

He also gave the company two fine mules and a wagon so that we would have transportation for our baggage if the quartermaster's department should happen to be short of wagons.

I write this so that the people may know that Colonel Miles McGehee did everything he could to help the South.

\* \* \*

#### BOLIVAR TROOP

Frank A. Montgomery, captain

This company was a part of the 1st Mississippi Cavalry. Captain Montgomery was promoted to colonel of the regiment.

#### MASON'S DRAGOONS

This company was organized by Dr. R. M. Mason, Captain, R. A. Brown, Ivan Shelby, Isaac Shelby, lieutenants. It was a part of the 28th Mississippi Cavalry. Dr. Mason was badly wounded and resigned. Ivan Shelby became captain and was killed near Spring Hill, Tennessee. Dr. Shelby became captain.

#### HOME GUARDS

Daniel Cameron, captain

Peter L. Whitworth, 1st lieutenant

John B. Milroy, 2nd lieutenant

The service of this company was confined to the limits of Bolivar County.

\* \* \*

#### ROSTER OF THE McGEHEE RIFLES OF BOLIVAR COUNTY. COMPANY "A", 20TH MISSISSIPPI INFANTRY

As I recall them: Aycock, J. P.; Aycock, John (Killed); Aycock, Langdon; Aycock, George; Aycock, Wm. (Killed); Arnold, Lee; Boyd W. C.; Bate, John N. (Killed); Bulzonie, John (Killed); Barker, John; Baumgarten, W.; Graffy, ———; Saffo, ———; Farrar, Thos. J. (Killed); Clark, Michel; McGehee, Jas. G. (Detached Service as Aid 1st Lieut.); Dykies, C. A.; Grimm, Jake (Killed); Wrenn, G. L. (regiment ensign rank 1st lieutenant); Williams, F. C.; Shepherd, W. R.; Arnold, William; Arnold, ———; Bankston, J.; Brown, Geo. T. (Killed); Gentry, M. J. (Killed); Jackson, Jno. M. (Killed); Lyman, H. G.; Scott, Jno. A.; O'Connor, Jas. (Killed); McGowan, Martin; McClure, Jno. T. (Killed); Scruggs, Jno. W.; Stadden, J. V. (Killed);

Grimm, Harry; Webster, Dan'l (Killed); Hale, Calhoun; Elliott, B.C.; Vonel, Henry (Killed).

\* \* \*

COMMISSIONED AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF  
THE McGEHEE RIFLES AT THE TIME OF ORGANIZATION

W. N. Brown, captain, Calhoun, 2nd lieut., R. M. Wilson, 1st sgt., C. A. Dykes, 3rd sgt., W. R. Shepherd, 5th sgt., W. W. Robinson, 2nd sgt., J. G. McGehee, 4th sgt.

\* \* \*

At this time, I can recall only one corporal, little Johnnie Jackson, five feet one, but every inch a soldier.

\* \* \*

In July 1861, the company became part of the 20th regiment of Mississippi Volunteers, and was given the place of honor in the formation of the regiment, being placed on the right of the regiment as Company "A."

Captain Brown was promoted to major, Lieutenant Canty became captain, and W. W. Robinson 1st Sgt. In a short time Robinson was detailed as clerk at headquarters, C. A. Dykes was discharged, and Jim McGehee waived his rank and allowed the writer to step over him to 1st sergeant's place, which position he held until after the battle of Champion Hill, when Captain Canty was killed. The writer then became 2nd lieutenant and held this rank until after the battle of Franklin, Tennessee. In this battle, the regiment was badly cut to pieces—four companies came out without a commissioned officer, and four companies were consolidated into two. Lieutenant R. M. Wilson was placed in command of one and the writer in command of the other. Lieutenant F. C. Williams was in command of our old company, Captain Calhoun Hale having picked up three bullets in the battle of Franklin, which put him out of business. He recovered from his wounds but never rejoined the command.

The company was in North Carolina with General Johnston when he surrendered. We laid down our arms and made our way back home to begin all over again.

I wish to relate an incident in regard to our Captain Canty. Harry Canty was one of God's noblemen—a man of wealth, education, and refinement, brave as a lion, yet as gentle as a woman—a strict disciplinarian when on duty, but plain "Harry Canty" when off duty. After being in the service a few months, he obtained a leave of absence and came home to marry Miss Webb, a niece of Major Torry of Perthshire, Mississippi. He took his bride to his relatives in South Carolina and returned to his company.

When General Grant crossed the Mississippi River at Port Gibson, there was but one regiment of cavalry in this department. Horses were impressed, and the 20th Mississippi and the 8th Kentucky In-

fantry regiments were mounted and sent out in Grant's front. In a few days, the company was ordered to protect the bridge across Turkey Creek. Captain Canty was the only commissioned officer with the company that day. In marching down the road to the bridge, Captain Canty requested me, if anything happened to him, to try to get all his valuables off his body. I told him I would try to comply with his request. We were forced to retire, with a loss of one man killed and two wounded.

On the day of the battle of Champion Hill, after dismounting and marching up the road to take position, Captain Canty repeated his request, and he especially wished me to get his wife's picture in a locket he wore around his neck. I asked him if he had a presentiment that he was going to get hurt. He replied that you never can tell what will happen in a battle. He was shot in the forehead and killed instantly. Lieutenant Williams and I got everything except his money. The Yanks were coming over the hill three battle lines deep, and we had to get away or be captured. I removed one of his wife's letters from the envelope and laid the envelope on his breast. The Federals buried him beside the road and marked his grave with his name, rank, and regiment.

After the war Mrs. Canty had his body removed to South Carolina, where he rests among his own people.

The McGehee Rifles left Bolivar County on the 1st of July, 1861, with 96 men. All have answered the last roll call except the writer.\*

\* \* \*

## INCIDENTS OF THE WAR IN BOLIVAR COUNTY, AS EXPERIENCED BY A TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY, AND AS GIVEN BY HIM

BY WALTER SILLERS

My mother was a sister of General Charles Clark and was gifted with his courage and fortitude, yet was of a gentle and loving disposition, with a Christian faith seldom seen. Only once did I ever see her really angry during the war. Members of the Marine Fleet, under Colonel Curry, were setting fire to the beautiful colonial home of Major W. E. Montgomery, whose wife was a daughter of General Clark, and my mother's niece. Colonel Curry had orders to save whatever belonged to General Clark in this home. My mother assisted her niece in selecting the furniture to be spared and ordered a soldier to cut away the doorway to remove the piano. The officer said: "You people had better be thinking of something else besides music." Drawing herself up imperiously, my mother replied: "Though you drive us to the woods, sir, we will take our music with us."

\*Captain Shepherd's death occurred soon after he had written this article. With his death passed the last member of the McGehee Rifles.

Not often did our ladies give vent to their indignation over the actions of the Federals, but during the burning of this home the faces of my mother and cousin showed such anger and scorn as to deeply impress me, a boy of ten years. When my mother saw me holding the horse of an orderly, who had given me his horse to hold while he lighted a cigar, she ran out of the house, where she was directing the removal of the piano, rushed up to me and snatched the bridle from my hand, exclaiming: "How dare you hold this Yankee's horse!" Much to my relief, the young fellow smiled, and my mother returned to her task. Just at this moment, sharp firing occurred along the line of troops, and the Federals ran from the house and fell into line. A straggling Confederate had suddenly appeared on the opposite side of the Bogue (a stream about a hundred yards wide) and, seeing the squadron of Federals burning this home, had fired on them, and they returned the fire. The house being in flames, they wheeled into line and marched rapidly away to where the fleet awaited them at the river, at the foot of Yerger's Lane. This was the place where Stark's regiment attacked a Federal battery located on the river front and drove them back to the boats.

In the meantime, Colonel Curry had sent a squad of men up the Bogue to reconnoiter, where they captured my uncle, Mr. George Baldwin, formerly of Natchez, who, with some Negroes, had placed a piano on a flatboat to take to the place on the Bogue where our family had refugeed from the shelling of the gunboats on the river. The Yankees ordered the flatboat ashore, took Mr. Baldwin prisoner, and blew up the piano with powder.

After the capture of Memphis, the Federal gunboats came down the river, and when Vicksburg was attacked, hundreds of boats, bearing Grant's army to the siege, filled the river. Stark's cavalry regiment was stationed in Bolivar County and selected the great bend of the river—now Lake Beulah—north of Prentiss and south of Beulah, as their place of operation. To this company was attached an artillery company with guns called "six-pounders." One day, I was overjoyed to find this military company throwing up a fortification on the river bank along our plantation, with the view of sinking a gunboat they had crippled near Yerger's Lane. The public levee was about a hundred yards to the rear of the fortification and I had taken my position safely behind the levee to watch the battle. But I was doomed to disappointment; a courier galloped up to inform the artillery company of the attempted escape of the gunboat through the "chute." Soon after they had left, this same gunboat came around the bend of the river and passed the "fort." A furious and disappointed boy, in telling the story, said that if *he* had been in charge of the fort, he would have kept part of the cannon, at least, and landed the gunboat.

Shortly after this, my brother and I were riding on the levee in

front of General Clark's residence. We could see the town of Napoleon, Arkansas, five miles down the river, with its great Government Hospital. Opposite Napoleon on the Mississippi side was the town of Prentiss. As we looked, a transport, loaded with Federal troops, under the convoy of several gunboats, rounded the bend from the north. They passed by and were a mile below when they swung into the bank within three hundred yards of the shore. Suddenly a flash came out of a clear August sky and seemed to strike the transport—men stumbled in all directions; the boats pulled off to the Arkansas shore, slowed down, stopped, and began to signal with whistles. A squad of Confederate cavalry galloped by and we learned that Stark's regiment had fired upon the transports. As they left, the fleet fired a broadside into the woods from which the attack had been made that shook the earth and effectually satisfied our curiosity. We left rapidly, and at once. The firing of one broadside after another continued for several hours. Towards dark, the Federals landed troops, took possession of the town of Prentiss, freed all criminals in the jail, and burned the town. The remains of the fine brick courthouse can still be seen on its forest-grown site. The planters of the neighborhood took in the homeless refugees. An Indiana family, by the name of Snodgrass, fell to us. Among them were two boys. One Sunday, I took these boys with me muscadine hunting. We went to the back of General Clark's plantation, which was abandoned at the time, and had just begun to look for grapes when we heard two shots, a mile or so away. We knew something was about to happen. A signal whistle was given by a boat and answered. I said: "Boys, they are going to shell these woods—let's go!" As we turned to go a broadside was fired, and a small shell hit a gum tree just in front of us. The shells and cannon balls went tearing through the deadening in front of us like a drove of wild hogs, and three terrified boys struck the road in a marathon that may have been equalled, but I doubt that was ever excelled.

The next broadside was just ahead of us; at the half mile post we were in the thick of it. A sixty-four pounder struck a gum tree twenty yards ahead of me, about twenty feet up. I jumped behind an immense tree. The shell did not explode, but rolled off into the cane, and I saw about where it stopped. Almost immediately, a shell passed through the top of my tree, taking off limbs that fell about me. I concluded I had business elsewhere and called to the boys to strike for home. I led a race that would have put me in the front ranks as a college sprinter. The other boys were among the "also ran" class. I ran about seventy-five yards, when a broadside cut the tree tops about me, which accelerated my speed. I paused at the tall fence of the woodland, but a broadside with sixty-four pounders flying low gave me a new inspiration, and a final spring landed me on horseback behind my brother, who was searching for me. The other boys were put on

horses, and people packed into carriages or other vehicles that waited for our return only, and white and blacks fled to the Lenoir place, two miles to the east.

After this experience, we went to the "tall timbers." In fact, all the families along the river front abandoned their homes and refugeed on the abandoned plantations on Bogue Phalia, where they remained until 1864, when they returned home with a few faithful slaves who continued true to the end. Only about twenty of my father's slaves stayed with us; all the others fled to "freedom."

It was too dangerous for the families of the soldiers in this vicinity to live in their homes on the river, and all "refugeed" to Bogue Phalia, a beautiful stream in the interior. Our family went to the abandoned plantation of General Gardner on this stream, clear, deep, and full of fish, in the midst of giant forests. Solitude surrounded us; great bear tracks showed on trail and road. The howls of the timber wolves were heard at night. Deer abounded, wild turkeys and ducks were plentiful, the fishing fine, and with the excitement of war, the news of which came to us from straggling soldiers, sometimes from Federal deserters, our banishment was not attended with the usual homesickness. We had our slaves with us and quite a large family of relatives. It was a period of excitement and adventure for a small boy, and lasted two years. All of the cotton in the Delta had been burned to prevent its capture by the Federals. Only a little of it was saved by hiding it in the woods. When this was used up we had to plan to raise more, and in 1864 we went back home.

Powder was worth \$20 a pound. We got our powder from the unexploded shells everywhere around us, and our shot were made from pellets of lead, rolled round by using a short plank or board. We did not starve or despair; but fared better than might have been expected, hid out in the woods from the enemy.

One of my "war experiences" stands out plainly in my memory: Very reluctantly, I was reciting my grammar one day, when our "refugee" home was suddenly surrounded with Colonel Curry's Marines, who occasionally raided the country from the White River base. Then befell the greatest calamity that could befall a boy. They took my gun and my hunting horse, and though my mother pleaded to the last, they took every gun or weapon of any kind, leaving women and children without any means of protection from man or beast. A Federal captain, a Kentuckian, would have left my gun with me, but Colonel Curry said, "No, *nothing* comes out of that wagon." My hunting, after that, was done with sticks and brick bats, no stones or pebbles being in this Delta country. I became quite an expert at this new trade. I killed eight birds one day with brick bats, and a blue wing teal with a heavy stick. Then to my everlasting joy and delight, Lieutenant Robinson gave me a single barrel shotgun that he had taken in a raid

near Vicksburg when my father's old company had captured an island, and this gun was my share of the booty. We never wanted for game after this, though my ammunition was scarce, three loads being my portion for a hunt.

About that time, we secured a wagon load of flour, the first we had seen in a year. We had sorghum molasses, dried sweet potatoes, and coffee. The woods were full of cattle and hogs, so we were fairly well fed. My mother taught the women to spin and weave the cotton, hid away in the woods, into clothes dyed with dye made from maple bark; they made hats from palmetto, split, and plaited in strips, which were shaped and sewed together. In winter cloth caps were made. A cobbler was discovered somewhere who made rough shoes. We were not stylish, but we were clothed. My mother spun the thread, wove the cloth and dyed it, and cut and made my father a suit of grey which he was wearing when captured.

One day, long after the war, while on a deer hunt, I saw that I was at the very place where I was during the shell fire from the gunboats—that memorable day during the war. Looking up, I saw the indentation of the shell that struck that big gum tree just ahead of me in my race through the zone of the broadside shelling of those woods. A recent forest fire had burned away the cane and underbrush, and I decided to look for the shell that had made that indenture. I found it about sixty yards from the tree, copper cap side up, looking as innocent as a water jug. Four overflows had covered it since it had fallen there, which is why the heat of the burning cane had not exploded it. I examined other trees around this one, and found many had been struck from one to two feet from the ground, and the unexploded shells were there still. I can vouch for it, though, that many of the sixty-four pounders did explode during that broadside, and dangerously close to one small boy. I have seen stacks of these unexploded shells from four to five feet high, gathered together from the woods and fields by the Negroes.

About this time, bandits, composed of men who saw the end was at hand, had deserted the Confederacy and were going west across the Napoleon trail. They had become so numerous that Montgomery's battalion of the Cameron company, of which my father was 1st lieutenant, was stationed in the Delta to protect those who were still living here from their depredations. We had not seen my father for weeks, as this company was kept busy with these maurading bandits and raiding Federals. One day, my father's body servant, who attended him throughout the war, galloped up with the news, "The Yankees are coming!" The Negroes, with our help, drove the mules and horses to the cane and woods to save them from capture. This boy then told of my father's capture by the Federals. He had stopped by at the home of F. A. Montgomery, when it was suddenly surrounded and he was

taken prisoner. My mother immediately went up to her sister's, Mrs. Montgomery, and learned that the Federals had taken my father immediately to the mouth of the White River, where they maintained a marine station and a reconcentrado camp for Negroes.

My brother and I accompanied our mother next day to the home of Colonel Lafayette Jones on the river just south of this marine station. Colonel Jones told us that a transport, under convoy of a gunboat, would land at this, the Rosedale Landing, the next day to take on some cotton that had been scrapped up, and he was sure the captain would allow my mother to see my father. The captain of this gunboat was very kind, knew of my father, and not only gave her a permit to see him, but gave her passage on his boat. My brother and I rode up to "Waxhaw," the home of Mrs. John Kirk, to wait there for my mother's return. We saw a transport steaming north as we waited. About 4 P.M. a yawl landed my mother beside us. She was too late to see my father. He had been sent North, and we never saw him again. He was sent to Vicksburg for exchange in the spring of 1865, where he died. Weeks after, we heard a rumor of his death, and my uncle went to Vicksburg to ascertain the truth and to locate his grave, but failed. We never knew the particulars of his death, nor where he was buried. Such are the tragedies of war.

## THE BURNING OF MAJOR MONTGOMERY'S HOUSE DURING THE CIVIL WAR

BY MATILDA B. SILLERS

I was refugeeing on the Bogue, my family, Mrs. Frank Montgomery's, and Mrs. Gayden's having had to leave our comfortable homes because they were on the Mississippi, and we were in constant danger of being shelled by the Yankee gunboats.

I lived a mile from Major Montgomery's, and Mrs. Gayden lived across the Bogue from me. Mrs. Clark had insisted that I should send for her piano for my daughter Anna and Miss Lottie Baldwin to practice on; both of them were little girls at that time. Mr. Baldwin started early for the piano with three men on a flat boat. I was going to Mrs. Montgomery's to make a call. Walter, who was a small boy, was with me riding a mule. I was riding a white pony and had on a red shawl and sunbonnet. We crossed the Bogue and made a call on Mrs. Gayden. There I met a son of Judge Harris, who belonged to the Bolivar Troop, and who was on his way back to his command. We recrossed the Bogue and were on our way to Mrs. Montgomery's, and as we turned a bend in the Bogue, I saw a hundred or more Yankees. I said, "Walter, do you see those soldiers in cousin Mary Delia's yard? They are Yankees; don't be afraid of them." I was dressed so conspicuously that they couldn't help seeing me, and I knew it was useless



to turn back until I saw what they were going to do. As soon as they saw us, the advance guard came galloping to meet us. They had long pistols in their hands and halted us, waving those pistols around in a very careless manner.

I said to Walter, "Since there are so many soldiers here, I believe I'll go back."

"No," they said, "you won't. You will have to come with us."

I said, "Where are you going?"

"Up to that house and burn it," they replied in a very ugly savage manner.

I said, "All right, I'll go with you. I was going to make a call anyhow."

They said, "Have you seen any men this morning?"

I replied, "No, I have not seen any *men*." (I had seen only *one* man).

"Have you seen any soldiers this morning?"

I said, "No, I have seen no *soldiers*." (I had seen only *one* soldier.)

"Where is Major Montgomery's Company?"

"I do not know. The last I heard of them they were in Coahoma County."

My information did not seem very pleasing to them. I was glad they made me go with them, for Mrs. Montgomery was not doing much to try to save her things—they all seemed struck dumb; it came so suddenly, this terrible news that their dear home was to be burned. When I went in, Mrs. Montgomery told me orders had been given to save everything in the house that belonged to General Clark. His splendid library, all his trunks, and other personal possessions were not to be burned. They had carried out a lot of his fine books, but there were a great many lying on the floor of the hall. There were soldiers standing all around.

I said, "Pick up those books and carry them out; they are not to be burned." They carried out all the books but could not get the book-cases out. Mrs. Montgomery's sister, Mrs. Jacobs, then a young girl, was there.

I said, "Come with me, and we will have the piano carried out."

"Oh no, Aunt Matilda, they will not let us have it."

I said, "Colonel Curry, this is my niece, Miss Clark, General Clark's daughter. She wants her piano carried out."

He called some men and had it carried out, chopping down one of the beautiful doors to get it out.

I said to her, "Now get the guitar, and say it is yours also." She did so, and they carried that out, too.

One of them said, "You people had better be thinking of something besides music."

I said, "Indeed, but we will have our music if we have to sit under the trees to have it."

General Clark's son, then a small boy, wanted his trunk saved. I said, "Go upstairs and show those men your trunk, and tell them to carry it out."

He did so, but returned screaming, "They won't let me have it."

I took him by the hand and went upstairs with him and said to some men, "Those are General Clark's trunks. Pick them up and carry them out." They did.

I heard Colonel Curry telling Mrs. Montgomery to give him the pantry key. She could not find it at first, but finally did and handed it to him, and we followed him to the pantry door.

I said, "Colonel Curry, surely you are not going to burn all those provisions and deprive these little children of food."

"I intend doing just that, Madam; not a thing comes out of here." And he locked the door, putting the key in his pocket.

I said, "Mary Delia, why don't you save your carpets?"

She replied, "They won't let me."

I said to some of the men, "Pick up that roll of carpet and throw it out of the window." They did.

I picked up some of the silverware and the heavy silver soup ladle and put them in my pocket and was going out with some other things, when Colonel Curry, who was standing out on the steps, said "Madam, tell all of your soldiers that if there are any more gunboats burned, we will burn every house in Bolivar County."

I said, "All right, Colonel, you cannot burn all the trees. When we came here, we felled the trees and built our houses, and we can do it again."

They burned Major Montgomery's home and every house in the yard, but left in such a hurry that we put out the loom room, and covered up the hole burned in it. That was the only place the little children had to sleep. Their beautiful home was in ashes.

In the meantime, Mr. Baldwin had gotten the piano and was coming up the Bogue with it when the same crowd of Yankees halted him, made him come ashore, set the boat on fire, beat the piano all to pieces, and frightened the Negroes almost to death.

\* \* \*

# THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR—BOLIVAR COUNTY'S COMPANY

BY FLORENCE W. SILLERS

Company "B" of the 2nd Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers.  
Captain, Edgar H. Woods, Rosedale, Mississippi.

From the "muster out roll" of Company "B" in the possession of the captain, E. H. Woods, we copy the following:

"Record of events which may be necessary or useful for future reference at the War Department.

"The company was organized at Rosedale, Mississippi, and Greenwood, Mississippi, and proceeded by rail to Jackson, Mississippi, May 28, 1898, and on June 1, 1898, was mustered into service by Lieutenant Lockwood; on June 20, 1898, it proceeded with the regiment by rail to Jacksonville, Florida, becoming a part of the 7th Army Corps under General Fitzhugh Lee.

"On August 8, 1898, the company was detached from the regiment and assigned to provost duty in the city of Jacksonville, Florida. At the expiration of the ten days tour, at the urgent request of Major Russell B. Harrison, Provost Marshall, the company, for efficient service rendered, was continued on provost duty for four days longer, to August 22, 1898, when it rejoined the regiment.

"On September 10, 1898, Captain Woods was put in command of a special hospital train with his company, and proceeded by rail to Lauderdale Springs, Mississippi, to be mustered out. On September 19, 1898, the company was furloughed for thirty days. A detachment of fifteen men in command of Lieutenant McGuire was left to guard the company property, and this detachment, owing to the prevalence of yellow fever in the State of Mississippi, was ordered to Columbia, Tennessee, by the War Department, whither they proceeded by rail October, 1898.

"On November 27, 1898, Captain Woods was put in command of Special Train No. 5 at Greenwood, Mississippi, bearing soldiers of both 1st and 2nd Mississippi Regiments, bound for Columbia, Tennessee, to be mustered out.

"The company arrived at Columbia November 28, 1898, and on December 1, 1898, was detached from the regiment and detailed on continuous duty as provost guards in the city of Columbia, Tennessee, to December 20, 1898.

"There was but one death in the company, that of Private Sandlin, who died of typhoid fever in the 3rd Division Hospital, 7th A. C., Jacksonville, Florida, August 17, 1898."

#### MUSTER ROLL OF COMPANP "B" - JUNE 1, 1898.

##### 2nd Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers, Jackson, Mississippi

Captain.....	Edgar H. Woods, Rosedale, Miss. (Lawyer)
1st Lieut.....	Benjamin G. Humphreys, Greenwood, Miss. (Lawyer)
2nd Lieut.....	Robert J. McGuire, Rosedale, Miss.
1st Sgt.....	Edward L. Fontaine, Lyons., Miss (Engineer)
2nd. Sgt.....	William C. George, Carrollton, Miss. (Planter)
Sergeant.....	Samuel L. Gwin, Greenwood, Miss. (Lawyer)
Sergeant.....	Benjamin G. Humphreys, Greenwood, Miss. (Cotton Classer)
Sergeant.....	John R. Prophet, Black Hawk, Miss. (Mechanic).
Sergeant.....	Paul D. Montjoy, McNutt, Miss. (Clerk).
Corporal.....	Edgar C. Given, Lawrence Co. (Ins. Agt.).
Corporal.....	Howard D. Lowd, Hines Co. (Journalist.).
Corporal.....	John W. Ward, Shaw, Miss. (Clerk)
Corporal.....	James C. Hemingway., Greenwood, Miss. (Salesman).
Musician.....	George E. Pease, Gunnison, Miss. (Drug Clerk).
Musician.....	Thomas W. Fuller, Dockery, Miss. (Clerk).
Artificer.....	Steven H. Howey, Ruleville, Miss. (Machinist.).
Wagoner.....	Wm. H. Abston, Clarksdale, Miss. (Farmer).

#### PRIVATES

Atkins, Thomas B. ....	Boyle, Miss.
Armstrong, James E.....	Phillips, Miss.

Allen, John K.	Greenwood, Miss.
Arnold, Jake F.	Gunnison, Miss.
Allen, Thomas W.	Greenwood, Miss.
Bruce, Robert	Shelby, Miss.
Brewer, John W.	Lula, Miss.
Barr, Lester E.	Greenwood, Miss.
Bridges, Dock K.	Greenwood, Miss.
Boswell, John R.	Eden, Miss.
Bell, Ezra	Jackson, Miss.
Braden, John	Rosedale, Miss.
Bridges, James C.	Webb, Miss.
Clarke, Wm. W.	Richmond, Va.
Calvert, Cow. D.	Cleveland, Miss.
Casey, John L.	Shell Mound, Miss.
Collins, Neily	Clover Hill, Miss.
Chaney, Rife	Lobdell, Miss.
Davidson, Lewis E.	Itta Bena, Miss.
Fashee, Jesse O.	Greenwood, Miss.
FitzGerald, Edmond B.	Gunnison, Miss.
Gardner, Levi B.	Carrollton, Miss.
Huffman, Edgar B.	Greenwood, Miss.
Halstead, Horace H.	Cleveland, Miss.
Herndon, Leonard W.	Boyle, Miss.
Harrell, Erskine	Wesson, Miss.
Kennedy, John E.	Lula, Miss.
Lauderdale, Thom. C.	Shelby, Miss.
McGan, Euley	Ruleville, Miss.
McGuire, Henry Q.	Baird, Miss.
McGuire, Lamar	Baird, Miss.
Moseley, George	Canton, Miss.
Nugent, Thomas	Jackson, Miss.
Nixon, Wesley	Jackson, Miss.
Orlansky, Jake	Greenwood, Miss.
Pegg, Luther	Jonestown, Miss.
Pace, Paul M.	Greenwood, Miss.
Parrish, Robert	Greenwood, Miss.
Parrish, Ben N.	Greenwood, Miss.
Rodgers, Jeff	Greenwood, Miss.
Rodgers, Jesse T.	Greenwood, Miss.
Shyrock, Frank M.	Lyons, Miss.
Spencer, Clarke S.	Phillips, Miss.
Stein, Caesar	Greenwood, Miss.
Shattuck, Alexander R.	Gunnison, Miss.
Sanlin, Wm. H.	Coila, Miss.
Schwartz, Sidney	Rosedale, Miss.
Scales, Robt. W.	Greenwood, Miss.
Stone, Charlie W.	Lyons, Miss.
Sloat, Geo. W.	Cleveland, Miss.
Smith, Amos	Jackson, Miss.
Tillman, Clifford F.	Itta Bena, Miss.
Thornhill, Thomas D.	Baird, Miss.
Wise, James B.	Yazoo, City, Miss.
Woods, Henry F.	Cleveland, Miss.
Wakefield, James S.	Cleveland, Miss.
Wyse, Lagrone	Sallis, Miss.

Weber, George .....	Itta Bena, Miss.
Wilson, Hubert B. ....	Rosedale, Miss.
Wells, Charles O. ....	Sidon, Miss.
Warfield, Guy F. ....	Gunnison, Miss.

3 Commissioned Officers	
6 Sergeants	
6 Corporals	
2 Musicians	
1 Artificer	
1 Wagoneer	
62 Privates	
Total enlisted	78
Aggregate	81

"I certify that this muster-in roll exhibits the true state of Capt. E. H. Woods' Company "B" of the 2nd Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers for the period mentioned herein; that each man answers to his proper name in person, and that the remarks set opposite the name of each officer and soldier are accurate and just.

E. H. Woods, Captain 2nd. Reg."

Station, Jackson, Miss. June 1, 1898.

Mustering Officer, J. A. Lockwood, 1st Lieutenant.  
4th Cavalry, Jackson, Miss.

Regiment commanded by Colonel W. A. Montgomery, (Edwards, Miss.)

Captain Woods says in a recent letter sent with the muster rolls:

"It will be of interest for you to know that my company was the only Mississippi troops that served on detached duty, and as I recall, but cannot verify because of the death of dear old Ben Humphreys, that our company was the only one in the 7th Army Corps mentioned in orders by General Lee. While my company was "B", it was honored by Colonel Montgomery by being placed at the head of the regiment.

We were the First Company, the First Battalion of the Third Brigade of the Seventh Army Corps.

General Lee had promised us a great part when we got to Cuba, but the Spaniards heard we were coming and quit."

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Thus we find that Bolivar County did a good part in this war with Spain, even though it lasted so short a time. Her citizens were ready to give their lives to their country had it been necessary.

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The information given above was furnished by Captain Woods, who now lives near Bowling Green, Kentucky, where he has a splendid landed estate on which he raises blooded stock.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See the sketch of Captain Woods' life for his return to Bolivar County and his death here. Bolivar County lost a fine citizen when Captain Woods moved to Kentucky.