

**Terms of Publication.**  
**THE TIOPA COUNTY AGITATOR** is published every Wednesday Morning, and mailed to subscribers at the very reasonable price of **ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM**, in advance. If not paid in advance, the paper will be sent to the subscriber on the term for which he has expressed his preference. The paper will be sent to the subscriber on the term for which he has expressed his preference. The paper will be sent to the subscriber on the term for which he has expressed his preference.

# THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

**WELLSBORO, TIOPA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 30, 1861. VOL. VIII. NO. 12**

Advertisements will be charged 21 per square of 10 lines, one of three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The published rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:	<b>1 MONTH</b>	<b>3 MONTHS</b>	<b>6 MONTHS</b>	<b>12 MONTHS</b>
Square, one of three insertions,	\$3.00	\$8.00	\$12.00	\$18.00
do, do, do, do, do, do,	5.00	6.50	8.00	10.00
do, do, do, do, do, do,	7.00	9.00	11.00	13.00
do, do, do, do, do, do,	9.00	11.00	13.00	15.00
do, do, do, do, do, do,	11.00	13.00	15.00	17.00
do, do, do, do, do, do,	13.00	15.00	17.00	19.00
do, do, do, do, do, do,	15.00	17.00	19.00	21.00

**BUSINESS DIRECTORY.**  
**CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN HOTEL.**  
 DAVID HART, PROPRIETOR.  
 The undersigned begs leave to announce to his friends and to the public generally that he has taken possession of the old stand and fitted up in good style, and intends to keep it as a Hotel. It will be kept in good order and the traveling public invited to patronize it. It has a good stable and a good house. Prices to suit the times.  
**JAS. LOWREY & S. F. VILSON,**  
 ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW, with a view to the Court of Tioga County, Pa. (Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1853.)  
**C. N. DART, DENVER,**  
 OFFICE at Wellsboro, Pa. pertaining to the line of business of a...  
**DICKINSON & CO. CORNING, N.Y.**  
 MRS. A. FIELD, Proprietor. Guests taken to and from the Depot.  
**J. C. WHITKA, M.D.,**  
 Hypnotic Physician and Surgeon.  
**BLAND, TIOPA COUNTY, PENNA.**  
 Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or by special arrangement at his house.  
**J. EMERY, AT LAW,**  
 At Wellsboro, Tioga County, Pa. Collections made in any of the Northern Counties.  
**PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,**  
 Corner of Main Street and the Avenue. Wellsboro, Pa. This popular Hotel, having been furnished throughout, is now open for the public as a first-class house.  
**IZAAK WALTON HOUSE, BIEGOR,**  
 GAINES, TIOPA COUNTY, PA.  
 This is a new Hotel located in the best position in the County. No pains will be spared for the pleasure of the guests and the traveling public.  
**G. C. CAMPBELL, BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER,**  
 Shop in the rear of the Post Office. His line will be done as well as being done in the most artistic manner. Hair and whiskers dyed any color.  
**THE MORNING JOURNAL,**  
 George W. Pratt, Editor & Proprietor.  
 Published at Corning, Staunton, N.Y., at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. It is a Republican in politics, and has a circulation of over 5000 copies. It has a fine printing office, and is an excellent advertising medium. Address as above.

**TO PATRIOTS.**  
 For thy fellow-man down-trodden  
 By the tyrant's might and power;  
 For Humanity's well-being  
 Grasp thy sword this very hour.  
 Wait not till the curfew has fallen,  
 Direful even at thy door;  
 If thou waitest, be assured  
 They will not wait for thee.  
 They, a man, and canst thou bear it?  
 Bear to see thy country cast  
 From her lofty place of glory  
 Like the Nations of the Past?  
 Be like them who do not wait?  
 Be like them of short-lived stay?  
 If more glorious, still more deadly  
 And more foully past away?  
 Never! God and man forbid it!  
 Give thy help to the strife,  
 Then, when Right and Mercy reigneth,  
 All will lead a nobler life.  
 MANSEFIELD, Oct. 6, 1861. I.V.

**ESCAPE FROM PEROTE CASTLE. A PRISONER'S STATEMENT.**  
 BY EMERSON BENNETT.  
 I was one of the unfortunate Texan prisoners confined in the castle of Perote, by order of the treacherous Santa Anna, in the year 1843. This fortified prison, the strongest in Mexico, if not in the world, is a grand, gloomy pile of masonry, situated in a valley between two mountains, about a mile north of the town of Perote, through which the stages, carrying the mail, pass between the cities of Vera Cruz and Mexico. The castle, as it is called, is built of volcanic scoriae, which has become so hardened by fusion as to be almost impervious to steel. The walls are eight feet thick, and about sixty feet in height from the bottom of the great moat to the ramparts. This moat, which extends entirely around the great structure, with its angular bastions, is some twenty feet in depth by two hundred in width, and though ordinarily kept dry, as it was while I was there, is so connected with subterranean water-works that it can be flooded in a few minutes. On the outer side of the moat is a massive stone wall, and beyond this again are formidable chevaux de frise and a dry ditch. Including this ditch, the entire works cover twenty-six acres. Upon the ramparts, which are seventy feet in width and extend the entire circumference of the building, are mounted eighty pieces of artillery, and here sentinels are constantly pacing to and fro day and night. The flat top upon which these cannon rest, is solid masonry, fifteen feet thick, which is supported by successive arches, seventy feet long by twenty wide. The interior of these arches constitutes the workshops, storerooms and cells of the prisoners. They are entered only from the inside, through massive doors which have a narrow grating over the top. When the door of a cell is closed, the only light and air which can reach it, must either come in through the grating mentioned, or through a loop-hole at the far end, which, from being some two feet square on the inner side of the wall, gradually narrows down to an aperture of some four inches by twelve on the outside, directly over the great moat. Fronting these cells or arches, at the distance of sixty feet, is an interior range of square buildings, two stories high, in which are quartered the officers and soldiers of the garrison, with, in many cases, their wives and families, and inside again of this inner range in the center court or plaza, five hundred feet square, used for military drill and parade. In fact, the Castle of Perote, is almost a city in itself, and originally cost many years of labor and many millions of dollars.

**THE CLOUD.**  
 Mr. Editor:—I solicit your benevolence in reserving a space in one of your columns of your prize-worth paper for the following lines:  
 A short time ago, as I was riding along the road I observed a dark and heavy cloud, hanging over my eastern horizon, that moved steadily towards the neighborhood where I resided, and in a short interval a fierce and raging storm followed by powerful gales of wind, sweeping under plains with woe—surrounded me. In such a way that I could not see ten feet before me. In about fifteen minutes, the storm had passed over the sky was again clear, the sun pouring its genial rays upon the earth—and the air calm. The sudden change of that storm, originated the following delightful and decisive thoughts:  
 When affliction, necessity, confinement or endurance of any kind, comes upon the followers of Jesus, as they are journeying towards the Canaan of Rest; and as the dark and lowering cloud is issuing its storm, over their heads, how natural it is for them to observe nothing but the darkness and the raging storm. All the enjoyments of life are forgotten. All the blessings of God are overlooked, and the storm possesses the whole attention of their minds. All the favors that are obtained, appear to be of little value, and the soul, filled with commotion, loses sight of all the attributes of God.  
 While I was surrounded by the cloud, I did not behold the limits of its bounds; and if I had not beheld it arise, I would have imagined, undoubtedly, that it had spread over the country, perchance over the entire globe—and fear the storm would not pass away for many hours. But when the storm had gone by, its limits were clearly seen, and did not appear very large. During the time of our affliction, we do not see the end of our distresses, and thoughts of heavier trials and temptations are pressing upon our spirits, and we are afraid that our trials will increase more and more, and their duration will be long and painful. But when they have gone by, we are aware that they were but short, and we are inspired to think that the storm has ceased sooner than we imagined, and we behold that our forefathers' trials prevail but for a moment. Now the sun breaks forth with all the influence of its renewing power, and we are at heart to think that we have grieved at the kind attributes of God.  
 After the storm had passed over, I was completely taken up with the clear and still radiance of the surrounding scene; but if the raging tornado had not preceded it, it is very likely that a part of this desirable scenery of nature would have passed over unnoticed. And is it not a fact that many of the attributes that we receive from a kind and benevolent Providence, would be overlooked or accepted, without the least ray of thankfulness, if it were not that the Lord gave us to drink at different times, of the cup of endurance? And when our endurance is over, do we not more fully realize the value and importance of the blessings we enjoy? God gives us of the bitter, so that we may be more worthy of enjoying the virtues of the sweet.  
 Hence, we must expect to meet many storms in the wilderness of life, and that our life will pass away gradually, in "one continual storm; yet we can continue to journey on towards the New Jerusalem, for "blessed are they that hold out faithful to the end."  
 Storms need not impede us on our journey, but they can hasten us home. There, storm winds will blow us to the land of promise, and the dark and lowering clouds will never threaten us more. The devastating wind that rushes fiercely through the skies, will be put to rest forever, and the sun will shine with everlasting radiance, or rather, there will be no need of the sun; for the glory of God will illuminate the arches of Heaven, and it will bloom in one everlasting summer. Hence, we may endure with unyielding firmness the storms of life, and Heaven will deck our graves with Amaranthine flowers.  
 J. R. JOHNS.  
 Charleston, Oct. 26, 1861.

**DEATH OF COL. BAKER.**  
 Among the saddest losses which have been inflicted on the country since the opening of the war, is that of the late lamented Edward D. Baker, Colonel of the 1st Regiment of California Volunteers, and Senator of the United States. Col. Baker participated in the battle which took place near Edwards' Ferry, in Virginia, on the afternoon of Monday last, and fell at the head of his troops while waving his sword, and cheering on his men. By his death, the country is deprived of one of its most eloquent advocates in the superior chamber of our national legislation, and one of its most seasoned and fearless champions in the field.  
 Col. Baker, though his ripened years presented him to the country as an accomplished lawyer, and a soldier of repute, began life under the most humble circumstances, and is indebted to no regular scholarship, either in literature or arms, for the distinction which, in both of these positions he achieved. He was essentially one of those spontaneous creations, which our noble institutions so frequently develop, and which are most honorably known among us, as "self-made men." And that Col. Baker was a high specimen of that class, may be seen by the difficulties which retarded him at his outset, and the pitch of the elevation he attained.  
 The dead Senator was of English birth, but he came to this country when five years of age, and by the choice of his father was settled in Philadelphia, that Quaker neighborhood being especially congenial, as the old gentleman was of the Society of "Friends." In a few years the father died, and left Edward, and a younger brother, fatherless, and unprovided. Labor, however, that common patron of the well and willing, extended its resource through the occupation of his father, and he obtained employment as a weaver in a small establishment in South-street of that city. There he remained faithfully at work for a considerable period of time, devoting his earnings, for a while, to the support of his mother, and gradually instructing him, that he might, in time, support himself. Possessed of an ardent imagination, he naturally took a deep interest in reading, and being stimulated by the allurement of romance, his taste enlarged, until it embraced the whole range of sober as well as of illusive literature. But none, however, saw in that patient, thoughtful, never-forging boy, the future statesman whose words were worthy of a life. Modesty is a good maxim for the manners of a youth; but genius always knows itself; and Edward Baker, whose mind had dwelt upon the marvels of the West, feeling within himself that confidence which innate strength inspires, determined to seek its broad and inviting platform for his future. Youth needs but little preparation when it sets out to seek its fortune; and hope at all times requires but little backing.  
 Edward, though he had but little means to make the journey, communicated his resolution to his brother, and the two hand-loom journey-men, with packs upon their shoulders, strong staves in their hands, and stout, hopeful hearts within their bosoms, set their faces toward the Alleghenies. On foot, they undertook their ascent, and on foot they crossed; and so they trudged along through broad intervening States, until they found themselves in that portion of the far west, which was known as Illinois. Here the young men paused and cast their lot, Edward selecting Springfield as the special place of residence. There in a little while, he was enabled to turn to account the legal reading which he had begun in Philadelphia, and having a happy gift of language to help it into me, he soon was enabled to make a living at the law. By fast degrees he rose, and ripening with exercise, it was not long before he was among the most popular advocates at the bar.  
 Through his prosperity he was now enabled to look beyond the narrow circle of the private spite and grief, in which the mere attorney is required to abuse his mind; and the broad field of politics invited him to the discussion of more lofty topics. He embraced the doctrine of the Whig party, and transferred his eloquence to the forum with such effect, that he soon won his way to Congress. He occupied his seat in the House of Representatives with dignity and credit, and was fast being recognized as one of the leaders of that body, when the temptations of the Mexican campaign appealed to his ardent and enthusiastic mind, and induced him to abandon civil life, and seek an employment in the way of war. He went to Illinois, raised a regiment and took it to the Rio Grande. A pause in the campaign enabled him to return temporarily to Washington, in order that he might express himself upon the policy of the war and cast his votes; but that done, he went back to his command; and followed its fortunes on the line from Vera Cruz. All the actions of the contested road to Mexico recognized his valor; and when Shields fell at the head of his brigade at Cerro Gordo, it was Baker's distinguished fortune to rise to the command, and to lead the New York regiments through the bloody struggles of that day. Well do we mind the lofty look with which the noble Senator, fifteen years more of snow being on his head, led the people of this city, of that circumstance, in April last, when, all together, we pledged ourselves at Union Square, to avenge the partial blow at Sumter.  
 Returning to Illinois in triumph, Col. Baker was again elected to represent his district in the halls of Congress; and he served there until 1850; but at the end of his term, he yielded to some views of business, and went out for a while to Panama. The fever, however, soon drove him home, where being recruited in his health, a new contagion touched his mind. This was the memorable epidemic which directed universal attention to the Pacific shore; and yielding to the fascination, the soldier who had become unsettled by the excitements of the war, turned his footsteps to the new El dorado of the West. His fame had gone before him, and he was spared any efforts to popularize himself in this new field of effort. He took at once a superior position at the bar of San Francisco, and a large proportion of the heavy cases of the circuit, sought the advantage of his treatment. By common consent, he was acknowledged to be the most eloquent speaker in California; but a proof was in reserve, in a circumstance beyond the mere limits of forensic eloquence, to create for him the claim of being, perhaps, the most

accomplished in the world. Frederick, that noble young tribune, who had defended California from the doom of Slavery, and stood the stern bulwark against the domineering hordes of Southern Chivalry, had been taken in the coils of a band of pistol sharp, and slain.  
 "They have killed me because I was opposed to the extension of Slavery and a corrupt Administration," was the last declaration of the dying Senator; and as the words fell from his lips, they became fire in the heart of the weeping orator who helped to close his eyes.  
 The empire of the Western Ocean was steeped in gloom at the contemplation of the monstrous deed. All trade was stopped; no sound of bustle was heard along the street; and, by common consent, without pageant or parade, or any sound but the low, measured, muffled thrub of the church-bells, the dejected people, walking as if they almost held their breaths, gathered in the main square, and formed themselves like so many shadows round the bier. At the foot of the coffin stood the priest; at its head, and so he could gaze freely on the face of his dead friend, stood the pale figure of the orator. Both of them, the living and the dead, were self-made men; and the son of the stone-cutler, lying in mute grandeur, with a record floating round that coffin which bowed the head of the surrounding thousands down in mute respect, might have been proud of the tribute which the weaver's apprentice was about to lay upon his breast. For minutes after, the vast audience had settled itself to hear his words, the orator did not speak. He did not look in the coffin—nay, neither to the right nor left; but the gaze of his fixed eye was turned within his mind, and the still tears coursed rapidly down his cheek. Then, when the silence was the most intense, his tremulous voice rose like a wail, and with an interrupted stream of lofty, burning and pathetic words, he so penetrated and possessed the hearts of the sorrowing multitude, that there was not one cheek less moistened than his own. For an hour he held them as with a spell; and when he finished, by bending over the calm face of the noble corpse, and stretching his arms forward with an impressive gesture, exclaimed, in quivering accents, "Good friend! brave heart! gallant leader! hail and farewell!" the audience broke forth in a general response of sobs. Never, perhaps, was eloquence more thrilling; never, certainly, was it better adapted to the temper of his listeners. The merit of the eulogy divided public encomiums with the virtues of the deceased, and the orator became invested with the dead Senator's political fortunes. The territorial field in California being, however, not open to immediate occupation, Col. Baker transferred himself to Oregon, and there, the glow of his last effort soon carried him to the highest honors of that State. He was elected Senator for the full term of six years in 1860, and at the time of his death had enjoyed its lofty honors only for two sessions. How he improved the privilege of his place by great arguments in favor of the Constitution, and by withering denunciations of the acts of treason, has been a matter of universal and applauding cognizance. He was, in fact, the master debater of the war term of Congress, and that he had the courage to give his oratory force, the shrinking Benjamin, who withered at his words, and the blanched Breckinridge, whom he "cast from the Tarpeian rock," can well attest.  
 But even these honors, and the acknowledged prominence which he had won in his last powerful position, was not enough for his active and daring spirit while the country was in arms. He left the Senate to raise a regiment, and when that was ready, he led it to the field. He fell, as we have stated, with the "light of battle" on his features; his death being as eloquent as a life, and contributing by his noble manner a large compensation for his loss. The event, however, has penetrated the nation with the deepest sorrow, and, at the same time, it has laid a new obligation on our settlement with treason.  
 Upon the writer of this article, perhaps, the tidings of his loss fell with a more startling effect than upon any person else. It was our good fortune to know Col. Baker well, and we had the honor to entertain him as our guest at dinner, on an afternoon in the month of August last. On that occasion, when expressed (in view of the recent disaster at Manassas) a natural concern as to the department of his troops, he said: "Wilkes, I have some peculiar notions as to the part I am to play in this extraordinary war; and I want you to bear in mind that what I now say to you is not the result of any idle fancy or vague impression. It is doubtful if I shall ever again take my seat in the Senate." To the look of surprise which I turned upon him at this expression he replied, "I am certain I shall not live through this war, and if my troops should show any want of resolution, I shall fall in the first battle. I cannot afford, after my career in Mexico, and as a Senator of the United States, to turn my face from the enemy!" There was no gloom or depression in his manner, but it was characterized by a temperate earnestness which made a deep impression on my mind.  
 Lo! before October has shed its leaves, his sword lies upon his pulseless breast, and his toga has become the cerements of the grave.  
 "Good friend! brave heart! gallant leader! hail and farewell!"  
 G. W.  
 INTERESTING FACTS.—One half of those that are born, die before they attain the age of 17 years.  
 Among 3125 who die, it appears by the registers that there is only one person 100 years of age.  
 More old men are found in elevated situations, than in valleys and plains.  
 Out of every 1000 men twenty die annually.  
 The number of inhabitants of a city or country is renewed every 30 years.  
 The men able to bear arms forms a sixth of the inhabitants of a country.  
 The number of old men who die in cold weather is, to the number of those who die in warm weather, 7 to 4.  
 Most folks in these days are like some kinds of trees—a great many leaves and no fruit.

**WELLSBORO HOTEL,**  
 WELLSBOROUGH, PA.  
 Proprietor.  
 Having leased this well known and popular House, with attentive care, and obliging waiters, he hopes to make the stay of those who stop with him both pleasant and agreeable.  
 Wellsboro, May 31, 1860.  
**PICTURE FRAMING.**  
 TOILET GLASSES, Portraits, Pictures, Certificates Engravings, Needle Work, &c. &c., framed in the most manner, in plain and ornamental gilt, Rose Wood, Black Walnut, Oak, Mahogany, &c. Pictures, hanging on walls, or framed in any style they wish and hung for them. Specimens at **SMITH'S BOOK STORE.**  
**E. B. BENEDICT, M.D.,**  
 U.S. Surgeon, and Surgeon in Chief of the Hospital at Wellsboro, Pa. He has a circular of scientific medicine, and that he can cure (without pain) that dreadful disease, called St. Vitus's Dance, (Chorea Nocturna) and will attend to any other business in the line of Physic and Surgery.  
 Elkland Road, August 8, 1860.  
**NEW FLOUR AND FEED STORE IN WELLSBORO.**  
 The subscriber would respectfully inform the people of Wellsboro and vicinity that he has opened a **FLOUR & FEED STORE** one door above Wright's Flour Store, on Main St., where he will keep constantly on hand, as good an assortment of FLOUR and FEED as can be found in the market, which he will sell cheap for cash. Also, a large assortment of **Choice Wines and Liquors** of a superior quality, and warranted free from adulteration, which he will sell to Ladies at wholesale cheaper than any other establishment in Northern Pennsylvania.  
 Wellsboro, Dec. 19, 1860.  
**CHARLESTON FLOURING MILLS.**  
 WRIGHT & BAILEY.  
 Having secured the best mills in the County, are now prepared to do **Custom Work, Merchant Work,** and in fact everything that can be done in Country Mills, so as to give perfect satisfaction.  
**FLOUR, MEAL AND FEED,**  
 AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.  
 at Wellsboro, or at Elkland. Cash or 30 days credit for grain at the market price. 25 cents delivered free of charge within the corporate limits of WELLSBORO.  
 WRIGHT & BAILEY.  
 Wellsboro, Feb. 13, 1861.  
**FASHIONABLE MILLINERY SHOP,**  
 MAIN ST., WELLSBORO.  
 MISS PAULINE SMITH has just purchased her FALL AND WINTER GOODS.  
 Consisting of Straws of all styles, Pattern Hats, Bonnet Hats, Flowers, Velvets, &c. of all kinds, and in fact ALL KINDS OF MILLINERY.  
 She solicits a call from the Ladies of Wellsboro and vicinity, feeling confident that **HER GOODS WILL BEAR INSPECTION,** and compare favorably with those of any establishment in the county in regard to price.  
**BLEACHING AND PRESSING** done in the most perfect manner. Rooms at the residence of Mrs. Williams, opposite U. S. Hotel, up-stairs.  
 Oct. 2, 1861.  
**NEW WHEAT FLOUR,** tip-top and cheap, at WRIGHT'S.

At first our work of cutting horizontally through the wall was comparatively easy, but the further we progressed the more difficult it became. Only one person at a time could be employed at it, and this mostly in the night. When we had penetrated the wall a few feet, the person laboring in the hole had to crawl in flat, rest on his elbows, and then work with the chisel as best he could, generally by drilling little holes, and prying off pieces of the rock and cement. It was a very fatiguing process, and often the rubbish of a whole day's labor could be carried off in two or three ordinary-sized pockets. Still it was something, and he cheered us with the belief that at least we were so much nearer liberty, and so we toiled on with an unvarying purpose.  
 One thing, for a while, however, put a complete stop to our operations. Intelligence was brought us that on the 13th of June, Santa Anna's birth-day, we were all to be set free, but when that day had come and gone, leaving us still prisoners, we deeply regretted we had lost any time in relying upon the false promises of a treacherous government, and forthwith renewed our labors with a bitter zeal.  
 By the first of July our excavation was completed, and only a thin shell remained on the outside, which we could remove in a few minutes. Meantime we had secured our rope, fixed our knapsacks for a journey, and by great economy in our rations, saved up food enough to last a couple of weeks. Sixteen of us, among whom was General Green, had resolved to regain our liberty on the night of the Fourth of July, the others, after due consideration, preferring to remain, rather than run the risk of capture and death, which they believed would be our ultimate fate; but the afternoon of the second being a stormy one, and promising a dark night favorable to our purpose, we resolved to make the attempt at once.  
 As those who wished to escape were confined in three different cells, our first anxiety was to get all these together in the one apartment. This we successfully managed, by inducing the same number of those who were to remain to change places with those who were to leave; and the officer of the guard, finding the numbers of each party correct, locked the doors on us without discovering or suspecting our ruse.  
 So far well; but we still had a delicate, difficult and dangerous undertaking to manage. We could not escape from our apartment through the aperture without more or less noise; and as a sentinel was stationed at the door, who would be likely to hear any unusual sound, and who could even look in through the grate by standing on tip-toe, our first proceeding was to properly manage him. We had some spirits, which we had smuggled, and we invited him to drink with us, passing his liquor to him in an eggshell through the grate—an act of kindness on our part which he more highly appreciated that might probably than he did the day following. Next we got some of our party to gambol near the door, and others to dancing, all of which created sufficient noise to cover our own, and allow us to proceed with the work on which our liberty depended.  
 We soon succeeded in knocking off the outer shell of our breach; and then our dismay, I might almost say horror, discovered that the further end of the aperture was so small to permit the larger of our party to pass through. I do not know that I ever felt worse in my life than I did at the moment of hearing this fact announced. For weeks I had almost lived upon the hope of liberty, and now, when all our working and plotting had brought it within my very grasp as it were, the bare thought that it might prove a failure made my brain reel and all my limbs tremble. If we should not escape that night, we could not hope to escape at all, for it was almost a certainty that our excavation would be discovered the next day from the outside, and a closer watch be kept upon us ever after.  
 The first terrible shock over, however, we went to work as men will work for their lives; and at the end of two hours we had succeeded in enlarging the aperture sufficient, as it was believed, for all to get through; but for fear the large might get wedged, it was decided that all the others, beginning with the smallest, should have the precedence in the order of size. The rope by which we were to lower ourselves into the dry moat, a distance of some thirty feet, having been firmly secured inside, the smallest man entered the breach, feet foremost, and to our almost unbounded joy, passed on

countrymen at Mer, and not long after this, fifteen of them, among whom were General Green, Colonel Fisher, and some other officers; were brought into the castle and confined in a cell adjoining ours. The force of three days' freedom was allowed them for looking about the castle, and then they were chained together in pairs like ourselves, and put to the same mental and degrading employment.  
 Time passed on and brought us so much misery and so little hope, that at last a few of us took the bold resolve of making our escape if it were possible to be accomplished. Some of our party being carpenters, and occasionally employed in one of the shops, a few shovels were thus secured, and with these it was our first idea to enlarge the loop-hole of our cell, and lower ourselves into the moat by means of a rope with which we expected to provide ourselves by getting a small piece at a time, and splicing the parts together. But on making a trial at the loop-hole, we found it so well guarded by iron fastenings let into the hard stones, that with our inferior tools we could do nothing with it, and so we abandoned it altogether, and commenced perforating the solid wall a little to the left.  
 There was a wooden shutter to the loop-hole, and when this was open, as it generally was for the admission of light and air, it completely concealed our secret work; but as an additional precaution against discovery, we hung our blankets up along the wall, and always kept one of our number listening near the door, who never failed to give warning by a careless tap or other signal, of the sudden and unexpected visit of some inspecting officer. The dirt and rubbish that we took from the aperture, we managed to dispose of by first concealing it under some loose stones in our cell, and subsequently carrying it out in our blankets.  
 At first our work of cutting horizontally through the wall was comparatively easy, but the further we progressed the more difficult it became. Only one person at a time could be employed at it, and this mostly in the night. When we had penetrated the wall a few feet, the person laboring in the hole had to crawl in flat, rest on his elbows, and then work with the chisel as best he could, generally by drilling little holes, and prying off pieces of the rock and cement. It was a very fatiguing process, and often the rubbish of a whole day's labor could be carried off in two or three ordinary-sized pockets. Still it was something, and he cheered us with the belief that at least we were so much nearer liberty, and so we toiled on with an unvarying purpose.  
 One thing, for a while, however, put a complete stop to our operations. Intelligence was brought us that on the 13th of June, Santa Anna's birth-day, we were all to be set free, but when that day had come and gone, leaving us still prisoners, we deeply regretted we had lost any time in relying upon the false promises of a treacherous government, and forthwith renewed our labors with a bitter zeal.  
 By the first of July our excavation was completed, and only a thin shell remained on the outside, which we could remove in a few minutes. Meantime we had secured our rope, fixed our knapsacks for a journey, and by great economy in our rations, saved up food enough to last a couple of weeks. Sixteen of us, among whom was General Green, had resolved to regain our liberty on the night of the Fourth of July, the others, after due consideration, preferring to remain, rather than run the risk of capture and death, which they believed would be our ultimate fate; but the afternoon of the second being a stormy one, and promising a dark night favorable to our purpose, we resolved to make the attempt at once.  
 As those who wished to escape were confined in three different cells, our first anxiety was to get all these together in the one apartment. This we successfully managed, by inducing the same number of those who were to remain to change places with those who were to leave; and the officer of the guard, finding the numbers of each party correct, locked the doors on us without discovering or suspecting our ruse.  
 So far well; but we still had a delicate, difficult and dangerous undertaking to manage. We could not escape from our apartment through the aperture without more or less noise; and as a sentinel was stationed at the door, who would be likely to hear any unusual sound, and who could even look in through the grate by standing on tip-toe, our first proceeding was to properly manage him. We had some spirits, which we had smuggled, and we invited him to drink with us, passing his liquor to him in an eggshell through the grate—an act of kindness on our part which he more highly appreciated that might probably than he did the day following. Next we got some of our party to gambol near the door, and others to dancing, all of which created sufficient noise to cover our own, and allow us to proceed with the work on which our liberty depended.  
 We soon succeeded in knocking off the outer shell of our breach; and then our dismay, I might almost say horror, discovered that the further end of the aperture was so small to permit the larger of our party to pass through. I do not know that I ever felt worse in my life than I did at the moment of hearing this fact announced. For weeks I had almost lived upon the hope of liberty, and now, when all our working and plotting had brought it within my very grasp as it were, the bare thought that it might prove a failure made my brain reel and all my limbs tremble. If we should not escape that night, we could not hope to escape at all, for it was almost a certainty that our excavation would be discovered the next day from the outside, and a closer watch be kept upon us ever after.  
 The first terrible shock over, however, we went to work as men will work for their lives; and at the end of two hours we had succeeded in enlarging the aperture sufficient, as it was believed, for all to get through; but for fear the large might get wedged, it was decided that all the others, beginning with the smallest, should have the precedence in the order of size. The rope by which we were to lower ourselves into the dry moat, a distance of some thirty feet, having been firmly secured inside, the smallest man entered the breach, feet foremost, and to our almost unbounded joy, passed on

in safety. Then only by one we followed and succeeded in rejoining him—though so difficult was the undertaking that some of us reached the ground naked, with our flesh torn and bleeding, and so slow the process that three hours were consumed in the effort. Two of our number stuck fast, and for a while it was believed they would "never get through at all; and one actually had to be drawn back by a rope fastened to his arms by those inside, but he thought of his dear wife and children in Texas, made a second attempt, and was the last but one to rejoin us in the great "hot outside" of our prison walls. As the sixteenth man touched the earth, the Castle bell tolled the hour of midnight, and the cry of "Centinela alerta!" from the watch-towers on the ramparts, warned us to move silently and with caution. We crossed the moat, ascended its outer wall by narrow stone stairs, climbed over the chevaux de frise, passed through the outer ditch and up the outer bank, and at half-past twelve, on the morning of the third of July, we stood clear of all that belonged to the gloomy Castle of Perote.  
 But though free from our prison, we were not from the country, and many were the privations, sufferings and perils yet in store for us. We paired off and separated, each couple taking a different course to the mountains; among which we intended to secrete ourselves till the first pursuit and search for us should be over, after which we hoped to be able to make our way out of the country. Eight of us succeeded in our design, and eight were recaptured, and returned to our late gloomy abode, with all its attendant misery and degradation. I also was one of the unfortunate latter; and here I remained, debilitated in body and crushed in spirit, till the order of Santa Anna, procured through the intercession of the American minister, General Waddy Thompson, came for our final release.

After the storm had passed over, I was completely taken up with the clear and still radiance of the surrounding scene; but if the raging tornado had not preceded it, it is very likely that a part of this desirable scenery of nature would have passed over unnoticed. And is it not a fact that many of the attributes that we receive from a kind and benevolent Providence, would be overlooked or accepted, without the least ray of thankfulness, if it were not that the Lord gave us to drink at different times, of the cup of endurance? And when our endurance is over, do we not more fully realize the value and importance of the blessings we enjoy? God gives us of the bitter, so that we may be more worthy of enjoying the virtues of the sweet.  
 Hence, we must expect to meet many storms in the wilderness of life, and that our life will pass away gradually, in "one continual storm; yet we can continue to journey on towards the New Jerusalem, for "blessed are they that hold out faithful to the end."  
 Storms need not impede us on our journey, but they can hasten us home. There, storm winds will blow us to the land of promise, and the dark and lowering clouds will never threaten us more. The devastating wind that rushes fiercely through the skies, will be put to rest forever, and the sun will shine with everlasting radiance, or rather, there will be no need of the sun; for the glory of God will illuminate the arches of Heaven, and it will bloom in one everlasting summer. Hence, we may endure with unyielding firmness the storms of life, and Heaven will deck our graves with Amaranthine flowers.  
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