A LEAP FOR LIBERTY.

DARING ESCAPE OF FOUR UNION PRISONERS NEAR CHARLESTON.

They Jumped from a Moving Train, and Sailed Through Swamps and Over Mountains to Tennessee—Story of Capt. Drake, One of the Number.

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IN the morning of Oct. 5, 1863, a party of 800 captive Union officers were marched out of a train of box cars to be transported from the jail yard at Charleston, to prison quarters in Columbia, Annapolis. Or so seemed was Capt. J. Mellon Drake, of the 50th New Jersey volunteers, who had been a prisoner of war six months and in Rebel quarters that time of three different prisons—Libby, Marietta, Ga., and Charleston. Although he has been foiled in many attempts to escape he remained on one more effort, and having made extensive arrangements for the escape, was prepared for any emergency that could favor the enterprise. The story of his adventures, in breaking guard near Charleston and finally reaching Knoxville after forty nine days of wandering, is told in the history of the Ninth New Jersey, recently published.

Drake indicated three fellow prisoners to join him, Capt. H. H. Yoki, Eighth New Jersey; Capt. J. E. Lewis, Eleventh Connecticut, and Capt. Oliver Lyford, Nineteenth Wisconsin. While the train was crawling slowly on toward Columbia the bold projector of the scheme managed to remove the gun caps from the nipples of the muskets of several guards on the car where the four friends were, and as soon as dark came on the party of 4 signed took their daring leap. They landed in a cypress swamp on Congaree river, and found themselves waist deep in water and mud. A valley of alarm from all the guards followed the fugitives, but no one was hurt, as the train was running under good headway. A night was spent in the water passed in the swamp, and although the barking of dogs and shouting of men indicated that pursuers had been sent out, the runaways were not discovered. The second night a bright new moon shone, and they started on a systematic journey toward the Union lines in Tennessee.

Before leaving Charleston one of the party had found a school map of South Carolina and with this guide a course had been studied out. They resolved to keep the swamps and woods by day and at night use the fields and roads, and spend as little time as possible in sleep until the mountains of North Carolina were reached. Their chief guidemark in South Carolina was the Wateree river. On the morning of the second day the fugitives struck a high road, and a milestone told them they were within twenty seven miles of Columbia. Alarmed at this discovery they hastened toward the river and were soon further alarmed by the barking of dogs, apparently in pursuit. They then took to the swamp and remained all day in hiding. With some difficulty they got out of the jungle at nightfall and shortly came across a patch of sweet potatoes and enjoyed a good feast.

At the end of a week their rations had all been consumed, and even their cooking utensils had been lost in a stampede that occurred one morning when a party of foresters surprised them at breakfast. The will food of acorns—grapes, persimmons and berries, and raw corn from the stalks—soon produced grazer evils than hunger, and in desperation the wanderers began to inquire for the whereabouts of an ally. Capt. Drake says that in those times they heartily cursed for the government "hard tack" and the contractors' bad they had so often anathematized on the march and in camp.

But fortune will favor the bold, and one night, as they lurked on a roadside to learn whether it should be safe to try for a road to liberty, a dark form came stumbling along the road, and in the moonlight they saw at a distance that it was a negro with a bucket on his arm. While

THE ESCAPE FROM THE CAR.

and examine the fugitives now crowded around the old man, and finding that he had in his bucket a "piece" of corn bread, he smoked it and began to divert it very seriously. After a time the situation was explained, and when the negro learned who the jailbreakers were he supplied a quantity of meal and salt and sent them on their way mentally resolved to entertain strangers with colored folks as often as possible.

Not until several hundred miles had been passed between their fainting feet and Charleston did the hapless fugitives feel a sense of freedom. Other dangers and alarms were numerous, but they suffered loss of vitality all the same. Sometimes meeting a stranger was considered to be blessing, the night a pack of dogs chased them into a crowded village and they took refuge in a graveyard vault. There Capt. Drake found a cypress knee, up the branches of the people taken guard for escaped Union prisoners. The escaped prisoners then write got the hands of the knee. At another time some Confederate cavalrymen stood them on the high road and they escaped by getting into a dense woods where, the hounds couldn't follow. While another day about they hid in with a loyal mountaineer, who took them to his home, fed them and directed them to other Unionists.

On reaching the vicinity of Morganton, N. C., they attempted to avail it by a wide detour, because it was a rendezvous for Confederate conscripts. While making their way cautiously through a piece of pine woods they ran into a mounted Confederate officer, from whom notice there was no escape. All hands came to a halt.

The Confederate hailed the hapless fugitives one, and without asking explanations told them they would be shot on the other side of the Catawba river, where running waters were within hearing, and then directed them where to find a boat for crossing. They failed to find the boat and had several narrow escapes from discovery, but by laughing the river closely they soon found means of crossing, and landed in a region swarming with loyal and sturdy real inhabitants. Many of the men met with in the mountains were of the class known as "yarn out," deserters from the Confederate armies and fugitive conscripts. A hundred or more of them men were enrolled to join Drake's party on their tramp toward the Union lines. These reinforced with arms and armed companies the prospects of the runaway parties were begun to brighten. But they were not out of the woods by a long ways, as the sequel proved.

Gathering and significant episodes are all there remembered and noted in after years, and a narrative of this kind generally leaves made up of stocks of fact, so that the hard lines are softened and one almost fancies such an adventure would be a pastime. But if the pen could speak the literal Mondamin, the cross of pain, the sighs of the weary and fainting heart, the gnawing of hunger, the sunless dreams and presences of fear and the thousand and one daily and hourly experiences of such a secret journey, the use of every word would be full of the pathos of silent eloquence. Men young would lay the story down and meditate that a week's scanging and a scantling bake or stone were truly the meals was rough enough for all purposes. It is amazing and even inspiring to light upon such incidents as the sole of red tapers and his vacating "pass," the sweet potato find, the parson claiming the fugitives into the hands of friends and the chivalrous "Johnny Reb" warning them to cross the river to safer ground.

Meanwhile there are papers to be filled in. Drake had been five months in prison before he started on his escape. His adventure was chronicled from its six months' over, his theme was in tatters, and his trousers only reached down to his knees, the boots had given out on the frozen and then abandoned, and he was barefooted and bareheaded as well. The party had reached the mountains on the line between North Carolina and Tennessee, and the cold, stormy weather of winter was upon them. Two days after the company of "tyers and ragged" they became in a mountain cabin to find the ground covered with six inches of snow. Drake says that his heart sank within him when he looked out on that snow, but it was not through misgivings about venturing out in it with his naked, bleeding feet. Not he was afraid the new mercies would find some excuse for delay—as in truth they did—which would mean risk of discovery and recapture.

TOO FULL FOR EXPLANATION.

To get home was a passion that made the heart bleed, and other wounds and smarts were for the time forgotten as to home he was bended. The journey was resumed in spite of the storm.

When the fugitives drew near the Union lines the danger of venturing out increased, for a section of mountain ranges patrolled the region to fend off any fugitives seen who got thus far on the journey homeward. The mountains were simply barren wastes, the few cabins had to be shunned, and the only food to be had was wild game, which the ethics of the "yarn out" beneath deals. In the uplands the poor fellows were hounded by "ringers," and in the valleys mounted Confederates dashed about on all sides.

At length the party reached the vicinity of Bull's gap, a railway pass through the mountains, and guarded by Union troops as an outpost of Knoxville. The chief scout announced that the gap was fifteen miles from the foot of the hill, a house in view that night, and that some reached the refugees would be safe. The news stimulated the poor souls, and they started down the mountain with their eyes fixed on the gap. So far, as Drake says, it would take wings and fly. Alas! alas! The unexpected happens in life. It happens too often.

The gap didn't exactly take wings and fly, but the compliment was. Bowlderizing, with as crazy as his back, fell like a thunderbolt upon the Union pickets at the gap, defeated and routed the entire force and hurled them backward in wounded double quick pace toward Knoxville, and leaving the gap in the hands of the rebels of the running end, broken behind pilgrims. Think of it at the end of three terrible weeks of endurance and suffering to find a hostile army springing across the path at a bound, and its scouts and parties pushing every lonely and bush in the region for the luckless escape of the Boring escaped.

A young woman of the mountains volunteered to show the way toward the gap and bring news to the refugee camp. The simply learned that Breckinridge was sweeping the country of Union troops and marching upon Knoxville.

At the same time it was discovered that a band of Confederate partisans were on the trail of the fugitives, and to escape this new danger they found separative and flee in a circle. Two of the men who escaped from the car with Drake, Capt. Todd and Lewis, ventured out to obtain rations, which were only needed, or they were all living on dry corn. During the night mounted men attacked Lewis and the refugees scattered, every man for himself. Drake struck out wildly, having no guide but the firing of the assailants, and determined to get as far as possible from them. He ran and stumbled until he was compelled to halt and pull a stub from his boot, and then for a moment a sense of his awful situation overpowered him with despair.

Yearning to wear the institution of his wounds, he began and then suddenly died afresh, since in a strange region, with causes all about him and starvation staring him in the face. In this plight some of the people found him, and with the fresh vitality of these spirited mountaineers to encourage and sustain him he set out again for the Union picket line, up the Holston river. At the end of a week they fell in with a cavalry patrol and were soon safe under the protection of the stars and stripes.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Woman's Influence Among the Bedouins.

How many people know that among the Bedouin Arabs respect for women is so great that at her command the sinnest uplifted to strike must fall harmless. A murderer or a thief may not be touched if he is under the protection of a woman, and the sight of their power to pardon is recognized so completely that in some tribes where the women never appear before the men and have their own separate tents the thief who is being pursued can save himself by getting close to the tent and calling out, "I am under the protection of the harem!" As this is very loudly said the women hear it, and they call out together, "Fly from him!" And that man, even if he has been condemned to death by the sentence himself, is pardoned at once and can go at large. And yet we think we are civilized!

FELL WHILE CHARGING.

Death of a Young Soldier Who Would Have Been Dishonored Had He Lived.

"Toward the close of the rebellion," said a prominent veteran of the late war, who, strange enough, never fights his battles over again unless he is pressed to do so by friends who were not there, "I saw a young man die dishonored, who, I believe, was the victim of wretchedly unfortunate circumstances. I don't know what his name was, and I should not mention it if I did, but he was not more than seventeen years old, and he was beside me as we charged upon Cockebunk and he tumbled during the preliminary skirmishing that preceded the battle of Gettysburg. He was naturally very much frightened, for he had been sent to the front with a batch of raw recruits, and this was the first engagement he had participated in.

"His face was ashy pale, and more than once I saw him looking back over his shoulder. But he held his musket firmly, and, he and I being about the same height, the point of his bayonet was in an almost unswerving line with mine. I can see him now, I remember chiding this young fellow will make a good soldier yet if the bullets spare him.'

"The line was very heavy as we drew up to the works, and our men went down by scores. Suddenly I saw the lad beside me fall, and, as I stepped over his prostrate form, I noticed that he was still breathing. In the evening, sitting at the campfire, watching the coffee boil with the rest of us, was the recruit whom we had seen, as we supposed, shot down in the morning. Beyond some scratches and bruises, caused by the soldiers in the rear trampling him, he was not hurt at all. He told us, in a shamefaced way, that he had tripped and fallen to the ground, and that he was unable to get up in time to join in the attack.

"Not one of us believed his story. We were convinced that he had purposely dropped to get out of the fire. The officers of the regiment held the same opinion when they heard of the matter, and the young man had a narrow escape of being tried by drumhead court martial and shot for such cowardice that night. He pleaded his case so earnestly, however, that he got the benefit of the doubt and another chance.

"The other chance came the next day. We were advancing toward Gettysburg, and again we were ordered to charge on some outlying sandhills, from which the rebel sharpshooters were harassing us. For the second time the boy was at my side as we rushed on, and again I noticed his pale face and compressed lips, though I detected no outward indication of terror about him.

"'Stoop yourself up, my lad,' I said. 'It will all be over in a minute.'

"I had hardly spoken when he pitched forward on his face. He fell exactly as he had gone down the preceding day.

"'I hope he has a bullet in him this time,' I said to the man who filled the gap he had made.

"'If he hasn't he will have before sundown,' was the grim rejoinder.

"A couple of hours later the dead body of the boy was found on the cleared field. He had killed himself. The shoe and stocking were off one of his feet, and his knee too was pressed to the trigger of his musket. The muzzle of the piece was in his mouth, and the bullet had passed upward through his brain. Nearly all the regiment believed that, in a frenzy of terror, he had thrown himself down to escape the danger of the moment, and then, realizing the utter hopelessness of his position, had summoned sufficient resolution to take his own life. But I always fancied that he may have tripped twice, and, despairing of explaining the cause of his falling the second time, blown out his brains. Under any circumstances, that was the wisest thing he could have done."—New York Recorder.

[illegible]

"Speaking of a man's age," said William C. Overton, "I don't believe I could ever repeat my theatrical experience and live through it. We used to do the territories of the wild west before the railroads reached the principal towns, and we had some rough times, I can tell you. I would go on for a leading part, work like a slave for three or four hours, go to the hotel at midnight, pack my trunks, get them into a wagon and away we'd go to the next town. Trying to sleep on your trunk along a lonely road, in the cold and wet, the wagon jolting your liver into all sorts of shapes, is not pleasant, and when to this is added an absence of breakfast until 10 or 11 o'clock in the morning your unhappiness is complete. Of course this sort of thing is not of daily occurrence, but it came often enough for personal discomfort. Had lots of fun, certainly, but we paid for it."—St. Louis Republic.

The Jews and Insanity.

Insanity among Jews is increasing. In the lunatic asylums of Prussia the number of Jews is said to have nearly quadrupled in sixteen years. According to the statistics of the German empire there are 269 insane Jews in every 100,000 of their number, against 241 insane Protestants and 237 insane Roman Catholics in the 100,000.—New York Post.

Pollen in Vivisection.

Darwin says that inclefeful of pollen has been swept off the decks of vessels near the North American shore. Kerner has seen a lake in the Tyrol so covered with pollen that the water no longer appeared blue. Mr. Blackley found numerous pollen grains, in one instance 1,200, adhering to sticky slides, which were set up to a height of from 300 to 1,000 feet by means of a kite, and then uncovered by means of a special mechanism.

"German Syrup"

Croup. We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their tender critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

Mrs. L. Wilkins of Alma, Neb., says: I give it to my children when they are troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation so like it. It is simply wonderful.

Mrs. M. E. Moore, Hampton, Conn., writes: We have repeatedly spoken of it as a remarkable medicine for croup.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of little throats and lungs. It

Utah Central Railway

TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 1st, 1891.

Passenger Trains will Run Daily, between Salt Lake and Park City, as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Train 1 leaves the Depot at 8.00 A.M.
" 3 " " " 4.00 P.M.
" 5 " " " 6.30 A.M.
" 7 " " " 4.30 P.M.

PARK CITY.

Train 1 leaves at Park City ..... 10.30 A.M.
" 2 " " " 1.00 P.M.
" 4 " " " 8.00 A.M.
" 6 " " " 1.00 P.M.

SUBURBAN PASSENGER TRAINS

[illegible]

Office and Depot corner So. Fourth and Main streets.

T. J. MACKINTOSH, G. P. & T. A.

RIO GRANDE WESTERN RY.

CURRENT TIME TABLE, IN EFFECT WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1891.

East Bound Trains.

		No. 4 Atlantic Exp.	No. 6 Atlantic Express
Lv.	Ogden	6.00 A.M.	4.45 P.M.
"	Salt Lake	9.40 "	8.30 "
"	Thistle	12.45 P.M.	12.00 M'n't
"	Provo	1.55 "	1.10 A.M.
"	Spanish Fork	2.10 "	1.25 "
"	Green River	7.45 "	6.45 "
"	Grand Junction	10.50 "	10.00 "
"	Gunnison	3.45 A.M.	3.45 P.M.
"	Grand Junction	7.10 P.M.	8.00 A.M.
"	Glenwood Springs	8.50 "	10.15 "
"	Leadville (narrow gauge)	3.00 A.M.	2.00 P.M.
"	Leadville	6.15 P.M.	5.30 "
"	Denver	10.45 "	10.45 "
Ar.	Pueblo	12.40 A.M.	12.40 P.M.
Lv.	Pueblo	1.15 P.M.	1.15 A.M.
Ar.	Colorado Springs	2.40 "	2.40 "
Ar.	Denver	5.10 "	5.10 "
Lv.	Grand Junction	3.10 A.M.	4.15 P.M.
Ar.	Green River	7.15 "	8.20 "
Lv.	Green River	7.45 P.M.	6.45 A.M.
Ar.	Rawlins	12.30 A.M.	12.30 P.M.
Lv.	Rawlins	2.05 "	1.15 "
Ar.	Rock Springs	4.15 "	3.25 "
Lv.	Rock Springs	4.30 "	3.40 "
Ar.	Salt Lake	10.35 A.M.	9.45 P.M.
Lv.	Salt Lake	11.00 "	10.00 "
Ar.	Ogden	1.25 P.M.	12.15 A.M.

LOCAL TRAINS.

SALT LAKE AND OGDEN.

Leave Salt Lake 8.00 A.M., 4.00 P.M. Arrive Ogden 10.20 A.M., 6.30 P.M.

Leave Ogden 7.00 A.M., 3.00 P.M. Arrive Salt Lake 9.20 A.M., 5.20 P.M.

SALT LAKE AND SANDY.

Leave Salt Lake 8.00 A.M., 5.00 P.M. Arrive Sandy 8.20 A.M., 5.20 P.M.

AMERICAN FORK, PROVO, SPANISH FORK, THISTLE, MT. PLEASANT, EPHRAIM AND MANTI.

Leave Salt Lake 10.00 A.M. Returning, arrive Salt Lake 4.45 P.M.

J. S. DOBIE, General Manager. J. H. BENNETT, Gen. Pass. Agt.

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Y. L. M. I. A. Reports ..... 50c. "
Y. M. M. I. A. Reports ..... 50c. "
Sisters' Certificates ..... 50c. "
Bishops' Statements, [illegible] Blanks, $2.00.
Primary Association Roll and Record Books, $2.00.
Y. L. M. I. A. Roll and Record Books, $2.00.
Ward Records, 1 qr., $1.00; 1 yr., $3.00; 4 yr., $12.00.
High Priests' Record Books [illegible]
Secretaries' Minute Books [illegible]

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of James Moir, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of James Moir, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at the office of Messrs. Dickson and Smith, Commercial Block, in the city of Salt Lake, in the City of Salt Lake and in the County of Salt Lake.

Dated June 16th, 1891.

FRED. J. MOIR, J. T. SMITH, Administrator of the Estate of James Moir, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the Estate of Hannah Smith, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, Administrator of the estate of Hannah Smith, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at the office of Mr. John Henry Smith, Salt Lake City, in the county of Salt Lake, Salt Lake City.

Dated June 4th, 1891.

DAVID E. EMERY, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Hannah Smith, deceased.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

The Deseret Duke Mining Company, Limited, of Utah, [illegible] Mining, Milling, Leasing, Gold, Silver, Lead, Copper, Iron and Work Mines, Salt Mining Company, Stone Quarries, Salt Lake City, in the county of Salt Lake, Salt Lake City.

NOTICE.—THERE IS DELINQUENT UPON the following described stock, on account of assessment of three cents per share levied on the 17th day of April, 1891, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Name.	No. of Cert.	No. of Shares.	Amount.
Chas. H. Hygin,	[illegible]	[illegible]	$1,[illegible]
Jr. P. Watson,	[illegible]	1,000	[illegible]
H. C. Sorg,	[illegible]	9,000	[illegible]
John T. Evans,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. H. Hunt,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Geo. H. Hygin,	[illegible]	10,000	4,000.00
Geo. S. Fisk,	[illegible]	21,000	1,260.00
M. Manscrevery,	[illegible]	7,000	[illegible]
M. Manscrevery,	[illegible]	10,000	[illegible]
Total,			[illegible]
Geo. Fisk,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. S. Harwood,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. E. Forrest,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. E. Forrest,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
A. H. Young,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
S. A. Lowe,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
S. H. Rowell,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
E. F. Wilcox,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
E. F. Hoyt,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
A. C. Hazlewood,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
F. M. Wilcox,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
A. A. Lowe,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. Salmon,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
F. G. Ross,	[illegible]	1,750	1,750.00
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
H. G. Parry,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
H. G. Parry,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. E. Fisher,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
W. F. Lyon,	[illegible]	600	[illegible]
L. A. Pierce,	[illegible]	200	[illegible]
Alfred Brown,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. Ballantyne,	[illegible]	500	[illegible]

And in accordance with the law and the order of the Board of Directors made on the 13th day of April, 1891, so much of said stock as may be necessary will be sold at the office of the Deseret Salt Lake City, on Friday the 5th day of June, 1891, at 2 p. m., to pay the delinquent assessments, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

F. M. HOGN, Acting Sec'y.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, July 10, 1891.

[illegible]

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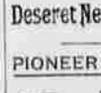

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