

# *McClure's Magazine*

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From a photograph by Mr. Maude, of the London Graphic

Mrs. Tsilka

Mr. Tsilka and baby

## SIX MONTHS AMONG BRIGANDS

BY ELLEN M. STONE

### V

#### *The Release—The Walk to the Village—Meetings and Messages— Among Friends Again*

ON the morning of Saturday, February 22d, we found ourselves in another dilapidated hut on a lonely hillside, shut in by hills on every side. There was no door, and one end of the hut was almost entirely torn away. A dense fog shut us in so effectually that in the afternoon the guard listened to our prayer, and granted us grudging permission to go out. This was freedom indeed. Our poor eyes, which had been so long tortured with smoke from the fires in the cabins and huts in which they had kept us confined from dawn till night, were now most gratefully opened to the light of day. How delighted we were to

find, under the bare bushes, tiny green leaves just springing from their winter sleep! We found also three or four stunted but beautiful yellow crocuses, and we knew that spring had come. Some days before, one of the youngest of the brigands had brought in a single yellow crocus, and laid it across the forehead of the sleeping baby.

The light in this dilapidated hut proved to be quite too strong for the eyes of our baby, accustomed only to the blackness of the dark holes in which we had been so long confined. When we turned her little face toward the place where there should have been a door,

but was none, she could not bear even the shadowy brightness of the fog. During that day our supply of water and food was very limited. There was no possibility of providing a bath for Elenchie, nor for the washing of her napkins. Mrs. Tsilka had begged to be allowed to go down to the stream for a bottlefull of water, for this was the only vessel we had in which to keep it; they had, however, refused, and that younger one said mysteriously, "Hadn't you better wait till tomorrow to do the washing? Perhaps you may find better facilities then." Did he mean to tell us anything? We dared not trust ourselves to believe it. Mrs. Tsilka said over and over, "I shall never believe that we are freed until we have seen the last of these men."

At nightfall there was a delay in bringing up horses for our journey. We hastened to complete our packing before the daylight faded, for well we knew that we had neither candle nor lamp, nor even a pine knot to light the darkness after it fell. Indeed, my mackintosh was brought into requisition as a curtain at the doorway to hide the light of the fire.

Finally, three of the brigands came filing formally in, and sat down. Then one of them began to speak, and told us in a rapid, nervous manner that we should be freed that night; that we should keep the suits of homespun clothes which we had made to protect us from the cold, and should each have one of their brigand's cloaks, and also a pillow for each pack-saddle. They said there had been some talk of giving us ten pounds of money for our traveling expenses, but that they had finally concluded to give us each one pound Turkish. They continued: "You will take only a piece of bread, and what is necessary for the baby, in the saddle-bags." I demurred, and said that I should take my own clothes which I was wearing when they captured me. They said: "Very well, if you can carry them yourself. There will be nobody to help when we leave you." Now they hurried us in the most nervous way. "Haidi! Haidi!" they said.

Only two horses were provided for that night's journey, so Mrs. Tsilka and I carried the baby by turns. It was hard to believe that it could be true that we were to be freed. The whole band started with us—the guard before, the guard behind, and scouts deploying upon either side. Thus we traveled for an hour, when there seemed to be one of those strange alarms which had so often been a feature of our nightly experiences. Some of the men threw themselves upon the ground; others

drew off to one side for consultation. Were they to be attacked, and we ourselves to be killed, now that our freedom seemed so near? Then we heard the cautious words, "Let the horses start."

The path began to descend steeply, and before we could realize that the rest of the band were no longer with us, we had gone too far to see any of them save the two who remained to guard us. So quickly and unexpectedly had come our deliverance. For six hours more our journey continued. Finally, at about ten o'clock Turkish, or four o'clock on Sabbath morning, the 23d, we had descended the last of the foot-hills, we had crossed the last of the mountain streams, and we found ourselves upon a plain. The brigands dismounted us under a pear tree, and told us to sit there until daylight. "Then," they said, "you can get some passer-by to help you carry the saddle-bags and your pillows into the village."

"The village! Where is there a village?" we asked. They indicated a low line not far distant, and said, "That is a village. It is only five or ten minutes from here." They told us, too, that the lights which we saw twinkling beyond were in Strumitza. Then they took the horses and vanished into the darkness. We could neither see them nor hear them go, but by degrees there stole into our numbed and wearied brains the conviction that we were indeed freed. We had often questioned of each other what we should do if that hour should ever come to us, and now it had come, and we could do nothing but sit still in the cold and the darkness of those Sabbath hours before the dawn. But we thanked God from grateful hearts.

The cold soon chilled us through, and we said, "Why should we sit here? We're free. Let us go into the village now." I took up the baby, her light weight being all that I could carry because of great pain and lameness in one knee from two severe wrenches, which I had received that very night. Mrs. Tsilka slung the saddle-bags over her shoulder. We had gone but a few steps, however, when the fierce barking of the village dogs alarmed us, and we were finally compelled to give up our attempt, and sat down under another tree. Here we spent the remaining hours until the dawn. Chilled through, and fearing for her baby, Mrs. Tsilka finally said to me: "If you will sit here with the baby and the things, I will go toward the village to see if I cannot find some one to help us." Accordingly she filled her hands with stones and started out. When she had been gone so long that I began to feel

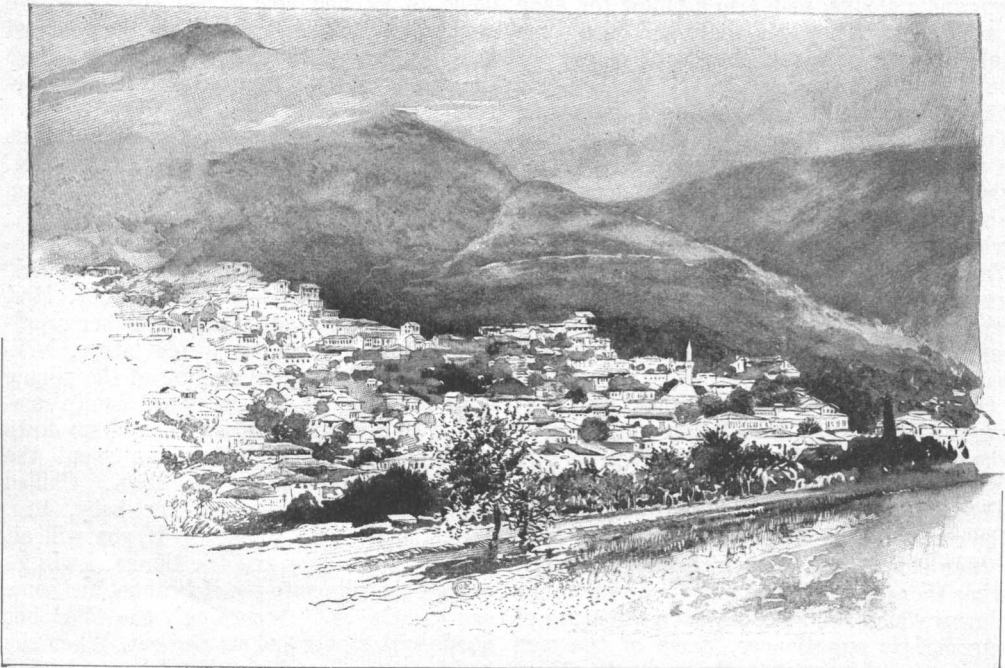
uneasy, at length I saw her coming, accompanied by a villager! He was a picturesque figure, but in our great relief at finding a helper we took little note of his appearance till later. Mrs. Tsilka had told him who we were, and he had understood at once, for even the villagers of Macedonia knew our story, and were aware also of the orders issued by the Turkish Government that if any one should see or know anything concerning the captives, he must give information immediately at the Konaak. This Mohammedan Albanian, with every evidence of joy, congratulated us upon our release, and then threw over his shoulder our cloaks, and taking in one hand a pillow, turned to go, not observing that another pillow and the heavy saddle-bags remained. Mrs. Tsilka, however, was not to be disconcerted. "Never mind," she said, "I'll carry them if you can take baby." In the strength born of her newfound liberty, she again slung those saddle-bags over one shoulder, and took the pillow in her hand, and thus we followed our leader. The dogs made a vigorous protest, but we edged our way along close by the wall surrounding the village, and thus reached the gateway opening into the first yard. Our guide called vigorously to the inmates of the house. Women and children flocked out. In a few words he told them who the strangers were, and they wonderingly welcomed us to

their homes. With our hearts filled with emotions beyond the power of words to express, that we might once again look into the faces of women and children, and talk with them, we seated ourselves upon the earth floor around the hospitable fire kindled in the middle of that room. The women soon were busying themselves in making Turkish coffee for us. Mrs. Tsilka had unwrapped her baby, and was warming her by the fire. Elenchie spread out her little feet to its comfort and smiled and was as winsome as any baby could be. Until now her only visitors had been members of the brigand band; but here were little children looking wonderingly at her, and mothers clasping her with love and pity to their broad, ample breasts. The wee maiden seemed well pleased with the change.

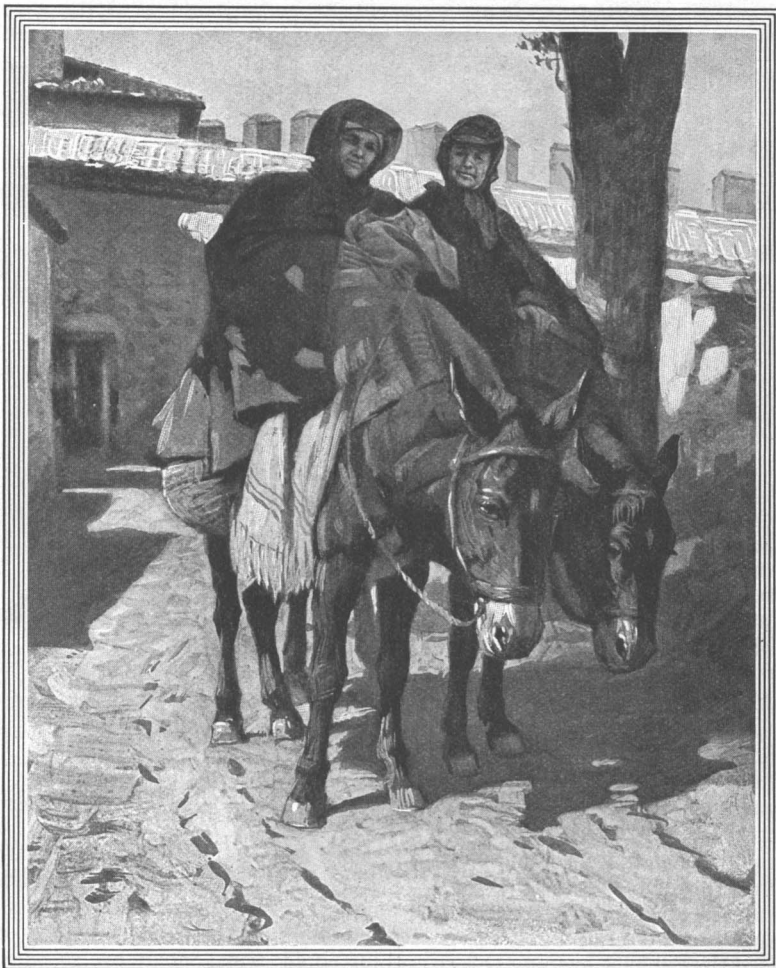
We were impatient to reach the city. We therefore took leave of our hospitable entertainers, and bade our Albanian guide to lead us to the Kodjibashee of the village, whose duty it was to supply the needs of strangers. Our Moslem guide led us to the Greek Catholic church, and there we found the old man who was the object of our search. He, too, tendered his hearty congratulations, and led us to his own home. He told his wondering family who their unexpected guests were, and they made us comfortable about their fire, and urged us to remain to breakfast. We were

STRUMITZA, NEAR WHICH MISS STONE WAS RELEASED

*Drawn from a photograph, by C. K. Linson*



not to be persuaded, however, for our hearts were set upon reaching Strumitza while the streets were still quiet. The good man therefore called his servant, bade him saddle two horses, and be ready to accompany us to the city. They were pack-saddles still upon which we were mounted, and our appearance was as uncouth as ever. We were wrapped in the brigands' cloaks, and our heads were still covered with kerchiefs. Our Moslem guide, erect and strong, black-haired and black-eyed, his long white sheep-skin coat thrown over one shoulder, the short, white-haired Kodjibashee, his servant, and a boy were our escort. Mrs. Tsilka held baby upon her lap, for the road wound across a level plain.

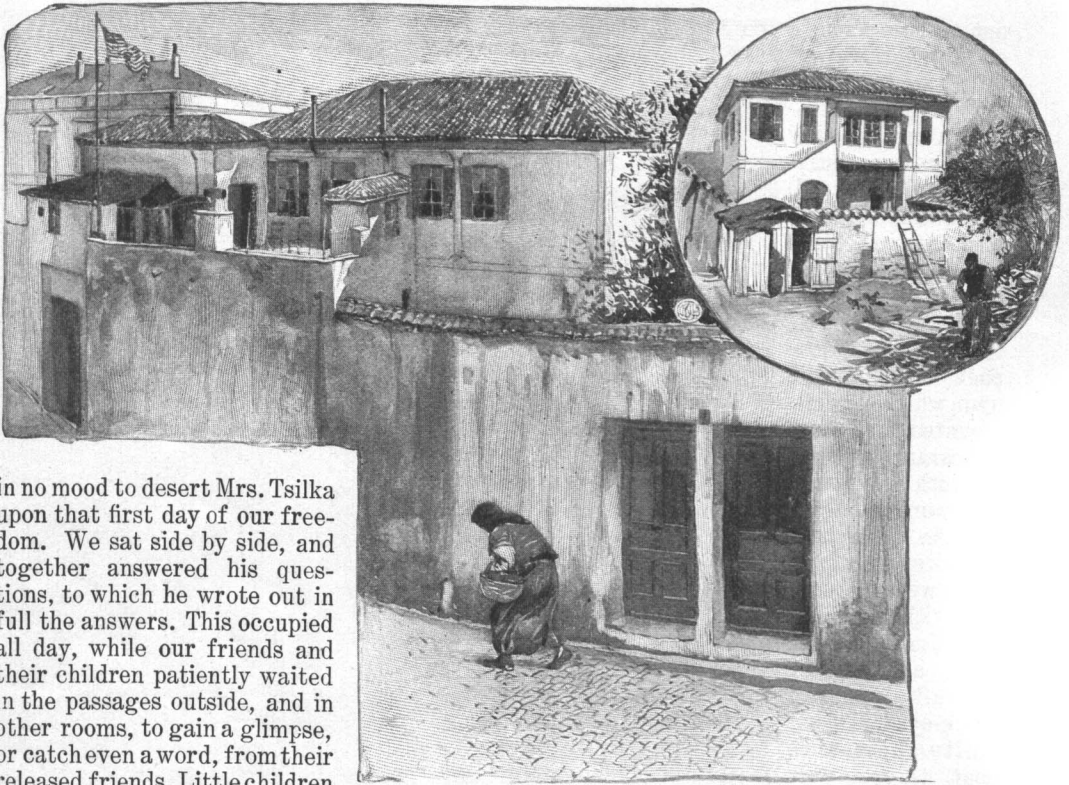


MISS STONE AND MRS. TSILKA AS THEY APPEARED ON THEIR RETURN FROM CAPTIVITY

After about an hour and a half of slow riding, we began to meet teachers and young Turkish officials out for a Sabbath morning walk. Their glances, at first casual, became curious. They talked with each other, and, wheeling about, changed their course to accompany us. This was just what we had not wished, and we were most thankful that the preacher's house, which we were seeking, was near that end of the village. We were just wondering whether, after all, we were too late, and should find the gate locked against us because the family had gone to the service, when the gate itself was hurriedly thrown open, and a man and woman came rushing in their stocking-feet to meet the approaching horses. With the tears streaming down their faces, and their voices choked with emotion, they tried to bid us welcome. The husband reached up and took us down in his arms from our saddles, while the

wife took us in her close embrace, welcoming us as returned to them from the grave. Somehow, tidings of our arrival reached the church. The pastor noticed a commotion, a whispering, among his auditors, and even rebuked them for it, but one of his first men, living in the same house, had caught the word, "The captives have come, and are at your house," and he immediately left the audience and came home. A telegram was soon composed, and our friend went with joyful steps to the telegraph office to dispatch it to Salonica, whence it was flashed to our friends in Bulgaria and America.

A Turkish police-commissioner soon presented himself, tendering his congratulations upon our release, and opening up an examination, which lasted all day. Although an American subject, and therefore not legally to be questioned by a Turkish official, I was



THE RESIDENCE OF DR. HOUSE IN SALONICA WHERE MISS STONE STAYED AFTER HER RELEASE

in no mood to desert Mrs. Tsilka upon that first day of our freedom. We sat side by side, and together answered his questions, to which he wrote out in full the answers. This occupied all day, while our friends and their children patiently waited in the passages outside, and in other rooms, to gain a glimpse, or catch even a word, from their released friends. Little children peered at us from a window set in the door. When at last the

commissioner took his departure, they all thronged about us, old and young. They wanted to hear our story, and assured us of their constant prayers for us. The preacher told us that the Sabbath evening before nothing could quiet their anxiety save to hold a meeting in his study, where, with one heart, they had prayed God for our release. Here was the answer to their prayer. They gladly acted upon a suggestion that they should gather again on this Sabbath night and hold a service of thanksgiving.

How we enjoyed the opportunity to refresh ourselves with a bath and the luxury of fresh garments, which our hostess had taken from her own supply. When she ushered us into her upper guest chamber, and showed us the improvised wash-stand and the change of garments for each, we realized that we were indeed in a home, among friends. Baby Elenchie was for the first time arrayed in one of the little dresses and caps we had made for her during our captivity. Very sweet looked the little maiden, with her arms freed from those swaddling bands, against whose confinement she had sometimes rebelled bitterly. The tiny face looked most bewitching under its frame

of thick, clustering dark hair, confined under the little close cap, whose rows of hemstitching were all the ornamentation which we could devise for it in captivity. When we were once more among the family, all hands were outstretched to take our baby, and she graciously condescended to be passed about among her admirers.

How delicious was that first meal after our freedom! What a delight to sit once more upon chairs drawn up around that simple but well-spread table! With full hearts we joined in the words of our host's thanksgiving. That was a never-to-be-forgotten hour, when with the preacher and his family, the brethren and sisters, the young men and maidens, and even the little children, we returned thanks to God for His marvelous deliverance. All were telling us of the interest and anxiety which had been felt for us in captivity. We listened with wondering ears, and marveled how we could ever have been faithless.

Even on that evening we began to receive telegrams. The Turkish Government proffered us an escort to Salonica, which we gratefully accepted. We received word, also, that Dr. House and Mr. Gargiulo of the ransoming

committee would come for us. This was a most delightful surprise. There was also a telegram from the Vali of Salonica, requesting our presence in that city Monday evening. We were, however, too much exhausted to journey so soon, and, moreover, had telegraphed to Mrs. Tsilka's brother to come from Radovich, about fifteen miles distant from Strumitza, where he is the preacher. We must also wait for Dr. House and his party. We therefore telegraphed to the Vali that we should reach Salonica Tuesday evening. On Monday morning the Caimacum of the city, accompanied by his suite, was announced in the guest-room. We must respect the powers that be. Therefore, excusing ourselves from the waiting company of newly arrived friends, we entered the guest-room. The Caimacum and his suite rose respectfully and tendered us their congratulations upon our release. Then the Caimacum asked liberty to question us upon some points which his commissioner had omitted. Our friend, the preacher, who interpreted for us, persuaded us that we had better grant his request. The Caimacum very considerably proposed that he should ask his questions, and that all should listen most carefully to our replies, and that we might then be free to meet our friends in another room, while his secretary should write out the answers in Turkish. We should then be recalled, these answers read to us for our approval, and then our signatures would be asked. This was accordingly done, and when it transpired that the commissioner the day before had grievously misunderstood some of our statements, we were very thankful we had submitted.

Mrs. Tsilka's brother now arrived, with a company of his parishioners. The young teacher whose Bible the brigands had stolen, and which had been to us such a comfort and strength, had also come. I took the opportunity to return it to her, although strongly tempted to ask the privilege of retaining it as my own. From all of the surrounding villages loving friends came, bringing to us the same story of their unceasing sympathy. All through that day the preacher's wife was compelled to hold a reception on our behalf, and patiently served each detachment of guests the inevitable tiny cup of Turkish coffee in token of their welcome. Finally, her husband came to call us to the guest-room to hear the report which the governor's secretary had prepared. Mrs. Tsilka and I listened carefully to the reading of it, then waited while it was translated into Bulgarian by our host, the preacher. He also privately assured us that

it was perfectly satisfactory in every way, and Mrs. Tsilka and I affixed our signatures, after which the governor appended his, and each of his suite in turn. He also said that the report of the previous day should be destroyed, because of its many misstatements, while this report should be the only one forwarded to his superior officer, the Vali of Salonica. The party then salaamed, and with many expressions of joy at our release, took their departure.

Late in the afternoon there was a commotion in the street, and word was brought in that the party from Salonica had arrived. During the day a telegram had reached me from Mr. Gargiulo warning me to beware of newspaper correspondents. In the company swinging along down that village street we recognized the well-known form of our beloved associate for many years in missionary work, Dr. House, and with him a tall, gray-haired man of commanding appearance, whom we felt must be Mr. Gargiulo, although we had never before seen him. But who were the other two? The hasty glance which we gave satisfied us that one was an English correspondent, and perhaps the second might be another; so we beat a hasty retreat. The gentleman of the house took the new arrivals into the guest-room, and at length there came a rap at our door, and Dr. House's familiar voice inquired for us. We at once arose to bid him welcome. Our voices were choked; our hearts too full for many words. After he had given us greetings from his family, and had told us all he knew concerning our families and friends, he invited us to meet the rest of his party. We told him of a caution concerning correspondents which had been telegraphed us that day. "There is only one," he said. "It is Mr. Maude of the 'London Graphic.' I think it is all right for you to see him." "But who is the other gentleman with you?" I asked. "There is no one but Mr. Gargiulo and our Charlie," he answered. So we went in with him, Mrs. Tsilka carrying Baby Elenchie, to be introduced to Mr. Gargiulo, and to thank him, too, as one of the three who had ransomed us from our late captors. Then we were introduced to the artist-correspondent. Could that other young man be Charlie, whom we left in knee-trousers and blouses when we went with his family to Paris the previous May? It was even so, and we gave ourselves up to the delight of hearing what they could tell us of what had happened in the world, but especially of measures taken for our release. Soon other guests were announced, and again the Turkish Caimacum, with a por-

tion of his suite, was ushered in, and with them came the picturesque figure of our Albanian helper of Sabbath morning. With characteristic Eastern shrewdness, he was determined to turn his connection with the released captives to the best account for himself; hence he was seeking some appointment or emolument from the authorities at the Konak. He was not satisfied merely with the pecuniary reward which we had given him. We very willingly testified to the kindness with which he had rendered us every service which we had needed at his hands, and hoped that he might secure that which he coveted from the government. Our friends soon bade us good night. Mr. Maude had most considerately offered me facilities for sending a telegram with his own, which he was to despatch by special messenger to the Servian boundary the next morning. After supper was over, the preparation of this telegram was my first care. It was addressed to my youngest brother, who had requested that my first words should be to him. I wrote it while Mrs. Tsilka talked with her brother on one side, and sweet Baby Elenchie and the preacher's baby slept on the other side in that family sitting-room.

When it had been despatched, we sought our chamber, with wearied bodies but happy hearts. One more duty remained for me before I could sleep—it was to read the bundle of letters from my own dear family, which Dr. House had hastily gathered together in Salonica, from the post which had accumulated for me during the more than six months of my absence. I read them till the early morning hours.

But a few hours remained for rest before we must be again awake to complete our preparations for the last stage of our homeward journey. Very early our friends from the city and those who had already arrived from villages in the vicinity, began to crowd into the preacher's home. With difficulty we found time for breakfast. Nor did the police commissioner who had examined us on that Sabbath day, fail to put in an appearance; to my surprise and indignation, I saw that he was improving the opportunity to re-examine the young teachers who had come to visit us, although they had been examined again and again at more than one place, during the weeks immediately succeeding their capture and ours. Of course, this could not be allowed; he was taking an unwarrantable liberty, and the teachers were sent elsewhere.

At length our preparations were completed; the horses had been brought up for the journey; our escort party had arrived; and the

whole city gathered to see us off. The last adieus were finally said, and we were put into our saddles. They were pack-saddles again, it is true, but with what different feelings did we now begin this last remaining ride before reaching the railway and our home and friends! A village boy had been engaged with his horse to carry Elenchie. A good deacon in a village church near by also joined himself to our party. Finally the cavalcade was in motion. It was stopped, however, at one or two points, while Mr. Maude photographed it for the "Graphic."

A characteristic incident of our departure was the handing to me of the following letter, from the head of the Greek community in Strumitza. It was written in Greek.

DEAR PEOPLE IN DARKNESS :

As you leave Strumitza, where you received your release, do not forget that the largest part of the population, the Greek, has followed your sufferings with great sympathy and has been very indignant toward those villains who captured you. Now, as you are free, you will go to many parts of the civilized world, and will tell your story of suffering. You will remember this country by both, suffering and joy. Now you will meet many distinguished persons, and if any one wishes to immortalize his or her name in connection with Strumitza, let him accept the dignity as head of our Greek community here, and build schools for 500 students. Thirty years ago our schools were burned, and now we have no buildings for them. We beg of you, in the name of your freedom and adventures while in captivity, not to forget this, our petition.

As we reached the outskirts of the city, our Protestant friends gathered in a group, and there were wafted to us the sweet tones of the well-loved hymn of parting, "God be with you till we meet again." Then the throng dispersed, and we continued our journey under the Turkish military escort provided by the Governor.

For a time Mr. Gargiulo rode by me, and tried to give me the information which I was so eager to receive, of the measures which had been taken for our release, but my slow-footed animal refused to keep pace with his, and he finally pressed on toward the head of the line. It was a clear, sunny, glorious morning, and we enjoyed unspeakably the sense of freedom to rejoice in its brightness, and to journey at our own sweet wills. After a little rest and light refreshments at a Turkish guard-house on the top of the mountain, there was a glad surprise for us, but most of all for Mrs. Tsilka. Two young men were approaching with long, gladsome steps. She did not see them until her husband came beside her. Over that blessed meeting between the long-separated and long-suffering husband and wife, and the first meeting of that

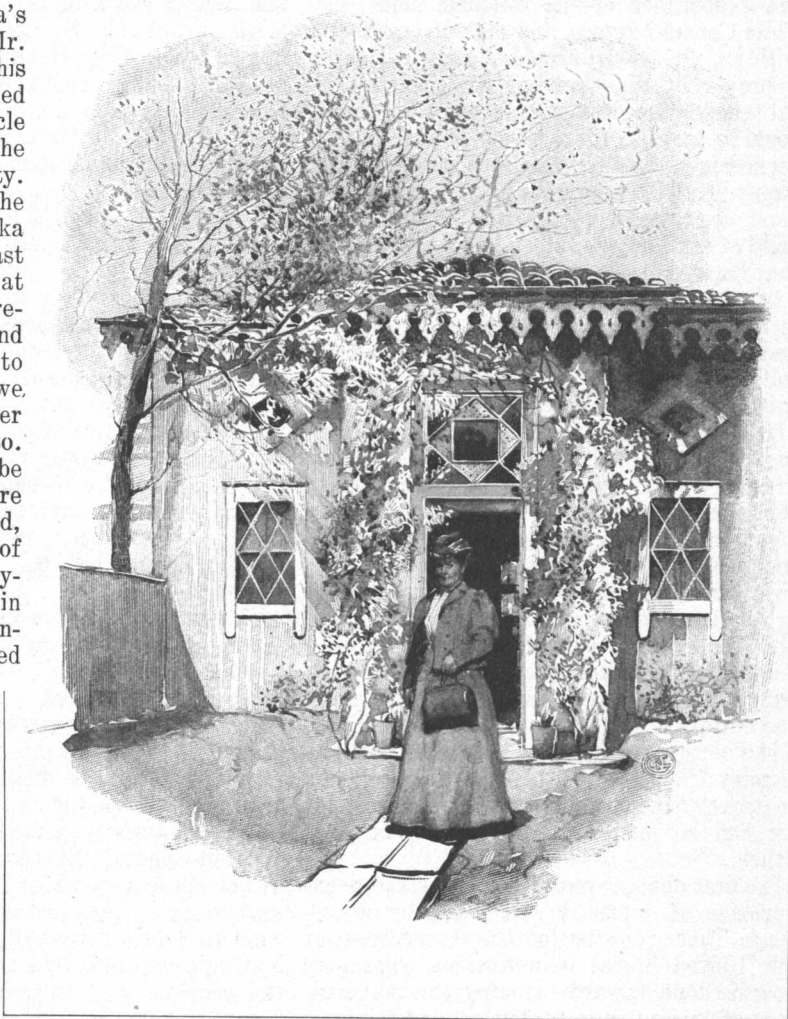


father with his daughter, we may well draw the veil. Mr. Tsilka's companion was a Mr. Holway, who with his wife had been added to our mission circle in Salonica during the time of our captivity. We now met for the first time. Mrs. Tsilka had been terribly cast down by a rumor that when we were released her husband would be thrown into prison. In vain we tried to persuade her that it could not be so. She had refused to be comforted; but here now was the husband, walking by the side of her horse, and carrying his daughter in his arms. It was sunset before we reached the station. We prepared Baby Elenchie for her first railway journey, putting over her swaddling clothes the pretty cloak which a young missionary mother had sent for her use from her own baby's wardrobe, and tying a dainty silk cap over her head.

Both Mrs. Tsilka and I had our brigand suits, as we called the clothes which we had fashioned from the homespun the brigands had provided for us, but we covered them with cloaks which had been thoughtfully brought to us from Salonica, and we also wore hats and veils. We fondly deceived ourselves that we should escape observation. What was our surprise when, almost immediately after the train had started, a gentleman came to our compartment who addressed me in excellent English, and calling me by name inquired if I would like to read the latest Paris edition of the New York "Herald," at the same time passing it to me. This was the first paper we had seen, and there upon its first page was a large picture of myself, and a column of items con-

cerning our captivity and reported release. Truly we were fast learning how universal the interest in our case had been. When we arrived in Salonica late that evening there were gathered not only the remaining members of the missionary households, the American Vice-Consul, Mr. P. H. Lazzaro, and his wife, but also the Presbyterian pastor and his wife, and many friends from the foreign residents, correspondents from various parts of the world, and a throng of people of different nationalities, all eager to catch a glimpse of the long-lost captives. Tears and smiles struggled together upon our faces.

Soon we were safe in the mission-residence under the folds of the Stars and Stripes which there welcomed us to their protection.



MISS STONE IN FRONT OF HER HOME IN SALONICA AFTER HER RANSOM

When we had become a little quieted after the exuberance of the welcome home, and while Consul Lazzaro and his wife were still with us, Dr. House proposed that we join in a prayer of thanksgiving for the successful termination of this experience which had been so terrible for all who had been concerned in it, and for our safe return. With happy, grateful hearts we all recognized this most appropriate recognition of the loving hand of our God, who alone had made possible that happy hour.

At the request of the Vali of Salonica, and in company with Mr. Gargiulo, Dr. House, and Vice-Consul Lazzaro, I made a call the following day upon His Excellency, who received us with the utmost kindness.

It soon became clear that it would be necessary for me to avail myself of the permission granted by the American board to return to the United States. After an exceedingly busy month in Salonica among my missionary associates, as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. House (who also extended their hospitality and the protection of the Stars and Stripes to Mr. and Mrs. Tsilka and their little Ellen), I took a very quiet departure from Salonica in company with Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, one of the editors of *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*. It was a sad separation from the little circle of missionary friends, and a terrible heart-wrench to leave "our baby" and her mother, for we had so long been everything to each other.

The first chapter merely in this strange experience of captivity was closed by our release. There remains for the Government of our United States to determine what shall now be done toward bringing the perpetrators of this outrage to justice, and securing from the government within whose domains it was perpetrated due satisfaction. Our entire party was provided with Turkish passports which certainly should guarantee safety in traveling through Turkey. We were captured in Macedonia, a province of Turkey; the bandits were unquestionably Turkish subjects; they held us in Turkey; the ransom was paid there; and we were released in Turkey. These are the bare facts in the case. Had Turkey ever fulfilled her promise, made twenty-four years ago in the Treaty of Berlin, to introduce reforms for the betterment of the various Christian nations ruled over by her, Macedonia might not be overrun and terrorized as now it is by brigands, and this strange spectacle of women kidnapped by them and held in the heart of the Balkan peninsula for an exorbitant ransom might never have been

written upon the opening pages of the first and second years of the twentieth century. Minister John A. M. Leishman finally submitted to the State Department at Washington his official report, made up from the reports of all whom he had summoned to his assistance in solving the mystery of our whereabouts and in ransoming us—a document of three hundred pages. Secretary Hay referred to it, when I had the privilege of meeting him at his home last May, as a document revealing the heart-breaking nature of the work to which all the diplomats and their associates, missionary and native, had for so long a time given their unwearied endeavors. When Consul-General Charles M. Dickinson of Constantinople had paid a brief visit to Salonica during the first week after our release, his words were a revelation of the whole-souled, self-sacrificing labors which he and everybody connected with him in his mission to Bulgaria to negotiate for our ransom at Sophia had put forth. No one had spared himself. It was their rule, he said, to work not only all of every day, but far into the night; to follow up every clue; to spare neither money nor expense to bring to a successful issue the great commission entrusted, first to the consular service, then to the embassy, by the great heart of the American nation, namely, the finding of the captives who were hidden for such an unprecedented length of captivity in the wilds of Macedonia.

Consul-General Dickinson told me also of five or six letters which he had written and sent to me by the hand of that brigand who went to Sophia repeatedly to negotiate with him. None of these did I ever receive. Indeed, the brigand tried to make me believe that Consul-General Dickinson was utterly indifferent to our case, stating that no letter had ever been given him for us. It was but one of the many lies they told us.

During the more than three-quarters of a century since missionary work has been begun in Turkey, although at least three missionaries had been shot down by brigands, this was the only instance in which one had been taken captive by them. The patient, unremitting, and loving endeavors put forth by the nation and its representatives, in deepest sympathy with the captives themselves and the family of one who was an American woman, were, with God's blessing, crowned with success. With unspeakable gratitude in our hearts, we take up the song of praise voiced by Secretary Judson Smith, of the American Board. "Thank God they are saved, and all have helped to save them!"