RIXEY PROPOSITION.

CONGRESSMAN LAMB'S SPEECH IN OPPOSITION TO IT.

THINKS IT IS A DAY DREAM

A Compliment to Mr. De Armond and His State—Protests of Confederates Against Being Cared For in National Soldiers' Homes—Slavery and the War—Self-Reliant and Independent.

The following is the speech of Congressman Lamb, delivered in the House of Representatives Wednesday, the 15th, in opposition to Congressman Rixey's bill providing for caring for Confederate veterans in the national soldiers' homes:

The House being in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and having under consideration the bill (H. R. 8581) making appropriation for the payment of invalid and other pensions for the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1903, and for other purposes, Mr. Lamb said:

Mr. Chairman, I wish to voice the sentiments of the Confederate soldiers of this House, as well as those of the Southern States, and their wives and children.

The bill introduced yesterday by my colleague from Virginia (Mr. Rixey) proposes a relief for the Confederate soldier that he has not asked for, and a charity that he will politely and respectfully decline. No man in this House appreciates more highly than I do the splendid qualities of head and heart of my friend from the Eighth District. It was the impulse of the latter, and not the judgment of the former, that dictated this measure.

My friend lives on a splendid estate overlooking the battle-ground of Fleetwood Hill, or "Brandy Station," where 10,000 mounted men on either side fought one of the heaviest cavalry engagements of the war.

Some of you have heard the question repeatedly asked, in derision during the war and in pleasantry since, "Did you ever see a dead mule or a dead cavalryman?"

Had you been at Brandy Station on July 9, 1863, your curiosity would have been satisfied, for the Federals reported a loss of over 900 killed and wounded, and the Confederates suffered a loss of nearly 700.

My friend's luxuriant grain waves over the soil that drank in the life's blood of those noble men. Has he been reading of their heroism, not surpassed in ancient or modern times? Has he listened to the stories of the survivors until his youthful imagination is fired? Or has he been haunted in his night dreams by the spirits of these departed heroes when they returned to view the ground where their earthly bodies faced the mortal perils of the battle-field?

Then we will excuse him for this beautiful day dream by which he would unite the "Blue and the Gray" and put them in one home and one camping-ground. It is the unexpected that always happens. Who would have thought that the coolest, the calmest, and most philosophical of the members of this body from Virginia would have been the first to be moved by a sentiment so lofty; the first to take a step in advance of the generation in which he lives; the first to take counsel of his imagination, rather than his judgment?

You will remember that my friend admitted that he had not consulted the living. I, therefore, draw the conclusion that he has been seeing visions around Brandy Station, where brave men of the North and chivalric sons of the South illustrated the valor of the American soldier; where nightly their spirits gather to view the scenes their bodies enacted, and realize in their new estate what it was impossible to see in the old—that one side of the statue around which they struggled so gloriously was ornamented with silver and the other with gold.

But, then, Mr. Chairman, there comes to the aid of my Virginia colleague the splendid and talented gentleman from Missouri (Mr. De Armond). Was he a soldier? Has he voiced the opinions of the brave men of his State who risked their lives and spilled their blood for southern independence, or the views of that noble soldiery from the same State who fought as bravely for the maintenance of the Union?

The wrapt attention given the gentleman from Missouri to-day, when he could not have had the full sympathy of one third its members, is another tribute to his genius and his eloquence.

They heard him, too, in a new role. He is often critical. His scathing sarcasm and bitter invective have pierced the weak spot in the argument of many a political opponent. To-day he is as mild as a May morn, as gentle as a lamb, as persuasive and complacent as a young and enthusiastic lover. This has been to me a day of surprises, Mr. Chairman. Who would have supposed that the calm and philosophical gentleman from Missouri had so much of the ideal in his nature? If I had not known to the contrary, I should have been forced to the conclusion that my friend had entered the ministry.

I grant you that sentiment of the right and pure sort is man's best heritage this side of the tomb and his only hope beyond.

HUMAN NATURE.

But in this mundane sphere we must deal with human nature as we find it, and not as we frame it by fancy in our day dreams or picture it in language that appeals to an aesthetic taste and glowing imagination.

The grand Commonwealth of Missouri furnished about 100,000 soldiers to the South and nearly as many to the North.

I have heard my friend (Mr. De Armond), on this floor, in his choice English, for which he is so famous, picture the home life in his State, where the families of the Union and Confederate soldiers were united in matrimony, and from these unions had sprung splendid young men and beautiful women.

I can well see that the old soldiers of such families, if driven to the necessity, might mingle together pleasantly in homes provided by the government.

But what are the facts in the State of Missouri? The Legislature of that State appropriates money for the homes of Confederate soldiers and Union soldiers and they are kept separate and apart. You see those wise legislators deal with human nature as they find it in Missouri.

What else does my friend say? We were moved to tears as he drew a sad picture—all the sadder because oftentimes true—of the unfortunate, hopeless, and disconsolate old soldier seeking a shelter to protect him from the storms of winter. That is all right; but how is it, my friends, when this old soldier feels that he is the recipient of a charity, and that he has not rendered a "quid pro quo" for his home? How will he feel then?

Now, what will be the practical workings of this "benevolent assimilation" which it is proposed to establish?

When you throw these men together, the Federal soldiers will say: "I am at home. I won my right here in the forefront of battle, striving to preserve the Union. Why are you here, Johnny Reb? If your side had won, where would I be now? You have not won your way here. You are a charity patient."

Now, we will look at this question from another standpoint. I listened attentively to the gentleman from Michigan (Mr. Gardner) this morning, and I concur in a great deal that he said. I was particularly struck with the note of warning to that side of the House. Gentlemen, heed the warning. We must not open any wider this pension door. We on this side would not have you open it to bestow a charity on the southern soldiers. That soldier, for the most part, is as great a hero in peace as he was in war. This I would show you from indisputable facts if my time permitted.

What is the amount you are asking for now in the pending bill? Why, something like $140,000,000—more than the war budget of Germany or of France—and it is being increased continually by the applications of the soldiers of the Spanish-American war. I heard it stated on the floor to-day that 80 or 90 per cent. of the soldiers in that war were applicants. They have not all followed the patriotic example of the two sons of the gentleman from Michigan (Mr. Gardner). That gentleman said he made his bow to the Confederate soldier. In return I send my compliments and best wishes to his two gallant sons. I am proud to say we can duplicate them in Virginia.

In the very last conversation I had with the late lamented President McKinley—who, by his gentle complacency won the esteem and confidence of the members of this side, as he had by skillful statesmanship bound to himself with hooks of steel the members on that side—he remarked: "You must have a large number of fine young men in your State." I replied: "Yes, Mr. President; you know they are the sons of the soldiers who met you in battle on many fields in the Shenandoah Valley."

PENSION BURDEN.

The pension burden, Mr. Chairman, is increased by every little skirmish reported from our possessions in the Orient; by the dying in hospitals; by every ship coming from Manila. Think of these things. Would not such a bill as this, when enacted into law, add to these burdens and give little relief to the people you seek to benefit? Might it not, in one view of this case, actually result in injury? I leave this point with my philosophical young friends temporarily swept from their moorings.

Who asks this legislation? A few enthusiastic and noble young men on this side and one ex-soldier. Who on the other, save the one soldier, moved, naturally, by his recollections of having exchanged coffee for tobacco with his neighbor, Johnny Reb, whom likely he had been under the painful necessity of killing the next day, before the poor fellow had drunk the coffee!

This proposition can never receive the approval of a committee of the House, because the members of the majority would hear the mutterings of a storm in the North and West.

If any measure of relief is to come to the ex-Confederate soldier, it should come from the majority side of the chamber. But permit me to illustrate the position of that side by a little anecdote, which I tell to keep my colleague from Virginia (Mr. Otey) company.

In my neighborhood there is a bright little boy who was asked by a gentleman not long ago if his mother had $20, and his father, in the kindness of his heart, were to give her $20 more, what would she then have. The boy figured a little while, and looking up, said, "Why, sir, she would have a fit; that is what she would have." (Laughter.)

Now, if this proposition had come from that side of the chamber, or even from some members on this side, I believe that somebody next fall would have a fit. (Laughter.)

What does the Confederate soldier say? Did I not ask my colleague from the Eighth District (Mr. Rixey) yesterday if he had consulted the members of the Confederate camps in his district? What reply did he make? "That some extreme men (if I quote him correctly) are opposed to it," leaving the inference that a few of the high-toned members of the community were opposed to this legislation. Now, last night the report of this discussion went down to Richmond, and there came over the wires this morning a number of telegrams to their representative. I will read one or two:

Richmond, Va., January 14, 1902.
Hon. John Lamb, Washington, D. C.:

We are opposed to any law being enacted providing for the admission of Confederate veterans into Federal soldiers' homes.

J. TAYLOR STRATTON,
P. P. WINSTON,
W. P. SMITH,
SAMUEL H. PULLIAM,
GEORGE W. LIBBY,
EDW. GRAY.

J. Taylor Stratton is the adjutant of R. E. Lee Camp; P. P. Winston is the commander of George E. Pickett Camp, of Richmond; W. P. Smith is a Presbyterian minister, who was at the side of Stonewall Jackson and helped to bear him from the field when he fell from the misdirected fire of his own men. Every one of these men are useful and highly-respected citizens of the city of Richmond.

Here is another:

Richmond, Va., January 14, 1902.
Hon. John Lamb, M. C.:

Have talked with Richardson, Wise, Crutchfield, and Lightfoot, and they all oppose Rixey bill.

GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN.

You see from these telegrams what some of the leading ex-Confederates of the city of Richmond think of this measure. If you knew these men personally, as I do, and something of their history, trials, struggles, and triumphs over misfortune, loss, and suffering, your faith in your fellow-men would be strengthened and your hope for the future of our country grow brighter.

The gentleman who signed this telegram left one leg in the dense forests of the Wilderness, and though a constant sufferer he has won his way to distinction in the profession of the law; has been judge of one of the courts, and is a leading lawyer of the city. One of these mentioned is well known to the older members here—the Hon. George D. Wise—who served five terms in Congress with signal ability. But it has been suggested here to-day that such representative men as these, who can never need a soldiers' home, do not know how to feel for that class who are very poor and unfortunate. I contend that nine tenths of the poor will be as much opposed to this measure as are these gentlemen who send their protests by wire. A word for the poor white men of the South, Mr. Chairman, and I will close these remarks. The gentleman from Michigan (Mr. Gardner) said awhile ago that one result of the war was that it freed these men. They were already free, and many enjoyed more liberty then than they have since the war. They are more free to-day than under the reconstruction laws. They will enjoy a larger liberty when the hurtful and unfortunate fifteenth amendment is modified or repealed by competent authority.

SLAVERY AN INCIDENT.

It cannot be said here or elsewhere too often that the war was begun with no intention of freeing the negro—slavery was an incident of the war, by no means the cause of it, if you can believe the proclamation of the President of the United States.

Largely over one half of the southern men owned no slaves. Were they fighting to perpetuate slavery? Virginia came within one vote of freeing hers in 1831. No public man in that State, as I read, defended slavery in the abstract up to 1835. My friend from Missouri (Mr. De Armond) said awhile ago that the southern leaders believed they had a right to secede, but that he would not discuss or defend it. I see no good in defending it in this presence, but the philosophical historian of the future will discuss it and will reach about the same conclusion that Massachusetts reached about the time of the Hartford convention, and that the people of the South reached in 1861 when they voted to secede.

Yet history will show that the Virginians were slow to avail themselves of this right, and would have refused to do it but for the fact that 75,000 men were ordered out to invade her sister States.

In the unfortunate struggle I served in a company of one hundred men. Forty-three of these never owned, nor did their fathers before them own, a slave. Yet these men were among the bravest soldiers in their regiment.

These, and men like them, voted for the act of secession that carried their State out of the Union. They belonged then, as now, to that great body of the Anglo-Saxon race who, ever since they met the returning Crusaders in England with the demand that the hut of the humble should be as sacred as the castle of the great, have been the pride and glory of the English-speaking people.

INDEPENDENCE.

The great majority of these men are self-reliant and independent, as they were in 1861 to 1865. A few possibly might be willing to be the beneficiaries of any scheme wherever it comes from, whether from the Federal or State Government.

This small number, however, cannot be counted in dealing with this question. The Confederate soldiers in many of the counties of Virginia, with their sons and wives—particularly the latter—own the counties. I assisted in organizing a Confederate camp in one of the largest counties of Virginia some time ago. To my surprise, the Judge of the court, the Sheriff, and Treasurer, the supervisors, and nearly every county officer were men who had served through the war. Some had lost limbs, and with scarcely any exception they had received wounds in battle. A glance at the land and property books showed these people to be the owners, comparatively, of the county. They shape its policies, control its public sentiment, and maintain its schools and churches. They are living brave lives and will die worthy patriots. Having made themselves famous to all ages, they will in a few short years be walking the golden streets you have just heard so beautifully described by the silver-tongued orator from Missouri.

The picture, so imperfectly drawn, of this one county will apply to all Virginia. Bear patiently with me while I speak a word in behalf of that suffering State: Have you ever stopped to think that she has been the theatre of two wars; that she had just recovered from the sweeping losses of the first when a second, against which she pleaded and protested to the last, was laid at her feet? She was then swept with the besom of destruction from her ocean-laved shores to her mountain tops. Her beautiful Valley—the garden spot of the world—was made so desolate that "a crow, in passing over, had to carry its rations." The very soldiers I have described, with thousands of their comrades, returned from the fated field of Appomattox to find their counties laid waste and only the chimneys, in many places, standing to mark the spot where stood their parental homes. With a spirit and resolution in peace that was not surpassed by their splendid achievements in war, these men built up their waste places and rallied from that almost hopeless condition. Through the efforts of such men, aided by the sons who have sprung from their loins, the State of Virginia has for years maintained a home for her helpless soldiers. She appropriates $170,000 a year for the home and pensions, and her Legislature, now in session, proposes to increase this to $300,000. (Loud applause.)

If Virginia, so handicapped, can provide for her own, what may we expect of the Cotton States, bristling with manufactories and flowing with newly-discovered oil!

Not alone on account of pride or for lack of an appreciative sentiment would these people reject such a suggestion as the one now under discussion, but they believe with all their hearts in the well-established principle that the Federal Government should do nothing for the States that the States can do for themselves and that the State should do nothing for the individual that the individual can do for himself.

Now, thanking my colleagues for the attention they have given me—chiefly because I have voiced the sentiments of a large majority on both sides of the chamber—and making my profound acknowledgment to the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Rixey) for his volunteer labor of love, stronger even than his faith in, and hope for, his measure, and to his splendid coadjutor from Missouri (Mr. De Armond) for the intellectual treat we have all enjoyed, I close my remarks, consoled with the reflection that I have outlined the views of the Confederate soldiers and their families, not only in Virginia, but in the Carolinas, in Mississippi, Florida, and Alabama, as well as Tennessee, Arkansas, Kentucky, and the Lone Star State, not forgetting by any means the grand Commonwealth of Missouri, whose noble sons and fair women, the joint offspring of northern endurance and southern valor, will applaud the independence and manly spirit of one of their favorite sons, however they may regard his judgment and his logic. All these southern soldiers ask, Mr. Chairman, is to be left to their respective Commonwealth. (Loud applause.)

"77"

The city is full of Colds and Grip, every one is coughing and sneezing.

To avoid taking Cold, keep the feet dry and wear warm clothing.

A lighter shoe at night, a high-neck flannel set aside—just for once to wear an evening gown—are fraught with danger.

A change from a thick business suit to evening dress make many a sore chest.

Going out of a superheated house, hall, church, or theatre is a frequent cause.

Use care in your dress, avoid exposure, carry and take "SEVENTY-SEVEN" ("77"), Dr. Humphreys' Famous Specific. It stops a Cold at the start and "breaks up" Colds that hang on.

GRIP

BROOK CHURCH FIGHT

AND SOMETHING ABOUT THE FIFTH NORTH CAROLINA CAVALRY.

DEATH OF JAMES B. GORDON

He Was the Murat of the Army of Northern Virginia—The New Artillery and Its Disastrous First Experience Under Fire—Attack on Kennon's Landng—Sacrifice of Men and Horses—Shelled With 100-Pounders.

(Charlotte Observer.)

Following is a continuation of Colonel Paul B. Means's history of the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry:

The Brook turnpike above Richmond runs almost due north and south. The military road at Brook, or Emanuel church, strikes it at right angles from the east, in which direction this road crosses the upper Chickahominy at Meadow bridge. In his midnight retreat of May 11th, from Yellow Tavern, General Sheridan took this military road at Brook church to escape, intending to cross the Chickahominy and move to his right from there to the James. And this he did, but he surely had an awful time of it and a narrow escape at Brook church.

Early on the morning of the 12th, Gordon was in his rear at Brook church. Sheridan was met by our forces of cavalry and infantry, at Meadow bridge, which we had destroyed, and the river there was otherwise unpassable. Sheridan says some fords were discovered by scouts, but if so, why on earth did he have such a desperate and deadly time repairing that bridge, as my references will show he did? Sheridan's rear occupied a strong position of his own selection on the military road, which he swept with canister constantly from several batteries. Gordon dismounted the First and Second and attacked him fiercely, and sent his aide, Lieutenant Kerr Craige, into Richmond for some artillery and to propose to the officer in charge of that portion of the city defences a combined attack on Sheridan's flanks. The Fifth was held in reserve in mounted column, under fire, just off the right of the military road, going east. With our regiment, as we all knew, Gordon intended to charge those batteries up the military road after he got some supports from Richmond. And that charge, which he would have led in person, would have been about the last of the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry.

In a few minutes some artillery came. And oh! such artillery! It was the most beautiful in all its appearances that we ever beheld. The smoke of battle had never been about it. He placed it to the slight oblique right and front of our regiment on the elevation of some old entrenchments. It fired one time. Immediately one or more of Sheridan's guns were turned on it—canister for the first time in its history rattled around those beautiful guns and among its wheels, and every man about the battery flew into the ditches of those old entrenchments. Gordon was furious. He raved and begged. He called it "Band-Box Artilley," which would have occurred only to him, possibly, under such a fire. But those artillerists "held the trenches faithfully" against Richmond's invaders. Some few of them couldn't even stand that, and came through the woods by us. We laughed at them, ridiculed them, and asked them to go back and man their guns. But they looked at us as if they thought we were surely crazy. Gordon became utterly disgusted and went back at a gallop right into the fire down that military road, and there he received the wound which ended his life and brilliant career six days later. The battle was raging furiously at Meadow bridge on Sheridan's front and right flank. The command of the brigade now devolved on Colonel Andrews, of the Second, as ranking officer. The Fifth was dismounted to join in the attack on foot. Company F was in front of that column. The order was to cross the road, still swept by canister, and form on its left. Captain Erwin looked calmly around at us and said: "Come on, boys." He led, and over the road the regiment went and formed in line of battle. We advanced fast to a horizontal, wide, board fence, which looked literally perforated with rifle balls, and after short firing on our part the enemy disappeared. Sheridan had broken over at Meadow bridge and escaped. Sheridan himself says on page 791, volume 67, "The enemy considered us completely cornered, but such was not the case." Well, of course, none of us knew for certain, but those of us who were there will never cease to believe that if he had not broken over at Meadow bridge that he and his men would have been given quarters in Richmond for the rest of the war.

He also says, page 801, of his raid: "The result was constant success and the almost total annihilation of the Rebel cavalry." This shows, I regret to say, how unreliable his statements are, as he soon had full proof of by that same "Rebel cavalry."

That the reader may see what a desperate state they were in at Meadow bridge, I refer to volume 67, pages 791, 813, 814, 819, and 835. He lost 625 men on his raid and 1,003 horses—volume 67, page 185, and volume 68, page 851. We had no force to follow Sheridan, and it was useless, as, after his passage of the Chickahominy, he could easily connect with Butler on the James, as he did, near Haxall's Landing on May 14th.

JAMES B. GORDON KILLED.

Our great loss at Brook Church was the gallant and glorious James B. Gordon. The Fifth loved him as its commander during the Gettysburg campaign, and, as his entire brigade did, for his splendid courage and merit in all respects. He was the Murat of the Army of Northern Virginia, and had he lived he would have added increased lustre to our North Carolina cavalry. I want to identify him in closer relation in this way, and, therefore, I state that one of his sisters was the mother of Messrs. R. N. and James Gordon Hackett, of Wilkes. Wilkes was rather famous for such cavalrymen—Colonel W. H. H. Cowles was born and now lives there.

The attack on Kennon's Landing was the most useless sacrifice of time and men and horses made during the war. The brigade was camped May 23d near Hanover Junction, recuperating a little from the terrible ride and fighting of the Sheridan raid. Late that afternoon an order came to each captain of our regiment for a "detail of picked men for specially dangerous work." The Fifth Regiment furnished about 225 men and officers, under command of Major McNeill. There surely were not over 1,000 men on the expedition from our brigade. Wilson's wharf was a fortified post of great natural and artificial strength on the James river, far below City Point, and consequently fully in the enemy's lines. It was forty-seven miles in a straight line, by best military maps, from Hanover Junction. It consisted of a fort built in semi-circle form on a bluff of the river with each end resting on the James, with heavy parapets and a canal of water the entire front of the half circle. There was open ground for several hundred yards all around the fort covered with abattis and large fallen pine trees to impede assailants. If we could ever have taken it we never could have held it. The expedition was under the immediate command of General Fitzhugh Lee, and originated with him, it was said at the time, to drive some negro soldiers off Virginia soil.

We left Hanover Junction about 6 P. M. on the 23d, and rode all night and much of the time at a gallop. Early on the morning of the 24th we were near the fort, but for some inexplicable reason the attack was delayed. A flag of truce was sent in to General Wild, commanding the post, demanding immediate surrender, and saying that if not complied with, General Lee would not be responsible for the action of his men when the fort was taken. Wild answered: "We will try that." It was 11 o'clock before we began to get into position. In the mean time, the gunboats Dawn, Pequot, and the Atlanta (ironclad) were shelling us fiercely and the fort was filling with reinforcements. The enemy also had a small vessel named the Mayflower. Some of our force wounded the captain and pilot of this boat. I never heard of any injury that we inflicted on the ironclad. We had no artillery with us.

The shells were chiefly 100-pounders. We could see them plainly coming at and over us; great black masses, as big as nail-kegs, hurling in the air and making the earth tremble under us and the atmosphere jar and quake around us when they burst. They certainly were terrifying. And under their effect I compared the "details" from the First and Fifth. The former was dismounted, each in column of fours near together under those awful missiles. As one came towards us and burst over us, I saw those veterans of the First look up at it with horror and lean back slightly out of line. Just such a look and backward incline of their bodies as I imagine the immortal sentinel at Pompeii made, momentarily, when that dark, ashen death fixed him erect at his post for the admiration of future ages. Captain N. P. Foard saw their movement, and, under the bursting, crashing sound and mass, he said: "Steady, men; steady!" Possibly before the words were uttered they were erect as statues. At the same second I glanced along the Fifth, in the same line of my vision with the First, and every man sat in his saddle absolutely motionless. It was no discredit to the First, but the contrast was glorious for the Fifth.

WERE EATING STRAWBERRIES.

We were soon put in line of battle around that fort, the Fifth on the extreme left, the enemy's right. We were to charge at the firing of a signal gun on our left. We lay there for an hour or more waiting that signal, eating strawberries in the fence corners and quietly talking of the scene in front of us; and all the while we could plainly see platoon after platoon of reinforcements coming over the bluff into the fort on the decline next to us. The shells from the 100-pounders, 20-pounders, and 12-pounders were still bursting over us and other parts of the line. The Fifth and some others on our immediate right in the line were to make the charge, while those in front and on left of the fort were to fire incessantly on the fort when the charge began. About 2:30 or 3 P. M. the signal gun fired and the Fifth arose with a mighty yell for that terrible charge. We mounted the high rail fence in our front and went straight and fast as the obstructions would permit for that fort—yelling and firing as we went and receiving fierce front and cross fires into our ranks from rifles and artillery in the fort and the gunboats. We were within thirty feet of the fort when we saw the utter hoplessness of the attack. The line halted a moment; the order to retreat was given, and we retired under that awful fire from the most useless and unwise attack and the most signal failure we were ever engaged in.

General Wild reports "They massed troops on our extreme right, concealed by wooded ravines, and made a determined charge, at the same time keeping up a steady attack all along our front and left flank. This charge approached our parapet, but failed under our severe cross fires." Vol. 68, p. 270. For naval reports, giving names of vessels engaged and calibre of guns, see "Official Records Union and Confederate Navies," series 1, vol. 10, pp. 87-91.

Out of the detail of ten or twelve men from Company F, W. S. Prather and Green L. Bingham were killed outright; Worth McDonald and I were wounded. I was shot through the left shoulder within thirty feet of the fort, firing at the moment, I am sure, at the very man who shot me. Worth McDonald was wounded by one of those 100-pounders. It passed at least ten feet from him and paralyzed his right arm by concussion of the air. There was no visible flesh injury to the arm, but it fell useless to his side, quickly turned black its entire length, and he never recovered the use of it during his lifetime. He got an honorable discharge for the war, and I got a furlough June 5th from Chimborazo Hospital, in Richmond, for three months, with great joy at the thought of going home.

A GIANT OF A FELLOW.

Some Virginians charged immediately on the right of the Fifth. As we retreated we came to a long, wide lagoon in a ravine, back of where we began the charge. The water was three to four feet deep. In some way unknown to me I attracted the attention of one of those Virginians, a giant of a fellow. I knew he was a Virginian by his regimental designation on his coat-sleeve. Of his own notion he kindly and tenderly offered to carry me over that water. I thankfully declined and said to him: "I think that I can make it all right." He looked down at me and said: "Oh, boy, get on my shoulders." And suiting his action to his words, he stooped down in front of me. I put my arms around his neck, he put his right hand under my right knee, his left holding his own gun, and thus, like we used to play when children, he carried me over that water and almost to the top of the steep slope beyond. It has always hurt me that I never knew his name. He stands in memory for Virginia. And this is stated solely to show and commemorate the courageous, absolutely unselfish, generous kindness of the private soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, in the face of danger to themselves, too, when showing it. There were millions of such acts that will never be known.

After he let me down, I walked a short distance and, from loss of blood, lay down in some young corn. I heard some one tell Major McNeill of my condition. The Major came to me and asked me to ride out on his horse, which had just been brought to him after he had led our charge, and from which he dismounted. I refused; he insisted. I refused positively, and he sent a man on his horse for mine and stood by me until the horse came, put me on it, and sent the man with me to the surgeon, while he directed the men of the Fifth how to move out ready for the expected attack from our rear. And it was acts like this, of gentleness and love for all his men, which he was continually doing, that caused the men of the Fifth all to love him.

THEY LET McCLELLAN SLIP.

Story as Told by Hon. John Goode at Lee Camp's Meeting.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In reply to your note just received, I beg leave to say that my remarks at Lee Camp on Monday evening were incorrectly reported in the matter referred to. The conversation between General Early and General Lee, which I repeated, did not take place at Seven Pines, but at Frazier's Farm. General Lee was not in command at Seven Pines. While the battle was in progress he rode to the field with President Davis, but he was there only as a spectator. General Joseph E. Johnston commanded the Confederate forces in that bloody fight. Late in the afternoon, General Johnston received a very serious wound and was compelled to retire. General Lee was immediately assigned to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and soon thereafter the Seven Days' battles around the city commenced. General Jubal A. Early, who had been severely wounded at the battle of Williamsburg, had so far recovered that he was able to return to duty, and while the battle at Frazier's Farm was in progress he invited me to accompany him to the scene of the conflict. We left this city late in the afternoon, and soon after passing beyond its limits, we heard the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry. The battle continued until 9 o'clock and when we rode up to General Lee we found him receiving a major-general of the Federal army, who had just been brought in as a prisoner. General Early and his staff slept in the pines near General Lee, and early on the following morning I heard General Early tell General Lee that he had been talking with some of the prisoners who expressed the opinion that it was McClellan's purpose to cross the river at Harrison's Landing and attack Richmond from the south side. To which General Lee replied, with some feeling: "McClellan will get away, because I cannot have my orders carried out." I did not know his meaning at the time, but have heard since the war that he had reference to two major-generals, who had been ordered to intercept McClellan at two designated points on his march to Malvern Hill. Very truly yours,

JOHN GOODE.

"FATHER AND SON."

The True Story of Grant and Captain Hamilton.

To the Editor o fthe Dispatch:

While in Richmond, in the early part of December last, I related to some prominent Confederate veterans, as well as to a meeting of R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, an incident of General Grant, as told to me by Colonel George Inman, of Grant's army, to which your editorial in the Dispatch of Sunday, January 12th, under the caption, "Father and Son Story," doubtless refers. As the story has evidently been repeated to you with some inaccuracies (as you seem to rely principally for the truthfulness of the statement upon the unsupported testimony of "a man he (Inman) met in San Francisco about 1875," etc., while a very important part of the story came under the personal observation of Colonel Inman), I deem it proper, therefore, in justice to him "whose veracity is not doubted," to give you the story as he related it to me.

In October last I had occasion to visit Floyd Courthouse, Va., and was there for several days. At the hotel I met Colonel George Inman, of the Federal army, who was in charge of a corps of engineers, making a preliminary survey for a railroad through that county. I found him to be a pleasant and agreeable gentleman, a man apparently 65 years of age. I had never met him before. He informed me that at one time he was on General Meade's staff as chief of engineers, but at the time of this occurrence he was commanding a regiment of cavalry in Grant's army before Petersburg. As we were veterans of opposing armies, we naturally fell into talking about the war, when he related the following:

During the siege of Petersburg there was in the Federal army a Colonel Hamilton, who was Grant's provost marshal. In the Confederate army there was a Captain Hamilton, who appears to have been an engineer. Captain Hamilton, the Confederate, made his way through Grant's lines and obtained drawings of the Federal fortifications, and was on the eve of returning to his command, when he was captured, tried as a spy, and condemned to be shot. Colonel Inman says he was sitting in General Grant's tent, conversing with him on the night before the execution was to take place, that Colonel Hamilton, the provost marshal, entered the tent, and addressing the General, said: "General Grant, I cannot shoot that spy." Grant turned upon him with some sternness and said: "Colonel Hamilton, why can't you obey your orders?" "Because," replied Hamilton, "he is the only son I have on earth." Colonel Inman says Grant turned his eyes to the ground, and sat in a reflective mood for five minutes or more. Finally, raising his eyes, he said: "Colonel Hamilton, you will do your duty." Hamilton bowed and left the tent. Next morning there was no spy to shoot. He was gone. Colonel Inman did not say that Hamilton, Sr., "deserted to the Confederates," and he is of the opinion that Colonel Hamilton never knew how his son escaped or how he was relieved of a most fearful and unnatural duty.

Some years after the war Colonel Inman met in the State of California Captain Hamilton, the Confederate, and asked him the question how he got out of that guard-house and made his escape. His reply was: "General Grant came into the guard-house, made me promise never to act as a spy again, saying, 'Go back to your command, fight as much as you chose, but never play the spy again.' He then gave me the countersign which passed me out of the guard-house and through the lines." WILLIAM M. ELLIS,
Adjutant Fourth Virginia Reserve Forces, Colonel Robert T. Preston.
Shawsville, Va., January 20, 1902.

Goochland Light Artillery.

(For the Dispatch.)

The following roster of the "Goochland Light Artillery," Goochland county, Va., is incomplete, but believed to be correct so far as it goes. Will not some one from the county furnish the names lacking that the old full roll may once more see the light of day?

I see from the November Confederate Veteran that one Mr. Pettit was a member. This might have been a relative of Mr. Pembroke Pettit, of Fluvanna. From the same source I learn that Mr. R. S. Rock, now of Evansville, Ind., was also identified with the company. He, by the way, was less than 16 years old when he gave French leave to the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va., November, 1863, and cast lots with Captain Grey's Artillery Company, then stationed at Chaffin's Bluff, below Richmond, on the James river. He writes me that possibly at the time he joined, Talley was captain and Guerrant was first lieutenant. This may be correct, but it is certain that Captain John H. Grey was in charge of the men February 16, 1862, when they were taken prisoners at Fort Donaldson. Those captured were as follows:

Officers—Captain John H. Grey, First-Lieutenant Jonathan Talley, Second-Lieutenant John B. Budwell, Third-Lieutenant John Guerrant, Sergeants J. D. Massie, T. E. Gathright, and John Morris, Corporals N. B. Terry and J. T. Ballon.

Privates—R. N. Allen, G. W. Allen, Jr., W. H. Armstrong, Samuel Blankenship, Julian Branch, J. H. Bowles, Ed. Clouch, J. E. Crouch, J. Dickinson, J. L. Farmer, Sam Humphreys, Dr. Henry Holman, H. H. Hoge, J. Hughes, Ben Johnson, H. Leadbetter, R. S. Rock, R. A. Allen, J. L. Jarvis, J. J. Atkison, C. T. [illegible], William B. Bowles, M. Cragwall, John W. Childress, W. E. Dennis, J. M. Drumright, W. A. Gray, T. G. Holman, F. O. Harris, R. J. Hoge, Dan S. Hughes, G. J. Loyall, L. B. Lesner, —— Pettit, James O. Massie, H. Newberry, J. Nuckols, Josiah Perkins, J. C. Riddell, M. L. Smith, H. R. Sutton, J. A. Thomas, A. A. Woodsen, S. W. Wilson, W. C. Maloy, T. F. Nuckols, J. R. Poore, J. H. Pleasants, William Richardson, D. Smith, J. Thurston, C. E. Tutts, M. Woodson, John A. Wade.

Captain Grey and his battery bore a conspicuous part in the battle of Cotton Hill. Grey was afterwards transferred to Fort Donaldson, where he and his entire command, under General Buckner, were captured.

Captain Grey was a splendid officer and a royal gentleman. He is now dead.

Respectfully submitted,
E. H. LIVELY,
Spokane, Wash., January 14, 1902.

Note—Does Mr. Rock remember, after he was shot at the battle of Sailor's Creek, what became of his servant man, Ben? The Federal soldier, Mr. George Hyatt, who gave you water and a blanket that night on the battle-field, was a noble fellow. Mr. Lesner, with his family, is living near Canton, Buckingham county, Va.

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