Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
☞OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.☜

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

Vol. 48. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1888. No. 44.

Commission Cards.

BAY & GETTY,
Canned Goods Commission Merchants,
101 and 103 South Frederick Street,
BALTIMORE.
CANS, CASES, LABELS, AND ALL NECESSARY OUTFIT FOR A CANNING HOUSE SUPPLIED.
mh10-3m.

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER. FRANK LAWDER.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
General Commission Merchants
For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.
88 South Charles Street,
jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,
Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,
Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,
No. 53 West Pratt Street.
☞Special attention given to the sale of Grain, Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.
DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
118 East Pratt St., Balto., Md.
☞We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Peoples' Bank of Baltimore.

J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.
WM. H. RUTTER,
—WITH—
EMORY & NEAVITT,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.
No. 68 South St., Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. jel2-y.

A. P. CREW. W. H. LOANE.
CREW & LOANE,
Grain and General Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 4 Camden St., New Number 15,
ja29. BALTIMORE, MD.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.
STEVENS BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.
☞Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.
320 Light St., (old No. 114), Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Merchants' National Bank.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.
No. 20 East Camden Street, (Old Number, 2,)
Near Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

PERCY T. McFEELY,
—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Fruit, Hay, Poultry, Live Stock, Hides, and all kinds Country Produce.
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
☞REFERENCE.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ja29.

PHILADELPHIA.
J. P. MOYER. S. F. CREW.
J. P. MOYER & CO.,
Wholesale Produce Commission Merchants
—IN—
BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, PRODUCE, LIVE STOCK, &c.,
256 North Front Street, Philadelphia.
Cards sent on application.
References—Cash. d17-tf.

E. C. CROW,
No. 6 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
WHOLESALE
COMMISSION MERCHANT
—IN—
ALL KINDS OF FARM PRODUCE.
Market Price Guaranteed. d18.

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON.
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants
IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.
328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
☞Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y.

NEW YORK.
WALTER S. HILL,
Fruit and Produce Commission Merchant
180 Reade and 206 Duane Sts., New York.
REFERENCE—My account sale and check every Monday. je4.

New Store--Old Stand!

Mrs. D. GRUBER.

HAS thoroughly renovated and refitted her business property up town and is now better able than ever heretofore to supply the public with

Fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes and Pies,

and indeed everything in the Bakery Line. Long experience, the best material, and personal attention to the business enables her to give the very best goods for the least money.

CONFECTIONERY.—I have also added to my stock a line of confectionery, such as Fresh Candy, Nuts, &c., to which I invite attention. Give me a call. MRS. D. GRUBER.
sep3-y. Up Town.

SPECIAL TAX NOTICE.

THE TAX-PAYERS of the the Fifth Election District will please bear in mind that THE TAXES ARE NOW OVERDUE and prompt payment of same is expected. Delay in same will be AT YOUR EXPENSE and not mine.
J. FRANK WHEATLEY,
jan14-tf. COLLECTOR.

LOW ESTIMATES will be furnished on our Building Lime and Hair to large orders at
J. D. BAUCHUS'
mh5-tf. Coal and Woodyard.

Mill Notice.

I WISH to inform my customers and the public generally, that I have started my mill on the Roller Process of manufacturing the highest grades of

ROLLER-GROUND FLOUR

on the market. I am now prepared to accommodate the public on the exchange system, and will guarantee perfect satisfaction in every case where good wheat is sent me. For every sixty (60) pounds of good wheat I will give thirty-six (36) pounds of the best flour and a half bushels of bran.

In connection with our Roller Process we are prepared to do all kinds of work that can be expected of any mill. Fine Meal ground for one-eighth (1/8). Shelled Corn Chopped for one-twelfth (1-12). Hominy made for the offal. Ear Corn crushed for one-eighth.

For merchant work our facilities are such that we can compete with all competitors. Our grades of Flour, three in number.

KENT'S SUPERLATIVE,
KENT'S FAVORITE,
and ECONOMY,

can hold their own with any in the market. Flour will be delivered free of charge at store door, at less than city prices.

Special attention is given to the sale of MEAL, HOMINY and FEED, at low figures. Reduced prices given to consumers of feed, for winter feeding, by the ton. There are several reasons why

URIEVILLE MILL IS THE MILL,

namely: It is centrally located, and in the best Grain section of the county. We always buy the best grain in the market for merchant work. Orders are always delivered promptly. Its facilities for grist work are such that customers can be accommodated with any amount up to forty (40) bushels in one hour after it is delivered. It has a never-failing water power. We grade our wheat in five different grades, so that it is impossible for customers to bring us a grade that we can't match, consequently you always get flour out of the same grade that you bring. Last, but not least, I have a first-class miller, that understands his business, and is always at his post.

I feel thankful for all past patronage and only ask for my share in the future. I remain yours truly,

WM. W. McKNETT,
no19-tf. PROPRIETOR.

VANDEGRIFT'S

HAIR INVIGORATOR

ABOUT a year ago I obtained a VERY VALUABLE RECIPE for making a

HAIR TONIC

which is a Pure and Wholesome Preparation, for Dressing and Promoting the Growth of the Hair, for Allaying & Preventing Inflammation, Alleviating and Curing All Ordinary Diseases of the Scalp and Skin, it also Prevents the Hair from Falling Out, and where it has Fallen Causes New Growth. Prevents the Formation of Dandruff, Cures Tetter, Sores and Humors of the Scalp and Strengthens the Roots of the Hair, Renders the Hair Soft, Pliant and gives it a Beautiful Lustrous Gloss. It has met with such popular favor that I have a general agency established in Baltimore. It is agreeably perfumed and is the Cleanest of all Preparations for Toilett Use, and have placed it within the reach of all, and sold at the small price of 50 Cents per bottle.

SOME WHO HAVE USED IT:

Joseph W. Thompson,	R. G. Nicholson,
Wm. H. Lambert,	H. H. Harrell,
L. C. Justis, Jr.,	H. C. Chase,
B. F. Fleming,	J. C. Bolton,
W. W. Hubbard,	Father Murphy,
Col. Copeland,	R. Bergen,
Geo. McWhorter,	Miss Hodgkin,
Fred. Gerker,	Mrs. Kimble,
L. J. Smith,	and scores of others.

—FOR SALE BY:—
C. F. Stam, M. A. Toulson, Jos. P. Ireland,
DRUGGISTS.
—Manufactured by—
J. S. VANDEGRIFT,
fe11-6m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

—1888—
Established 20 Years

New Goods-Low Prices

36 Brown and Bleached Muslin	4½c. a yard
4-4 " " "	5c. "
4-4 " Heavy " "	7c. "
Fruit of Loom	9c. "

Calico 3½ to 6c.; Simpson's Mourning Prints 7c.; Double Purple 7c.; Dress Ginghams 5c. to 10c. per yard; Tickings 8c. to 25c.; Misses' Hose 5c. to 10c. a pair, Ladies' Solid Colored Hose ..... 8c. a pair, Ladies' Balbriggan Hose ..... 10c. " Ladies' Full Reg. Made Balbriggan Hose ..... 22c. " Ladies Corsets, good 25c. extra good Corsets 45c. " Ladies Vests, extra good ..... 45c. Gloves ..... 5c. to 25c. Gents Undershirts ..... 25c. Extra Heavy Undershirts ..... 45c. Gents unlaundried Shirts, New York Mills Muslin, pure Linen Bosoms ..... 65c. Clark's Cotton 5c. a spool, or 55c. a dozen; Buttons 5c. a gross.

GROCERIES!

Brown Sugar	5c. per pound.
Nearly White Sugar	6c. "
Granulated Sugar	7½c. "
Enterprise Coffee	24c. "
Good Tea, green and black	50c. "
Good Syrup	30c. a gallon.
Black Molasses	30c. "
Pure Apple Vinegar	30c. "
Best Coal Oil, no smell no smoke 14c. a gal.	
or 8 gallons	$1.00
'Red C.' Coal Oil 16c. a gal. or 5 gallons for	75c.
Lump Starch	4½c a pound
Bread Soda	4½c. "
Babbitt's Best Soap 5c., 2 bars for	9c.
$1.00	
Soapine	4c.
Kirk's Chicago Soap	4c.

Our TOBACCO at 40c. BEATS the BEST.

Cigars 90c. a Box--100 in a box.

CONFECTIONERY!

CANDY, NUTS, RAISINS, ORANGES, LEMONS, CITRON, CURRANTS,

MINCE MEAT, ALL KINDS CANNED FRUITS, VEGETABLES and MEATS, MACKAREL, HERRING and SHAD.

FLOUR—Clifton, Kirkwood, Occidental, Chance Superlative, do. Family, do. Extra and Orange Grove at LESS THAN CITY PRICES.

Country Produce at Best Market Price.

Respectfully,
J. B. SAPPINGTON,
at the Old Stand on Cross Street, Chestertown, Md.
Dec. 10, 1887—6m.

ROLLER PROCESS KIRKWOOD 1967 WILLIAM LEA & SONS
THE FINEST --FAMILY-- FLOUR TRY IT.

CHESTERTOWN, June 16, 1887.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE that on and after this date we propose to SELL FLOUR EXCLUSIVELY FOR CASH, or by an agreement with the purchaser that an extra charge of FIFTY CENTS PER BARREL shall be made on all flour charged to their account.
je18-tf JAMES A. SHAW.

AN ASSORTMENT of MIRRORS, new and pretty. Frames, very cheap. SPARKS.

FINE, Thin Glass, Engraved Tumblers, 150 dozen SPARKS.

—READY—
FOR SPRING TRADE

PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, Shovels, Forks, Spades, Chain and Rope Traces, Plow Hames, Wagon Hames, Grub Hoes, Corn Hoes, Bush Hooks, Plow Lines, Cotton and Sisal Ropes, &c. For sale at Lowest Market Prices by
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
adjoining the Bank.

BARBED AND BUCKTHAWN
FENCE WIRES!
For sale by
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
adjoining the Bank.

MOUNTED AND UNMOUNTED
GRINDSTONES
For sale by
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
adjoining the Bank.

ALL KINDS OF
TINWARE, SMOKESTACKS, &c.,
—Manufactured by—
WM. A. WHEATLEY.
N. B.—Roofing and Spouting a specialty, and old Tins Repaired at short notice.

The Modern Marvel!

THE SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW with Reversible Shares and Points, the most Durable and Economical Plow on the market. Jointer attached to standard and will not choke in grass or weeds. Below find names of some persons who use them:

V. Hendrickson,	Samuel T. Rolph,
George Bell,	Daniel R. Woodall, Jr.,
Wm. J. Tarbutton,	W. B. Strong,
E. P. Janvier,	Wm. A. Hendricks.

Twenty-five of them just received and we invite inspection. The old reliable REMINGTON CHILLED PLOW for sale and Repairs furnished for same.
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
Feb. 25, 1888. adjoining the Bank.

CLIFTON MILLS DELAWARE FFF Choice Patent No 1196 WILLIAM LEA
HIGHEST GRADE --PATENT-- FLOUR MADE.

J. B. McINTIRE

Is Still on the Corner
OF HIGH AND MILL STS.,
WITH A FULL LINE OF
Groceries and Provisions
Coffee, Sugar, Tea,
SPICES, FLOUR, MEAL,
MEAT, LARD, TOCACCO,
CIGARS, SNUFF,
Canned Goods, Canned Goods,
ORANGES, LEMONS, FIGS,
DATES, PRUNES, RAISINS,
CITRON, CURRANTS,
CRANBERRIES, COCOANUTS,
APPLE BUTTER,
CONFECTIONERY, &c.,
all of which will be sold cheap for the cash. You will do well to give me a call before purchasing. Thankful for past favors I hope to merit a continuance of the same.
Resp'y, J. B. McINTIRE.

Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. WANTED to buy, 400 pounds good Country Lard. J. B. M.
January 7, 1888—1y.

Men Would Read and Remember 'Tis Only a Habit.

Smoking and Chewing!

YET great men as well as wise men Smoke or Chew. When once accustomed to chewing or smoking there is a great deal of pleasure derived from inhaling the smoke from a fine cigar, and also by enjoying the extract of fine tobacco. To satisfy this habit you should remember that

J. L. McFEELY

—has the—
Tobacco Emporium of Kent County,
where you can find
ALL GRADES OF TOBACCO,
CIGARS, PIPES, SMOKING TOBACCO, &c.,
from the cheapest to the highest. I have the largest stock and assortment in the county.

B. F. GRAVELY'S SUPERIOR
is my leading brand. A Call will convince you of the above fact.

Wholesale:
Merchants can save their freight by buying of J. L. McFeely's, Store opposite the bank, and below Stam's New Hall. j14.

—VERY—
Heavy Reduction
IN THE
FOLLOWING LINE of GOODS
BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED
Linen TABLE DAMASK
HEAVILY CUT IN PRICES.

BOOTS AND SHOES

Do not forget the GREAT BARGAINS we are offering in a number of lines of BOOTS and SHOES.
We have just cut a large line of BOY'S BUTTONED SHOES to near *HALF THEIR VALUE.*

REMEMBER THE LINE OF
Floor Oil-Cloths!
REDUCED to COST. GOOD PATTERNS and DESIRABLE GOODS.

CALL AND SEE US and you will find that we will *SAVE YOU MONEY.*

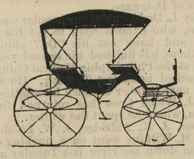
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
February 25, 1887.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

THE Tax-Payers of the FOURTH DISTRICT are hereby notified that I am now prepared to receive their taxes for 1887.
For the convenience of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons until further notice.
STEPHEN LECATES,
s3-tf. Collector 4th District.

Carriages! Carriages!

CARRIAGE WORK!



WALTON C. ORRELL,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

HAS taken the Carriage and Smith Shops, near the M. P. Church, formerly conducted by Mr. Geo. E. Lambert, and is now ready for business. I intend to keep a full stock of CARRIAGES of different styles on hand, and will take orders for the manufacture of CARRIAGES, DEARBORNS and FARM WAGONS, and will guarantee that all my work is FIRST CLASS and my prices as low as the lowest.

I am prepared to do all kinds of
Blacksmithing and Wheelwrighting,
Including Horse-Shoeing.

I shall give special attention to REPAIRING of all kinds. The Painting and varnishing of old work will be done in the highest style of art, and all other repairs in workman-like manner.
I have had long experience in the business and only ask a trial to prove my ability to give satisfaction in work and prices.
WALTON C. ORRELL,
fe11-1m.* CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

SPRING OPENING!

NEWEST, PRETTIEST,

CHEAPEST!

Dress Goods,
Calicoes,
Linens, &c.

BOOTS, SHOES,
HATS and CAPS.
—AND—
Wares of all Kinds,
☞NOW OPENING AT☜
J. H. SIMPERS'.

☞Call and see my Styles and Low Prices.
Respectfully, J. H. SIMPERS.
Feb. 25, 1888.

M. A. TOULSON,

Druggist and Apothecary.

LARGE VARIETY
PATENT MEDICINES!
ANY FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE.

Toilet Articles! Toilet Articles!
the VERY BEST, and EVERYTHING that is kept in a well furnished Drug Store.

☞PERSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT!
This is under my individual supervision.

Very respectfully,
M. A. TOULSON,
Feb. 18, 1888. CHESTERTOWN.

LEA'S
FANCY PEARL
HOMINY
AND HOMINY GRITS
NOW READY.

REMOVAL!

WE have removed, and for the present may be found in the room
UNDER 'KENT NEWS' OFFICE.
As we are going to change our business our goods are for sale at prices that will certainly pay you.

WE HAVE STILL A
FINE LINE of CLOCKS,
and are selling more than we ever sold before, because we sell at LOWER PRICES.

—OUR—
CONFECTIONERY AND FRUIT STOCK
will be kept fresh all the time and our prices will be LOWER than the LOWEST.

LAMPS! LAMPS!
In Lamps we are still ahead. Call and see a WONDERFUL LIGHT—30 candle-power, safe, simple, durable and cheap. We use only one in our store-room and have plenty of light. Now just take a little trouble to cross the street and you will be satisfied.
H. A. SPARKS,
Jan. 21, 1888. Under NEWS Office.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

THE Tax-payers of the SECOND DISTRICT are hereby notified that I am prepared to receive their taxes for 1887.
For the convenience of tax-payers I will be at Still Pond every Saturday morning from 9 to 11 o'clock, at Kennedyville every Saturday afternoon, until further notice. Prompt payment earnestly requested.
JOHN P. HENDRICKSON,
KENNEDYVILLE.
d10-tf. Collector Second District.

LIBBY PRISON'S TUNNEL.

A STORY OF THRILLING INTEREST.

Under the title "Colonel Rose's Tunnel at Libby Prison," Capt. Frank E. Moran contributes to the March number of the *Century* one of the most interesting of the remarkable series of war papers published by that magazine. Capt. Moran was one of the 109 Union officers who escaped by means of the tunnel on the night of February 9, 1864, and one of the unfortunate forty-eight who were afterward recaptured. Of the fifteen men who dug the tunnel, twelve are still living. These twelve include Col. Rose himself, "the engineer and leader in the plot throughout," who is now a captain in the Sixteenth United States Infantry, and who in the war was colonel of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers. Col. Rose was made a prisoner at Chickamauga, and arrived at Libby Prison on October 1, 1863.

Libby Prison was a three-story structure, having a cellar, the floor of which, on one side the building was on a level with the street. On its four sides the prison was a detached structure, so that guardsmen paraded along every part of its walls. At one end, however, besides the space for the guardsmen to walk, there was a vacant lot of fifty feet width, and beyond this a high fence and group of buildings independent of the prison. It was under this lot and into the yard formed by these buildings and the fence that the tunnel was made. But in order to begin operations it was necessary to enter a section of the prison cellar that was walled off from the other portions and was not accessible from the room directly above it, because that room was in use night and day as a hospital. Only from the adjoining room, the kitchen, was it safe to descend. This section of the cellar was given the name "Rat Hell." Its floor was covered with packing straw to an average depth of two feet, and thus it afforded shelter to a large colony of rats, and hence the name. Says Capt. Moran:

"There was, in fact, but one plan by which Rat Hell could be reached without detection, and the conception of this device and its successful execution was due to the stout-hearted Hamilton. This was to cut a hole in the back of the kitchen fireplace; the incision must be just far enough to preserve the opposite or hospital side intact. It must then be cut downward to a point below the level of the hospital floor, then eastward into Rat Hell, the completed opening thus to describe the letter 'S.' It must be wide enough to let a man through, yet the wall must not be broken on the hospital side above the floor, nor marred on the carpenter's-shop side below. Such a break

WOULD BE FATAL,

for both of these points were conspicuously exposed to the view of the Confederates every hour in the day. Moreover, it was imperatively necessary that all traces of the beginning of the opening should be concealed, not only from the Confederate officials and guards, who were constantly passing the spot every day, but from the hundreds of uninitiated prisoners who crowded around the stove just in front of it from dawn till dark.

"Work could only be possible between the hours of ten at night, when the room was generally abandoned by the prisoners because of its inundated condition and four o'clock in the morning, when the earliest risers were again astir. It was necessary to do the work with an old jackknife and one of the chisels previously secured by Rose. It must be done in darkness and without noise, for a vigilant sentinel paced on the Carey street sidewalk just outside the door, and within ten feet of the fireplace. A rubber blanket was procured, and the soot from the chimney carefully swept into it. Hamilton, with his old knife, cut the mortar between the bricks, and pried a dozen of them out, being careful to preserve them whole.

"The rest of the incision was made in accordance with the design described, but no conception could have been formed beforehand of the sickening tediousness of cutting an 'S'-shaped hole through a heavy wall with a feeble old jack-knife, in stolen hours of darkness. Rose guarded his comrade against the constant danger of interruption by alert enemies on one side and by blundering friends on the other; and, as frequently happens in human affairs, their friends gave them more trouble than their foes. Night after night passed, and still the two men got up after taps from their hard beds, and descended to the dismal and reeking kitchen to bore for liberty. When the sentinel's call at Castle Thunder, and at Libby announced four o'clock, the dislodged bricks were carefully replaced, and the soot previously gathered in the gum blanket was flung in handfuls against the restored wall, filling the seams so entirely between the bricks as to defy detection. At last, after many weary nights, Hamilton's heroic patience and skill were rewarded, and the way was open to the coveted base of operations, Rat Hell."

Various were the plans proposed for some sort of an escape through this part of the cellar before the tunnel under the vacant lot was undertaken:

"The first plan was to dig alongside the east wall and under it until it was passed, then turn southward and make for the large street sewer next the canal, and into which Rose had before noticed workmen descending. This sewer was a large one, believed to be fully six feet high, and if it could be gained, there could be little doubt that an adjacent opening to the canal would be found to the eastward. It was very soon revealed however that the lower side of Libby was built upon ponderous timbers, below which they could not hope to penetrate with their meagre stock of tools—such at least was the opinion of nearly all the party. Rose, nevertheless, determined that the effort should be made, and they were soon at work with old penknives and caseknives hacked into saws. After infinite labor, they at length

CUT THROUGH THE GREAT LOGS,

only to be met by an unforeseen and still more formidable barrier. Their tunnel, in fact, had penetrated below the level of the canal. Water began to filter in—feebly at first, but at last it broke in with a rush that came near drowning Rose, who barely had time to make his escape. This opening was therefore plugged up; and to do this rapidly and leave no dangerous traces put the party to their wits' ends.

"An attempt was next made to dig into a small sewer that ran from the southeast corner of the prison into the main sewer. After a number of nights of hard labor, this opening was extended to a point below a brick furnace, in which were encased several caldrons. The weight of this furnace caused a cave-in near the sentinel's path outside the prison wall. Next day a group of officers was seen eyeing the break curiously. Rose, listening at the window above, heard the word 'rats' repeated by them several times and took comfort. The next day he entered the cellar alone, and felt that if the suspicions of the Confederates were really awakened, a trap would be set for him in Rat Hell, and determined, if such were really the case, that he would be the only victim caught. He, therefore, entered the little partitioned corner-room with some anxiety, but there was no visible evidence of a visit by the guards, and his spirits again rose."

But, in spite of these failures, Rose and Hamilton pressed on with their efforts:

"Most of the party were now really ill from the foul stench in which they had lived so long. The visions of liberty that had at first lured them to desperate efforts under the inspiration of Rose and Hamilton had at last failed, and, one by one, they lost heart and frankly told Colonel Rose that they could do nothing more. The party was, therefore disbanded, and the yet sanguine leader, with Hamilton for his sole helper, continued the work alone. Up to this time thirty-nine nights had been spent in the work of excavation. The two men made a careful examination of the northwest 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 place to dig than the latter, being free from water, and with clay top enough to support itself.

"The wall of that east cellar had to be broken in three places before a place was found were the earth was firm enough to support a tunnel. The two men worked on with stubborn patience, but their progress was painfully slow. Rose dug assiduously, and Hamilton alternately fanned air to his comrade and dragged out and hid the excavated dirt, but the old difficulty confronted him. The candle would burn out, the air could not be fanned fast enough with a hat, and the dirt hidden without better contrivances or additional help. Rose now reassembled the party, and selected from them a number who were willing to renew the attempt. Against the east wall stood a series of stone fenders abutting inward, and these, being at uniform intervals about twenty feet, cast deep shadows that fell toward the prison front. In one of

THESE DARK RECESSES

the wall was pierced, well up toward the Carey-street end. The earth here has very densely compressed sand that offered a very strong resistance to the broad-bladed chisel, which was their only effective implement, 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 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 spittoon (a large flat-bottom wooden affair, such as is seen sometimes in primitive country hotels) with earth; upon the signal of a gentle pull an assistant would drag the load into the cellar by the clotheslines fastened to 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 invention of the ingenious Hamilton; a fourth would give occasional relief to the last two, while a fifth would keep a lookout.

"The danger of discovery was continual, for the guards were under instructions from the prison commandant to make occasional visits to every accessible part of the building; so that it was not unusual for a sergeant and several men to enter the south door of Rat Hell in the daytime while the diggers were at work in the dark north end. During these visits the digger would watch the intruders with his head sticking out of the tunnel, while the others would couch behind the low stone fenders or crawl quickly under the straw. The difficulty of forcing air to the digger, whose body nearly filled the tunnel, increased as the hole extended, and compelled the operator to back into the cellar often for air, and for air that was itself foul enough to sicken a strong man."

A singular error made by these amateur engineers is related as follows:

"When the opening had been extended nearly across the lot, some of the party believed that they had arrived under the yard which was the extended 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. Appalled by what he had done, he retreated to the cellar and reported to his companions the disaster. Believing that discovery was now certain, the party sent one of the number up the rope to report to Rose, who was asleep. The hour was about midnight when the leader learned of

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He quickly got up, went down the cellar, entered the tunnel, and examined the break. It was not so near the sentinel's path as McDonald's excited report indicated, and fortunately the breach was at a point whence the surface sloped downward toward the east. He took off his blouse and stuffed it into the opening, pulling the dirt over it noiselessly, and in a few minutes there was little surface evidence of the hole. He then backed into the cellar in the usual crab fashion, and gave directions for the required depression of the tunnel and vigorous resumption of the work. The hole made in the roof of the tunnel was not much larger than a rat hole, and could not be seen from the prison. But the next night Rose shoved an old shoe out of the hole, and the day afterward he looked down through the prison bars and saw the shoe lying where he had placed it, and judged from its position that he had better incline the direction of the tunnel slightly to the left."

When the work was nearly finished new fears of a discovery were aroused. Rose himself resumed work, hoping to finish it before everything was lost:

"All day long he worked with the tireless patience of a beaver. When night came even his single helper, who performed the double duty of fanning air and hiding the excavated earth, was ill from his hard, long task and the deadly air of the cellar. Yet this was as nothing compared to the fatigue of the duty that Rose had performed; and when at last, far into the night, he backed into the cellar, he had hardly strength enough to stagger across to the rope ladder.

"From the early morning of Monday, February 8, 1864, until an hour after midnight the next morning, his work went on. As midnight approached, Rose was nearly a physical wreck; the perspiration dripped from every pore of his exhausted body; food he could not have eaten if he had had it. His labors so far had given him a somewhat exaggerated estimate of his physical powers. The sensation of fainting was strange to him, but the staggering senses warned him that to faint where he was meant at once his death and burial. He could scarcely inflate his lungs with the poisonous air of the pit; his muscles quivered with increasing weakness, and the warning spasmodic tremor which their unnatural state induced.

HAD BEGUN TO SWAM

like that of a drowning person. 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 comrade was trying with all his might to send to him 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 thro' 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 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 one, and all's well!'"

Of the escape of Colonel Rose and his companions, the writer says:

"On Tuesday evening, February 9, at 7 o'clock, Col. Rose assembled his party in the kitchen, and posting himself at the fire-place, which he opened, waited until the last man went down. He bade Colonel Hobart good-bye, went down the hole, and waited until he had heard his comrade pull up the ladder, and finally heard him replace the bricks in the fireplace and depart. He now crossed Rat Hell to the entrance into the tunnel, and placed the party in the order in which they were to go out. He gave each a parting caution, thanked his comrades for their faithful labors, and, feelingly shaking their hands, bade them God-speed and farewell. He entered the tunnel first, with Hamilton next, and was promptly followed by the whole party through the tunnel and into the yard. He opened the gate leading toward the canal, and signaled the party that all was clear. Stepping out on the sidewalk as soon as the nearest sentinel's back was turned, he walked briskly down the street to the east, and a square below was joined by Hamilton. The others followed at intervals of a few minutes and disappeared in various directions in groups usually of three."

Captain Moran gives an account of his own experience in making his escape. Like many other prisoners, he had known nothing of the tunnel until that night.

"My companion, Sprague, was already asleep when I lay down that night, but my other companion, Duenkel, who had been hunting for me, was very much awake, and, seizing me by the collar, he whispered excitedly the fact that Colonel Rose had gone out at the head of a party through a tunnel. For a brief moment the appalling suspicion that my friend's reason had been dethroned by illness and captivity, swept over my mind, but a glance toward the window at the east end showed a quiet but apparently excited group of men from other rooms, and I now observed that several of them were bundled up as if for a march. The

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thrilled me like a current of electricity. Looking through the window, I could see the escaping men appear one by one on the sidewalk below, opposite the exit yard, and silently disappear. * * * I entered the cavity in the fireplace feet first, but found it necessary to remove my overcoat and push it through the opening, and it fell into the darkness below. I had now no comrade, having lost Wilcox in the stampede. Rose and his party being the first out were several hours on their journey, and I burned to be away, knowing well that my salvation depended on my passage beyond the city defenses before the pursuing guards were on our trail, when the inevitable discovery should come at roll-call. The fact that I was alone I regretted, but I had served with McClellan in the Peninsula campaign of 1862, I knew the country well from my frequent inspection of war maps, and the friendly North Star gave me my bearings. The rope ladder had either become broken or disarranged, but it afforded me a short hold at the top, so I balanced myself, trusted to fortune, and fell into Rat Hell, which was a rayless pit of darkness, swarming with squealing rats, several of which I must have killed in my fall. I felt a troop of them run over my face and hands before I could regain my feet. Several times I put my hand on them, and once I flung one from my shoulder. Groping around I found a stout stick or stave, put my back to the wall, and beat about me blindly but with vigor.

"In spite of the hurried instructions given me by Wilcox, I had a long and horrible hunt over the cold surface of the cellar walls in my effort to find the entrance to the tunnel, and in two minutes after I began feeling my way with my hands. I had no idea in what part of the place was the point where I had fallen; my bearings were completely lost, and I must have made the circuit of Rat Hell several times. At my entrance the rats seemed to receive me with cheers sufficiently hearty, I thought, but my vain efforts to find egress seemed to kindle anew their enthusiasm. They had received large reinforcements, and my march around was now greeted with deafening squeaks. Finally, my exploring hands fell upon a pair of heels, which vanished at my touch. Here at last was the narrow road to freedom! The heels proved to be the property of Lieutenant Charles H. Morgan, Twenty-first Wisconsin, a Chicamaugua prisoner. Just ahead of him in the tunnel was Lieutenant Wm. H. Watson, of the same company and regiment. With my cut hand and bruised shoulder, the passage through the cold, narrow grave was indescribably horrible, and when I reached the terminus in the yard I was sick and faint. The passage seemed a mile long, but the crisp, pure air and the first glimpse of freedom, the sweet sense of being outdoors, and the realization that I had taken the first step toward liberty and home, had a magical effect in my restoration."

Letter from Fairlee.

THE WOMEN OF OLD KENT—THE GRANGE; ITS RAPID GROWTH—THE YOUNG BLIZZARD.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Our country has not attained its full and perfect development, nor reached the high standard of perfection at which our intelligent and patriotic forefathers aimed. When will it do this? Step by step, slowly, but surely, through the centuries our progress has been made. Shall we stop here? "*Nulla vestigia retror sum*"—No step backward! Difficulties *have* appeared and been surmounted; barriers have been broken down, and to-day can any one point to a nation on earth equal in resources, intelligence, and culture, and the power which these give? In vain we challenge history, ancient or modern, to produce a peer to this free and glorious Union. What has led to this condition of prosperity? In answer to this inquiry have we not too commonly left out one great factor—the powerful influence of woman? Mankind has emerged from the darkness of barbarism into the brighter light of civilization and refinement exactly in proportion to the exertion of this influence by women, and its recognition by their sterner brothers. Is Simon writing an essay for the KENT NEWS? No dear readers! the NEWS is a *newspaper*, not a magazine for essays and abortive homilies. Simon Sharp desires only to call your attention to the women of Kent and their proper work. What are they doing? Doing more to-day, I fearlessly avow, to secure the culmination of the glory and prosperity, the greatness and strength of this country, State and nation than has been done in two centuries before. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is carrying the great blessings of religious truth into every department of human activity, and waging uncompromising warfare against the iniquitous and cruel saloon. Can they succeed? Will they win the victory? Yes, my brother, with your help they can. Without it they will try. When? We are drawing near the close of an eventful century. Give woman the ballot so wrongfully withholden from her and in less than a score of years the grand consummation will have been reached.—Would to God our citizens all could comprehend the full scope and extent of their aim and object. The women of our county are not idle. Under the guidance of that charity which "endureth all things, hopeth all things, and is not puffed up" they are exerting that potent influence inseparable from their charms of modesty, beauty and grace to bring about the results so earnestly desired. The W. C. T. U. of Fairlee will hold their next public meeting at Salem M. E. Church, on Monday evening, March 26th. If stormy the next fair evening. Seats free to all.

The statistics of the National Grange show a most astonishing growth of the order. It embraces every State and Territory in the Union and is nearly all of them increasing in number of granges and members.

On Monday and Tuesday we had the opportunity of seeing a regular Dakotian