

THE HEADLIGHT.

A. ROSCOWER, Editor.

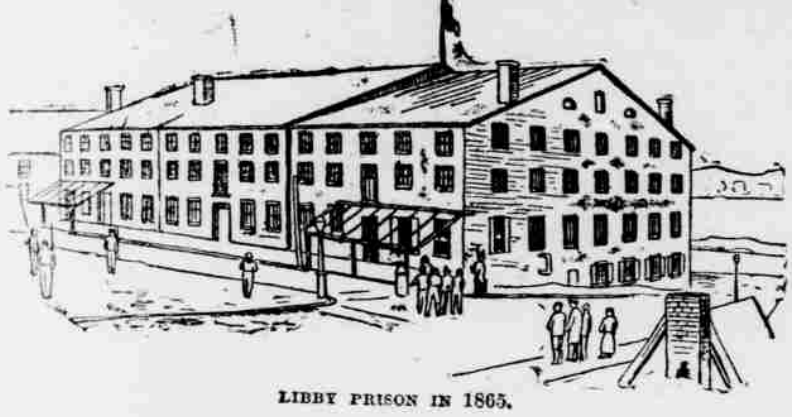
"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

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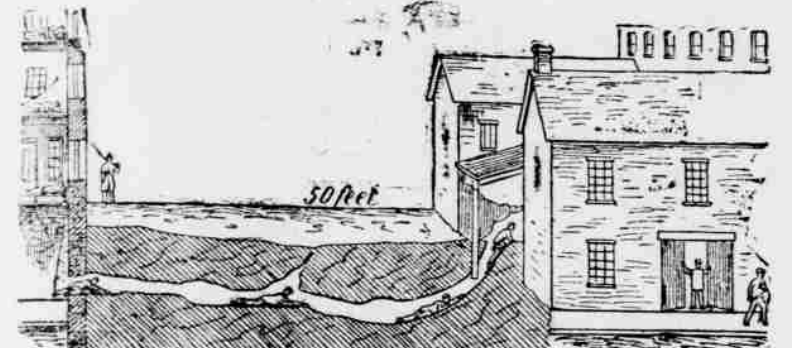
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LIBBY PRISON IN 1865.



COL. ROSE'S TUNNEL.

LIBBY PRISON.

HOW UNION PRISONERS DUG A TUNNEL.

The Escape of Over One Hundred Captives Graphically Related by One of Them—A Work of Great Hardship.

The really historic portion of the building in Richmond once known as Libby prison, later used as a tobacco warehouse, was the tunnel by which Colonel Thomas F. Rose and 105 other Union soldiers escaped. The story of the tunnel is well told by Frank E. Moray in the *Courier*.

Old Libby, as will be seen by the accompanying cut, is and was, a detached building, and thus easy to guard by sentries. The plan of tunneling out was the creation of one brain, that of Thomas F. Rose, Colonel of the 7th Pennsylvania Volunteers—now a Captain of the 10th United States Infantry—who was taken prisoner at the battle of Chickamauga, September 20, 1863. On his way to Richmond and the escape from his guards at Weldon, N. C., but after a day's wandering about the pine forests with a broken foot, was retaken by a detachment of Confederate cavalry and sent to Libby prison, where he arrived October 1, 1864.

The prisoners were not allowed on the ground floor except in the day time, so that Rose and his co-laborers had first to cut an "S" shaped hole from an accessible room through a floor or intervening wall to one below, a chamber to which they had no access. Their only tools were an old chisel and some jack knives. These, combined with a rope and a box-spoon, formed the sole plant for carrying out their stupendous undertaking. Their only efforts were attended by strong leeches and a whole array of apparently insuperable difficulties, and nearly half a dozen times bands that had been formed of the other prisoners to prosecute more apparently feasible plans were dissolved in despair.

The work had been largely in sewage sanked off, the earlier projects having centripetal escape by means of sewers leading to the adjacent canal. This had to be abandoned when it was found that the canal in question was too narrow to admit even the slimmest of their work by canal water, and the narrow escape of Rose from flowing. It is to this time, says Moray, thirty-nine nights had been spent in the work of excavation. The men now made a careful examination of the northeast corner of the cellar, at which point the earth's surface outside the prison wall, being eight or nine feet higher than at the canal or south side, afforded a better way to dig than the latter, being free from water and with clay-top enough to slip out itself. The unfavorable feature of this point was that the only possible terminus of a tunnel was a yard between the building beyond the vacant lot on the east of Libby. Another objection was that even when the tunnel should be made to that point, the exit of any escaping party must be made through an arched way-way, an exit the building that crossed the street on the canal side, and every man must emerge on the sidewalk in sight of the sentinels on the south side of the prison, the intervening space being in the full glare of a gas lamp. It was carefully noted, however, by Rose, long before this, that the west end of the beat of the nearest sentinels was between fifty and sixty feet from the point of egress, and it was concluded that by walking away at the moment the sentinel commanded his piece away, one would be far enough into the shadow to make it impossible that the color of his clothing could be made out by the sentinel when he faced about to return toward the eastern end of his beat, which terminated ten to fifteen feet from the prison wall.

By midnight he had struck and passed beyond a post which he felt must be in the yard. During the last few minutes he had turned his course upward, and to relieve his cramped limbs he turned upon his back. His strength was nearly gone; the feeble stream of air which his comrades were trying, with all his might, to send to him by means of a fan from a distance of fifty-three feet could no longer reach him through the deadly stench. His senses reeled; he had not breath nor strength enough to retreat backward through his narrow grave. In the agony of suffocation he dropped the dull chisel and beat his two fists against the roof of his grave with the might of despair—when, blessed boon! the crust gave way and the loosened earth showered upon his dripping face, purple with agony, his famished eye caught sight of a radiant star in the blue vault above him; a flood of light and a volume of cool, delicious air poured over him. At that very instant the sentinel's cry rang out like a prophecy: "Half past 1, and all's well!"

Recovering quickly under the inspiring air, he dragged his body out of the hole and made a careful survey of the yard in which he found himself. He was under a shed, with a board fence between him and the east-side sentinels, and the gable end of Libby loomed grimly against the blue sky. He found the wagon-way under the southside building closed from the street by a gate fastened by a swinging bar, which, after a good many efforts, he succeed in opening. This was the only exit to the street. As soon as the nearest sentinel's back was turned he stepped out and made a minute examination of Libby from all sides.

He retraced his steps to the yard, hunted up an old bit of heavy plank, crept back into the tunnel, feet first, drew the plank over the opening to conceal it, and crawled back. McDonald was overjoyed, and poor Johnson almost went wild with delight as Rose handed one of them his victorious old chisel and gave the other some trifle he had picked up in the outer world as a token that the underground railroad was open.

On Tuesday evening, February 9, at 7 o'clock, Colonel Rose assembled his party and waited till the last man had descended. They all made the passage in safety, and awaiting their opportunity, left the vicinity singly.

The plan agreed upon for the programme by which the others should escape was frustrated by information leaking out among the bulk of the prisoners. There was a mad rush for the tunnel. This was followed by a panic and equally wild stampede for the upper floors. Moran was thrown to the floor in the confusion and severely bruised, but finding himself alone he decided to make the effort, and succeeded in making his escape, only to be recaptured, as was Colonel Rose, when in sight of the Federal outposts and returned to Libby. Of the fifteen men who dug the successful tunnel, four are dead, viz.: Fitzsimmons, Gallagher, Carbert and McDonald; Captain W. S. B. Randall lives at Hillsboro, Highland County, Ohio; Col. Terrance Clark at Paris, Edgar County, Illinois; Capt. Eli Foster at Chicago; Col. N. S. McKean at Collinsville, Madison County, Illinois; and Capt. J. C. Filar at Leiston, I. T. The addresses of Capt. Lucas, Simpson and Mitchell are unknown at this writing.

Of the 105 who got out that night, fifty-nine reached the union lines, forty-eight were recaptured and two were drowned.

Donald, 101st Ohio; Lieut. N. S. McKean, 21st Illinois; Lieut. David Carbert, 7th Pennsylvania; Lieut. J. C. Filar, 7th Indiana Artillery; Lieut. John Mitchell, 7th Illinois; Lieut. Eli Foster, 30th Indiana. This party was divided into three relief, and the work of breaking the cellar wall was successfully done the first night by McDonald and Clark.

The earth was very densely compressed sand, that offered a strong resistance to the broad bladed chisel, which was their only effect instrument, and it was clear that a long turn of hard work must be done to penetrate under the fifty-foot lot to the objective point. The lower part of the tunnel was about six inches above the level of the cellar floor, and its top about two and a half feet. Absolute accuracy was of course impossible, either in giving the hole a perfectly horizontal direction or in preserving uniform dimensions; but a fair level was preserved, and the average diameter of the tunnel was a little over two feet. Usually one man would dig, and fill the spoon with earth, upon the signal of a gentle puff, an assistant would drag the load into the cellar by the clothes lines fastened on each side of this box, and then hide it under the straw, a third constantly fanned air into the tunnel with a rubber blanket stretched across a frame, the invent of the ingenious Hamilton; a fourth would give occasional relief to the last two, while a fifth would keep a lookout.

When the opening had been extended nearly across the lot some of the party believed they had entered under the yard in which was the intended terminus; and one night when McDonald was the digger, so confident was he that the desired distance had been made that he turned his direction upward, and soon broke through to the surface. A glance showed him his nearly fatal blunder, against which, indeed, he had been earnestly warned by Rose, who from the first had carefully estimated the intervening distance between the east wall of Libby and the terminus. In fact, McDonald saw that he had broken through in the open lot which was all in full view of a sentinel who was dangerously close.

The last effort was made by Rose alone one Saturday night. It was not customary for the Confederates to visit the operating cellar on Sunday, and he determined to make the most in his power of the moon-precious time. He therefore assembled all the party to remain up stairs, directing them to keep a close watch upon the Confederates from all available points of observation, and await his return.

Taking McDonald with him, he went down through the fire-place before daylight on Sunday morning, and bidding Johnson to keep a vigilant watch for intruders and McDonald to fan air into him, he entered the tunnel and began the forlorn haul. From this time forward he never once turned over the chisel to a relief.

By midnight he had struck and passed beyond a post which he felt must be in the yard. During the last few minutes he had turned his course upward, and to relieve his cramped limbs he turned upon his back. His strength was nearly gone; the feeble stream of air which his comrades were trying, with all his might, to send to him by means of a fan from a distance of fifty-three feet could no longer reach him through the deadly stench. His senses reeled; he had not breath nor strength enough to retreat backward through his narrow grave. In the agony of suffocation he dropped the dull chisel and beat his two fists against the roof of his grave with the might of despair—when, blessed boon! the crust gave way and the loosened earth showered upon his dripping face, purple with agony, his famished eye caught sight of a radiant star in the blue vault above him; a flood of light and a volume of cool, delicious air poured over him. At that very instant the sentinel's cry rang out like a prophecy: "Half past 1, and all's well!"

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LADIES' COLUMN.

Women Advancing in Medicine.

Women physicians are receiving honors on all sides. The Massachusetts Medical Society, which so long refused admission to women, sent Dr. Grace Wolcott to the recent Medical Convention at Chicago. Mrs. Scharlieb, M. B. and B. S., who took the scholarship and gold medal in obstetric medicine and honors in all the other subjects at her examination in 1882, has just been elected lecturer in forensic medicine at the London School of Medicine for Women. Dr. Fanny Dickinson, of Chicago, who is an oculist of repute, is the first woman to be admitted to the International Medical Congress. She attended a recent session at Washington.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The Latest English Fad.

Near the close of the reception at the White House last night, writes a Washington correspondent, a group of observers stood on one side criticizing the late visitors. A lovely and fashionably-dressed young lady, as she was presented to the President, made a most awkward and singular bow. She suddenly stooped her head and ducked her head, as if desiring to pass beneath the President's outstretched hand. When presented to Mrs. Cleveland she repeated the same unique performance, which prompted a bystander to remark that she must be from some uncivilized portion of the Far West.

"You are mistaken," said a gentleman up in all matters of etiquette: "that bob and duck is the latest English fad, and that young lady is one of the most cultivated belles of Boston."—*New York Tribune*.

Mrs. Cleveland's Costumes.

A lady who has her form divine built upon that uninteresting fragment of man's anatomy, a rib, embellished by the hand of art wielded by the same fashioner and maker of fine toilettes as employed by Mrs. Cleveland, says according to a Washington correspondent of the *Albany Journal*, that the distinguished lady is very particular and critical about the material, style and make of her robes. She designs them all herself, and simply uses Mme. Elise, the Fifth Avenue modiste, to fill in the details and draperies and contribute the needlework and other mechanical parts of constructing such a fine work of art as a grand toilette. Mrs. Whitney, who wears finer dresses and more of them, on different occasions, of course, than any lady in Washington, employs Mme. Donovan, of New York. Last fall she had sixteen fine dresses made. They are gems in their line, and make the well-proportioned form of that large-hearted and much beloved matron appear in a garb of beauty not even exceeded by the wise saying about the garb of the Lily.



Don Antonio Flores.

brigate at the siege and attack of Guayaquil, and was one of the first to enter the town, contributing greatly to the success of the undertaking by his personal bravery and daring. The National Assembly rewarded him with one of the four medals distributed after the campaign; the other three were given to Generals Salazar, Darques, and Camano, the retiring President of Ecuador.

As a politician, Minister Flores has been the subject of a remarkable "study" by Torres Caicedo, in his "Biographical Essays." The eminent critic's comments on the analysis of the Constitution of Peru published by Don Antonio in the *Revista de Lima*, and decides that the Minister belongs to the "Free Conservative School."

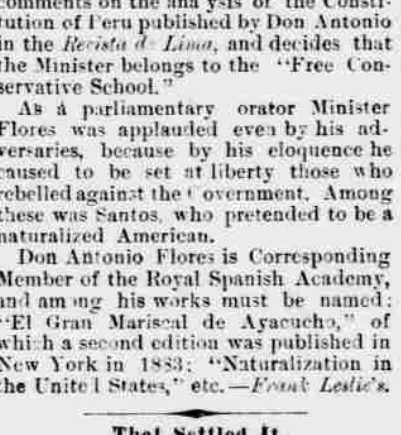
As a parliamentary orator Minister Flores was applauded ever by his adversaries, because by his eloquence he caused to be set at liberty those who rebelled against the government. Among these was Santos, who pretended to be a naturalized American.

Don Antonio Flores is Corresponding Member of the Royal Spanish Academy, and among his works must be named: "El Gran Mariscal de Ayacucho," which a second edition was published in New York in 1853; "Naturalization in the United States," etc.—*Frank Leslie's*.

That Settled It.

Mr. Hawthorne Hedges—"Run away from home, way off in Michigan! What for, my good boy?"

JOHNNY ARBOR—"Michigan makes more shingles than any other State, sir!"—*Puck*.



Fashion Notes.

Such is the rage for trimmed corsets that every species of fichu, vest plastron or bretelles has been revived.

Tubular woolen braid is one of the heavier trappings which bids fair to be very popular the coming season.

That exquisite shade of green known as celadon is again in vogue and will be worn, it is hoped, only by the young and fair.

Elephant and mouse grays are two popular shades for spring wear, and are combined with black and white, or either.

Galloons of various fancy weaves make a very conspicuous addition to many costumes and render them more dressy and elegant.

White Henrietta cloth is in great demand for fine white costumes and it promises to be a very popular fabric for half mourning.

Blue and pink combination always loved by Parisian modistes, is to be seen in the new materials for summer wear, and certainly has a soft and girlish effect.

Tea gowns of some description are indispensable to women who entertain in the afternoon, and bridal trousseaus invariably contain many varieties of this popular dress.

The grape fringe, of which so much was said, is utterly and hopelessly dead,

TELEGRAPHIC TICKETS.

NORTH CAROLINA.

In Robinson county, a few nights past, a dance was given at the house of a negro named William Hunt. While it was in progress a pistol shot was heard. It was found that a negro named Martin Campbell had suddenly disappeared. There was a great mystery about the whole affair. It has now been terminated by the finding of Campbell's body in the woods, a quarter of a mile from the place where the dance was held. The body was beside a road, and in one hand was a revolver. The coroner has held an inquest, which revealed a remarkable crime. While Campbell was in the yard of Hunt's house a white man came up and shot him dead. The white man and some negroes hastily took the body of Campbell and carried it to the place where it was found. They took a revolver from the pockets of Campbell and placed it in his hand, in order to create the impression that it was a case of suicide. The white man concerned has disappeared.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The postoffice at Yorkville and Bennettsville have been raised to the rank of Presidential offices.

Newberry is startled by the announcement of the robbery of the Newberry postoffice by Mr. John Hawkins, assistant postmaster. Mr. Hawkins left on the 28th of March to visit, as he said, his mother in Orangeburg, but it was discovered in a few days that he had robbed the postoffice for the amount of about \$500, as far as has yet developed.

A negro man named Guy Rowland, who was in the employ of Tanner & Co. and at work on the Carolina, Knoxville and Western Railroad, near Greenville, dropped dead while going to his work. He was examined by a physician, who pronounced death from heart disease.

A few days ago the wife of William Sparks, of York county, was bitten on the foot by a small black spider. Very soon the foot began to swell, and there were very alarming symptoms, compelling the lady to take to bed and call in a physician. At last accounts her condition was serious, but hopes are entertained that she will not die.

A negro named Brownie, who was accidentally shot by another negro named Ellison at Pelzer, has died at Donald's, Abbeville county.

The trial of the suit of David S. Fotheringham against the Adams Express Company and Robert A. Pinkerton, for \$60,000 damages for false imprisonment and securing his indictment on false charges, has begun in St. Louis. Fotheringham was the messenger of the Adams Express Company who was robbed on the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, not far from St. Louis, on the night of October 25, 1886, and was indicted for robbery and tried and acquitted.

Capt. J. W. Brunson, of Spartanburg, has been appointed deputy collector for the State at large. The duties of Capt. Brunson will be to look after the illicit distillers and wagon peddlers. This appointment has been authorized within the past few days by the internal revenue department. The recent troubles in the Glassy Mountain section of Greenville county caused the department to determine upon having a larger force in this State. Mr. Brunson will have the power to summon posses when it may be necessary to capture illicit distillers or to make raids.

Life's Brightest Hour.

Not long since I met a gentleman who is assessed for more than a million. Silver was in his hair, care upon his brow, and he stooped beneath his burden of wealth. We were speaking of that period of life when we had realized the most perfect enjoyment, or, rather, when we had found the happiness nearest to being unalloyed. "I'll tell you," said the millionaire, "when was the happiest hour of my life. At the age of one and twenty I had saved up \$800. I was earning \$500 a year, and my father did not take it from me, only requiring that I should pay for my board. At the age of twenty-two I had secured a pretty cottage just outside of the city. I was able to pay two-thirds of the value down and also to furnish it respectably. I was married on Sunday—a Sunday in June—at my father's house. My wife had come to me poor in purse, but rich in the wealth of her womanhood. The Sabbath and the Sabbath night we passed beneath my father's roof, and on Monday morning I went to my work, leaving my mother and sister to help in preparing my home. On Monday evening when the labors of the day were done, I went not to the paternal shelter, as in the past, but to my own home—my own home. The holy atmosphere of that hour seems to surround me even now in the memory. I opened the door of my cottage and entered, I laid my hat upon the little stand in the hall, and passed on to the kitchen—our kitchen and dining-room were all one then. I pushed open the kitchen door and was—in heaven! The table was set against the wall—the evening meal was ready—prepared by the hands of her who had come to be my helpmeet in deed as well as in name; and by the table, with a throbbing expectation look upon her lovely and loving face, stood my wife. I tried to speak, and could not. I could only clasp the waiting angel to my bosom, thus showing her the ecstatic burden of my heart. The years have passed—long, long years—and worldly wealth has flowed in upon me, and I am honored and envied, but—as true as heaven—I would give it all—every dollar—for the joy of the hour of that June evening in the long, long ago!"—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

It is seven hours and a quarter now from London to Paris.

THE NATIONAL BURMESE SPORT.

The shadows are beginning to lengthen at last, and the hot sultry day is more bearable as we return to the village, where the people are congregated about the street. A group squats gossiping here, half a dozen youths are playing football there, and in a secluded space between two houses an excited gathering is absorbed in the pleasures of a cock fight. This amusement is forbidden under English law, and is not much practiced in the larger towns, where detection means appearance before, and fining by, an English magistrate. In villages, however, the sport flourishes, for native officials cannot be trusted to put it down. Mung Daw was a Burman before he was a Government servant, and looks with a lenient eye on the doings of the law-breakers, who are passing the cool of the day in the pasture they love beyond all others the round of daily life can afford.

A space ten feet in diameter is densely surrounded with spectators, and within the ring squat the owners opposite each other, preparing their birds for battle. Each man is holding a cock between his knees, and the palms of his hands is ruffing the feathers of the neck briskly up the wrong way, a proceeding which appears to have the effect of rousing its angry passions. Now this preliminary is over, the owners take their cocks round the body and swing them to and fro, almost allowing their beaks to meet at each advance. Excited by this treatment to the highest pitch, the birds lose no time in coming to close quarters as soon as they are released, with a gentle cast toward each other by way of a final hint. They are not handsome creatures, these two, but full of fight, and therefore prized accordingly. No spurs are worn, but the combatants make terrible use of their natural weapons, pecking, striking and clawing viciously, while their owners, on all fours, hover round them with chirps and words of encouragement. The furious scuffle, half obscured in a cloud of dust and feathers, results at last in the leggiest, shabbiest, most disreputable-looking fowl of the pair gaining the advantage. A bony-looking scarecrow before the fight, his best friend would barely recognize the victorious champion now, as his backers, who have hitherto watched the bout with speechless attention, relieve their pent-up feelings with loudly-howled scraps of inharmonious songs and displays of the remarkable posturing which Burmese prejudice regards as dancing. The crowd dissolves and the owners secure their birds, lavishing caresses or abuse as their respective performances merit.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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Says the New York Jeweler's Review.

"The manufacturing jewelers of Paris are subscribing largely on all sides, for advertising purposes, to reintroduce the wearing of jewelry. The commissioners have already collected fifteen thousand francs (\$30,000), and the manufacturers at least another like sum. A certain sum must be paid to the Parisian journals,"

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The shadows are beginning to lengthen at last, and the hot sultry day is more bearable as we return to the village, where the people are congregated about the street. A group squats gossiping here, half a dozen youths are playing football there, and in a secluded space between two houses an excited gathering is absorbed in the pleasures of a cock fight. This amusement is forbidden under English law, and is not much practiced in the larger towns, where detection means appearance before, and fining by, an English magistrate. In villages, however, the sport flourishes, for native officials cannot be trusted to put it down. Mung Daw was a Burman before he was a Government servant, and looks with a lenient eye on the doings of the law-breakers, who are passing the cool of the day in the pasture they love beyond all others the round of daily life can afford.

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TELEGRAPHIC TICKETS.

NORTH CAROLINA.

In Robinson county, a few nights past, a dance was given at the house of a negro named William Hunt. While it was in progress a pistol shot was heard. It was found that a negro named Martin Campbell had suddenly disappeared. There was a great mystery about the whole affair. It has now been terminated by the finding of Campbell's body in the woods, a quarter of a mile from the place where the dance was held. The body was beside a road, and in one hand was a revolver. The coroner has held an inquest, which revealed a remarkable crime. While Campbell was in the yard of Hunt's house a white man came up and shot him dead. The white man and some negroes hastily took the body of Campbell and carried it to the place where it was found. They took a revolver from the pockets of Campbell and placed it in his hand, in order to create the impression that it was a case of suicide. The white man concerned has disappeared.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The postoffice at Yorkville and Bennettsville have been raised to the rank of Presidential offices.

Newberry is startled by the announcement of the robbery of the Newberry postoffice by Mr. John Hawkins, assistant postmaster. Mr. Hawkins left on the 28th of March to visit, as he said, his mother in Orangeburg, but it was discovered in a few days that he had robbed the postoffice for the amount of about \$500, as far as has yet developed.

A negro man named Guy Rowland, who was in the employ of Tanner & Co. and at work on the Carolina, Knoxville and Western Railroad, near Greenville, dropped dead while going to his work. He was examined by a physician, who pronounced death from heart disease.

A few days ago the wife of William Sparks, of York county, was bitten on the foot by a small black spider. Very soon the foot began to swell, and there were very alarming symptoms, compelling the lady to take to bed and call in a physician. At last accounts her condition was serious, but hopes are entertained that she will not die.

A negro named Brownie, who was accidentally shot by another negro named Ellison at Pelzer, has died at Donald's, Abbeville county.

The trial of the suit of David S. Fotheringham against the Adams Express Company and Robert A. Pinkerton, for \$60,000 damages for false imprisonment and securing his indictment on false charges, has begun in St. Louis. Fotheringham was the messenger of the Adams Express Company who was robbed on the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, not far from St. Louis, on the night of October 25, 1886, and was indicted for robbery and tried and acquitted.

Capt. J. W. Brunson, of Spartanburg, has been appointed deputy collector for the State at large. The duties of Capt. Brunson will be to look after the illicit distillers and wagon peddlers. This appointment has been authorized within the past few days by the internal revenue department. The recent troubles in the Glassy Mountain section of Greenville county caused the department to determine upon having a larger force in this State. Mr. Brunson will have the power to summon posses when it may be necessary to capture illicit distillers or to make raids.

Life's Brightest Hour.

Not long since I met a gentleman who is assessed for more than a million. Silver was in his hair, care upon his brow, and he stooped beneath his burden of wealth. We were speaking of that period of life when we had realized the most perfect enjoyment, or, rather, when we had found the happiness nearest to being unalloyed. "I'll tell you," said the millionaire, "when was the happiest hour of my life. At the age of one and twenty I had saved up \$800. I was earning \$500 a year, and my father did not take it from me, only requiring that I should pay for my board. At the age of twenty-two I had secured a pretty cottage just outside of the city. I was able to pay two-thirds of the value down and also to furnish it respectably. I was married on Sunday—a Sunday in June—at my father's house. My wife had come to me poor in purse, but rich in the wealth of her womanhood. The Sabbath and the Sabbath night we passed beneath my father's roof, and on Monday morning I went to my work, leaving my mother and sister to help in preparing my home. On Monday evening when the labors of the day were done, I went not to the paternal shelter, as in the past, but to