

There is an incident connected with this last battle that I will here relate, although it has been published in a magazine called the *Confederate Veteran*. The Federal army had crossed the Rappahannock river and formed in line of battle to attack the Confederate army on the heights beyond. Maj. Pelham commanded a battery belonging to Stuart's cavalry, away on our right flank, in age a youth, in character a hero. When the Federal line commenced to advance, in full view of friends and foe, in the silence that often precedes a great battle, Pelham, with a piece of artillery, dashed forward between the two armies, halted, a puff of smoke, a shell burst over the Federal line, and in a moment the fire of twenty batteries centered on that lone gun; and there, amidst shrieking shot and bursting shell, flame and smoke, that detachment of Frenchmen worked their gun and stayed the battle near an hour, all the while singing the "Marseillais," which was now and then heard for a moment, borne by the fitful breeze, in the break of an almost continuous roar of artillery. France and glory evermore abides in the hearts of Frenchmen. Macaulay, in his lays of ancient Rome, tells in song the story of Horatius and his two friends defending the bridge over old Tiber against the hosts of Lars Porsena, and here is a deed of modern date that rivals that of old, and some day it will be a theme of inspiration for a poet. A boy, one gun, eight Frenchmen holding in check so long eighty thousand men!

Sometime in November, I think it was, I received a dispatch from the President to come over to Richmond. On calling at the President's house I found Gen. Lee there. The General asked me what was the least number of troops I would require, for a short time, to hold my line. Reflecting awhile, I said about six thousand. His reply was: "That is reasonable. When you return order all above that number to report to me." Now I write this as an illustration of the delicate consideration Gen. Lee had for the officers under him. He could have ordered from the department such troops as he desired, without seeing me, but he was ever a gentleman, and considerate to every one.

I have not the date, my papers having been turned over to my successor, but it was during the winter of 1862-63 that Gen. Foster made a raid from New Berne up to near Tarboro, N. C., and as soon as I could ascertain his designs and objective point

I began to concentrate troops to meet him. I assembled about eight thousand troops at Tarboro. Foster was at a village about twelve miles distant. During the afternoon he marched on one road toward Tarboro, and I moved on another to meet him, and on the road that he was reported to be on. When night came we were near each other on different roads, and preparations were made for battle. In the morning Foster was far away on his road to New Berne. It was cold, and snow covered the ground, and pursuit was useless except by cavalry. There was brought to me an old negro slave who was with Foster during that night, and the following was his story:

Well, master, I will tell you how it was. You see I was going from Tarboro out on that road unbeknownst that the Yankees was there. Well, for sure, some of dem Yankees on horseback cried, "Stop dar," and asked me, "Where you live, and where you goin'?" I told how it was, and they said, "Come along, old man," and they took me to the ginneral. He was in a house sitting on a sofa, and he says to me, "Are you from Tarboro?" and I said, "Yes, master;" and then he says, "Take a seat here." So I sot down just this way. He was on this side of me, and I was, as it might be, on tother side of him. He looked kind to me, and says to me: "You know we are friends of the colored people, and so you must tell me de truth." Then he says: "Mose [for I had done told him my name], Mose, are there many soldiers in Tarboro?" I told him there was in de morning more men than I had ever seen in my life, and I tells him where they went to. Then he asks me: "Mose, have they much cabalry?" "Cabalry? what you mean by dat?" "Have they many men on horses?" And I says: "Bless your soul, master, I neber have seen as many black-birds in de cornfields as dey have horses thar; everywhere you go you see dem men on horses." "Have they many guns?" "Sure, ebery man hab a gun." "You don't understand me, Mose," says he; "have they many cannon on wheels?" Then I ups and tells how when dem cannon went out of town I sot on de ground on my knees in a joint of fence in a cornfield on tother side de road and looks through de rails and counts them, and dar war, for sure, just sixty-four of dem. Next he asked me what ginnerals were there, and I told him I ain't particlarly 'quainted with dem, but that I had heard tell of Ginneral Martin there, who had but one arm. Then, after thinking for some time, he called a man and told him to take care of me and not let me get away. Soon they beat de drums and blowed de horns, and they all got ready and was going back, and in the big crowd I slips out, and, bless the Lord, I am home here with de ole woman and children.

Whether Foster was influenced by the information he got from old Mose, I know not, but such was the old negro's story as he related it to me the next day, as I remember it.

I am quite sure vandalism (especially stealing) commenced in New Berne, for the pianos and furniture shipped from there decorate to-day many a Northern home. At Hamilton most of the dwellings had been entered, mirrors broken, furniture smashed, doors torn from their hinges, and especially were the feather beds emptied in the streets, spokes of carriage wheels broken, and cows shot in the fields by the roadside, etc. It was a pitiful sight to see the women and children in their destitute condition. Alas! toward the end it was an everyday occurrence, and the main object of small expeditions was to steal private property.

Pretty early in December a lady correspondent, outside of New Berne, informed me that it was reported that the troops in the town were to move out and attack Wilmington, or destroy the railroad to that place. I kept Gen. G. W. Smith, in Richmond, whose command embraced the State of North Carolina, advised of the information received, and he went through Petersburg, stopping to see me, and then went on to Goldsboro, N. C., to await developments.

My diary says:

Left Petersburg December 15, in the evening train for Weldon. From there ordered the horses and equipments by land road to Goldsboro. Also, by command of Gen. G. W. Smith, I ordered Col. Martin's regiment to Goldsboro. I left in Petersburg, awaiting transportation, the Mississippi regiments and some of Daniel's Brigade and Bradford's Artillery. Leaving Weldon, I proceeded to Goldsboro, and arrived there at 7:30 A.M. on the 16th, and took the train to Kinston. Reached Mosely Hall about 10 A.M. Found Gen. Evans there. At this time there was heard heavy firing at the Whitehall bridge over the Neuse river. The firing increasing rapidly, I sent to Gen. Robertson Col. Burguin's regiment, and Gen. Pettigrew to take command if it should prove to be a determined attempt to cross the river, which I doubted. This regiment did not reach there in time to render any material assistance. The troops engaged were Leventhorpe's Eleventh North Carolina, a part of Feribee's and Evans's Brigades, Jordan's Thirty-First North Carolina, and two pieces of artillery. A battery I sent did not reach there until the fight was over. In this affair we lost about thirty killed and wounded. We had about five hundred men engaged, and the enemy four regiments and fifteen pieces of artillery, and their loss, from inferior position, must have been about one hundred.

Being satisfied that the attempt to cross or to put down a pontoon bridge was frustrated, if seriously contemplated, and that the objective point was Goldsboro and the railroad bridge there, I ordered Col. Rodgers up from Kinston, who had been there all day in possession of the town, and sent

him and Evans's Brigade forward to Goldsboro in haste, and informed Gen. Smith that the enemy was moving up the river; and made every effort to get our force to Goldsboro. Gen. Pettigrew moved with Burguin's and Leventhorpe's regiments for that point, leaving a strong force and two guns at Whitehall. The train that took Rodgers did not return until about 4 A.M., and left soon after with troops. Seeing them off, I started on horseback with staff and rode to Goldsboro, and reached there at 9 A.M. and reported to Gen. Smith.

The guard that was left at Mosely Hall was directed to take an account of the cotton burned there, and to save the rope and bagging.

When I reached the depot near Bear Creek I there found Burguin's regiment and a down train. It brought me an order from Gen. Smith to leave Gen. Robertson in command of the troops at Whitehall and Spring Bank bridges to hold them. Gen. Martin was left in command at Mosely Hall. I have since learned that the enemy left eighty men unburied at Whitehall. They removed the wounded. Seventy stand of arms were collected. During this time Gen. Clingman, with his brigade, was on the right bank of the river.

When Col. Rodgers was ordered from Kinston I directed that the command of Wallace should proceed direct to Goldsboro from Greenville, and not stop at Kinston to support Col. Rodgers, as he had been ordered away.

In consequence of the movements made, as has been stated, the condition of matters on the morning of the 17th, was as follows: Clingman was over the river on the right bank with his brigade (Cantrell's, Shaw's, and Marshall's regiments) and some artillery; Evans, with his brigade and the Mississippi troops, in the town; Rodgers, near by; and Burguin, *en route*, near at hand. When I reached the town and reported to Gen. Smith he told me he had ordered, early in the morning, Gens. Evans and Clingman to make an armed reconnoissance on the other side of the river. For some reason, not known to me, it never moved or got off until the enemy attacked the bridge.

About 2:30 P.M. I was informed that the enemy was advancing on the Goldsboro bridge (the railroad bridge over the Neuse), and the cannon were heard in the distance. Pettigrew started to join Clingman on the other side of the river. Smith sent for me to come to his office. I remained with him about an hour, urging forward troops. Gen. Smith then went to the hotel for his sword, coat, etc. When he returned I picked up my saber and said: "If you have no particular use for me here, I shall go down to the field." To this he replied: "Very well."

Riding down I overtook the Hon. W. Dortch, Confederate States Senator, and Gov. Z. Vance. They wished to show me some fords in the river. I found Pettigrew examining them also. I then galloped on for the field, and found Gen. Smith there. He had passed by while we were locating the fords. On arriving on the field I found most of our troops in the edge of the woods. I moved them across the field to the railroad, which afforded some protection. The enemy were drawn up in line on some rising ground somewhat obliquely to the railroad. Their right was about

seven hundred yards distant, and the left four hundred. There was really but little firing except artillery, and that was at the one gun we brought on the field. Evans, on our left, ordered a charge over the open field toward a battery. The regiment making the charge suffered considerably from canister shot, and as soon as possible I recalled it. It soon became dark, both lines maintaining their positions. Smith now came over to the left, and called Evans, Pettigrew, and me, with Stevens, engineer, to consult or counsel with him on the question of remaining or withdrawing. All but Evans favored crossing back to camp.

The diary is too full of detail to quote. We recrossed because the weather was intensely cold, and the troops had no blankets or provisions, and would be unfit for service if they remained there. Next morning Foster was on his return to New Berne. Had Smith seen to it that Evans had crossed over, and with Clingman's Brigade and his own moved as directed, the bridge could not have been burned, as it was, by a party of six men. Reports said Foster had eighteen thousand men and eighteen pieces of artillery; we had nine thousand, with nearly twenty pieces of artillery. The whole matter was probably a demonstration in favor of Burnside at Fredericksburg. Our troops were not properly handled at Goldsboro.

From Goldsboro I returned to Petersburg on the 24th. On January 5, 1863, I left Petersburg for Weldon on account of information of an apprehended attack on Wilmington. The next day Gen. G. W. Smith arrived, and then went on to Goldsboro. On the 16th I joined Gen. Smith at Goldsboro. Owing to information received on the 20th, I ordered Cook's Brigade to near South Washington, Ransom's to Kenonsville, and Pettigrew's intermediate, to support either. In the evening Smith went to Wilmington. On the 27th I received information that Gen. Smith had been ordered to Richmond, and a dispatch came for me from the War Department to repair to Goldsboro and assume command of all the troops. On the 3d of February I received orders to send reënforcements to Wilmington. I sent Evans's Brigade there. Orders also came to convene a court of inquiry on Gen. Evans. On the 8th forces were sent from Wilmington to Charleston, and on the 18th I examined the works around the city of Wilmington that I had constructed a year ago, and the next day visited the forts, Fisher, Caswell, etc. I returned to Petersburg on the 23d. Gen. D. H. Hill, having no

troops, was put in command of those in North Carolina, leaving me Southern Virginia. I found in Petersburg Lieut. Gen. Longstreet.

In the summer of 1862 an estimable clergyman came to me and spoke of an opportunity of obtaining some supplies for the troops from Norfolk. I believed it feasible, and referred him to my chief quartermaster, Maj. J. B. Moray. It speedily was put into operation, and the plan was very simple. An Englishman, living some miles from Suffolk, having charge of or owning an estate on which he lived, had permission to pass the lines at will, and had a permit to purchase supplies for his place. Under this permit he procured for the reverend gentleman large supplies of sugar, coffee, clothes, shoes, medicines, surgical instruments, saddler's tools, bacon, etc. One day at Weldon, or Halifax, a trunk was sent to headquarters through this channel containing some coffee and the most costly pair of boots I have ever worn. The foot was calfskin and the tops of morocco, and came above the knee. They were worn long after the war ended. Who sent them I do not know. The only trouble I gave to this matter of obtaining supplies was to place a respectable and permanent guard that could be trusted, to let the boats land with the supplies.* When I went to Petersburg the ladies were

*By this arrangement my quartermaster, Maj. J. B. Moray, obtained bacon, sugar, coffee, blankets, shoes, cloth, saddlers' tools, medical supplies, etc., in no small quantities. He also had hay and fodder baled, by sending a hay press through the north counties of North Carolina to bale this forage, and obtain grain. On the arrival of Gens. D. H. Hill and Longstreet it terminated, for Longstreet took the teams.

The following letter from the Hon. James A. Sedden relates to this matter:

WAR DEPARTMENT, C. S. A., }
RICHMOND, February 20, 1863. }

Gen. S. G. French, Commanding, Etc.

General: I have derived much satisfaction from your letter of the 12th, and am gratified to see how fully you have realized and understand the great needs of our army on the Rappahannock for supplies of forage and subsistence, and the difficulty of meeting them. The scarcity in this State is really great, and without distressing exactions from the people, and much consequent suffering, there is no prospect of drawing any large supplies from them.

Our great reliance must be on the large producing counties of North Carolina, and, unfortunately, the richest are in the hands of, or under the control of, the enemy. Great efforts must be made to draw all that can be forced or tempted from that quarter, and there can be no better employment of our forces in North Carolina than in protecting and aiding such operations. Even illicit dealings with persons of doubtful position, or

somewhat "slipshod," for no ladies' shoes, toothbrushes, pins, needles, or materials for dresses were for sale. Through respectable men "running the blockade," I had the town supplied. All that I required of these men was that they should bring a few necessary articles for the government, then as much as they wished for sale, but the invoice must be submitted to the quartermaster to see if there were any other things useful for the army.

There was a large, tall woman named Johnston by whom hundreds of letters, with money in them, were sent by soldiers to their families in that part of Virginia, and in return she brought letters to Confederate soldiers. I detailed an intelligent man to read all letters going out and returning by the blockade runners; all letters, too, going *north* by, or received from, the flag of truce boats were examined before being delivered to the persons addressed. Only a few of these letters were referred to me. I never doubted Mrs. Johnston's integrity, but some of my staff endeavored to have me believe she was a spy on both sides. She always told me the truth about the enemy, for I could see it corroborated by the testimony of others. One time she was gone about six weeks, then returned and said Gen. Vielè had put a guard over her house in Norfolk and kept her a prisoner. When some years afterwards I met Gen. Vielè in New York he told me he could do nothing with her, she defied him, and he kept her at home that while. She gave him no truthful information, but was faithful in her reports to us.

There was a girl living in Norfolk that wanted to cross the lines and go to Richmond. Three prominent citizens, separately, informed me that she was a spy. Gen. J. J. Pettigrew, on the Blackwater, received like information, and asked me for instructions. I wrote: "Let her come, but send an officer to watch her." She arrived by train, in company with a "roach-backed" looking woman with a child in her arms, and went to the hotel. I directed the city marshal to arrest her if she attempt to leave for Richmond, and he arrested her at the Richmond depot the next morning and brought her to me. She swore she was a true

mercenary natures, might be encouraged to the extent of procuring supplies, particularly of meat. But with the clear views and convictions you have on this whole subject it is unnecessary to urge the adoption of special means. You will, I doubt not, adopt all that can be made available, and in so doing you will have the sanction of the department.

Very truly yours,

JAMES A. SEDDON, *Secretary of War.*

woman to the Confederacy, that she had a brother in the service. I asked her how she left Suffolk. She declared she passed the Federal lines with the woman now with her, who had a pass for two persons, that she brought the woman and child along with her lest the woman should be imprisoned for aiding her over the line of pickets, etc. Then I read to her several letters informing me "Fannie Cooper left this morning in a carriage with a Yankee officer to go to Richmond." She denied it all. I told her she would have to go to Salisbury a prisoner until I could inquire into her case further. She begged not to be imprisoned there, so I sent her back to Gen. Pettigrew, commanding on the Blackwater, to have her sent back to her home. Now, during the siege of Suffolk, many persons told me that "she did go out of Suffolk in the carriage with an officer," etc. In 1866 she wrote me a letter declaring all I heard about her was false, and wishing me all sorts of bad things. All in all it would have been an interesting case for Sherlock Holmes.

Petersburg was under martial law, and to keep the city in peace and order was no small task. Men who were regarded respectable would sell liquor to the soldiers. To fine the offenders was useless. To end it, the suggestion was made that a court-martial should condemn the next offender to have his head shaved and wear a "barrel shirt," and be marched through the city two hours every day for ten days. That ended selling whisky. How would a dude look with his head shaved and protruding through a hole in the head of a barrel? Would the sun affect *his* intellect? The doctors reported that no ordinary person could endure it, so I remitted a part of the sentence.

One day the provost marshal arrested a blockade runner for not obeying his instructions. His goods were placed in a rented store, and J. A. Shingleur, of Columbus, Ga., and Sidney Lanier, of my signal corps, were detailed to sell them. The money was deposited in bank to my order. After the war was ended I gave the owner the funds. I have often wondered if that quiet, gentle soldier-poet remembered his experience as a merchant in Petersburg? Often he and a friend would come to my quarters and pass the evening with us, where the "alarums of war" were lost in the soft notes of their flutes, for Lanier was an excellent musician. I believe his cantata was sung at the opening of the World's Exposition held in Philadelphia in 1876.

Another duty was the exchange of prisoners on arrival at City Point of the flag of truce steamer. Our men were sent out to a camp I had, and thence to their commands. I never went to the flag of truce boat in all this while but once, and then I did not go aboard of her. I dismounted and took a seat on a box. All was quiet. The staging from the main deck rested on the wharf. On this deck, by the staging, were posted two soldiers with arms aground. On the upper deck were three or four United States soldiers. Their clothing was clean, neat, and new, and they wore unsoiled white cotton gloves. The wharf was guarded by a lone Confederate soldier. On his head was a straw hat, his raiment was butternut in color, his shoes were low-quartered, his hair and beard long. In countenance he was dignified, and his eye bright. To protect himself from the cold north wind, a brown blanket was tied, or pinned, in front around his neck, and as he turned to the north, pacing to and fro in front of the stage, his blanket would swing now east, now west, and on returning wrap him in its folds. He heeded not the neat clad enemy on the steamer, but walked his post with the conscious conviction that he was their peer in every walk of life. None of the soldiers leaning over the railing and looking down on him were commenting on his garb, or laughing at him. Battle had taught them to respect him. Still the contrast in clothing and comfort was marked.

CHAPTER XII.

Telegram from Secretary of War—Go to Richmond—Declined Going to Vicksburg—Gen. Longstreet—He Starts for Suffolk—Suffolk—Capture of a Fort and Garrison—No Report Made of the Capture—Statement of Lieut. George Reese—Longstreet Ordered to Join Lee—Dispatches—Battle of Chancellorsville—Withdraw from Suffolk—An Impertinent Note—Court of Inquiry Asked for and Refused—Possible Result Had Longstreet Obeyed Orders—*Ten* Dispatches to Longstreet—Orders to Report to Gen. Johnston.

ON March 1, 1863, I received a telegram from the Secretary of War stating that he wished to see me in regard to a change of service. The day following I called at the office of the Secretary, Hon. J. A. Seddon, and he expressed a desire that I would go to the city of Vicksburg to assist in the defense of that place. I did not give my assent, preferring to consider the matter. On the 3d I rode around the line of defensive works that I had constructed around Petersburg with Gen. Longstreet, and did not get back until 3 P.M.

I have already stated that on my return from Wilmington on the 23d of February, 1863, I found Gen. Longstreet in Petersburg in command of the divisions of Gens. Hood and Pickett. The main object of his coming was to provision his troops and forage his animals (until active service commenced requiring him to join Gen. Lee or otherwise) from the supplies in the adjoining counties of Virginia and the counties of North Carolina in the northeastern portion of the State, and be in readiness to join Gen. Lee promptly, which he said was arranged before he left Fredericksburg. (See Longstreet's "Memoirs," page 329.)

That the trains might move in safety, it was necessary to confine the Federal forces in the works around Suffolk and Norfolk. Accordingly about the middle of April Longstreet moved with his two divisions and one of mine on Suffolk. The approach of our troops was not discovered until the advance was in open view of the defenses around the city. Their pickets were quietly captured, and the lookout sentinel in an observatory on a platform in the top of a large pine tree in front of the city might have been captured also had it not been for the desire of