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NO. 37.

Memorial Day.

A DARING RAIDER.

GRACEFUL TRIBUTE OF GALLANT FOE TO GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN.

Dash into Ohio and Indiana—Twenty Days' Ride Through Enemy's Country—100,000 Militia Called Out to Suppress 2,000 Confederates Under Morgan and Duke.

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The rain was pouring in torrents as night fell over our camp at Somerset, Ky., July 1, 1863. We were hugging ourselves in congratulation over the fact that we had a good dry camp, and pulled



GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN.

our tent flaps tight to keep out the storm as we settled down to a quiet night's rest, at peace with all the world, for that night anyhow. We were light-hearted youngsters, and "home" was wherever night overtook us.

In a lull of the storm the quick gallop of a courier was heard. In an instant he reined up at the tent of our commander, Colonel Israel Garrard of the Seventh Ohio cavalry, to whom he handed an order, which read: "You will report for duty with your regiment within one hour from receipt of this order, your troops to be supplied with two days' rations and 40 rounds of ammunition per man, one ambulance to accompany your regiment." This order had a businesslike ring.

Under the adjutant's order the chief bugler sounded "boots and saddles." As the notes of the bugle fell upon the camp the cavalrymen thrust their heads out of their little "put tents" and gave a cheer.

Within a few minutes we were looking back with lingering eyes upon our nice dry camp as we rode away in one of the heaviest downpours of rain we had ever experienced.

Reporting to the commander of our brigade, we were informed that General John Morgan was about to cross the Cumberland river on one of his periodic raids through Kentucky. This information was given to the troops and was received with tumultuous cheers, as we were particularly anxious to have a tilt with Morgan's men.

Our regiment, the Seventh Ohio cavalry (1,200 strong), was recruited in southern Ohio, in the counties bordering the Ohio river. A considerable portion of General John Morgan's command was recruited from the counties of northern Kentucky, bordering the Ohio river directly opposite our homes. Thus we were by no means strangers to each other and may be said to have been neighbors.

Arriving at the Cumberland river above Burksville, we found Morgan with his division of cavalry occupying



FORDED THE RAGING TORRENT.

the south bank of the river. For a day or two we had skirmishing, "give and take." The river was fordable in many places, and we did not expect to hold Morgan on the south bank of the river if it was his desire to come over to our side. In fact, we rather preferred that he should come over. About July 4 Morgan had found it possible to cross the river at numerous fords, and we were called in from our picket duty to join in the pursuit.

This was the start of Morgan's famous raid, which extended across the states of Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio.

As Morgan proceeded northward across the state of Kentucky he came across small garrisons of Federal troops guarding important places. At Green River he called upon Colonel Moore of a Michigan regiment to surrender his force to save the effusion of blood. This Federal officer replied that his superior officer had stationed him at that point for the purpose of effusing blood, and the effusion would begin right away if Morgan desired. Morgan accepted the challenge and made the attack, and one of his own brothers was killed at this point. Morgan did not have time to continue the attack and withdrew, con-



tinuing his march northward, with our pursuing force "pushing him along." We expected Morgan to turn east before striking the Ohio river, but in this we were mistaken, as upon arriving at Brandenburg, some 40 miles below Louisville, he seized passing steamboats and landed his force in Indiana. Following his trail, we reached Brandenburg just in time to see Morgan's rear guard disappear over the river bank, and go north in Indiana. His rear guard stopped long enough to wave their hats at us and bid us goodby. The steamboats they had used in crossing were at that moment bursting into flames and burned to the water's edge, tied fast to the Indiana shore.

Other steamboats were hurriedly obtained, and our pursuing force hastily transferred across the river, men and horses being tumbled aboard the boats in quick order and tumbled off the boats as quickly when on the other side.

The appearance of Morgan's men on the north bank of the Ohio river created consternation in Indiana and Ohio. The governor of Indiana called out the home guard to the number of 50,000, and as Morgan's advance turned toward Ohio the governor of the Buckeye State called 50,000 "squirrel hunters" into the field.

It must be borne in mind that in Morgan's ride across three states in 15 days he swept his line of march, and for some distance on each side, absolutely clean of horses, giving his own command frequent remounts, but leaving us, his pursuers, entirely without remount for the whole distance. Boiled down to few words, Morgan's force had two horses for every man, while Hobson had two men to each saddle worn horse. Morgan's force when it started from the Cumberland river was exceedingly well mounted, having some of the best blooded horses from Kentucky—horses capable of long and rapid marches. He set the "pegs" for us and set them high every day. The longest march made by Morgan's command at one stretch was 90 miles in 24 hours, this being the jump he made from a point in Indiana west of Cincinnati to Williamsburg, O., on the east of Cincinnati.

Morgan's force did not exceed 2,500 troopers when he invaded the states north of the Ohio river, possibly 500 less. I think 2,000 would be a fair figure to name for the number of troops he led into Indiana.

On the 18th of July, our regiment, with the Second Ohio cavalry and the Eighth Michigan cavalry, all under the command of Colonel A. V. Kautz, was pushed ahead of Hobson's column, and at daylight of July 19 struck Morgan's command in the valley of the Ohio river near Buffington Island, where the enemy had been delayed by fogs, waiting for daylight to cross the Ohio river. At the moment of our arrival the forces of General Judah had also arrived, coming up the valley of the Ohio river, while we debouched from the river hills, and the gubaots were holding the fords of the Ohio river.

We were ordered to attack immediately, and under Colonel Garrard's directions I rode back along the line of the Seventh Ohio cavalry, ordering the companies formed into columns of fours. Our numbers were few, and I remember Lieutenant Sam B. Johnson, who commanded Company M of our regiment, told me that he had only one set of fours. Captain William T. Burton of Company B had four or five sets of fours. Of our entire regiment, 800 or 900 strong when we started from the Cumberland river, we did not now show up over 200 men, the remainder having been dismounted by reason of disabled horses and scattered along our trail for a distance of 500 miles.

When the "guidons" of General Hobson's advance fluttered in the breeze of the Ohio valley that July morning, Generals Morgan and Duke knew that the jig was up. We formed within plain sight of Morgan's force, and with but slight resistance to the Federal attack Morgan's entire force fled in disorder. We pursued as rapidly as the condition of our poor horses would permit and many of the enemy seeing that further effort was useless, their supply of ammunition being nearly exhausted, surrendered then and there.

After our pursuit at this point had ceased a flag of truce was brought to Colonel Garrard by a Confederate officer, who stated that Colonel Howard Smith and a few other officers and men of Morgan's command were in the woods near by, having been cut off from their command, and knowing the uselessness of further effort would surrender if an officer was sent to receive them. Adjutant Allen and Lieutenant McCall of the Seventh Ohio cavalry were

sent to receive them and escort them to our lines. On the way to receive these Confederates they were met coming to our lines under escort of a sergeant of the Eighth Michigan cavalry whom they accidentally met in the woods. These prisoners were received by the writer of these lines, who was greatly surprised to learn that General Basil Duke, Morgan's chief lieutenant, was in company with Colonel Howard Smith. General Duke bore himself with dignity, and I would not have known that I had him with the other prisoners if one of his own men had not accidentally disclosed his identity to me. One of the Confederate officers with General Duke gave me a little Confederate flag about the size of two hands. I accepted this little flag and asked the officer his name. He replied, "Captain Hines." I have the little flag yet. "He jests at scars that never felt a wound." This quotation suggests itself by reason of the fact that under the varying fortunes of war, some months after the events written of in the foregoing, in a sharp cavalry engagement in east Tennessee, I found myself a prisoner of war in the hands of the Fourth Kentucky cavalry, one of Morgan's regiments.

The prisoners captured by the Seventh Ohio cavalry near Buffington Island were turned over to the Federal officer in charge of prisoners at Cheeshire, O., and with this our connection with the Morgan raid ended. General Morgan himself was not captured until some days later, but the raid ended at Buffington Island, and the subsequent flight of Morgan with his detachment of a few hundred men did not avail him anything.

From the time of Morgan's landing on the Indiana side of the Ohio river until the surrender at Buffington Island not less than 100,000 militia comprising the "Home guard" were called into the field to "suppress him." The force of veterans under General Johnson who pursued Morgan from "start to finish" comprised about 3,000 cavalry. Morgan gave us "a good run for our money," but we got there in spite of all his efforts to prevent us.

One can but admire the dash, skill and courage of Morgan and Duke which enabled them to lead their 2,000 troopers on such a raid.

THEODORE F. ALLEN, Brevet Colonel U. S. Volunteers.

Nothing Military About Them. "I was once commanding a military district," said a tall, soldierly looking man who was talking with a group of others, "when a raw, redheaded man came into headquarters and announced that he had brought a company of 100 men for muster in. I told him to go out and get them into line and I would look them over. When I went to the parade ground he stood before a rabble of men and was scratching his head, trying to think of the necessary order. At last he shouted, with considerable interlarded profanity:

"Get into rows! Get into rows! Ain't they anything military about ye?" "That fellow afterward became one of the best drillmasters in the army."—Exchange.

Paraphrases of leaf and bough, Wreath of greenery, vine and spray, Being their glowing splendor now In garlands for Memorial day. Blossoming beauty stars the grass In forms of grace, with varied hues, Even the fleecy clouds that pass Sprinkle their wondrous charms review. Blandly, too, the zephyr's breath Stirs with tender touch the flowers, To say that rising life, not death, Is master of those golden hours. For who can deem our heroes dead When April's blossoms crown their sleep And every grave is garlanded? On fane's bright scroll their names we keep. Somewhere in elms of fairer hue Than comes to any earthly May, To honor and to duty true, Life must have come to them. And they No more in conflict or in toil Need mingle in stern battle's roar, In realms where nothing shall assail, And life is theirs forevermore. Though dumb today the cannon's mouth, While beauty springs from bud and spray, And all the winds are soft and south, Let reverence crown Memorial day. JOHN BARSTON.

CONFEDERATE REUNION.

Veterans to Gather at Charleston by the Sea in May N-x-t.

General John B. Gordon, commander-in-chief United Confederate veterans, has published the official announcement of the annual reunion, which will be held in Charleston May 10, 11, 12 and 13.

The ladies' memorial association committee of Charleston have invited the veterans to participate in their memorial services.

General J. B. Gordon.

On Memorial day in 1895 Mrs. Sarah Bowen of Hoboken paid her annual visit to Cypress Hills cemetery to decorate her husband's grave. Mrs. Bowen was in such poor, almost indigent, circumstances that even the trip to Brooklyn, not reckoning the money expended for flowers, was a strain on her slender resources. She was a veteran's widow, and the \$8 a month pension allowed her on that account by the national government was all she had to support herself and an invalid daughter. Nevertheless, she had performed her obligations to the memory of the brave for 18 consecutive years with religious devotion.

When she arrived on the ground on this occasion her nervous system received such a shock that she was obliged to lean against a railing adjacent to save herself from falling.

"What is the meaning of this?" she murmured, closing her eyes and opening them again in the expectation that she was laboring under an optical delusion.

The cause of the widow's astonishment was a change that had taken place in the grave since her last visit. It was covered with flowers, it was bordered with evergreen plants, and a handsome granite column rose at its head, with the subjoined inscription engraved in deep black letters:

"Sacred to the Memory of Edward C. Bowen, a Brave Soldier and Loyal Friend."

The widow glanced wonderingly to the right and left. She looked up and down, but there was no mistake. The grave was that of her husband. But what a metamorphosis had been effected!

While deliberating as to what she would do in the premises a tall, military looking gentleman of aristocratic bearing and with an empty sleeve alighted from a carriage near by and, taking a wreath from under his seat, approached the grave. He hesitated when he saw the widow, and their eyes met. Hers had a questioning look in them; his one of deprecation, as if he were a trespasser.

"Madam," he said, placing the wreath on the grave and lifting his hat as he would to a duchess, "have I the honor?"

"This is my husband's grave," she replied, with an almost imperceptible strain of jealousy in her voice.

"Then I must offer an apology and an explanation. I should have consulted you before effecting alterations here, and so, in fact, I would, only I could not find you, though I tried hard."

"It was very kind of you, sir," said Mrs. Bowen. "You would find it hard, for no one in Brooklyn knew that I had moved to Hoboken."

"This is my explanation," said the gentleman after a pause. "My name is Charles J. Gray—Judge Gray I am called in South Carolina—and I am an ex-Confederate soldier. I belonged to the Montgomery guards and served in the Army of Northern Virginia the last two years of the war. You must know—though perhaps you don't—that sometimes Federal and Confederate soldiers in the field were excellent friends, especially when doing outpost duty together. If I may use such a word. It often occurred that nothing but a fence separated our sentinels and that, instead of firing at each other, we chatted sociably and exchanged views on the situation. Our superiors did not sanction this, but they connived at it. On the night of the fourth day's battle of the Wilderness I was posted as sentinel on the extreme front of our lines. On the other side of a picket fence was a young man of the One Hundred and Forty-fourth New York regiment, his name well, there it is engraved on that stone. We entered into conversation. I gave him a plug of tobacco, he gave me some coffee, and we became quite friendly. I had not closed my eyes in two days. I was utterly exhausted and would have given the whole world for one hour's sleep."

"Poor fellow," said the widow, commiserating not the elegant gentleman in front of her, but the ragged, war-worn soldier of one and thirty years ago; "it was terrible."

"It was, madam. I told my Yankee enemy that I was ready to drop and begged him not to take advantage of me. He laughed. "'Sit down on that stone,' he said, 'lean your back against the fence and sleep. I'll wake you up when your relief comes along.' "It may seem incredible, but I took his advice, thus placing my life in the hands of a foe and a stranger. I slept,

A GRATEFUL ENEMY.

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oh, such a sweet sleep! I thought I had been in slumber for a few minutes, while in reality I had slept an hour, when Ned Bowen roused me by throwing some water from his canteen down my back.

"Jump up, Johnny," he said, 'my relief is coming. You are all right, for I received your officer of the guard going his rounds and he gave me the countersign without suspicion. I guess all the poor fellows like you are half asleep or they would have discovered the trick. Now don't go to sleep again, old man. Goodby.' "It appears while the Confederate night officer was approaching, Ned Bowen, heaven rest him, jumped over the fence and, failing to wake me up, took my rifle and challenged, thus plac-

ing his life in imminent peril. When an hour later I got back to the guard tent, I learned that two other sentinels had been found asleep on their posts. They were shot next morning, and now, madam, you will, I trust, be no longer surprised at this monument I have erected to my preserver."

The widow extended her hand, while tears of pride and emotion rolled down her face. "God bless you," she said; "you have a noble heart."

Next day Mrs. Bowen received a letter inclosing a treasury note for \$1,000, and since then on the first day of every month she gets a check on the First National bank of Atlanta for \$50.

EDWARD P. WESLEY.

A SOLDIER'S WARNING.

[Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.]

He prophesied his own death on the day before the battle.

Many an old soldier can tell tales of premonition and portent that would convert the stoutest scoffer to a believer in the existence of what is indefinitely termed by psychologists "the sixth sense." The following reminiscence of the civil war, delivered by a white bearded Ohio veteran, is a case in point:

"When the war broke out," said he, "I was clerking in a store over in Greene county. Churley Shearer, who afterward became one of our circuit judges, was employed in the same store. His brother Frank and I were nearly of the same age. One day I went across the street and enlisted. I was only 16 years old at the time, but I was sworn in, and Frank Shearer also enlisted, and we went out together. He and I were messmates and chums. A finer boy never lived. We went through the hard campaigning of General Sherman and were with him in the Atlanta campaign. Just the day before the battle of Resaca Frank came to me and said: 'Andy, I am going to be killed tomorrow. I know that I will be shot early in the fight.' I laughed at his fears, but he said he was telling the truth. I finally became convinced myself that he may have had a premonition and imperturbed him not to go into the battle. He said it would not do for him to get a sick leave, even if his health was bad—he was just about sick—for the boys would call him a coward. A braver boy never lived, and I told him so. I finally got his consent to let me go to the lieutenant colonel and get him detailed for headquarters work during the coming engagement. I did so; being frank with the colonel and telling him everything. He at once granted the request and wrote out the desired order. I gave it to Frank that night and thought he was safe. The next morning, however, he refused to obey and insisted that if he failed to go into battle with the rest of us the boys would question his bravery. We went into the engagement, and Frank fell dead at the first volley from the enemy."

Memorial Day in Other Lands. The police of Paris are called upon every year to suppress what would be, if allowed to proceed, a decoration service. The leaders of the Red party make the effort every year between May 23 and May 26 to decorate the graves of the men who fell in the ranks of the commune. But aside from these there are no decoration days in France. Neither is there a holiday in England which resembles in the least the American Memorial day.—Exchange.

Our Soldiers. Pause, O nation, reunited— Pause and shed a tear today To the memory of the soldiers Dead for many and many a May!

Marched up as brave men, hearing Call of country, yours and mine, From the hillside and the valley, From the hemlock and the pine.

Hearts asleep and pulses bounding, Loyal, whether gray or blue; Loyal, whether cross or crescent; Duty—that was all they knew.

Oh, the glory of their story! Oh, the graves that dot the plain! Oh, the mournful tale of battles! Oh, the partings and the pain!

Years and years the grass has blossomed, Faded, died, their graves upon; Years and years, yet not forgotten, Mem'ries such as theirs live on.

And upon fame's sacred altar, Write 'mid deeds of heroes, glow Names of these, our soldiers, sleeping: 'Soldiers,' neither 'friend' nor 'foe.'

And as soldiers weave them garlands, Rose and lily o'er their breast; Love and tears—a nation's tribute To a nation's glorious dead.

To a nation's glorious dead. —Chicago Tribune.

OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD.

Here Is a Slight Tribute to Their Memory.

MANY NAMES ARE HERE RECORDED.

A List Like This Is Worthy of Preservation—It Is the Result of a Great Deal of Work but Is Not Yet Complete.

As the result of considerable effort during the past few weeks, and with the hearty cooperation of old soldiers and others in different parts of the county, THE ENQUIRER is able today to publish a pretty full list of the soldiers buried in York. The list, though valuable, is not complete. To get up an absolutely correct list would be next to impossible; but our publication today will, no doubt, assist in that direction.

For the work as it stands, those interested are indebted to the following individuals who have so kindly given us their assistance: Mr. T. G. Culp sent in lists from Fort Mill and Flint Hill cemeteries, and Pettus and Blackstocks graveyards; Mr. N. B. Bratton and Miss Sallie E. Logan sent in the lists from Bethesda, Olivet and Fowler's; the Rock Hill and Ebenezer lists were taken from the Rock Hill Herald; Mr. D. T. Lesslie sent the list from Neely's Creek; Mr. W. J. Neely sent Allison Creek and Concord; Mr. Julius A. Hope sent Smyrna; and Canaan; Messrs. Sam B. Kennedy, and T. M. Gwin and Miss Mary Hope, furnished the list from Sharon; Captain W. B. Smith furnished the Clover list; Rev. R. M. Stephenson furnished the Bethany list; Messrs. John Caldwell and L. L. Smith, furnished the Beersheba list; Mr. T. N. Thomason the Union list. The Yorkville list was prepared principally by Mr. A. F. McConnell. Mrs. Fannie Sanders sent the New Bethel list.



HE HESITATED.

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EDWARD P. WESLEY.

BETHESDA CEMETERY.

Z. D. Burris, James Farley, O. J. Lovens, E. F. Meek, Jesse Moore, Edward Moore, George Burris, J. W. Lindsay, Gus Erwin, Williamson Clinton, Robert Davidson, Edward H. Grier, Robert Hanna, R. F. Montgomery, W. H. Poag, S. G. Poag, Philip Sandifer, J. B. Bratton, W. S. Adams, Thomas Bratton, Wm. Aiken, W. B. Byers, Wm. Hancock, John Clifton, Emmet Crawford, Thomas Crawford.

J. M. Ashe, P. W. Lindsay, M. M. Lindsay, Andrew F. Lindsay, J. E. McKnight, Green Hetherington, Wm. Robinson, Dickson McKnight, Ross McKnight, Ferguson Hetherington.

James A. Sanders, John C. Sanders, James S. Gourley, Ephraim Mitchell.

Harry Faris, Robert A. Black, J. Milton Neely, John N. Garrison, Sylvanus Garrison, Triyann Cook, Wm. Harrison, Stephen Handlstone.

W. B. Allison, Gilbert Douglass, D. T. Partlow, William Carothers, T. D. Simril, Daniel R. Neely, John J. Simril, Wm. Harvey, Joseph Douglas, Mr. Prather.

William Banks, R. S. Wilkerson, J. M. White, W. R. Freeman, J. P. Hunter, D. J. Johnson, J. J. Drakeford, W. E. Wilson, Wm. Hill, J. W. A. Hartness, J. A. Kimbrell, Hugh Gelston, R. E. Lee, L. S. White, T. G. Bennett, Wm. Smith, James Blount, T. A. Harris, W. A. Wright, A. J. Downs, J. C. Hanna, J. C. Jones, Thos. Wolfe, W. H. Mangum, Wm. Garrison, Robert Jones, D. G. Thompson, D. G. Bennett, J. M. Culp, Robert Meent, Richard Porter, James Gibson.

William Alderson, Lee Ashley, Sanders Adkins, Dick Alexander, Wesley Blackmon, James Blount, James Bruce, Lee Boatwright, Sam Billie, James Blount, Eli Bales, Charles Elms, Jackson Darnell, W. T. Darnell, Lee Davis, Wm. Faris, Henry Glover, Wm. Garrison, J. R. Harrison, John T. Garrison, Martin Kimbrell, John Merritt, Wm. Moss, J. W. McCoy, Wash Nicholson, Robert Owens, Richard Porter, James Richardson, S. L. Smith, J. C. Smith, Ad Smith, Jack Williamson, R. S. Warren, Neil Wingate, Y. J. Yarborough.

Monroe Blackstock, John Stewart, Ferrus Grave Yard, Lee Armstrong.

R. G. Whitesides, R. R. Darwin, Alexander White, W. M. McGill, S. R. Whitesides, J. W. Quinn, T. J. Castles, Abraham Quinlans, Richard Neelands, Robert Quinn, A. J. McGill, A. A. Harmon.

Jackson Dover, Nathan Dover, Walker Martin, D. W. Westmoreland, Jackson Wisner, Mike Dover, Robert W. Lovens, Washington Childers.

Andrew Jackson, John M. Ford, J. W. Beauguard, James Fitchett, S. L. Campbell, A. P. Campbell, S. A. Smith, James Bluggins.

J. Albertus Hlope, Andy Ingraham, Russell L. Hope, John Harshaw, Elias M. Davidson, L. H. Ferguson, J. H. Biggins, Wm. M. Whitesides, R. C. Whitesides, J. W. A. Hartness, Robert T. Riggins, John S. Crosby, J. A. Maloney, Robert Carnes, Henry Latham, John Carnes, Anderson Ingraham, Hugh Moore, Richard Ingraham, William Shillinglaw, J. M. Shannon, Tom Berry, Wm. Robinson, J. H. Clark, John Ingraham, John Lamack, Davis M. Hope, Thos. Porter, Frank Porter, J. D. Latham, R. Sylvanus Berry, E. L. Berry, J. B. Meek, Wm. H. Carnes, John Ingraham, James McCully, John Whitesides, J. R. Jenkins, R. Dixon Biggins, Milton Wylie.

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