mountain land with the hatred of tyrants and the love of heroic deeds; or when he contemplates that wonderful monument by Thorvaldsen, on the shores of Lake Lucerne, in commemoration of the fidelity in death of the Swiss Guard of Louis XVI—a colossal lion, cut out of the living rock, pierced by a javelin, and yet in death protecting the lily of France with his paw—he asks himself how many men of the nations of the world have been inspired with a love of freedom by the monuments and heroic stories of little Switzerland?

Comrades, we need not weave any fable borrowed from Scandinavian lore into the woof of our history to inspire our youth with admiration of glorious deeds in freedom's battles done. In the true history of this Army of Northern Virginia, which laid down its arms "not conquered, but wearied with victory," you have a record of deeds of valor, of unselfish consecration to duty, and faithfulness in death, which will teach our sons and our sons' sons how to die for liberty. Let us see to it that it shall be transmitted to them.

Campaign of 1864 and 1865.

NARRATIVE OF MAJOR-GENERAL C. W. FIELD.

[It is due to the gallant author of the following paper to say that it was not written for publication, but for the private use of General E. P. Alexander, who was at that time—several years after the war—contemplating a history of Longstreet's corps. The narrative is, however, so interesting and valuable that we take the liberty of publishing it as material for the future historian.]

I joined the division at Bull's Gap, east Tennessee, about March 13th, 1864; remained there for some weeks, then fell back to Zollicoffer, and, finally, about the middle of April, took the cars for Gordonsville, Virginia. A few days after our arrival there, General Lee came over and reviewed McLaws's division and mine and aroused great enthusiasm among the troops. This, with the fact of our rejoining the Army of Northern Virginia, and getting back to Old Virginia, where we wished to serve, operated very beneficially upon the troops, and elevated them to the very pinnacle of military pride and perfection.

It was about noon of the 4th of May, whilst encamped near Gor-
Donsville, that General Longstreet signalled me that the enemy had broken camp, and directed me to strike, I think, the road, and reach a point on it—Jack's Shop, I think—early next day. By marching nearly all night, I encamped on the following evening at dark about five miles from the Wilderness battleground.

The opposing armies had been engaged during the day, the cavalry fighting in my immediate front. At midnight I received orders to move immediately to the scene of action by striking across the country to the plank road. McLaws's division, commanded by Kershaw, had encamped a few miles from me, and as the head of his column reached the plank road point, and as it was already broad day, and thinking the emergency might be great, instead of halting until the rear of his column passed, I moved parallel with him, the head of his column being maybe a hundred yards or so in advance of mine. Both columns were directly just in rear of the field and moving down the plank road. As the musketeers' fire increased, so did the numbers going to the rear from Heth's and Wilcox's divisions, which had just been assaulted by the enemy. The numbers, manner, and words of these troops all told too plainly that those divisions were being driven back in confusion, and that the two divisions of Longstreet's corps were badly needed. In a moment all our troops in my front gave way and came hurrying by us, and I got an order from Longstreet to form line of battle on the right of and perpendicular to the road, and check the enemy's advance. I threw Anderson's brigade, which was leading to the right, at once in line, but before it could be followed up by the other brigades a second order was received from Longstreet to form in the quickest order I could and charge with any front I could make. Throwing the Texas brigade, which was second, on the left of the road and in line perpendicular to it, and Benning in rear of that, and Law in rear of that, and Jenkins in rear of that, the Texas brigade, led by its gallant General Gregg, dashed forward as soon as it formed, without waiting for those in its rear to get ready.

By this time the enemy had swept Heth's and Wilcox's divisions entirely to our rear, and ignorant that there was anything to oppose them, the view being obstructed by a slight rise and some scattered pines, were pushing forward in heavy and confident masses.

There was nothing to oppose to this seemingly resistless force but Gregg's small body of Texans, less than five hundred strong. But away they went, charging right down the plank road, the right resting upon it, met the enemy and—though flanked on both sides—
forced them back. It was at the beginning of this charge that the celebrated scene, quoted in the newspapers, between General Lee and this brigade occurred. General Lee, who was present, seeing, as all did, that the battle was lost to us unless some almost superhuman exertion was made, placed himself at the centre of the brigade, saying aloud he would lead them. The men strengthened the line, cried out that he must go back, and that they would do the work. And well they did it, but at the loss of two-thirds of their number lying on the ground, killed or wounded, in ten minutes. Some companies were entirely obliterated. One company, I remember, for months had on duty but a single person, a lieutenant—all the rest being killed or wounded at the Wilderness. The Texas brigade met and overcame the first shock, but it was followed by Benning's Georgia brigade at a few paces interval with signally cheering results. General Benning was badly wounded in this charge—the command for some months after devolving upon Colonel DuRose—and his brigade much cut up. Law's brigade, commanded by Colonel Perry, came immediately to the rear of Benning, but fortunately the enemy's course had been somewhat checked, and the losses in this brigade were not so great at that time. The remaining brigade in Field's division—Jenkins's South Carolina—was brought up as soon as it could form, and held for a while in reserve. Meanwhile Anderson's Georgia brigade, which had been the first formed and which had been thrown across to the right of the plank road, was advanced on that side as well as the dense thicket would admit. Its progress being unavoidably slow, and the thicket very dense, its losses were comparatively small. The enemy's progress had been stopped, and he had been driven back by the brigades from Texas, Georgia, and Alabama, commanded respectively by Generals Gregg and Benning, and Colonel Perry, but he was not beaten, and for the next three hours a fierce struggle, without any permanent advantage to either side, was maintained at that point—first one side and then the other giving back slowly and doggedly, while the same ground was fought over a half dozen times in succession by both sides. It was about eleven o'clock when General Longstreet informed me that some troops had been sent around to attack the enemy on his left flank, and that he wished me to attack in front at the same time. The plank road at this point was straight and level for a mile or more. Placing a couple of pieces in the road, which effectually dislodged the enemy from a breastwork which he had thrown up across it, and moving down on both sides of the road with my division, the enemy was started back,
but slowly, and then he broke and fled in confusion, leaving his dead and wounded thick upon the field. Among the latter was Brigadier-General Wadsworth, of New York, who died late in the day. It was at this time that General Longstreet was wounded, and Brigadier-General Jenkins, of my division, killed. The enemy being routed and nowhere in sight, and all fighting having ceased, General Longstreet rode up to me at the head of my division, and, seizing my hands, congratulated me in warm terms on the fighting of my troops and the result of the assault. Stopping a moment at the request of General Lee, who also came up at this time to direct the removal of some logs, which the enemy had thrown across the road as a breastwork, so that the two guns might pass, General Longstreet, accompanied by Brigadier-General Jenkins and their staff and couriers, had gotten about thirty yards in my front when I heard a scattering fire from the bushes on the right of the road, and saw General Longstreet’s party in great confusion. In a moment it was ascertained that General Longstreet was wounded and General Jenkins and some others killed. Rushing to the General at once, he was assisted from his horse and reclined on the roadside against a tree. Knowing that he was badly, if not mortally hurt, though the exact locality of his wound was not yet known, he desired me to assume command of the corps and press the enemy.

Some have doubted by whom this fire was delivered, but there need be none. There was no enemy in sight or range, but some of our troops of another corps emerging from the bushes and seeing objects on the road where they supposed the enemy still were, opened fire with the result above stated. Could we have pushed forward at once, I believe Grant’s army would have been routed, as all that part which I had attacked was on the run. But as the troops were now formed my division and some others, probably, were perpendicular to the road and in line of battle, whilst all those which had acted as the turning force were in line parallel to the road, and the two were somewhat mixed up. No advance could be possibly made till the troops parallel to the road were placed perpendicular to it, otherwise, as the enemy had fallen back down the road, our right flank would have been exposed to him, besides our two bodies being on the road at the same point, one perpendicular and the other about parallel to it, neither could move without interfering with the other. To rectify this alignment consumed some precious time—time, as we learned later, the enemy was employing in reforming his broken columns, and throwing up a new line of works.
Under my direction the line was finally straightened and an advance of the whole line made, and though the attack in some instances was, I know gallantly made, the enemy was too strong behind his breastworks to be again driven from them.

The almost impenetrable growth of wood and brush prevented some of the troops from reaching the enemy at all, but one of my brigades, the gallant South Carolina—now led by Colonel Bratton, since Jenkins's death—rushed up to the enemy's works under a withering fire and got into them, but having no support were driven back again, save those who were killed or captured in the works. The enemy's own account of this affair entirely agrees with this, and they said that they were very near being driven from the works and routed. Anderson's brigade, of my division, on the same occasion made a vigorous attack.

It being now about sunset I formed the corps in line of battle perpendicular to and to the right of the road and bivouacked that night, and the next morning the men threw up breastworks, but except a feeler which the enemy threw against the left of my line next day, there was no occasion for their use, the operations the next day being limited to heavy skirmishing. The corps occupied the extreme right of the army, Major General R. H. Anderson's division joining it at the plank road on the left. Late on the evening of the 7th, after the battle had been fought and won, General R. H. Anderson, the senior major-general, was assigned to and had command of the corps till the following autumn when General Longstreet again reported for duty.

The reports of this and subsequent battles never having been furnished, the only account that I have ever seen was one written by Mr. Lawley, correspondent of the London Times, which, though meant to be fair, contained, through ignorance of the truth, one all important error. It is this: He states that at the opening of the fight on the morning of the 6th of May, when two divisions of our army had given way, that Kershaw's division formed and met the enemy and repulsed him, and that my division was behind and formed upon it—Kershaw's, etc., whereas, the truth is, as I have before stated, that my division was just formed in column by brigades; that the exultant, jubilant enemy was met and driven back by three of the brigades, Gregg's Texans, Benning's Georgians and Perry's Alabamians; and that the fate of the day and army is due, I firmly believe, to those three brigades; that I did not form upon Kershaw, and had no connection with him till late in the day. Lawley's mis-
take—and others may have made the same—was natural, because a few minutes before Kershaw was leading, but I formed and charged first—the ground was open in my front and impassible in his, and the enemy was just in my track. This error is a very important one, and it is due to my gallant fellows that it should be corrected. I was myself twice struck during this charge, and several of my couriers wounded. I had but two staff-officers with me, Major Jones and Major Masters, both giving most efficient and hard service. I should state that after Longstreet's fall a good many other brigades were under my command, but I forget now what troops they were; also that General Lee was near me giving verbal directions.

Throughout the night of the 7th, our corps, commanded now by Anderson, was marching to Spotsylvania Courthouse, near which place it arrived about 8 o'clock next morning, and found our cavalry engaged with the enemy, infantry and cavalry, and hard pressed. Kershaw was leading, and General Anderson not knowing what force the enemy was in, or where he was exactly, Perry's Alabama brigade of my division was sent off to the left, and soon joined Humphreys's Mississippi brigade, and had a hard struggle with the enemy all day, whilst I with the rest of my division, and Kershaw with some part of his, was sent down the road to the Courthouse, about a mile and a half distant, to drive the enemy from and secure that point. We found the town occupied by sixteen pieces of artillery and a body of cavalry, but seeing our approach they fled without firing a shot. Seeing nothing to be done here, I wheeled to the left and moved on about two miles to where Perry had been engaged, and picking him up formed line and threw up works and constituted the extreme left of the army when it all came up, which it did that night. The enemy threw up works just in front of ours, and deadly sharpshooting was maintained for the four or five days that I remained there, besides many vigorous assaults being made.

I think it was on the 10th that the enemy, after having tried other parts of the line and failed, tried to break through our left. He accordingly charged the Texas brigade, which was my left and the left of the army—came up to the works, some of them even clambering over, but these last were instantly killed or captured, and the balance driven back. On another occasion the enemy charged over the same ground and against the same brigade, but were handsomely driven back, chiefly by some guns of Cabell's battalion, under Major W. H. Gibbes, posted a little to my left and rear. I think it was on the 12th that they again made a determined effort to break through
my line, this time selecting the right, commencing on the extreme right of the line, Bratton's South Carolina, and extending to the left through DuBose's Georgians (Benning being wounded at the Wilderness and not rejoining until late in the fall), and Perry's Alabamians, but they were repulsed throughout with great slaughter.

After four or five days spent in this position, the enemy withdrew from my front, and going then over the ground he had occupied, we were astounded at the great slaughter we had made. The graves were very numerous, and the dead bodies in some places which were under fire, and could not, therefore, be removed, were black, jet black, and swollen, and presented a horrid spectacle. General G. T. Anderson, of my division, reported that in one day the enemy charged his line eight different times. Our losses were very slight whilst his were immense at this place.

At this time Brigadier-General Law returned and took command of the brigade (Alabamians), but was wounded a few weeks later at Cold Harbor, sent home, and never again rejoined the brigade, Colonel Perry being promoted to it.

The enemy having retired from my front, I vacated that position and took front on the extreme right of the army. Remaining here a day or two, the enemy making no attack, we withdrew with the army to the North Anna and formed on its south bank, or beyond it a mile.

It may be well to state that my division was composed of five brigades, all the balance of the army having but four. They were one South Carolina, two Georgia, one Alabama, and one Texas, commanded respectively by Brigadier-Generals Jenkins, Benning, Anderson, Law, and Gregg. As during the campaign Generals Jenkins and Gregg were killed and Generals Benning and Law wounded, their brigades were commanded respectively by Colonel Bratton, afterwards made Brigadier-General, Colonel Bass, Colonel DuBose, afterwards made Brigadier-General, and Colonel Perry, afterwards made Brigadier-General.

After two or three days here, we marched through Ashland to the Totopotomoy river, and fought, I think, on the morning of June 3d, the battle of Cold Harbor. It was two days before, that Kershaw, who was some distance on my right—Pickett being between us—asked for assistance. Either his lines or Hoke's or both had just been broken by the enemy, and a large salient of our works taken by the enemy. Leaving two of my brigades in my thin lines to hold them, with the three others (Law's Alabamians, Anderson's Georgians,
and Gregg's Texans) I went to his assistance, and relieving two of his brigades, I laid out and made a new breastwork in rear of the one taken from Kershaw or some one, and connected it with the old one. We had hardly gotten it tenable when at early daylight, June 3d, the enemy in heavy columns appeared directly in the front of Law and Anderson and partly of Gregg. They came on in heavy masses, and with great spirit, but only to be mowed down. No impression was made upon my line, and our losses were slight (Brigadier-General Law being wounded just above the eye), but the slaughter of the enemy was appalling. My men of Law's brigade (against whom the most determined attack was made) stated that they could see the dust knocked from the enemy's clothes by our balls, and that our fire was so rapid and effective that a second death-wound was frequently given a Yankee before he had time to fall from the first. The enemy's repulse was signal and disastrous, and his slaughter so great that he never made another effort on the north side of the James.

I think it was on the 16th of June, late in the evening, that my division, after crossing James river, found itself near Walthall Station on the Richmond and Petersburg railroad. During the day Butler's troops had been engaged in tearing up the railroad, and had also taken possession of a line of works fronting Bermuda Hundreds, which Beauregard had been compelled to vacate in order to go to the defence of Petersburg. As the enemy only held these works by a strong picket line, Pickett's and my division next day (the 17th) charged and drove them out, and Pickett continued to occupy this line during the rest of the campaign, I going on to Petersburg on the 18th. I took position in the trenches at Petersburg, my left resting at the battery afterwards blown up and known as the "Mine." I remained in these trenches without relief from this time till two days before the explosions, when I was was withdrawn and sent to the Richmond side of the James to resist an advance there. On the left of my line at Petersburg the picket firing was continuous; my losses being daily from five to fifty. I should have stated that once during this time I left the trenches for the purpose of assisting in an attack upon the enemy's right. This was, I think, about the middle of July, and was as follows: General Lee, believing that the enemy had grown careless and was weak on his right (resting on the Appomattox), determined to assault him there. The plan was written out in detail; was as follows: Hoke's division, which occupied our trenches at that point (our extreme left), was (after a severe artillery fire of half
hour's duration had driven the enemy under shelter and demoralized him) to charge suddenly, take the enemy's first line and sweep up it to the right. After Hoke had gotten entire possession of the first line of the enemy and had swept to the right, I, who was to have been ready in rear of his old line, was to move up over the same ground that he had passed over, and Hoke having unmasked me I was to carry the enemy's second if he should have one, and if not, I was to attack wherever and whatever I found best. Other divisions were to take up the attack at stated periods, as it swept down to our right.

Although it was not expected that I would move from my position, in reserve, till Hoke had not only vacated his line, but had carried the enemy's, I was so anxious to do more than my duty, that as soon as I saw the first signs of stir in Hoke's lines, I rushed forward with my leading brigade (Benning's Georgia, commanded by Du Bose), and took shelter in Hoke's breastworks with his troops. Hoke's assault was a failure; about two-thirds of his left brigade left their trenches and rushed across the space separating them from the Yankees—about three hundred yards—but none of them reached the works, except as prisoners. The rest of that brigade and division, which were to have charged, never left their own works, and of course I had nothing to do until they had gotten out of my way and done the duty assigned them. Instead of getting credit for doing much more than I was ordered to do, ignorant persons (and very few knew what the orders were) took it for granted, I suppose, that it was I who was ordered to make the assault, and that the failure was mine, whereas it was because I was active and exceeded my instructions that people supposed that it was I and not Hoke who was ordered to carry the place. So much for being too enterprising and ambitious.

The next day I returned to my original place in the trenches, and in about a week afterwards left for the north side of the James to resist a threatened attack there. I found upon the north side of the James, permanently stationed there, an artillery force and many guns at Chaffin's Bluff, the Richmond City battalion, and a Tennessee brigade (Johnston's), all under the nominal command of Lieutenant-General Ewell. I say nominal, because, though General Ewell commanded the Department of Richmond, which embraced those troops, and everything which might be located there, in fact I commanded, and made disposition to suit myself, without consultations with him, and received no orders from him. When I first went over
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to the north side, Lieutenant-General Anderson, with Kershaw's and Heth's divisions, were there, but, the enemy withdrawing the most of his force to the south side during the night, on the following day Lieutenant-General Anderson and the two divisions last mentioned did the same, leaving my division, and the permanent force I have before mentioned, on the north side to watch the enemy. At this time General Anderson, with Kershaw's division, marched to join Early in the Valley. I believe it was proposed for me to follow in a few days, but at daylight on the 14th of August the enemy, having thrown a heavy force to the north side during the previous night, attacked my lines. He made three assaults at different times during the day, which were handsomely repulsed, with loss to him; and, finding that he could not succeed by direct assault, he determined to effect his purpose by turning my left flank.

The great superiority of his troops in numbers gave him bright prospects of doing this. Up to this time my lines extended from Chaffin's Bluff on the right to New Market Heights on the left, my extreme left resting at this latter place. Covering so great a line, it was of course, with the comparatively few troops at my disposal, weak everywhere, the men being in extended single rank, and in many places there being none at all. I omitted to include a small brigade of cavalry, under Brigadier-General Gary, as a part of the permanent force on the north side, and which force rendered me very important service on this occasion.

About a mile to the left of New Market Heights, where the left of my infantry rested, the New Market and Darbytown roads united at Fussell's mill. The line of works behind which I was, continued to to this point, but was, as I said before, not manned. The enemy rightly judged that by getting possession of these abandoned, or rather unoccupied, works at this point, he could, with his large force, probably sweep us before him into the lines surrounding Richmond, as the line upon which we then were was perpendicular to this last line, and the enemy arriving on our left flank would roll us up before we could form line of battle facing him, because our right was at Chaffin's, several miles distant. Accordingly, under cover of a forest, the enemy dashed at this point, Fussell's mill, but Gary quickly dismounting two of his three regiments threw them behind the works and received the Yankees with a galling fire. Fortunately, I was at the moment at my extreme left, and learning the enemy's intention, had a few minutes before started with Anderson's Georgia brigade and two pieces of artillery at a double-quick to the
assailed point. Reaching near the point of attack a few minutes after it began, a part of Anderson's brigade and the two guns opened upon the enemy's left flank, whilst Gary poured in a galling fire in front; the enemy wavered a few minutes, and then gave way in confusion, and fell back out of range for the day. The conduct of Gary on this occasion was very judicious and gallant. Only a portion of the enemy had crossed from Petersburg during the previous night, but all this day (August the 14th), from the elevation at New Market Heights, a stream of reinforcements could be seen coming over. Telegraphing at once to General Lee, who was at Petersburg, the condition of things, he sent to me also large reinforcements which were reaching me at intervals during the 15th. During this day the enemy made no attack, but were hard at work fortifying in my front.

By morning of the 16th all my reinforcements had arrived and were in position, my line extending considerably to the left of Fussell's mill in the direction of the Charles City road.

There was now under my command about fifteen thousand troops, consisting of the permanent troops I have previously named, my own division, now immediately commanded by Brigadier-General Gregg, and a brigade or two each, I think, from Heth's, Wilcox's, Mahone's, and Pickett's divisions. I regret that I cannot recall just now precisely whose brigades they were, but one I know was Harris's Mississippi brigade, one was Girard's Georgia, one was Virginia, two were North Carolina, one commanded by General Conner, one Wright's, and the other I do not recollect. I should add that W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry had also reported to me, and covered my left on the Charles City road. I think it was about 10 or 11 o'clock A. M. of the 16th that the enemy made an assault in heavy masses on a part of my line about six hundred yards to the left of Fussell's mill. He had hit upon the most unfavorable point in our line of defence, for the ground was irregular, and what was of much more consequence, there was a dense forest of oak and pines in this immediate front, which we had only had time to cut away for a few yards (about fifty) in front of our works, thus offering a secure shelter to, and screening the enemy from our men till he got within fifty yards of our works. But he was met with a heavy and well-directed fire as soon as he showed himself through the bushes, and quickly withdrew. It was about a half hour after this, that whilst sitting on the ground with my staff and couriers, about one hundred yards in rear of the centre of the assault, with our horses hitched to some bushes close by, that I heard a scattering fire and some cheer-
ing immediately in my front. I knew at once that the enemy was assaulting again, but as he had just been handsomely repulsed at that very point, I felt so sure that the result would be the same now that I did not even rise up from the ground. Major Willis F. Jones, my Adjutant-General, who was standing up near me and could see all that was going on so near us, suddenly said, very excitedly, "General, they are breaking": thinking he referred to the Yankees, I replied, "Well, I knew they would;" but he immediately exclaimed, "but, General, it's our men," and, jumping to my feet, I saw at a glance the most appalling, disheartening sight of my life. The brigade just before me—Girardy's Georgia—had, from some entirely inexplicable cause, given way without firing a shot hardly, and the brigade on its left, a North Carolina one, seeing this, immediately did the same, and, at the moment of my looking, both brigades were coming back in disordered squads, and the Yankees were jumping over the works they had just vacated in close pursuit, and cheering like all the world. Jumping on my horse in a moment, I dashed up the line to reach the left two brigades, which were now cut off, and which I wished to attack in flank, whilst with the rest of my disposable troops I met him in front. Though I rode parallel to, and not over fifty yards in front of the enemy for some distance, the motion of my horse, and the great excitement of the enemy, made him miss me, though numerous shots were fired at me. But I could not reach the brigade on my left—the enemy were between us—had broken the army in two, and were pouring through the gap left by the two brigades which had broken.

These two brigades for a time at least seemed to dissolve, but they were afterwards rallied, and aided in restoring things, the North Carolina one particularly doing good service.

At this time not only the day but Richmond seemed to be gone. There were three roads (the New Market, Darbytown and Charles City) radiating from Fussell's mill and leading to Richmond. The enemy had possession of these roads, was fronting two of them in heavy masses, and with my left entirely cut off, I had not at hand a single regiment to oppose him. I felt that nothing but a miracle could save us. My own gallant division had never yet failed when called upon, and sending an order to General Gregg commanding it to bring me every available man he had, to leave only a skirmish line to hold his works, and to come quickly, in a few minutes this division had formed a line of battle (under cover of the forest) in the enemy's path; we advanced against the enemy, and after a hard
and well contested battle drove him back a half mile to our works, which he had captured, over and beyond them, retook our works and continued to hold them forever afterwards. This glorious and scarcely to be hoped for result was accomplished by Gregg, commanding my division, attacking in front aided by such portions of the two broken brigades as could be rallied (a majority of the North Carolina fighting well, its Colonel commanding being badly wounded) and that portion of the army which had been cut off—Colonel Conner, afterwards General Conner, being the senior, and in command of it, attacking at the same time in flank. This ended the fighting for that day.

Our losses, as might be inferred from such open, hard fighting, were heavy—the enemy’s, though, much more so. Among the casualties in my division which now, at this distance of time, recur to me were: Colonel Little, commanding Eleventh Georgia, wounded; Colonel Jack Brown, of Georgia, my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant W. Roy Mason, badly wounded, falling into the hands of the enemy, and General Gregg’s aide de-camp killed. Brigadier-General Girard was killed early in the action, at the time his brigade broke. He had only a few days before been raised from the rank of Major and assigned to that brigade, and fell in his first action with his new rank. He was said to be a gallant, meritorious officer.

Previous to this battle being fought General R. E. Lee had arrived from Petersburg; but he did not take command, and was simply a looker-on.

I should have stated that on the day previous (August 15th), General W. H. F. Lee’s cavalry, on the Charles City road, being hard pressed, I sent to his assistance Gary’s cavalry brigade, and the Texas infantry brigade, and, with their assistance, he drove the enemy back and re-established his position. Hampton, who some days before had started for the Valley to join Early, returned and took position on the Charles City road on my extreme left on the 16th, General Lee having telegraphed him at Gordonsville to return to my assistance. On the next day (the 17th) the enemy sent a request, by flag of truce, that hostilities should cease for a few hours, that they might gather up and bury their dead near our lines. The application was signed and made in the name of Hancock, though I ascertained a day or two afterwards that Grant and Meade were both present. The correspondence granting and arranging the armistice on our side was conducted by me, though General Lee was now present. The second night after,
the enemy having withdrawn to the south side again, the brigades which had come to my aid were also sent back to that side. This battle is called by the enemy "Deep Bottom"—from a point on the James near by thus called—and is placed among their important actions.

Though Richmond came at last so near being closely invested, and the result to us was so important, the people even in Richmond, a few miles off, were never aware how great their danger was, and never knew of nor appreciated the importance of the battle. Indeed, it was scarcely known that a battle had been fought and won.

As a specimen of the knowledge and accuracy of the Richmond journals, one of them, after giving Mahone credit for the fight, gravely added that "he ought not, after winning battles, be too modest to let the public know of his prowess; that he must not, whilst fighting, forget the art of writing," when, in truth, Mahone was at no time nearer than Petersburg, thirty miles off. So much for newspapers and the history they make. Some days after this I was with three brigades (Bratton’s, Anderson’s, and Perry’s) summoned to Petersburg. The Texas brigade and Benning’s (Colonel DuBose) were left on the north side, Gregg falling in command. After reaching Petersburg it was found that the particular event for which I had been wanted did not occur, and I remained there for some weeks doing nothing very special, but going from point to point, wherever the enemy threatened or my services were required. I think it was about the last of September that early one morning General Lee sent for me and directed me to proceed at once to Chaffin’s Bluff, showing me at the same time a telegram from Gregg stating that Fort Harrison had been captured.

On arriving on the north side that evening, and not having been met by any instructions from Lieutenant General R. H. Anderson (who had just returned from the Valley and was now in command), and believing the occasion too important to lose time in seeking them from him personally, I inquired of a staff-officer, who came galloping by me, where the enemy was most pressing; and receiving for reply that he thought near Fort Gilmer, I immediately, with Perry’s brigade (the only one then with me), marched in that direction. As I got in sight of the breastworks I saw beyond them two lines of the enemy (the leading line of negroes) moving up to assault Gilmer and the lines to the right and left of it. Ascertaining at once that DuBose held Gilmer and neighboring works, that Gregg with the Texas brigade was on his right, I threw at a double-quick
Perry on the left of DuBose. Hardly had they got in the trenches when the enemy got within musket range. Fire was opened along the line, but the enemy, under cover of some little irregularities, continued to advance beautifully. But directly our fire got too hot, and he broke and fled in haste, leaving many dead and wounded before us.

It is worthy of remark that some of the negro troops got up to our breastworks and were killed there. In this affair the enemy's losses were heavy, ours scarcely anything. The enemy being driven completely out of sight and range at this point, I believed that that night was the time to attack and retake Fort Harrison. The gorge of the work was open on one side and there had not been sufficient time to close it up securely. General Lee just then arrived upon the ground from Petersburg and meeting him I told him what I proposed to do, but he thought it better to remain where I was for the present. Meanwhile the two other brigades (Bratton's and Anderson's) had come up. It was now sunset.

A little after dark Brigadier-General Gregg came to me, and said that he had just seen General Lee, who wished me to retake Fort Harrison that night, but that Lieutenant-General Anderson wished to see me for a moment before I made the assault. My men were worn out with a long day's march and excitement; were stretched upon the ground asleep. Rousing up the only three brigades which could be withdrawn for that purpose (Bratton's, Anderson's, and Perry's), I started for Fort Harrison, two miles off, and, after reconnoitering, threw them up as close as possible, ready to assault. It was now one o'clock, and, all being ready, I went to report to Lieutenant-General Anderson, in pursuance of what I had been told was his desire. To my surprise, I found General Anderson asleep, and upon waking him and telling him what I came for, he said there was a mistake, that it was not intended I should attack that night. Directing the brigades to fall back a little, we went to sleep on our arms. All night long we could distinctly hear the enemy in Fort Harrison hard at work strengthening it, and by next day it had become, in strength, a most formidable place. I have always thought it a great misfortune that it was not attacked that night. I believe that my division could have retaken it then. Next day, when we did attempt it, it cost us dearly. The plan of attack for the next day was as follows: portions of Hoke's division and my own were to be the assaulting column. Hoke was to attack one face, I the other. We were to get, unobserved, as near as possible to the work, and, after a severe artillery fire of twenty or thirty minutes' duration, I forget which, we
were to rush upon the work simultaneously. There was a deep ravine, which ran within a hundred yards of the face which Hoke was to attack. Up this he could form and have his troops completely masked. On my side the ground was a level plain, and consequently I could not form nearer than five hundred yards of the work. When the artillery fire was nearly over and the time for making the assault had nearly arrived, I directed General Anderson, commanding my leading brigade, to move up as close as possible to the work and let his men lay down, so as at the proper moment to spring up and reach the work simultaneously with Hoke, who had much less distance to charge than I. General Anderson failing to inform his men of his intention, they mistook the advance for an assault, and instead of halting and laying down rushed forward to attack. This brigade being in for it, necessitated my pushing Bratton and Perry to its assistance. Hoke, though aware that I was attacking prematurely, waited for the moment agreed upon, and thus the concentrated fire of the fort was poured upon my troops. The attack was, of course, unsuccessful, and my loss very heavy. Though Hoke made an effort after awhile, it was then too late. Had General Anderson sufficiently instructed his men to wait for the proper moment, or had Hoke attacked when I did, even though it did anticipate the time a few moments (and the chances for success were quite as good then as they could have been afterwards), the result might have been very different. General Lee now determined to attack upon the flank. Accordingly, Hoke's and my division having been relieved in the trenches by the Richmond militia during the night of the 6th of October, daylight next morning found us massed on the Darbytown road. The enemy's right, consisting of Kautz's division of cavalry, rested on this road. My division having the advance, upon approaching our old exterior line of works, found Kautz with his division dismounted and with twelve or sixteen pieces of artillery behind them. Having previously detached Perry, who, with Gary's cavalry, was to turn the enemy's right and come in behind him with the rest of the division (Bratton leading), I assaulted in front. After a sharp fight of twenty minutes Kautz was routed, ten guns and caissons complete, and more than one hundred artillery and cavalry horses, being among the spoils. The enemy, being now perfectly aware of our force and intentions, massed about two miles to the rear of the point from which Kautz had been routed a large force of infantry and artillery behind breastworks, protected in front by a line of abattis. Hoke now came up and formed in line of battle on my
right, and, I understood, was to assault simultaneously with me. My
gallant fellows, led by the brigade commanders on foot, rushed for-
ward and penetrated to the abattis, facing a most terrific fire, deliv-
ered, as I afterwards learned from a Yankee officer of rank, who was
present, from those new repeating Spencer rifles. Hoke, from some
unexplained cause, did not move forward. The consequence was
that the whole fire was concentrated on my fellows. We were
repulsed with heavy loss.

Among the killed and wounded was Brigadier-General Gregg,
commanding Texas brigade, shot through the neck; dead, and Briga-
dier-General Bratton, commanding South Carolina brigade, wounded
in the shoulder. These gentlemen were both brave and able officers,
and the fall of General Gregg was felt as a great calamity by the
whole army, and was a misfortune from which his brigade never re-
covered. Had he lived a few days he would doubtless have been
promoted, as I had recommended him for a Major-Generalcy for pre-
vious distinguished services.

By the 12th of October a new line, intermediate between the old
exterior line and the interior, had been traced out. The right of the
new line started at Fort Gilmer, and the left extended to the Darby-
town road. My division was the extreme left of the army, and as
there was nothing easier than for the enemy to come up the Darby-
town road and get on my flank and rear, I requested Lieutenant-
General Anderson to cause Hoke to extend a little to his left so that
I could throw a brigade across the Darbytown road. This not hav-
ing been done, on the evening of the 11th, on my own responsibility,
I withdrew the Texas brigade from my right and placed it on my
extreme left across the Darbytown road. It was well that I did so,
for at daylight of the 12th the enemy in heavy force came up the
Darbytown road, and, thinking from a previous reconnaissance that
I only reached to the road, would, but for the Texas brigade extend-
ing across it, have been upon my flank before I could have checked
him. General Lee, coming upon the field, at once directed me to rein-
force myself, and, whilst the Texas brigade held him in check,
I threw quickly three brigades from my right on my left. My flank
was now safe from being turned, and the enemy completely foiled.
He tried all day to break through my lines, making two very deter-
mined assaults upon Perry, but late in the evening he withdrew. Our
loss was very slight compared to his. Among his slain left in our
hands were two Majors. (The body of one of them, Major Camp,
was returned to them next day, upon application through flag of
truce.) We had to deplore the loss of Colonel Perryel, Seventh Alabama brigade, a most daring, reckless officer—mortally wounded.

The saddest event of the war befell me in this affair in the death of my Adjutant-General, Major Willis F. Jones. Major Jones had left an interesting family and magnificent home in Woodford county, Kentucky, to give his services and his life, if need be, to the cause of his country. He was my nephew, and, knowing his rare worth, I at once made him Adjutant-General of my division. He had passed through the hottest battles of the campaign unscathed. On this occasion I gave him an order to deliver to General Bratton, of South Carolina. Scorning to dismount, though others were already on foot, he galloped up to General Bratton, in the face of a severe fire, was shot through the brain and fell from his horse without uttering a word, a corpse.

Thus fell, in the vigor of manhood and far from all he held dear, one of the noblest spirits of the war. In his death the country lost an ardent patriot and I an invaluable officer and loved friend.

A few days after this, General Longstreet having sufficiently recovered from his wound, resumed command of his corps to the great joy of us all.

It was on the 27th of October, that early in the morning, long lines of the enemy advancing against us were again visible. At once doubling my skirmish line it alone kept the enemy at bay throughout the day. His appearance against my line was only a demonstration, the feint, though, to be converted into a real attack if an opportunity presented. But my skirmish line did their duty too well for that. The plan of the enemy was to make a show in our front, whilst Weitzel with his division of infantry and Kautz's of cavalry should, under cover of the forest, move some distance to our left, then up the Williamsburg and Nine-Mile roads, get inside our works at those points (we having no troops there to oppose them), and then sweep down on our left flank. Generals Lee and Longstreet discovering his game, directed me to move with my division to the left to resist Weitzel and Kautz. I was still the extreme left of the army, and leaving my strong skirmish line out, which, with such assistance as Hoke could give, it was believed could hold the works I was about to vacate, I moved rapidly to my left to the Williamsburg road, and relieved a regiment of Gary's cavalry which I found there skirmishing with the enemy. One of my scouts just in from the front gave me such information as led me to suggest to General Longstreet that my division should remain at the Williamsburg road, whilst Gary's
cavalry should move to and hold the Nine-Mile road. I had hardly formed line when Weitzel emerged from the wood in front and charged us. He got in about three hundred yards of my line, when his troops, unable to stand the fire, threw themselves on their faces in a little depression of ground. A portion of Bratton’s South Carolina brigade, led by his Adjutant General (the gallant Captain Lyle), went out in front of my division and captured four hundred or five hundred of them, the rest slipped back to the rear in squads leaving their dead upon the field. I may add that Gary was quite as successful in repulsing the enemy’s cavalry on the Nine-Mile road.

It was now dark. During the night the enemy fell back behind his fortifications and I returned to my own lines. Thus ended the battle on the Williamsburg road with scarcely any loss to us, but with very heavy loss to the enemy. We buried next day one hundred of his dead near our lines. Among our captures was Weitzel’s medical director. This closed on the north side the fighting of the campaign of 1864. From this time forth my left rested on the Williamsburg road. I now set to work strengthening my works and putting up huts for the winter. Churches were also erected, besides a theatre and a house for negro minstrelsy. There was in the Texas brigade a very good company of actors and actresses, of which Mrs. Mollie Bailey, the wife of one of the band, was the star. There was in the same brigade (also in others) a great troupe of minstrels. As our hardest duty during the winter was picketing, we had a pleasant, comfortable time after the fatigues and dangers of the past campaign.

I come now to that sad time when we were to leave the north side of the river, never to return as soldiers, and to enter upon the last short campaign of the war. At night of March 31st or April 1st I was ordered to proceed to Petersburg by rail. As the cars could take but one brigade at a time I arrived there with the leading one (Benning’s) about 2 o’clock next day; the last did not come up till sunset. The enemy had already broken through our lines and were moving in upon the city. Brigadier-General Benning, who had recovered from his wound received at the Wilderness, and during the winter resumed the command of his brigade, quickly formed line of battle, repulsed the enemy most handsomely, and held a large force in check till other brigades of my division came to his assistance. The enemy, finding us not inclined to give way for him, contented himself with forming line in front of us, but out of range. We stood thus in plain view of each other till night, when our army began its
retreat, crossing to the north side of the Appomattox river. My division, which was rear-guard that night, and almost continuously during our arduous and trying retreat, crossed on a pontoon bridge about 11 o'clock, after which it was destroyed. We marched all night and next day and most of the following night, reaching Amelia Courthouse the next morning before noon. The suffering of my division throughout this whole retreat for the want of rations was peculiarly great. We had left the north side hurriedly with nothing to eat, expecting to be supplied next day from our wagons or from the stores at Petersburg. But our wagons took a different road, and we first saw them again, or what was left of them, at Appomattox Courthouse. In the emergency and confusion at Petersburg there was no chance to obtain supplies, consequently we left with nothing. At Farmville rations were issued to the army; but, being rear-guard, the supply was issued out almost before we arrived. We had a precarious existence by now and then gathering in a few hogs or cows. Yet the spirits of my brave fellows never flagged for a moment. Their organization and discipline was perfect; there was not a straggler; they were as full of fight and pluck as they were the morning of the Wilderness, and I surrendered near five thousand muskets, rather more than I left Petersburg with, for the sick and convalescent had quitted the hospitals and shouldered their muskets.

At Amelia Courthouse, Jetersville, Rice's station, and near Farmville, I skirmished with the enemy, sometimes very heavily. At the last named place the enemy attempted to turn Mahone's flank, he being on my left. Going quickly to his assistance with two brigades—Bratton's and Anderson's—we drove the enemy back, and captured about seven hundred prisoners. This was the last shot fired by my division during the war; and it is a little remarkable that at the close of this, our last skirmish, my Inspector General, Major L. Masters, who had been with me from the very beginning of the war till that present time, two days of its close, and had passed through the battles of four years without a scratch, should have fallen into my arms dead, shot through the heart.

Major Masters was a Virginian, a lawyer of reputation, a valuable officer, and a most estimable gentleman. That he might give all possible aid to his loved South, he refused all pay for his services in her cause. His death was a sad blow to me. It is unnecessary to speak of what occurred two days afterwards at Appomattox Courthouse, except to say that my division, like myself, was unprepared for such a result. We were still bringing up the rear, the head of
Meade's column being two or three miles behind us; and when that morning some one came back to us and brought a summons of surrender, the division was about to mob him. An hour or two later, when there was no longer any doubt, I saw the tears streaming down the face of the chivalrous Colonel Coward, of South Carolina. Some proposed that if I thought it *honorable*, and would lead them, that they would try to cut their way out. Some few did leave, but I had their names surrendered as though they were present. I did not see Pickett's division at all, nor Kershaw's but once.

On the morning of the surrender a body of about two hundred troops passed, and in answer to my question, of "what troops they were?" the reply came from the leader, a Captain Butts, "Kershaw's division." The artillery, at all times and under all circumstances, rendered the most gallant and efficient service. I have not spoken of it, because you are better able to treat of it. Whilst lying at Appomattox Courthouse, arranging the details of our surrender, General Meade, whose army laid just in rear of my division, sent a request that I would pass him through my lines on his way to pay his personal respects to General Lee. He soon appeared at the head of a brilliant staff, and as these were the first Yankees who had ever ridden by us, except in a hostile attitude, the cavalcade drew large numbers of my men to the road-side to get a near view. Riding by the General's side, and chatting with him, he directly said, pointing to a group of my men standing on the road side, in hearing distance, "those fellows are complimentary to me." I asked him "what was that? I did not hear what they said." He replied, "they just now said I looked like a Rebel." I answered, "that I did not suppose gentlemen on his side of the question thought that a compliment;" to which he replied, "Oh! yes we do; any people who have made such a defence as you have, we can but respect and admire." He then went on to speak in warm terms of our fortitude, endurance and courage, and expressed his astonishment that we had stood out so long. He also expressed his regret that, at General Lee's request, all intercourse between the opposing armies was forbidden, saying, "that the Yankee army had only the kindest feeling for us, and would gladly meet us as friends." I told him that our men had, or thought they had, cause for a different feeling, and that whilst they had arms in their hands, and our defeat was yet fresh, it might be better to keep aloof from any general intercourse. We directly met General Lee in the road, and at his invitation General Meade rode with him to his tent.
In bringing this rough sketch of the operations of my division, whilst a part of Longstreet's corps, to a close, I desire to say that it is not meant for publication in its present form. I have written fully of persons and things because it was necessary to a proper understanding of the subject; but I have the very kindest feeling for all herein mentioned, and do not wish to imply censure upon any one. For our corps commander, Lieutenant-General Longstreet, I have the very highest admiration and regard, both as a soldier and a gentleman. He is, in my opinion, one of the very few who in this war deserved all the honors (and more) that were heaped upon him. He is, or rather was, a thorough soldier and General.

As these pages were written from memory alone, there may be some slight inaccuracies in dates, but the incidents and the part assigned to each are set forth just as they appeared to me and those about me, and are, I believe, in every particular correct.

C. W. Field,

Late Major-General, Longstreet's Corps,
Army Northern Virginia.


A REVIEW BY J. WM. JONES.


We never fail to seek and to read with interest any and everything which can shed light on the life and character of General R. E. Lee, and hail with peculiar delight any new contribution to our knowledge of this superb soldier and peerless Christian gentleman. Knowing well the ability of the gallant and accomplished soldier, General A. L. Long, and his peculiar qualifications for his task, from the fact that he served for a time as military secretary and confidential staff-officer of General Lee, and afterwards as Chief of Artillery of the old Second