

THE WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME 47

APRIL 1964

NUMBER 2

CAPTAIN ISAAH CONLEY'S ESCAPE FROM A SOUTHERN PRISON, 1864

GEORGE D. HARMON

and

EDITH BLACKBURN HAZLEHURST

Co-editors

THIS is a true story told by a Union soldier who was imprisoned at Camp Oglethorpe, Georgia, and Charleston, South Carolina, during the summer and autumn of 1864. His escape is more thrilling than many exciting detective stories and more satisfactory than most historical novels.

A merchant and judge, the author¹ was born June 20, 1830, in Schellsburg, Bedford County, Pennsylvania, where he continued to live throughout most of his life.

He volunteered for three years service in the 101st Pennsylvania Regiment. Of the ten original companies composing this Regiment, Bedford County sent forth Company D and many of those in Company G, including Isaiah Conley. The Regiment was organized at Camp Curtin, near Harrisburg, October, 1861. There the men received uniforms, guns, and their preliminary training. On February 27, 1862, the

Dr. Harmon is Professor of History at Lehigh University.—Ed.

1 Isaiah Conley was a brother of the paternal grandmother of Mrs. Thomas H. (Edith Blackburn) Hazlehurst. In other words, Mrs. Hazlehurst is the daughter of William Dorsey Blackburn who was the son of Hiram Blackburn who married Mary Ann Conley, a sister of Isaiah Conley.

On January 21, 1952, Mrs. Hazlehurst wrote: "I have often as a small child, stood in his [Isaiah Conley's] living room and looked with awe at his old Civil War uniform, which he kept hanging against a wall, to show folks the bullet holes. In fact, it continued to hang there until long after his death." (Letter to George D. Harmon. Mrs. Hazlehurst lives at 2 Main Street, Bradford, Pennsylvania.)

Regiment departed for Washington, D.C. Upon arrival, they went into camp at Meridian Hill and were assigned to General Erasmus D. Keim's second brigade.²

From March, 1862, until March, 1863, the 101st Regiment participated in all the movements, skirmishes, and battles in common with the brigade, commanded successively by Major General Keim, Colonel Joshua B. Howell, and General Henry Walton Wessells. During the Peninsular Campaign it was engaged in the siege of Yorktown and in the fighting at Williamsburg. The Regiment also participated in the desperate engagement at Fair Oaks or Seven Pines.³ After the close of the unsuccessful Peninsular Campaign, the brigade was ordered to Suffolk, Virginia, and subsequently to North Carolina where, in the latter state, gallant encounters and skirmishes took place in and around Little Washington, Swift Creek, and Fort Williams.⁴

Soon after these engagements had come to an end, General Wessells, with his brigade, was ordered to Plymouth, North Carolina, where, for nearly a year, the troops were primarily engaged in repairing earthworks, building new ones, and reconnoitring the country bordering on Albemarle Sound and Chowan River. Here one or more skirmishes were fought. At Fort Gray, near Hamilton, North Carolina, spirited fighting took place during the late afternoon and morning of April 18 and 19, 1864. Toward evening of April 19, the Confederate forces were moving around to the left of the Union line, where, from paucity of numbers, the works were least protected; therefore, detachments of the 101st Regiment were sent immediately to strengthen that position. The Confederates opened fire with their artillery and soon came forward in force. After stubborn resistance, the Union forces fell back slowly.⁵

At a little before daylight of April 20, the Confederate artillery began shelling the Union line. Shortly thereafter a full brigade charged upon the Federal forces. The shock was bravely met, but after hours of desperate fighting the entire Regiment surrendered.⁶

2 *History of Bedford, Somerset, and Fulton Counties, Pennsylvania*, with illustrations and Biographical Sketches of some of the Pioneers and Prominent men (Chicago: Waterman, Watkins and Company, 1884), 146. Hereafter cited as *History of Bedford, Somerset, and Fulton Counties*.

3 *Ibid.*

4 *Ibid.*

5 *Ibid.*, 147. John W. Moore, *History of North Carolina*, Vol. II, 257. Gives date of surrender — April 20, 1864.

6 Brigadier General Robert F. Hoke commanded the Confederate division at Plymouth. Moore says that 2,000 Union troops and hundreds of fugitive Negroes were captured. *Ibid.*, 257-58.

The prisoners were marched to Tarboro, North Carolina, and from there taken by rail to Andersonville, Georgia, where the enlisted men were imprisoned. The officers, however, were imprisoned at Macon, Georgia. Subsequently, they were removed to Savannah, Georgia, to Charleston and Columbia, South Carolina, and from there to Charlotte, North Carolina. They were finally exchanged at Wilmington, North Carolina, in March, 1865.

During their imprisonment a considerable number of the officers of the 101st Regiment "escaped at various intervals, as their own daring and heroism prompted, and after incredible hardships and sufferings, hunted by cavalry and bloodhounds, some of them succeeded in reaching Union lines at far distant points, while others were captured and returned to prison."⁷

It is not known just when Isaiah Conley wrote this account of his escape from prison, but in all probability in 1865 while waiting to be discharged from the Army. If not, he wrote it soon after his return to civil life because he was in much demand as a local speaker.⁸

⁷ *History of Bedford, Somerset, and Fulton Counties*, 148. The enlisted men were held at Andersonville until the latter part of the summer of 1864, when some of them were transported to Millen, and a few to Savannah, to be, in most cases, exchanged. The few who were retained at Andersonville were afterwards sent North by way of the Mississippi River, but the others met at Florence, South Carolina, and were exchanged in the spring of 1865 at Wilmington, North Carolina, and sent to Annapolis, Maryland, in ocean transports.

⁸ In regard to the date of the writing of the article, the condition of the manuscript, and its whereabouts, Mrs. Hazlehurst wrote (George D. Harmon, November 6, 1959) to this effect:

"I happen to be the owner of the original article [manuscript] written by Uncle Isaiah. It was very badly written. [It was almost impossible to read — almost no punctuation and bad spelling, etc., but I made only such additions of punctuation and spelling to enable it to be read. *Ibid.* Jan. 21, 1961.] It was never dated, so it is anyone's guess as to when it was written . . ." (Mrs. Hazlehurst to George D. Harmon, Nov. 6, 1959.) Isaiah Conley's family were:

Parents: Allen and Margaret (McGrew) Conley, of Napier, Bedford County, Pa.

Brothers and sisters: Eliza — married a Richards
 Maria — married a Wayde
 Sara — married a Bowers
 Martha — married a Blackburn
 Mary Ann — married Hiram Blackburn (1852) —
 Mrs. Hazlehurst's grandparents.
 Uriah
 Isaiah
 Martin Conley (killed in the battle of Cold Harbor,
 Virginia).

Mrs. Hazlehurst, Nov. 6, 1959.

After Isaiah Conley was discharged⁹ from the service, June 25, 1865, he returned to Schellsburg, Pennsylvania,¹⁰ to become a merchant. There is no record as to his success in this undertaking, but it is assumed that he was successful because he became an Associate Judge in Bedford County in January, 1896, and continued to serve in that capacity until his death in 1904. The manuscript follows:

CAPTAIN CONLEY'S ACCOUNT

The spring of 1864 found the 101st Regiment, to which I had the honor to belong, forming part of the garrison of Plymouth, N.C. Our garrison consisted of the 85th N.Y., 16th Conn., 101st and 103rd Pa., two companies of the 2nd N.C. Union [composed of Union supporters from the state], one company of the 12th N.Y. Cavalry, and the Mass. Heavy Artillery. About 4 P.M. on Sunday the 20th of April, the garrison was suddenly startled by heavy firing in the picket line. The company of cavalry went out and had just disappeared in the woods in front of the town when another heavy volley was heard, and soon they again appeared, supporting on his horse one of the Lieutenants, severely wounded. They reported that they found the enemy in force. At the first volley all our works were manned and the attack awaited. Very soon they planted several batteries just in the edge of the woods in front of us and commenced to shell us. From that time the fight was on. On Tuesday morning just before daylight the rebel iron-clad ram *Albemarle*, which had been built up the river at Rainbow Bluffs, came down and in a very short engagement with our wooden vessels, sunk [*sic*] the *Southfield*, one of the largest, while the others retreated down the river, leaving the *Albemarle* in undisputed possession of the river. We were now entirely surrounded. On Wednesday morning, just before daybreak an assault was made on our left, supported by the gun boat. They broke our lines and got

⁹ Isaiah Conley's service and promotions are as follows:

"First Lieutenant: Isaiah Conley, m. Feb. 20, 1862 pro. fr. 2nd Lt. Jan. 21, 1863; pris [oner] fr. April 20 to Nov. 13, 1864; Com. Capt. May 18, 1865; not mus; m.o.w. co. June 25, 1865." *History of Bedford, Somerset, and Fulton Counties*, 149.

¹⁰ Mrs. Hazlehurst to Harmon, Nov. 6, 1959. According to the carving on his tombstone in Schellsburg Cemetery, Isaiah Conley was born June 20, 1830, and died January 23, 1904.

in our rear. After much desperate hand-to-hand fighting, the last of the garrison surrendered about 9 A.M. The troops attacking us were Hoke's Division, some 12,000 to 15,000 strong.

After our capture we were marched to Hamilton, about 25 or 30 miles above them. When we were about to leave there the 17th N.C., which was stationed near them, was marched out along the road, when they halted, opened ranks and faced inward. The prisoners were then required to form in two ranks and march through. This, we soon learned, was done to pick out the "Buffaloes" as they called them; that is, North Carolinians who had either deserted from their own regiment, or were known to them to be deserters, or who had fled to avoid the general conscription. As we passed through, they picked out five or six. I shall never forget the look of hopeless despair depicted on the countenances of those when thus picked out. But most of them escaped unrecognized. I afterwards learned that all of those arrested there were court martialled and executed.

For about three months previous to the capture, by order of the commanding general, I had been placed in command of the recruiting parties at the post. This included the two companies of the 2nd N.C. This brought me in close touch with them, they being under my command during the engagement. Consequently my sympathy went out to them, but I was powerless to help them. From Hamilton we marched to Tarboro [North Carolina] where we took the cars, crowding about fifty of us on one box car. In this way we passed through Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, Macon, Ga., and from there to Andersonville. All the way we were known as the "Plymouth Pilgrims." The first carload of us, in which were all of the officers, reached Andersonville on Saturday, May 10, just ten days after our capture. Here we had a chance to view the Andersonville prison, of which so much has been written. We were halted near the railroad, and here the commissioned officers and enlisted men were separated. The latter we saw marched into the stockade. At that time the prison was comparatively new, and its horrors had not yet become known. The notorious Capt. [Henry] Wirz was in command of the prison, and the manner in which he would curse the prisoners, if any seemed to fail to promptly obey his commands, revealed the true character of the man. The commissioned officers, about 100 in number were kept under guard, at an old church that stood near the rail road station, until the next morning. Then we were again put aboard the cars and taken back to Macon, where an officers' prison named Camp Ogle-

thorpe, was established, we being the first prisoners in it. On our way back to Macon, it being Sunday, there were large crowds at every station waiting to see the "Plymouth Pilgrims." At Savannah our guards were changed. A company of the 1st Georgias under command of Capt. Davenport taking charge of us. In that company was a big, burly Irishman, very full of Irish wit, and whom we soon learned had no sympathy with the rebel cause. While on the way from Andersonville, one of the prisoners unfortunately lost his hat, it being carried out of the car window by a blast of wind. When the Irishman learned of it he said to the prisoner, "Never mind, I'll get you a hat." At the next stopping place a large crowd was waiting to see us and not far from our car door stood a man with a pretty good hat on his head. Just as the train commenced to move, our Irishman called and beckoned to him to come to the side door of the box car. Apparently without any suspicion, the citizen came right up to him. When the Irish guard bending his body forward as if to speak to him, suddenly lifted his hat from his head and threw it back to the prisoner who had lost his. This was so unexpected that the man just stood, apparently in a dazed condition, until the train passed away.

During the afternoon we reached Macon where we were marched to the fair grounds, and a few tents furnished us, and a heavy guard placed around us. Within a few days, the rebels commenced to build a stockade in part of the fair grounds, near where we were. We had been there about three weeks before the stockade was completed; when the officers from Libby prison were brought on and put into it, and the same evening we were moved in. We remained there until the evening of the 27th of July, when six hundred of us were taken out and put on board a train of freight cars and taken to Charleston, S.C., to be placed under the fire of our own guns in Morris Island. We reached Charleston on the morning of the 29th, and were marched to the jail and [in the] jail yard [we marched] for about two weeks, when we were offered the use of two hospitals, the Roper and Marine, if we would give our paroles not to escape while in these hospitals. We were so uncomfortable in the jail and jail yard that we believed that any change would be an improvement. So we consented to give our paroles and were moved into two hospitals, I, with most of the comrades of our regiment going to the Marines' Hospital. Here we were a little more comfortable. Here we spent the latter part of August, all of September, and a few of the first days of October.

While here the yellow fever became epidemic in Charleston. The

rebel officer who was in command of the prison as well as several of the guards died with the disease, but strange as it may seem, we did not have a single case of it in our prison. This was probably due to the sanitation that we carried on in our prison. While in Charleston the rations issued to us for ten days at a time were just about sufficient to last us five days. Those of us who had money bought enough to supply us the balance of the time. The principle rations issued were corn meal, rice and black beans (called them "Cow Peas"). These were of very inferior quality, and would not be eaten by persons who had anything else to eat.

On the morning of the 5th of October, we received orders to be ready to leave the prison in one hour. We at once began to make such preparations as were necessary. My own preparations consisted of doing up my blanket and overcoat, and our few cooking utensils, after which I bought a loaf of bread, a little salt and corked them up tightly to secure them against wet, so as to be ready in case we should see a chance to escape.

About ten o'clock between four and five hundred of us were marched out of the prison and through the city to the Charleston and Branchville Railroad depot. Here we found a train of freight cars awaiting us. After about one hour's delay (during which time we discovered that there were some Union men even in Charleston) we were ordered aboard the cars. After all the cars were filled there were still about seventy-five to one hundred prisoners unprovided for, among whom was the writer. We were at once ordered to get on top of the cars, and having done so, distributed ourselves along on the different cars. The car that I was on was about the middle of the train. About eleven o'clock the train pulled out. In addition to the guards inside the cars a guard was placed on top of each car.

As soon as we were under way Capt. T. B. Dawson of Co. F, 1st Lieutenant W. C. Davidson, Co. C of our regiment and I decided to escape en-route if any opportunity was offered. We soon noticed that the guard on our car took his position at the front end of the car to guard the steps or ladder leading up, and the one on the car in the rear of ours took his position at the rear end of his car for the same purpose, thus leaving the rear end of our car and the front of the one in the rear of us unguarded. We, therefore, took our position at the rear end of our car, so as to be as far from the guards as possible. Nothing worthy of note occurred during the day. About sunset we passed Branchville, taking the road towards Columbia, which point

we now became satisfied was our destination.

After dark the train made several stops, but always in small towns where there were always crowds of curious people around to see the "Yanks." About ten o'clock we crossed the Congaree river, and about a half hour later, the train stopped at a water tank where there were woods on both sides of the road. Believing this to be our opportunity, we quickly put our plan into execution. Placing a hand on each car, we let ourselves down until one foot reached the coupling, then stepping quietly down and as quietly lying down on the outside of the track, we followed each other as quickly as possible, Capt. Dawson lying down on the left side of the track and Lieut. Davidson and myself on the right side. I lay with my face down, my head toward the rear of the train, being shielded from view by the projecting body of the car, about one half of my body resting on the ends of the ties, and supporting myself on my left hand and knee. It was a moment of great suspense. Minutes seemed lengthened into hours. We knew that if discovered, the guards would fire on us and one or more of us might be instantly killed. At last we heard the whistle blow and the train began to move slowly. Two guards were sitting in each side door of each car, and as they passed I could have touched their feet.

Just as the last car passed, I noticed a light, and turning my head I took in the situation at a glance. The rear car was a passenger car. The rear door was open and a lantern hung over it. On the rear platform stood a guard, just in the act of bringing his musket to his face. I saw that I was the target. At the same instant, I heard my two comrades running into the woods on the left side of the road, they having noticed the light sooner than I did. I saw at a glance that it would be unwise for me to attempt to run; and acting with quickness of thought, I made a sudden movement sideways, placing myself off the ends of the ties. The report of the musket seemed to be simultaneous with my movement, and I felt the dead thud of the ball as it appeared to strike the ground under me. At the same time I was conscious of a slight burning sensation on the outside of my right hip joint. I lay perfectly still watching the train to see if it would stop, intending if it did so to spring up and run as I could see two guards on the rear end of the rear car, and any movement of mine would be likely to draw fire. But the train moved on, and I lay still until it had gotten far enough away so that the light would not reveal my movements. I then rose and followed in the direction I had heard my comrades running. After getting some distance from the road, my

comrades being still in advance of me, I called to them and they waited for me. The first question they asked me was whether I was wounded; and I answered, "Very slightly, if at all." We then retired a little farther from the road and stopped to lay plans and to determine our route. We were now in a country entirely new to us, and with nothing more than a general knowledge of the geography of the country; knowing nothing of its woods and streams. The first thing to be determined was what direction we would take. To the coast was little more than a hundred miles; but we did not believe it at all a feasible route. Up through S.C. and the mountains of N.C. and Tenn. we knew was a long and hard route to travel but we believed that it promised better results, so we determined to try that route.

Our next thought was to find a road leading in the direction we wished to go. For this purpose, we started through the woods fearing to show ourselves along the railroad. For between three and four hours we wandered through woods, fields and swamps. The night was dark and cloudy and we soon lost all idea of direction. Thus, we became painfully conscious of our unfitness for such an undertaking. Insufficient food and lack of exercise while in prison had so enervated us that fatigue soon overtook us. We decided to lie down and take a little rest until break of day, so that we could take our bearings. At day-break we started out again and travelled until nearly sunrise but without any better success. We then stopped for the day under a large oak tree just in the edge of a swamp. We had spent between four and five hours in a fruitless effort to find a road; the only result was great fatigue. Here we spent the day, each of us having a part of a small loaf of bread, which we ate not knowing where we would get the next. An examination that morning showed that one ball, two buckshot and several small shot had passed through the skirt of my coat, and one buckshot and two fine shot had passed through my trousers just grazing the skin. The day was cloudy and during the afternoon it commenced to rain, and as night approached it rained very heavy. We learned, by the sound of passing trains, during the day, that we were near the railroad. We decided, that we would follow the railroad until we could find a wagon road. We, therefore, moved out in sight of the road before dark where we waited until about nine o'clock, when we started out in the direction of Columbia. We followed the railroad about five miles when we found a wagon road that seemed to run in the same general direction as the railroad; this we followed

until nearly morning, when we turned to our left to find a hiding place for the day.

At the point where we left the road there was an abandoned field on the left of the road, but we could see at a short distance what looked like timber, but on reaching that place, we found that it was only a grownup fence row, beyond which there seemed to be a large abandoned field. As we passed through we came to a narrow ledge that was covered with small gravel, with scarcely a spear of grass. As it was still raining, some, we believed that we would leave less scent in the gravel than on the grass, should they get bloodhounds on the track. We, therefore, followed this ledge as far as we could, and then turned into the timber. Being thoroughly wet, we built up a fire, and then built beside it a little booth covered with pine boughs. We had nothing to eat except a few ears of ripe corn that we had taken from a field during the night. We ate some of it now, and tried to parch some, but having no facilities for parching did not succeed well. Two of us now lay down at a time to sleep while the other kept watch and kept up the fire. About two o'clock P.M. we were startled by the baying of hounds in the distance, and from the sound felt very sure that they were bloodhounds. We soon became convinced that they were following the road we had travelled. Soon we found that they had left the wood, at or about the point we did and were coming toward us. We each selected a tree to climb in case they came to us, determined to make no fresh tracks. But we soon discovered that they had lost the trail at about the place where we entered the gravelly ledge and were circling to find it again. We could hear the voices of the men on horseback who followed them, and once caught sight of one of them through the timber; but after spending some time in a fruitless effort gave it up and withdrew, very greatly to our relief.

We decided that it would not be prudent to go back to the road at the point we left, but rather to strike it farther up; for which purpose we started a little before dark, travelling through the woods, and just as it was getting dark we reached the road. We now started out at a brisk walk, and had proceeded not more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards, when we were suddenly startled by the bay of a hound in the road about five or six rods in the rear of us. Our first thought was that they had been watching for us and now found us; but looking around, saw only one hound, and he stood off and barked. Picking up a piece of a limb at the side of the road, I threw it at him and he ran away. Looking back along the road to a

point near where we had entered, we saw some men with a pine torch. We became satisfied that they were only hunters, with their hunting dog. Passing on a short distance, we came to a large plantation, and just after we entered the lane leading through it, we were again startled by being unexpectedly addressed, "Good ev'nin', Ge'men." Looking up, we discovered a colored man. We responded "Good evening," and walked on. This we afterwards learned was a great mistake. We should have made ourselves known to him, sought information and something to eat. Our reasons for not doing so were that we had been misled while in Charleston by their daily papers, which were almost daily boasting of the faithfulness of their servants, and reporting frequent captures of "Yankee prisoners" by their servants. This we afterward became satisfied was simply done to mislead the prisoners held by them. But on account of these frequent reports our purpose was to trust no one, but to forage for [a] living, fearing that here in the very heart of South Carolina, the hot bed of secession, the slaves might not understand the issues.

We, after travelling briskly for several miles, began to fear that we were getting too near to Columbia. Not being able to learn how far we were from it, we took a road leading to the left. We had not gone far when we saw a fire near the road, and as we came nearer, saw several colored men around the fire; but still fearing to make ourselves known to them, we passed quietly by, unnoticed by them. After following the road for a few miles, it ended at a large plantation. It being nearly morning we sought a hiding place for the day, which we found in the woods near the above named plantation. A little reconnoissance that morning showed that we were quite near the Congaree River. We were now suffering the pangs of hunger, having found nothing to eat but corn, and it did not satisfy our hunger. As we lay there that day, a large flock of wild turkeys came picking along through the woods quite near to us. How we did wish for one of them! But we had no means of killing any. As soon as they saw us, one of them sounded the alarm and they disappeared. Thinking that we could save distance by leaving the road, taking a short cut across fields and through woods, and thus striking the main road, two or three miles further on, we took our bearings by the North Star, and after a hard tramp through wet grass and weeds through briers and swamps, we reached the main road as we calculated. Soon after reaching it, we found a finger board which told us that we were yet eight miles from Columbia. We travelled on to within three miles of

Columbia, where we again sought a hiding place, and built up a little fire. This was Sunday morning, October 9th and our fourth day out, and still nothing to eat except ripe corn. We began to discover that corn did not agree with us. Our stomachs seemed to revolt. Our strength was giving away, but we were not discouraged. We rested quietly that day until near ten o'clock in the evening when again we took to the road and travelled on until we reached the suburbs of Columbia, when we made a detour to the right, passing through the outskirts of the city, sometimes through outer streets and again through lots. While passing through what appeared to be a pasture lot, we noticed a light in the lot next to us. Carefully approaching the fence, I discovered an officer's tent and in the background, I noticed a number of other tents, but dark. Evidently there were several companies encamping there. Once, while passing through a lot finding it difficult travelling on account of the briars and weeds, we decided to risk an outer street with only here and there a house. As we approached it, and were about to cross the fence that separated, the lot from the street, a musket was discharged in front of a house about a hundred yards to our right, and in the direction we wished to go. We did not know why it was fired, but we did know that we did not want to pass that house. Consequently, we quietly retreated and made our way through the out lots notwithstanding the briars.

About two o'clock in the morning, we reached a railroad that appeared to run in the direction we wished to go. We started out along it, being anxious to get away from the city as soon as possible. We had not gone far until we discovered that it was leading nearer due north than we wished to go, but we travelled along it until we found a wagon road that led very nearly in the same direction. We followed it for some time, when feeling very much fatigued, and believing that we were at a safe distance from the city, we sought a hiding place for the day, when we again built a fire. My comrades both said that they could go no farther without something to eat. We could no longer eat any of the corn as it produced nausea. It now became clear to us that a crisis was at hand, and the only hope left us was the slaves. We had made every possible effort to secure something else to eat but without success. The number of dogs about every plantation prevented us from making a very thorough search about or near the buildings. We had strong misgivings about trusting the slaves, but it was our last hope. It happened that our hiding place was near a large plantation.

I spent a large part of the day lying along a fence surrounding the plantation in hope of getting a chance to interview one of the slaves, but notwithstanding, I could see a score or more of them at work in the fields, yet they were too far away for me to speak to them. But I carefully noted the lay of the buildings and the means of approach to the slaves' cabins. I saw that by going along a lane that led in from the side of the plantation nearest us, that I could reach the slaves' quarters first. I then went back to our fire and waited until after dark, when I started in this lane. When I got within eight or ten rods of the nearest cabin, I heard voices in that direction. Crossing over the fence to my left, I approached the one nearest with great caution. When I got within three or four rods of them, I saw that they were slaves sitting on the fence busily engaged in conversation. When I got a little nearer, I saw one of them sitting several feet nearer me than the rest, who seemed to be listening to the conversation that was going on. They were all facing the road. I carefully approached the one nearest me, and laying my hand on his shoulder, I whispered in his ear, "Come down the lane; I want to talk to you." I again retreated and he got down off the fence and walked down the lane several rods when he stopped. I now approached him giving him my hand and said to him, "Can I trust you as a friend?" He replied, "Yes, Sah, I 'spect you can." I then said, "Are you a friend of the Yankees?" His cautious reply was, "Well, Sah, I 'spect I'se a friend of most everybody's." I then said, "Can I trust you that you will not expose me?" to which he replied, "Yes, Sah, you can do dat." I then told him that I was an escaped Yankee prisoner. At this he seemed to brighten up, and replied, "I's a friend of de Yankees." I then asked him if he could get me something to eat. His reply was "I'se got nuffin' but I'll go and bring de oberseer down, I 'spect he can give you something." I said, "Ah, but he's a white man isn't he?" He replied, "No, Sah, we's got a cullud oberseer here." "And he's all right?" I asked. To which he replied, "Yes, Sah, he's all right." I then told him that I would wait until he brought him. In a few minutes he returned with the overseer, who told me that he could supply my wants. I then informed him that I had two comrades who were in the woods a short distance away. He told me to meet him at the end of the lane in an hour.

I returned to my comrades and reported success. I remained by our fire until time to meet our overseer, when I went to the end of the lane and waited. Soon he and the other one I had just interviewed

put in an appearance with baskets on their arms. I piloted them to where my comrades were. He took out of one basket a crock full of rice boiled with slices of fat bacon. The other basket was a bountiful supply of corn bread. He had with him three spoons, with which we attacked the crock of rice and bacon, which held at least a gallon, and in a very short time the crock was empty. I thought that was one of the most delicious dishes I had ever tasted. As I ate it, I seemed to feel new blood coursing through my veins and my wasted strength returning to me. The bacon was old and I think very strong, but our famished condition caused us to think it very delicious. We now attacked the corn bread, and I believe, could have eaten all of it, but feared to do so and decided to keep some for the next day.

The next thing was to secure all the information we could. In this we were fortunate as the overseer (who informed us that his name was Wade) was a slave of a good deal more than the average intelligence. He had been raised near Knoxville, Tenn., and had been over the route two or three times in his life and was therefore able to give us a pretty good idea of the route. We then inquired as to whether we would find the slaves friendly to us, and he assured us that we were safe with any of the field masters. He informed us that we were $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Columbia, but that we had taken the wrong road at Columbia. The railroad that we started out on led to Charlotte, N.C., and then we were about three miles off the road we should have taken, and said that he would send one of the boys along to pilot us across the country to the right road. We did not regret our mistake in roads, indeed, we were inclined to believe that our mistake was providential as it led us to such a valuable friend. After many thanks to our kind friend, the colored overseer, for his homely but generous hospitality, we started out under pilotage of a young colored man. As we were going along we asked whether there was a chance to get any sweet potatoes. "Oh, yes," he answered, "there is a nice patch just ahead of us. When we come to it, I will get you some." When we reached it, he got over the fence and dug us as many as we could carry. We had but one haversack with us. We filled it and our handkerchiefs, putting our corn bread in our pockets. Reaching the road, we were to travel, we bade our guide goodbye and proceeded on our way travelling about fifteen miles. During the night we ate all of our corn bread, and yet our hunger was not satisfied. Indeed, our appetites appeared to be insatiable. We felt that we were not only regaining our strength, but having found friends that we could trust,

our prospects for success were greatly brightened. This was the greatest distance we had made in any one night since our escape. We had been just feeling our way; but with the information we now had, we were able to proceed without loss of time.

In the morning, as usual, we sought a safe hiding place in the woods, and built up a fire and feasted that day on roasted sweet potatoes from a slave, and that night passed through the village of Monticello, and travelled until time to turn in and secure a hiding place, without any incident worthy of note. As usual we built a fire and roasted and ate our sweet potatoes, after which, leaving my comrades by the fire, I cautiously approached the road, and took my position behind a thick clump of bushes, about 25 or 30 feet from the road, hoping that some slave would pass, with whom I might make arrangements for something to eat and thus save delay at night.

I had lain there for an hour or more, when I heard the tramp of horses, but could not see them until they were quite near me. I then discovered it was a company of rebel cavalry passing. They were walking their horses slowly, and, as I watched them through the bushes, I could see their faces quite plainly and hear their conversation; and I feared that if they should look in my direction, they might see me, but they passed without looking toward me. After waiting for some time longer without seeing a slave, I returned to my comrades.

A little later in the day as we lay by our fire two hunters with dogs passed through the woods about twenty rods from us. We lay perfectly still and they passed without seeing us. As evening approached we found ourselves entirely out of provisions and quite hungry. That evening we started out and tried at every plantation we came to, but failed to get anything to eat. The trouble at nearly every plantation was that the slaves' rations were issued to them every morning, and by night it was all eaten. We found all of the slaves friendly and anxious to see us, but had nothing to give us. After trying at three or four plantations without success, I asked one of the slaves at the last plantation at which we stopped whether he could tell me of any place where we could get anything. He told me that about five miles ahead at Colonel Fenner's plantation, they had a colored overseer, and that there were no white folks living on the plantation; that if we would stop there we could get plenty to eat. We had met one colored overseer, and were anxious to meet more, so receiving careful directions from him, we reached the place about

two o'clock in the morning and, being very much fatigued decided to lie down until morning. Securing a good hiding place, we lay down and slept until daybreak.

About sunrise I saw two slaves coming through the woods; I walked out and met them, and after telling them who I was, I asked them for something to eat. They replied that they did not have anything, but that the overseer had gone with the wagons to the corn field, and that they were taking a short cut through the woods, and when they got there they would send the overseer to us. In about half an hour we saw a tall, fine looking colored man, apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, approaching through the woods. I walked out so as to attract his attention, when he hastened to me exclaiming as he approached us; "De Yankees?" On being assured that we were the genuine article, he said, "God bress you, I never seed no Yankees before. When de boys done tole me dat dar was some Yankees up hyar, I come right up. Bress de Lord, I never 'spected to see no Yankees down hyar." He seemed so overjoyed and had so many questions to ask us about the progress of the war and the prospects for emancipation of the slaves, and all about "Marse Lincum" that he spent more than an hour, when a sudden thought struck him, and he exclaimed: "Bress de Lord, I forgot to ask you if you had any breakfuss." We told him that we had not and had but little to eat yesterday, but, as the forenoon was now well advanced, we would wait until dinner, as we were accustomed to fasting.

To which he replied, "I'll go and bring Uncle Friday up and den I'll go and get your dinner. I'll get you a good dinner. I'se got plenty. I runs dis plantation, God bress you." He left us and soon returned with another colored man, apparently about his own age, who he introduced to us as "Uncle Friday," who, we learned, was a kind of sub or assistant overseer. Uncle Friday, like the overseer, had an unlimited number of questions to ask about "Marse Lincum" and the Emancipation Proclamation and what were the prospects for their becoming free. He, like the overseer, was intensely interested in securing their freedom. We assured him, from our own knowledge of the inside of the Confederacy, that the war was drawing to a close and that inside of one year, he would be a free man. At which the old man seemed to go into a state of ecstasy. He made what seemed to me to be quite a high leap into the air, cracked his heels together, and exclaimed, "I'se an old man, but if de war'll give me my freedom, I can s'port me and de old woman, yet, God bress you." He talked with us

until nearly noon, seeming to be anxious to learn all about the progress of the war, and all he could about the Yankees. Among the things he asked was it true that "Marse Lincum was a nigger." When told that he was a white man, he said, "Our folks all says dat he is a nigger." Having with us a greenback with the vignette of Lincoln, we showed it to him. He looked at it for a long time and then said, "He looks like a mighty good man." About noon he started to the house for dinner and soon after we saw the overseer coming with a large basket on each arm. As he set the basket down, he said, "I'se got you a good dinner. I got it all myself." He then took out a nice clean table cloth and spread it on the ground. Next, he took out plates, knives and forks and spoons which he arranged nicely. Then came the dinner which consisted of a large dish of chicken pot pie, hot biscuit, butter, syrup, milk, etc. It was such a feast as we had not enjoyed for many months. And the way that dinner disappeared must have given our colored friend a high opinion of his proficiency in the culinary art. I had always been fond of chicken pot pie, but it seemed to me that I had never eaten any quite as fine as that, and how delicious those biscuits tasted! Well, we ate until satisfied for the first time since our escape and yet there was some left.

After dinner all the colored men in the place came to see us and some of them spent nearly all of the afternoon with us. They were all intensely interested in securing their freedom, and had many questions to ask, and in return for the information we gave them, we learned much of the life of the slave.

A number of colored women came out to see us, but none of them would venture nearer than four or five rods although we assured them that we would not harm them. Some of the young slaves were greatly attracted by our uniforms and proposed trading for them. Both my comrades showed a willingness to trade at which several of them went to their cabins and brought out their best suits, which were of grey material, but good substantial goods. Capt. Dawson and Lieut. Davidson soon struck bargains with two of them. My own uniform was pretty well worn, and beside, I being tall and rather slender, it would not fit one of them. The one with whom Capt. Dawson traded was a fine looking young slave. When he put on the Captain's dress coat and buttoned it up, it fit him very nicely, and he appeared very proud of it. He then said to the Captain, "Captain, I'll tell you what I want dis for. I'se a gwine to get married, and I want dis for a weddin' suit. I tell you dat'll make a mighty fine weddin' suit."

They urged us to stop with them for several days, but we were anxious to push on so as to get through the mountains before winter. But we were afterwards satisfied that we would have lost nothing by doing so. That evening the overseer furnished us with a good supply of biscuits and corn bread, and when we were ready to start, the overseer, Uncle Friday and several of their men accompanied us for two or three miles. After giving us valuable information about our route, and how to avoid danger, they bid us goodbye with many a hearty "God bress you." And, as we proceeded on our journey, we realized as we had never done before the truth of the old maxim, "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

We were becoming anxious to cross Broad river as soon as we could, as following the east bank was leading us too much north and out of the direction we wished to go. The overseer advised us not to attempt to cross the river until we reached the place where the Columbia & Spartanburg R.R. crossed the river, saying that we could not cross on the bridge, as it was guarded, but that there was a ferry close by the bridge, that was run by a slave; that we should hunt him up and he would take us across at night. A good night's travel brought us within one mile of the bridge, which is forty-five miles above Columbia. Finding a hiding place, we built a fire, and here spent the day. We were now beginning to suffer very greatly with sore feet, having become blistered the first few nights that we were out. Indeed, we had constant suffering while travelling through although we had started out the evening before with a good supply of provisions yet, by evening it had all been eaten. Our appetites seemed to be insatiable. When evening approached, it was arranged that I should go back to a plantation that we had passed that morning and Lieut. Davidson should go to one near by in another direction. We had the double purpose of securing information about the slave that was in charge of the ferry, and also of securing some provisions.

When we started out, it was just after dark. Just as I approached the road, I heard footsteps coming from the direction of the bridge. Stepping behind a tree beside the road, I waited to see who was coming. As he approached, I saw that he was a colored man. Stepping out, I said to him, "Good evening, sir. Will you please step to the side of the road? I want to talk to you." At this he seemed to become alarmed, and commenced to back away from me, saying as he did so, "Well, sah, if you's got anything to say to me, say it here, Sah." Seeing his alarm, I said, "I am a Yankee." He exclaimed, "Is you?"

and without a moment's hesitation, he hastened into the woods. When we had gotten a safe distance from the road, I explained to him that I was an escaped Yankee prisoner, and had two comrades with me, that we wanted to cross the river at this point, and asked him whether he knew the colored man that attended the ferry at the river. His answer was, "Well, sah, I'se de nigger what runs de ferry."

I expressed my gratification at being so fortunate as to meet him, and asked him whether he could take us across tonight. He said that he could not as he was compelled to report to Ole Marse at once, but that he could put us across at four o'clock in the morning. He then said, "You can cross on the R.R. bridge." "But, is it not guarded?" I asked. He replied, "No, the only guard there is a man who lives in a house at the end of the bridge, who has de care of de bridge, but he goes to bed about ten o'clock." That settled, I asked about something to eat. He said, "Well sah, we had no co'n meal dis mo'nin' when I left but Ole Marse said he 'spected to get some today, and if he did, I will bake you a good big pone." I then asked him whether he had any sweet potatoes. Answering that he had, I then told him if he did not have the corn meal to get us some sweet potatoes. He then told me to come to the cotton gin which stood some distance from the house, and wait for him. Soon after he left me, Lieut. Davidson returned unsuccessful. We did as he said and waited until nearly ten o'clock before he put in appearance, but, when he did come he had a "Great big pone" and a good supply of sweet potatoes. After partaking of our supper, and securing all the information we could from our kind host, with thanks for his kindness, we bade him goodbye, and advanced to within a few rods of the bridge, when we stopped and made a careful reconnoiter, and finding the coast clear, we stepped on the trestle work of the bridge, stepping from tie to tie we made our way across. We judged that the bridge and trestle work to be about a quarter of a mile in length. We felt greatly relieved at being safely across this, the only large stream we would have to cross before reaching the mountains.

We now continued on our course toward Spartanburg until nearly morning without any incident worthy of note. As usual we built a fire and after travelling a short distance, we stopped at a plantation to look for something to eat. I cautiously approached one of the slave's cabins, opened the door, stepped inside and closed the door before I spoke. This we did so as not to attract the attention of the dogs, of which there are usually several about each plantation. Waking up a slave he gave me a small piece of corn bread, which he brought outside

of the house, where we sat down under a peach tree. I got out my pocket book and gave him a dollar in Confederate money, after which I asked him if he could get me any sweet potatoes. Saying that he could, we started to the sweet potato patch which was some distance from the house. After digging me what we wanted, I again reached for my pocketbook, intending to give him another dollar, when to my surprise I found that it was gone. We hunted through the potato patch, and then along the path we had come and under the peach tree, but could not find it. In the pocketbook was one twenty dollar green-back, besides some Confederate money. This left me without one cent of money.

After travelling two or three miles and in the meantime passing through a small village, the name of which we did not know, we noticed a bright fire burning beside the road in front of us. This brought us to a sudden halt. The road at this place led through heavy timber, but a fence ran along the right hand side. After carefully viewing the situation, we believed it would be next to impossible for us to pass around through the woods without losing our bearings as the night was tolerably dark. Leaving my comrades, concealed in the woods, I cautiously advanced through the edge of the woods until I got within three or four rods of the fire, when I could distinctly see a cavalryman with his sabre at his side, sitting by the fire smoking. His horse was tied to the fence. I had been there but a short time when he got up, stirred up his fire, unfolded his blanket and lay down beside it. I then very quietly returned to my comrades. We then waited until the fire burned down, and we got near enough to hear him snoring. Being satisfied that he was safely locked in the arms of Morpheus, we advanced with noiseless tread and passed within eight feet of him. We travelled until nearly morning, without any further incident worthy of note, when we sought a hiding place, and having secured what we thought was a safe place, we proceeded to build our fire. In doing so, I took out my knife to split some kindling. Just after our fire was started, we heard a rooster crow quite near us. This satisfied us that we were too close to a building. So, gathering up our few effects, we moved some distance away. The morning being foggy, it was difficult to secure a good location. When we stopped again and proceeded to build a fire, I discovered that I did not have my knife, having left it where we first built a fire. After day light I tried to find the place but could not, and consequently did not get my knife again.

As we lay by our fire that forenoon, we saw a white man ap-

proaching us through the woods. He seemed to be coming directly toward us. What was to be done? If we attempted to run he would see us. He was walking quite rapidly, with his eyes to the ground. To our great relief, however, when he got to about twelve or fifteen rods from us he commenced to change his course a little to the right. Seeing this we lay flat on the ground, and he passed within four or five rods of us. Our fire at the time was burned down, so that it made very little smoke. He had gone but a short distance from us when he met another man and they stopped to talk. The subject of conversation seemed to be about some horses that had broken into the field of one of the parties. We inferred that the horses belonged to the other party. After talking for some time each turned back the way he came. Our man passed by as he had gone, without seeing us. We afterward discovered that he was following a path that led through the woods. We then took the precaution to move farther away from it.

That night we again made our usual march, passing within about two miles of Unionville, and halting the next morning a few miles above it. Although we had called on several slaves during the night we had failed to get anything to eat. All were friendly, but had this as a day of fasting. We were now suffering very greatly with sore feet. They had become so much inflamed that we could scarcely wear our shoes. That forenoon I took my position behind a log near the road to watch for a slave. I had not been there long before I heard children talking and laughing a short distance down the road. I judged that they were coming in my direction. While listening to them a little dog came running around the log and commenced to bark at me. Seeing that the children were not yet in sight, and fearing that the dog might reveal my hiding place to the children, I threw a stick at him, at which he retreated, and I also beat a hasty retreat. After the children had passed, I again took my position behind the log and after waiting for some time, a young colored man, apparently about 20 years of age, came along in a cart. I stepped out and spoke to him and asked him where he lived, and he answered on the Foster plantation, about two or three miles ahead. I then asked him whether he could get us something to eat that evening, to which he replied that he could, and that he would have us a supply of corn bread ready when we came along that evening, but told me that he did not live on the main public road, but that, after passing the first plantation, we would find a road taking off to the right; to follow that road until we came to a field and there he would meet us. He also said he had a whistle, which he would

blow, so as to attract our attention.

In order to save time, we started before it was entirely dark, and, leaving the public road, passed around the first plantation, reaching the road just beyond it. By this time it was quite dark, and, though we searched for the road leading to the right we failed to find it. After going some distance, we came to a small dwelling house beside the road. From the appearance of the house we supposed that it was occupied by a free colored family, or what is known in the South as "po' white trash," and we decided to make inquiry. Capt. Dawson went in and found it occupied by a white family. On inquiry he was told that we had passed the road. We then returned, but still failed to find the road.

Having reached the end of the lane leading through the plantation that we had just passed around that evening, I told my comrades to remain there, and I would go and search for a slave, and get more definite information. Passing along the lane, which was the public road, for some distance, I came to another lane leading to the left, at right angles to the public road. Taking the lane I had not gone far until I heard the voices of colored men. As I got a little closer, I heard horses walking. They seemed to be just bringing the horses out to the road. Supposing that there was no white man about, I boldly approached them. Just as I reached them I heard a white man's voice not more than ten feet from where I was. From the manner in which he spoke, I was convinced that he was either the planter himself or an overseer. He was just beside the road, and to go on I must pass within six or eight feet of him. Believing that I was too close to retreat without being discovered I decided to walk boldly by him. As I did so, and just as I had passed him, he called out, "Who are you?" Then with an oath he said, "Halt, or I will shoot." Paying no attention to him, I kept right on, knowing that to halt, or even hesitate would mean capture, as he'd command his slaves, and they would be compelled to obey. I, therefore, went right on while he kept swearing fearful oaths that he would shoot. When I had gotten about four or five rods from him, he changed his tactics. Instead of shooting, as he had threatened, he commenced to call his dog, "Sumter." I was at that time just about opposite the house, which stood some distance back from the road. I heard "Sumter" give a bark. Dark as it was, I could see there woods some distance ahead. From there until I reached the woods, I did some very fine running, as I ran I passed some of the slaves on horseback.

When I reached the woods I stopped, and, finding that the dog did not follow me, I began to calculate how I was to get back to my comrades. It would not be safe to go by the road, and to leave the road for any distance, I would be in danger of losing my bearings, the night being dark and cloudy. After studying the situation carefully, I decided to pass through the fields at the rear of the house. I crossed over into the field, and had not gone far when I found a fence that seemed to run parallel with the lane. Crossing this fence, I passed along the opposite side of it. Just as I passed the house, I heard the darkies start up a song. I judged by the song that they were husking corn. I now cautiously approached the place where they were, and finally located them. They were beside a stable husking, and I took my position on the opposite side, and after satisfying my self that there were no white folks around, I passed around to where they were. They seemed to form a semicircle around a pile of corn. At the end of the line next to me sat a large colored woman with the usual handkerchief on her head. Stooping down, I laid my hand on her shoulder and whispered in her ear, "Tell one of the men to come around the stable, I want to talk to him."

I then passed back, and was quickly followed by one of the colored men, but, before I had time to speak to him the colored woman came also, and as she approached me, she said, "Now, you mind dat Ole Jack don't see you." I answered that he would be careful. She then said, "Who is you?" I replied, "I'm a Yankee." With a warning gesture of her hand, "Now, you mind dat none of de white folks don't see you." Assuring her that I would be careful, she returned to her work, and I then asked the colored man the road to Foster's plantation. He had just commenced to tell me, when he stopped suddenly, and in a whisper said, "Dar's Ole Jack," and leaving me he hastened around to his work. I then noticed that the singing had stopped, and I recognized the same voice that had attempted to halt me at the road. The first thing I heard him saying was: "Did you see anything more of that man that passed down there?" One of the slaves answered, "No, massa, we didn't see nuffin' more of him." He then asked, "Was he a white man or a nigger?" The reply was, "Dunno Marse, it was too dark; I couldn't see." He then asked, "Sam which way was he going when you saw him last?" To which Sam replied: "De last I seen of him, he was going down towards de spring," I supposed that Sam was one of the boys I had ran past as they were riding down the road.

Seeming to be satisfied that his slaves knew nothing about me, he returned to the house, the slaves again started up their song, and my man returned to me, and as he did so he said, "Ole Jack was 'quirin' about you." I replied that I had heard him. At which he said, "I 'spect you's the man dat walked past down dar." To which I answered in the affirmative. He then said, "We done tole him we didn't know nuffin' about you." I replied that I had heard him. I then secured from him the information I desired, and he walked with me through the field to the public road. Just as we reached the lane fence, we heard footsteps coming from the direction I had left my comrades. Concealing ourselves behind the fence as they approached, I believed they were my comrades, at which I gave a signal which they answered and stopped. We had a system of signals arranged by which we might recognize each other in the dark. I then learned from them that they had heard the planter hail me, had heard him call the dog, and they supposed that I had been captured. Had I been five minutes later getting to the road, they would have been past, and in all probability I would not have found them again. I had been absent from them more than an hour.

Bidding our colored friend goodbye with thanks for his information, we started out and found the road, which being covered with grass was difficult to find in the night. We had not gone far on it when we heard the whistle of our colored boy. When we reached the field where he was to meet us, he was not there, but we heard the whistle some distance ahead. Following on the whistle finally stopped and we could hear nothing more of it. We went on until near the buildings when we stopped and concealed ourselves. After waiting a while we heard someone coming toward us, and as he came near, he gave a whistle, by which we believed he was our boy. I stepped out and met him. He had with him some corn bread, which he gave us. But he had no idea how much three hungry men could eat. It was scarcely enough for our supper. We asked him if he had any corn meal. Replying that he had plenty, we gave him our haversack and asked him to fill it for us, which he did. From this man we learned that the planter who had hailed me was Mar's Jack Wright who showed such a strong desire to form my acquaintance. He added "Dey calls him Squire Wright" he also stated that he was a very bitter rebel.

After partaking of our supper of corn bread, and learning all that we could about the roads we were to travel, we bade him goodbye, and travelled until the turning in for the day, which we did about three

or four miles southeast of Spartanburg. Here, as usual, we sought a secure hiding place, built our fire and lay down for a little rest. After daylight we got up and again built up our fire, and soon we had a good bed of coals. We then commenced to mix up our corn meal with salt and water, in a tin plate, that we had with us. Making it into cakes about three quarters of an inch thick. Wrapping these in green chestnut leaves, we buried them in the coals. Leaving them until thoroughly baked, we took them out. They came out nice and clean, the leaves having protected them from the ashes until they were thoroughly baked, we took them out. They came, to our surprise better in flavor than any corn bread we had eaten before. We could not account for this unless it was that the leaves enclosing them prevented the escape of any of the flavor. During the forenoon we converted all of our corn meal into corn bread.

During the afternoon I again took my position near the road behind a thick clump of chestnut bushes which grew up around the stump. I was about twenty or twenty-five feet from the road. After remaining there for some time, I heard a wheeled vehicle approaching. When it came into view, it proved to be a carriage occupied by a very aristocratic looking old gentleman and lady, with a very slight-looking colored driver, who wore a black suit and a silk hat. Just as they got opposite me in the road they met two ladies in an open buggy. To my great annoyance both vehicles stopped and the occupants engaged in conversation. The ladies wanted some information about the roads, after which the health of the families and other subjects were discussed until it seemed to me that they would never get through. The carriage was on the side of the road next to me and I was afraid that the pompous colored driver on his elevated seat might discover me, but he did not look in my direction. I do not know what these high-toned Southern ladies would have done, had they known that one of those hated "Yanks" lay concealed not more than twenty or twenty-five feet from them listening to their conversation. I could see the faces of each of them quite distinctly through the clump of bushes, and it appeared to me that they might have seen me, but, after talking for quite a while they each started on their way, greatly to my relief.

I again returned to my comrades without accomplishing my purpose, which was to find a slave. That evening we did not find anything to eat, but had still some corn bread left of what we had baked that day. During the night a slave at one of the plantations wanted to go with us, and pled very hard for us to take him along, but we thought it would

be unwise. That night we passed through the suburbs of Spartanburg, and halted the next morning about eight or ten miles north west of it.

[To be continued]

The second half of Captain Conley's narrative and an account of his career after the war will be published in the WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL MAGAZINE for July 1964, which also will contain some biographical notes on his comrades in escape — Captain Dawson and Lieutenant Davidson.