

PRISON-PEN AND SWAMP.

Massachusetts Cavalryman's Escape and Sufferings Attending His Attempt to Reach the Union Lines.

By WM. H. LAWRENCE, Sergeant, Co. M, 2d Mass. Cav.

The author enlisted in the California Battalion, at San Francisco, Cal., in March, 1863. This organization became Co. E, F, I, and M, 2d Mass. Cav., losing its identity as a California command. While scouting near Vienna, Va., in February, 1864, a detachment of a little over a hundred men, under Maj. Head, was ambushed by Mosby's men. A number of the party, including Maj. Head, were killed, and 25, among them the author, were taken prisoners, while the others escaped in the darkness. The prisoners were sent to the Pemberton Building, Richmond, Va., and later to the 25th Cavalry. Twenty-eight of the 25 taken prisoners died in eight months. The author then decided to attempt escape, and after securing a Confederate uniform by trading with the guards, he climbed the stockade. After leaving the prison he is aided by friendly negroes.

I met with no other adventure until the end of the week. Saturday night I got into a rolling country, away from the swamp, and kept on until daylight, when, being very tired, and finding no suitable hiding-place, I sat down behind a tree in a fence-corner to rest for a few minutes, and before I knew it I was fast asleep. I must have slept for at least four hours. I was awakened by a negro who was coming along singing and eating a watermelon by turns. I wanted a piece of that melon, so I waited quietly until he got opposite me, when I called out: "Boy!" He dropped the melon, which broke into a thousand pieces and rolled into the dust, while he jumped as though he was shot, and then turned and fled, while his hands went up and he cried: "Who is yer?"

I told him that I was his friend, and an escaped Yankee prisoner. He was quite an intelligent negro, and replied: "You can't fool dis nigger, wid dat Confederate uniform." I had some difficulty convincing him that I spoke the truth, my speech being the main thing in my favor, as he had learned the carpenter trade from a Northern man, and also to read and write, as he altered wood to me. As soon as he was satisfied, he told me we must get off the road and into the swamp, as "de white folks" would soon be along on their way to church.

I spoke about the watermelon and my desire to have one, and he told me he could get me plenty. We had to pass through a large cornfield in order to reach the swamp. We came across several melon patches, but the frost had destroyed all the fruit, and so I had to go without my watermelon. As we neared the swamp, Sampson (for this was the negro's name) commenced gathering ears of corn and piling them up on his arm.

I asked him what he was doing that for. He told me he was going to feed the fishes. I asked him no more questions, but contented myself watching him and talking on other subjects that I knew would interest him. As soon as he got all the corn he wanted, he stuck off into a path into the swamp, which in time brought us to the banks of the Savannah River.

Here he left me, but soon returned without any corn. We sat on the log and talked for an hour. He told me that he was a conductor on the "underground railroad," and that the route was across the river, to some Carolina soil, through Grahamville, then over a corduroy road to Broad River, which river was patrolled by Uncle Sam's gunboats. He agreed to put me across the river if I wanted him to; or, if I would rather remain there, he would conduct me to a little

A REMARKABLE INVENTION.

What the Veterans Have to Say About Their Campaigns.

BY AN OHIOAN.

sonp as I ever ate, and within 100 feet of where the master and owner was sleeping.

A little before daybreak Pete roused me up and took me out to a rough, empty barn just outside of the yard. We went up stairs to a floor overhead, where we were to remain until night. He told me not to make any noise; that the children would come out to the barn to play, but would not come upstairs, as they had been told that there were ghosts up there that would catch them if they did. I did not dare to go to sleep through the day, but amused myself watching through the cracks the soldiers and civilians go by on the road and the women, children and servants pass in and out of the mansion, and black and white girls and boys play on the barn floor below.

After the people at the mansion had retired for the night, Pete came to the barn for me and took me into his cabin, where I warmed myself by the fire and ate another good, warm meal. Pete packed my haversack with rations, filling my quart cup nearly full of what was left of the chicken soup (the thick part of it), and packing it in my haversack in such a way that it would not tip over, filled my canteen, slung them over his shoulder, and we were ready for our start for Broad River, and I hoped, freedom within a day or two.

In going to Broad River from Grahamville we had to pass over a corduroy road for about 15 miles. The mounted patrol would pass us one way or the other about every half hour, and as we heard them coming we would hide in the swamp on either side of the road. I think it must have been 2 or 3 o'clock when we arrived near the river. Pete said he knew an old uncle and auntie that were near there, and asked me if I could get them on board of our gunboat if they would go. I told him I would if I could get there myself. Out of gratitude for what the slaves had done for me, and in consideration of what I had suffered at the hands of my captors, I would have been glad if I could have loaded down the gunboat with fugitive slaves, and was willing to run a good deal of risk in order to take this old couple along.

We found them at the mill grinding corn, and when I told them who I was and made my proposition they were at first very much frightened, and threatened to betray us both. Pete then became frightened and left for home, and I had some difficulty in pacifying the old couple and getting them to promise not to betray me, which they finally did, and I went away, being left to shift for myself once more.

I kept in the swamp, and after an hour's hard work arrived at the beach (it is tide water here) at the edge of the swamp and camped. I built a small fire, dried myself, warmed up my chicken soup, which, with a piece of cornmeal, constituted my breakfast. After a few hours of rest I started to row, and looking down the river saw one of our gunboats approaching with the most beautiful flag that was ever flung to the breeze floating at her mast-head. I got my signal ready and placed it at the edge of the swamp, where I thought it would be seen from the boat as it came up, and then I rowed, with what emotions I will leave you to imagine.

I had watched the boat but a short time, when, to my dismay, she changed her course and either passed up another river, or else there was an island in the stream and the boat went on the other side. The river here was very broad, and I could not see the boat, but I was sure that it was there, and I waited, with what emotions I will leave you to imagine. I had watched the boat but a short time, when, to my dismay, she changed her course and either passed up another river, or else there was an island in the stream and the boat went on the other side. The river here was very broad, and I could not see the boat, but I was sure that it was there, and I waited, with what emotions I will leave you to imagine.

ON THE FIGHTING LINE.

A Roundhead Who Was With Pope's Army at Chantilly.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The beginning of the second year of service of the 100th Pa. found us at second Bull Run, Va., Aug. 29 and 30, 1862. Going into action with 450 officers and rank and file, we had 259 killed or wounded, 61 being killed.

We had broken camp at Beaufort, S. C., during the last days of May, and had been on the move right along. Our line of march was on a common dirt road to left of main road or pike, as we marched out, but supposed to be parallel with the pike. About the middle of the afternoon of Sept. 1 we could make out a line of skirmishers to our left. The boys began a controversy whether the boys of the Unionists. The day was gloomy, indicating rain. As we advanced, you could see the skirmishers to our left getting closer; could make out the old white blanket in a roll across the shoulders. "File left!" was the order. "Down with the small ravine we went. The battle of Chantilly was on.

The Highlanders struck the rebels first. We filed through a small thicket of bushes to open ground, with a slight rise in our immediate front. Gen. Stevens called out to our Lieutenant Colonel, Lackey: "Five companies of the Highlanders, you are to follow the line to the left of the Highlanders. The line was deployed on double-quick. About the time we were well in skirmish-line we struck the top of this elevated ground in front. The ground then descended gradually some distance, then the ascent was steeper toward the woods. Our front, to our left front, a corduroy came up to the woods, and the field extended back towards the rebel front. Before we had cleared the crest of this small knoll the enemy gave us a rattling fire. Their line was down in this low ground. On going into line. Pretty soon the enemy on our front gave way. It was by this time started to rain quite hard. On we went, and soon passed some of the enemy's dead and wounded. They belonged to a Louisiana regiment.

As we got part of the way up the slope toward the timber, I took one hasty glance to the rear. On going into line. Pretty soon the enemy on our front gave way. It was by this time started to rain quite hard. On we went, and soon passed some of the enemy's dead and wounded. They belonged to a Louisiana regiment.

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Nervous Debility

is often one of the most distressing after-effects of the Grip. It may also be caused by overwork, worry, mental strain or excess of almost any nature. Whatever the cause, a debilitated nervous system means that the nerves lack nutrition. Feed the nerves and life will renew its joys for you.

The best nerve food, and the most valuable tonic (because it both builds up the blood and strengthens the nerves) is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Hundreds of worn-out, depressed men and women have been made strong-nerved, ambitious, energetic and healthful by this remedy.

Among the well-known men of the newspaper profession is F. J. Lawrence, of 435 Fourth Avenue, Detroit, Mich., who for the past eleven years has been at his desk every day. He says: "At one time I was in such a condition that my physician said I would have nervous prostration; that I would have to stop news paper work. I would say to myself, 'If I persisted in doing it, as I was destroying what nature gave me, I had lost. I had had a complication of ailments which baffled skillful physicians. An associate recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I gave them a trial. I can say that I received a benefit from the first box, but derived very good results from the second. They gave me strength and helped my shattered nerves so that I could get a full night's rest. A great deal of pain in the small of the back I attributed to a derangement of the kidneys. For this complaint Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People worked wonders. Soon after I began taking them regularly, the pain ceased. I felt like a new man. I am greatly encouraged from the results of using a few boxes and am confident that the pills will work a complete restoration of my former condition.' - From Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

Sold by all druggists or sent, postpaid, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, 6 boxes, \$2.50

PICKET SHOTS.

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole Line. Charging at Jonesboro.

Joseph Schlund, Co. H, 10th Ill., Oak Park, Ill., writes: "I was with special interest several descriptions of the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., and was surprised at one omission in all of them. Just a short time before the charge I noticed Gen. Sherman, Pap Thomas, Jeff C. Davis, and I think, J. D. Morgan, our division commander, a short distance in the rear of our line of battle, at the foot of the hill. Then came an order for inspection of arms, all charges to be drawn, etc. Of course, we all knew that meant a bayonet charge. I am sure these orders were carried out through our regiment, the 10th Ill., and presume the whole line had the same. Soon after this came the order: 'Fix bayonets! Forward-Carry arms-Double-quick-March!' It was over a high hill, apparently an old cottonfield, with the rebels in the woods above. I shall never forget that line going up, with flags flying. The line could see seemed a mile long. There was no firing or never any firing. Then the rebels opened up, but, overbush so great. We never stopped until we were over their breastworks, which were very strong. It was a most glorious day. Somewhere about midnight we were awakened by such an explosion of artillery as we have only heard at New Madrid, when our gunboats shelled the rebel batteries at Island No. 10 in 1862. Some said it was a fight at Atlanta, others that it was an explosion, and during the day came tidings that Atlanta was evacuated and the forts blown up. It is not given to many to have seen a lay-out charge of such magnitude and carried out in so magnificent a style and with such thorough success."

Went Out Early. Melancthon D. Murdoch, 2d and 8th Iowa, Marston, Ill., writes: "I was among the first to leave Iowa for the front in 1861, and I know the boys went from pure patriotism. We were not Lincoln hangers, for early in 1861 we only received \$11 per month, and then did not get our pay until November, and said year, and it had not been for the wall of blue that stood between the rebels and our homes we would have had no Government in a very short time. We saved the best Government on earth and the homes of the best people on earth, and all the boys who were in blue ask in justice, in consideration of what they have done, and I love the boys in blue, and I have a deep interest in their welfare, and it does seem hard to see them as they suffer through life, maimed and sick, yet slighted by those they saved."

Some of Their Experiences on Bloody Fields. Editor National Tribune: I am a subscriber for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, would rather live on short rations than do without it. I seldom read anything from the 2d U. S. Sharpshooters (Berdan's). The 1st and 2d U. S. were recruited from Maine to Minnesota, composed of expert marksmen, armed with Sharp's rifles, and used as skirmishers and sharpshooters; and from the advance on Fredericksburg to Appomattox we were hard service. I was with them from start to finish, except when disabled by gunshot wound at Antietam. But I returned in time to take a hand in the Chancellorsville battle. At Gettysburg I was severely wounded again.

I returned to my regiment after this second wounding, and re-enlisted for three years more; received a furlough, and returned in time to cross the Rappahannock with the boys, and get into the Wilderness. "Oh, wasn't I glad to get out of the Wilderness!" After the desperate charge at Spotsylvania, with Capt. S. P. Norton (a better soldier never lived) and two others, I volunteered to lead the breastworks into the woods and fire out some rebel sharpshooters. After advancing a short distance I was sternly confronted by a dark-complexioned, rather tall man, with rather long hair, and wearing a slouch hat, who stepped from behind a large oak and cried: "Come in, Yank!" Did I do it? Not much. I threw myself to the foot of another tree, and he wasted his shot on the bark. If the gentleman is living and should see this I would like to correspond with him.

Berdan's Crack Shots. Editor National Tribune: I am a subscriber for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, would rather live on short rations than do without it. I seldom read anything from the 2d U. S. Sharpshooters (Berdan's). The 1st and 2d U. S. were recruited from Maine to Minnesota, composed of expert marksmen, armed with Sharp's rifles, and used as skirmishers and sharpshooters; and from the advance on Fredericksburg to Appomattox we were hard service. I was with them from start to finish, except when disabled by gunshot wound at Antietam. But I returned in time to take a hand in the Chancellorsville battle. At Gettysburg I was severely wounded again.

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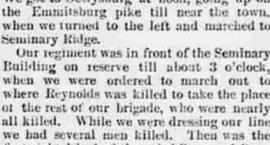
"To My Dismay, She Changed Her Course."

but where he had just taken the corn, and which was occupied by a Southern Union man, and we could be company for each other, and Sampson promised to bring us both food every Sunday. He said he believed "Massa Lincoln's" sojers would come that way pretty soon; and we could join them when they came along.

I decided to accept the first proposition as the speediest way to get to our lines, although I thought it the most dangerous. He seemed disappointed, but said: "All right, Boss." He left me, but soon returned with his dug-out, in which he paddled me across the river in the middle of the day. As I landed and took my haversack he told me which way to go to find a free colored boy 22 years old. He told me the boy was an octoron named George, and almost white, tall and good looking.

I thanked him, shook hands with him and bade him good-by. As he showed off I felt that I had made a mistake in not accepting his other offer and remaining on the other side, but it was too late now for regrets. I followed Sampson's directions, and had not gone far when I heard someone chopping wood, and proceeding in that direction soon came to the object of my search. My late friend's description was perfectly the fellow was almost white, and as fine a looking man as I ever saw.

I asked him if his name was George. He told me it was. I then asked him if he knew a powerfully-built negro across the river by the name of Sampson. He said he did. I then told him who I was and that I wanted to get into our lines, and that Sampson sent me to him. He bade me wait until he could see if there was any one in sight. He went away, but soon returned, took my haversack and



CABINET OPEN—Step in or out.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Having never seen your account from anyone from the 151st Pa. I was very much interested in the article in the Gettysburg campaign. On June 29, 1863, we started from near Frederick City, Md., at 6 o'clock in the morning, marched to Emmitsburg, and lay till next morning. About 8 o'clock we crossed the State Line into Pennsylvania.

We had heard for the first time the rebels were in Pennsylvania sure. On July 1 we got up quite late and started to find the Johnnies. We got to Gettysburg at noon, going up on the Emmitsburg pike till near the town, when we turned to the left and marched to Seminary Ridge.

Our regiment was in front of the Seminary Building on reserve till about 3 o'clock, when we were ordered to march out to where Reynolds was killed to take the place of the rest of our brigade, who were nearly all killed. While we were dressing our line we had several men killed. It was the first night I have of the rebels. There was a full regiment from 50 to 100 yards in front.

We were ordered to fire by the regiment, then to lead and fire at will. I was in Co. B, at the left of the regiment. Our regiment stood alone; no more men to the left of us, and just then our Captain (Westbrook) gave command to deploy as skirmishers. That saved some of our lives, for we scattered.

We were soon outflanked and had to run, leaving nearly half our regiment where we stood. When we went there we had 466 men and 21 officers.

Just as we were ordered to fall back there came upon old man wearing citizen's clothes. He said to me: "For God's sake, don't let them evils in the town to-night, and we will give you all you can eat and drink."

My answer was: "Old man, we have to obey orders." I did not ask him his name, as I did not have time to do so, and had to go. I suppose it was John Burns.

We fell back to the Seminary, stopped, and fired a few more rounds. Then the rebels outflanked us and got a cross-fire, and we had to give up. Lieut.-Col. McFarland had had his horse shot, and he was standing within three feet of me. He was killed.

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