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Autobiography of A R A B

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BY E. PRIOLEAU HENDERSON

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THE R. L. BRYAN COMPANY
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Personal Opinions of "Arab"

EDGEFIELD, S. C., March 15, 1901.

Mr. E. P. Henderson, Walterboro, S. C.

DEAR HENDERSON: I was very much gratified to learn from your letter, received some time ago, that you contemplated publishing in book form your "Autobiography of Arab," the fine little war horse that carried you so many miles during the campaign in Virginia and elsewhere in the late war between the States. I remember the horse perfectly, and if you tell, in your "Biography" of this remarkable animal, the one-half of what he saw and did, with you as his rider and constant companion, the world would be incredulous—and yet it would be true. As Corporal of the Beaufort District Troop of my old regiment, the 2d South Carolina Cavalry, you rode "Arab" on the raid made by General Stuart, in October or November, 1862, across the Potomac River, around McClellan's army, through Mercersburg, Chambersburg—near Gettysburg—and through Emmittsburg, back to the Potomac, which we crossed at White's Ford not long after sun-rise. The march of the day and night from Chambersburg, Pa.—where we spent the night—to Leesburg, Va., measured ninety-six miles. We made this march in less than thirty hours. As I now recall the facts, your horse,

"Arab," and a horse ridden by Col. Jenifer, of Stuart's Staff, were the only two in the entire column that made this ninety-six miles without change. Jenifer's horse had the advantage of yours, by reason of the fact that he kept steadily in the turnpike, while you frequently were ordered to the right and left flanks in charge of detachments gathering up horses. The endurance of "Arab" on this occasion was phenomenal.

The history of this remarkable animal would be a history of your troop, as I believe you rode him with the troop from the beginning to the end of the war. I can conscientiously say that until you were separated from my command, both rider and horse met promptly and gallantly every requirement of duty, and no doubt maintained this character to the end. That old regiment was composed of a splendid body of horsemen, as fine and dashing and fearless as ever went into battle. I often recur to them with pride and gratitude.

If such a regiment could be landed in the Phillippine Islands, the insurrectos would have to find another climate. But, alas! we are now too old, and our faithful steeds have turned to dust.

I trust you will succeed in having your manuscript published advantageously to yourself. I know the narrative will interest all who admire the achievements of gallant soldiers fighting for a just cause.

Please give me the opportunity of subscribing when you are ready to issue an edition.

Very truly your friend and comrade,

M. C. BUTLER, SR.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 22, 1901.

MY DEAR HENDERSON: If your good little horse Arab does give an "Autobiography," he will surely deserve an equestrian statue—for he saw more of the war between the North and the South, I am sure, than any other living horse! I remember him well, and when I last saw him, he—like his master—was active in the memorable political campaign of '76 in our State. I am glad that his gallant deeds are to be placed on record, for he served his native State long and faithfully.

I am yours very truly,

WADE HAMPTON.

Autobiography of Arab.

CHAPTER I.

I was born (or foaled) on the 11th of March, 1857, on the plantation of Dr. E. R. Henderson, in the District of Colleton, S. C. My mother before me was owned by the Doctor's second son, Prioleau. Now I will say to my readers at the beginning of this book, who perhaps may think I write and converse remarkably well for a horse, that it is not at all remarkable, for I was educated by my mother, Pocahontas, who was known and noted over the entire District, for her sagacity, as well as her speed and endurance. The hardest part of my education was learning the human language. But my mother was very patient and kind. She insisted that a colt of hers, with the blood from her side of the Burrell Sanders stock of horses, and on my father's side from the famous Bonaparte stock of South Carolina and Virginia, could learn anything and everything, as she had done. So I persevered, and by the time I was two years old, I could understand the human language thoroughly. I well remember it was a daily lesson. The pasture where we grazed was a beautiful lawn, extending on both sides of the avenue, leading from the dwelling house to the public road, which was much traveled, for it was the main road from Charleston to Columbia, S. C. My mother kept me feeding constantly close beside this road. We could hear distinctly every word uttered by travelers passing to and

fro. I have never forgotten the effect one conversation had on me, soon after I began to understand human language. On a certain day, we observed two men on horseback, approaching from the direction of Black Creek. My mother called my attention to them, and said, "Notice closely now, and learn to distinguish one person from another, as well by their features as their voices." She said, "I know both of them well. The older man on the large bay horse is Mr. Jesse DuBois, the other is Mr. Thomas Boynton." As they got opposite to us, Mr. DuBois stopped his horse and asked Mr. Boynton if that was a colt from Pocahontas. Mr. Boynton answered in the affirmative. Mr. DuBois examined me very closely and said, "If that colt lives, he will surpass Pocahontas as a saddle horse; he has every mark for speed and endurance, and I would like very much to own him." As they rode off, my mother said, "Arab, you heard what was said about you, and I know you understand, for I see how pleased you look; and well you may, for Mr. DuBois is a splendid judge of horse-flesh, and owns some very fine ones, which he raised on his farm." I have never forgotten the feelings stirred in my inmost heart at that time by the words of praise betowed on me, and many a day in my future war life, when shot and shell were whistling around me, and corn and hay were scarce, as usual, in our Southern Confederacy, has that praise strengthened and elated me, and I would resolve "to do, or die."

CHAPTER II.

My first three and a half years passed very peacefully and quietly, with a plenty to eat and drink, and no more hard lessons, for I flattered myself at that age, that I was a wonderful young horse, as well as an educated one. At this time I experienced my second love—it was for my master. He had been away at school or college most of the time since my birth; but during his vacations he petted me a great deal, and I had learned to love him next to my dear old mother. Just a few days before I was four years old, he made his servant boy, Ben, break me to the saddle, and soon he commenced riding me himself. My master was very fond of deer hunting, and more so of fox hunting. I soon began to enjoy it myself, particularly following the hounds through the woods at full speed, and soon got up quite a reputation for myself as a woods horse.

Now war is upon us. The State Convention, of which my master's father was a member, had signed "The Ordinance of Secession" on the 20th of December, declaring South Carolina out of the Union. I had already learnt the cavalry drill, for my master had quit college and joined his brother's company, "The Marion Men of Combahee." The company was raised and officered by Dr. W. L. Henderson, Captain; D. Blake Heyward, 1st Lieutenant; Dr. Frederick Blake, 2d Lieutenant; T. E. Boynton, 3d Lieutenant. We were all waiting for hostilities to commence—uniformed, drilled and ready, man and horse. Fort Sumter is bombarded and taken.

Soon after companies were leaving South Carolina for Virginia. Governor Pickens had actually refused to allow Capt. Henderson's company to leave the State—said he wanted the company for a coast guard. That

would not suit *our young blood*. Wade Hampton was raising a Legion to go to Virginia; but it was filled before we heard of it, and the only chance to go as cavalry was for the men who were eager to get to the front, to join the Beaufort District Troop, from Grahamville, Beaufort District, which had been promised a place in the Legion by Col. Hampton, if they could raise eighty-five men, rank and file. That was our opportunity to get to the front, "and see the flashing of the guns." Luckily for us, the Beaufort District Troop wanted recruits, and seven men from the Marion Men of Combahee joined them. Their names were: Capt. W. L. Henderson, R. S. Williams, S. D. and M. M. Boynton, J. F. Dupont, N. L. Cannon, E. P. Henderson; with five others from Walterboro, Colleton District, S. C.—John Campbell, Wm. Miller, Josiah Beck, Theodore Dehon, and John Lewis. In May, the Beaufort District Troop rendezvoused at Gillisonville, was received and mustered in the Hampton Legion. We were then allowed to return home, to be ready at a moment's warning to start for the seat of war—"The grand Old Dominion." How quickly those bright sunny days of May and June, 1861, passed. Every one then had a kind word for us, man and horse, for, of course, the horse is the most important part of a cavalry soldier's outfit. What would the rider be without the steed? My mother had long, earnest talks with me, in those happy days of June, on the old plantation. I could almost imagine, from her talk, that she had been a war horse; but I suppose it was from what she had read of different battles, as I am almost certain she could read. Her talks and advice, indeed, proved a blessing to me, for who among all of the old Confederate steeds of the Legion, and 2d South Carolina Cavalry, or any other command that went out in 1861, went all through the

war, is at present alive and now writing his "autobiography." I solemnly believe it was from obeying and following my old mother's counsel that I am now alive, and that have made the reputation for myself, that such heroes and soldiers as Generals Wade Hampton, M. C. Butler and other gallant souls say I have. How sad it is for me to think, even at this distant day, of my final parting with her! For after I kissed her good-bye, the morning I left for Virginia, I never saw her again. Long before the "Cruel War" ended, her bones were bleaching on the old pasture hills of the "orchard swamp." Peace to her ashes, and if there is a heaven for good, faithful horses (and why should there not be?) may we meet there and be happy once more, is the earnest prayer of her loving son.

CHAPTER III.

On the 15th of June, 1861, my master and his brother got orders from Capt. T. E. Screven, of Beaufort District Troop, to meet the company at Green Pond depot, on the 19th; that the train with the companies would leave Grahamville depot at 8 A. M. and arrive at Green Pond at 11 A. M. to take us to Charleston and thence to Columbia, to be regularly inspected and mustered in. What a memorable day that 19th of June, 1861! Every one weeping—men, women and horses—at saying "good-bye." Even the negroes left their work in the cotton fields to say good-bye to their young masters (Ben, the negro servant,) and us three horses, Oceola, my master's brother's horse, Powell, (servant's horse), Arab, my humble self. Such a hand-shaking of human beings and patting of horses, I have never seen the like of before or since.

Well, we got away at last, and started for Green Pond station, a distance of nine miles. Every one we met had some kind word and a good-bye for us all. Soon we arrived at the station; the train steamed up, with the Beaufort District Troop aboard. After a speech from my master's father, we three horses were put aboard, and off for Charleston we started. What a strange sensation to me, my first ride on the cars! I who was used to being ridden, was now riding. We had a pleasant trip, with the exception of some hard thumps occasionally. All the talk was war, man and horse. We arrived at the new bridge (for the road was not completed at that time) some time before sunset, and each horseman led out his steed. We were bridled and saddled in a few moments, all eager to cross New Bridge, and see Charleston, "The famous City by the Sea."

CHAPTER IV.

We were met here by three cavalry companies from Charleston, who were to escort us to the city. The companies were Charleston Light Dragoons, Rutledge Mounted Riflemen, and German Hussars. They escorted us across the New Bridge, down to the Battery, up Broad street to Meeting, then to Armory Hall, where a splendid supper awaited the men; to the horses nothing. After the supper and speech-making by the different company officers, we horses were taken to the Pavilion Hotel stables, where we had our supper. I was very glad of it, for in those days I was not used to late hours and no rations. Bright and early the next morning, the men were busy getting their new uniforms, etc. Then came the shoeing of us horses. Here I experienced wearing my first pair of shoes, and they

felt very strange and awkward to me at first; but I soon found out their use on the Charleston rocks.

We were to leave for Columbia by the S. C. R. R. at 4 P. M. About 3 P. M., the company was formed, corner of Meeting and Hasell streets, in front of Pavilion Hotel. The hotel balcony was crowded with ladies. They asked our riders to throw them their hats; they did so, and on each hat the ladies sewed a palmetto cockade. We horses were entirely overlooked—a strange oversight for ladies to be guilty of; but I took it for granted, that it was because we did not wear hats. We then proceeded to King street, via Wentworth, and up King to South Carolina Railroad depot, where we embarked for Columbia. We reached Columbia the next morning, were taken off the cars, and then marched out to Camp Hampton, a distance of three miles. After being here a few days, a day was appointed for the inspection of horses—for, according to army regulations, there is a maximum and minimum in regard to height. The eventful day soon came. The men were ordered to fall in, by Orderly Sergeant James W. Moore, of Gillisonville, S. C. Each man was to lead his horse, and pass in front of the Inspecting Board, consisting of three officers—Col. Wade Hampton, Lieut. Col. Ben. Johnson and Col. John S. Preston.

CHAPTER V.

It was a sad day for some of my brother-horses, for the two who preceded me were both rejected, for being under the minimum height. I could see and hear all that was done and said from where I was, and I must confess my hopes of going to Virginia fell about 100 degrees, for I was only four years old, and small at

best. Still, when my time came to be led by, I stepped as proudly forward as if I was twenty hands high. As I got directly in front of the inspectors, where the preceding horses had been halted for examination, one of the inspectors, Lieut. Col. Ben. Johnson, of the Hampton Legion, said to my master, "Take your horse on, sir;" and turning to the other inspectors, said, "Did you ever see a better muscled horse, for a small horse? Mark my words, that horse will stand the service, if any of them do." Oh, what praise, coming as it did from one who, from my earliest colt days, I had heard termed one among the best judges of horse-flesh in South Carolina, a State where every other man is a horseman, and a judge of horse-flesh.

Reader, with all my elation of spirit and pride at the praise, how sad indeed I would have felt, if I could have foreseen that in a few short weeks, he who uttered this praise, would be filling a soldier's grave—killed on the 21st day of July, on the battlefield of First Manassas. Brave spirit, rest in peace. You died for what you believed was a just and holy cause. Can mortal man do more?

Here it was at this inspection that I got a close view of our Colonel, Wade Hampton. That matchless soldier and courteous gentleman, who I had the honor to follow many a day in the future, when he gave his well known command, "Draw sabres. Follow me." I loved and trusted him in those war days and will continue to do so to the end of life, *horse though I am*.

CHAPTER VI.

The Hampton Legion consisted of seven companies of infantry, four of cavalry, and a battery of artillery. The cavalry companies were: from Edgefield District, Edgefield Hussars, Capt. M. C. Butler; Greenville District, Brooks Troop, Capt. John Lanneau; Richland District, Congaree Troop, Capt. Thomas Taylor; Beaufort District, Beaufort District Troop, Capt. T. E. Screven. The up-country companies had all large, fine-looking horses, but before we left Columbia, we Beaufort Troop horses proved to them conclusively that they could neither out-jump us, or out-run us. Our Colonel had a ditch and bar arranged for the cavalry to practice at, and if I am not very much mistaken, the Beaufort District Troop horses bore off the palm, jumping that ditch and leaping that bar—myself making second to the highest jump made. We were soon ordered to be ready to start for Virginia, and left by the Charlotte Railroad. After a rather uneventful passage, with the exception of hard thumps in the box-cars, we arrived at Petersburg, Va. The people of Petersburg seemed delighted to greet us, and gave men and horses a nice dinner at the fair grounds. We were then marched to Richmond, a distance of nineteen miles. We passed through the principal streets and were greeted and cheered by every one. We then went into camp, at a place called "The Rockets," where we found the infantry and artillery of the Legion encamped.

On the first Sunday after we arrived at Richmond, the Legion was ordered out for dress parade, to be inspected by the President of "The Southern Confederacy," Jefferson Davis. As you can well imagine, we were all eager to see him, both men and horses. We

were formed about 4 P. M., to be seen and to see. The President soon appeared, followed by a numerous staff, dressed like himself in citizen's dress. I well remember, he was mounted on a beautiful white horse, and sat as erect on his steed as a young man of twenty years. The man on my master's left (Moses Boynton) said to him, "He rides as if he was a cavalry soldier himself. Look how straight he sits in his saddle." My master replied, "Why, don't you remember he is an old Mexican War soldier, and commanded a Mississippi regiment, under 'Old Rough and Ready.' "

I heard afterwards President Davis was very much pleased with the appearance of the Legion, *especially the cavalry companies* (showed his good taste), and told Col. Hampton, "They are a splendid looking body of *horses* and *men*, and I think they will make a name for themselves." And sure enough we did.

CHAPTER VII.

Soon afterwards the cavalry were ordered to Ashland, the once famous race track of Virginia. I heard one of the officers say we were ordered here to be drilled by some of the old West Point officers, who had resigned from the United States army and linked their fortunes with the young Confederacy. We were there drilled by the two Lees, W. H. F., Gen. R. E. Lee's son, and Fitzhugh Lee, the General's nephew, also Lomax and Fields. I think by the stars on their collars they were all Colonels at that time. Many a day, in the years to come, I saw them as Brigadier and Major Generals. I remember we *all*, horses and men, were amused at their "West Point drawl" (so the men called it), and a command given by one of them during

drill (I think, Col. Lomax,) and never forgotten by us, was this: "*Move out there, you man on the gray horse -- move out briskly.*" Soldiers never forget any circumstance that amuses them, and to the close of the war you could hear that command from the veterans of July, 1861.

We had good quarters at Ashland, in the old race-horse stables, for man and horse. We had a plenty to eat, those early days of the war, before we had learned to eat pine straw, bark or anything else. So with our good quarters and feed, we did not mind the severe drilling, morning and afternoon. Still we had time to try the old race track. I was taken out several times, to contend with some horse, supposed to be fast, for a half mile dash. I sustained my reputation, too; and from this fact came my first real notice from officers and privates of the four cavalry companies. It was here at old Ashland we got the first news of fighting going on at the front. We soon received orders to march to Manassas. What a day that was we started. Raining in torrents, and although it was July, the rain was like ice. We passed through a little sort of village, called Goldensville, and a family of Taylors—I think they were originally from South Carolina—brought out *something in water buckets* for the men. I don't know exactly what it was, but I am certain it was not water. It seemed to help the feelings of the men a great deal, for to my great surprise, nearly every one was singing and laughing.

We passed through Fredericksburg town on the third day's march, after camping the second night at old Massaponax Church, in sight of the railroad cut, where the following winter Stonewall Jackson's corps was stationed, and where the gallant Pelham, of the Stuart Horse Artillery, filled the cut with Federal dead, liter-

ally mowed down by his pieces. It was there the brave Alabamian gained the name of the "Gallant Pelham," bestowed on him by that peerless soldier, "without stain or reproach," Robert E. Lee.

CHAPTER VIII.

We arrived at Manassas on the 22d of July, the day after the battle. That was the only battle of the war that we had the *good luck* to arrive too late to participate in. At that time we were all terribly disappointed at missing the battle, but we learned better in the future. My first ride over a battle-field, how well I remember each incident connected with that ride. How grieved I felt for the dead horses and men, the wounded and mangled more than the dead. My heart was very tender in those days.

The Legion infantry and artillery were in the battle, and though they suffered severely, *they* covered themselves "*all over with glory*"—so I heard every one saying, from Gen. Beauregard down to the lowest private. Our Colonel was wounded, and as I have said before, our gallant Lieutenant Colonel was killed. Late that afternoon I was saddled up, to bear my master over to the field hospital. He with others of the Beaufort District Troop were going to see some wounded friends from Colleton District. One of them most seriously wounded was Willow Green, of the Washington Light Infantry, Hampton Legion, Capt. James Connor, commanding. I heard one of the men of our party say as they came out of the hospital, "Poor Green, he can never get over his wound, for he is shot through and through." We none of us knew in those days of July, 1861, that a man or horse could be shot nearly

in half, and then recover. In fact, I came to know some men and horses that it seemed to me neither shot nor shell could kill.

The Legion went into camp on Bull Run, very near the battle-field. In fact, the doctors said that was the reason so many of our men were down sick with typhoid fever. We horses, you see, it could not affect. From the Beaufort Troop alone there were a great many sick, three dangerously ill—Lieut. Wilson Broughton, Plato Searson, and my master. The latter was taken to a house near Brentsville, owned by Mrs. Foster, or as she was commonly called by her neighbors and friends, "Aunt Peggy Foster," an old time Virginia lady, noted for her kindness of heart and generous hospitality to every one, especially Confederate soldiers. Aunt Peggy, God bless her, took all three of us in, man and horse—my master's brother, who was detailed to nurse him, Ben, the servant, and all three of us horses. So I had a short period of home life once more, for Aunt Peggy fed us on the best, and her two nieces, who lived with her, vied with their aunt to let us want for nothing in their power to bestow. Their names were Misses Sallie and Maggie Williams. They were sisters to the dashing Captain of the Prince William Cavalry, 1st Virginia Regiment of Cavalry. Oh! those Virginia people, who bore the brunt of the war, how hospitable and kind you were to the Confederate soldiers, man and horse. You were all kind, especially the women. I don't believe a Virginian ever refused a Southern soldier a meal of victuals or his horse a feed of corn and hay. As soon as my master could get in the saddle, we bade adieu to this hospitable family and joined the command at Bacon Race (much to my regret, I know), about twelve or fourteen miles below Manassas. We staid there for some weeks, and

then joined the balance of the Legion at Dumfries. It was here I came to know Capt. Theo. G. Barker personally. He was the Adjutant of the Legion. His gallantry was proverbial, and his black horse only second to Arab. While at this camp, I heard my first "long roll alarm" (for we were camped very near our Legion Infantry). It was done, I heard, to try us, by order of Gen. Wigfall, in command of the forces in this vicinity. It took us some time to get ready, in the dark; but when we did get ready, we were disappointed that it was a false alarm, "and we had no foe to face." We staid here a month or so, doing picket duty at Keart's Farm and Evans Port, on the Potomac River. We then moved to Camp Wigfall, near the village of Occoquan, and went into our *first* and *last* winter quarters. From this camp we did picket duty at Powheick Church. (This church was where Gen. George Washington worshipped, for it was not more than twelve miles from Mount Vernon.) Can time or memory ever blot out those days of the winter of 1861? No, nothing but death will ever efface them from my mind. The snow storms I was in at Mrs. Violet's (our reserve picket post). The crossing to and fro of that rocky ford, Selectmans; the gay dances I bore my master to, at Geo. Davis,' at Davis' Ford; the different scouts Col. Hampton took us on, beyond Powheick Church, in front of Alexandria.

CHAPTER IX.

I will now try and give the roll of the Beaufort Troop, as well as I remember it at this distant day. In those days I knew the roll by heart, as it originally was in July, 1861, for I had heard our gallant little Orderly

Sergeant call it so often, at reveille and tattoo, as I stood, covered with snow and icicles, hitched to my tree or stake. Now, if I should omit the name of any of the "Braves" of that gallant old troop, deem it forgetfulness and not intentional:

ROLL OF BEAUFORT DISTRICT TROOP.

Capt., Thos. E. Screven.
1st Lieut., Jack Ferrebee.
Sr. 2d Lieut., W. E. Proctor.
Jr. 2d Lieut., W. W. Broughton.
Chaplain, Rev. Richard Johnson.
1st Sergt., James W. Moore.
2d Sergt., Dr. W. L. Henderson.
3d Sergt., A. M. Ruth.
4th Sergt., T. E. Bessellieu.
1st Corpl., John C. Davant.
2d Corpl., John Grimes.
3d Corpl., E. P. Henderson.
4th Corpl., Joe. Ferguson.

PRIVATEs.

Josiah Beck.	Jack Mew.
Jacob Berg.	Dr. H. W. Moore.
C. M. Bessellieu.	Wiley W. McTeer.
J. H. Bessellieu.	Bill Miller.
Thurston Bessellieu.	W. A. Mickler.
Tom. Bolan.	W. T. Norwood.
Dick Boyd.	Daniel Oglesby.
M. M. Boynton.	Callie Pelot.
S. D. Boynton.	Frank Porcher.
Aleck Bowie.	Joe Porcher.
Billy Bull.	Thos. Rooney.
John Campbell.	Dr. Whitmarsh Seabrook.

Nat. Cannon.
Jim Clifton.
Jim Davis.
Bill Doe Davant.
Theodore Dehon.
Ned Drayton.
Tom Dudley.
John Dupont.
W. E. Dupont.
John Fairley.
Eldred Fickling.
E. P. Ford.
Jim Garvin.
Rawlins Grimes.
Jim Halford.
Sam Heape.
Fletcher Hughes.
O. P. Law.
John Lewis.

R. P. Searson.
D. W. Sanders.
Eldred Simkins.
S. Shoolbread.
Clarence Speaks.
W. H. Speaks.
Archie Speights.
W. Strobart.
Nelson Terry.
Ned. Willingham.
Winnie Joe Willingham.
Jim Wiggins.
Josh Woods.
R. S. Williams.
Bill John Verdier.
Bill Youmans.
Silver Hill Bill Youmans.
T. J. Jeffers.

CHAPTER X.

I will now give an account of some of the Colonel's scouting expeditions, in the winter of 1861, one especially, called "The Christmas Scout." The Beaufort District Troop, chosen from the four companies to accompany the infantry detachment of the Legion, commanded by Capt. James Connor; Capt. T. E. Screven commanding his company, the Beaufort District Troop; the whole under Col. Wade Hampton. Powheick Church was the advance picket post of the Confederate army, towards Alexandria and Washington. Alexandria was the advance post of the Federal army. The ground between the two advance posts of the armies was termed "neutral ground." There we laid

our traps for the enemy, and he laid his for us, and over this eight miles between the two posts, we did our winter skirmishing and fighting—learning our first lessons in the “arts of war.” Well, now for a description of the “Christmas Scout.” We crossed the Occoquon River at Occoquon village; passed through the little hamlet of Colchester, Mrs. Violette’s, and Powheick Church, and entered on the “neutral ground.” Here Col. Hampton placed Capt. Connor in ambush with his little detachment of infantry, and some picked men from the Beaufort District Troop, armed with double-barrelled shot-guns. A small detachment from the cavalry was then sent forward, to draw the enemy in our trap. Col. Hampton, with the balance of the troop, stationed near by, under cover, to charge the enemy, when Capt. Connor’s men fired into them. Everything promised to work nicely, and we expected to make a “good haul.” The cavalry decoy sent forward, soon met a party of “blue coats” on a scout, and our men, according to the programme, turned and fled, the Yankees, of course, pursuing. Just before they entered the trap laid for them, a negro spy gave them notice of the ambuscade in their front; but before they got the warning, they had gotten in gunshot of the ambush, and Capt. Connor seeing they had wheeled to fly, ordered his men to open fire on them. They did so, but, strange to say, not near as many saddles were emptied as the accuracy of the marksmen promised. But those of us from the mounted ambush, who pursued them, soon found out, from some we overtook and captured, the cause of the whole thing. Our firing party had special orders from Capt. Connor to fire at the riders, and not the horses—the latter were wanted for remounts. The cause of our not seeing more of the men fall than did, was this: *that they* (the

men) *were strapped to their saddles*. The horses, of course, carried the bodies of their riders back to their main body, which was in the rear of the advancing Yankees. Now this looks incredible, but it can be verified by many truthful men to-day, and by horses, too, if they had the sense of Arab. The Federals were teaching their recruits to ride, as well as fight. A strange thing it was to us, where our people were "natural born riders." It furnished both men and horses something to talk about the whole winter.

CHAPTER XI.

Now for scout No. 2. Some time in January, 1862, Col. Hampton, with detachments from the four cavalry companies, and one piece of Capt. S. D. Lee's battery of the Legion, crossed the Occoquon River, and started via Powheick Church towards Alexandria. We had gotten only a few miles beyond the church, when we ran into a small party of Union cavalry. They immediately turned and fled, we in hot pursuit. They were well mounted, and showed us they, at least, knew how to ride. We had pursued them about a mile and a half, every horse doing his best, when we came to a high hill, leading beyond to a beautiful valley. The three men on horses ahead, at this period of the pursuit, were Col. Hampton, on his black, Sergeant Woodward Barnwell, on his bay, and my owner, on his grey (Arab). Just as we were clearing the hill to proceed down the valley, a man in grey uniform dashed out from the undergrowth on the left of the road, and shouted to Col. Hampton to halt. The man ran directly in front of the Colonel's horse, and as I heard afterwards, begging him for God's sake to stop the

pursuit, for he was running into a regular ambuscade set for him; that down in the valley I spoke of, was concealed a large force of infantry and artillery, besides the cavalry, and that he (Burke), a Texas scout, had been concealed, where we found him, for several hours, watching their movements, and wondering what they were after. The Colonel immediately stopped the pursuit, and formed us on the top of the hill. The last man to stop was Sergeant Barnwell, and he was nearly a hundred yards down the hill when he was halted. As some one remarked, "It looked like the Sergeant was going to charge them single-handed."

How well I remember to this day that sight. The whole valley was blue with the Yankee cavalry. They kept their infantry and artillery still concealed, thinking, I suppose, that we were forming on the hill to charge them, not knowing yet that Burke had divulged their plans. When they found out that we were not going to charge them, and enter their trap, they were mad, indeed. They taunted us in every way, shaking their sabres at us, and "cursing us to boot." Then they commenced firing on us, and we on them—they with their Sharp's carbines, and we with our pistols, for the men at that time had no rifles, only the sword and pistol. They, of course, had the best of this long range firing. We had one man seriously wounded, Corp. Lip. Griffin, Edgefield Hussars, shot in the face; one or two others slightly wounded, and several horses struck. Col. Hampton, knowing he could not contend with the force in his front, retreated across the Occoquon, sorely regretting he did not have the entire Legion with us. If it had not been for Burke's timely warning, how different it might have been for many of us, who are alive to-day. This scout, Burke, some weeks before this incident took place, with eight or ten

other Texas soldiers, from the 4th and 5th Texas regiments, had been sent on a scouting expedition towards Alexandria. On their return, a heavy snow-storm started on them before they could cross the Occoquan River, which on the south side was in the Confederate lines. They concluded to stop and spend the night at Colchester, north of the river, in a small but comfortable house, with a good chimney, deeming it both possible and probable from the inclement weather that they would be safe from the enemy. While they were all asleep, part of a Federal regiment of infantry, which had been in pursuit of them, surrounded the house, and ordered them to surrender. *But they were Texans*, and did not understand that word, surrender. They opened fire on the enemy, and after a terrible and bloody fight of several hours, they succeeded in driving the enemy off. The Texans then left the house, bringing off their wounded comrades, and crossed the river safely. Burke in after years became famous as the chief of scouts for Gen. Robt. E. Lee, and ranked as Colonel. We were thrown with him a great deal in after years. And I will have cause to speak of the brave and gallant "Texas Lawyer" and scout again.

CHAPTER XII.

Now for scout No. 3. It was some weeks later, that we went over again on this "neutral ground," between the lines of the two armies. Col. Hampton had with him detachments from the four cavalry companies. We were about half way between Powheick Church and Alexandria, when our advance guard reported the enemy's cavalry advancing in our front. I think Col. Hampton had gone another road, to meet with us

again nearer Alexandria. The command was in charge of the senior Captain of the four companies, that brave and gallant soldier, who we all looked up to and trusted, even at that early day—Capt. M. C. Butler, Edgefield Hussars. I remember this fact distinctly: that the Beaufort District Troop detachment was the rear detachment at the time Col. Butler ordered the charge. We dashed forward, up a steep and very boggy clay hill, the enemy firing on us from the top of the hill. Before we reached the top, the Beaufort District Troop men were pretty well represented at the front. I know I had borne my rider among the foremost. The enemy could not stand the charge, and we routed and pursued them in sight of their picket lines, killing several and capturing a good many. We did not lose a man or horse. The only accident happened to our leader, Capt. Butler. Just before we reached the top of the hill, his horse slipped up and fell, falling on the Captain's leg, and giving him a severe shock and much pain. As we were passing, several men were assisting him to regain his feet, and I noticed he was very pale, and I thought at the time he was wounded. I suppose my master thought so also, for he halted me long enough to throw a flask (of water, I suppose,) to the men for the Captain's benefit.

We passed the balance of the winter of 1861 at this camp, doing picket duty on the advance post of the Confederate army, scouting and skirmishing with the enemy frequently. We made a charge at Gibbes' Lane, near Acquitink, killing and capturing several men and horses. One other incident happened, while we were camped here in this country, very appropriately called "The Forest." On one of our scouting expeditions, we encountered a regiment of cavalry recently gotten up, who were expected to perform won-

ders. They were called "Scott's Nine Hundred." They were armed with lances instead of sabres. They came out that morning from Alexandria, via "Wolf Run Shoals," for their first scout (and it did prove their *first* and *last*, for we broke them up "finally and teetotally). We encountered them about four miles south of Wolf Run. Col. Hampton had about half the number of men as composed the regiment of lancers. But putting a "bold front forward," as he always did (and always will do), he ordered the charge, and you ought to have been there to see those lancers run. The road for miles was strewn with their lances, each lance having a miniature U. S. flag attached to it. They were splendidly mounted, and their horses "sure" made good time, for they had some pretty fast horses pursuing them (myself, for instance). We captured very few until they got to Wolf Run Shoals; our trophies consisting of the lances they had thrown away, haversacks, blankets, etc., with about a half dozen prisoners. But now the hour of reckoning came, when they attempted to cross this awful rocky and swift ford *at full speed* when it was dangerous to cross it at a walk. For many is the good horse I have seen slip up and go down while we were crossing and recrossing, going and returning from picket. The ford was filled with fallen men and horses. Only a small detachment crossed in safety, and got back to Alexandria. That was the last I ever heard of the famous "Scott's Nine Hundred." If they ever reorganized, they never came to the front again, for you know I was there, from the first to last, as a horse was obliged to be, who first followed Wade Hampton and M. C. Butler, and last followed and surrendered under the Murat of the Southern Confederacy, that gallant and brave Georgia soldier, Gen. Pierce M. Butler Young.

CHAPTER XIII.

The "Old Forest of Virginia." Little did I think, when I left it so regretfully, in March, 1862, to go into camp at Catlett Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, that I would ever see the place again. Nor could I foresee that in the coming days of 1863 and 1864, every dark and dense thicket for twenty miles around would be a hiding place, or perhaps an ambush laid for the enemy, when my master was detailed a regular scout, under Sergt. W. A. Mickler, commanding Hampton's Scouts.

We remained several weeks at Catletts, waiting (my horse sense told me) to see what move our army at Manassas, under command of that gallant soldier, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, were going to make. Nothing of consequence happened while we were encamped here, except an awful wind and rain storm, which blew down every tent and horse shed in the entire command. The men sought shelter from the storm in the houses surrounding the station, the horses were left to face it as best they could, with a few exceptions. I know that I was procured a good shelter that awful night in Mr. Catlett's warm stable.

In a few days we got orders to report at Manassas. We knew our army was falling back, for we were encamped in a few hundred yards of the railroad. We proceeded to Manassas, I suppose to act as rear guard, also to get some of the spoils that could not be carried off. What a sight when we left there—every man's horse loaded down with things most needed. I remember, for one thing, I had a fine ham, slung on each side, and by that time of the war I had gotten very fond of bacon, for Ben had taught me to eat and drink any and everything that was eaten by man. I was

very sorry, indeed, to see them burning up so much good corn, oats and hay, bacon, flour, etc. Many a day, in the future days of the war, when I was half starved, have I thought of the good things burnt up at the evacuation of Manassas. I heard a great many of the men and some of the horses abusing and blaming Gen. Johnston for the burning, but I was not one of the abusers, for I always thought my GENERALS KNEW BEST, and especially "Old Joe," as we all termed him.

We fell back very leisurely, via Trenniss Cross-roads, thence to Grove Church, about ten or twelve miles north-west of Fredericksburg. Gen. Johnston with the main army encamped at the latter place. The Legion cavalry went into camp at Grove Church, doing picket duty in the direction of Manassas and some few fords above us on the Rappahannock River. We staid here a week or two, and then followed the main army to Fredericksburg, and then acted as rear guard to the army when it left there, on its way to Richmond (as we all thought). But when we reached Richmond, we passed on towards the Peninsula. And now we heard we were going to Yorktown, to reinforce the brave Magruder, who with a small army had been holding in check for some time the "Young Napoleon" (McClellan), although the latter was in command (as the Yankees termed it) of "The finest army on the planet." Here we went into camp at Caracoa Mills, a few miles above Yorktown. While encamped here the entire army reorganized, electing new officers, and enlisting for so many years, *or the war*. Well, horse as I was, and having no vote or say in the matter, I did not approve of throwing good and tried officers out, and putting others in their places, who lacked experience. *Time proved* it hurt our cause, more than any one supposed at that period. Many a good and effi-

cient officer lost his "stars and bars" from this reorganization. And though time and service proved that their places were filled by worthy men, "The Cause" felt their loss for some time, for in the near future incredible wonders had to be performed by this army, commanded by Gen. Joe Johnston. Here Capt. M. C. Butler was appointed Major of the Legion cavalry. The brave and efficient Capt. Lanneau, Brooks Troop, lost his position, and several others from the cavalry companies. The only change in the Beaufort District Troop that I remember, was the filling of the position of 2d Lieut., Jr., made vacant by the resignation of Lieut. W. A. Proctor, on account of injuries received in the winter of 1861. The position was filled by our brave and efficient Orderly Sergt. James W. Moore, and his position filled by O. P. Law, a true and tried soldier. I regretted very much at THE TIME, hearing of the "throwing out" of two of our Legion artillery officers—Capt. Stephen D. Lee, of Charleston, S. C., and Lieut. Paul Hamilton, of Beaufort—Beaufort District, S. C., men, who were fitted to command in any cause, both by efficiency and bravery.

CHAPTER XIV.

On Saturday, the 5th of May, 1862, Maj. Butler was ordered to report at Yorktown with his command. We reported late that afternoon, and did patrol duty in and around the town that night. Of course, we could see that the place was being evacuated, and our forces were falling back towards Richmond. Nothing of importance occurred that night, except the explosion of a house, filled with shells and other explosives. It appears that the explosives had been placed in (or left) the house by our forces, with a fuse attached, to ex-

plode and injure the advancing enemy. Some of our soldiers "prowling" around, looking for, "*who knows what,*" lit the fuse, and a terrible explosion followed, wounding and injuring eight or ten men.

About sunrise, Sunday morning, we left Yorktown, acting as rear guard. What a beautiful Sabbath day it was, every thing around us looked so calm and peaceful. About 11 A. M., we reached what was called "The River Road," which we were ordered to follow. Our place as rear guard was then taken by a regiment of Virginia cavalry, Col. Davis in command. We had a peaceful, quiet day (until late in the afternoon), stopping on the beautiful grassy banks of the York River, to eat our rations, just opposite a grand old plantation, the lawn and grounds covered with magnificent oaks, which looked like they were centuries old. The River Road, which we were following, connected again with the main road, near Williamsburg. We arrived at this place some little time before sunset, not having seen a Yankee in pursuit of us. Still we had heard that there had been considerable skirmishing, on the road we had left; in fact, we could hear the firing. After our arrival at Williamsburg, we had just passed Fort Magruder to go to the rear, to encamp, when a mounted Orderly came dashing up to Major Butler, and saluting, said: "Gen. Stuart says report to him, with your command, as speedily as you can." The Major told the Orderly, "to lead the way to Gen. Stuart," and ordered the command to follow. We proceeded about a half mile, back the way we had just come. When we found Gen. Stuart, he told Maj. Butler that the enemy had cut off one of his Virginia regiments from entering the town, and said, "See them across that valley; charge and scatter them, so that my men may be able to rejoin us."

Maj. Butler ordered his command to form platoons. This was done promptly, every man and horse forgetting the fatigue of the day's march, and the supper we had just been looking forward to. The Major then gave the command: "Draw sabres. King, sound the charge" (King was our bugler, an old English soldier, and the best bugler in Confederate service). Off we dashed, down the hill and across a regular quagmire at the foot, striking the 6th regiment of Pennsylvania cavalry about the centre, and routed them, after a hand-to-hand fight, pursuing them to the top of the next hill. Here we were charged by another regiment and driven back to our former crossing place (but we had rescued the Virginia regiment, as Gen. Stuart said in his general orders). And what a crossing place it was, knee-deep in mud, and covered with dead and wounded men and horses. About the time I got there, the place was blocked on the right and left of the crossing place. The trees at each side had been cut down, to prevent crossing, except at this one place. The firing at the rear at this time was getting pretty hot, for the Yankee infantry were firing on us, as well as their cavalry who were pursuing us. It seemed like there was no way of getting across except by waiting for those in front to cross over. So my master said to me, "Arab, this will never do; we must get away from here somehow, if we have to go over the fallen trees; try yourself now and take me out of this place; my life depends on your heels." He then turned me to the right, amongst the fallen trees and brush. It seemed a regular fox chase, like the old days "Before the war" (leaving out the bullets). I got through better than I expected, my leaps expedited by the balls whizzing over and around me. I bore my rider safely to the top of the hill, where the command was reformed and the

rolls called. Here we found out the Beaufort District Troop had one man missing and the other companies several killed and wounded. The Beaufort Troop man was S. D. Boynton. My master volunteered to go with his brother and Nat Cannon and find him. We found him lying in the mud at the crossing, dangerously wounded under his sword arm, and in a dying condition. The men attempted to get him off, but he died before they got him to the top of the hill, trying to the last to utter some words to my master, who was supporting his head. Poor Steve Boynton. He was buried that night in old Williamsburg.

“He sleeps his last sleep,
He has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.”

The Brooks Troop had one good soldier killed in this charge, W. E. Boggs. The Congaree Troop, several severely wounded, 1st Sergt. Jimmie Fowles (lost his arm from the wound), and brave young Gillespie Thornwell, who received six sabre thrusts in his breast, another man named McQuirter (I think) was wounded.

Two incidents, and I will finish with our fight at Williamsburg. When we started to make the charge, we had to pass directly in front of Fort Magruder. In the fort was stationed a regiment of South Carolina infantry (the 2d, I think). As we passed the infantry in the fort saw the palmetto cockade on our riders' hats, and gave three cheers for South Carolina. I know it must have inspired the feelings of the men, for, horse as I am, I consider myself a South Carolinian, and I remember when I heard those cheers for the old State, that I felt I could charge the entire Yankee army.

Just after we passed the "crossing place," making the charge, the men got "mixed up," or out of alignment. Maj. Butler gave several orders to the men, and finally told them to follow him, in a voice heard above the roar of the rifles and pistols. Jack Watts, of the Edgefield Hussars, was heard to say, "Go ahead, Major, we will follow you to h—l." Two men of the command, in this charge, killed their adversaries with the sabre—Capt. Lanneau, Brooks Troop, and John C. Campbell, Beaufort District Troop.

CHAPTER XV.

When the army arrived at Williamsburg, Gen. Johnston heard the enemy were attempting to cut us off from Richmond by passing up York River in their gunboats and transports, landing at West Point, directly between Williamsburg and Richmond. Gen. Johnston, with a division or two, went forward to meet them, leaving Gen. Longstreet in command, to confront and delay Gen. McClellan. And well he did it, too, fighting all the next day (Monday, the 6th May), in a pouring rain, and an overwhelming force of the enemy, and repulsing every attempt to drive us back. After night we fell back, to join Gen. Johnston, who with Hood's Texans and other forces had swept the enemy out of our way and driven them back to their boats, killing and capturing a great many. Col. Hampton, with his infantry and artillery, was with Hood, having been assigned to Hood's Brigade after the reorganization. We fell back slowly through New Kent C. H. to the banks of the Chickahominy River, where we went into camp, on the Nine Mile Road. We staid here for some weeks, doing picket duty in our front. It was at this camp, some days before the Seven Pines battle, my

master was sent with a small detail of men to report to Gen. Hood, at his headquarters. The General, accompanied by his staff and followed by our detachment, started out about 4 P. M. and rode up and down the entire front of the Federal lines. What he was after, I never heard—it could not have been a reconnoissance of the enemy's picket lines. He seemed to be observing the ground more than the lines, and strange to say, we passed over twice the ground which a few days later proved to be the battle-field of Seven Pines. One circumstance I did know and remember now, was that the long raw-boned roan horse he rode, kept us all in a trot, while he was at a square walk.

The battle of Seven Pines was a battle with less artillery used, on both sides, than any battle I was ever in—especially on our side; for the roads were in such a condition, we could not get our pieces to the battle-field. What a scene—the roads for miles, blocked with artillery and ambulances, mired down over the hubs of the wheels in mud and water. And that night, how it rained. The thunder rolling, and the lightning flashing, until after midnight. I remember we were halted beside the road, those of us not on vidette duty to rest for the night, the water nearly knee-deep, and worse than all, no feed for man or horse. Next morning we had another small engagement, our army falling back to their former lines and camps. In the first day's fight, that gallant soldier, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, was seriously wounded. I saw him as he was being borne back towards Richmond. I think Gen. Smith succeeded him in command, after he was wounded.

In a few days, Gen. Robert E. Lee was put in command, and remained in command until the END, April 9th, 1865. That noble, faithful and fearless soldier, towering above all the gallant ones the "Cause" had.

As the "Soldier Bard," and true and tried friend of the Confederate Cause, has so beautifully expressed it (Father Ryan) :

"Out of its scabbard *never* hand,
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword, led braver band,
Nor a braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee."

CHAPTER XVI.

Everything was very quiet for some time. The Legion cavalry were much disappointed, man and horse, at not being detailed to go with Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, on his first ride around McClellan's army. Well, I can truthfully say, that was the only raid of his, of any note, we ever missed participating in. The General did not know us then as he did in the future.

On the 24th or 25th of June, 1862, the Seven Days Battle around Richmond commenced, near our old drill school, Ashland. Gen. Stonewall Jackson (that name so dear and sacred to all who had the honor to fight for the "Lost Cause") attacked the enemy's rear at Hanover. Then followed days of fighting, watching and waiting for the entire army of the enemy to be captured. It was a glorious victory, and saved Richmond from the invaders' foot, when all hope seemed lost. Still we all looked for different results from the battles. All of us believe that no other General the Yankees had could have saved their army from capture but George B. McClellan.

After the last day's fight at Malvern Hill, the Legion cavalry did picket and vidette duty in close proximity

to Harrison's Landing, on the James River, where Gen. McClellan had succeeded in reaching, and was now safely under cover, of his gunboats, after sustaining a loss of thousands of his men and millions of dollars worth of army stores.

The Legion cavalry during the seven days battles were put under the immediate command of Col. Rosser. I remember the Colonel wore at that time an artillery Captain's jacket and cap, and I think he had been recently promoted from Captain of Artillery to Colonel of Cavalry. We were all pleased with him and considered him a good officer, and a fighting Colonel, which he afterwards proved on many a hard fought field. He had with him at that time Pate's Virginia Battalion and a part of some other command.

Soon there was talk of a move, but still we kept in front of McClellan, *until he made the move*. And I well remember the Yankee trick they played us, when they did make it. I was on the picket line at day-dawn, after the night they evacuated, and embarked on their boats. We could look right down into their camp (or city, for they had in a few days built a regularly laid out city, streets and all), and saw as usual their videttes with their guns in their hands. But as time passed on, some soldier, more observant than his comrades, remarked to the officer commanding, that all the Yankee videttes were stationary, instead of walking their beats, as usual. So the officer ordered an advance, to see what it meant. And were we not nicely sold, for on advancing, we found not men, but stuffed figures of men with guns attached to them. The entire army had embarked on their boats during the darkness of night. We entered their camp, and I have never seen such another. As I have said, a regular laid out city; the streets even had their names attached. But the worst

fool we had was about an immense pile of corn and oats (looked like over a thousand bushels), which when we came to examine and of course appropriate all we could carry off, we found, to our sorrow, they were well mixed with charcoal and other things, to prevent their being of any use to us. Well, I know the men did not bless them for it, and I would have been glad to help them curse the Yankees myself.

CHAPTER XVII.

A few days afterwards we left here and followed our army to Hanover C. H., and here my master was taken down sick with mumps, contracting a very severe cold from exposure. He was allowed to return to Richmond, to the Howard Grove Hospital, in charge of Dr. Charles Rice, of Colleton, S. C. My master's brother was one of the assistant Surgeons. Here we lived on the best for some weeks, for of course I was in the hospital stable. We left Ben and the pony in camp. My master got a furlough here to go home for thirty days. Before leaving for South Carolina, he came around to the hospital stable where I was quartered, with the surgeons' horses, and putting his arms around my neck said, "Arab, old boy, I am going home on sick furlough, I only wish I could carry you with me, but you know that is impossible. You have been more than faithful to me, and have carried me through dangers that I don't believe any other horse living could do, and I will take great pleasure in telling all the loved ones at home what a noble animal and true friend you have proved to me. For I know that, after myself, they would rather see or hear of you than any one else. Make yourself satisfied and get fat by the time I return,

for there is hard work and hard times, too, before us." I would have liked to have given him long messages to the loved ones at home, but he could not understand me as I could him—that is, my talk. But I believe, and always will believe, that he could understand every look and motion I made. At the expiration of twenty-one days (for I counted every day), one night my master walked in the stable, and after hugging and kissing me, said, "Arab, you look surprised to see me back before my thirty days have expired; but I know you are not, if you have heard what I have, and that is, that the Army of Northern Virginia is in Pennsylvania. I long to be with them once more, and I know you feel the same. We will start in the morning, and find them soon. All asked about you at home, and were never tired hearing me recount your deeds of daring."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bright and early next day, we bade adieu to our friends at Howard Grove and left Richmond by the Brook Road. We reached Goldensville about sun-set, a distance of forty-five miles, spent the night with a family of Dickinsons. The next night we stayed in Fredericksburg, and the next at Culpeper C. H. We had been traveling thus far, old familiar roads. When we left the last named place, we entered a strange country to us. New scenes and new faces. The fourth night we staid at Little Washington, and from there we passed through the Luray valley, and entered the Valley of Virginia. What a beautiful rich country this was at that stage of the war. It is appropriately called "The garden spot of Virginia." I think it should be called "The garden spot of the world"—I have never

seen anything to compare to it, much less equal it. From the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains, as far as the eye can see, is this beautiful valley. Hundreds of head of cattle and other stock grazed on the luxuriant pasturage, on each side of the broad turnpike; large flour mills and splendid residences greeted your sight, mile after mile along the road. My master thought of stopping at Winchester for the night, but heard when we reached there, that our command was at Martinsburg; so we passed through after a good feed, and then passing through Bunker Hill and Darksville, arrived late that night at Martinsburg. Here we found the command, and glad indeed it seemed to be back with them once more. Much to my sorrow (and I know my master's), we heard that Ben and the pony had been captured, for the Yankees had captured part of our wagon train in Maryland, and nearly every servant in the Beaufort District Troop.

We lost from the company on this first invasion of the enemy's country one among our bravest and most efficient officers, Lieut. Wilson W. Broughton, of Grahamville, S. C. He was severely wounded in the knee, in a charge in the streets of Frederick City, Md. He was so badly wounded that he had to be left at a private residence near the city. With him was left a nurse, one among the best men in the company, Private Sam Heape. Heape, after his exchange, in giving an account of the brave Lieutenant's death, said, that "After they were captured, the Yankee surgeon told Lieut. Broughton, the only chance for your life is to have your leg amputated. The Lieutenant's reply was, 'If I die, I will die with my leg on me.' "

CHAPTER XIX.

The command remained at Martinsburg several months, having previously been raised to a regiment. Maj. M. C. Butler, was appointed Colonel; Capt. Frank Hampton, Lieutenant Colonel; Capt. T. J. Lipscomb, Major. The regiment was called the 2d South Carolina Cavalry. Capt. Hampton (the General's brother) and Capt. Lipscomb had come on from South Carolina bringing with them four or five companies of cavalry, and with these new companies and the dashing Boykin Rangers, Capt. John Chestnut, the old Legion cavalry, was raised to a regiment. Col. Wade Hampton had been made Brigadier General of cavalry. His first brigade was composed of the following regiments: Cobb Legion, Col. P. M. B. Young; Jeff. Davis Legion, Col. Fred. Warring; Phillips Legion, Col. Wright (all three from Georgia); 1st North Carolina regiment, Col. Baker; 1st South Carolina, Col. Black; and last but not least, 2d South Carolina, Col. M. C. Butler. Gallant old brigade, each regiment was equal to a brigade. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart was our Division Commander. W. H. F. Lee and Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade, with Hampton's, composed Gen. Jeb Stuart's Division, at that time.

We did picket duty for miles and miles up and down the Potomac River, our farthest post being Hard Scrabble. I saw the largest apple orchard here that I ever saw in Virginia, and I had gotten to like them very much. While encamped here the vacancy for Lieutenant was filled by election. Our worthy and brave 2d Sergeant, A. M. Ruth, was elected 3d Lieutenant Beaufort District Troop. The picket posts were such a distance from camp, we would remain on picket forty-eight hours. We had just returned from one of these

long tours of duty, and were contemplating a good rest (at least, I was), when Orderly Sergeant T. E. Bessellieu walked up and told my master he was detailed as non-commissioned officer from the company to report to General Stuart that afternoon, at 3.30, with a detachment from Co. B (formerly Beaufort District Troop). My master was "sure enough mad," and I heard him tell the Sergeant very plainly, that the reason why they wanted him to do all the duty of the non-commissioned officers, was because he tried to take care of his horse. But he was detailed, and we had to get ready. He said to me that night, on the banks of the Potomac, as he gave me my feed, "Arab, if I had of known it was a scout we were going on, I would have said nothing."

CHAPTER XX.

About 2 P. M., the detachment from the 2d South Carolina Cavalry were ordered to fall in, and to my surprise it was a pretty large one. From Co. B there was Capt. Screven, Lieut. Ruth, Sergt. Mickler, Privates Beck, Clifton, Campbell, Boynton, Terry and my master. We marched to a ford on the Potomac, about eight miles from Martinsburg, where we found and reported to Generals Stuart and Hampton. Gen. Hampton had detachments from every regiment of his brigade, in all a force of 1,500 men, also three pieces of Hart's battery, which was attached to his brigade (this was the old Legion artillery, and Capt. Hart was the officer who succeeded Stephen D. Lee, and time proved him a worthy successor). We went into camp near the river. The men were ordered to keep very quiet, and not allowed to light fires, as they had been ordered to bring three days' cooked rations.

The men were awakened about 2 A. M., and ordered to saddle-up and fall-in, as quietly as possible. After the command had been formed, my master was ordered to report to Capt. Cole, 1st North Carolina Cavalry. We found him not far off, talking with Gen. Stuart; we also found out we were to be the advance guard. Just at the first streak of day, we dashed into the river, crossed, and captured the videttes on the advance picket post, and then charged the reserve, capturing every man. The advance guard was then given orders to proceed, taking certain roads leading to Chambersburg, via Mercersburg, Pennsylvania. We passed through several villages in Maryland and struck the Pennsylvania line about 4 P. M., passed through Mercersburg, and arrived in sight of Chambersburg about sun-set, without seeing or encountering any organized force of the enemy. After a short parley, the Home Guard surrendered the city. We "Rebs.," as they called us, marched in, and remained drawn up on the streets for a short while. Were then ordered to the woods on the north of the city, and went into camp. Need I say how frightened the people seemed to be. The storekeepers and barkeeper, I heard, did not seem to want pay for their goods. It was "Help yourself to what you want." But they seemed to pretty well get over their scare by morning, and asked pay for everything called for, if it was in Confederate money.

Next morning at earliest dawn the bugle blew reveille, we horses were fed and soon saddled up, and then marched up to Main street, where the principal warehouses were situated, near the railroad depot—though half the place seemed a railroad depot. I don't know where they came from, or went to; but if railroads make business, this ought to be a prosperous

place. I forgot to mention that Gen. Hampton had been appointed Provost Marshal of the city.

The depot and warehouses were now thrown open to the men, and they were ordered to dismount and help themselves. There were things to eat and to wear, and arms of every sort and description, thousands of boxes of them. I know the men had a good time. I remember wishing, for the first time in my life, that I was a man. When the men got through, or rather when they were ordered to mount their horses (for I candidly believe some of them would have been there yet, if it had been left to them), the government warehouses were then set on fire, guard and details being stationed to keep the fire from injuring private property.

When the danger of the city taking fire had passed, we started, and for four days and nights we never halted, except "to bait" us horses and to repair a bridge. The men eat their rations as they rode along. The saddles were never taken off our backs from the day we left Chambersburg, Penn., until we reached Leesburg, Va. My master was Sergeant of the rear guard returning, Capt. MacFie, Co. K, Congaree Troop, commanding. The sights and incidents of that trip will never be forgotten by me, as long as my name is Arab. We had very little fighting, none to speak of, until we reached the fords on the Potomac, opposite Leesburg, Va., to cross back into Virginia, and enter the Confederate lines.

Gen. Stuart's object on this raid was more for the purpose of procuring horses than for getting information in regard to the enemy. Gen. Lee was at this time very short of artillery horses. We brought back, as the fruits of this raid, seven hundred and fifty fine fat horses, besides the arms of the most approved make,

clothing, etc., procured at Chambersburg, and the destruction of thousands of dollars worth of property consumed there, without the loss of a single man. We ourselves were all surprised, and wondered at the enemy not pursuing and harassing us, as well as cutting us off from crossing the fords on the Potomac—the only way of getting back in our lines. But I expect it was true, what I heard one of them tell a Southern soldier (months afterwards). He said, “We did not know where to look for you, where you were going, or what you were after, and you moved so fast we could not catch up with you.”

The second day after we left Chambersburg one of my shoes came off and another was loose; my master asked permission of Capt. MacFie (commanding rear guard) to get me shod. The Captain referred him to Gen. Hampton; so he rode forward, and asked the General; Gen. Hampton told him to take a detail of five men and try and find a blacksmith shop. “But,” said the General, “look out, you are not cut off, for the enemy must be in close pursuit of us by this time.” We got the detail, and took the direction of a little hamlet, on the left of the turnpike. Before we reached it, he stopped me at a small house, and called the owner out; when he came, my master drew his pistol from the holster and presenting it at his head, said, “I want my horse shod; tell me quickly where I can find a blacksmith.” The man said, “Spare my life, and I will take you to a shop in ten minutes.” He started in a trot towards the hamlet I spoke of, and as we came to the shop, the smith was locking the door, preparatory to leaving. In ten minutes the Yankee smith was nailing on my shoes, my master sitting on a block in front of him covering him with his “Colt’s army.” Those were the quickest shoes I ever had put on, for he put

on two and tightened the others. The detail meanwhile on post on the hill. After I was shod (and I tell you I felt relieved, for my feet were getting sore), my master handed the smith twenty dollars in Confederate money, and we left. The last I saw of that smith, he was looking at that twenty dollar bill. We now joined the rear guard again. Still no enemy in sight. All night we were moving on—no rest, no sleep. Just after daylight, we were sent forward with a message to Gen. Hampton. On our way, we met a soldier from one of the regiments of the brigade, riding Moses Boynton's horse, a fine sorrel, which we recognized at once. The soldier would not give the horse up, until the matter was reported to Gen. Hampton, who compelled him to turn him over to my master, who led him back to find Co. B, and his owner, who we knew was very proud of his fine sorrel. But Moses Boynton could not be found, and no one in Co. B could tell anything of him. The horse was turned over to the company, and we returned to the rear guard. Still no enemy in sight. About 9 or 10 o'clock, we saw a horseman in our rear, coming at top speed. We halted, and when the horseman got near enough, to our surprise it proved to be Moses Boynton, riding "bare-back" an old Pennsylvania plough horse. His story was this:

"The column stopped while a bridge was being repaired, the artillery had broken in. I felt I was obliged to have a few minutes sleep. I dropped down from my horse, wrapped the bridle reins around my arm, and went to sleep. I thought when the column started I would wake. When I did wake, I was alone; not even a sound of man or horse could I hear. I did not know which end of the road to take. I would run in one direction and then the other. I had no matches

to strike a light. Finally, I thought of this plan: I knelt down and felt the horses' tracks—that gave me the direction you had taken. I started at a trot after you, and had followed you about a mile, when I saw a light in a small house near the road. I knocked, and a man opened the door. He said the force had passed several hours. I told him I must have a horse; he said he had none. Just then I heard a horse stamping in the cellar below us. I drew my pistol, grabbed the lamp, and went down in the cellar. Here is the horse I found, and this the blind bridle. I did not take time to ask for a saddle, for the old man, the old woman, and two daughters, were abusing me for all they could think of. I am very glad you found old Jim, for I would not give him for five of the best horses in the Yankee army."

On the morning of the fourth day after we left Chambersburg, Penn., we arrived in sight of the Potomac. But found a heavy force of infantry and artillery holding the ford where we expected to cross. But Gen. Stuart was equal to the emergency. He stopped the command, sent forward the artillery and part of the cavalry to the front, facing the enemy at the ford, sent the captured horses back next to the rear guard, under a special detail of a tried officer and picked men, with orders to the officer, that as soon as the scouts sent out reported the ford to our left clear of the enemy, he must cross the river with the captured horses, and then notify him, Gen. Stuart. The artillery opened fire in a few minutes on the enemy in our immediate front; also part of the cavalry dismounted, with their rifles, advancing "step by step" on the force holding the ford. This gave them more than they expected to contend with, and thinking Gen. Stuart intended to cross at all hazards, they drew their forces

from the fords above and below them, to assist them to hold the position. This was just what Gen. Stuart hoped and expected. The scouts notified the officer in command of the captured horses that the ford was open, and the horses were rushed across. Then Gen. Stuart was notified of the fact; he immediately drew off his fighting force, and coming back to the road the horse detail had taken, crossed his men over safely. Now it came our turn to move; for the rear guard had been stationary, looking and expecting a force from the rear; and if so, that was to have been our work; but there was no pursuit. We now followed the General and his force and soon came to the ford. Hardly had we gotten half way across, when the Yankees found out how Gen. Stuart had fooled them, and here they came at a double-quick step back to the ford. They soon opened fire on us, but luckily no one was hurt. Only you ought to have seen us, how speedily we crossed that ford. When I got safely on the Virginia side, I looked back and the Maryland shore was one mass of blue-coats. I had been repeating to myself ever since I entered the river, the old negro melody, "Carry me back, carry me back, to old Virginia shore," and I added this to it, "*Carry me back quick.*"

In two hours after getting safely across, the whole command was asleep; for we had gone into camp at Leesburg, to get some rest—man nor horse wanted anything but sleep. That was one time we did not stop to eat. I said the whole were asleep. But there was one exception, that was Gen. Jeb. Stuart, who getting a fresh horse, set out alone and riding all night, reached Gen. R. E. Lee early next morning, whose headquarters was near Winchester, south of our old camp at Martinsburg.

In a couple of days we were back in our quarters at

Martinsburg. This raid, every one says, was the most daring and successful ever made by that brave, dashing and lamented officer, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. He made a complete circuit around the Federal army, crossing the Potomac River nearly at its highest point, and recrossing in sight of Washington City, hundreds of miles below, destroying thousands of dollars worth of government property, and as I have before stated, bringing out seven hundred and fifty head of fat horses, sadly needed by the army of Northern Virginia.

I saw one old white-haired man I felt extremely sorry for, on this raid. He was standing beside the road, with his spectacles drooped down on his nose and his mouth open, with his saddle on his arm and his bridle in his hand, as he gazed steadfastly at the passing column. But where was his noble steed? Ask of the winds and perhaps they will tell you, taken by Stuart and Hampton's raiders, to fill up Gen. R. E. Lee's artillery.

I remember hearing a little Yankee boy we passed, say something that was never forgotten by the men of our command. A member of Co. B said to the boy, "Say, sonny, are you a Secesh?" The boy burst out laughing (for he had got over his first scare at the sight of us) and said, "Nari Pop." To the close of the war you would hear, when any of the old soldiers wanted to be extra positive, "Nari Pop."

CHAPTER XXI.

A few days after our return from this raid, just after reveille, Ben rode into camp. His first words to my master were, "Boss, dem deblish Yankee tak the pony, an' all your close I had; but I got a right good mare here, if she is blind in one eye. I been trying a long time to get back to you, but they watch me so close, I could not get away, until day before yesterday." My master and every one of the company and regiment seemed glad to see Ben back from his captivity. I will not attempt to say how glad I was to see him, for no one could groom me like Ben, and he never seemed tired of feeding me. It did not matter whether the quartermaster or commissary had corn or hay or not; if any of our officers or men had any, Ben would steal a part of it for me; if none were to be stolen in the regiment, he would make a raid on the farms. As I have before said, he had taught me to eat any and everything that a man would eat. I remember once, when forage was very scarce, he had been out raiding on some of the farmers on the Rapidan River. On his return to camp, I saw he had only a few bundles of oats tied behind his saddle, but several canteens hanging around his neck. He rode up, and getting off his horse, said to me, "Arab, I is had bad luck to-day; dis country is eat out. I got you a few sheaf of oats an' a canteen of clabber. De clabber aint as good as whiskey, but it is better than nuttin."

Soon Gen. McClellan attempted to cut Gen. Lee off from Richmond, but he was not general enough to do so. Every fresh move he would make to cut off communications our army would face him. The cavalry and horse artillery fighting him day after day, as we fell back. We had engagements at Berryville, Flint

Hill, Barber's Cross Roads, Little Washington—the latter in a heavy snow-storm. At this place, my master and myself came very near being captured. He had been sent by Col. Butler with a message to Gen. Hampton. He put me to my speed, and we went dashing back to where we had left Gen. Hampton, some short time ago, sitting on his horse in front of the 1st North Carolina Cavalry. As we dashed down the hill towards this body of men, who we supposed were the 1st North Carolina, we heard shouting and calling in our rear. I even heard the words, "Come back, come back—the Yankees are down there;" but my master did not hear, and kept putting in the spur. I got so close, that I could smell them, for I had really learnt to know them by their smell, as well as their blue uniform. There was an officer sitting on his horse in front of the regiment with a full black beard, as Gen. Hampton wore at that time; he wore black hat and plume, and did really look like the General, horse and all. When my master discovered his mistake, all he had to do was to wheel me to the right about, and we went up that hill faster than we came down, several of the enemy pursuing, for they were certain of catching us, and they did not shoot until we had nearly reached the top of the hill. I suppose those shots caused my master to press closer those big Texas spurs he wore to my aching sides. When we got up the hill, among our skirmishers, we found out what the shouting was that I had heard. Sergt. Mickler and Corp. Pelot, from our company, were on the skirmish line and recognizing us, and being aware that the enemy was drawn up on the same ground occupied by the 1st North Carolina a short time before, tried very hard, as they said, to warn us of the fact.

CHAPTER XXII.

A rather strange incident happened at this Barber's Cross Road fight, which I will try and relate: We had been falling back before a heavy force of the enemy since about 11 A. M., disputing every inch of ground, and making charge after charge upon them, Gen. Hampton, as usual, leading every charge, and Hart's battery giving them grape and canister as well as shells. Suddenly there was a cessation of firing from both sides—the enemy halting and we doing the same. To see what would be the next move, I suppose, we remained facing each other for over an hour; and I expect a great many, like myself, were hoping they were going “to quit their foolishness,” when all at once an old hare or rabbit started up from his lair and took a course directly between the two opposing lines. Of course, you have heard that a soldier can't see a rabbit without yelling after him. Well, the yelling commenced, both sides taking it up, and seemed to be trying to see who could yell the loudest. Well, now, just think of it, and imagine my disgust, to find out that in ten minutes after the yelling started, we were fighting harder than ever, only we were driving them this time.

One more incident of the Barber's Cross Road fight I will relate before I close. While the enemy were driving us back in the morning, our regiment had just made a charge to save one of the pieces of Hart's battery from being captured. While crossing a low muddy piece of ground, Private Eldred Simkins' (of our company) horse was shot dead under him. The enemy were in close pursuit of us, and Simkins, unable to extricate himself from the dead horse, was about to be captured, when Sergt. W. A. Mickler dashed back to his rescue, and springing from his horse, extricated

Simkins from his, then taking him up behind him on his grey, brought him safely off in the very face of the Federals.

CHAPTER XXIII.

We finally fell back to Fredericksburg. Gen. Lee's entire army encamped on the south of the Rappahannock River, and Burnside's army faced us on the North side of the river. Here our regiment was encamped in the "old city," a few hundred yards from the tomb of Martha Washington, the mother of the great Gen. George Washington, of Revolutionary fame. We did picket duty for miles and miles up and down the Rappahannock and Rapidan Rivers. The infantry and artillery of Lee's army was at this time, about the 1st of December, 1862, encamped in our rear, in the woods, on the crest of hills along the Massaponax, south of Fredericksburg. Every one was looking for a fight, and I will tell you why. Stonewall Jackson had just arrived from the Shenandoah Valley, and gone into camp on the Massaponax. Jackson's coming always meant fight. *Stonewall's fight always meant victory.* We had not forgotten his coming to us, not long ago, when he struck the enemy's flank at Mechanicsville, and opened and decided the Seven Days Battles. Sure enough, a few days after Gen. Jackson joined Lee's army, our regiment left the town and encamped at Hamilton's Crossing, south of it. We left a few regiments of infantry in possession of the place. Our infantry and artillery moved down from the hills and took position just south of the town. Longstreet's forces were assigned to Marye's Hill, Jackson's forces on his right, near Hamilton's Cross-

ing. About the 10th or 12th of December, Burnside's army crossed over from Falmouth by pontoons, in the face of Barksdale's gallant Mississippians, who had been left to hold the town. Barksdale's men were concealed on the river front, sheltered by the houses; but, as I have said, in spite of the murderous fire of the riflemen, they succeeded in crossing. They shelled the old town from the Falmouth Heights half the day, and it was a pitiable sight to see the old men and women, the young women and children, of all ages, passing us, going further to the rear to escape the bursting shells and the burning town. Gen. Lee's army remained quiet the whole day, prepared for what was sure to come on the morrow. The Federals remained in the town all night.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The enemy hardly waited for the day to dawn before they were moving on our lines. I well remember the heavy fog that morning. In fact, you could hardly see ten yards before you, until the sun rose. Then what a grant sight to see, that splendid-looking body of men, who, although our enemies, we were obliged to admire. The guns flashing in the sunlight and the stars and stipes proudly floating to the breeze, and the men moving as if on parade. The battle opened soon after sun-rise. They struck old Stonewall first, and it looked like they thought they were going to run right over him. But he soon showed them different from that. I believe they did break his first line, but that only made him mad and they never broke any more lines of Stonewall Jackson that day. In the woods back of the crossing our cavalry were drawn up;

directly in our front in a large and extensive field, Gen. Jeb. Stuart, our division commander, was pouring shot and shell into the advancing Federals, with Pelham's horse artillery. This brave and gallant young Alabamian I had seen and known for some time, since we had been placed under Gen. Stuart's command. The soldiers at the first used to call Pelham, "*Stuart's Pretty Boy*," and boy-like he looked when I first saw him. But, oh! could he not fight that old horse artillery of Stuart's. How he did hate to retreat. Well do I remember that fact, as well as every man and horse in Hampton's Brigade had found out, when we were supporting his pieces.

Every school-boy knows how the battle of Fredericksburg terminated, and what a glorious victory it was for the Southern Cause. And as I am not writing a history, I will proceed with the "*Autobiography of Arab*." After the battle, Lee's army went regularly into winter quarters—that is, the infantry and artillery—of course, the cavalry had to do all the outpost duty, and winter quarters was only a name for us. I will never forget the winter of 1862, from this fact, that it was the only winter of the war that all branches of Lee's army were together. I could write (and talk, if able,) for days of the different sights and scenes I saw from December to last of April, 1862.

Stonewall Jackson's headquarters below Fredericksburg, at Moss Neck; Jeb. Stuart's headquarters on the Telegraph Road, near the town; and last, but always first, the headquarters of R. E. Lee near by, presented daily scenes and faces never to be forgotten. One day I would see Gen. Lee's daughter passing; the next, Gen. Jackson's wife and daughter; the next, perhaps, Gen. Jeb Stuart's wife and little daughter; the next, perhaps, the wife or child of some other general

of note—for a great many of them had their families visiting them the winter of 1862. I remember a rather strange incident that occurred here during the winter. After a very heavy snow-storm, a Tennessee regiment and another regiment, I forget now from what State, commenced a snow-ball fight. After some little time, one getting the advantage and then the other, both sides got so worked up and incensed over it, that they got their rifles and a part of the army had to be called out to quiet them.

CHAPTER XXV.

So the winter passed on, until some time in March. Gen. Averill, in command of the Federal cavalry, made a reconnoissance, with a large force (4,000 men), crossing the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford. The gallant Fitz Lee met him with his brigade numbering about 800 or 900 men, and after a desperate battle, from sun to sun, drove him back to the north side of the river. In one of these dashing charges (perhaps the last), led by Gen. Jeb Stuart and Fitz Lee, was killed the brave young soldier, dubbed by Gen. R. E. Lee at the battle of Fredericksburg, "The Gallant Pelham." After this fight at Kelly's Ford, the enemy remained quiet until about the 1st of May, when "Fighting Joe Hooker," now in command of the Federal army, crossed the Rappahannock and moved towards the Rapidan, in the direction of Chancellorsville. Our brigade accompanied Gen. Stonewall Jackson towards the latter place, leaving Gen. Lee still at Fredericksburg. Gen. Jackson halted near Tabernacle Church, for Hooker had crossed the Rapidan at Germania Ford and was moving in that direction. Gen. Jeb. Stuart was after

Stoneman, who was trying to make a raid on the Virginia Central Railroad. He had the brigades of the two Lees with him. Gen. Jackson formed his line of battle near Tabernacle Church, across the plank road that runs from Fredericksburg to Culpeper C. H., through what was called the Wilderness—and a wilderness it surely was. It was rendered famous in 1864, by the great battle fought there. Gen. Jackson, I suppose, found out he could accomplish nothing by attacking Hooker in his strong fortifications at Chancellorsville with his single corps, so he gave up the attempt, and waited quietly for Gen. R. E. Lee. *We, the cavalry*, were doing picket and outpost duty. I will now relate an incident that occurred while here. Gen. Stuart had just returned to the army, after sending Gen. Stoneman "back faster than he came." This morning the General and his staff were passing our regiment which was drawn up close beside the plank road. Just as they got opposite to us, one of the staff officers halted for a moment, and then riding up to my master, said: "Is not your name Henderson?" My master replied that it was. He then said, "Don't you remember me?" The reply was "No." The officer then said, "Did you not go to school at Wofford to Mr. Boyd?" The answer was "Yes." "Well," he said, "I am a brother-in-law of Mr. Boyd, and on one occasion, he being sick, taught your class." My master then said, "I remember you now—your name is Farley." They then shook hands very cordially. I had often heard the men speak of "Farley, the Scout, from South Carolina." That was one reason I listened and noticed him so closely, for I have always loved to see and hear of brave men and horses.

Gen. R. E. Lee arrived that day from Fredericksburg and I heard afterwards from good authority that

he held a long consultation with Gen. Stonewall Jackson, and it is credited by *those who ought to know*, that, then and there, Stonewall Jackson suggested the attempt to flank and turn the right wing of Hooker's army.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Things were looking pretty serious about this time. Gen. R. E. Lee's force at this critical time was small indeed. Gen. Longstreet's hard fighting corps had been sent to Suffolk, Va., and I heard that a pretty large force had been left to hold Fredericksburg. The next day, while on picket on the Brock Road, leading from Spottsylvania C. H. to Ely's Ford, we had just been relieved and were returning to the command, when just as we reached the intersection of the Germania Plank Road, we met Stonewall Jackson's corps, accompanied by Gen. Fitz Lee's brigade of cavalry. I heard the men remarking, "Where is old Stonewall going?" Some surmised one place and some another. I with my horse sense surmised Fredericksburg, for they were going in that direction. One of the men (I forget who) said, "Wait and see, Old Jack is just as apt to be in Hooker's rear by sun-down, as not." And sure enough he was talking sense, for every one knows how the great soldier flanked Hooker's army, and if that fatal wounding (which resulted in his death) had not have occurred, Hooker's whole army would have been captured. In my humble horse opinion, the Southern Confederacy, in the death of Stonewall Jackson, sustained a loss *which could not be filled*—a loss second only to the loss of Robert E. Lee. I heard that the great chieftain once said, in reply to some one speaking of the Southern people losing ALL in the event of their being conquered.

"Losing all. No," he said. "Suppose we are conquered—suppose the South does fail to establish her independence—I declare to you that should I live, I will not regret for one instant this struggle—not the blood, the treasure, the failure—nothing. There may be persons who fight for fame, or success. I fight for my principles. I appeal to God for the purity of my motives, and whether I live or die, whether the South fails or conquers, I shall be able to say, *I did my duty.*"

Sleep in peace, gallant Virginian, in the soil you loved so well. You died the death you wished, and have gone where the brave and true find their reward. The South will always mourn the death of Stonewall Jackson, whose very name was worth an army corps to the Southern Confederacy. After the wounding of Stonewall Jackson, Gen. Jeb. Stuart (by Gen. Jackson's special request) the next day, led Jackson's corps in the fight against "Fighting Joe Hooker's" flank and rear, with Gen. R. E. Lee attacking him in front, and they certainly made "Fighting Joe" get out of that Wilderness in a hurry, with all of his fortifications and 150,000 men.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The next day we gained possession of Chancellorsville, and there is no telling what would have been accomplished when Gen. R. E. Lee was notified that the Federal General Sedgwick had crossed the Rappahannock, driven our forces out and taken possession of Fredericksburg, and was then in his rear. Gen. Lee immediately turned back and hurried to meet him, and by severe fighting that afternoon, drove Sedgwick's army across the river. He then hurried back to settle

with Hooker, but "Fighting Joe" "*had left*"—he had received enough, and more than enough, to satisfy him. We remained around Chancellorsville only a few days after the battle. By the way, the little place did not look like it did when I first saw it—for I had passed through it early in the fall, bearing my owner from Culpeper C. H. to Fredericksburg, where the regiment was encamped. I remember we spent the night there, and staid at the widow Chancellor's house, as well as I remember there was only *two houses in Chancellorsville*—Levi Chancellor's house and the house of the widow where we put up; and I don't forget how well we were treated—speaking for myself, "I was up to my eyes in clover and oats."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The regiment from here went to Brandy Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, where we encamped. We then enjoyed a little rest, with the exception of picket duty. I remember Hampton's brigade was encamped pretty close together here, and we had daily drills by regiments, on these beautiful and extensive plains. Our Colonel, M. C. Butler, would take us out in the morning, drill us awhile, and then start out to look for a rail fence, to make us horses jump. Many were the laughable scenes that occurred, leaping those fences. For I must tell you, all the horses could not jump like Arab. No one seemed to enjoy the falls of the men and horses as much as our gallant Colonel, and it seemed "to do him good all over" by the way he laughed over them.

My master was here detailed as a scout, under Sergt. W. A. Mickler, *who commanded the first scouting*

party Gen. Hampton ever sent out. The Sergeant's first party consisted of only five men; but about the time we joined him, his force had been increased by details from each company in the regiment to about seventeen, or perhaps nineteen men. I will try and name them if my memory serves me aright: From Co. B (Beaufort District Troop), Corp. Huger Mickler, Privates Joe. Beck, Cecil Johnson, Stanyarn Shoolbread, Sergt. E. P. Henderson; Co. A (Boykin Rangers), Corp. James Doolin; Co. I (Edgefield Hussars), Sergeant Tom Butler and Marion Shirrer, privates Barney Hennegan, George Crafton, Hogan; Co. K (Brooks Troop), Sergt. Calhoun Sparks; Privates John Wiltingham and Sim. Miller. All, with the exception of Doolin (a Virginia recruit), old members of the Hampton Legion Cavalry. In addition to the men from the 2d South Carolina Cavalry, Mickler had Private Wallace Miller, 1st South Carolina Cavalry, and Privates Hanly, Sloan and Parks, 1st North Carolina Cavalry.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Our principal scouting ground was in Prince William County. Sergt. Mickler's headquarters was near Brentsville, at the house of Mr. Cooper, who occupied the old Towles mansion; and, by the way, a son of Mr. Towles, *Bob*, a member of the Prince William Cavalry, 4th Virginia regiment, with two others from the same command, Dick and Joe. Sheppard, all three regular scouts for Gen. Fitz Lee, voluntarily attached themselves to Mickler's little band. Now, though I am an educated horse, how can I begin to recount and describe the different skirmishes, hair-breadth escapes from cap-

ture, and incidents that took place, day after day, in this our new adventurous, but glorious scouting life. I have forgotten two-thirds of the incidents and escapes from death or capture, that would make a civilian open his eyes in wonder, in these days of peace and quiet.

Our first little incident worth relating, took place in the streets (or rather street, for there was only one then,) of Brentsville. The Yankees would come there on a scout, two or three times a week. Finally, on one occasion, Mickler, with only five men with him, while passing in sight of the place, saw some eight or ten Yankees sitting on their horses in front of the hotel. Mickler, by concealing himself and men under cover of the pines, managed to get within a hundred or two yards of them before he was seen. Making a dashing charge on them, he killed five and captured the other three, in the running fight that ensued. Both Mickler and Shoolbread claimed killing the Yankee Sergeant in command of the squad (his name was Redmond, we heard from the prisoners). I remember Mickler got the Sergeant's horse, a beautiful bay. The last words the Yankee Sergeant uttered before he died, was to ask Mickler to take good care of George, the horse. Mickler named the horse Redmond, after his old master. He rode this horse for months, until the day Sergt. Calhoun Sparks was wounded, when he literally "rode him to death." Poor Redmond, many a night and day we have stood side by side, sometimes in a warm, comfortable stable, sometimes in the pines (when the enemy was after us); many a race and jumping match I had with Redmond, for Mickler soon learnt him to jump, for he knew nothing of that accomplishment when he captured him. In the charge and fight, I have spoken of in Brentsville, Mickler and Shoolbread fired every barrel of their two pistols—for all the scouts wore a

pair of Colt's army pistols, captured, of course, from the enemy. When Shoolbread had fired his last barrel, one of the Yankees ahead of him, seeing him stop firing, checked his horse and fired at him twice, nearly in his face. Shoolbread, having nothing to shoot with and his last empty pistol in his hand, hurled the pistol at the Yankee's head, fortunately striking him in the face and knocking him completely off his horse.

CHAPTER XXX.

Our next little escapade was near Greenwood Church. A regiment of Yankees were returning to their camp from a scout. We met, or rather saw, them before they got to the ford at the run, Mickler concealed his men in the thick pines on the bank of the run, and waited until they rode in and halted to water their horses, when he ordered his men to fire. Imagine the scene that ensued. Mickler's intention was to fire on them, and "then get away." But seeing such a stampede among them, he ordered a charge, and we ran them into their picket lines near Dumfries. Oh! what a glorious race it was. We found the killed and wounded of the enemy all along the route, as we returned from the pursuit with our prisoners. It was a four or five mile race. The only horse I knew could outrun me that day was Shoolbread's—a large and beautiful bay, with flowing mane and tail, and black legs—his name was Don. Don's master loved him like a brother (more perhaps), and had ridden him from the beginning of the war.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Our next brush took place between Occoquon village and Brentsville. Mickler left from near Catlett's station one day about 3 P. M. We passed through Brentsville towards Occoquon. Mickler remarked to some one, "he was going down to stir up the 1st Michigan Cavalry, who were encamped below, and were making daily scouts to Brentsville, Occoquon and other places. We had heard that they had threatened "to eat up without salt" Wade Hampton's little band of scouts. We stopped for the night at Deep Run, near Occoquon, at the house of George Bradfield. My master and Mickler always stayed together, so Redmond and myself were close friends. The other scouts put up at different houses, by twos and threes, as they saw fit. A rendezvous was always appointed before the separation. Redmond and myself were just being saddled, bright and early next morning, when our host, Geo. Bradfield, who was standing by, said to Sergt. Mickler, "Did you not caution your men last evening, before they left here, to be sure and stay on this side of the river? I see some men over at my brother's place (which was across the river), and they look like Yankee cavalry, too." So we all commenced looking, and sure enough we saw, as it appeared, about a dozen Federal cavalymen drawn up near his brother's house, and looking intently in our direction. Mickler asked Bradfield if there was no other ford to cross the river, except the one in a few hundred yards of his house, and directly in view of the enemy? Bradford replied, there was an old blind ford about a mile above his house; but it would be very bad crossing it, as the banks were steep, and the water deep as well as rocky. "But," he said, "if you can get across you will be directly in the

rear of the men we see yonder at my brother's." About this time the different scouts came dashing up, evidently having seen or heard something of the enemy. By the time we reached the public road, in front of where we had passed the night, every member of the scouts had joined us. Sergt. Mickler taking Bradfield behind him on Redmond, to pilot us, we started through the woods for the blind ford. After proceeding about a mile and a half, Bradfield sprung from the horse and said, "Yonder is the ford; cross it if you can, and keep bearing to your right after you cross, and you will come out, as I have told you, directly in the rear of the Yankees." Sergt. Mickler was a born woodsman and scout. He told his men, "Now, boys, follow me close, and we will capture this squad, if there is not a larger force in sight." Then commenced a race that beat all the deer and fox hunts I have ever experienced. We were at the ford in a few minutes, and what a ford it was. The banks were steep, and about six or eight feet above the water. But there was no time to "count chances." Mickler and Redmond were half way across, and Arab and the rest were not far behind. Mickler did not stop to see who had crossed, when he reached the other side, but yelling to his men to follow him, he dashed forward like a "streak of lightning." After a race of about a mile, every man and horse "for himself, and God for us all," we came to a cleared field in front of Bradfield's house, and there was the enemy drawn up to meet us, their Sharp's rifles "at the ready." Sergt. Mickler halted as he got to the clearing, to form his men for the charge, I suppose; but so rapid had been the race and so difficult to cross the ford, that instead of seventeen men, there were only four, Sergt. Mickler, Hogan, from Co. I, Hanly, 1st North Carolina Cavalry, and Arab and rider. The Sergeant did not hesitate a moment. He

said, "Boys, there are only ten of them. Draw your pistols and follow me." Each man drew his pistol, and followed the brave Sergeant. When we got in a short distance of them, they opened fire with their rifles, and our riders with their pistols. Three of them dropped from their saddles, the other seven broke and fled, the lieutenant leading the flight. Fortunately, not a man or horse on our side was touched from their fire (though I must say, those balls whistled "too close to be comfortable"). Our riders paid no attention to the fallen men, but kept on in close pursuit of the seven flying horsemen. After a short race we dropped two men from their saddles, captured four, and after a further race of about a half mile we captured the lieutenant, who, although splendidly mounted, could not force his horse to jump a fence in his front, and we literally *rode him down, man and horse.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

Sergt. Mickler learnt from the lieutenant that he was in charge of a detachment from the 1st Michigan Cavalry, one among their brag cavalry regiments, and that several companies of the regiment had gone on to Brentsville, on a reconnoitering expedition, and that he with his squad of men had been left to keep a lookout towards Occoquon and Dumfries, so they could not "be taken in their rear," or cut off from their lines. He also informed Mickler that the main body had been gone about an hour and would probably return in two or three hours. We left the wounded men at Bradfield's house, and Mickler sent the lieutenant and other prisoners, under a guard of three men, off to the woods. That cut our small force down still lower, and just to

think we were going to attack the famous 1st Michigan, U. S. A. But we were going to bushwack them (as they called it), or rather we were going to ambush them (as we called it), and we had a head like Sergt. Mickler to plan the ambush, and men to carry his plans through, by stubborn fighting, like the brave Sergt. Sparks, Butler, Hennegan, Hogan, Hanly, Doolin, Willingham, Cecil Johnson, Shoolbread and others equally as fearless. Mickler took his men in the direction of Brentsville on the road the Yankees had just passed up, minus Corp. Mickler and two men guarding the prisoners. About three miles from Brentsville and south, on this road was a deep cut, with a high embankment on each side, very similar to what is called "a railroad cut." The top of the embankment was covered with a thick undergrowth of bushes and some few large trees. Here Mickler dismounted his men, with the exception of Sergt. Sparks, Doolin, and Hanly. We (the horses) were tied to trees, about thirty yards from the road, and concealed by the dense undergrowth.

I heard Mickler tell his men before they left us: "Now, boys, I am going to *string* you along this hill. Don't a man fire until he hears the report of Sergt. Henderson's pistol, who will be stationed on your left, and nearest the advancing enemy." He told my master: "Let the advance guard pass; don't fire until the head of the column gets opposite to you. Then, boys, give them every barrel of your pistols, and then run back, mount your horses and follow them." The mounted men were stationed on the right of the dismounted men, only a little further back from the road, with orders, that as soon as the enemy passed, to charge their rear, yelling and shouting.

Well, everything was arranged, as I have tried in my imperfect way to describe. I, Arab, was tied about the

nearest horse to the road—near enough to hear, if not to see, all that took place in the road. We had been there, perhaps, an hour or longer, man and horse listening for the first sound of the coming enemy. Suddenly we heard horses' feet coming from the direction of Brentsville. Every one kept as silent as possible. Soon we could hear the voices of men, though in a low tone. The advance guard soon appeared, about twenty men, riding "four abreast." As they got opposite me, I heard one soldier say to another, "Look how the road is cut up with horses' feet—we could not have made all these tracks going up. I bet you those d—m—d Rebels are after us, and perhaps going to bushwack us as we return." The other answered, "Oh, no; the road is wet and boggy. There can't be any *Johnnies* around—for don't you remember we left the lieutenant and a squad of men near here, to keep a lookout and to prevent our being bushwacked."

I (Arab) did not make any reply to the question or answer, but I thought to myself and laughed quietly, when I remembered what had been the fate of the lieutenant's squad, and where and with what good company the lieutenant and squad were then keeping—for Corpl. Huger Mickler, though as brave as a lion, was exceedingly kind and courteous to Yankees after they had surrendered. The advance guard passed safely by, and soon the head of the advancing column appeared and approached us, entering the cut. As ordered, the signal shot rang out, and shot after shot in rapid succession followed, dealing death and destruction to the terrified enemy, from a foe they could not see.

What a scene followed. Men and horses down; those behind running or riding over those in their front; some trying to ride their horses up the steep slippery bank and never succeeding, but falling back on

those below. Every effort being made to get away from the bushwackers, "The Bad Johnnie Rebs." In a very short time our riders were on our backs and following at full speed the flying enemy. Several different occasions they were halted by their officers to make a stand and fight; but although there were brave men in the 1st Michigan, they could not make a stand against Hampton's scouts, for I verily believe they would have charged a brigade that day.

We ran them into their picket lines, capturing men and horses at every step. Mickler now halted his men, and we started to return to the scene of ambush, picking up pistols, sabres, haversacks, blankets, etc., the entire way. When we arrived in a couple of hundred yards of the cut, we saw a Yankee cavalryman sitting on his horse, not far from the road, and apparently looking at some object on the ground, for he paid no attention to our approach. Several of the men (my rider among them) dashed in the direction of the dragoon, and when we got to him, this was the sight that greeted us. Our brave Sergt. Calhoun Sparks (as pale as death and bleeding profusely from a wound in his breast) lying at full length on the ground, with his pistol pointed at the Yankee and the Yankee's pistol and sabre lying on the ground at his horse's feet, for the Sergeant had made him unbuckle his belt and drop them there when he first captured him—perhaps a half hour ago.

This was the tale Sergt. Sparks told the men when they had dismounted and procured some water for him: "That when they (the men left mounted) had first charged the flying enemy, that he (Sparks), after firing the last barrel of his second pistol, found that he was shot in the right breast, clear through and through, and feeling that he was unable to sit his horse, turned him

out of the road into the woods, and had not ridden far before he fell from his horse, where we found him. He said he lost consciousness when he fell, and that when he regained consciousness, the Yankee was riding by him, having left the road and taken to the woods to escape (a wonderful thing for a Yankee to do, for they hated the woods). Sergt. Sparks said he still had his empty pistol grasped in his hand, and presenting it at the dragoon, ordered him to surrender, which he did. The Sergeant then ordered him to unbuckle his belt and drop his arms on the ground. All this he did with an empty pistol, and he in a fainting and nearly dying condition. Well, if you ever saw a mad man, it was that Yankee dragoon when he found out that the pistol pointed at him was empty.

One of the men was sent to Ben. Cockrell's house (not far off) to get a conveyance to move Sergt. Sparks. When it came a Miss Sallie Brawner accompanied it and took possession of Sparks, conveying him to her brother-in-law's house (Ben. Cockrell), for she was a noble Virginia woman, and a true and tried friend to all the scouts. Mickler did not have a man killed in this little fight. Sparks severely wounded; Hanly had his fine little grey horse killed; Doolin also had his horse killed. Several of the Yankees were killed in the cut, many more wounded, and several killed and wounded, besides the prisoners taken during the running fight on the road. Barney Hennegan got a severe fall and his horse injured, riding down the slippery embankment. Sergt. Mickler sent two men with the wagon to convey Sergt. Sparks to Cockrell's house, promising to bring a doctor that night to dress his wound, if one was to be found in Prince William County. He then started with the prisoners (a goodly number) to get them across the Orange and Alexan-

dria Railroad, after which they would be sent, with a detail of men, into the Confederate lines.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

We passed back through Brentsville, the ladies and old men flocking the street to see us pass with the prisoners, who a few hours before were bragging to them how they were going to annihilate Hampton and Fitz Lee's scouts. We also learnt here the fate of the only body of men of the 1st Michigan who escaped "*Scott Free*," and that was the rear guard. For when they heard the firing in front, they turned back, and passing through Brentsville at full speed, took the road for Manassas, where some of their forces were encamped.

The enemy soon came out in force (as we learnt that night) after us. But when they reached Brentsville, the detachment with the prisoners were nearly to Thoroughfare Gap, if not beyond it—for that was our usual course in getting prisoners out from their lines into ours. Well do I remember every foot of ground around old Thoroughfare Gap, Hopewell's Gap, Warrenton C. H., Warrenton Junction, Catlett's Station, Bristow, Burke, Grinage, Fairfax C. H., Vienna, etc. Passing over the ground night as well as day for years.

After getting his prisoners safely across the railroad, Sergt. Mickler put them in charge of his brother, with a squad of men and, as I have said, they set out speedily for the lines of the C. S. A. The sergent then, taking my master with him, set out to look for a doctor, after (I should have said) getting something to eat and a fresh horse—for he had literally ridden my poor friend, Redmond, to death that day. We set out near sun-set on our hunt for a doctor (I know I was feeling quite

refreshed, after a good feed of corn and hay). We went first to Weaversville, near Catlett's, and not finding one there, we went up the railroad towards Bristow, to the house of a Dr. Osborne, who we found at home, and he being a good "Secesh," and a friend to the Southern cause, accompanied us. We reached Ben. Cockrell's about 10 o'clock that night. We found Sparks alive and doing as well as could be expected. The doctor soon examined his wound, and much to our relief and every one of the household, said with good nursing he would "pull through." Fortunately for the gallant color-bearer of the 2d South Carolina Cavalry, the ball had passed clear through and through, entering his right breast just above the nipple and passing out under his left shoulder-blade.

The enemy had been to the house in the afternoon on the lookout for the "Johnnies," but did not search the house, and so did not find him, and they never did; for after staying there a couple of weeks, and being carefully and kindly nursed by Miss Sallie and her sister, Mrs. Cockrell, and a host of other charming and noble Virginia matrons and girls, Sergt. Mickler got Dr. Taylor, our surgeon, to send over an ambulance and he was borne safely out of the enemy's lines.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Some time after this incident, the 8th Illinois regiment of cavalry, the crack regiment of the "Army of the Potomac," was regularly detailed to break up, capture and drive out of Prince William County the last one of Hampton's scouts. The colonel of the regiment was named Fensworth, a gallant and gentlemanly officer, killed afterwards at Gettysburg. Sergt. Mickler

and my master, as I have already stated, always staid together. On a certain day, while taking a "day off" to rest, after a three or four days' scout, they had turned us horses (Billy, the sergeant's horse, and myself,) out in a small clover field to graze, at Mr. Cooper's, where they always put up. Suddenly one of the scouts came dashing up (I forget who) and said, "A regiment of Yankee cavalry had passed through Brentsville and were moving in the direction of Catlett's Station, searching every house, right and left, on their way. It took only a few minutes to saddle us up, and off we started to get the men together, as well as notify them of this advance. Mickler sent the scout who had notified us, to the next house to give warning to his brother, the corporal, and George Crafton, and he and my master struck across the country for a place called "The Yankee Settlement," where six or eight of the scouts put up—much, I have no doubt, to these good Union people's disgust. We warned several scouts on the way, and then pushed on for Mrs. Kline's, one of the northern women, where Beck and Shoolbread were quartered. When we got in sight of the house, we saw it surrounded by the Federal cavalry. We had approached the place by cutting across the fields and woods, for I always noticed Mickler never traveled roads day or night, unless he was obliged to. The sergeant fired off several barrels of his pistol, to draw the attention of the enemy to us, for he knew the Yankee horses could not catch Billy and I—they had tried it often, but always failed, especially when we were near the woods as we were at present. The enemy heard the shots and we could see we had arrested their attention, but they did not advance in our direction. We could not see or hear anything of Beck or Shoolbread. Directly we saw a squad of Yankees

leave the dwelling house and make for the stable and barns—for you know Yankee people always have their stables and barns some distance from their dwellings (and very wisely, too,) and I have also noticed that their barns are generally better buildings than their dwellings.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Just as the squad got near the stable, we saw (for it was in plain view) Beck ride out, mounted on a fine mare he had recently captured from our friends, the 1st Michigan cavalry. Of course, the Yankees halted in surprise; and, to our surprise, we saw Beck dash towards them and through them, passing in his flight through several other squads, and in close pistol range of those at the dwelling house. A wide lane, with a high fence on each side, led from the stables and barn to the dwelling. Diverging into another lane to the left, leading in the direction of Manassas, Beck, of course, took the lane to the left, and though hundreds of shots were fired after him, escaped—neither man or horse being struck. The enemy then returned to the stable and entered it, and in a few minutes we saw them come out with Shoolbread and his horse, Don, as prisoners, and I know he hated Don's being captured worse than his own. In fact, I heard him tell some one, after he had been exchanged, that since he had been back, he had entered the Yankee camps night after night searching thoroughly their horse pickets for Don—for we had heard from the citizens that the adjutant of the 8th Illinois had taken Don to ride. But he never succeeded in getting poor Don back. Shoolbread never forgot him, and would speak of him to the close of the

war. The enemy on this occasion took three or four more of our scouts—Bob Towles for one. Sergt. Mickler got his men together before the enemy returned, and he laid an ambuscade for them at Broad Run. We were just about firing into them while crossing the run, when Mickler remembered the prisoners, and as it was then night, and we could not tell friend from foe, we were obliged to let them pass, without firing a shot, much to the regret of all the men, who had a warm reception in store for them.

The next morning, my master had just brought me out of the stable to groom me, before eating my feed, when we saw a man advancing across the fields from the direction of Mr. Allan Howison's house. He had no hat on his head and seemed to be in a big hurry. When he came up it proved to be Bob Towles, and this was his story: That he had escaped from the enemy just before they reached Dumfries (where they were encamped). Said there was a fallen tree across the road and a footpath to get around it, and that they had to take it single file—for each prisoner, he said, was guarded by two men, one on each side, with a cocked pistol in their hands. He said, as he turned in this path, with one of his guards preceding and the other following him, that he made up his mind to escape. It was a very dark night; so he quietly dropped from his horse, remaining perfectly still until the entire regiment passed him. He also said it was a good thing we did not fire into the Yankee regiment the night before, for the enemy were expecting an ambush, especially at the run, and had placed all the prisoners together about the centre of the column.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Well, I will now give you another incident of our adventures before leaving Prince William County, and I will also give you an account of the killing of two of our bravest men—Sergt. Calhoun Sparks and Corpl. Huger Mickler—as gallant and devoted soldiers as ever drew sabre in defense of the Southern Confederacy. One beautiful afternoon, Sergt. Mickler, accompanied by about a half dozen men, started on a little expedition towards Warrenton Junction and Bealton Station, for he had heard that a brigade of the enemy's cavalry had passed down that morning, and he wanted to ascertain what they were after.

The country from Bristow to Warrenton Junction is what is termed in Virginia "a very open country"—that is, there is only an occasional body of woods. As I heard Sergt. Mickler tell several of the scouts before we started, who wished to accompany him, "Mind, I am going on a running, not a fighting trip this afternoon, and you well know what an open country it is. I only want a few men on fast horses." The Sergeant's party consisted of five men, all well mounted. They were Corpl. Mickler, Barney Hennegan (for a wonder, on a good horse, just captured), Cecil Johnston, Sergt. Woodward Barnwell and my master. Sergt. Barnwell had a small squad of his own, from the 2d South Carolina Cavalry; but lately had attached his five men to Mickler's squad. When I finish this reconnoissance I will give you an account of one of the most daring deeds of the war, performed a few days previously by him and his five men. We proceeded quietly along after leaving Bristow Station in the direction of the junction, stopping occasionally at the different houses on the route to find out if the enemy had left any clue

of their destination. From what we could learn from the citizens, they were only reconnoitering, for they told several people they would pass back that afternoon. We met with no incidents worth mentioning, and did not see a "blue coat"—only the road freshly cut up by their horses' feet. When we arrived in sight of Warrenton Junction, we met a Union citizen, who told us the enemy had gone on about an hour ago towards Bealton Station, or perhaps Rappahannock Bridge. Now whether this worthy Union citizen wanted us captured or not, or whether the enemy had started off, and, seeing us approaching, had concealed themselves hoping to capture us, we never did ascertain. But his information threw the Sergeant's party completely off their guard. For close around the houses at the junction was a dense body of woods, and if the scouts had not been informed that the enemy had left, they would have approached the place with proper caution, for the undergrowth, as well as the large oaks, afforded a good place for concealment. The squad arrived in a short distance of the houses, the men riding abreast, and laughing heartily at some amusing story related by Barney Hennegan, when suddenly we heard, "Halt! Halt!" "Surrender! Surrender!" And there in thirty or forty yards of us, were the brigade of Yankee cavalry.

Now, reader (for perhaps I may have a few), you may talk about horse-racing; but you ought to have been there, that bright and beautiful summer afternoon, and then you would have seen horse-racing indeed. The enemy were well mounted, and most certainly expected to capture the last one of us, or they would have fired on us as we approached at such close quarters, possibly killing or wounding the party. Sergt. Mickler led the five men for a short distance in the direction of

the nearest piece of woods with several fences intervening. He then, with one of his men, placed himself in the rear, telling the men to keep a "straight line" for the pines. It was only child's play for Billy and I (Arab) to keep ahead of those Yankee horses, for I had "sort of got over my scare," and was enjoying the race. About the third fence we approached, Sergt. Barnwell, who was riding a splendid sorrel, as his horse was clearing the fence like a deer, his saddle-girth broke, and over his horse's head went the Sergeant and his saddle—the horse flying like the wind in the direction started. But the sorrel was "counting wrong" (like the Yankees did in regard to catching us), if he thought he was gone, for as Billy and myself cleared the fence in the rear, my master slacked the reins and closed the spurs, and leaning over my neck, said, "Now, Arab, show them what you can do—I want to catch the sorrel." In a hundred yards I was beside him, and my master had him by the bridle, and back to the Sergeant before the Yankees could pull down the fence and pass through. Sergt. Barnwell mounted his horse bare-back, for there was no time to regain the saddle. He now led the squad; for if the sorrel flew like the wind previously, he now equalled a streak of lightning. The men "made good their escape," thanks to the speed of our horses. Not a man or horse injured. I have often heard Sergt. Barnwell say afterwards, that my master saved his life, or at least saved him from a term in the "Old Capitol Prison" in Washington, D. C. When I heard these remarks, I did not express myself—for, no doubt, you have seen I am very reserved, as well as modest; but I will tell you what I thought and it was this: you can give the praise to my master, Sergeant, for catching your horse, but I think Arab is the one who is entitled to the praise. Still I was never

jealous of my master, for I had long ago found out that he was my best and truest friend.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Now for the incident of Sergt. Barnwell and his men. They were at the house of a citizen, whose name was Marstella, who lived between Catletts and Grinnage. He had five pretty daughters, all devoted to the Southern cause. The names of Barnwell's scouts were: Willie Haskell, Gillespie Thornwell and Newton Fowles, Congaree Troop (Co. H, I think); John Bradley and Roswell Logan, Boykin Rangers (Co. A). After breakfast one morning, the party had saddled up their horses and hitched them to the fence in front of the dwelling, preparatory to going on a scout. They were all assembled in the front "stoop," perhaps bidding the young ladies adieu, when a party of Yankee cavalry dashed up to the gate and ordered them to surrender. But instead of surrendering they opened fire with their pistols from the stoop upon the foe—the girls, of course, getting inside the house. The scouts shot down five or six from their horses, advanced on them, driving them off; they then mounted their horses and escaped, with not a flesh wound among the five.

Sergt. Mickler and my master stopped there some time afterwards to see the young ladies, and heard them say, you could not lay your hand anywhere on the partition back of this small stoop without covering a bullet hole from the fire of the Yankees. It was a brave deed, worthy to be recorded in favor of the gallant six men who were the actors.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A short time after this, Sergt. Mickler was preparing to make a scout down in the "Forest." He ordered Corpl. Huger Mickler to take George Crafton and a Virginia scout, named Pierson, and go down the day before and find out the different picket posts of the enemy; also a certain reserve picket post he had heard of near Dumfries. After accomplishing this work, he would find him (the Sergeant) at Smith's house, near Old Bacon Race Church, the following night. Corpl. Mickler got ready and rode over where his brother and my master were staying, to get his final instructions. I remember how handsome he looked that afternoon and how nicely he was dressed, in his new grey uniform, new hat, boots and gauntlets, all captured ready-made from the enemy, except the cloth, from which his Virginia sweetheart had made him the suit. I had a good look at him, for I was hitched to the fence near the gate, where he sat on his horse. I had always liked and admired the Corporal, for though only a war horse, I always liked brave men. Poor fellow, six hours later he was a corpse, literally riddled with Yankee bullets.

The Sergeant soon followed the three scouts down with his entire party, and stopped as agreed upon at Smith's house to await the coming of his brother. I heard my master say afterwards, that he and Mickler had retired for the night, leaving word with Smith to call him when his brother arrived. He said, before they got to sleep they heard a knock at the door, Sergt. Mickler sprung from the bed and asked, "Is that you, Huger?" A voice answered, "No, Sergeant, it is I, George Crafton. I have sad news to tell you about poor Huger. He is killed." My master says the Sergeant fell like he was shot—for they loved each other

very dearly, those two brothers. Crafton entered the room and told them the particulars of his death. Said the three of them were riding abreast near Greenwood Church, where they intended hiding their horses in the pines and "taking it afoot," when they rode into an ambuscade of the enemy, who without even halting them, fired a volley on them, killing Corpl. Mickler. George Crafton and Pierson escaped by a miracle, their clothing being perforated in several places. Pierson had two bullet holes through his hat, besides those through his coat. Fortunately neither of their horses were hit, so they escaped, leaving their comrade's body "in the hands of the enemy." The Yankees the next day established a picket post at the church. They kindly allowed the citizens to bury Corpl. Mickler's body, and the remains of the gallant Corpl. Huger Mickler still rest in old Greenwood Church-yard.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A short time after this, Sergt. Calhoun Sparks returned from his furlough to his old home in Greenville, S. C. He spent the night of his return with Sergt. Mickler, at Mr. Cooper's, and I heard that his wound was still unhealed; but the gallant Sergeant said he was longing, the whole time he was at home, "To be back with 'The Boys' in old Prince William."

The next morning, Sergt. Mickler, with Sparks and another scout, started out to see if he could get any information of the movements of the Federal army. Passing through the "Union Settlement," he stopped at the house of the Widow Burdine (a Northern settler). A niece of the widow's told the Sergeant just before he entered the house (and as soon as she could do so, un-

observed by the others,) that there were three Yankee officers in the house. That as soon as they had seen us coming, the widow had hid the officers in the cellar. Sergt. Mickler had left Sparks to hold the three horses, and he with the other scout rushed down to the cellar. Just as he unfastened the hasp, and raising the door, placed his foot on the first step to descend, the Yankee officers fired, shattering the Sergeant's leg just below the knee. He was dragged back by his comrade, the door closed and the hasp hooked, and assisted out to his horse, or rather to Arab, for he was riding me that morning. He was placed in the saddle, and I bore him as carefully as possible to the nearest woods. Just as Sergt. Sparks wheeled his horse from the house, to follow Mickler and his companion, the Yankees fired the second time, through the cellar window (of glass), killing the brave Sergeant instantly. Thus died another gallant cavalryman, and one among the bravest, as well as the most moral and courteous of Hampton's scouts. The enemy allowed the citizens to bury him decently at a church near by, for they were encamped not far off—in fact, all around in that vicinity; and when Lee's army drove the enemy back, his brother, Pierce Sparks, from the same company and regiment, took his remains up and carried them back to South Carolina, to old Greenville, I suppose, and there he is quietly sleeping, awaiting the "Great roll call." Sleep peacefully, brave Sparks; your death was noble, as your life was beautiful.

CHAPTER XL.

One more little incident, before I take up the scenes in the valley of Virginia. One morning about this time, who should walk up to Mr. Cooper's, thirty or perhaps fifty miles from the Confederate lines, but Ben, who we had left in camp, when we were detailed to scout. His story was that he had become dissatisfied in camp, and had started out to hunt up master and Arab. But we heard another version of the story, when the detail returned from our lines, after carrying out the next batch of prisoners. Ben and another darkey in camp had stolen Capt. Dean's horses to attend a dance at Raccoon Ford. The horses were missed before daylight (contrary to Ben's expectations), and a guard set to arrest the culprits on their return. Just a short time before day they returned and were arrested and put in the guard house. Col. Butler instructed Robertson (the wagon master) to give them fifty lashes and release them. Ben, not fancying this arrangement, left his comrade to receive the stipes by cutting his way out the guard tent, and vamoosed via Brandy Station and Rappahannock Bridge, Bealton, Warrenton Junction, Catletts, and thence to Mr. Cooper's.

CHAPTER XLI.

Some time after this the enemy made Prince William County too hot for us, and we had to cross the railroad and take to the Blue Ridge Mountains, called "Mosby's Confederacy." I am trying, in my imperfect horse manner, to relate scenes and incidents as they occurred, and especially to relate them truthfully. So if after this long lapse of time, I should happen to relate

one incident before another, or omit to mention the names of any of the brave men or horses who took part in them, be assured it is lack of memory and not intentional. So now I have given my excuse, and as I have already stated, if I should happen to relate one deed before another, or indite the death or wounding of a scout previous to the proper time, you have my apology. But be assured of this fact, that what I have attempted to relate, is intended for the truth, "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God."

When we retired to Mosby's Confederacy, Sergt. Mickler and my master got quarters with a family of the name of Gibson, residing on the road leading from Piedmont to Paris, the latter place being nearly in sight. The enemy down in our old scouting grounds had ceased coming out in small detachments, that we could attack—for you know we could not *always pitch into a regiment*. They even had the Orange and Alexandria Railroad guarded, as well as a constant patrol of horsemen to keep us out of their lines. So I heard we were going to join Mosby in a day or two, to go on a big scout, down to Fauquier and Prince William. Sure enough, Sergt. Mickler got a message from Major Mosby, saying he would be happy to have him and his men join him on a scout he contemplated making, and to join him on a certain day at Upperville, where he had called a meeting of his men. We met there, and I will try and give you a description of the "Partisan Chief," as I first saw him. We had been waiting for some time at Upperville, scouts coming from every direction, when after about eighty or a hundred men had assembled, some one said, "Here comes Major Mosby." He rode up, mounted on a beautiful black mare, with long flowing mane and tail—a perfect beauty. The Major's looks did not strike me at first

like his horse did, but after I saw him fight once, I liked his appearance better. He was a tall and rather thin man, perfectly erect, a clean shaved face, keen piercing grey eyes, that looked like they could see through you, dressed in a Confederate Major's uniform, rather the worse for wear, a black hat and feather, with a splendid pair of cavalry boots, a pair of Colt's army pistols around his waist, his coat-tails worn and ragged on each side—from constant rubbing of his pistols, I surmised with my horse sense. The Major was introduced to Mickler and his men by Lieut. Montjoy, of his command, who Hampton's men had long known. The Major seemed to make himself very agreeable to the men, and appointed the third day from date to meet at Salem, to take a little pleasure trip down to Fauquier and Prince William Counties.

We left the hospitable home of Mr. Gibson and his two pretty daughters, bright and early on the third morning, and went to Rectortown, where all of Mickler's men joined him. We then proceeded to Salem, to meet Mosby. We left the latter place with Mosby and his command, about 11 A. M., and proceeded through White Plains, Piedmont and Markhams (near Manassas Gap). Here we had pointed out the house where the brave Cavalier, Turner Ashby, was born and raised. Passing through Thoroughfare Gap, we reached Warrenton C. H. about sun-set. On our march that day, I never heard an order given to the men by Mosby. He rode at the head of the column, formed four abreast, the men riding "at will"—breaking ranks whenever they desired, without permission, to visit the different houses on each side of the turn-pike. Still they would return quickly, and though no orders were given or taken, everything seemed to "work right." Mickler's party, as well as some of

Mosby's men, slept beside their horses, on the main street. Corn, oats and hay were plentiful, and the ladies of Warrenton vied with each other in furnishing eatables, and drinkables to the scouts—too much of the latter to some of them, it seemed to me.

Mosby had sent some of his most reliable men out in the direction of Warrenton Junction, where a force of the enemy was said to be encamped. The junction is nine miles from the court house. We left the court house about sun-rise the next morning, marching in the direction of the junction. When we had proceeded about half way, some of the scouts came in and reported a body of the enemy encamped not far off. Mosby had with him on this scout about ninety or a hundred men. Mickler about nineteen, perhaps twenty-one men. Mosby soon gave the order, to follow him (the only order I ever did hear him give at any time), and away we dashed. But very soon we found to our dismay that we had charged into an encampment of Yankee infantry, instead of cavalry, and you ought to have seen us getting away from those fellows, with their long rifles. Fortunately we did not lose a man from the fire we were greeted with. We brought off a few prisoners from the videttes or camp guard. The men making the prisoners mount behind them on their horses. From the prisoners Mosby learnt that the 1st Virginia Federal Cavalry were encamped in the houses at the junction, so we started for them. When we got in about a mile and a half of the houses at Warrenton Junction, in plain view, in this open country, Mosby again gave the order, "Follow me," and put his black mare to her speed. Then began a regular race. Across two small creeks we horses flew. When we got nearer, we could see the Yankee horses tied to stakes driven in the ground—a great many of them pulling them up

and dashing wildly away, frightened at the approach of the hated "Johnnies." When we got pretty near the large house at the junction, we could see the heads of the enemy from all the windows, down stairs and up stairs, looking, I suppose, to see who and how many we were. At this time there was only two horses leading Arab—Mosby's black and Mickler's sorrel. Close behind me was Gillespie Thornwell and Sim Miller, with perhaps a half dozen of Mosby's men. The main body one hundred and fifty yards in their rear. We dashed up in front of the house, the men with cocked pistols in their hands; when, as sudden as a flash of lightning from a cloud, came a sheet of fire, from doors, windows and everywhere else, it seemed to me.

I have been under some pretty hot fires, and participated in some hard battles, but that blaze of fire from rifles and pistols, in my very face and nostrils that day, exceeded all that I have ever encountered. The next thing I remember distinctly was that my master had wheeled me suddenly around and sought shelter behind one of the small houses to the right of the main building. By this time the entire force had arrived, and Mosby ordered them to dismount and charge the house. They did so, and I saw Mosby plainly standing in front of one of the windows, firing shot after shot into the foe. Then I saw the men enter the house, and could only tell from the continual firing that the enemy had not surrendered. I heard afterwards that the fight was continued up the stairs, our scouts fighting their way, step by step, until they reached the top floor; when the brave Yankee officer in command being killed, the others threw down their arms and surrendered.

Now commenced a scene of "Every man get what you can" (some people foolishly call it plundering). My rider, who had returned to me from the house,

mounted me, and said, "Come, Arab, let us capture some of these fine horses running around." I was quite pleased at this; for I knew a good saddle horse meant rest for Arab, excepting critical occasions, when I knew by experience that my master would rather be on my back than on any horse in the Yankee army. We succeeded in capturing two fine-looking horses, one a bay and the other a black. We then started back towards the house, I suppose my master thinking he might "pick up a few little things needful," for the Yankees were the greatest people to have all sorts of good and useful things that I have ever encountered.

Just before we reached the house, we saw young Gillespie Thornwell, sitting leaning back against a tree; he was as pale as death, and his clothes being open, we could see the blood flowing from a wound in his abdomen. We went to him, and he said, "Henderson, for God's sake, get me some water." He started off to procure the water, leaving me, with the halters of the two captured horses tied securely around my neck. He had just returned and handed the poor boy the canteen of water, when I heard something like a volley of musketry, and looking up, I saw it was a regiment of Yankee cavalry, and the noise I heard was their horses' feet striking the railroad iron, as they crossed the track not fifty yards from where we were. They dashed past towards the house, where Mosby and Mickler were sitting on their horses. The men scattered around in every direction, some catching horses, others mounting the prisoners on horses that had been captured, etc. The last I saw of Mosby and Mickler that day, and for some days to come, they were trying to rally and form the men. But they did not succeed in doing so—the enemy were too close on them, and their force was too overpowering; for in the rear of the first regiment I

saw (8th New York Cavalry) and another regiment, 5th New York Cavalry. For the two regiments were encamped just across the railroad, not a half mile from the junction, and hearing the firing, had come to the assistance of their comrades. That was the reason the 1st Virginia Union Cavalry had fought "to the death," expecting every minute to get assistance. I heard Mickler say afterwards that the enemy pursued Mosby and himself to and through Warrenton C. H. They being well wounded, kept the road, while the men "took to the woods." The enemy recaptured all the prisoners and horses, as well as several of Mickler's men and more of Mosby's.

CHAPTER XLII.

Now for my part in the picture. Before my master could cut the halters of the horses tied around my neck (for you may be sure he did not take time to untie them), the enemy were between us and our men at the house. In ten seconds it seemed he was on my back, and what I hated most, and I know he did also, was leaving poor Thornwell—for the last words I heard the gallant youth say was, "Don't leave me, Henderson." But we have to do a great many things in this world that are not agreeable, and "self-preservation is the first law of nature." Those heavy Texas spurs were pressed to my sides, and away we went towards the nearest body of pines, dashing in close proximity to a half a dozen straying Yankee cavalymen. We crossed the railroad just about where the Yankees had crossed it, for that was the route for the nearest woods, as well as the only way open for us to escape. By this time there were several small parties after us, ordering us to

halt and surrender; but that only made me run the faster. The second fence I came to was a "stiff one, indeed;" still I think I could have cleared it, but I was stopped to pull down the top bar. The enemy had in the meanwhile torn down the first fence that I had leaped, and were in close pursuit of us. Unfortunately, the top bar of the second fence was pinned, and could not be torn down. I was then wheeled, to get a "rising start," to make the leap. Of course, in turning back, we were advancing towards the enemy, and the foolish fellows thought, I suppose, we were going to surrender; for they halted to await us. But in thirty or forty yards from the fence, I was wheeled to "the right about" and those spurs put in, and I showed those Yankees how a three-quarter-blooded South Carolina horse could leap a fence, "post and oak," though it was. I had not gone fifty yards after I had cleared this fence, when I felt something like a red hot iron inserted in the fleshy part of my thigh. I knew in an instant that it was a Yankee bullet, but I did not even slacken my speed. (By the way, that bullet is in my thigh to this day, and will be buried with me, for my master has promised me burial, and he says he has promised Gen. Hampton that I shall be decently buried when I die. Two other Yankee bullets were buried in my chest before the war was ended, but they were both cut out.) My rider never even knew I was wounded until I had cleared several other fences, and got safely in a pretty dense body of woods. Then he dismounted, and discovered I was wounded. And then I was repaid for all my efforts to bring him safely off, for he put his arms around my neck and said, "You dear, noble, old horse, where could I ever find another horse like Arab? And to think I never even felt you flinch when you were shot. Never mind, 'old boy,' we will settle with

Mr. Yankee for this, if we escape." For things yet "looked pretty squally" for us. We could hear the enemy outside in the field adjoining the body of woods where we were concealed, even the sound of their horses' feet, also an occasional shot, as they pursued the scouts, and shot down or captured those who were not well mounted. The body of woods that we were in, though the undergrowth afforded a good place for concealment, was rather narrow, and there were so many different squads of the enemy moving around looking for us, that my master concluded it best to remain where we were until night.

It was now about 2 P. M. of a long summer day. What a long, weary afternoon that appeared to me. My wound now commenced to be very painful, my leg getting stiffer every minute. What worried me more than the pain of my wound was the fear that some party of the enemy, more venturesome than they commonly were, might attempt to search the woods for us, and I knew if they did that I would be unable to save my master from capture or perhaps death.

Some people think and say that a horse's sense is very limited, and that they have no gratitude. Those people don't know anything concerning the *nature of a horse*. For I solemnly assure you that I did not for one minute think of my own pain or probable fate that miserable long afternoon hidden in those old Virginia pines. I had often heard the men say, when I was on mounted skirmish line, during a battle, "*will the sun never go down.*" I did not understand then what they meant; but I fully understood it that afternoon. At last the sun sank in the west, and as soon as it was dark, my master mounted me and said, "Now, my boy, let us get out of this country, cross Cedar Run, and then for a good feed of oats and hay for you, and a good supper

for myself at Mr. Cooper's." But "alas! alas! for poor Yorick." I found, as I fully expected, that I could not put my right hind leg to the ground, and that it felt perfectly useless to me. My master sprang from my back and said, "Poor fellow, you have been suffering all this time and I did not know it." And he led me every step of the way that night, letting down every fence for me, so I could step over it without paining my leg. We directed our course towards the Marstella house. On arriving there I got a plentiful feed and my master supper. We left there about 9 o'clock that night, to go to the house of a citizen named Williams, who was keeping a Yankee horse of my master's for him. By the time he had led me there, I was "dead lame" and used up, and could not have gone a quarter further. He charged Williams, who knew me well, to take the best of care of me, and above all not to allow the enemy to get me; also to bathe my leg twice a day, he doing the same for me before he left that night; and then turning me into a nice pasture, he bade me "Good-bye," and mounting his Yankee horse, disappeared in the darkness in the direction of Catletts. Here I remained about ten days, becoming very uneasy concerning my master; but I was going through such exciting times myself, that it prevented me from worrying as much as I otherwise would have done. I knew something had happened to prevent his return, for he promised to be back in five days certain.

CHAPTER XLIII.

I will now relate what befel me at this place, and then explain what had detained my master. The morning after I arrived here, Williams dressed my wound, and after bathing my leg nicely, as he had promised, said to me (he had often heard my master talking to me, and I suppose he thought I was conversant with the human language), "Arab, your master seems '*to set great store on you*,' and I wont turn you out where you staid last night, but will take you to a pasture I own back in the pines, that the Yankees have never found, and never will find." Of course, I could not reply, though understanding every word he uttered; but I will tell you what I thought and it was this: My good friend, you have a different opinion of them than I have—"for my private opinion, publicly expressed," is, that they can find anything they set their heads to look for. And I am still convinced of that opinion to this late day. Well, he took me some distance down a path, through the pines, and turned me into a small pasture, surrounded by a dense growth of pines. Here I remained several days, Williams bringing me plenty to eat, and getting plenty of good grazing, walking around when I was full trying to recover the use of my leg. For I knew my master would have use for me very soon, and I was as anxious as he was to pay the debt we owed Mr. Yankee for shooting me.

About the third day I was put here, I was peacefully grazing about noon, not even thinking of a Yankee, when I heard horses' feet on the opposite side of the pasture, and looking in that direction, I saw about ten or twelve blue-coated gentlemen riding towards me, and looking beyond them, I saw a larger squad. I

knew in an instant who they were, and in five minutes, although I only had three legs to carry me, I was in the pines, and doing as I had been taught, sought the thickest place I could find in my great hurry. They followed me, as usual, only to the edge of the woods, not with the demand, surrender, but "Whoa, whoa." Of course, I paid no attention to fellows dressed in blue with yellow facings. I remained concealed here until nearly sun-set, when I saw my host walking around the woods and looking in every thick place, evidently looking for some one. I laughed to myself, and wondered if he was looking for Arab; I also wondered if he thought that I had sense enough to hide from the enemy. I waited until he got opposite my thicket and I hobbled out, as unconcernedly as if nothing had happened. The man seemed perfectly "dumb-founded," and he walked around me several times, looking me all over. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Well, your master said you knew a Yankee better than he did, but I did not believe it; but now I will believe anything he tells me in regard to you. '*Indeed, indeed, double deed,*' I will." He had a halter in his hand, and after some hesitation he put it on me. He looked like he was afraid of me, still he talked to me, as he led me along. "I am going to carry you and tie you in the thicket back of my house," he said. "Them—con—sarned blue-b—s have never found this pasture before, but they have found it now, and will come back again." He laughed aloud, and then said, "Those Yankees did not know what to think about your running away from them. When they came to the house, one of them said to me, "What kind of a d—d old grey horse, on three legs, was that we got a glimpse of in your pasture? If he keeps on running like he did, when we last saw him, he is in Washington City by this time." He said he

professed perfect ignorance of any "grey horse" being in his pasture. Said they did not know what to think of it, and finally rode off. One of them remarking to the other, "Don't you know that d—d old lying Secesh would not tell you the truth."

CHAPTER XLIV.

Some days later my master returned. My leg by this time was nearly well, as regards the stiffness, and I believe the race the "Yanks" gave me helped to make it so. My master on his return was riding a new Yankee horse, and I noticed immediately how thin and badly my master was looking. That afternoon while he was examining my condition, and Williams standing near, giving him the most remarkable account of my sense and sagacity, he noticed me observing him very closely. So he related to me the following story of his adventures while he had been away.

He said, "Arab, the adventures I experienced the night I left you here, as well as those of the following day, beat all that I have ever experienced in the war. After parting from you the night you were wounded, I crossed the Orange and Alexandria Railroad near Bristow. It was as dark as Egypt, and the videttes did not see or halt me. After crossing, I had just entered that long lane (you remember it, I know), near Dr. Osborne's house. The gate is at the lower end of the lane, with a fence on each side. I had just reached the gate and was feeling for the latch in the intense darkness, when I heard a horse shake himself on the opposite side, and the sabre rattle." He said he knew in an instant that they were Yankees, and had heard his horse's feet approaching, perhaps, when they halted to

open the gate ; so they remained quiet, hoping he would ride upon them in the darkness, and they would capture him. He says he drove the spurs in his Yankee horse and escaped, encountering and running into *three more scouting parties of the enemy* before he reached Mr. Cooper's, a distance of three miles from the lane. Said when he arrived at the house, tired, worn out, and nearer demoralized than he had ever been, he turned his horse in a small clover field adjoining the dwelling, and asked the old gentleman to wake him at daylight, so he could get his horse and go to the pines. The daughters, as customary when the Yankees were encamped near, bringing out food for man and horse. Said the next thing he knew after retiring to bed it was daylight, and he heard some one calling from the stairs, "Get up, Sergeant, a whole regiment of Yankees are advancing up the avenue to the house." He hurried on his clothes and ran down stairs, and sure enough, they were in fifty yards of the house.

Said he knew it was no use attempting to get his horse. He started to go out the back door to hide in the garden, when looking in the direction of Mr. James Howison's, in the rear of the house, he saw another body of the enemy advancing. Said he had just made up his mind to go to the old Capitol prison, when the two girls called to him and said, "Come with us ; we will hide you in our bed-room." Up stairs he followed them to their bed-chamber, he proposing to go up the chimney, but they objected, saying, "*They are up to that dodge,*" and they hastily proceeded to pull off the two beds from the bedstead.

It being warm weather, the feather-bed was underneath ; they threw the mattress back on the bedstead, and told him to get on it ; he did so, and they put the feather-bed over him, spreading the bed-clothes and

arranging the pillows. Here was a nice predicament—clothes, boots, Texas spurs and a pair of Colt's army pistols around his waist.

Thus accoutred, he awaited the coming of the dreaded foe. In a few minutes he heard their steps on the stairs. They soon entered the room, accompanied by the youngest daughter. She, brave girl, it appears, had asked the Colonel (Col. Fonsworth, 8th Illinois Cavalry,) if he was going to search the house for one of Hampton's scouts that he said he knew was concealed there; that he looked like a gentleman, and she begged that he would search their bed-chamber himself. The Colonel, being a brave man and a gentleman, agreed to do so, telling her to lead the way, the Colonel following with a detail of four men. They entered the room, looking the first place up the chimney, then in the closet and into several large trunks; then under the bedstead, but no "Reb." could they find. About this time Miss Belle (the young lady) imagined she saw the bed slightly moving, and she advanced to the foot of the bed, leaning on it, and placing her arm or hand on the cover. The Colonel then advanced to the head of the bed, facing the young girl, and resting his left elbow on the pillow (directly over his face), and commenced questioning her concerning Hampton and Mosby's scouts. My master said they did not converse more than a few minutes, but that it seemed to him hours, and that how the Colonel did not hear the beating of his heart, was surprising to him.

Soon they left the chamber, the young girl asking permission of the Colonel to lock the door, which she did. But unfortunately for the one between the beds, he did not hear it, so he lay there sweltering with the intense heat. For he could hear the private soldiers in the room across the head of the stairs, and he was

looking every minute for another visit. Not yet realizing his providential escape.

Says he laid as quiet as a mouse until the Yankees left, when the girls rushed up to the room and released him from his safe but uncomfortable position. He looked out the window and saw them going up the avenue, a man at the rear of the column leading his Yankee horse—for they got his horse, saddle, bridle and overcoat. But he was truly thankful they did not get him. He remained at the house all day, several different parties of the enemy visiting it, but not searching it again (as he had rightfully surmised). He left there the next morning on foot, and had not proceeded far, when he met Barney Henegan—who had just had his horse captured. That night they captured two Yankees, mounted on splendid horses. He then came to see about old Arab.

CHAPTER XLV.

Before I proceed relating my further adventures, I will give you the sequel of our scout with Major Mosby (the first and last). As I have stated, the enemy recaptured all the prisoners and nearly all the horses, killing and capturing several of Mosby's men; one of them killed in front of the house was a Texas scout, named Templeton, a brave and gallant man, as the Texans generally were.

Mickler lost several men killed, wounded and captured, among the former was the brave young Gillespie Thornwell, who died before they could get him to Washington City, much to the regret of us all, especially Gen. Wade Hampton (when he heard it), for I heard that he had been placed under his especial care.

The gallant boy, I heard him tell one of the scouts, the morning we left Warrenton C. H., that he was sick; in fact, saw him leaning over his horse's neck vomiting. But when the charge on the junction was ordered, the brave boy forgot his sickness, and only remembered that he was a South Carolinian. Brave and gallant Gillespie Thornwell, "peace to your ashes."

Now, before I proceed with my life as a scouting horse, I must go back and tell you of a scout I was on with Gen. Hampton, which I have omitted. I think it was about the last week or day in November previous to the battle of Fredericksburg. I can't omit it, for we had a glorious time, if it was freezing.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Gen. Hampton crossed the Rappahannock River about 3 P. M., below Fredericksburg, and struck across towards Dumfries, via Trenniss' Cross Road or store. We reached the latter place about nightfall. The General had with him detachments from each regiment in his brigade, and the entire 2d South Carolina Cavalry (or nearly so), Col. Butler in command. My master was Sergeant in command of the advance guard, and just before we reached Trenniss' Cross Road, a courier from Gen. Hampton brought an order to him to halt there, and put out videttes on the three different roads, one leading to Dumfries, one to Stafford's Store, and the other to Manassas.

The General and staff had their supper at the Trenniss house. We rested here until after midnight, the men not allowed to build fires, the saddles remaining on our backs, the wind blowing the very icicles itself, it seemed. Well, off we started for old Dumfries. We

heard at Trenniss that there was at least two picket posts between the two places.

Every now and then a courier would ride up and tell the Sergeant in command, Gen. Hampton says, "Don't allow any prisoners to escape, to give the alarm. When you come on their pickets, don't fire a shot, if you can possibly help it. Says *he depends on the advance guard.*"

I assure you it was an awful cold, bitter, freezing night. I pitied the poor men, moving along in the darkness, with their pistols in their hands, for every second they expected to encounter the enemy on post. I heard several of the men say that their hands stuck fast to their pistols. I have often wished for hands like men; but that night I was perfectly satisfied with having four feet and no hands.

We pushed steadily forward, not seeing or hearing the least sign of the enemy. One of the guard remarking, "Surely it can't be too cold for those 'ice birds,' for cold weather is their natural element." We had now arrived in a short distance of Dumfries, our old camp ground of 1861.

Now a courier approached and told the Sergeant: "The General says, when you reach a certain hill overlooking the town, halt until he comes up." The order was obeyed when we reached the well remembered hill. Soon the General approaches and halts the column, giving the officers orders to form their men for a charge (Col. Butler's regiment is in the front). This order being obeyed, the General gives the order, "Draw sabres," and led the charge (the advance guard still in the front), the whole command dashing down the hill. If dashing it could be called—trying to get down that high clay hill south of Dumfries, at a gallop—for it was not only wet and boggy, but it was frozen over,

from top to bottom. Hampton's men "Got there, though," *as they always did.*

The only lights we could see as we entered the old town, was from the hotel, where the Federal officers had their headquarters. The Sergeant of the advance guard got up first to the top of the hotel, and captured and pulled down the United States flag, flying there, presenting it to his Colonel, M. C. Butler.

Several officers and surgeons were captured here, besides several squadrons of Yankee cavalry encamped in the town. The officers and surgeons quartered in the hotel were a surprised set of men. I heard they were nicely "fixed off," their rooms elegantly furnished, "and *buffalo robes lying around loose.*" I also heard that nearly every room had a bottle or two of brandy on the tables, and I know they did not remain there long after Hampton's half frozen troopers entered.

This fact can be vouched for by hundreds who were present that night: that although it was over thirty miles inside of their lines, that it was so cold, *that the enemy had no pickets out that night.*

We did not remain here long. The advance guard was ordered to proceed in the direction of the town of Occoquon—and what a glorious and grateful sight greeted us when we reached the high hill overlooking the town. As far as the eye could see, on the Colchester side of the river, was a long line of white-top army wagons, with four good mules attached to each wagon. What a sight for hungry, half-naked Confederate soldiers, and they knew when they saw these army wagons, there were sure to be sutler wagons also.

The town of Occoquon is on the south side of the river of the same name. The flat or ferry boat by which the enemy were crossing their wagons over was

on the north side of the river. We coming from the south side, and by the only road leading to the village from that side.

Directly opposite Occoquon is Colchester, on the north side of the river. A public road leads from Alexandria to Colchester. The road the wagon train was approaching on, from the former place, strikes the river about opposite the road we were on. The two roads then run paralleled a distance of nearly a half mile—one on the north side, the other on the south side of the river.

After capturing the flat and bringing it on our side of the river, Gen. Hampton sent a detail of dismounted men across to proceed to the rear of the wagon train, and to keep a lookout for the enemy, in the direction of Alexandria; another detail was put to work getting the wagons across as speedily as possible. For we were convinced that help would soon arrive to assist the enemy, as so many of the wagon escort had escaped and taken the road back to Alexandria. By the time we had ferried across half of the train, we heard the detail in the rear skirmishing with the enemy. Then the General ordered the wagon train fired, bringing over all the teams possible.

The enemy came out with a large force and soon the detail was driven back—pretty hurriedly at that, for Ebe Smith, of Co. H, had to jump in the river and swim across. The advance guard was now ordered by Gen. Hampton to act as rear guard; and the General's last words to the Sergeant in command was, "Sink the flat, at all hazards." That looked to me, who was tied near by, like it was going to be pretty difficult work, with only two old wornout axes to perform the work. But the Sergeant, assisted sturdily by Sergeant Mickler, went to work with a will, and in a short time,

although it was still very cold, I could see the perspiration pouring like rain from each one of them. This was another time I wished for hands to help the men cut that hole in the bottom of that tough old flat. The balls, too, from the enemy on the opposite side, commenced flying around, much "too close for comfort." Before they could sink the flat, we horses had to be moved to a place of safety, back of a small house near at hand. The men then returned to their work, and after a considerable length of time (it seemed to me), succeeded in sinking the flat.

Now what I was dreading, I soon realized—for I am a horse of sense, and always *look ahead*. The General, with the command, had followed the captured wagons. We (the rear guard) were to follow the column when the work ordered had been accomplished. We had to pass for some distance directly opposite the long blue line of horsemen sitting on their horses, on the other or north side of the river, with their Sharp's carbines across their saddles. Well, it was either that or surrender—that was the only way we could retreat. The bank to the right of the road was fifty feet high, and no road north except the one that crossed the ferry. Talk about hearing bullets whistle. If you had been there that day, you would thoroughly understand how they do whistle and sing also. Oh! gracious, did not those half dozen men and horses "make themselves small," and get up that road towards Payne's store in a hurry. Fortunately, not a man or horse was wounded. But I have always felt satisfied of this fact, that we could not have done it a second time with the same result. We succeeded in getting the prisoners and wagons safely across the Rappahannock, in Gen. R. E. Lee's lines; and I heard that Gen. Hampton was enabled to give Gen. Lee some very important informa-

tion. I can vouch for this fact, that we captured and brought off the principal part of the Christmas supplies of the General commanding the Federal Army, Gen. Ambrose Burnside—for I can read, and I saw his name on the wagon as well as on the boxes.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Now, since I have had to go backwards to indite this incident, I have called to mind a dozen or two more, besides several severe little fights and skirmishes I was engaged in. But I will only relate one of them, concerning the coolness and bravery of Barney Hennegan.

One afternoon, Sergt. Mickler, Barney Hennegan, and my master were riding along in company, down near the Stafford line. Just before sun-set they started across a field for a house. I suppose, to get some information concerning the enemy's scouting parties. Billy, the sergeant's horse, cleared the fence; I, of course, did the same; but Barney's horse "was not equal to the occasion." The two others rode on towards the house, leaving Barney pulling down the fence. The two had nearly reached the house, when they heard Hennegan calling their names, one after another. *We all* look back, and this is what we saw: Three horses and three men, instead of one—Hennegan and horse in the middle of the trio, with his long arms around the necks of the men on his right and left, trying to pull them off their horses. We were back to him in a minute; but by that time the horses of the Yankees had swerved to each side, and he had a man hanging to each side of his horse. This is the tale he told us:

"I had just pulled down the fence and led my horse

over and remounted him (for he never put up a fence), when I heard horses' feet, and looking back saw these two Yankees. By the time I had looked around they were beside me, one on each side and both questioning me as to what command I belonged to. It flashed through my mind in an instant, that the only chance for me, was to pull them off their horses. I did so, and here they are."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

We had a "resting spell" after the unlucky scout with Maj. Mosby, occasionally going down to Prince William on a scouting expedition and returning to the beautiful valley; for "our friends, the Yankees," done as they threatened to do, "Made the country too hot for us"—at least, we could only remain there a day or two at a time.

I remember on one occasion, on making a scout down there at this time, we were concealed in a dense thicket of pines, between Bristow Station and Catlett's, watching the railroad, to see from the numbers of the enemy if there was any chance to make a dash upon them. Two different squads had passed us, but with such a superior force that there was no chance for us, with our small squad. As we were about leaving, some one said, "Here comes another detachment." And when they got opposite to us, one of the men said to Sergt. Mickler (Hennegan, I think), "Look, Sergeant, at that officer on the right, at the head of the column—don't you recognize him?" All of us looked closely in the direction indicated, and readily recognized in the would-be Yankee Major, Burke, the Texas scout of Gen. R. E. Lee. All of us knew Burke inti-

mately for some months previously. He had been with Sergeant Mickler on several different expeditions down in the "Forest." On one of these scouts, Burke and Hennegan came very near having a serious difficulty. Sergt. Mickler, with Burke, Hennegan and my master, had captured a squad of the enemy. In the division of the spoils, Burke and Hennegan both wanted the same Yankee horse. What a time the two other scouts had to keep them from fighting. Both men were as "brave as Julius Cæsar," and both men of ungovernable temper, when aroused. How they did walk up and down before each other, their black eyes flashing sparks of fire, and talking "for dear life." For both were lawyers, at least, Burke was, and if Hennegan was not, "he had missed his calling." Finally Mickler made them draw straws for the disputed horse, and Hennegan got the horse. They then shook hands, and were ever afterwards bosom friends.

I heard Burke say once soon after we saw him in company with the enemy, "That he had three passes—one from Gen. Robt. E. Lee, one from Gen. Meade, Chief in command of the Federal army, and another from Gen. Pleasanton, in command of the Union Cavalry.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

I wish I could describe the beautiful country where we were at this time, "spending our rest days," but you know, I am only a horse, and though I can admire the beautiful, I cannot describe it on paper; but if you have never visited the "Old Dominion," try and do so, and you will be repaid. By traveling over those beautiful hills and valleys, in the Valley of Virginia ("The Garden Spot of the World"), Paris—just above where

we staid at the Gibson's (and were always welcome)—was on the summit of the Blue Ridge, overlooking the *two valleys*. Going north from Paris, you would cross the Shenandoah River, and you would enter the Shenandoah Valley. Loudon, Fauquier, Luray, Albemarle, Page. How many different times I have traversed them, and the beautiful scenery will never be forgotten by me—not that I do not love, and will never forget, old Prince William and Stafford, and the people who were so kind and true to us all, and who over and often divided the last peck of corn to give me a feed; still they can't compare in point of scenery with the beautiful counties in the valley. Now, as regards hospitality and kindness to the soldiers of the Confederacy, no people in any county in Virginia, or elsewhere, could surpass them. Half way between the Gibson residence and Paris—in fact, in sight from either place—was Triplett's still (the largest, I heard, in Virginia). What they stilled there I could not positively say. I only know this fact, that Ben used to mount one or the other of us horses every morning at sun-rise, and ride over there with a canteen or two around his neck.

About this time, having captured a pretty large squad of the enemy, Sergt. Mickler and my master determined to go in with the detail, who were going to take the prisoners into our lines, and make a visit to their friends in camp, who they had not seen for some time.

CHAPTER XLIX.

So after turning over the prisoners at the General's headquarters, they sought the headquarters of their regiment, the 2d South Carolina Cavalry, who were encamped at Brandy Station.

Brandy Station and Stevensburg. I really don't think I can now recall how many different fights and skirmishes that I participated in at those two places. Let me see, if I can recall any dates. 9th of June, 1863, first Brandy Station battle; 1st of August, 1863, second Brandy Station battle, and I recall perfectly well two or three other fights there—both or all three of them, fought in the afternoon. The afternoon fights, Gen. Hampton was, I remember, in command of the first one, from this incident: My master had a new black hat spoilt by getting a Minie ball through the rim. We passed Gen. Hampton and staff on the road after the fight, and Adj't. Barker said to him, "Better the hat than the head, Henderson."

One of the other fights alluded to, Gen. Hampton was at home (wounded, I think), and Gen. P. M. B. Young was in command of the brigade (the former Colonel of the brave and gallant little Cobb Legion). After a pretty stiff and hard fight, late in the afternoon, I think, Gen. Young wanted to deceive the retreating enemy in regard to his force—at least, his artillery force—by the way he made Hart's Battery and a Virginia Battery fire and continue firing, I heard him order the officers in command of the pieces, "To keep on firing until he gave orders to cease."

I remember another little incident impressed on my mind that afternoon. There was a force of the enemy concealed in a piece of woods, "picking off" the men of Hart's Battery, which we were supporting. Lieut.

John C. Davant (of the old Beaufort District Troop, now Co. B), who had been recently promoted Lieutenant in Co. B, 2d South Carolina Cavalry, asked permission of our Colonel, T. J. Lipscomb, to take his company, charge the woods and dislodge the enemy's sharp-shooters. His request was refused, but if it had been granted, he was the man to boldly lead them—for if I am not mistaken, he rather liked fighting, especially a cavalry charge.

After this long and perhaps tedious digression from our visit to the camp of the 2d South Carolina Cavalry, I will resume the account of it. It must have been about the 6th or 7th of June, for we spent a day or two in camp, and hearing that Gen. R. E. Lee was going to review all of Stuart's cavalry on the 8th, Sergt. Mickler concluded to stay and participate in the review of Stuart's ten thousand cavalry.

CHAPTER L.

Ten thousand cavalry on one field. What a sight! And where is the horse in this country that has ever beheld such a review, much less taken part in it, as Arab did. We were formed early in the morning of the 8th, on those extensive plains which stretch from Culpeper C. H. to Rappahannock Bridge. No where else in the State of Virginia could a more suitable place be found to review ten thousand horsemen. Gen. Robt. E. Lee, accompanied by his daughter, and all of his Infantry Generals of note, with their Staff Officers, rode up and then down the long lines of cavalry, formed by regiments and brigades. Then they took position in our front, we passing in review by regiments—first at a walk and again at a charge; and if

my memory serves me aright, there were several men injured, if not one killed, in the charge. It took nearly the entire day to complete the review; and many a time in the future I regretted it did not take longer—for if it had lasted, perhaps, until night, the different brigades and divisions, which were encamped at some distance, would not have been so far away the next day, when we that were encamped on the spot needed their help so badly.

CHAPTER LI.

The next day, the 9th of June, was fought one among the largest and most severe cavalry battles of the war. The Yankees crossed the Rappahannock River at “dawn of day,” to see, I suppose, and ascertain correctly, what all that “noise and fuss” was the day before. They advanced with an overwhelming force, infantry, as well as cavalry and artillery. Gen. Pleasanton was in command of the Federal cavalry at that period. He crossed the river at Beverley’s and Kelley’s Fords, and it looked at first like he thought he was going “straight to Richmond.” But how he expected such a result, my horse sense could not comprehend—for I knew that in his front were the brigades and divisions of Wade Hampton, Fitz Lee, W. H. F. Lee, Robertson and Jones, composing Gen. J. E. B. Stuart’s Cavalry Corps. Hampton’s Brigade had to bear the brunt of the fighting for some time, each regiment doing the work of a brigade. The Little Cobb Legion, “covering itself with glory,” and its gallant Colonel well meriting the Brigadier Generalship he soon after obtained. We soon got assistance and after a long and desperate “hand-to-hand fight,” about sun-

set we succeeded in repulsing and driving the enemy back across the Rappahannock, they sustaining heavy losses in killed, wounded and prisoners. Our loss was also heavy. I heard, unofficially, six or seven hundred men. I have forgotten the loss of our regiment, but our gallant Colonel lost a leg and our brave Lieutenant Colonel his life.

Col. M. C. Butler was sitting on his horse (old Bench-legs) at the head of his regiment, the command supporting a portion of Hart's Battery, when an officer, one of Gen. Jeb. Stuart's Staff, came dashing up, and commenced delivering an order from Gen. Stuart, when a shell bursting (for they were bursting all around and over us) between them, crushed Col. Butler's leg, nearly tearing it off, disembowelling his horse, and mortally wounding the Staff Officer, the brave and fearless Capt. Farley, of South Carolina.

Later in the day Lieut. Col. Frank Hampton, now in command of the regiment, was sent by Gen. Stuart in the direction of Stevensburg, the enemy being reported advancing from that place, via Kelley's Ford. Just as the regiment was turning the bend of the road in sight of Stevensburg, they met, directly in their front and in two hundred yards of them, a brigade of the enemy's cavalry. Col. Hampton had just given the order to the regiment, "Left about wheel," when he was shot. He turned his horse and rode some distance to the rear before he fell. He lived until late in the afternoon, repeatedly calling and perhaps sending for his brother, Gen. Wade Hampton; but that devoted and unselfish Cavalier to the Southern Cause, could not, or would not, leave his post of duty, and he never saw his brother in life again.

CHAPTER LII.

Soon after this the scouts were called in, for Gen. R. E. Lee had started on his second invasion of "Yankee Land." It looked for awhile like the cavalry were going to be left in Virginia; but soon Gen. Stuart concentrated his cavalry, and leaving one brigade in Virginia (Robertson's, I think), commenced his march towards Pennsylvania, via Fairfax C. H.

Now my mind recalls another severe fight I was an humble actor in, previous to our starting on this trip, so I will recount it. The enemy not satisfied with their Brandy Station reconnoissance, and hoping to find out what the infantry part of Lee's army were doing, attempted another reconnoissance about eight or ten days later. Gen. Stuart, with the brigades of the two Lees, gave them a severe drubbing at Aldie. Two days afterwards they started on another, with a more powerful force. The enemy with this heavy force was evidently trying to ascertain where and what the infantry were doing, and where the main army was. They drove us steadily back all day, from near Bristow, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, to Upperville, a long way above the railroad. Though retreating, we fought them whenever we could find a position to make a stand. This was another day in my life that I wished for hands, as well as feet, to help the men pull down the *rock fences*, which seemed to literally cover this country. They drove us back on our infantry, Longstreet's Corps, which was near Upperville. There we "made a stand," and then drove them back over the same ground, capturing a great many prisoners and horses, besides the killed and wounded. And, by the way, I heard one of the men say (of course, I can't vouch for the truth of it, but it is not improbable), that Gen.

Stuart was that day fighting his father-in-law, the Yankee General McCook. We lost in that day's fight one of our scouts and a member of Co. B (Beaufort District Troop), Cecil Johnson, a brave and daring soldier. He was a nephew of Leut. Col. Ben. Johnson, of the old Legion, who was killed at 1st Manassas, and a son of the Rev. Richard Johnson, an Episcopal minister, who went out to Virginia with the Beaufort District Troop in June, 1861. He had prayer with the company every morning after roll call, rain or shine; he also taught them the sword exercise, and fought with them in every fight. I think "The Fighting Parson," as he was called, *loved fighting*. Cecil Johnson was killed on the retreat, in the first part of the day. We had checked the enemy for awhile, and were giving them "Hail Columbia" with our artillery, our regiment supporting the pieces. Suddenly the enemy ceased firing altogether—they were in a small body of woods, with a large plum thicket in front. Cecil asked permission of Col. Lipscomb to permit him to advance on the woods and find out if the enemy had fallen back. The Colonel gave him permission, ordering him to dismount and advance on foot, and make the observation. He did so, and we could see him cautiously approaching the thicket, his rifle at "the ready." Just about the time he got in a hundred yards of the place, we saw him raise his rifle and fire. The smoke from his rifle had not disappeared, when we saw him spring from the ground and fall backwards. At once they advanced on us with a brigade; our artillery limbering up, barely escaped, our command following them in good order.

While we were driving the enemy back in the afternoon, we passed over the same ground. We found that the Yankees had buried poor Johnson—or, more

probably, allowed the citizens to bury him—at a house near where he was killed; and his father, our highly respected Chaplain, who was with us at the time, had the satisfaction of knowing that he was “put away decently.”

Cecil Johnson was buried under an apple tree, and I thought it so strange—for ever since the winter of 1861, the men had this *joke on him*: that he could eat more apples than any two men in the army, having at one time eaten eighty apples without moving “out of his tracks.” He was a quiet, but a brave and daring soldier. He went to Virginia in that company of brave men, the Oglethorpe Light Infantry (from Savannah, Ga.), 8th Georgia Regiment. Corp. Huger Mickler, our brave scout who had recently been killed, also belonged to the same company and regiment, and they both fought with this command from First Manassas to Sharpsburg, and were transferred to Beaufort District Troop, at Martinsburg, Va., on the return of Lee’s army from the first Pennsylvania invasion.

CHAPTER LIII.

Now I will resume our march towards Pennsylvania. I have already stated that we crossed the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and marched towards Fairfax C. H. We passed through Brentsville and Bacon Race, and crossed the Occoquon River at Selectman’s Ford, and then captured Fairfax C. H., where we found a small force and a large quantity of government stores, army and sutler wagons.

When we left Fairfax C. H., it would take an abler pen than mine to describe the appearance of Stuart’s Cavalry—some of the men dressed in broadcloth suits

and beaver hats, others with straw hats, new top-boots and buckskin gauntlets. Everything a Yankee sutler wagon contained was duly appropriated. On leaving this town, Gen. Stuart crossed the Potomac River at Seneca Falls, and advanced in sight of the spires of Washington City, capturing a large number of wagons and mules at a station on the railroad (I forget the name). From this station he sent a telegram to the Yankee Quartermaster, Meigs, in Washington City, to send him more wagons. He then moved forward, entering Pennsylvania, and passing through Westminster and Carlisle, arrived at Gettysburg late on the night of the second day's fight. On the third day, we took part in the fight, and saw the closing scenes of that memorable three days' battle. Here we lost another member of Hampton Scouts, Sergt. Tom Butler, of Co. I (Edgefield Hussars), a younger brother of our Colonel, M. C. Butler. In the afternoon, we witnessed the charge of the gallant Gen. Pickett's Division, composed of the flower of old Virginia, and led by such heroes as Pickett, Armistead, Kemper, Garnett, Wilcox and Pettigrew. We could see them, as if on dress parade, move down the hill and commence the ascent of Cemetery Heights.

“Steady they step adown the slope,
Steady they climb the hill,
Steady they load, steady they fire,
Marching right onward still.”

After they got about half way up the hill, the smoke hid them from our view, for hundreds of pieces of cannon, besides musketry, were playing upon them from the heights. The next we saw of the brave troops, was as they returned in squads of a dozen or less. But I heard some of our company affirm (and I believe it)

that they saw the flag of "The Old Dominion" floating for awhile on the heights of Cemetery Ridge. Don't tell me of the charge of the "Six Hundred," at Bala-klava. It can't compare with that last "Grand Charge" at Gettysburg.

CHAPTER LIV.

We remained on the battle field all of the next day, and fell back the day following—Gen. Meade (who had superceded "Fighting Joe Hooker") *slowly following*, towards the Potomac. We reached Williamsport, on that river, in a day or two. While there we had several severe cavalry fights. In one of them, at Boonsboro (I think), our brave leader, Gen. Wade Hampton, was severely wounded, receiving several serious sabre cuts in his head. We were compelled to remain here eight or ten days before we could cross the Potomac; for from the constant rains, the river had risen until it was impossible to cross it, and we had no pontoon bridges, like our friends, the Federals. It looked to me, horse as I am, that it was a good opportunity for Gen. Meade to capture Gen. Lee's army. But my private opinion was, and always will be, that their army was worse crippled than the Confederate army.

We once more entered Virginia, and I assure you I was very glad to return; and so was everybody else, man and horse, for rations were very, very scarce; for Gen. Lee had a small army of prisoners to feed, besides his own army, and we could get nothing to eat from the Virginia side of the Potomac. The army crossed the Potomac, some at Williamsport, and a portion at Falling Waters, on "some sort of a bridge," that had been fixed for the artillery to cross on; and to the sur-

prise of all, there was no fighting; and more surprising still, no efforts made to hinder the crossing of the Confederate army.

CHAPTER LV.

The Army of Northern Virginia now took nearly the same position occupied by them after the first invasion of Pennsylvania—from the Potomac back to Winchester, Darksville, Bunker Hill, Big Spring, Martinsburg—were the camping grounds of different regiments, brigades and divisions. While encamped here, Gen. Fitz. Lee had a severe engagement with a large force of the enemy's cavalry, beyond Martinsburg, at Kellyville, or perhaps Kearneysville. He routed them, after a stubborn fight, and drove them across the Potomac. Gen. Meade now endeavored to cut off Gen. R. E. Lee from Richmond, as McClellan had done in 1862. But he missed it, as signally as the "Young Napoleon" did.

On leaving the Valley for Culpeper, the high waters of the Shenandoah River delayed us a day or two; but a pontoon was procured and thrown across the river, for the infantry and artillery to cross over on. Of course, cavalry don't need pontoon bridges to cross rivers, especially cavalry like Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's. We passed through Chester Gap, and reached the neighborhood of Culpeper C. H. about the last of the month, Hampton's Brigade taking up nearly the same quarters they had occupied previous to June the 9th.

On the 1st day of August, the enemy crossed the Rappahannock at the railroad bridge and Beverley's Ford, driving in our pickets, and following in close pursuit, and were nearly in our camps before we were

aware of their approach. We horses were saddled in hot haste, and mounted in an instant. We soon met the enemy and checked their hurried advance. But we were compelled to fall back before the overwhelming numbers opposed to us. We fell back towards Culpeper C. H., where we knew we would find assistance.

My master had been detailed by Maj. T. E. Screven, of the 2d South Carolina Cavalry, Sergeant commanding the mounted skirmishers. "Load, fire and fall back," was the routine of the mounted skirmishers, for several miles, regiment after regiment taking their turn to charge an entire brigade of the enemy, and checking them at that, the mounted skirmishers several different times joining the regiments in the charge. One charge I remember especially, was with the Cobb Legion—for what man or horse could resist charging with the Cobb Legion, when they raised the "Georgia yell." And I noticed that they seemed to trust to the sabre alone to make the Yankees "Get up and git."

When we arrived in sight of Culpeper C. H., Gen. Longstreet, who was stationed just beyond it, sent out a force of infantry to assist us—the first I saw of them. Now I am going to record it, just as it happened, "Honor bright." We, the mounted skirmishers, had just halted in a thick piece of woods, waiting, and glad to wait, too, to see what the next move of the enemy would be, when here came part of a regiment of infantry to our support, and, by-the-way, they were South Carolina infantry at that. Their first greeting to us was, "Get out of the way, Cavalry, and let the *Infants* get at them." About the time they commenced forming, the Yankee Cavalry, not dreaming there was infantry in their front, made a dashing charge upon them, and to our surprise, the infantry broke and retreated as fast, or faster, than the cavalry

had ever done. Now was our time to get even with them, and the mounted skirmishers yelled to the Infantry, to "Get out of the way and let the Cavalry get at them." It did not take many minutes to drive the enemy back, faster than they came, ably supported by the infantry, and we never left them until we had driven them across the Rappahannock River, killing and capturing a great many. By sun-set the last of them were on the north side of the river.

We found out afterwards that the infantry alluded to above were a brave and gallant body of men, having established their reputation on many a hard fought battle field. But, you see, they got demoralized, or stampeded—I *know what that is myself*, brave horse as I am.

To convince you that this fight was no "child's play," I will give you the loss of our company, Co. B (B. D. T.): Killed—Private Gibson (joined only the day before); wounded seriously—Lieut. James W. Moore (now Adjutant of the Regiment), Lieut. A. M. Ruth, Privates Reeves (a Virginia recruit), Thurston, Bessellieu and Dave Sanders. The loss of the other companies of the 2d South Carolina Cavalry I disremember, but I heard the loss of some of them exceeded Co. B.

CHAPTER LVI.

About six or eight weeks later, Gen. Meade made an advance on the Confederate army (hearing, I suppose, that Longstreet's Corps had been sent west). Gen. Lee fell back before Meade, to the south side of the Rapidan River. About the middle of October, Gen. Lee recrossed the Rapidan, and moved in the direction of Madison C. H. He had with him the entire army,

with the exception of Fitz. Lee's Division of Cavalry. Gen. R. E. Lee was moving around on Meade's right. At James City, Gen. Jeb. Stuart, with Hampton's Division, surprised and drove back Kilpatrick's Cavalry and force of infantry he had with him. We never ceased pursuit until we had driven them upon the main body of their army encamped around Culpeper C. H. Meade then fell back across the Rappahannock. Before leaving, he sent a large force of cavalry to our former camps on the Rapidan. I suppose, to find out if Gen. R. E. Lee had taken his entire army with him to Madison C. H. The enemy's cavalry, under Buford, did not find Gen. R. E. Lee there; but they found his nephew, Gen. Fitz. Lee (Little Fitz, as the Virginians dubbed him,) there, with his division, and they drove the enemy back to Brandy Station, *at a gallop*. Here it was, at Brandy Station, the day following, in the afternoon, that I took part (as I have stated) in the third or fourth fight at this place. Two days afterwards we had a lively little fight at Jefferson, just across from the Warrenton Springs. We crossed over in the very face of their artillery, and drove them back to and through Warrenton C. H.

CHAPTER LVII.

A day or two after this, Gen. Jeb. Stuart started out on a scout or reconnoissance towards the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. When we got nearly to Catlett's Station, we met a corps of Yankee infantry. The General faced us about and started back. We had not retreated far on the road leading from Manassas to Warrenton when, "Lo and behold," here was another corps of Federal infantry, directly in our front. In

other words, we were completely "hemmed in" between two large Yankee columns. The whole force of Gen. Stuart's was concealed in the woods as quickly as possible, with strict orders not to talk, laugh, or even sneeze. It seemed to Arab that none of the men wanted much coaxing to keep quiet. Night *slowly, very slowly*, appeared, then it was a little better, but the Yankees had the audacity to encamp all around us, and how they did not enter the body of woods we were concealed in, I am unable to comprehend. I surmised this: That the corps encamped nearest our column did not pass us until just about dusk, and I suppose did not like the looks of the dark body of woods we were concealed in. We were heartily rejoiced they did not, though that night several of them entered the woods hunting firewood, and were captured—among them two of Gen. Meade's Staff Officers. Luckily for us, we had just entered this body of woods when the advance guard reported this second body of the enemy in our front. This was a predicament to be caught in. I suppose Gen. Stuart would have cut his way out with his horsemen, but he wanted to save his artillery, for he had ten or perhaps twelve pieces with him. Soon after we captured the prisoners I alluded to, Gen. Stuart made several of his Virginia troopers, who knew every foot of the country, don the uniforms and knapsacks of the wood-hunters we had captured, and started them afoot to Warrenton C. H., through the Yankee lines, bearing this message to Gen. R. E. Lee:

"I am completely surrounded by the enemy, will you please send some of your people to help me out."

What a night that was. It seemed to me it was forty-eight hours long. No saddles taken off, and, worse than that, nothing to eat. It was worse than fighting. As I heard one of the men say, when the order was ex-

tended, that no matches were to be struck: "What, all night without a smoke; I would rather fight all night, than to be deprived of smoking my pipe." Just after daybreak the next morning, the nearest body of Yankees to us, encamped on Cedar Run, commenced cooking their breakfast, and we could smell the bacon frying and the coffee parching (and as I have already stated, I was fond of both).

Suddenly we heard musketry in the direction of New Baltimore, and we knew that Gen. Lee had sent a force to "help us out." Gen. Stuart had his artillery ready, the pieces loaded with grape and canister. He immediately ordered them to "open fire" on the nearest camp of the enemy, and if you ever saw men run and leave their cooking in a hurry, it was that body of Yankees. I am sorry to say that we did not have time to get any of their breakfast, for Gen. Stuart ordered a charge through their lines, which was executed, and we soon joined our infantry in safety. The infantry proved to be a force under Gen. Ewell.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Our army then drove the army of the enemy across Cedar Run, and they fell back to Bristow Station. We did not follow them up the railroad, but went around to the left, passing through Greenwich, and then towards Bristow. Here in the afternoon Gen. A. P. Hill attacked Meade; and I think from what I saw and heard, our forces suffered very heavily. Still the entire Federal army fell back, after night, to Centreville. Lee's army in a few days commenced falling back towards the Rappahannock, tearing up every foot of the track of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad

from Cub Run to the Rappahannock River. Gen. Stuart, as usual, bringing up the rear with his cavalry, the Yankee cavalry slowly following. When we reached Buckland, Hampton's Old Brigade had a pretty stiff little fight with them, Gen. Stuart being with the brigade. We then fell back to Warrenton. I heard Gen. Stuart did this to draw the enemy after us, so that Gen. Fitz Lee, who was on the Auburn Road, could come down in their rear.

Sure enough, when we arrived in a short distance of Warrenton C. H., we heard Fitz Lee's artillery to the rear. Gen. Stuart immediately turned on them with our brigade, and after an obstinate fight, we started them to run. Now the fun, and the "Buckland Races" commenced. We pursued them at full speed back through Buckland and then in sight of Haymarket, where we run into their infantry, and fell back, after killing and capturing quite a number. Gen. Fitz Lee pursued his portion of them by another road, to Gainesville, where they also had heavy infantry support. He also had to fall back and join Gen. Stuart, after inflicting a severe drubbing upon them. So ended the "Famous Buckland Races."

CHAPTER LIX.

Well, I have been writing history so long, that I must return to Arab and his personal adventures. The day after the event last narrated, my master was rubbing me off, when an Orderly approached and said, "Sergeant, Gen. Young (commanding brigade) says report to him mounted." I was soon saddled, and to the General we went. We found him sitting at the foot of a tree enjoying a little rest. The General said,

"Henderson, I am feeling very badly and perfectly used up, and I think a little 'apple Jack' would help my feelings wonderfully. I know that you know every foot of this country, and I believe you are the man to find it for me."

Now, reader, do you know what "apple Jack" is? I think it must be some kind of medicine, and for this reason, that the General made the Orderly give the Sergeant a Yankee canteen to get it in.

The Sergeant asked the General, "When he would expect him back, and how long the brigade would remain where it was." He answered the last question first. "I don't know how long we will remain here—that depends on the enemy's pursuit. As to your return—get back as soon as you possibly can, for I need the medicine badly." Westruck out across the country, and we had not gone far, before I formed my own ideas of where we were going. It became a certainty after leaving Weaversville, where he got the General's canteen filled, and, strange to say, he got his own canteen filled with the same medicine.

Long before sun-set we were at Mr. Cooper's hospitable home, and I was soon in the stable, the manger full of nice timothy hay and the feed box with a half bushel of oats in it—and Yankee hay and oats at that. For Gen. Kilpatrick, of the Federal Cavalry, had just previously had his headquarters at Mr. Cooper's house, and had left behind a good store of everything nice for horse and man. The Yankees always had a plenty of everything in the world, except tobacco. How delighted they all were to see us at Mr. Cooper's after our long absence. It looked like they could not do enough for us. All three sisters accompanied my master to the stable when he came to feed me, and I thought will they never stop patting and talking to me, and allow

me to eat in peace this plentiful supply of oats and hay that the Yankees had left for me.

After an early and hearty breakfast next morning, I was saddled, and the old gentleman insisted on tying behind the saddle about a bushel of the nice Yankee oats. After a long talk and much kissing, we bade the family good-bye. Understand plainly, the kissing was performed by the Sergeant and not by Arab. We took our way back "from whence we came;" the Sergeant loaded down with a bran new Yankee haversack, filled, he said, with buttered biscuits, ham, cake, canned fruit, jelly, and a small jar of strained honey, etc.

We had reached pretty near the place where we had left the brigade on the day previous and had got to a place on the road, with a row of cedar trees on each side, also a pretty stiff fence under each row of trees, when we saw off to our left in an open field, about eight or ten mounted men. They looked tolerably blue, but we had no idea they were Yankees. That is, the Sergeant did not, but I did. For as soon as I put my eyes on them, I knew they were Yankee cavalymen, and I tried every way in the world to give my poor foolish master warning, but to no purpose. He several times asked me, "Arab, old boy, what are you snorting and smelling on the ground in this fashion for—do you think there are any Yankees around? Those are our men you saw across the field, and we are not far from where we left the brigade yesterday."

We had not gone far, when on turning a bend of the road, we found ourselves facing a large column of Yankee cavalry. I wheeled around before he could scarcely touch the bridle, and to my great surprise, and his, too, I suppose, there was another squad in our rear, or in our front at that time. He rode me up the steep clay bank, south of the road, and "lifting" me with the

spurs, put me over the fence with a standing jump. And then away I was raced for the nearest woods, the enemy from both squads in close pursuit. They were so sure of capturing us, that they did not fire for some time. But I had not eaten all that oats and hay for nothing, and I soon left them far behind me. Just before I reached the woods, the enemy were firing at us in earnest, and I felt a sharp stinging pain in my right shoulder. "This was my third wound from the Yankees. The second wound was in my left shoulder; and I have omitted relating this incident in my adventures, but will say that the wound was received in a fight at "Jack's Shop," in 1862. I well remember the name of the place, and I more than well remember the wound.

Well, to return to my race for life and liberty and my third wound. We got safely in the woods, except the ball in my shoulder. But, fortunately, it did not lessen my speed. Neither did I lose a day's work from it. We had to remain in the woods until night. And now we both met with a sore disappointment, for my hay and oats was lost in the race (I have always thought my master cut them loose), and when he opened his new haversack, such a mass of biscuits, ham, cake, preserves, etc., well mixed with broken glass from the tumblers, he could not eat a mouth-full, neither could he give me any. I saw him take a little of the medicine out of his canteen (not the General's, for he saved both canteens from capture). After night we left the friendly woods and started towards Bealton Station, thinking we would cross the river at the old Railroad Bridge Ford. But the Yankees had possession of it; and we did not reach Gen. Young, on the south side of the Rappahannock, until late the next afternoon, for we had to go above Warrenton C. H. to cross the river. When we did at last reach Gen.

Young, he seemed glad to see us both; and said, "I thought you were on your way to the Old Capitol prison by this time. Glad, indeed, to see you back—have you got the medicine?"

CHAPTER LX.

Gen. R. E. Lee, after recrossing the Rappahannock with his army, took up position on the south side of the river, and on both sides of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, the cavalry on each flank. The enemy picketing right opposite to us. But their main body was some distance back, beyond Bealton. Now occurred the usual routine of picket duty. About the middle of November, the enemy, I suppose, having rebuilt the railroad which we had destroyed, advanced and attempted to cross the river, at Rappahannock Bridge and Kelley's Ford. At the latter place some of our brigade (Hoke's and Hay's, I think,) had crossed over to the north side of the river, and taken up position in some old breastworks. The enemy advanced on them unawares, and killed and captured nearly the entire force; the balance escaped, I heard, by swimming to the south side of the river. After this little success, the enemy did not attempt to cross the river; but Gen. Lee fell back to his former lines beyond the Rapidan. Meade then crossed the Rappahannock, and took up his former lines on the north of the Rapidan. Gen. Lee now put his army in winter quarters, he having one of the strongest natural positions imaginable. The right of his army was at Morton's Ford, on the Rapidan—the left was—I can't say where, for it would take a smarter horse than Arab to do so. For it extended from Mine Run to Charlottesville and Frederick Hall.

There was a large detachment from our regiment, 2d South Carolina Cavalry, away up in Albermarle and Page Counties, recruiting horses, and I heard some batteries of artillery were beyond them. But Gen. R. E. Lee knew what he was doing. *He always did.*

About the last of November, Gen. Meade thinking, I suppose, Lee's army had gone into winter quarters rather soon, crossed over the Rapidan, at Germania and Eley's Ford, and advanced in the direction of Mine Run, via Chancellorsville. I thought to myself, Gen. Meade has forgotten what Joe Hooker caught in this country, called the Wilderness—for each familiar spot, name and place reminded me of the lamented Stonewall Jackson, and what a brilliant flank movement he had achieved against Hooker. Chancellorsville, Orange Plank Road, Parker's Store, Robertson Tavern, Old Turnpike, Fredericksburg Plank, etc., each place reminding me of the old days of 1862.

Late one afternoon there was severe fighting near Robertson's Tavern. A day or two later, Meade opened with his artillery on Gen. Lee's army, but accomplished nothing, the army being so well protected by its natural fortifications on Mine Run. Meade then fell back to his former position, north of the Rapidan.

CHAPTER LXI.

This was the last engagement of this army, in 1863, and the last general engagement I had the honor of participating in. The Army of Northern Virginia, the Grandest Army in the world, and led by the Grandest Hero that God ever let the sun shine on.

About the middle of December, Hampton's scouts were sent back to Prince William County; and I will

try and relate one or two incidents that happened there before I left the "Mother of States," the Old Dominion. After the return of the scouts to Prince William, several different parties of dismounted men from our regiment had been sent over to obtain horses, by capturing them from the enemy, guided by the scouts. After a goodly number had been mounted and sent back to the command, Lieut. John C. Davant came over to procure a mount—he having lost his horse, or having him killed, I forget which. The Lieutenant was mounted on a black mare, which was probably his servant's horse, and she was very thin indeed. One morning, a day or two after he came over, he and my master set out to capture him a horse. They crossed Cedar Run and went down in the "Forest," towards Stafford's Store. The first day they had "no luck," and the second day, hearing a party of Yankee officers were in the habit of coming out from Dumfries to Trenniss Cross Roads, to see the Trenniss girls, they thought that this was their chance to capture a good horse. For they knew by experience Yankee officers generally rode good stock, and the Lieutenant wanted a good horse, being a very particular man about what he rode, as well as everything else. There was such a marked difference between the condition and looks of your humble servant, Arab, and the mare the Lieutenant was riding, that my master left me at a citizen's house, where he had a tolerably fair Yankee horse, and set out that morning mounted on him. But the condition of this horse was something like the Lieutenant's mare, he also being very thin. Now this part of the story that follows, I had from my master on his return.

"Just before they reached the place where they hoped to make the capture, they stopped at a house to get some information, he told me." (But I am well as-

sured that it was to see some young ladies. For both he and the Lieutenant was very fond of talking with the girls.) "They were seated down in the piazze chatting away, when suddenly a Yankee regiment appeared in sight. Their horses were tied to the front fence. In a moment the ladies (for one time) were forgotten, and they mounted and set off for the nearest woods. My master said the nearest body of woods was about a mile and a half from the house; but, fortunately for them, and their thin stock, it was 'down grade' nearly all the way, a very long steep hill; but before they could reach the woods, there was a steep hill to ascend.

"Away they went, he said, much faster than they supposed the two thin black horses could travel, the enemy in hot pursuit. He said they made splendid time going down the hill, the two horses 'side by side,' and I know those Texas spurs were doing duty in the sides of one of them.

"Now they reach the bottom of the hill and commenced the ascent of the other, striving to gain the shelter of the friendly woods, but before they had ascended half way, both the blacks had come down to 'a long trot.' (Now I know who wished for Arab then.) Before they reached the woods the Yankees were in fifty yards of them, and were so sure of capturing them that they had ceased firing. My master said this was one time he was sure the enemy *would follow them into the woods.*

"He was well acquainted with this piece of woods, having to conceal himself there once or twice in the past. He remembered that from where they would enter the woods there was a deep ravine, with thick undergrowth on each side. He told the Lieutenant to follow him, and they entered the ravine in a few min-

utes, and leaving their horses, followed the water-course on foot. After lying concealed for some time, they started back in the direction they had left their horses.

“More for the purpose of keeping ‘under cover’ as they advanced towards the clearing, to see if the course was clear, than with the expectation of recovering their horses—for they felt sure the enemy had captured them, as they had to abandon them just after entering the woods; but, to their surprise, they found the two blacks apparently enjoying a good rest, after their hurried race.”

When the Lieutenant returned to camp he carried with him a good horse, not one of the officers’ horses he was after the day of the race, but a horse taken from a Yankee Sergeant they captured the following day. The most laughable incident to me concerning this race, was while my master was narrating the facts to me on their return (the Lieutenant standing close by), he said, “That when they commenced the ascent of the hill and their horses’ speed had relaxed to a trot, his black took the lead and kept it. The Lieutenant, excited by this fact, exclaimed, ‘*Don’t leave me.*’” Then, as I have stated, to my great amusement, the Lieutenant listening to the conversation, or rather relation of the story, said, “I think you are mistaken; and, as I remember it, it was my horse leading and you that exclaimed, ‘*Don’t leave me.*’”

CHAPTER LXI.

Now I will relate an incident I took part in that happened very near the scene of the last, and not many days afterwards. My master, in company with Hennenagan, Hogan, Shoolbread and another scout (have forgotten who), making five in all, were on a little scouting expedition in the Forest. They happened to ride up to Mrs. Maxfield's house, about 11 A. M., and found the enemy had paid the widow a visit that morning and had just left, after robbing her of everything they could lay hands on—chickens, ducks, geese, bacon, flour, potatoes, and even her sheets and wearing apparel, etc. They told her they had heard that she had been feeding and harboring Hampton's scouts, and they intended breaking it up. And they did it very successfully, if taking and destroying all the poor widow owned, meant "breaking up." The daughter informed us that they had seven or eight in the squad. She said they had come from Dumfries, via Trenniss' Store, and had returned in the same direction, and that she felt sure they had only time to reach the latter place by this time.

Hampton's men were aware that the squad must have come up from Dumfries, their nearest camp, that morning, and they knew they had a picket post between there and Trenniss Cross Roads; they also felt assured that five of Wade Hampton's scouts could overtake and scatter twenty, much less eight, "chicken roost" soldiers like them. Away we went for the Cross Roads, taking a near cut, a mile or two shorter than the route the enemy had taken, over fences and across fields at full speed until we reached the Cross Roads. There we caught sight of them. They had just finished a chat with the Trenniss girls (good Yankees them-

selves), and started for Dumfries. Now the race commenced.

Reader, if you have never seen what is called in "The Forest of Virginia," "a scatteration," you would have seen it that day on that road. We had barely started them before they commenced throwing away and cutting off articles tied to their saddles. The road was strewn with everything they had stolen. All they thought of was getting away from the "Johnnies." But only one out of the seven managed to get safely in their picket lines. The scouts killed two, wounded three and captured one, the seventh barely escaping, and if the outpost had been a mile further, he would have been captured. We ran him to the reserve picket post before we left him.

CHAPTER LXII.

During the month of December, 1863, I found out a fact that I was not aware of before, and that was that a horse could be jealous as well as a human being. And this is how I found it out: My master was on a scout, accompanied by Joe Beck, one of Hampton's scouts, and a Virginia scout, by the name of Thorne. We were below Grove Church in the vicinity of Mount Holly Church, not far from Kelley's Ford, on the Rapahannock. News had been brought to the scouts that the enemy were tearing down the ruins of the old church (Mount Holly), and hauling the brick across the river to make chimneys for their winter quarters. We three horses were concealed safely in the pines not far from the church, and the three scouts started on foot to find out what force of the enemy accompanied the wagons that were doing the hauling. Several

hours after we had been concealed and the men had left us, they returned, my master mounted on a beautiful roan horse, with brass-mounted saddle and bridle. From their conversation, I learnt that he had killed the Yankee officer, whose horse he was riding, and that the guard of infantry with the wagons, hearing the pistol shots, had fired on them and they had to leave in a hurry.

As I have stated, from the conversation of the three scouts, as we were returning, the real facts of the incident were these: "That the three of them were concealed in sight of the church, watching the enemy loading the brick, and I am satisfied admiring the four sleek, fat mules attached to each wagon, when an officer, accompanied by an Orderly, appeared on the scene, from the direction of Kelley's Ford. He rode up to the church and after conversing awhile with the guard, started down to the spring—perhaps, to get a drink of water before returning to camp. Now, to reach the spring, he had to pass directly under and in a few yards of the three concealed scouts. They were on a high bank on the right of the path leading from the church to the spring. The path led down through this defile, cut through the middle of the hill with a high, steep bank on each side. Before the two Yankees got opposite to our three scouts, they had agreed to capture them, if possible—for I suppose they could not resist the temptation of the two fine horses. The Yankees advanced down the path leading their horses, the Orderly leading the way. No sooner did they get opposite to the three scouts above them on the bank, than they were halted and ordered to surrender; but instead of doing so, they both mounted their horses in an instant, the Orderly making his escape, although Thorne, the Virginia scout, fired both barrels of his gun at him,

loaded with buck-shot cartridges and not more than ten or fifteen steps. The brave Colonel, after mounting his horse, fired two shots at the scout above him, and was then himself killed by the scout. The Colonel's horse, strange to say (but not strange either, for I would have done the same), instead of following the horse of the Orderly, who had passed the spring, and was going at full speed back towards his camp, stopped when he reached the spring, and looked back, apparently to see if his master was coming. The scout, after killing the officer, it appeared from the conversation I heard from the three, as they rode along, followed the bank down to the spring and getting ahead of the horse, caught and mounted him, and then rode back to the spot where the dead body of the officer lay. Now, from the talk of the two scouts, Beck and Thorne, who had, immediately after Thorne's fire on the Orderly, started to retreat to the woods; but looking back they saw the other scout mounted on the officer's horse and going back to the body. Thorne particularly wanted to know, *if he had found any money on the person of the officer.* He did not receive much satisfaction on that point, but was given the officer's pistol and hat.

Now I will tell you of my jealousy, and the sequel to it. As I have stated, when the scouts returned to us from the church, my master was mounted on a beautiful roan horse, that he had captured; but I certainly thought, when he started to leave, that he would mount Arab. But what do you think, when we started he rode the horrid roan (and led Arab), as he said, to try him. Now for the sequel. My master did not ride the fine roan many days before he heard from a good source that the bushwhacker caught riding a *certain roan horse* would be strung up without "judge or

jury;" and not desiring to meet that fate, he carried the horse into the Confederate lines and sold him. He was bought by a brother of Lieut. John Tolbert, of Co. I (Edgefield Hussars), and sold by him to Lieut. Pierce Butler, of same company, who, I heard, sent him to his home in South Carolina, and after the war carried him to Mississippi. So ended my first and last jealousy.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Hampton's scouts, about a week later, went to this church again, reinforced by Griffin's squad from Co. G. But they did not succeed in capturing any of the wagons and mules—for the Yankees had taken the precaution of doubling the infantry guard of the wagons.

Now the Christmas of 1863 was upon us, and we had "a jolly good time." Plenty to eat and drink (water, I mean,) for horse and man. The next incident that I will relate, happened on New Year's day, and Barney Hennegan was the hero of it. New Year's day, my master, in company with Barney Hennegan, had been making several New Year's calls. In making these calls, we (the horses) had to be hid out in the pines, while the men visited the different houses on foot. The enemy were encamped all around, and different parties of their cavalry were constantly scouting this section of the country, as well as small parties of foragers, from each command, out buying butter, chickens, eggs, milk, etc., for their New Year's dinner. Our two scouts, after paying calls at the houses of the Catletts, Calvins, Lattimers, Gibsons, etc., arrived at the house of Mr. James Howison. We (the horses) were left in a piece of woods, not far from the house,

and the two scouts left us for Mr. Howison's. There were two brothers of that name. Mr. Allan Howison lived about three miles from here, on Cedar Run. Both of these gentlemen had very pretty, as well as accomplished daughters—Miss Hattie and Miss Emma Howison. And, by the way, Barney Hennegan seemed to think (judging from his constant conversation in regard to her) there was no young lady in Prince William County to compare, much less equal, Miss Emma. So I suppose, he was delighted at the present opportunity of paying a New Year's call on Miss Emma—though both of them seemed to be in unusually good *spirits*, when they left us. They had not left us but a very short time, when I heard cavalry passing, and there seemed to be quite a large body of them, going in the direction of Bristow and Manassas. I began to get very uneasy about the two scouts, when suddenly they appeared, both mounted on two fine looking horses, and a Yankee Sergeant and Corporal (by their stripes) walking on each side, and Mr. James Howison bringing up the rear.

Then I heard the story of the capture, and it was to this effect: "The two scouts had entered Mr. Howison's house, met by Miss Emma and conducted to the basement (where Virginia people generally eat their meals, and sometimes have for a sitting room). Then, after a lively and pleasant conversation, Miss Emma and a younger sister handed some cake and wine (very scarce articles, these hard war times). The scouts said they had just commenced to enjoy the good things, especially the wine, when the basement door suddenly opened without any rapping (for Yankees never rap before opening a door), and this was the tableau that greeted their sight, two Yankees, a Sergeant and Corporal. As quick as thought, on their appearance, the

brave Hennegan drew both of his pistols, and covering one with each, yelled to the other scout, 'take their arms.' This was quickly done. There before the door were their horses, which were speedily mounted by the scouts and the enemy 'double-quickd' to the woods."

As I have stated, Mr. Howison "brought up the rear" when the party returned. I noticed he looked very grave and solemn—for generally he was a very pleasant-looking man. After we had retreated to a thicker part of the pines, Mr. Howison said to the scouts: "Boys, I want to talk to you on a very serious matter. Now," he said, "have I not always treated you scouts as hospitably as I was able to do—giving you the best I had, for both man and horse?" The men answered, "That he certainly had done so." Mr. Howison then said, "I tell you what you have got to do, you have got to kill those Yankees. Promise me that you will do it, and I will return home believing you are both men of your word, and will perform what you promise." He then went on to say, "You both are no doubt aware that the Brigadier General, or perhaps Colonel, in command of the force of cavalry these two men belong to (I forget the officer's name, a Dutchman, I think, at least a foreigner), promised, threatened, or perhaps published, an order, that any member of his command captured at a citizen's house, *the house should immediately be burnt*. Now you know my situation: that I have a defenceless family, a wife and children—the latter all girls." The promise was given him, and he departed for his home, promising to return with something to eat for both man and horse, for we were obliged to remain in the pines until night. Mr. Howison returned before sun-set with a plentiful supply of food for us all. Again exacting the promise

from the scouts, in regard to the two Yankees. I know the latter were worried, for they had heard the whole conversation; and further, I had heard them say, that being hungry, they had gone up to the house to procure something to eat, and I noticed the poor fellows eat very little of what Mr. Howison brought, although a bountiful supply had been given them.

After dark we left the woods, the scouts mounted on their own horses, the enemy on theirs. We crossed the Catlett's Station and Bristow public road, and entered a large body of woods, to the left of Hinson's house (a Union citizen). I said to myself, "Right here in these thick woods, the scouts are going *to make these Yankees disappear*." Sure enough, we had not gone far in the woods, when a halt was made, both captors and captured dismounting. We horses were tied, and the Yankees were told to say their prayers. Poor fellows, they begged piteously for their lives. I was very sorry for them, and the scouts told them they were sorry for them, but that they had given their promise to put them "out of the way," and they were obliged to perform it. Barney Hennegan told my master, "You shoot the Sergeant, and I will then settle with the Corporal." He answered, "You shoot the Corporal and I will then shoot the Sergeant." Thus it went on for some time, until they concluded that neither one could perform so cowardly and cruel a deed; and Arab was sincerely glad of it, although I had *no love for the race*.

Now came the amusing part of it. Hennegan, as I have stated before, was, or ought to have been, a lawyer, and he made those two Yankees get on their knees, and with uplifted hands swear more *learned oaths* than I ever heard of before or since. And wonderful to say they kept those oaths, for we succeeded after a perilous time in getting them safely across the railroad—hav-

ing to cross the railroad in fifty yards of their videttes. The next day they were sent into the Confederate lines.

What tale the men told Mr. Howison, is more than I can say—I *can only surmise*. But I am confident of this fact, that the Yankees never told the particulars of their capture, for Mr. Howison's house was never burnt; and I suppose to this day, if he is in the land of the living, he believes implicitly that those two Yankees "disappeared." Although I pitied the prisoners, I could not blame Mr. Howison in the least; he was a good, moral, hospitable gentleman, but his first duty was to his unprotected family.

CHAPTER LXIV.

A few days after this, I met at Weaversville for the first time, Gen. Fitz Lee's famous scout, Frank String-fellow. I had heard that he was with Mosby the day Hampton's scouts were with him in the fight at Warrenton Junction; if so, I did not see him, for I was engaged on the march down from Upperville, observing the looks and actions of Mosby's gallant Lieutenants, Montjoy, the two Richards, Turner, Beal and others, who had made noble records for themselves fighting under "The Glorious Stars and Bars." Frank String-fellow was a native born Virginian. He had been scouting for Gen. Fitz Lee for some time, and was very successful as a scout. The General had the fullest confidence in his judgment and sagacity. He had the reputation of killing more Yankees than any other one man in the Army of Northern Virginia.

In a short time the scouts were called in, and we bade a sorrowful adieu to our old and tried friends in Prince William County, who had always stood by us and

shared with us in time of plenty and in time of want. Could any people do more? We found the regiment encamped at Hamilton's Crossing, near Old Massaponax Church, south of Fredericksburg. We found every one preparing to return to South Carolina. The 2d South Carolina Cavalry at that time was a mere squadron instead of a regiment—the companies hardly amounted to “a corporal's guard.” Our company, the Beaufort District Troop, now Co. B, 2d South Carolina Cavalry, when it started for Virginia in June, 1861, numbered eighty-six men, “rank and file,” as the roll of the company, in the first part of this manuscript, shows; at present there were about fourteen names on the company roll, and I heard eight present for duty. I (Arab, horse as I am,) was glad to return to the “old Palmetto State;” but when I thought of leaving the “Glorious Army of Northern Virginia,” I felt sad indeed, and I know my master felt more so. The men were to take the cars to return to South Carolina, and the horses were to be sent by land, with a detail of men, under a commissioned officer. The time soon came for us to make a start. My master sent me back by his servant Ben, who I have often alluded to in my narrative.

CHAPTER LXV.

Ben had two horses under his charge, myself and a black mare belonging to Lieut. J. C. Davant. Ben was ordered to ride one horse one day and the other the next; but he rode Arab every day, and about the third day after the horse detail started, he gave them the “slip,” and started alone for South Carolina.

Now, you see Ben, like myself, had been absent from home since the 19th of June, 1861, and this was March,

1864. Now, after I had made the start, I wanted to reach home myself, but I was not as anxious to do so as Ben. I can't tell what possessed him, but I know he kept a canteen around his neck the entire route, and as fast as it got empty he would manage to have it filled. We made about thirty, sometimes forty, miles a day. He gave us a plenty to eat, though, and groomed us well, me particularly. We reached Orangeburg C. H., S. C., about the twenty-fourth day. Ben said to me that night, "Arab, it ain't more than sixty or sixty-five miles home. Let us make the trip to-morrow; if it kills the black, it don't matter much." It did not appear to me that it would kill the black to lead her and ride me. I did not say anything, but I made up my mind to do my best (as I always did), and after a long and fatiguing day's ride, we reached the dear old home-stand about eleven o'clock that night—the home where I was foaled and raised; but how sad it was not meeting my dear old mother. She had departed this life about a year previously; and I imagined how both of us would have enjoyed the return of the "Virginia War Horse," and if not covered with glory, at least covered with honorable wounds, received in doing my duty as a faithful horse, and in saving my master, time and again, from captivity, perhaps from death. And to the last day of my life, I will consider it an honor to have been ridden by one of Hampton's scouts of the Army of Northern Virginia. How pleasant it would have been to relate to my dear old mother the different scenes and incidents that I have tried in my imperfect way to recount in this my "Autobiography." It would, indeed, have been a proud day for me, and I well know how she would have replied, "Arab, you owe it all to the early and earnest teaching and training of your mother." And I believe firmly, as her loving son

should believe, that nothing else but her wise counsel has brought me safely through the dangers I have experienced since the 19th day of June, 1861.

Well, I am happy and proud to say that I have been treated with "marked distinction" since my return to my old home, both by horse and man; and I soon found out it was quite an honor to be known as a "Virginia War Horse."

CHAPTER LXVI.

Now I had a good long rest at the old home. Nothing was too good for Arab. My master riding to camp a fine black mare of his brother's. But I did not get jealous, as I once did. After the return of the 2d South Carolina Cavalry, our company, Co. B, first went into camp at Grahamville, S. C., on the old troop ground of the Beaufort District Troop. Later the company encamped at Pocotaligo, and then went to Green Pond to join the regiment. We soon marched to Chisolmville and encamped, doing picket duty at the different crossings on the Combahee River. At this camp, I (Arab) once more resumed the duties of a war horse, after a couple of months' rest—the longest period of rest I had enjoyed since June, 1861. Here the summer months passed in quite a different manner from those experienced in Virginia.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Nothing of importance occurred until July, when the enemy landed on John's Island, and part of the regiment was sent there under the command of the gallant Capt. John Chestnut, Co. A (Boykin Rangers). We reached the island on the second day, and I once more had the pleasure of "smelling gunpowder." Well, it was quite amusing to us old veterans, both horse and man, to see these coast soldiers dodging from the few shells the enemy were throwing over and around us. (Now, don't understand me to say all coast soldiers are "dodgers" from shell, for I do not mean to do so. All honor to the brave soldiers who protected the coast of South Carolina.) Even Gen. Robertson and Staff seemed to dislike very much the music of the bursting shells. That is, I was told by some of our men, that they were Gen. Robertson and Staff. I did not know them; but I knew this, that they did not look to me (and many others) like they were used to having "nail kegs" from gunboats exploding over them, you know. "Getting used to a thing," makes all the difference in the world.

The command had a severe little engagement while on the island. But, to my great disappointment, they fought dismounted. Our company lost two good men killed and several wounded. The killed were Private W. E. Porcher, of Charleston, who had recently joined the company, and Jim Clifton, of Beaufort District, and one of the old veterans of Beaufort District Troop, a brave and gallant soldier as he had often proved on many a hard fought field in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. The wounded from Co. B were Bill Sparks, severely, and my master slightly. Co. I (Edgefield Hussars) also suffered severely. Among

those wounded severely were Private Idson and the brave Lamar Stark. After the death of Porcher and Clifton, in the breastworks, from which the enemy in heavy force drove us out, the 48th Georgia Infantry came to our assistance, when we drove the enemy out of the breastworks, regained our position and recovered the bodies of our killed. In the fight holding the works, our detachment from the 2d South Carolina Cavalry was under the command of Lieut. W. H. Perry, Brooks Troop. He behaved as only an old veteran was expected to do, bravely and gallantly. After recapturing the works a squad of men were sent back to the "horse holders" for Porcher and Clifton's horses, to bear their masters' bodies to the rear. Clifton's horse refused to allow the body to be placed across him. Then Corp. Nelson Terry, Clifton's messmate and friend, sent for his horse, and he also refused to have the body placed across the saddle. My master then told Terry to send for me, for he was well aware that I had time and again borne off the dead bodies of his comrades killed on the plains of Virginia. So I bore the body back to the field hospital established on the island; from here it was shipped the next day to his home in Beaufort District. I was proud to bear the remains of so gallant and tried a soldier as Jim Clifton had proved to be.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

By this time the decimated ranks of the companies of the 2d South Carolina Cavalry had been filled, and in the fall we were ordered to North Carolina. We reached there in time to take part in the fight before Fort Fisher. Though encamped at Masonboro Sound, just below Wilmington, we did picket duty as far down as Topsel Sound, a distance of thirty miles. We spent the Xmas of 1864 on picket at this place, and it was here I learnt to eat *clam soup*, for horse feed and men feed was pretty slim these days. Oh! how often I wished to be back in Old Virginia, to get some of that good oats and clover hay.

Some time about the 1st of January, 1865, Col. Lipscomb, the Colonel of the 2d South Carolina Cavalry, sent his Orderly to my master ordering him to report at his headquarters. He did so, and the Colonel told him Major Gen. Hoke had requested that he would send him one of the old Virginia scouts, with a small detail of men, to scout for him. The Colonel told my master to pick three men and report to Gen. Hoke. He chose his detail from his company, Co. B (Beaufort District Troop); they were Bill Speaks, an old and tried veteran, who had served with him through the Virginia campaign; James S. McTeer (a younger brother of the old veteran, Wylie W. McTeer), a new member of the company, and C. P. Henderson (his own younger brother), also a new member of Co. B (Beaufort District Troop). Gen. Hoke was duly "reported to;" the General ordered the detail to report to Gen. Johnson Hagood, commanding a Brigade in Hoke's Division, and in command of the advance forces on the south side of the Cape Fear River. Gen. Hagood's headquarters were found, and

he was "reported to." I was much pleased with the General's looks and manners. He had a pleasant conversation with the scouts, before *talking business*. I remember, on learning my master's name and that he was from Colleton District, S. C., he told him, I know both your father and uncle, D. S. Henderson, of Walterboro, etc. The General then told him, "I want you to search and patrol the country in front of my force, in the direction of Smithville. The enemy is said to have a large land force there, and is expected to advance from that point on Wilmington, via Town Creek. Now," he said, "I depend on you and your scouts to report an advance from Smithville, if it should take place, which is more than probable. Go down yourself, every morning and afternoon, and ascertain if everything is quiet. I have ascertained from a tried citizen, who knows the country, that from the Prioleau farm, just this side of Smithville, you can look directly down in the very midst of the town."

We went forward on a general scout, and found the situation of the place exactly as it had been described by the citizen to Gen. Hagood. The scouts chose a house to take their meals at; the owner's name was Wescoat. His house was situated three miles south of Smithville, on the main road from there to Wilmington, via Town Creek Bridge. Wescoat told the scouts he could show them a very private, out-of-the-way place to spend their nights—he proceeded to do so. It proved to be an old school-house, and it really seemed a secluded place, indeed. But I knew by experience that there was no spot so secluded that the Yankees could not find it. The school-house proved to be a small lath and plastered building, in a dense body of pines, and on the back and one side, a large and thick pond or branch. There were plenty of nice shady

trees in front and rear to tie and shelter us horses—for you know every cavalryman at a “stopping place” has a tree or a certain tree, to tie his horse to, which after tying to once, is “his tree.” We horses fared splendidly; plenty of corn, oats and hay was stored in the school-house for our benefit, and although we were “on the go” pretty well all day, we had a good quiet time at night and a plenty to eat, and that fits you to undergo most any hardship. The scouts also seemed contented and good-natured; said they got a plenty of pork and sweet potatoes at Wescoat’s; and I expect that was the reason they seemed so happy.

CHAPTER LXIX.

The balance of the month of January, 1865, passed very quietly. The saddles were never off our backs during the day. Early every morning, and late every afternoon, we would visit the hill and old breastworks overlooking the town of Smithville, to ascertain if “all was quiet on the lines.” One rainy afternoon in February, we returned from our daily scout to Smithville to our little school-house in the pines, for the night. Each man soon found his *tree*, for by this time it was raining hard. Now the next duty of the scout was to feed his horse. Then his outdoor work was completed for the night. There was no guard or vidette duty to perform, the school-house being a considerable distance from the public highway. As soon as the saddle and bridle had been taken off me, I found out that the Yankees “were around,” or had been around since we left the house at noon—for I had learnt to detect them by their scent, and the scent was warm this night. In a few yards of “Arab’s tree” runs the dense branch

I spoke of before, and the scent appeared to come from this place. About this time my master hurried up with my corn and hay and placed it before me.

Now I am, generally speaking, a horse with a good appetite, and I am never in the habit of mincing with my feed like some horses I have seen; so when I paid no attention to my feed, my master's attention was immediately attracted. He talked to me for some time, as he was in the habit of doing, from the first days of the war—asking me, "What I was smelling at, and what was the matter?" Of course, he knew I could not answer him; but he had learnt to know me too intimately to need a reply. And in a few minutes he called the other men. The three scouts immediately joined him, as well as four others, who had been scouting with us that day, and were going to spend the night. Jim McTeer was the first man to speak; he said: "Old Arab don't lie, and there is, most assuredly, Yankees around here—don't you think so, you know him better than I do?" referring to my master. He said, "I do; and I am going to leave here, rain or not, and I advise you boys to do the same. There is no compulsion; stay if you like—I am going." And he went and got his saddle, bridle and haversack. His three scouts did not hesitate a minute, but followed his example (it sent a thrill of pleasure to my "heart's core" to know that these four men, with all their human sense, had that much confidence in the sagacity and experience of the "Old War Horse"), saddling up their horses and getting ready to leave. The four North Carolina scouts said they would stay and risk it, and not leave dry quarters for the wet woods. But when they saw our company scouts ready to leave, they changed their minds and saddled up their horses; when the squad of eight left and spent the night in the woods.

As soon as it was light next morning, the squad of men started back for the school-house, soaked with rain, for it had poured down the entire night, and I have no doubt some of the party *blessing* Arab for his smartness. The house was soon reached, and the scouts then found out who had the most sense, *man or horse*; for we soon found out that the enemy had ransacked the house, taking everything of any value, destroying the horse feed and all they could not carry off. They had been concealed in the branch, and no doubt intended to wait until the scouts got to sleep, when they would have come out and captured the party. Why they did not burn the house, no one could conceive. They wrote all kinds of messages, threats and curses on the walls, and I heard one of our scouts say one of the messages was to this effect, "That he hoped the next time they paid us a visit, we would be at home to receive them." *What cheek!*

CHAPTER LXX.

Nothing special occurred for some time worth relating. The scouts had the company pretty often of a rather strange character—he was an artillery officer, a Capt. Bond, of some Virginia or, more probably, a North Carolina Battery. He reported to the commander of our little scouting party that Gen. Hoke had given him permission to come down occasionally and scout with us. The first day he accompanied the scouts down to Smithville, he acted very queerly, all the scouts thought, and so did Arab. Directly after passing the Prioleau farm, I have spoken of, there was an old Confederate breastwork, and whenever the scouts came down, they would ride up to the top of this

earthwork, and looking beyond could see all that was going on in the town. Sometimes the Yankee pickets would fire on us, oftener they would not. This day I allude to, in company with Capt. Bond, all rode up to or on the breastwork. The Captain seemed very interested in observing the situation of the place. The Yankee pickets seeing, I suppose, a new horse in the party—a very large cream—commenced firing on us. Our scouts, as usual, when they would commence firing with their long range rifles, rode down the opposite side of the earthwork, out of range of their guns, “for there is no fun in being made a target of.” Capt. Bond never stirred a step, but sat calmly on his horse, and after having over a hundred shots fired at him, drew his pistol from the holster and fired every barrel of it towards them. Of course, it was too far to do any execution. It was surprising to see how utterly regardless he was to the fire of the Yankee rifles. And he was in near rifle shot of them. The Yankees seemed so much astonished themselves at his indifference, that they soon ceased firing. The Captain then rode down and joined the party—neither he nor his cream horse was touched. We then started to return, and on the way back he told the scouts this story: That his sweetheart was in the enemy’s lines, in Smithville, and that he had sent her word by some private source that he would be in sight of the town that day, from this direction, and to be on the lookout for him. He came down several different times with the scouts and always acted the same manoeuvre. I do not know what ever became of him, and have often wondered since if he passed through the war all “O. K.,” and if he recovered his sweetheart *at last*. The Captain assuredly had the sincere sympathy and best wishes of Arab.

CHAPTER LXXI.

On a certain morning, I forget the day or date, the rain pouring in torrents, the scouts started as usual for Smithville. Just half way down was Wescoat's house, south of Town Creek. Beyond the house towards Smithville, the road extended straight as an arrow, for over a mile, passing a Yankee citizen's house, whose name was Price. Beyond Price's, the road made an abrupt bend, crossing a deep branch. Further on was the Prioleau farm. We had just passed Price's that morning and on turning the bend, we found ourselves confronting a large body of the enemy's infantry. We were so close to them that we could see the Yankees carrying their guns under their oil-cloths, for the rain was still pouring. We did not remain in this position *many minutes, or seconds, either*; but wheeled to the "right about," and got out of reach of those long rifles. A courier was immediately dispatched to acquaint Gen. Hagood that the enemy were advancing, apparently in force. A little scouting and flanking was now done, for the Yankees had halted after "running into" the scouts. Soon another courier was dispatched to the General. Then the two scouts who were left, fell back up the straight piece of road I have alluded to, as far as Wescoat's house; and it being about breakfast time, they concluded "to halt and eat" (for soldiers are always hungry, was my experience of them), as well as dry their clothes—being convinced from the situation of the road, the enemy could not approach them un-awares. The scouts halted and dismounting, they procured a couple of boxes and fed us, slipping the bits out of our mouths, and feeding us back of a small house near the dwelling; they then entered the house for their breakfast (Bill Speaks and my master). I know they

must have had the house-keeper, a Mrs. Moore, watching this straight piece of road, on which the Yankees were advancing, for I could see her from where I was eating my corn, looking intently out of the window towards Smithville. Soon I missed her from the window, and I heard afterwards that she happened to go to the front window, not that she expected to see them from that direction; but to her surprise there they were, entering the front gate. She gave the alarm, "Yankees coming in the front gate." The two scouts rushed from the house for their horses. The Yankees were so close on them, they did not have time to replace the bit in our mouths, but mounted us in a second and started off. My companion horse on this occasion was a sorrel mare, Speaks had brought out from home in June, 1861. Now the practice I had been taught as a colt proved useful, indeed—to turn either right or left without the bridle, simply by striking me on the side of the head with the open hand, according to the direction I was desired to proceed. The hand was used lively and hurriedly that morning, also the Texas spurs, as closely followed by Bill Speaks on the sorrel mare, I was turned for the bridge across Town Creek. Now, before we could reach the public road leading to the bridge, we had to get out of Wescoat's enclosure. The house and field was enclosed with a pretty high rail fence. Sweet potatoes had been planted and dug between the house and the road, and every step we took we sank below the fetlock, the ground being wet and muddy from the recent heavy rains. We could not strike directly for the public road, for it was filled with Yankee cavalry. Now this cavalry, who first appeared at the front gate and were now in close pursuit of us, we could form no idea of where they came from, and how they had managed to get between us and our

army; but found out afterwards. My master kept slapping me on the right side of my head—that meant “Go to the left.” I did not need much slapping, for the Yankees were on our right (in the road) as well as those in our rear, in pursuit of us. Now beyond the fence, straight as we were going, was an old, much cut-up road filled with deep clay gullies, washed out by the rains for years, perhaps. Beyond this old road was an open piece of pine barren extending to the creek. But the leap had to be made, and I successfully cleared fence and road, closely followed by the noble little sorrel mare. As we reached the pine-barren, my master slapped me on the left, and I turned for the public road. No Yankees directly in our front, down the road we raced, and now for the bridge. As we turned the first bend we came in sight of the bridge, but to our sorrow, it was covered by Yankee horsemen. Now I was slapped on the left and turned to the right, across an open piece of woods. Oh! how I wished for the old Virginia pines that day. By this time there was several parties of Yankees pursuing us; and now they commenced firing on us in earnest. We kept racing on towards the creek; as we neared it, the underbrush got thicker, but we soon discovered that we were on a narrow neck of land, with the creek on one side and the public road on the other. When we arrived at the creek, my master halted me in the thickest place he could find, and dismounted, telling Speaks to do the same. He did not even tie me, but placing his hand on me, said hurriedly, “Arab, you know I hate to leave you, but I must try and save myself. Stand perfectly quiet. Good-bye, old fellow.” And away he and Speaks went towards the creek, bogging nearly knee deep at every step, trying to reach the bank of the creek, where the undergrowth was much thicker. The

run, as I have forgotten to mention, could not be crossed except at the bridge. For to truly express it, as I had once heard Wescoat tell the scouts, "*It would bog a blanket.*" Now came the trying time, and more than once I came very near "disobeying orders," in regard to remaining quiet, for the enemy passed a dozen different times in fifty yards of us. Now, though I was not tied, and had a perfect horror of being captured, I remembered it was the first duty of a soldier "to obey orders;" I was a soldier's war horse, and I obeyed the order given me at parting, compelling the sorrel mare to do the same.

All through that long day we remained quiet, the mare browsing on the bushes occasionally, but Arab did not eat a mouthful. It is true, the Yankees quit passing backwards and forwards near us, but we could hear heavy firing at the bridge. Still we did not know until later that our forces had driven the enemy back to Smithville, quicker than they came. About twilight the scouts returned, and as they both said, they had no idea of finding us, thinking the Yankees had certainly captured us. Well, I for one was well repaid for my share of anxiety and worry, for on finding me safe, my master hugged and kissed me, as if I was a human being. And though I always considered he cared for me, I never knew before how much he loved me. Bill Speaks also seemed delighted to find his mare. What the sorrel mare thought and felt in regard to the matter, I am unable to say. We were soon mounted, and the scouts started for Wescoat's house, where my master had left his Confederate grey overcoat, drying before the fire, and what he valued more, his haversack, containing many little "home keepsakes," and perhaps a picture of his sweetheart. When we reached Wescoat's (not meeting friend or foe), they seemed per-

fectly delighted to see us *all*—for the Yankees had told them they had captured us, and the Wescoats had told our men (who had been there to learn some tidings of us) the tale the Yankees had told them. The enemy got the grey overcoat, but the Widow Moore had saved the haversack. How, we never heard, *but it was in some mysterious way*, for there was quite a laugh over it among the people of the house. Wescoat informed the scouts that Gen. Hagood, with his brigade and our regiment of cavalry, had met and driven the Yankees back to Smithville, and on their return our company had halted at his house to try and get some information of the two scouts. The two scouts of our party, Jim McTeer and Pinckney Henderson (who had been sent as couriers to the General that morning with the information of the advance of the enemy), in company with R. S. Williams, of Beaufort District Troop, followed the horses's tracks from Wescoat's house to the place where we made the leap over the fence, and I have often heard them say, they measured the jump, and it was over twenty-five feet from "fore feet to hind feet." After they had tracked us to the fence, they could not discover which way we had gone, and thought it very probable, as the Yankees had said, that we had been captured. If they had only have crossed the public road and advanced up the creek much anxiety of mind would have been saved.

Before we left Wescoat's that night, his wife brought in a gallon jug of wine and said, "It had been buried for over three years." It was opened and drank, in honor of the safe return of the scouts. It was surely good, for I was given a tin cup *even full* myself. We then went and spent the night in camp with our company. All seemed rejoiced that we were

still in the land of the living, and not killed or inmates of a Yankee prison.

CHAPTER LXXII.

The next morning we returned to our scouting ground, and remained there, doing duty at the front, for some time longer, nothing worthy of relating occurring, except on the second advance of the enemy, a little incident happened which may interest some old Confederate now living.

My master and another scout had just advanced down a certain road and run into a squad or perhaps a regiment of Yankee cavalry. I, for one, did not see how many. The two were slowly returning towards the Confederate lines, when they came across Gen. Hoke and staff, halted in the road. The General asked a good many questions in regard to the forces and advance of the enemy. Finally he said, "We were advancing on the other road (the roads running parallel, and about a half mile apart), when we met one of your scouts and he told me if I wished to see you, I had better strike across to this road, as you were on this road and would return to our lines on this road. We did so, sending a message by him to Lieut. Walker, of my Staff, who I had sent back to convey an order to our lines, *to also cross over to this road*; and I am fearful your man may not meet him, and he may ride into the Yankee lines, not looking for the enemy to be as close to us as you report them, and also thinking that I am in his front." After a short time the General started back towards his division, asking the scouts to remain awhile, and perhaps the officer would "turn up." The scouts waited here about a half hour and

had just started to return in the direction Gen. Hoke had taken, when we heard horses' feet, and before the scouts had time to leave the road and take to the woods, they were "upon us." There were about ten or twelve Yankee horsemen, and in a moment we noticed one of them was about twenty or thirty yards in front of the others. Both of our scouts had their rifles and in an instant both of the rifles "cracked," and then were dropped and the Colt's army drawn, and from each pistol several shots were fired. But a strange thing happened then; only one Yankee (as we then thought), the one in the advance of the coming enemy, passed on like a "streak of greased lightning." Fortunately, as it proved, none of the shots took effect on the person of the man shot at; for after continuing the road and reaching Gen. Hoke and staff, our scouts found out they had been practicing target shooting on Gen. Hoke's Staff Officer, Lieut. Walker. And they spoilt his new blue talma, too—for over his Confederate uniform he wore a blue talma. He received four pistol balls through the talma. This is how he happened to be in company with the Yankees, or rather in front of them, and trying at the full speed of his horse to get away from them. He received the message sent him by the scout, and crossed over from the upper to the lower road; but he went a little too far down before he turned across, or he would have seen the two men waiting for him. When he did strike the lower road, he kept on down towards the enemy, thinking, as he said, that the General was in his front. The first thing he knew, he was amongst the Yankees; and they, seeing but one man, followed him closely until the shots from the two scouts sent them back in a hurry.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Some time after this the enemy advanced in heavy force from Smithville, and they advanced this time *to stay*. We saw the battle of Town Creek fought, but took no active part in it; saw the Yankees when they succeeded in flanking and capturing nearly the entire 11th South Carolina Infantry, Hagood's Brigade, Col. Fred. Gantt, commanding the 11th; and, as well as I remember, Col. Simonton's regiment, same Brigade, was captured.

In a few days the Confederate army evacuated Wilmington, and we fell back towards Northeast River. Here my master was "taken down" with a severe attack of every-day chills and fever, and was sent, or allowed to go, to a private house in the country. And before he recovered sufficiently to mount his horse, the enemy had advanced and was in possession of the whole country. We had to lie out in the woods for nearly two weeks before he was able to ride. When he got strength enough "to take the saddle," we could not hear where the command had gone; but he heard both Generals Butler and Hampton were somewhere in North Carolina, near the South Carolina line; and while hunting them, we struck up with Capt. John and Lieut. W. A. Mickler, the latter his old comrade and commander, while scouting in Virginia with Hampton's scouts. The Micklers were at present commanding scouts for Gen. P. M. B. Young, to whom my master duly reported, and was regularly detailed by the General to scout under the Mickler brothers. We were on a continued scout to the close of the war, from the North Carolina line to the Savannah River, and from the Savannah River to Charleston, S. C. Many and varied scenes and encounters we passed through in

safety. The six weeks we scouted together, I could recount incidents that would "make your blood boil in your veins, and your hair rise on your head," that would fill a dozen books like this. I (horse as I am) will never be able to forget *some of them*. Most of them were in connection with "P. C." After Sherman passed through the State, and perhaps at this late day, *they had better be left unwritten*.

Now for the last scene of the war. When the scouts reported in a "body," at Augusta, Ga., to be paroled by Gen. Young, it was the 16th day of April, 1865, and it was the last time Arab ever saw the dashing and gallant Gen. Pierce M. B. Young. After all the scouts had received their paroles, they mounted their horses to leave the General's headquarters, when he called the two Micklers and my master back. When the three scouts entered the house, they were looking very sad; but when they came out, after a parting hand-shake with the General on the steps, they all three looked "very smiling." And I, Arab, being a knowing horse, concluded—yes, the General has been giving them some of "*that medicine*."

Now the war is ended, and we return to our old homes. What a change had passed over the old plantation. Not the place alone, but the whole country. I could write page after page on the changes that had taken place; but will only say this, and it will be sufficient for those who experienced those dark days. My old master's plantation was directly *in the course of Sherman's march*. That is enough, and more than enough to say. *Can we ever forget it?*

CHAPTER LXXIV.

A few weeks after the war closed, my old master (my master's father) was ruthlessly murdered by negroes, and not being able to obtain any redress, he, in June, 1865, joined Capt. John Mickler's party of scouts (or guerillas, as the Yankees called them), a little band of brave men, who were doing their duty in protecting the citizens from outrage and pillage, and keeping the country quiet. Capt. John Mickler had been recently "outlawed," by the United States Government. We then had a "little war of our own," until the 21st of August, when we surrendered the second time. The citizens of the county having arranged terms for the scouts with United States officers.

CHAPTER LXXV.

The year 1866 passed away quietly. I was having a good time—a plenty to eat and good sport deer and fox hunting—and *no work as yet*; for my master had promised me that though dire poverty had followed the war, I should not plough; and if the "worst came," he would plough me himself. As I have said, we lived in the woods hunting, game being very plentiful, and meat *very, very* scarce. We had two near neighbors, the most inveterate fox hunters I have ever seen—the brave and gallant defender of Fort Sumter, Col. Alfred Rhett, and his brother, Capt. Edmond Rhett, who lived with him. And the way these two men loved fox chasing was a "caution to foxes." Dogs, or I should say hunting dogs, were as scarce in this country *as money*, and I believe firmly that William Tecumseh Sherman's soldiers carried off even the hound dogs.

But Col. and Capt. Rhett managed to get hold of the best hunting dogs money could procure—English dogs at that. I have wondered, and thought it remarkable, that men so passionately fond of fox hunting, did not follow their dogs in the chase, both of them good riders, but they never did. They would ride up and down the old Salkahatchie Road (where we generally hunted) and see the dogs as they crossed and recrossed the road, noting which dog was leading the pack. The Colonel and his brother were always well mounted, and that was one reason I considered it so strange. I heard Col. Rhett tell my master on one occasion: “Henderson, it does me as much good to see you and your brother ‘ride after’ the dogs as to see the dogs cross the road.”

CHAPTER LXXVI.

In the fall of 1867, my master left old Colleton District and moved to Grahamville, Beaufort District. Here we both went to *hard work*. I was eleven years old before I ever “*saw through a collar*,” and I did not like it at all. Just to think of a No. 1 saddle horse, as well as an old war horse, that had followed and fought under Jeb. Stuart and Wade Hampton, *pulling a plow*. I think it perfectly horrible, and I think my master thinks the same, of holding the plow handles. We remained here a year, and then moved down on the “Salts,” to a plantation called “Bolan Hall.” Here we would work the week through to Saturday—on that day hunt. That was one work we never omitted. The deer were like rabbits in this country, and we had some “grand old hunts,” sometimes in

company with Capt. Abraham Hugennin and Lieut. Willie F. Colcock, both well mounted.

In course of time we moved to a place called "Old Store," owned by an old time Carolina gentleman, Col. Edward Lynah. He was a good, true friend to my master, and I will never forget his handsome face and kind voice, as he would pat me on the neck and call me "The Old Virginia War Horse." I was always proud of that title, *and will be until I die*. While here, my master was obliged to shoot a "P. C.," and they wanted to put him in a place called "the penitentiary," but that scheme of the Radicals "would not work," for he still owned Arab, to bear him away from the enemy, in time of peace as well as war.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

We bade good-bye to old South Carolina, and crossing Screven's Ferry, entered the city of Savannah, Ga., on the 5th day of May, 1870. My master told me he had about forty dollars, and that, he said, would keep us a while. Then, if he could not find work, I was to bear him to Alabama, where he said he had some rich relatives. The only person he said he knew in Savannah was Col. Fred Warring, formerly Colonel of the Jeff. Davis Legion, in Hampton's old brigade. He found the Colonel the next day, he being at that time forwarding agent of the Central Railroad of Georgia. And no better man or more gallant soldier ever hailed from that grand old State. He remembered my master and he remembered Arab, and he never quit trying, until he found him something to do. I heard him tell my master, one day after they had driven me all over the city in search of work for him: "Hender-

son, the only chance I see for you to get work at this dull time of the year, is to get a position on the police force of the city. The force here is different from what it once was, for some of the best men in Georgia are at present members of it. If you will try it, I will take you around and introduce you to my friend, Gen. Robert H. Anderson, who is at present chief of police." They immediately called at the office of Gen. Anderson, but he said he was very sorry he could not oblige an old Confederate soldier, for he had been one himself; but that there was over a hundred applications on file for positions on the force. Well, here was another hope frustrated. After Col. Warring had gotten out of the buggy, some hour or two later, and started home, he turned back, and said to my master, "Have you seen or had any communication recently with your old Colonel, Gen. M. C. Butler? For I feel confident that if you could get a letter from him to Gen. Anderson, there would be no doubt of your getting a position on the force, for they think very highly of him, and have good cause to do so." My master told me that night, when he came around to the livery stable where I was boarded, "Arab, I have got enough money to keep us here a few days longer, until I can hear from Gen. Butler, and then, if things don't turn out right, away for Alabama; for, as I told Col. Warring, when he told me to return home and come back in the fall, and he would give me a good position at the road, that it wasn't healthy in South Carolina, *at present*." He also said, in regard to Gen. Butler, "you know, as well as I do, that neither of us ever *went back on him* in time of war, and I don't believe he *will go back* on us in time of peace."

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

In about ten days, for I counted each one of them, he came to the stable early one morning, and said, "Arab, the General has not forgotten his old *soldiers*. I have just received a letter from him, with this one enclosed to Gen. Anderson, which I will read you.

" 'Gen. R. H. Anderson, Chief of Police, Savannah, Ga. : One of my old soldiers writes me he has recently gotten in trouble in South Carolina, and has made application to you for a position on the police force of the city of Savannah.

" 'I take great pleasure in endorsing his application, not as a mere matter of form, as is customary, but for the personal regard I have for the applicant; and if you can give him a position, I will consider it a personal favor to myself. I hear you have some mounted men on your force. If so, please give him a mounted position, for he writes he has his horse with him.

" 'Henderson was one among the best riders, *with the best horse*, in my old regiment, 2d S. C. C., Army of Northern Virginia, in which regiment every man was a natural born rider.' "

Now I had often heard men say to my master, "you are a Butler and Hampton man indeed; and I believe when you die will hope to go to Butler and Hampton." Now I found out exactly what they meant. And although I had always liked and felt proud of our former Colonel, ever after this, to the end of my life, I will be a *Butler horse*.

The letter was duly presented to Gen. Anderson, and three days afterwards Arab was installed in the police barracks stable, up to my eyes in oats and good timothy hay; and that night I did my first tour of duty, bearing my master as proudly as I did in the glorious

old years of 1861 to 1865, when he had the honor of wearing the grey, and Arab had the honor of being a war horse of Gen. Robt. E. Lee's army, the Army of Northern Virginia.

Well, we had a good time among the Georgians, and I soon found out they were as good citizens as they had proved themselves soldiers of the Southern Confederacy; and we were treated as well as horse and man could expect. We remained on the force about a year, when my master went into the cotton business, as weigher and warehouseman for H. M. Comer & Co. Now the time came when we had to part, for although I liked Georgia, I loved old South Carolina better, and I intimated to my master that I wished to return to the State and the old plantation, where I was born and raised, and where I hoped to be buried, for he had promised me decent burial.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

As I have already told you, though I could not converse with him, he understood my actions like a book, and he told me that he hated sadly to part with me, but that he would send me back to the old home, to his brother, Pinckney, who was living there. And he knew, and I knew, that his brother would take *nearly* as good care of me as he did. He told me he would visit me twice a year, if not oftener. So in a short time I found myself back in the dear old home. It seemed dearer to me as I grew older. That, I suppose, from what I have heard, is natural to us all, horse as well as man. Now I enjoyed hunting to my "heart's content," for Mr. Pinckney was one of the most successful deer hunters in the country; and though I was

“rising” twenty years old, I still delighted in following the hounds; and when my war blood rose, it took a good horse to keep up with me in the woods.

Now, my friends and readers—if I have been fortunate enough to have any—while trying to indite this little book with the scenes and incidents in my horse life, I am thankful and proud, too, and will weary you with only one more incident that happened soon after I returned to South Carolina. It occurred in 1876—the year the gallant and chivalrous Wade Hampton redeemed South Carolina from Radical rule; and, I conscientiously believe, the only man in the State that could have succeeded in doing it at that period. During his campaign, and on the occasion of his speaking at Walterboro, the company to which Mr. Pinckney belonged was to meet the General at Green Pond, and escort him to Walterboro. When I heard of it, it brought back pleasant recollections, and I remember I kept asking myself, will Gen. Hampton recognize me, the battered old war horse? Still I felt my strength reviving, and I longed for the escort duty. Sure enough, on the day appointed, Capt. Elliott’s company met at Green Pond, and in due time the train rolled up with Gen. Hampton and friends on board. After a general hand-shaking, and preparatory to leaving the depot, Mr. Pinckney said to Gen. Hampton: “General, I have some one out on the platform I want you to see,” for he had ridden me up there. The General approached, followed by the crowd. He walked up, and looking me over, said, “Why, this is Prioleau Henderson’s old grey Arab.” He then patted me, and placing his foot in the stirrup, mounted and rode me up and down the platform, to the delight of all, and amidst the cheers of the crowd. Reader, that was the proudest moment of my life—to have that grand old hero, Wade Hampton,

on my back. The ride to Walterboro passed off as if it were only a mile, instead of twelve, and I felt like a colt on his "first legs." After speaking at Walterboro, the General and party came down to Hendersonville (my home), to speak. After speaking here at Salem Church, the General spent a few days with Mr. Warren (a resident of the place), and while doing so, I had the honor of having him ride me on a deer hunt. That is the last time I ever saw him.

CHAPTER LXXX. (AND LAST).

Now I am getting old, and I feel that I have not got much longer to stay in this beautiful world. But I am ready to go at any time, feeling and knowing that I have done my duty in and under all circumstances. A short time ago I had a delightful visit from my master. He told me he was getting on well and that my mistress and all the children sent their best and sincerest love for dear old Arab; and that though absent, I was not forgotten, either by him or the loving wife and children—for he married years ago, and has a beautiful, good wife, and I have a kind, loving mistress. I told him the day he was to leave for Savannah, that I felt impressed I would never see him again in this life; and that when I died I wished to be buried on the hill beyond the old ginhouse. He promised it should be done, exactly as I desired. And putting both arms around my neck, kissed me good-bye, as in days of yore—and it was truly, *forever and forever*.

So here, for the last time, with kind wishes. I say adieu.

THE END.

Arab died when he was twenty-seven years old, and was decently buried "on the hill beyond the old gin-house," on the old plantation, where he was foaled and raised. Peace to your ashes, noble horse. Your like will never be raised in Colleton County again. You loved me, and I loved and had implicit faith in you. How much so, will never be known by mortal man.

Believe me, most respectfully,

ARAB'S MASTER.

BLUFF, S. C., May 6th, 1898.

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