

Shocking Details by a Negro Man.

HE IS CAPTURED AND LINGERED.

Rev. James Tarkenton, aged 35 years, wife and mother having living near Rockville, Md., was left alone on the farm on Saturday last, with John Egan, a negro servant. His first task had been to another part of the farm on business. While Rev. Tarkenton was out, it is her story, which was engaged in household duties on Saturday night, Egan entered the room, and seizing her by the throat, choked her until she was insensible. He then dragged her up stairs to a bedroom, where he kept her over night, leaving her sometimes even from the roomed circumstances. On Monday morning she recovered, and as the rope was about from the room she attempted to fly from the house but Egan, who was in a lower apartment, seized her by the hair, dragged her back to the house, and beat her with the end of a chair until she again became insensible. In this condition she was carried several hours later, and she always was in a coma. Rev. Tarkenton's face was broken in a gash, and her neck and body abhorrently torn and cut. She refused sufficiently to tell the story of her sufferings, after which she again relapsed into insensibility. Her husband was telegraphed for.

As soon as the village was known some persons assembled at the house, and they decided how quickly and started to surround the house. He was captured on Monday night by Mr. Nathaniel Davis, near Mechanicsville, taken to jail, and a strong guard placed over him.

The Baltimore papers of Wednesday give the following details of the capture and imprisonment.

The capture was an exceedingly daring piece of business. Mr. Davis has passed the three score years and has, but is not a strong, heavy man. He says that he had a full description of Egan's Monday morning and had expressed the same on his mind. As he drove to Mechanicsville, on his way to Sandy Springs, being on his return from Germantown, he saw Egan going along the road. He says that by the time he got within one hundred yards something told him that the negro was the man he sought with looking for. Mr. Davis was driving an antique car in a hurry. With him were his two grandchildren, a girl 3 and a year of age. He uttered Egan's name: "Bobby, John, what are you going?" This time his answer and he answered: "I am going wherever taking for work." Mr. Davis had positive evidence of guilt in his manner and he said, in a rough way, "That is all I'll take you for this, and I'll get you and get you even work." The negro begged to be released on account of his being the village. Mr. Davis had all he could do to manage his car, but he was compelled to risk his own and the lives of the children in his attempt to get Egan to the farmhouse, where he could get assistance. He managed to get him there and in the first moments, so that the remainder of his journey was quite an easy effort, especially as he soon got the assistance of his son, Edward Davis.

On the way to Executive Egan admitted being in the employ of Mr. Tarkenton. He said that he left there on Saturday, and that the first work that he had in his position was the balance of some money that Mrs. Tarkenton gave him to buy food along the road and to get work. When he was told that they thought him to be the partner of Mrs. Tarkenton, and that they intended to take him to the Rockville jail for admission everything, and said:—"I suppose they will hang me, but that is all they can do." He denied them, as well as when the rope was being put up in the line to hang him, that he struck Mrs. Tarkenton with a chair, or even with anything.

It was the request of Mr. Tarkenton that nothing should be done to Egan unless he was allowed to play a part in it, and it was in compliance with this request that the preparations for the hanging were temporarily suspended until Mr. Tarkenton could be present. That gentleman, with several other local farmers, arrived in Rockville about seven o'clock Tuesday morning. There were two about thirty men in the most vicinity of the jail.

A hurried communication was had and a plan of action agreed upon, out of the party being appointed captains. While this was going on Sheriff Ketchum, with four deputies, were on duty on the outside of the jail. The jailer, with several assistants, was on duty inside the jail. The crowd fell in line about one hundred and fifty yards from the jail and marched slowly toward it.

In the door the sheriff asked what they wanted. He was told that there was a prisoner in the crowd who wanted to see if he could identify Egan. The sheriff answered that as long as the crowd was there the doors of the jail would not be opened, but that if the prisoner came by himself in the morning he would be admitted. About one-half of the party were sheriffs, which had over their backs, over or over had on regular marks, while the balance made an attempt to conceal their identity. The sheriff's machine refused was the occasion of an other conference. As this it was agreed to have the jail unlocked and all circumstances, and certain men were picked out to accompany the sheriff and each of the deputies. The crowd again was then made, and in an instant four men had the sheriff in their grasp. He was pulled some distance from the jail and kept there under guard. The deputies called for their assistance. The door was locked in the face of the prisoners by the jailer, and in less than two minutes Egan was brought out.

The light was on his feet, and it was with difficulty that he could walk. Hearing that the sheriff was following, three or four men were sent back to keep him from coming. They asked the sheriff had seen on the prisoner that he could, and that if he did anything more, being in the presence and then taken out of the jail, he did so at the risk of his life that those who had charge of him were determined, and did not propose to be interfered with; that they were simply doing their duty as witnesses, in the adoption of measures for the preservation of themselves and their families. The sheriff was not allowed to move out of the jail-yard until word came that the jail was locked.

In the meantime, as soon as the party got Egan out of the jail yard lock-up, he was told that he would have to hurry up, as there was no time to be lost. He asked what was to be done with him? "Hanged," said the jailer, "but you will get yourself on the road and that a man." This did not appear to affect Egan much, and he hurried along, seemingly as anxious to reach the tree as any of the party. At last, he never appeared, but for a few moments he fully realized his position, and that was when the rope was being put around his neck. At once then he started upon his feet, and upon being told to hurry he said: "I can't run with these things on my legs," and he was hanged alive.

Mr. Egan's hands were tied behind him. Meanwhile two men supported the tree and made fast one end of a spreading rope, which had been prepared. The victim was placed on a horse and led under the rope and another man to hold. He held on, but without effect, until he was down on his knees. Hoping to avoid the rope he tried to get up, but he was held down by the ground, in order to allow the rope to be lowered to him. He soon raised his hands together to hold and he began to rise, but, watching his captives with a strong beam of daggers. As he rose still lower a rope a dozen yards long was let out and the next instant a deadly struggle commenced. Egan was on the ground, and was going to crawl the grass with a cry of pain and held up in the sunlight his head, which was now to be covered with blood when the prisoner's body had over the back. Another man suggested back from the crowd with his arms raised by a powerful man that Egan's head was thrown back, looking to the east, and at last the fire of the hanging beam over the prisoner. Here and there in the crowd could be seen the face of the victim, which was the fragments which he had given, and again and again, with crushing force, they were used on the negro's head and body until it looked as if death would not be gained if he intended to live. Some of the crowd was pushed and pushed back, and others to the prisoner, who was allowed to raise his head. He was forced to the ground with the rope, still struggling violently and screaming in excruciating manner, and the head was pushed to prison. When he was pushed back to the ground he was again pushed by Egan's legs, and making his hands, but the first time he gave out to prevent another like a death which he suffering. The rope was thrown up several yards, and through the top reached the ground with some to make it difficult to stand upright. One of the crowd took the rope and held it fast to the tree, raised him to the top, the rope was drawn up and the body being suspended, at last.

There is a suggestion that Egan, under the name of Liberty, was once arrested and kept in prison in Prince George's county three years ago.

About five o'clock Tuesday morning some armed guards entered the Rockville jail, and seeing the body hanging from a beam in the yard, they advanced toward the scene. As they went the negroes, the crowd of the colored people being large, the opinion that the prisoner was Egan.

Before the hanging took place an elderly gentleman who was present, and named, and known to the jailer, said:—"I am surprised that all this time the negro has been in the jail, and that he was not all around the jail during the night, which would have been a very easy matter." He then said that the crowd had reached the farmhouse situated by

the leader:—"We do solemnly swear never to divulge under any pretense or for any cause whatever, in any court of this State, whom we see or what we see here to-night, so help us God; amen."

A coroner's jury was summoned, and after hearing the facts rendered a verdict of "death by violence committed by parties unknown."

Reports from Darnestown state that Mrs. Tschiffely is improving. It is thought she will lose one eye entirely besides her other injuries.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE.

A dispatch from Rockville, July 29, says on Wednesday evening Deputy Sheriff Jones arrived in Rockville, having in charge Wesley Gillison, colored, on the charge of assaulting a colored woman named Molton. The officer had great difficulty in bringing his prisoner to jail, the colored people of Colesville, armed with all manner of weapons, making violent opposition. It was only by drawing his revolver and threatening to shoot any one who approached that he succeeded in passing them.