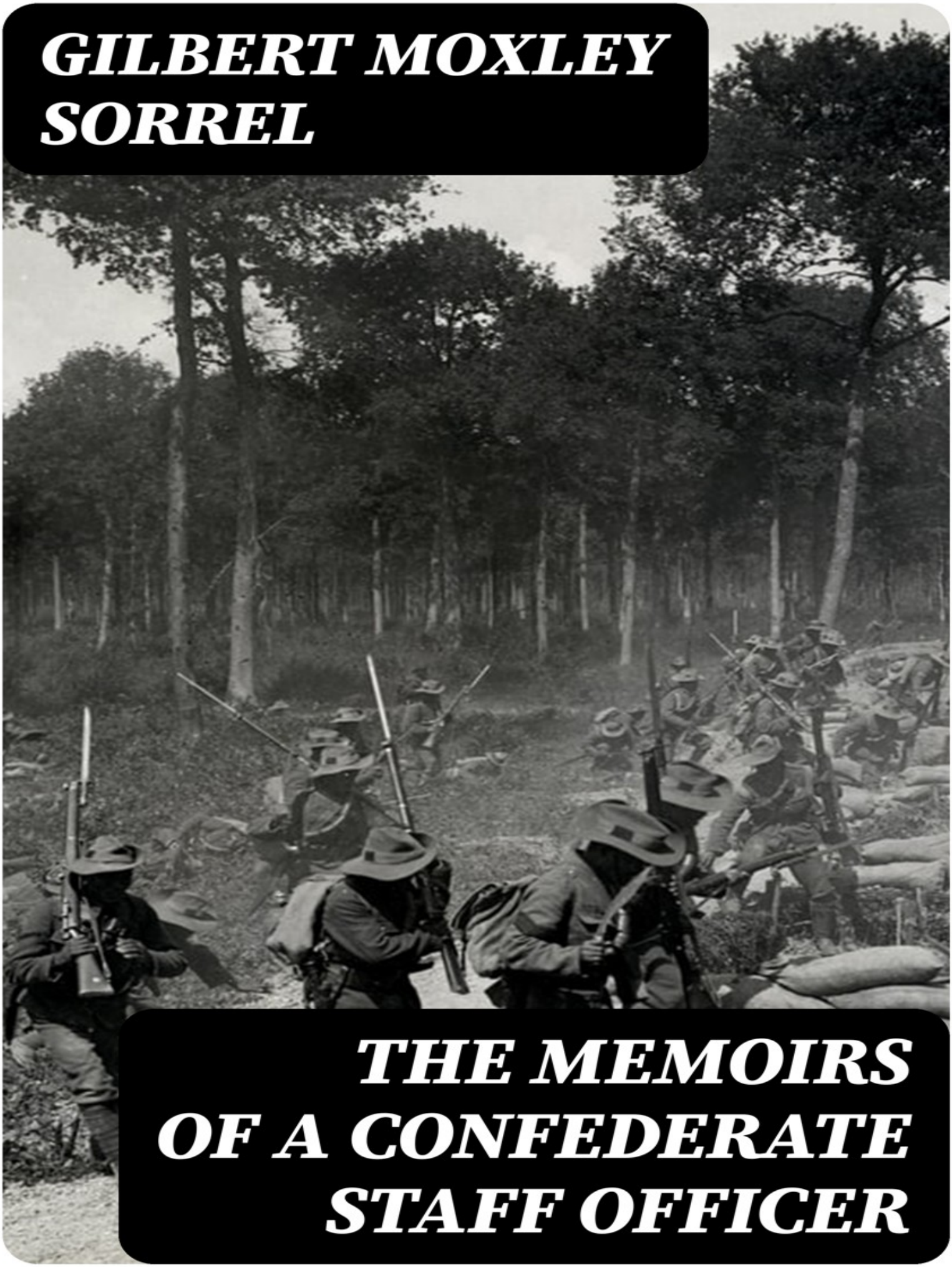
GILBERT MOXLEY SORREL



THE MEMOIRS OF A CONFEDERATE STAFF OFFICER

Gilbert Moxley Sorrel

The Memoirs of a Confederate Staff Officer

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Introduction

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A few months ago I entered a room where a group of five or six gentlemen were seated around a table in conversation. As I took my seat to join them, one of the number, a distinguished Northern Senator, of high cultivation and who is a great reader of history, made this remark to his companions: "The Army of Northern Virginia was in my opinion the strongest body of men of equal numbers that ever stood together upon the earth." As an ex-Confederate soldier I could not feel otherwise than pleased to hear such an observation from a gentleman of the North who was a student of military history. As the conversation continued there seemed to be a general concurrence in the opinion he stated, and I doubt if any man of intelligence who would give sedate consideration to the subject, would express a different sentiment.

The Army of the Potomac, the valiant and powerful antagonist of the Army of Northern Virginia, was indeed of much larger numbers, and better equipped and fed; but it would have nevertheless failed but for its high quality of soldiership which are by none more respected than by its former foes. Both armies were worthy of any steel that was ever forged for the business of war, and when General Grant in his "Memoirs" describes the meeting after the surrender of the officers of both sides around the McLean House, he says that they seemed to "enjoy the meeting as much as though they had been friends separated for a long time while fighting battles under the same flag." He prophesied in his last illness that "we are on the eve of a new era when

there is to be great harmony between the Federal and Confederate."

That era came to meridian when the Federal Government magnanimously returned to the States of the South the captured battle-flags of their regiments. The story of the war will be told no longer at soldiers' camp-fires with the feelings of bygone years, or with even stifled reproach, but solely with a design to cultivate friendship and to unfold the truth as to one of the most stupendous conflicts of arms that ever evoked the heroism of the human race.

"Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer," by Brigadier-General G. Moxley Sorrel, of the Army of Northern Virginia, is a valuable contribution to this great history. Its author received his "baptism of fire" in the First Battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, while serving on the staff of Brigadier-General James Longstreet as a volunteer aid, with the complimentary rank of captain.

The forces under General Beauregard at Bull Run were known at that time as "The Army of the Potomac." The name of the antagonist of the Federal "Army of the Potomac" was soon changed to the "Army of Northern Virginia"; and Longstreet, the senior brigadier, became major-general and then lieutenant-general.

Sorrel followed the fortunes of his chief, serving as adjutant-general of his brigade, division, and corps, with rank successively as captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel, and distinguished himself many times by his gallantry and efficiency. During the siege of Petersburg the tardy promotion which he had long deserved and for which he had been time and again recommended, came to him and he succeeded Brigadier-General Girardey, a gallant soldier, who had been killed in battle, as commander of a brigade in Mahone's division, A. P. Hill's Third Corps.

When promoted he showed the right spirit by making a faithful and brave courier his aide-de-camp. As a general, as well as while on the staff, Sorrel often had his "place near the flashing of the guns." At Sharpsburg he leaped from his horse, with Fairfax, Goree, Manning, and Walton, of Longstreet's staff, to serve as cannoneers at the guns of the Washington Artillery, whose soldiers had been struck down. While he was carrying a message to a brigade commander his horse was shot under him, and still later on the same field a fragment of a shell struck him senseless and he was for a while disabled. He passed through the maelstrom of Gettysburg, here and there upon that field of blood; the hind legs of his horse were swept away by a cannon ball, and at the same time he and Latrobe, of Longstreet's staff, were carrying in their arms saddles taken from horses slain under them.

At the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, he was at the side of his chief when that officer was badly wounded, and when General Jenkins, of South Carolina, and Captain Dobie of the staff were killed. He won his general's wreath that day, although it was some time before it reached him. At the crisis when Longstreet's corps was going to the rescue he was entrusted with marshalling three brigades to flank the advancing forces of General Hancock. Moving forward with the line of the Twelfth Virginia Infantry, of Mahone's brigade, he endeavored to take its colors as it advanced to the onset, but Ben May, the stout-hearted standard-bearer, refused him that honor and himself carried them to victory. When this battle was over General Lee saluted him as "General Sorrel."

He was wounded in the leg while commanding his brigade on the right of the Confederate line near Petersburg; and again he was shot in the lungs at Hatcher's

Run in January, 1865, the same action in which fell the brave General John Pegram, then commanding Early's old division.

During the illness resulting from this wound, General Sorrel was cared for by relatives in Roanoke County, Virginia, and having recovered sufficiently returned to the field. He was in Lynchburg, Virginia, on his way back to his command when the surrender at Appomattox ended the career of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Scarcely any figure in that army was more familiar to its soldiers than that of General Sorrel, and certainly none more so to the soldiers of the First Corps. Tall, slender, and graceful, with a keen dark eye, a trim military figure, and an engaging countenance, he was a dashing and fearless rider, and he attracted attention in march and battle by his constant devotion to his duties as adjutant-general, and became as well known as any of the commanders.

General Sorrel has not attempted a military history. He has simply related the things he saw and of which he was a part. He says of his writings, "that they are rough jottings from memory without access to any data or books of reference and with little attempt at sequence." What his book will therefore lack in the precision and detail as to military strategy or movement, will be compensated for by the naturalness and freshness which are found in the free, picturesque, and salient character of his work.

General Sorrel was of French descent on his father's side. His grandfather, Antoine Sorrel Des Riviere, had been a colonel of engineers in the French Army, and afterwards held estates in San Domingo, from which he was driven by the insurrection of the negroes in the early part of the nineteenth century. He then moved to Louisiana.

His father, Francis Sorrel, became a successful business man in Savannah, Georgia, and his mother was a lady of Virginia. If he inherited from one those distinctively American qualities which were so attractive in his character, we can but fancy that he inherited in some degree at least from his sire the delicate touch with the pen which is so characteristic of the French. They have written more entertaining memoirs than any other people, and this memoir of General Sorrel is full of sketches, incidents, anecdotes, and of vivid portraitures and scenes which remind the reader no little of the military literature of the French.

No military writer has yet undertaken to produce a complete history of either the Army of the Potomac or the Army of Northern Virginia. Indeed, it has scarce been practicable to write such a history. The rolls of the two armies have not yet been published, and while the War Records have furnished a great body of most valuable matter and there are many volumes of biography and autobiography which shed light on campaigns and battles, the deposit of historical material will not be finished before the whole generation who fought the war has passed from earth. This volume will be useful to the historian in giving him an insight to the very image and body of the times. It will carry him to the general's headquarters and from there to the picket-line; from the kitchen camp-fire and baking-oven to the hospital and ordnance wagon; from the devices of the commissary and quarter-master to the trenches in the battlefield; from the long march to the marshalled battle line; from the anxieties of the rear-guard of the retreat to the stern array of the charging columns. He will find some graphic accounts of leading characters, such as Longstreet, Ewell, D. H. Hill, A. P. Hill, Jeb Stuart, Early, Anderson,

Mahone, Van Dorn, Polk, Bragg, and many others who shone in the lists of the great tourney. The private soldier is justly recognized, and appears in his true light all along the line, of which he was the enduring figure. Lee, great and incomparable, shines as he always does, in the endearing majesty of his matchless character and genius.

General Sorrel's book is written in the temper and spirit which we might expect of the accomplished and gallant soldier that he was. It is without rancor, as he himself declares, and it is without disposition unduly to exalt one personage or belittle another. It bespeaks the catholic mind of an honest man. It tells things as he saw them, and he was one who did his deed from the highest and purest motives.

The staff of the Army of Northern Virginia (of which G. M. Sorrel, assistant adjutant-general, was a bright, particular star) was for the most part an improvised affair, as for the most part was the whole Confederate Army, and indeed the Federal Army was almost as much so. It showed, as did the line of civilians turned quickly into soldiers, the aptitude of our American people for military service and accomplishment. Even the younger officers of military training were needed in armies of raw and inexperienced recruits for many commands. The staff had to be made up for the most part of alert young men, some of them yet in their teens, and it is remarkable that they were so readily found and so well performed their duties.

At twenty-two years of age Sorrel was a clerk in a Savannah bank, and a private in a volunteer company of Savannah. He slipped away from his business to see the bombardment of Fort Sumter in April, 1861, and a little later we then find him at his father's country estate some ten miles from Manassas Junction, looking forward to a second lieutenancy as the fulfilment of his then ambition.

An introduction from Col. Thomas Jordan, the adjutant-general of Beauregard, to General Longstreet fixed his career with that officer, and he was by his side transacting his business and carrying his orders from the start to well-nigh the finish. On the Peninsula, and in the trenches at Yorktown, at Williamsburg and Seven Pines, in the Seven Days Battle around Richmond, at Second Manassas and Sharpsburg, at Suffolk in southeast Virginia, at Gettysburg, Chickamauga, at Knoxville, at the Wilderness, and in many combats along the Richmond and Petersburg lines, General Sorrel shared in many adventures and was a part of many matters of great pith and moment. Like Sandy Pendleton, the adjutant of Jackson, of Ewell, and of Early as commanders of the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and like W. H. Palmer, of Richmond, the adjutant of A. P. Hill, he had no special preparation for his military career; and all three of these valuable officers, like many others who might be mentioned, are simply illustrations of the fine inherent qualities that pertain to the scions of a free people.

I have not written this introduction in the hope that I could add anything to the attractiveness of General Sorrel's recollections, nor have I undertaken to edit them or to pass upon the opinions which he expressed concerning men or things or battles. My part is simply that of a friend who belonged also to the staff of the Army of Northern Virginia, and of one who, from opportunities to observe General Sorrel on many occasions and to know him personally, learned to honor and admire him. I deem it fitting, however, to say that in some respects I differ from General Sorrel's opinions and would vary some of his observations respecting Ewell, Stuart, Early, and a few other conspicuous leaders.

"Fortunate indeed is the man who like General Sorrel is entitled to remind those around his death-bed that he did his best to do his duty and to serve his country with heart and soul. The records of his life tell us how well, how faithfully he did serve her, and if anything can console you and others for his loss it must be that fact."

These are the words of Field Marshal Wolseley, written to Mrs. Sorrel, the widow of the General upon his death at "The Barrens" near Roanoke, Va., the home of his brother, Dr. Francis Sorrel.

They are worthy of repetition in connection with General Sorrel's name by reason of their just estimate of his worth as a patriot and a soldier, and of the high spirit which they breathe; and that they are uttered by a soldier and a man of such character and ability as Field Marshal Wolseley impresses all the more their inherent merit.

They better introduce the volume of General Sorrel's composition than anything I can say, for they reveal in short compass the nature of the man, the principle that actuated his life, and the estimate formed of him by an eminent soldier who had no partial relation to him or his deeds.

John W. Daniel.

Washington, D. C., May 1, 1905.

Chapter I
Battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861

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Forbears and Home at Savannah—Fort Sumter attacked—Hostilities begin—Leave for Virginia—Visit to my father—Beauregard's camp at Manassas—Colonel Jordan—Introduced to General Longstreet—Sketch—General Stuart—General Johnston—The battle—Enemy defeated—Pursuit stopped—March to Centerville—Stonewall Jackson—Prince Napoleon—the review—Colonel Skinner—His Exploits.

My forbears were French on my father's side. His father, Antoine Sorrel des Riviere, Colonel du Genie (Engineer Corps) in the French Army, was on his estates in the island of San Domingo when the bloody insurrection of the blacks broke out at the opening of the century. He had the tragic horror of witnessing the massacre of many relatives and friends. His property was destroyed, and his life barely saved by concealment and flight to Cuba, thence to Louisiana, where a refuge was found among friendly kindred. There he died at a great age.

His son Francis, my father, was saved from the rage of bloodthirsty blacks by the faithful devotion of the household slaves, and some years later succeeded in reaching Maryland, where he was educated. He married in Virginia, engaging in business in the early part of the century at Savannah, Georgia.

My maternal great-grandfather, Alvin Moxley, was from Westmoreland County, Virginia. He was one of the signers of what is known as the Richard Henry Lee Bill of Rights, 1765,

the first recorded protest in America against taxation without representation, and which twelve years later led directly to the Revolutionary War. The original document is now preserved and framed in the Virginia Historical Society at Richmond.

Death bereft my father of his wife in time's flight. An eminent merchant, successful and prominent, we find him in the Civil War in health and ease, happy in the love of many children and the esteem of hosts of friends. As a child he had seen some horrors of the insurrection, but never could he be persuaded to speak of them, so deep and painful were even their distant memories. At the culmination of the political troubles in 1861 I was a young chap just twenty-two, at home in my native city, Savannah, peacefully employed with the juniors of the banking force of the Central Railroad.

When Sumter was bombarded at Charleston in April, I slipped away for a day or two and witnessed the scenes of wild excitement that attended its fall. It spread everywhere, and like all the youth of the country I was quickly drawn in. For a year or two before, like many of my associates in Savannah, I was a member, a private, of the Georgia Hussars, a fine volunteer cavalry company, with a creditable history of almost a century.

On the secession of Georgia, now soon following, Fort Pulaski was seized and the various military commands did their tour of duty there, the Hussars among them.

This was my first service. The company also immediately offered itself to the Confederate Government just organized at Montgomery, Alabama, and was eager to get into the field; but delay ensued, although it was mustered in for thirty days' service on the coast of Skidaway Island, near Savannah. There I served again as private until mustered

out. A Confederate army was being collected in Virginia under Beauregard, the capital having been settled in Richmond. Becoming impatient of inaction at Savannah, our company apparently not being wanted, I decided to go to Virginia and seek employment there.

Richmond looked like a camp when I arrived, in July. It was full of officers in their smart uniforms, all busy with their duties, and the greatest efforts were made for equipping and arming the men now pouring in from the South. They were posted first in camps of instruction, where, by means of younger officers, they attained some drill before being sent to the army. How happy should I be could I get a commission as second lieutenant and plunge into work with the men.

My brother, Dr. Francis Sorrel, had just arrived from California and was gazetted to a high position in the Surgeon-General's Department. He aided me all possible, but I got nothing, and so about July 15, my cash running down, betook myself to my father's pretty country place at Greenwich, about ten miles north of Warrenton, Fauquier County. It was also about ten miles from Manassas Junction, the headquarters of General Beauregard, now in command of the army that was to fight McDowell and defend Richmond. My father said it was unfortunate I had not come a day or two earlier, because he had driven his daughters across the country for a visit to the camps, where they met many friends. Among these was Col. Thomas Jordon, the all-powerful adjutant-general of Beauregard's army, then termed the Army of the Potomac. Many years before, Jordon, when a lieutenant, had been stationed in Savannah, and enjoyed my father's generous hospitality. This was my opportunity.

I asked for just a few lines of introduction to Jordon, and a horse out of the stables. I knew them well and could get a good mount for the field. My dear father willingly acceded, and parted from me cheerfully but with moist eyes. On the way to the camp I came up with Meredith, a relation (not long ago United States Congressman from Virginia), and soon I found Colonel Jordon. He had been doing an enormous amount of work and was almost exhausted.

Jordon was considered a brilliant staff officer, and justly so; but there appeared something lacking in his make-up as a whole that disappointed his friends. At all events, his subsequent military career failed and he sank out of prominent notice. He was kind to me, read my note, said nothing could be done then; but—"Come again to-morrow."

This turned me loose in the camp. The soldiers from the Valley under J. E. Johnston and J. E. B. Stuart began to make an appearance in small numbers, principally cavalry. We slept that night at Meredith's, about three miles from camp. Jordon, the next day, was still unable to do anything for me, and I began to be doubtful of success, but could at least go as a private with a good horse under me.

Again at Meredith's and awakened very early by cannon, we were up in a moment and galloping to Beauregard's.

There I was made happy on the 21st day of July. The adjutant-general handed me three lines of introduction to Longstreet, commanding a brigade at Blackburn's Ford several miles distant. With a good-by to Meredith I was swiftly off. Approaching the ford, shot and shell were flying close overhead; and feeling a bit nervous, my first time under fire, I began to inquire what folly had brought me into such disturbing scenes.

The feeling passed, however, and Longstreet, who had called on Beauregard for staff officers, received me cordially.

His acting adjutant-general, Lieutenant Frank Armistead, a West Point graduate and of some service in the United States Army, was ordered to announce me to the brigade as captain and volunteer aide-de-camp. Brig.-Gen. James Longstreet was then a most striking figure, about forty years of age, a soldier every inch, and very handsome, tall and well proportioned, strong and active, a superb horseman and with an unsurpassed soldierly bearing, his features and expression fairly matched; eyes, glint steel blue, deep and piercing; a full brown beard, head well shaped and poised. The worst feature was the mouth, rather coarse; it was partly hidden, however, by his ample beard. His career had not been without mark. Graduating from West Point in 1842, he was assigned to the Fourth Infantry, the regiment which Grant joined one year later. The Mexican War coming on, Longstreet had opportunity of service and distinction which he did not fail to make the most of; wounds awaited him, and brevets to console such hurts. After peace with Mexico he was in the Indian troubles, had a long tour of duty in Texas, and eventually received the appointment of major and paymaster. It was from that rank and duty that he went at the call of his State to arm and battle for the Confederacy. History will tell how well he did it. He brought to our army a high reputation as an energetic, capable, and experienced soldier. At West Point he was fast friends with Grant, and was his best man at the latter's marriage. Grant, true as steel to his friends, never in all his subsequent marvelous career failed Longstreet when there was need.

Such was the brigadier-general commanding four regiments of Virginia infantry, the First, Eleventh, Seventeenth, and Twenty-fourth, and a section of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. The Eighteenth Virginia Infantry was afterwards added.

Three days previously, Longstreet, just joined his command, had opportunity of showing his mettle. His position at the ford was fiercely assailed by the Federals, and his coolness, good disposition, and contagious courage brought about their defeat, and was the beginning of that devotion which his men gave him up to Appomattox. His staff officers at the time were Lieutenant Armistead, Lieutenant Manning of Mississippi, ordnance officer; Captain Walton of Mississippi, aid; Captain Goree of Texas, aid; and some quartermasters and commissaries detailed from the regiments.

The army had scarcely made an attempt yet at good organization.

At Manassas Junction, while waiting on Jordon, I first saw Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and J. E. B. Stuart. The first was full bearded, dusty, and worn from long marching; a high-bred, stern-looking soldier of faultless seat and bearing in the saddle. I had the good fortune to know him well and most happily in the coming years. Once long after the close of the war I was chatting with him in his best humor. We were speaking of his varied military life and the several wounds he had received in Mexico, with Indians, and in the recent Confederate War. He had many, and as he sat in face of me the General's splendid, dome-like head was something to admire. Quite bald, it was scarred in several places, and looking at the mark of an ugly gash I inquired, "And, General, where did you get that one?" The smile that irradiated that strong, expressive face was brilliant and contagious as he answered, "I got *that*, sir, out of a cherry tree!" and then followed a laughing account of what a fall he had, and how he had been chased by the farmer.

Stuart, red bearded, ruddy faced, alert and ever active, was dirtier even than Johnston; but there stood the tireless

cavalryman, the future right arm of the great Lee, the eyes and ears to his army. Alas! that his pure soldier's life, crowned with such splendid fame, should have ended so needlessly, late in the war, by a stray shot.

I should say here there is to be no attempt at describing battles—the military works are full of them. I shall content myself with bare outlines, and some observations of men and things, adding such incidents and personal happenings as may, I hope, prove of interest.

Longstreet's brigade had practically no part in the battle of Manassas. It sustained some desultory artillery fire, and there was a demonstration against it, but it amounted to nothing. Blackburn's Ford was on the right, where the attack was expected, but McDowell found his way to Beauregard's left and nearly smashed him until Johnston and Jackson "ventre a terre" and turned the doubtful tide of battle into a ruinous rout of the enemy.

It was late in the afternoon, but we soon heard of it at our ford, and Longstreet, waiting for no man, was immediately in pursuit. He was halted first by Bonham, who ranked him, to permit his brigade to take the lead. Then resuming the march hot-footed, after the flying foe, we were again stopped, this time by Major Whiting, of Johnston's staff, with orders from Beauregard to attempt no pursuit. Painful was this order. We knew the Federals were in full flight, and we had only to show ourselves to bag the whole outfit.

We dismounted among some young pines to await further orders, and I saw Longstreet in a fine rage. He dashed his hat furiously on the ground, stamped, and bitter words escaped him. However, the night was on us, some food was picked up by hook or crook, and we slept well under the stars. The soundness of the order stopping pursuit

has been viewed in many different ways, and I shall not add my own opinion, except to suggest that while in the condition of our army it was practically impossible to seize Washington, it was yet the proper thing to keep on the heels of those frightened soldiers until they reached the Potomac. Many thousand prisoners, and much loot and stores, ammunition, guns, colors, and other material would have fallen into our hands.

Next day the field and highways showed the terrible battle that had raged, and the ground was covered with the debris of the panic-stricken army. Our brigade moved leisurely on, and halted for some time at Centerville. The army was concentrated in the neighborhood, and about Fairfax Court House and Fairfax Station, our headquarters being for some time at the former place. About this time Longstreet was joined by two noted scouts and rangers whom he had known in Texas—the celebrated Frank Terry and Tom Lubbock, powerful men, both of them, in the prime of life. Scouting and fighting had been their part from boyhood. They were of much use to Longstreet. From Fairfax Court House and vicinity we sent regular details, called the advanced forces, to occupy Mason's and Munson's hills, only a few miles from Washington. At night the dome of the Capitol could be seen from those positions, lighted up with great splendor. There was sharp sniping in front of the hills, and Terry and Lubbock generally bagged their man apiece, each day, besides bringing in valuable information. Both men soon returned to Texas and organized a regiment of cavalry in the Confederate service under Terry. It was said to be the finest body of horsemen and fighters imaginable, and subsequently did great service in the West. Terry fell among them at their head.

It was while we lay in the neighborhood that I saw Prince Jerome Napoleon, "Plon Plon." It seems he was making a short visit of curiosity (he was no friend of the South), and was at Beauregard's headquarters some distance off.

The General sent notice to Longstreet that he was coming with his staff and guest to call on him, and suggested that he try to get up something in the way of a small review of our best-clad soldiers. Longstreet started me off at once to borrow a regiment from Stonewall Jackson and one from D. R. Jones (South Carolina), both commands being near by. The First Virginia Infantry, the Richmond regiment, was the contingent from our own brigade. I soon found myself saluting General T. J. Jackson, the first time I had seen the soldier. He was seated in a low, comfortable chair in front of his quarters, quite shabbily dressed, but neat and clean—little military ornament about him. It was the eye full of fire and the firm, set face that drew attention. His hand was held upright; a ball at the recent battle had cut off a piece of his finger, and that position eased it. He was all courtesy to the young subaltern awaiting his answer.

"Say to General Longstreet, with my compliments, that he shall have my best-looking regiment, and that immediately. The colonel will report at the point you may designate." This done, Jones gave up his best, some good-looking Carolinians, with palmetto badges, and then spurring back to meet Beauregard and party to guide them to the reviewing ground, he presented me to His Highness the Prince, who, well mounted, was riding by his side. I could not keep my eyes off the Frenchman's face. It was almost a replica of the great Napoleon, his uncle, but unpleasantly so; skin pasty and flabby, bags under the eyes, and beefy all over. A large man, tall, but without dignity of movement or attitude. The review was soon over. The three

picked regiments, with a good band, looked well, although the Richmond boys were a bit out at the seat; but, as old Skinner, the Colonel, said to the Frenchman as they marched by, "The enemy won't see that part of them."

The spot was on a nice piece of turf near an old wooden church, and we had gathered a few refreshments for the occasion, but the Prince would have nothing. Coldly and impassively he raised his hat in parting salute, entered the carriage that was awaiting him, and, escorted by a lieutenant of cavalry and a half dozen men under a flag of truce, we willingly sent him back to his friends, the enemy. On returning to France he published what ill he could find to say of us. "Plon Plon's" abuse was not to hurt or disturb honest men with brave hearts.

A word about Old Skinner, Colonel of the First Virginia. He was an old Maryland fox hunter, handsome and distinguished looking, and had lived long in France, almost domiciled there. He was connected with many of the best people of Maryland and Virginia, and had hosts of friends. Fond of good liquor, it was almost every night that he was a bit full, and then there were wild scenes with his well-known hunter, who could do anything or go anywhere with the Colonel on him. Skinner was a fine swordsman, and had brought from France a long, straight, well-balanced double-edged cuirassier's saber. In his cups the fine old Colonel would swear he should die happy could he have one chance to use that steel on the enemy.

The chance came and Skinner was ready for it. At the second battle of Manassas a battery of six guns was mauling some of our infantry horribly. His regiment, the gallant First Virginia, was thrown at it, "Old Fred," as the men affectionately called him, leading well in advance. Out flashed the French saber, and he was among the gunners in

a trice. His execution was wonderful; sabering right and left he seemed invulnerable, but down he came at last, just as his men swept over the guns in a fine charge. It was the end of the Colonel's soldiering, but although frightfully wounded in the chest and body he survived for many years. So lively was the old beau sabreur, that only a few years ago he came to New York to fight John Wise because of some fancied slight to a member of his family—Wise, too, his lifelong friend! As there could be no fighting, Wise had to do some nice diplomatic work to soothe the irate Colonel and smooth over the affair.

Chapter II
After Manassas at Centerville

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Commissioned as captain and acting adjutant-general—Pay of officers—Assigned to Longstreet's brigade—The Oglethorpe Infantry, of Savannah—Enemy preparing for winter quarters—Beauregard takes command in West—Confederate flag—Presentation of battle-flags—Starting a theatre—Georgia Hussars—A sleigh ride.

Something must now be said as to what happened to me several weeks after the Manassas battle. It will be remembered I was a volunteer aid with the rank by courtesy, but no pay. When I saw my messmates taking theirs in very comfortably, it occurred to me I should make another effort for a commission, so I wrote my application to the Secretary of War asking to be appointed a second lieutenant, C. S. A., and assigned as might be thought proper. Blushing like a girl, I asked General Longstreet if he could endorse it favorably. Glancing hastily at the paper, he said, "Certainly," and then added carelessly, "but it isn't necessary." The words made no impression at the time, but they came to mind later.

After the battle we had not been idle; at least I was set to work. There was no commissary to the brigade, and for a week or two I did the duty after a fashion until an officer of that department was assigned—Major Chichester. His papers, correspondence, and duties seemed to fall on me, naturally, by his consent, and the brigadier-general soon began to look to me for assistance.

This had been going on for some time until the official mail one fine morning brought me a commission as captain in the Adjutant-General's Department, with orders to report to Longstreet. Then his words leaped to my memory. He had a right to nominate his own adjutant-general and had applied for me while I was fishing around for a second lieutenancy. I had no military training except some drill and tactics at school, but it seemed he thought I took to the work handily. He instructed me to relieve Armistead and take over all the duties of the office. I rose with Longstreet to be major and lieutenant-colonel in that department, and brigadier-general commanding in Hill's corps, and my affection for him is unfailing. Such efficiency on the field as I may have displayed came from association with him and the example of that undismayed warrior. He was like a rock in steadiness when sometimes in battle the world seemed flying to pieces.

Armistead left us, carrying our good wishes for his future.

I think the pay of a captain (mounted) was $140 per month and forage for two horses; a major, $162 a month; a lieutenant-colonel, $187. All general officers got $301 per month. A soldier said the $1 was for what they did, the $300 just thrown in to please them. Johnny Reb must have his little joke.

The first company to leave Savannah for Virginia was the Oglethorpe Infantry, a fine body of eager young men commanded by Captain Bartow. He was well known all through the State as an ardent Confederate, a distinguished lawyer and orator. He took his young men to Joe Johnston in the Valley, wildly enthusiastic; but Bartow could not long remain their captain. His wide reputation quickly placed him colonel of the Eighth Georgia Infantry, and with that historic regiment the company fought at Manassas, and the entire

war thereafter in Longstreet's command. Bartow was commissioned a brigadier and served as such at Manassas. On July 31st many anxious eyes were fixed on it in Savannah. Then was its baptism of fire, and nobly did the young men stand it. Many were the mourners at home for the killed and wounded of these devoted youth. Their officers—West, Cooper, Butler—led them handsomely; their colonel was lost to them and to the country. Bartow was shot down at the head of the Eighth. "They have killed me, boys, but never give up the fight," was his last gasp, and his soul, with the gallant Bee's, sought its upward flight. The company became famous. It left its dead and wounded on every battlefield from Manassas to Appomattox, wherever Longstreet's corps was engaged. Revived now and honored it is at its old home, one of the leading military organizations of Georgia. Never do the men forget the memories of that day of battle on its recurring anniversaries, or fail in pride of their glorious predecessors.

As the winter approached, the enemy drew in their front and lined the fortifications and defenses on the Potomac. McClellan evidently determined not to attack and that the winter must pass idly on their part. The *gaudium certaminis* was no part of him. On ours Johnston drew in his scattered forces, concentrating about Centerville, which he fortified, and there they were, the two armies making faces at each other, and the Northern papers telling wonders about us, all believed by McClellan, whose imagination always doubled, trebled, quadrupled the fighting strength of those desperate Rebels.

While at Centerville the army underwent its first reorganization. Beauregard was sent West to important duty and J. E. Johnston assumed command of the Eastern army, to be forever known and glorious as the Army of Northern

Virginia. It was then in four divisions, the second of the three brigades under Major-General Longstreet (Second Virginia and First South Carolina Brigade). First Division, also of three brigades, under Major-General Holmes (down on lower Potomac), and the district of the Valley, under Major-General T. J. Jackson (Stonewall), made up this army, besides artillery and cavalry; the latter under Stuart. The first flag of the Confederacy was the stars and bars, but it was found on the battlefield dangerously similar to the Northern stars and stripes. The battle-flag under which we fought to the finish was then substituted, and it was while we were at Centerville that the military function of presenting the new colors to the battalions was arranged.

The day for our division went off admirably. It was brilliant weather, and all were in their best outfits, and on their best mounts. The troops looked well as the colonels successively received their colors to defend.

Arrangements had been made for a generous hospitality at our division headquarters. We were occupying a dismantled old wooden farm-house well situated in the shade of fine trees. There a sumptuous repast was spread, and the principal officers of the divisions became our guests after the flag ceremonies. These arrangements were made by Major John W. Fairfax, whom Longstreet had had appointed a major and inspector on his staff. Fairfax was a rich man, owning the beautiful broad estate of President Monroe, Oak Hill, on the upper Potomac, in Loudoun County, near Aldie, also a fine property on the lower Potomac.

Major Fairfax was then of middle age, tall, courtly and rather impressive. He had attached himself at once to Longstreet, and took charge of his mess and small wants, presented him with a superb mount, and did the best he could with his new military duties. He lacked nothing in

courage; was brave and would go anywhere. But Fairfax had two distinctions—he was the most pious of churchmen and was a born bon vivant, knowing and liking good things. Whiskey later was hard to get, yet he managed to have always a good supply on hand.

He is now a hale and hearty man, wonderfully well preserved.

It was Fairfax, as I said, that provided the feast, drawing the richest materials from his beautiful broad pastures in Loudoun. Everything was plentiful in that stage of the war and much liquor and wine were consumed. Johnston, G. W. Smith, Van Dorn, Beauregard, and others of high rank were present, and we had great merriment and singing.

Suddenly came a clash of steel in the crowded room. Longstreet, with great quickness, had thrown a pair of swords out of the window. Dr. Cullen and Captain Walton, both of his staff (too much wine taken), had suddenly quarreled, and Walton had given the doctor a blow in the face. Longstreet's quick movement disposed of the matter for the time, but it could not so end. After the entertainment, and when done with some hard racing and leaping by the wilder young mounted officers, Colonel Ransome Calhoun of South Carolina called on Major Walton. It was to demand a meeting in expiation of the blow. Walton referred Calhoun to me, and our *pourparler* opened most courteously. He was an admirable gentleman, and but for his good sense and forbearance there must have been an ugly meeting. My difficulties were increased by Longstreet, who, suspecting something, ordered me to put a stop to the whole affair, adding that I was chief of the staff and would be held responsible were not a hostile meeting avoided. We managed to close the thing by explanations from Cullen and regrets from Walton. Both men seemed well satisfied.