THE POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

INDEPENDENCE, OREGON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1882.

O' Donnell, the most thoroughly posted member of parliament on the troubles in Egypt, says the present condition of affairs is due to public opinion, persistently stirred by such men as Sir Auckland Calvin, Edward Malet, Alphonso Mouri and others, and England moved heaven and earth to get fairly embarked in war before the country had time to forbid. He believed when the Turks landed they would receive the instant homage of Arabi, and the followers of the two armies would immediately amalgamate and prevent the advance of the English. Further action by her majesty's forces would be a wanton act of bringing down all Europe. He thought that efforts to coerce the Sultan in declaring Arabi a rebel would be sure to bring a general rupture. A great diplomatic struggle is now progressing in Constantinople. England stands alone, and the other powers will not consent to these operations; damage has already resulted from their blind operation and the English must hereafter submit to the voice of Europe. If they refuse to hear to reason the result will be a general war. Russia is already very hostile and India is in a state of suppressed excitement. The situation is one of the utmost gravity.

From the report of Judge M. P. Deady, President of the Board of Regents of the State University, we learn that the total income of the institution for the year ending June 30, 1882, was $13,514.76; and the total expenses were $10,271 64, leaving a balance of $3,243 12. There was an indebtedness of $3,182 paid off; $1,182 by the citizens of Eugene City, the balance by Mr. Villard. The latter has also contributed $1,250 for apparatus and prizes for scholars. The condition of the fund is: cash on hand and unloaned, $23,732 12; loaned on 31 mortgages, $39,342 12; total, $63,074 25; interest due on loans, $3,966 96. The 46,080 acres of land granted by act of Congress, Feb.14, 1859, has all been selected. Of this 17,080 acres are unsold, and are estimated to be worth $25,000. Other lands, taken on loans, estimated to be worth $7000. The total fund, therefore, amounts to $94,774 13. With a full and able faculty, and its income, the University ought to be doing a splendid work.

The recent skirmish in Egypt is heralded in the dispatches as a great battle. Considering the trifling loss, one is at a loss to discover wherein its great magnitude consists. If the loss of a score of men, in a reconnoisance movement, causes such a commotion, what must the skirmishing be? Much more serious engagements, in our civil war, were scarcely deemed worthy of a report. But then our men fought with rifles, not the pencils of press correspondents. It is a relief to know that the English found out how strong was Arabi's position. The knowledge will be valuable when they make another advance.

Garfield's Face Viewed.

Governor Sherman, of Iowa, who is visiting at Elmira, N. Y., said to a reporter there the other day:

"I saw President Garfield a day or two ago in Cleveland. You need not look astonished; I really saw him—not his spirit, but his own form and features. I had visited his tomb to do homage to the spot where the martyr President was sleeping. The watchman in charge, on learning whence I came and who I was, asked me if I would like to see the President. I was as greatly surprised as you can be. He simply showed me he was in earnest, invited me into the tomb, unscrewed and removed the lid from that sacred casket, and there lay General Garfield before me—just as he looked the day of his funeral—as in a weary, unrefreshing sleep. I was surprised, for despite the emaciation of those noble features, I was at once struck with their likeness to the General as I had seen him alive. I presume that years will pass ere the preserving traces of the embalmer's work will have been removed from all that is left on earth of [illegible]

[illegible] *Herald*, with [illegible], visited the Lake vi[illegible] to make an inquiry into the matter and learn if it was true that the remains of the dead President had been exposed to view, even to satisfy the curiosity of the Governor of Iowa. The sexton, being interrogated about the matter, said it was true that Governor Sherman had been permitted to view the remains of the dead, but that he had nothing to say or do with the case. The keys of the vault were in possession of Lieutenant Van Vliet, of the Tenth United States Infantry, the officer in charge of the detail of soldiers guarding the tomb, and the Lieutenant unlocked the gate of the vault, unscrewed the lid that covers the glass plate set in the top of the coffin, and allowed Governor Sherman and party to view the remains.—*Cleveland Herald.*

A BOLD RAILROAD RIDE.

SEIZING A TRAIN AND RUNNING INTO THE HEART OF THE CONFEDERACY AN EXPLOIT OF EXTREME DARING—HOT CHASE, CAPTURE, IMPRISONMENT AND DEATH ON THE SCAFFOLD.

Captain J. J. Andrews, a West Virginia Unionist, proposed to General Mitchell in April 1862, that a band of picked men should seize a train within Confederate territory and burn the thirteen bridges between Atlanta and Chattanooga. A successful issue of the daring scheme would have placed Chattanooga in Mitchell's power, and would have been a more terrible blow to the Confederacy than the loss of a great battle. Twenty-two men were detailed to go with Andrews, whose exploit is described in the following extracts from an article by the Rev. W. J. Scott in the current number of the Philadelphia *Times*:

Andrews and his party, to avoid suspicion, had purchased tickets to different parts of the road. A little after sunrise the north-bound train rolled up to the station, and the party board'd it. Nine miles to Big Shanty and the struggle would begin. Upon the arrival of the train at that point the conductor announced, "Big Shanty; twenty minutes for breakfast." The conductor, engineer—indeed all the attaches of the train and a large number of passengers—went in for breakfast. The hour strikes. Andrews and his engineer, Brown, with promptness and yet perfect composure, stepped into the caboose of the deserted engine, while the remainder of the party occupied the three front cars, which in an instant were detatched from the hinder part of the train. The steam valve was pulled wide open, and in the presence of a brigade of troops the train bounded off at a rapid speed. Stopping, however, two or three miles above they cut the telegraph lines and then resumed their flight at the rate of fifty miles an hour toward Kingston, where they were to pass the regular down freight.

Meanwhile Captain W. A. Fuller the conductor, Jeff Can, the engineer, and Anthony Murphy, an official of the road, were not idle. They rushed from the breakfast room in time to see the captured train disappear behind a curve. Fuller was a man of pluck and indomitable energy. He seemed at once to understand the situation. The party who had seized his engine were Federal soldiers in disguise. Without a moment's loss in parleying he and Murphy and Cain started on foot in pursuit. Before they had proceeded far they secured a hand-car and mounted that. Two miles from Cartersville, at Etowah station, they found to their delight an engine fired up and heading for Chattanooga. They at once impressed it and dashed on after the fugitives at a breack-neck speed. Andrews and his party were unavoidably delayed at Kingston by the non-arrival of a train. This delay well nigh ensured the failure of the enterprise. When Fuller and his party reached Kingston he was fully twenty-five minutes behind the captured train. And such was the promptness with which he pressed the hot pursuit that twenty-two miles further he came in sight of Audrews and his party tugging at a refractory rail which they only partially displaced. Henceforward there was no interval of burning bridges. It was now reduced to a race for life and liberty, with the odds against the fugitives. Mazeppa, bound on his wild Tartar steed scouring the plains of Ukraine, is a fitting type of the Federals as they burned the boxes and even the oil with which the engine was greased; passed Dalton, through the tunnel, over the Chickamauga bridge; beyond Ringgold their steam exhausted and yet the indefatigable Fuller at their heels. Two of the cars had been detached, but Fuller would switch them off on a siding and push on with redoubled energy. The chase was up. Andrews gave the order, "*Sauve qui peut.*"—in plain English: "Devil take the hindmost"—leaped off the train, and with the others, betook themselves to the forests on either side of the road. Fuller, of course, changed his tactics. Leaving his engine, he impressed a mule, with no saddle and only a rope bridle, and mounting it, continued the pursuit. In a little while—for the country was aroused—he was joined by others, and the forests were scoured and searched in all directions, resulting in the capture of seventeen of the fugitives.

In a few days all of them were lodged in the Chattanooga jail. There they remained until the month of June. Andrews, the leader, had been tried as a spy and convicted in the latter part of May. He, with another of the party, escaped, but Andrews was recaptured on the 6th of June and sent to Atlanta to be executed, while twelve others of the squad were ordered to Knoxville for trial.

On the 7th of June I was standing at the corner of Decatur and Peachtree streets and noticed a column of soldiers apyroaching. I inquired what it meant, and was told that Captain Andrews, the spy, was being carried to the gallows. As the carriage containing the prisoner and Col. O. H. Jones, the Provost Marshal, arrived opposite the point where I was standing, the carriage was halted, and Col. Jones asked me if I would go out and officiate as Chaplain. I replied that I disliked to witness an execution of the sort, and suggested that he procure some other minister. At this point the prisoner addressed me in rather a subdued tone, and remarked: "I would be glad to have you go." I remarked to the Provost that I could not refuse such a request, and immediately took my seat in the carriage beside the prisoner.

Upon our arrival at the place of execution we found a very large assembly, eager to witness the horrors of the gibbet. The ground selected was a natural amphitheater with the gallows in the center. At the distance of forty feet from the gallows a strong rope was stretched to prevent intrusion. But few persons were allowed to enter the circle. Everything being prepared, after a moment's conference with the prisoner, during which I told him that I should not remain to witness the execution, I ascended the scaffold to address the multitude. There was perfect order, no jeers, no taunts, no unseemly behavior to mar the solemnity of the occasion. I made the prisoner's statement as near as possible in his own words, and then endeavored to make a profitable use of the circumstances. At the close of this brief address I asked the Rev. Mr Conyers to lead in prayer, which he did in the most fervent supplication for the Divine blessing on the prisoner. I again had a short conference with the prisoner, admonishing him that in God solely was his help, bade him farewell, and turned and walked directly back to the city.

Thus Captain Andrews, the leader of the expedition had fallen; but more thrilling scenes were to follow, although undreamed of by the writer. I have omitted to state hitherto that at this time I was pastor of Wesley chapel, now the First Methodist church, Atlanta. On the 18th of June, 1862, I was seated at an early dinner at the parsonage, when I received a message from the Provost Marshal, requesting me to call at his office and accompany him on a visit to some Federal spies that were to be executed. In a few minutes I reached the office and found only a single clerk present. He informed me that Colonel Forearce had been called off, and would return in a short time for me. Having learned from the clerk that they were to be executed that afternoon I requested him to tell Colonel Forearce that I had walked over to the jail. To this he assented, and remarked that I could readily gain admittance to them. In reaching the jail I passed the parsonage of Trinity church, and asked the Rev. G. G. N. McDonnell to join me. After words of explanation he consented to do so, remarking at the same time, "You must do the talking."

At the jail we were ushered into a large room, where we saw the doomed men. They impressed me at once as a body of remarkably fine looking young men. The names as we subsequently learned, were: George D. Wilson, company B, second Ohio regiment; M. A. Ross, company A, second Ohio regiment; William Campbell, citizen of Kentucky; P. D. Shadradk, company D, second Ohio regiment; Samuel Slavens, thirty-third Ohio regiment; S. Robinson, company G, thirty-third Ohio regiment; John Scott, company K, twenty-first Ohio regiment. I have already said I was struck by their fine personel. I could not but notice their cheerfulness under such painful environments. I saw at a glance that they were disinclined to be communicative. I arrested their attention in a moment, however, by saying, "Gentlemen, we are the bearers of unwelcome tidings to you." One of them, then, quite to my amazement, inquired: "Is this Mr. Scott?" I answered, "Yes," I could not account for it otherwise than that he had seen in the city papers my name in connection with the execution of Captain Andrews.

At this point a large well proportioned man (who was evidently a leader among them), I think R. D. Wilson, said to me:

"What is the nature of the tidings you bring us?"

I replied: "You have been tried by the court martial at Knoxville and convicted as spies, and are to be executed."

He rejoined: "It is hard to be convicted as spies, We were informed that we were to be sent on a dangerous expedition under the leadership of Captain Andrews, but we never thought of being treated, if captured, other than prisoners of war."

I think another of the party asked:

"How are we to be executed?"

"My understanding is hanging."

Wilson interposed with marked emphasis: "We do not care so much to be shot as soldiers, but to be hanged like a dog is a burning shame."

I said: "Young gentlemen, we are not here to discuss the justice or injustice of the court's action. That is a matter over which we had no control. We have visited you as ministers of the gospel, for the sole purpose of helping you by our prayers and counsels to prepare for death, and it is my painful duty to tell you that the hour is at hand."

I saw in an instant anxiety and even horror pictured on every countenance. There was a momentary pause, when one of them, in a whisper more thrilling than a bugle blast, asked:

"When are we to be executed?"

I answered with a burdened heart: "In less than two hours."

They were gallant men that would have stood unshaken in the imminent deadly breach. They were picked men, as I before said, chosen for their soldierly qualities, yet in a moment every cheek blanched to the lily's whiteness. In another moment, however, they rallied and appeared firm and unflinching. I said to them: "This hurried execution seems hard, and it is hard, and I disapprove of it with all my heart; but," I continued, "war at the best is a cruel thing. You entered the army for the defense of what you esteemed your country's honor and safety. You expected to endure hardship and suffer privation, and if need be die. And now my brother McDonnell and myself are here to aid you in this extremity."

Thereupon I asked them, one by one, if they were church members. All responded in the negative. I then asked if any of them were accustomed to pray. One responded in the affirmative; another, seemingly the youngest, replied that he prayed sometimes, but not regularly; the others had been entirely neglectful of this duty. I then remarked that we were all forgetful of God and duty, but that he was merciful and long suffering, and that while the time for preparation was short, if they were truly penitent, God would save them as well in an hour as in a twelvemonth. I proposed that we should together make our humble confession and hearty supplication to God for pardon and salvation. To this they all agreed. I proceeded then to recite a number of Scriptural passages applicable to their condition, and we then bowed in prayer. During the prayer they were all sensibly affected.

As we rose from our knees, one of them—I am not sure at this late day whether Ross or Campbell—gave me a Masonic signal, which craftsmen are only permitted to use in seasons of extreme peril. I recognized it instantly, and took him aside and satisfied myself that he was a "son of light." No one who has ever been raised from a dead level to a living perpendicular can appreciate my feelings. I said, with a faltering voice:

"My brother, I will do what I can for you consistently with my obligations to the government to which I owe allegiance."

He replied: "I ask for nothing more. We are about to be executed, with only a few hours' notice. We had no intimation of it until you informed us. Now, can you not prevail on the military authorities to respite us for one or two days?"

I replied: "I will make an honest effort."

The other prisoners must have heard a portion of our conversation, for they seemed quite elated.

I knew that I must act promptly, so leaving Brother McDonnell to talk with them, I left the cell and went down into the front prison-yard, where a squadron of cavalry was already drawn up. They had, I found, been waiting quietly for our appearance. Colonel W. J. Lawton had on that day assumed command of the post. He was an old and highly esteemed personal friend. I told him what had transpired in the cell, and urged him to respite them at least until the next day; that to execute them on such short notice was utterly indefensible; that he could easily cut off all possibility of escape. He was a man of generous impulses, and I saw he was greatly troubled and perplexed. He replied:

"I agree to all you say. I would most gladly afford them relief; but," he continued, "my orders are peremptory. I am required to execute them to-day, and have not the least discretion. If I disobey my orders I am liable to be cashiered and disgraced."

Having finished this work we heard the steady tramp of the officers up the stairway. They filed into the cell and drew up the prisoners in front of them. Everything was done with becoming gravity. The finding of the court martial was distinctly read and the order for their execution. At this point Brother McDonnell and myself withdrew to the prison-yard, where we intended to take leave of them. In a little while they were marched out in single file and were stopped for my associate and myself to address them in a few parting words. I said to them as I shook hands with every one:

"I would accompany you, but I have said all that I could say. Look to God, and may he graciously bless you and save you."

The last of the file was the youngest—"somebody's darling"—and he wept as he asked me still to pray for him. I saw them no more. They were executed and buried near the city cemetery.

An Unfeeling Druggist.

An excited man rushed into a drug store and exclaimed:

"Oh my! I'm ruined! Give me ten ounces of camphire or whisky. Give me the whisky."

He fell against the counter; his eyes rolled back and his tongue hung out.

"What ails you, man?" He drew back his tongue, said, "Snake bite," and shot it out again.

"Whisky—snake bite."

"How did you get a snake bite?" asked a physician, taking hold of the man's hand and feeling his pulse. The tongue went in and the words, "fooling with a rattlesnake" came out.

"Where did it bite you?"

"Right here," he replied, exhibiting a small hole in the back of his hand.

"Where did you get the snake?"

"Museum. Gimmy some whisky."

"This hole was made by a lead pencil."

"Lead pencil!" said the victim contemptuosly; "made by the pizen fangs of a copperhead."

"Thought it was a rattlesnake?"

"Didn't say it was a rattlesnake. Oh, I'm dying! Dying in a civilized land. Dying within forty miles of home. To think that I have travelled all over the snake countries and come back to be killed by a common black snake."

"Thought it was a copperhead?"

"Now here," said the man, untangling his eye and stiffening himself. "It don't make any difference what you think. I'm dying from the effect of a snake bite. That's about as much as you want to know. A gallon of whisky will save my life. Am I among human beings?"

Just then a red-faced man stuck his head into the store and yelled:

"Come on, Bill. Them fellows wouldn't care if you was swallowed by a boy constructor."

The tongue went back into the mouth. The evidence of suffering passed away, and the victim picked up his hat and joined his companion.

Ozone.

Prof. R. B. Warder, a well-known chemist of Cincinnati, who has branded the "ozone preservative," advertised in such flaming numbers in the agricultural press all over the country as a deception and a fraud, says the black powder which on being burned in a close room, is to pervade it with this "new" preservative agent, is dry and tasteless, and has a distinct smell of cinnamon; it burns with a pale blue flame, with the odor of the first ignition of the sulphur match. On analysis it was found to consist of sulphur 93.7 parts, carbon 4.6, and other matter of no importance making up the small residue of 1.7 per cent. Sulphur is yellow, but this powder is black; and the microscope shows that this transmission is effected by covering or glazing as it were, the particles of sulphur with very finely divided carbon, probably lampblack; then, the color of the sulphur being securely masked, its odor is concealed also by a little oil of cinnamon; and the mixture is sold at about thirty times the cost of sulphur, its most expensive and only useful ingredients. Farmers who have fruit and vegetables to preserve will hardly feel able to afford such a price for a mere work of art.

What Shall We Do With Him?

It seems as if only yesterday he was in long clothes. But that was really a good many yesterdays ago, and here he is growing up into his teens; full of life, hope, joyous outlooking into life; little knowing what strife and care it is to bring; even anxious for the strife, with a noble martial ardor; full of inquiries and wonderments and questionings; full of plans and purposes, childish but noble; full of imitations of his elders, who are not always his betters; rich in schemes, but a pauper in fulfillments; a gardener to-day, a carpenter to-morrow, a scientific gatherer of curiosities the day after; ambitions to do everything, knowing not how to do anything. What shall we do with him?

Educate him. It is a shame in this country of education to throw this boy out into life without equipment; and equipment so cheap. It is sending a soldier into battle without a gun, it is sending a carpenter to work without tools. The farmer has started to set him at the hay [illegible] and at the corn field, the carpenter to put him at the bench, the [illegible] to put him in the shop. He can earn a few dollars a week [illegible] enough to pay for his food [illegible] clothes, or even both. But he [illegible] takes his boy from school [illegible] him to work, before he is half equipped, drives him to drudgery. This is to send him to the galleys; to send him to Siberia; to forbid him ever to get on. If you give a fine blooded colt you will train him before you use him; you will not dim his fire by putting him to the cart or plow before he has gotten the use of himself. Do as well by your boy as by your colt. Educate him. Find out what there is in him, develop his possibilities, endow him before you attempt by arbitrary degree to fix his place and determine his destiny. Make what you can of him, then leave him to find his own place.

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INDEPENDENCE, Oregon, January 26, 1882. E. COX.

INCORPORATED IN 1864.

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Income for 1880, : : : :	340,641.00
Losses, paid since organization, :	1,635,202.84
Reinsurance Reserve, : : :	174,989.60
Losses Paid in Oregon, : : :	200,000.00

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