YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

LEWIS M. GRIST, Proprietor. | An Independent Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the South. | TERMS---$3.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 22. YORKVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1876. NO. 43.

South Carolina Troubles.

RIOT NEAR CHARLESTON.

The Charleston papers contain the details of a serious riot which occurred on Monday, 16th instant, at Cainhoy, a village on one of the islands near Charleston. It seems that a joint discussion between speakers representing the two parties had been agreed upon, to take place at Cainhoy on the day named, and a steamer had been chartered for the use of the Democratic party, and conveyed to the scene of speaking about two hundred Democrats; among whom were the Democratic speakers, the Hon. M. P. O'Connor, candidate for Congress; Mr. St. Julien Jervey, candidate for Solicitor; Messrs. Ficken and C. C. White, candidates for the Legislature; Mr. C. C. Leslie, colored, candidate for County Commissioner; Colonel M. R. Delany, colored, and others. They were generally unarmed, by especial agreement between the chairmen of the Republican and Democratic County Committees, though some of the men carried pocket pistols. Bowen, McKinlay, Cyrus Gaillard and other prominent republican speakers, escorted by about one hundred and fifty negroes, were allowed to go on the boat which had been chartered by the Democrats.

THE RIOT BEGAN

while McKinlay was speaking. The negroes had not kept faith with the whites. They had brought their muskets to the meeting, and had secreted them in the swamp and in an old out-house near the church, leaving a guard over them. The place of meeting, the old Brick Church, is about three miles from the village of Cainhoy. The church is built upon a hill, near a branch or swamp. About fifty feet from it is a small brick building, evidently intended for a vestry-room or Sunday-school. One hundred feet to the east of this is an old frame building, which has probably been tenantless for ten or twelve years. In this building the negroes had stacked their muskets, leaving several men and women to guard them. The rest of their muskets had been secreted in the swamp, which was about fifty yards from the church. The indications are that the negroes intended to create a riot when Delany should attempt to speak. They probably mistook McKinlay for Delany, and as soon as he started to speak, began to carry out their programme. A company of armed blacks immediately marched out of the swamp with their arms and opened fire upon the whites, who were unarmed, and a portion of whom at once made a rush for the old frame building in which about forty muskets were piled. Then the rest of the negroes retreated to the swamp where their guns were concealed, and seizing them, opened a brisk and indiscriminate fire upon the whites. Bowen attempted, or affected to attempt, to interfere and preserve the peace; but was told by his black henchman, Cyrus Gaillard, to stand out of the way, that they intended to get the damned white men now. Both Bowen and McKinlay disappeared soon after, Bowen telling the white men that they would have to look out for themselves and that he was powerless to preserve the peace.

A FOUL MURDER.

In the meantime, Col. Delany, Mr. Wm. E. Simmons and several other aged white men, had taken refuge in the brick house adjoining the church. Under the rapid fire poured into them, the whites had retreated to the graveyard west of the church; such of them as had pistols returning the fire. The negro militia charged out of the swamp, surrounded the brick house and attempted to batter down the door. Failing in this they broke open the windows and pointed their muskets at the occupants who started to retreat. All of them escaped except Mr. Simmons, an old, crippled and silver-haired white man, who, upon emerging from the door, was knocked down by the black savages and literally beaten to death. Not satisfied with this, they fired a load of buck-shot into his prostrate body. When the reporter arrived upon the scene, the spot where this poor old gentleman was murdered could be easily detected. A pool of blood just outside the building marked the place, and a number of buck-shot in the door sill showed that he had been shot while lying on the ground.

After the fight commenced, the whites retreated towards the viliage. A stand was made among the tombstones and another about half way to the village among piles of cut wood. When the party arrived at the village, about six men were missing. Three of these were brought in in the evening about 8 o'clock by a couple of colored Democrats who visited the scene. The dead body of Mr. Simmons was horribly mutilated. It was placed in the residence of Mr. Lucas and sent to the city on the steamer Pocosin yesterday morning.

Mr. Wm. Daly, a young white Charlestonian, was also brought in dead. He was shot through the neck and fearfully cut up by a hatchet or axe. He was also sent to the city by the Pocosin.

Mr. Thomas Whitaker was brought in in a dying condition. His right arm was fearfully shattered by a load of buckshot, evidently fired at short range. After he fell he was evidently set upon by the crowd and beaten over the head and body with clubs and hatchets. He lived until 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, and received every attention that could be bestowed.

THE DEATH LIST.

The following is the full list of the white men killed: Mr. Wm. E. Simmons, Mr. Alexander McNeil, Mr. Wm. Daly, Mr. Thomas Whitaker, Mr. J. King and Mr. Walter Gradick.

A detail from Charleston, under the command of Major Buist, reached the Brick Church about 8 o'clock, on Tuesday morning. On every side were to be seen the evidences of the fight the day previous. A dozen wagons and buggies overturned and smashed up, a dead mule, shot through the breast; bullet holes in the trees and buildings, all proved how severe had been the fire of the black militia.

ONE DEAD NEGRO

was seen. He was an old man, apparently aged about seventy years, and was lying in the road quite dead with a load of buckshot in his breast. His name is John Lachicotte. Mr. J. W. Cannon, who was present at the attack, states that this was the fellow who shot Mr. Whitaker, and that he was immediately shot down; but whether by the whites or by one of his own color, it was impossible to tell. A significant fact is that the negroes had even robbed this old man. His coat and pants were not worth taking, but they had carried off his shoes and hat, and had rifled his pockets and left his body lying on the road alongside of the body of a dead mule.

About 3 o'clock a body of fifteen negroes came up and asked permission to remove the body and bury it. They were allowed to do so. These fifteen negroes were the only ones seen during the day. The force of white citizens, after reaching the scene of attack, were divided into squads and scattered through the parish in search of Mr. Pregnall who was missing. The mission was a fruitless one. They only learned from Coroner Logan that it had been reported to him that Mr. Pregnall, after being badly wounded, was rescued from the mob by a colored man and carried to the city in a small boat. It was subsequently learned that Mr. Pregnall had reached the city.

Capt. Charles Carroll White, although painfully wounded in the back, at the request of a reporter for the *News and Courier*, gave the following statement concerning the attack upon the unarmed whites at Cainhoy:

"I was about six or eight feet from the stand. McKinlay had just begun his speech, and before he had spoken more than a few words, it appeared to me that the negroes were dissatisfied, and I saw a movement among them. I happened to be looking in that direction when the first shot was fired, and saw a brown colored negro fire a pistol apparently into the air. This man was standing near a kitchen which stood a little to the left and rear of the stand. The negroes were standing on this side of the stand in a kind of semi-circle, and the whites were on the right of the stand. Just about this time I heard some white men say, "Look at those guns in this chimney," and five negro women rushed out of the house. It appears that these women had been standing with skirts extended in front of the fire-place to conceal the guns, and as soon as they were discovered by the whites, they rushed out. This took place a second or two before the pistol was fired, which I conscientiously believe was a preconcerted signal. The very moment this shot was fired the negroes rushed into this house for the guns, but the whites having suspected foul play, seized them first and told them to stand back. The negroes on, all sides, then dashed for the swamp and seemed to be met there by others with guns. In an incredible short space of time, they had formed into line and advanced on us with their guns in their hands and in a stooping posture. The whites at this time were about one hundred yards from the negroes. I was at this time between the two parties and tried to restore quiet. I did not draw my revolver. After trying in vain to quell the disturbance, I looked around and found the white men falling back before the rifle shots of the negroes. They were armed only with pistols, and some not armed at all, and they could not stand against the rifles and muskets at such a long range. Mr. David Marsh, and a colored man named London, were with me at this time. Seeing the Democrats fall back, I wheeled around to join them, and as I did so I was fired upon by the negroes and struck just below the left shoulder blade, the ball passing round toward the right. I was also struck by another ball in the back, just below the collar, but this ball was apparently spent, as it did not go in, and another ball struck me on the boot heel. At the first of the outbreak the whites and blacks separated, and Bowen was with the whites and told them not to return the fire and he would try and stop the fuss. But he had no control over the negroes, and finally went over among them and disappeared. The firing then became general. I don't think over fifteen or twenty pistol shots were fired by the whites, and the truth was they had, many of them, shot out most of their cartridges into the river on the trip up. The negroes continued firing, and reloading and firing again. Large numbers of negroes appeared to come from the swamp with guns, who had not been at the meeting. The whites then being unarmed and powerless, fell back down the road towards the steamer. My conscientious opinion is that the whole thing was a preconcerted plan, and that the firing of the pistol by the brown man into the air, was the signal for the onslaught. Bowen knew that we were unarmed, and he also must have known that the negroes had their guns concealed, because he was with them a half hour before we came up, and was in the very house where some of the guns were found. I was rather inclined to give Bowen credit for trying to keep peace at these meetings until yesterday, but I have a decidedly different opinion now. The negroes, after we retreated, held complete possession of the field, and any attempt on our part to go back for the dead and wounded would have been suicidal, as we were in no way prepared either with arms or ammunition. The white men acted as well as possible under the circumstances, but we were regularly ambushed and enfiladed and left without the means of defence. Great credit is due to Major Delany for his bravery during the attack."

Up to Tuesday night there had been, in all, six deaths. Sixteen persons were injured on the Democratic side.

In addition to the above, which we copy from the *News and Courier*, we present the following accounts of the affair from Republican sources. On Tuesday, C. C. Bowen, Sheriff of Charleston county, telegraphed to Governor Chamberlain as follows:

"A fight, during joint discussion at Cainhoy, was occasioned by a portion of the Democrats from this city attacking the meeting and killing an old colored man. This was the first shot fired; afterward a general row ensued.

C. C. BOWEN, Sheriff."

To which the Governor replied:

"I have no details of the Cainhoy affair, but whatever they are, you must arrest and bring to justice at once, every man engaged in the killing, without regard to race or party. See that the trial justices do their duty, or report them to me. Warrants must be issued immediately. Call on every eye witness, or person having knowledge, to make affidavits.

D. H. CHAMBERLAIN, Governor."

R. H. Willoughby, Radical, telegraphed the following from Charleston to Governor Chamberlain, under date of the 17th instant:

"GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN, COLUMBIA, S. C. Your dispatch received at half-past 4. The following are the particulars of the Cainhoy affair from a credible eye witness: To convey the Democratic speakers to Cainhoy, the steamer Pocosin was chartered, and she left the market wharf yesterday morning, at 9 o'clock, having on board M. P. O'Connor, Esq., Democratic candidate for Congress; J. F. Ficken, Esq., W. St. Julien Jervey, Esq., and other Democratic speakers, and about two hundred white men who had been selected to accompany them, most of whom were armed with pistols. Sheriff Bowen, W. J. McKinlay, Esq., and Mr. C. Gaillard, Republican speakers, with about twelve or fifteen of their friends, went on board the steamer just as she was leaving the wharf. The steamer reached the dock at Cainhoy about 12 o'clock, and the party proceeded to the Brick church in wagons and on foot. Mr. Bowen arrived at the place selected, a little in advance of the others, and found there assembled between two and three hundred colored people. They had come from all parts of the parish, many of them, as is their custom from traveling in that region, bringing their guns. They put their weapons in various places near by, many of them being set in the corner of an old building close to the stand, with no intention of secreting them, but only that they could find them when the meeting closed.

These arms were of different kinds, shot guns, old muskets, etc., the private property of the freedmen. There were no militia guns to be seen, and the statement that there was a militia company on the ground is totally false. The meeting was organized by the selection of a colored chairman, named Stewart, on the part of the Republicans, and a Mr. Sanders, by the Democrats. The arrangement agreed upon was that each of the parties should be allowed two hours for the speeches. At the opening Mr. Bowen said a few words, requesting the people to listen attentively to what was said, and to be orderly and quiet. Mr. St. Julien Jervey, Democratic speaker, was then introduced, and spoke without the least interruption to the close of his remarks. He was followed by Mr. W. J. McKinlay, Republican speaker, who had only said a few words when he was startled by the cry, "Look-out! lookout!!" Mr. McKinlay looked round and exclaimed, in excited tones, "Those men have their guns and are going to shoot me," and jumped off the stand.

The colored people around the stand, alarmed by this, broke right and left. At the same time about a dozen of the democratic escort were seen standing by the door of the building in which the freedmen's guns had been left. They all held guns in a position, as if bringing them to an aim. Mr. Bowen, seeing this demonstration, called Mr. O'Connor's attention to it, telling him that it must be stopped. Mr. O'Connor spoke to the men, inquiring where they had got the guns, when the party, whose reply was not heard, went to the other end of the building and formed line. In an instant a shot was fired by one of these men, and an old decrepid colored man was seen to fall, shot dead. A brisk firing began immediately between the colored men, who had rushed for their arms at the alarm from Mr. McKinlay, and the whites. Several of the latter were seen to fall, but it was impossible then to tell who they were.

In a few minutes the democrats were driven back and made their way under a rapid fire for the village. Two white men are known to be killed and fifteen wounded. The number of colored men shot cannot be ascertained. The wounded democrats were brought to the city this morning. A democrat who was present, and, it is said, held a pistol to Mr. Bowen's head with the intention of killing him, declared in the presence of a gentleman, who authorized us to state the fact, that the Butler Guards who formed the escort to the democratic speakers, are responsible for the unfortunate affair. R. H. WILLOUGHBY.

From the New York Herald, October 11.

THE ELLENTON RIOT.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE RECENT CONFLICT.

ELLENTON, AIKEN COUNTY, S. C., October 6, 1876.

Your correspondent, pursuant to instructions, has given a patient hearing to every man in Aiken county who desired to talk about the late conflict in this county; has tediously evolved fact or comment from those who did not want to talk, and has visited every battlefield of this guerrilla war, from the defile where the first rencontre took place, past Rouse's Bridge, and the double bridge, the Cowdon Swamp, Silverton, where the brace of black villains committed the first crime; Crown Mills, the point where the railroad track was torn up, and finds himself this morning at Ellenton, the uttermost point of the conflict.

What I shall write is the truth. It is backed by affidavits, by concurrent circumstances, and it cannot be gainsaid. When the official report is made, it must conform essentially to what is written below. The story is a strange one, and its suggestions are valuable just now.

On the 15th of September, the house of Mr. Alonzo Harley, at Silverton, was entered by two negroes with burglarious intent. Mrs. Harley was sick in bed. Her son, a little fellow of tender years, was her only companion, her husband being absent. The negroes boldly entered her room and commenced to rob, at which she protested. The negroes then attacked her and beat her severely, striking her twice or three times over the upper part of the body with a club. The child then attempted to flee the house and was caught by the negroes and severely punished, he receiving a blow on the back of the neck which may disable him for life. Mrs. Harley, in the meantime had seized her husband's gun, which she drew down upon the plunderers and frightened them off, although the gun was not loaded.

Shortly afterward her husband arrived, and collecting a crowd, started in pursuit of the villains. A negro, Peter Williams, was captured under suspicion and brought back to the house. Mrs. Harley at once and fully identified him as one of the burglars. Pending her testimony, the negro made a sudden burst for the door, reached it and fled precipitately. Several of his captors rushed to the doors and windows and fired upon him. He fell and was brought back to the house severely, and it was thought, mortally wounded.

He then confessed to having committed the robbery and been privy to the assault of Mrs. Harley, which, however, he claimed was committed by one Frederick Pope, colored. He was then properly taken care of by his captors and his wounds dressed. Right here I shall take issue with the published accounts. Williams did not die, as has been reported, but is now convalescent. Steps were then taken by the friends of Harley and his wife to capture Pope, the accomplice, if not the principal, for the crime for which Williams had suffered. The proper affidavits were made and Charles Griffin, a colored Justice of the Peace, issued a warrant for the arrest of Pope. In the meantime news had been received, a very general and exciting rumor prevailing to this effect, that a large number of armed colored men had assembled and were assembling for the purpose of avenging the murder of Peter Williams, who was then believed to be dead. Williams was extremely popular with the negroes, and they protested at that time (the contrary having been indubitably proven since and confessed on all sides,) that he was innocent of the crime imputed to him, and that he had been killed by the whites through pure wantonness.

Feeling that there would be trouble in making the arrest of Pope, Griffin appointed Mr. Augus P. Brown, a citizen of known courage but of prudent good sense, to carry out this writ of arrest. Mr. Brown quietly proceeded to surround himself with a small but determined posse. By Saturday night he had collected fourteen men, having intended to take only ten. He then waited for morning, that the search for Pope might be commenced, keeping his men together during the night. Early in the morning he learned that Pope was at Rouse's Bridge, under the protection of a considerable number of armed negroes. He at once sent Messrs. Weathersby and Stallings out as scouts to determine if the report were true, and in the meantime advanced with his posse toward the bridge, taking the precaution to carry the negro Justice with him, that the negroes might be persuaded to give up their man without a struggle. When the posse passed Silverton, the home of Mr. Harley, it was reinforced by five men, the news of the gathering at Rouse's Bridge having been received at Silverton several hours before. Constable Brown's scouts returned, and confirmed, from actual knowledge, that the negroes toward the bridge were terribly excited, armed and defiant. A negro (Sidney Hankenson) confirmed their report, he having been at the bridge himself. Mr. Brown and his posse—a list of which is in my possession—moved quietly forward.

Rouse's Bridge spans a small creek, and is flanked on the left and left front by an immense swamp. It is approached by a deep and narrow cut. Just as the posse emerged from this cut—or, rather, as the first men emerged—they were met with a ragged and scattering fire from a party of negroes, who were aligned on the very edge of the swamp. No one was injured, a horse only being wounded. The posse promptly returned the fire. It is said that three negroes were wounded by this fire. From conversation with two or three of the blacks engaged, I can get the name of only one wounded man—Henry Campbell—who was shot in the arm. This, I believe, is the only casualty of the first Rouse Bridge fight. At the fire of the whites, several negroes issued from the swamp and hurried to reinforce their friends, who numbered originally about thirty. The whites, fearing the swamp was filled with armed negroes, retired precipitately to a neighboring open field, and the first fight of the campaign was over. It is proven by the affidavits of more than a dozen men, including the colored Justice, that the negroes made the first fire, opening upon the posse in the defile as is described above. The whites then, instead of returning to the attack, determined to hold a parley. They procured a white flag, and sent it by a negro woman into the swamp, asking for a conference with the blacks. The woman returned shortly afterward, saying that the negroes refused to hold any communication with the whites. She was returned to the swamp, with a more pressing invitation for a conference. She did not return at all, but a negro came out unarmed, and stated that if the whites would send forward six men named in a list he held in his hand, the blacks would give them a conference. The whites agreed, and the six men entered the swamp. This was at about 5 o'clock on Sunday. The whites showed their warrant of arrest, and demanded the negro Pope. The blacks replied that Pope was not with them, and had not been. The whites, upon hearing this, agreed that they would disperse and go home, if the negroes would do the same thing. This was arranged, and the conference terminated.

The whites at once dispersed and started home, Mr. Brown riding off by himself; Mr. Stallings and Mr. John Williams taking another road, and thirteen members of the posse riding in scattered groups toward Double Bridge, where they expected to cross.

These thirteen men were scattered along the road, Messrs. Ashley and two others riding some 300 yards in advance. When these gentlemen approached the bridge, wading through a dense swamp, about a score of armed negroes jumped up and seized Ashley. Three or four guns were raised toward him, when Bryant Counsel, a captain of the negro company, knocked the guns down with his sword, crying, "Don't shoot the man—don't shoot!" He succeeded for a moment and then cried to Ashley, "You will have to save yourself, sir; I can't save you." Ashley at once put spurs to his horse and rushed off. He was fired on by several negroes and struck in the back by several small shot. His companions followed, one of them losing his gun and another having his trowsers' leg torn off by a negro who attempted to pull him from his horse.

In the meantime the whites behind Ashley, hearing the firing, galloped sharply forward. As they entered the swamp, eleven in number, they were met with a brisk volley, and Jim Bush, James Cochran, D. W. Crosland and Sid Hankenson were wounded. Five of the whites stood firm and leveled their guns. The negroes rushed on them, Basil Bryant and Wilkins Hamilton leading the charge. The whites fired steadily, and Basil Bryant fell dead, and Hamilton fell sharply wounded. The whites then hastily retreated, each one plunging into the swamp at separate points.

Just one-half hour later—this rencontre occurring at about 6 o'clock on Sunday—the negroes opened the ball in another direction, some five miles distant, near Silverton. Mr. John Williams and Stallings, two members of the dispersed posse, who were quietly riding home, were fired on by three negroes who were lying down under a large tree. John Williams fell dead on the instant, and Mr. Stallings' horse was killed. He leaped off and sprung into the woods and made his escape.

At just about this time the skies were reddened in the direction of Ellenton by heavy and various fires, caused by the burning of a mill, gin house and barn on the place of Dr. Bailey. These had been fired by the negroes.

Every point of the above is supported by the fullest affidavits from both whites and blacks. It appears that the negroes, after agreeing to a treaty of dispersal, which the whites observed in perfect faith, broke the peace in three particulars: First, by the firing on the eleven men at Double Bridge, and wounding four of them; second, by the firing on Williams and Stallings, by which the former was killed; third, by the burning of the Bailey outhouses. It must be remembered that these events occurred within two hours of each other. They covered an area of twelve miles, proving conclusively that several bands of negroes were at work with murderous intent. Occurring in the night time as they did, the scattered members of the posse believed that the whole negro race of the county were in arms and bent on murder, rapine and arson. They sped in different directions, rallying the white people and calling for aid. This movement commenced at 11 o'clock. By 2 o'clock possibly 200 mounted white men were hurrying toward Silverton, where they were massed at about daylight. Col. A. P. Butler and Capt. G. W. Croft were at the head of affairs.

At daylight Monday morning, the white column commenced moving briskly toward Ellenton. As they were passing through the Cowdon plantation, they were met by a very excited courier, who announced that the negroes had wrecked the train on the Port Royal Railroad, hard by, and were around the wreck in great numbers. They charged down upon the point of the wreck, being covered by a high grass hedge, until they were fairly upon the negroes. They fired in upon the armed men standing around the train and killed one negro, wounding none. The negroes fired a few panicky shots and scattered.

News then came that the wreckers had retired on Ellenton, where they had been met by a company of Barnwell negroes, under Simon Coker, and were in full and dangerous possession of the town. Upon reaching the town they found that the negroes had just left, one party going toward Rouse's Bridge and the other, under Coker, going toward Penn Branch Swamp, where they expected to ambush white reinforcements that were coming from Barnwell county, under command of Gen. Hagood. The whites—it then being about 4 o'clock on Monday—pushed on to Rouse's Bridge. They had not proceeded far when their scouts were fired on by six negroes, who were fortified in a little house by the roadside. The main body rushing up, the negroes fled. David Malley, (colored) was shot dead in the house. Sam Brown was killed while running, gun in hand. Warren Kelsey was wounded and fell. The whites rushed upon him. Mr. Jim Bush exclaimed, "Don't shoot, boys; his daddy is a good old negro." A white man, reaching down in the grass, lifted Kelsey's head and cried, "By God! he's got a gun in his hand right now!" At this a dozen shots were fired and he fell back dead.

Couriers then reached the whites and implored them to return and camp in Ellenton during the night, as the negroes had threatened to return and burn the town. They did so and went into camp on Monday night at Ellenton. Up to this time the whites had been lynched, and that Pope was being hunted down. They very naturally thought of protecting him. They were wrong in violating the treaty they made, by killing Williams, by ambushing the party at Double Bridge, and by firing the Bailey outhouses. They were wrong in tearing up the railroad track and cutting the telegraph wires, in breaking open and plundering Weathersbee's store, in driving cattle into the swamps and killing them, in threatening Ellenton. The whites were much more prudent and correct. Indeed, it is hard to see how the whites were so easily controlled as they were. They are continually nervous about the race question in camp at Ellenton, on Tuesday morning, (having lost one white killed and four wounded, and having killed eight negroes and wounded two) to describe the fighting done by the Barnwell county men, who, under the leadership of General Hagood and Sheriff Patterson, of Barnwell, were marching toward the scene. It will be remembered that Simon Coker's company, armed with Winchester rifles, had left Ellenton on Monday evening for Penn Branch Swamp, where they intended to ambush the white reinforcements.

Before reaching the swamp, the Barnwell whites were fired upon from ambush, and the Sheriff, James Patterson, was severely wounded. Upon reaching the edge of the swamp, the advance guard of whites were confronted suddenly by about seventy armed negroes, who poured a direct fire into them. Robert Williams was killed at the first flash, Samuel Dunbar shot in the hand and breast, J. H. Killingworth was shot in the leg, and Mike Heyers in the neck. The whites returned the fire, killing Ed. W. Bush, (colored), Roundtree (colored), and two negroes named Paris and Henry. The negroes then plunged into the swamp, leaving Simon Coker, their captain, in the hands of the whites. The whites then pushed on toward Ellenton, carrying Coker with them. *En route* to Ellenton the whites killed George Turner, (colored) and William Tutt, (colored). I am informed that these negroes were seen with guns in their hands, and were fired upon and shot down. Arriving at Ellenton, Simon Coker, prisoner, who had been the instigator and leader of the negroes, it was alleged, was killed by his captors. The Barnwell men then killed seven negroes in the march to Ellenton, losing one man killed and three wounded. The casualties then stood fifteen negroes killed in both counties and two wounded; whites, two killed and eight wounded.

On Tuesday morning the Aiken county whites, who were encamped at Ellenton, started for Rouse's Bridge, where it was understood the negroes were massed in large numbers. Upon reaching the bridge it was discovered that the negroes had crossed the creek, torn up the bridge and entrenched themselves in the swamp.

The decisive moment had now come. The main body of the whites, some 300 in number, were preparing to charge on the swamp in which were ambushed the main body of the negroes, number unknown, but possibly as large as the whites. The whites were delayed at the torn bridge, and spent half an hour in arranging to cross the stream. A few straggling shots were fired on both sides, without damage to either. At length the stream was crossed and the whites were stiffening themselves in the saddle for a charge, when a yell that broke from the depths of the swamp caused them to hesitate. A dozen guns were at the shoulder to fire on the body of men who were evidently approaching the edge of the swamp, when Captain Croft struck them down and shouted: "Those are white men coming through the swamp." In a moment they broke through the edge of the swamp, and discovered that it was a body of United States troops. The soldiers came walking rapidly forward, totally unarmed, many with their coats off, and many of them swinging their hats in the air.

A committee of three whites, headed by Captain Croft, advanced to meet Captain Lloyd, in command of the troops. After saluting, Captain Croft said:

"We are here, sir, for the purpose of enforcing order. Have you any orders for us?" If so, they shall be obeyed."

"I have none, sir."

"Under what instructions are you here, then, sir?"

"Simply to preserve the peace."

"Have you any advice to offer?"

"I advise you to disperse your men."

"Will you force the negroes to disperse?"

"I cannot force them. I feel assured, however, that the advice I shall give them will result in their prompt dispersion, particularly if you disperse your men now."

This was perfectly satisfactory to Captain Croft and his colleagues, and in twenty minutes the column of whites, saluting the soldiers pleasantly as they passed, filed beyond them, and in two hours were completely dispersed. The negroes committed no more depredations, and thus the three days war was ended.

The following is a full, authentic and complete list of the killed and wounded. Not another negro or white man can be named, who can be identified as a real personage, who is now unaccountably missing from any neighborhood in Aiken or Barnwell county. Henry Campbell, the negro who was wounded in the first skirmish at the defile, died last night of secondary hemorrhage of his wound:

Whites killed—John Williams, near Silverton, on Sunday night, ambushed.

Robert Williams, at Penn's Branch, on Monday night, killed in the fight.

Whites wounded—At Double Bridge, on Sunday night, J. H. Bush, in jaw and mouth; James Cochran, in shoulder; Sidney Hankenson, in neck; D. W. Crosland, in neck and back; Joseph Ashley, in shoulder.

Near Penn Branch, on Monday night, Jas. Patterson, ambushed.

At Penn Branch, on Monday night, Samuel Dunbar, in hand and breast; J. H. Killingsworth, in leg.

Negroes killed—Basil Bryant, at Double Bridge, Sunday night, killed in the fight.

Unknown negro "Kit," killed at railroad wreck in a general skirmish.

Warren Kelsey, Sam Brown, Dave Mallay, at Kelsey's house, near Ellenton, Monday evening, in skirmish.

John Kelsey, at Ellenton, Monday night, shot while running with gun in hand.

Abraham Hammond, or Silverton, at Ellenton, Monday night.

Wilkins Hamilton, wounded at Double Bridge, Sunday night, died or was killed after capture.

George Turner, William Tutt, killed by Brownell, Monday evening, in flight, while armed.

Simon Coker, at Ellenton, Monday night, killed after capture.

E. W. Bush, — Rountree, "Paris," "Henry," at Penn's Branch fight, on Monday evening.

Henry Campbell, wounded at defile Sunday afternoon, and died of secondary hemorrhage of wound.

Only two negroes were reported wounded, one of whom (Campbell) died, and the other (Hamilton) either died or was killed. There are doubtless other negroes slightly wounded, who keep the matter hid. I heard of two or three such cases.

I see nothing in this terrible conflict beyond a hint as to the heat of the canvass, and of the inflammable nature of things here. The negroes were imprudent and wanton in two respects. I can hardly blame them for rallying at first to protect Frederick Pope. They believed that Williams, their favorite, had been lynched, and that Pope was being hunted down. They very naturally thought of protecting him. They were wrong in violating the treaty they made, by killing Williams, by ambushing the party at Double Bridge, and by firing the Bailey outhouses. They were wrong in tearing up the railroad track and cutting the telegraph wires, in breaking open and plundering Weathersbee's store, in driving cattle into the swamps and killing them, in threatening Ellenton. The whites were much more prudent and correct. Indeed, it is hard to see how the whites were so easily controlled as they were. They are continually nervous about the race question anyhow, as the blacks outnumber them ten to one.

Now let us consider the condition of mind those men who were ambushed at Double Bridge on Sunday night must have been in. They were openly attacked by a large number of armed negroes in the night. After they scattered, wounded and exhausted, they discovered that another party of negroes had killed Williams and shot Stallings' horse. While they were receiving this news, they saw the skies reddening with two or three incendiary fires, evidently the work of another party of negroes. They felt certain, so many of them informed me, that there had been a general uprising of the negroes for the purpose of rape and murder and arson. The coolness in dispersing so promptly at their captain's call is remarkable.

It has been said by Senator John Patterson that the white people wrecked the train on the Port Royal Railroad for the purpose of robbery, believing that a United States paymaster with $50,000 was on board. This can hardly be so, as the train that was wrecked was the way freight train, on which no passengers (much less a United States paymaster) ever travels. Besides this the telegraph wires were cut in three places on the night before the train was due; a hardly likely proceeding if robbery was the object. I have seen the affidavit of Tenant, the engineer, in which he says that the field in front of the place where the engine was wrecked was full of armed negroes. The whites who came up shortly afterward fired into them and killed one armed negro. The impression here is, and it is shared by all, that the negroes feared the train would bring help from Augusta and they determined to wreck it.

Your correspondent must recur for a moment to the strange mystery and exaggeration that has been thrown over this affair. *En route* to the scene of conflict I was repeatedly informed by Democrats as well as Republicans, that the list of killed was everywhere from thirty to three hundred. The best informed editors and politicians believed that the slaughter had been terrific; and even in Augusta, within twenty miles of Ellenton, it is believed that not less than fifty and probably more than one hundred were killed. A reporter of an Atlanta paper visiting the scene a week after the occurrence, put the deaths at ninety. A Chicago correspondent, with painful exactness, puts it at one hundred and seventy-nine. General Hagood, who participated in the conflict, gives the number at thirty-one. The causes of this strange misapprehension are manifold. In the first place, the negroes, in almost every case, fought in the swamp, leaving it indefinite as to how many were killed and lost. The fight was being waged at three or four different points, widely distant from each other, at the same time, and reports flying to and from the various squads were vastly exaggerated. The fights lasted for three days and nights, rencontres being frequent enough to produce the impression

THAT THE SLAUGHTER WAS DREADFUL.

A good many careless young fellows came down from Augusta and other points, and, returning with exaggerted reports, produced the impression that scores were killed. Above all, a great many negroes who were prominent in the fighting, kept themselves hid for days after the peace, being afraid to show themselves. Their friends, really supposing that they had been killed, reported them dead, and mourned them as such. This very morning Abram Overstreet and Alec Wright, who were currently reported dead, and put by Democrats on the death list, put in their appearance without a scratch. At Ellenton, Albert Carroll, Dan Rouse and Alec Williams were believed on all hands to be dead. Your correspondent talked with all of these negroes in Aiken two days ago, where they are living under protection of the troops. I have worked patiently in both places and at intermediate places, comparing lists, looking up missing men, interviewing all classes and conditions of people, and I am positively certain that no other casualty than those tabulated above can be substantiated. I talked with scores of negroes and asked them what negroes were missing from their various neighborhoods. In every case they were covered by one of the names reported above. All the negroes have shown up now, and now, for the first time, is a truthful report obtainable. I could publish the affidavits of twenty men in Aiken County, of the highest respectability, that the most rigid scrutiny could not put the deaths above twenty. I have made a search for the graves of the killed. These graves are scattered about and I have located just seventeen graves, two whites being buried and eighteen blacks. Henry Campbell, who died last night, not being buried as yet. I do not hear of a single grave that is unaccounted for, nor of a single dead man whose grave cannot be located.

WHY THE DEATH ROLL IS SMALL.

It appears remarkable, when we consider the number of men engaged and the time of the conflict, that the death roll is so small. The truth is there was enough ferocity and determination in the conflict to have caused the deaths of a thousand men. If the whites had struck the negroes on Monday morning at Ellenton, there would have been terrible slaughter. If the United States troops had been half an hour later at Rouse's Bridge swamp, scores would have fallen right there. The main bodies of whites and blacks never colided. The blacks, at the first fire, would bury themselves in the swamps whither the whites were afraid to follow them. The negroes lacked ammunition and proper arms. There were, probably, thirty Winchester rifles in the swamps. All else was shot-guns, old muskets, &c. The negroes loaded their guns with half charges. Wilkins Hamilton, colored, pulled down his shot-gun on Jim Bush, at about forty paces. A spoonful of bird shot pattered against Bush's thick coat and fell back from his shirt bosom. Half the wounds received by the whites were from small shot. Wherever the Winchester whistled there was trouble in the air.

PROCLAMATION.

MILITARY DESPOTISM—TROOPS ORDERED TO CONCENTRATE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—The following proclamation was issued to-day:

By the President of the United States—A Proclamation: Whereas it has been satisfactorily shown to me that insurrection and domestic violence exist in several counties of the State of South Carolina, and that certain combinations of men, against law, exist in many counties of said State, known as "Rifle Clubs," who ride up and down by day and night, murdering some peaceable citizens and intimidating others, which combinations, though forbidden by the laws of the State, cannot be controlled or suppressed by the ordinary course of justice; and whereas it is provided in the Constitution of the United States that the United States shall protect every State in this Union on the application of the Legislature, or of the Executive when the Legislature cannot be convened, against domestic violence; and whereas in pursuance of the above it is provided in the laws of the United States that in all cases of insurrection in any State, or of obstruction to the laws thereof, it shall be lawful for the President of the United States, on application of the Legislature of such State, or of the Executive when the Legislature cannot be convened, to call for the militia of any other States or to such part of the land and naval forces as shall be judged necessary for the purpose of suppressing such insurrection or causing the laws to be duly executed; and whereas the Legislature of said State is not now in session and cannot be convened in time to meet the present emergency, and the Executive of said State, under section 4 of article 4 of the Constitution of the United States, and the laws passed in pursuance thereof, has therefore made due application to me in the premises for such part of the military force of the United States as may be necessary and adequate to protect said State and the citizens thereof against domestic violence and to enforce the due execution of the laws; and whereas it is required that whenever it may be necessary in the judgment of the President to use the military force for the purpose aforesaid, he shall forthwith, by proclamation, command such insurgents to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective homes within a limited time.

Now, therefore I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States, do hereby make proclamation and command all persons engaged in such unlawful and insurrectionary proceedings, to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within three days from this date, and hereafter abandon said combinations and submit themselves to the laws and constituted authorities of said State. The coöperation of all good citizens thereof is asked to uphold the laws and preserve the public peace.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this the 17th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and first.

U. S. GRANT.

By the President: *John L. Cadwallader*, Acting Secretary of State.

The following has been issued by Secretary Cameron:

WAR DEPARTMENT, *Washington, D. C.*, Oct. 17, 1876.

General W. T. Sherman, commanding U. S. Army.

SIR—In view of the existing condition of affairs in South Carolina, there is a possibility that the proclamation of the President of this date may be disregarded. To provide against such a contingency, you will immediately order all the available force in the Military Division of the Atlantic to report to Gen. Ruger, commanding at Columbia, S. C., and instruct that officer to station his troops in such localities that they may be most speedily and effectually used in case of resistance to the authority of the United States.

It is hoped that a collision may thus be avoided; but you will instruct Gen. Ruger to let it be known that it is the fixed purpose of the government to carry out fully the spirit of the proclamation, and to sustain it by the military force of the general Government; and if necessary, by the militia of the various States. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. D. CAMERON, Secretary of War.

THE DUNKERS.

"Dunkers," says a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, comes from the German verb dunken, to dip or duck, a word used in familiar, conversational German. The German Baptists immerse their converts in a manner wholly peculiar. They take the convert to the water's edge, always to a river or running stream; none of your new fangled warm church cisterns, and have him kneel down in the water. Then the preacher takes him by the back of the neck and dips him under the water, face foremost, you understand; not backward as do other Baptists. They dip him under three times, once in the name of the Father, once in the name of the Son, and once in the name of the Holy Ghost, thus giving him a triple or triune baptism. Hence the nickname Dunker or Ducker.

The men of the church part the hair in the middle, wear both hair and beard quite long, and look like pictures of the old Bible patriarchs. They wear long hair and beard because the patriarchs and 'postles did, and are forbidden to crop their hair short or to shave their be