attract
of this nation. It will
ep 600,000 Americans,
ation and all the burdens
p, waiting like vassals
licy slowly executes its
is a remarkable fact
retained in our country
h colonial system which
has abandoned. The
anklin complained of as
nd are the evils Dakota
It is a mere satrapy
population of a great
ve no rule in governing
but we should have one,
should provide for rep-
where taxation is en-
ritory with population
e representative.

ne.

ho met in Aberdeen in
of a movement looking
had before them the
ll to be presented to con-
pringer bill was not then
If it had been it would
ounced. This bill con-
ns which all good citi-
idiate. The one denying
il the next presidential
possibly a good deal
d enough, but the one
counties containing less
pulation in a new coun-
worse than petty states-
is would abolish fifty-
Many of these coun-
t houses built, county
ided, and the whole
government in running
e years not one of these
contain less than 3,000
Springer bill will have
before it will meet the
of the people it most

DARING AND SUFFERING.

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

The Most Heroic and Tragic Episode 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 Leader and His Party.

The expedition, in the daring of its inception, had the wildness of a romance; while in the gigantic and overwhelming results it sought and was likely to obtain it was absolutely sublime.—JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL HOLT'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

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 men could undertake in America.—COMTE DE PARIS' HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA, vol. 2, p. 187.

By WILLIAM PITTENGER,
A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION.

CHAPTER XV.

THE OLD NEGRO JAIL AT CHATTANOOGA.

The sufferings of northern prisoners in the south constitutes probably the most terrible chapter in the history of the war. Attempts to soften the fearful story have met with slight success. The lot of the prisoner of war is always deplorable, as accommodations are scanty and the hardships of camp life greatly aggravated. But the Union prisoners in the south suffered more than is usual in military prisons. The southern states were slenderly supplied with means for the care of bodies of troops numbered by thousands; the northern armies were pressing severely and tightening the blockade by sea and land with the express design of depriving them of necessaries for prosecuting the war, and in case of scarcity it was natural that northern prisoners would first suffer. But to this was added a terribly bitter feeling, which sometimes found delight in gratuitously embittering the prisoner's lot. The horrors of Andersonville cannot soon be palliated or forgotten.

But the sufferings of ordinary prisoners was far exceeded in the case of the Andrews raiders. Our leader had been trusted by the enemy and had betrayed them. We had inflicted an amount of fright altogether disproportionate to our numbers, and we were now believed to be beyond the protection of the laws of war, and almost beyond the pale of humanity. It was thought that we were selected for our desperate character and therefore would require an extraordinary amount of guarding to prevent us from escaping or doing further injury. Such considerations no doubt had weight in the minds of our captors.

But these alone are not sufficient to explain the story that follows. I have hesitated in regard to telling it at all; but there is at least one good reason for recording all that the proprieties of language will permit—a reason which also goes far to account for the full horrors experienced. Nothing better shows the spirit of the institution of slavery, and the debasing effect it produces on the master class. Those in whose power we now fell had been used to seeing men, women and children publicly sold, whipped, hunted with dogs, or shut up like wild beasts in dens. With such experiences they would not be likely to care much for the sufferings of enemies, whom they had come to regard as the friends of the enslaved race. Accordingly it is in the negro prisons that our band found their most fearful experiences.

The story of the little, old, Chattanooga prison cannot be fully told. Terrible hardships which had to be lived through in agonies of shuddering disgust, and in utterly helpless disregard of the decencies of life—a daily and unceasing combination of pain and loathing—can hardly be told by one friend to another, much less spread on the cold printed page. The reader will remember that for every painful thing related, a dozen more are behind, which dare not be named. Let it be understood that there is no exaggeration. Photographic accuracy, within the limits already indicated, is aimed at. This worst of all the prisons has long since been swept away; but its memory will never grow faint while one of its hapless victims survives. The story rests not alone on my evidence, but is established by sworn testimony published in the war records.

The captain, who was appointed my conductor, called a guard of eight men and led me for some distance through the streets of Chattanooga. Two of the Confederate soldiers linked arms with me, one on each side, two walked in front and four followed behind. I could not help telling the captain that they took better care of our men than we did of theirs; that I had once guarded a Georgian a long distance without any help, and with no handcuffs on him. He did not resent the implied reproach, only saying that they meant to make sure of me! At length we came to a little brick building, surrounded by a high board fence. It stood, as I learned long afterward, on Lookout street between Fourth and Fifth. The ground sloped rapidly upward, so that the back of the jail was built into the hill while the front was level with the surface of the ground. The jail had two stories with two rooms in each story. It was quite high for its length and breadth. The jailer and family lived in the upper and lower rooms at the north end, and the rooms at the south were the prisons, the lower being entered only from the upper, and that in turn only from the jailer's room. This prison when built was intended for the accommodation of negroes by their humane owners. Another and much larger prison, in which were confined the great majority of white offenders and afterward of war prisoners, was situated on Fourth and Market streets.

Swims, the jailer, was a peculiar character. He was old, perhaps 60, with abundant white hair, and a dry and withered face. His voice was always keyed on a whining tone, except when some great cause, such as the requests of prisoners for an extra bucket of water, aroused his ire, when it rose to a hoarse scream. Avarice was a strong trait. He seemed to think his accommodations vastly too good for negroes and "Yankees," and that when admitted to his hospitality they should be thankful and give as little trouble as possible. With such notions it is easily seen how much he could add to the sufferings of prisoners. One thing favorable was that he was fond of a dram, and when indulging became very talkative, revealing many things that we could not otherwise have learned.

We halted for a moment at the camp fire of the guard outside the gate; then Swims came out, grumbling about their being disturbed so much, and, unlocking the gate, admitted us. We crossed the yard, ascended the long outside stairway, and from an outside landing entered the bedroom. From this a door opened into the prison. The room was quite small, square, and entirely destitute of furniture of any kind except a long ladder, which lay on the floor. There were five or six old, miserable looking men in the room, whose clothes hung in tatters, and who presented a terribly starved, dirty and wretched appearance. It was a dreadful place, and I shuddered at the idea of taking up my abode in such a den. But I soon found I was not to be so highly favored, and a little more experience was sufficient to make me look almost with envy upon these old men.

Said the jailer to the captain: "Where shall I put him?"

"Below, of course," was the prompt reply.

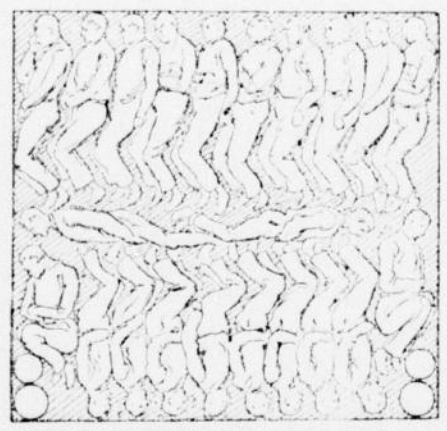
THE SWIMS JAIL AT CHATTANOOGA.

The jailer advanced to the middle of the room, and kneeling down, took a large key from his pocket, and applying it to a hole in the floor gave it a turn and then with a great effort raised a ponderous trap door right at my feet. A rush of hot air, and a stifling stench as from the mouth of the pit, smote me in the face and I involuntarily recoiled backward; but the bayonets of the guard were behind and there was no escape. The ladder was then thrust down, and, long as it was, it no more than penetrated the great depth. The wretches whose voices I could hear confusedly murmuring below were ordered to stand from under, and I was compelled to descend into what seemed more like the infernal regions than any place on earth. It was hard to find the steps of the ladder—for the candle of the jailer gave almost no light, and I had on handcuffs; but I went down, feeling for each step, to a depth of some thirteen feet. I stepped off the ladder, treading on human beings I could not discern, and wedged in as best I might. Then the ladder was slowly drawn up, and in a moment more the trap fell with a dull and heavy sound that seemed crushing down on my heart, and every ray of light vanished. I was shut into a living tomb—buried alive!

I could feel men around me and hear their breathing in the darkness, so that I knew the den was crowded full. Though it was night and cool outside, the heat here was more than that of a tropic noon, and the perspiration soon oozed from every pore. The feted air and the stench made me for a time deadly sick, and, worst of all, there was an almost unbearable sense of suffocation. I wondered if it could be possible that they would leave human beings in such a place till death came in this horrible form—death, which could not be long delayed. I thought of the Black Hole of Calcutta, where so many Englishmen were suffocated in one terrible night by a savage East Indian; I had heard of negroes being burned alive or whipped to death in our own south; but these horrors were always, I supposed, meant as vengeance for some fiendish outrage. Yet of all the forms of death, that by slow suffocation had always appeared most dreadful, and this now seemed imminent.

As I had been brought to this place in the dark, I knew nothing of its character, and after the first moment of stupefaction, resolved to explore its size and nature. No one of my companions had yet spoken to me or I to them. Whether they were black or white, soldiers or citizens, chained like myself, or with the free use of their hands, I could not tell, and I scarcely liked to ask, lest the answer should add new misery. I jambed my way through the living throng to the wall and felt along it to learn if there was door or window. There was no door, the only entrance to the fearful place being by the trap door down which I came. Neither were there any windows, but I found two holes in the wall, opposite each other, each little more than a foot square, and filled with three rows of iron bars. The walls, as could be told at the holes, were very thick, being made of an inner case of oak logs and a brick wall outside. Even in day time, these holes gave little light, for one was close under the outside stairway already described, and the other below the level of the ground. Yet a little air could come through the thick set bars, and served to revive me—making it possible to endure life here for a short time.

When the first shock had passed and I became partially inured to the terrible oppression of the atmosphere, I tried to ascertain something of the condition of my companions. The most fearful description of this place of torment that can be given is contained in the plain cold figures—the number of the prisoners and the size and manner of their lodging. Before I entered there were fourteen white men and one negro. This evening the number was increased to nineteen and soon after to twenty-two, at which point it remained for many days. The room was just thirteen feet square, and about the same in height. These numbers are not approximations, but are meant to be accepted exactly and literally. The entire furniture of the room consisted of four buckets for water and slops! And here twenty-two men had to remain day and night, with no respite, and no power to leave the room for any purpose, for more than two weeks! It was possible, as will be seen by reference to the accompanying sketch, for all to lie down at once; but it required the nicest fitting and no small degree of crowding. There were two rows of ten persons each, occupying the space of thirteen feet, and two persons could rest between the feet of the rows. But when one turned, all in his row were obliged to turn likewise; and as all were chained in some manner, the crowding, the exclamations, and the clanking of chains in the black darkness of this dungeon presented—especially at night—as good a representation of the realms of the lost as has ever been known.



MANNER OF SLEEPING IN SWIMS' JAIL.

My prison mates received me very kindly and answered questions freely. I had no hesitation in telling them who I was, and this at once won their confidence. They were Union men from various parts of East Tennessee. Many of them had been in prison for six or eight months, and the offenses charged varied from that of simply preferring the old government to the new, slave built Confederacy, to that of bridge burning, or of being helpers of the Union army. The latter were called spies. One of them was blind, the Confederates accusing him of only feigning blindness; but from all I could observe, I think it was real.

I was greatly interested in the one negro in this miserable place. He was very friendly and anxious to be of service to us in any possible way. Some days after my arrival he was taken out and brought back again after an hour or so, seeming to be in a good deal of suffering. His story, which he gave us if it were the most ordinary thing in the world, moved me to indignation which I would gladly have expressed in some way more vigorous than words.

He was arrested and imprisoned on suspicion of being a fugitive slave. The law in such cases did not put the burden of proof on the person arresting, but on the negro. Aleck had been treated as law and custom provided. He was first carefully examined, and whipped till he made some kind of confession; then he was put in jail, and advertised in accordance with that confession. If a master appeared and proved property, he was obliged to pay all jail and whipping fees, costs of advertising and a liberal reward to the person arresting; and then, usually flogging the negro unmercifully for the trouble and expense he had caused, he could take his property. But if no answer came to the advertisement, it was taken for granted that the negro lied, and he was brought out and flogged into a new confession, after which he was remanded to jail and again advertised. Thus they continued, if no master appeared, flogging and advertising, for a year, when the poor fellow was sold at public auction, and the proceeds applied to pay the expenses of all these barbarous inquisitions! No trial was allowed by which the negro might prove himself free. When once arrested, unless he [illegible] powerful white friends, [illegible] was sealed; and in this way, in the old slavery times, many a free negro found his way back into bondage.

No answer having been received to the advertisement for Aleck, he had been taken out for one of his periodical whippings. He had now been in this prison for seven months, and was to remain five years, with no prospect but that of being sold into perpetual bondage. We pitied him from the bottom of our hearts, and are glad to believe that, if he lived, the triumph of the Union armies relieved him from his dreadful position. These things were not all ascertained on the same evening, though several of them were, for I did all I could to get a complete mastery of my surroundings, that I might be ready for any possibility of escape. But the chances were slight indeed. The floor and the walls were of solid oak, many inches thick; a circle of guards was all the time on duty outside; and the only egress was by means of a ladder put down in the presence of the jailer and a strong guard.

As we were talking in the darkness, we heard the tramp of many feet on the outside stairway, with the clank of chains, and listened to learn what next was coming to pass. The noise came overhead, and then the trap door opened and a stream of comparatively cool air poured down from the room above, and drew in through our narrow windows. We breathed with a sense of indescribable relief—drinking in the air as the desert traveler drinks from the mountain brook! —oh! what a luxury it would be, if that trap door could only be kept open! It might have been if our life or comfort had been valued by those in authority.

A number of men were seen above by the feeble glimmer of the jailer's candle, and the long ladder was thrust down and seized by a man below to prevent it from striking some head, and it was clear that others were being sent down. The Tennesseeans cried out: "Don't put any more down here. We're full! We'll die if any more are put down."

[Continued next Week.]