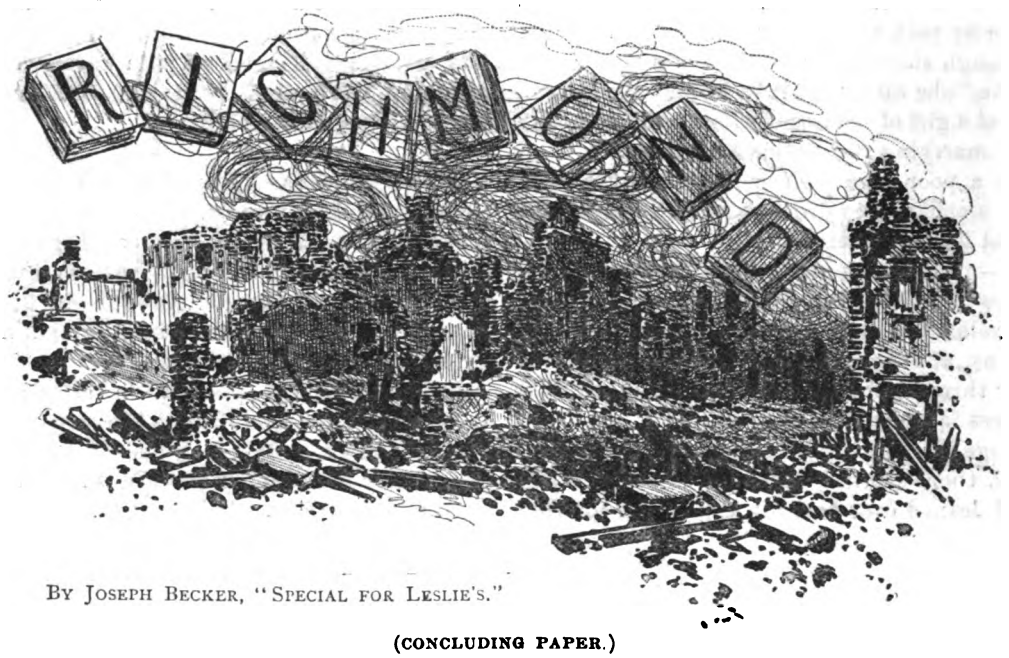


By Joseph Becker, "Special for Leslie's."

(CONCLUDING PAPER.)

Richmond and Petersburg fell together. We of the Army of the Potomac who rushed so eagerly into Petersburg on the morning of April 3d, 1865, were emulated by the Army of the James, who, under General Godfrey Weitzel, poured into Richmond soon after the break of dawn. Strange it was that this rebellion which had its beginning in human slavery should have met its practical end at the hand of liberated slaves. For the troops of Weitzel that first invaded Richmond were the black brigades of the Army of the James.

When the news of the fall of Richmond reached Petersburg, a short hour after the occupation, General Grant ordered it spread with all speed for the cheer of the army. What a cry of gladness went up on every hand! Grant and his generals set off at once on the track of the retreating Lee, to join whom Ewell and his command had evacuated Richmond. My only thought was to reach Richmond. Lee might get away. Even if a battle were fought it was of no consequence to an illustrated newspaper in comparison with the captured Confederate capital.

There were wild rumors that Ewell in his flight had set the city on fire, and had also burned the cotton and military stores. Vague and exciting rumors were plentiful. I made haste to get away, and sought for traveling company. The walking was bad, and the country thronged with mixed and dangerous characters. I crossed the Appomattox to Pocahontas, a tiny Virginia hamlet abounding in negro cabins. The colored population had saved small portions of their poultry and pork by hiding them in haymows and under beds, but with the retreat of Lee had ventured to let them out. This was a mistake. The liberating conquerors were just as hungry for flesh and fowl as their foes, and they raided the hencoops and pigpens as thoroughly as the meanest rebel bushwhacker might have done. There was much wailing among the despoiled negroes, but it failed to move the stony hearts of the Yankee foragers, who shot and bayoneted until a regular *battue* was in progress.

Four specimens of the genus straggler were dozing under some trees in Pocahontas when I got along. They were extremely ill-favored, and I sat down near them to make up my mind about selecting them for society.

While I lounged under the trees with the stragglers a squad of five horsemen in blue came cantering down the road. They were members of the Lincoln, otherwise the First New York Cavalry, and were Germans. The man in the van held high up by the neck a cadaverous goose, the treasure of some cabin. The skinny bird did not look as though it had been fed for a week, and its eyes were red, presumptively with weeping over the lost cause. The fat colored woman in an adjacent cabin was washing clothes in a wash boiler. She was easily persuaded to take the garments out of the steaming boiler and replace them with the hastily picked and drawn goose. Satisfied with the culinary arrangements, the troopers picketed their horses and sat down to enjoy a game of pinocle. The goose bubbled and boiled in the wash boiler, sending out now

and then a whiff of odor that seemed grateful to my friends the stragglers. It had cooked for nearly an hour, when three of the latter arose and wandered off in a leisurely manner across a rough and much-fenced piece of ground toward the near-by woods. The one who remained yawned and dawdled. The colored woman was hanging out clothes, and the Germans were absorbed in their card game. He got up and slipped around the cabin. There was a half-door in the rear within easy reach of the wash boiler. In another moment he had grabbed the bird by one of its bobbing drumsticks and was making safe and rapid retreat toward the direction of his comrades. The conspiracy was plain, but as it was none of my affair I affected indifference. When Aunt Chloe went in to inspect the progress of the cookery she tossed up her arms and screamed that the goose was gone. The troopers dropped their cards in haste and grasped the situation, but too late. They threw themselves on their horses and went off headlong in the direction taken by the robbers, but the ground was too rough for them. I saw them return to the road and drift off toward the army lines in a drooping, dispirited way. Men who had come to detest hard-tack and whose mouths had been watering for goose could not be blamed for feeling low-spirited.

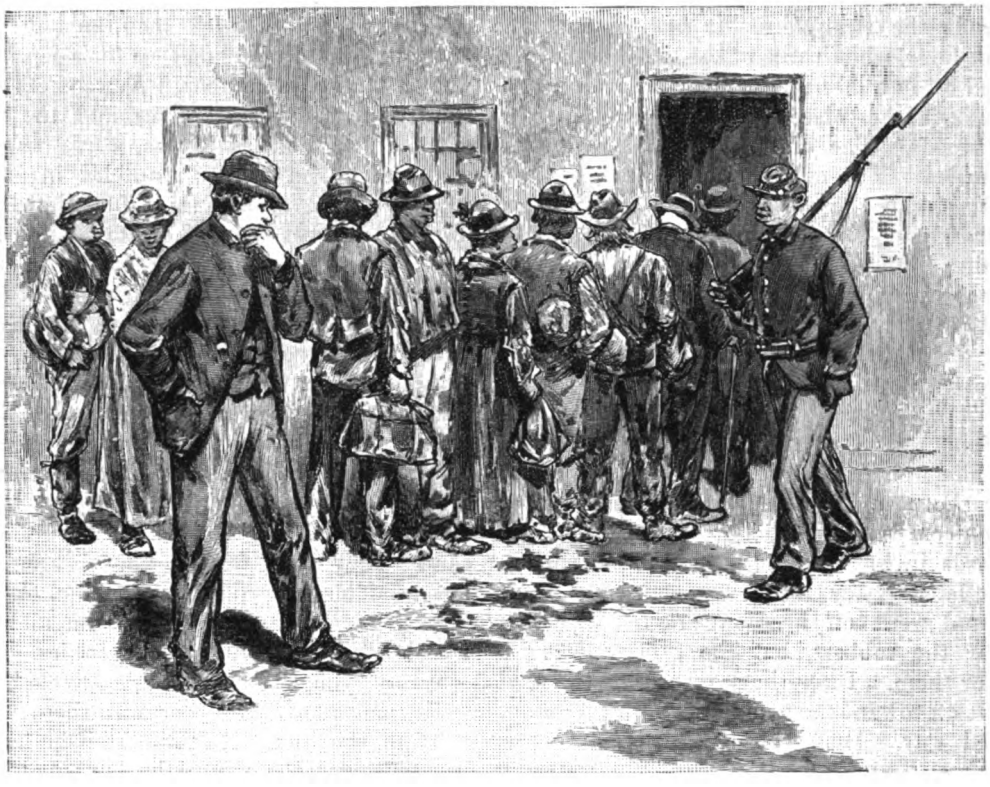
I moved on after this episode, taking the main road from Pocahontas to Richmond. What was left of the Richmond and Danville Road had a station at Pocahontas, but railroading was somewhat irregular in Virginia at that time. Several stragglers joined me, and as they seemed to be good fellows we kept together until nightfall, when we came upon an old-fashioned mansion with its village of negro cabins in the rear. These huts and the house were filled with soldiers. They lay in heaps upon the floor, broken bits of regiments, worn out with campaigning, but bound to get to Richmond. Some of them were members of the Army of the James, and they were trying to catch up with Weitzel. The Army of the Potomac in its main body was hunting Lee, but most of the chasing was done by Sheridan and his cavalry, and the infantry felt instinctively the relaxation of the approaching end.

We tried to find a soft spot on the floor of a cabin overcrowded with men, and having partially succeeded, snuggled up for sleep. But here was no place for slumber. Newcomers were constantly intruding themselves, and the noise was intolerable. Bad as it was, worse was coming. A half-drunken soldier stumbled in and set up what appeared to be meant for a howl of rejoicing. It did not seem to excite enough attention to suit him, so he did something radical. He took a handful of ball cartridges out of his pouch and dropped them on the flames in the open fireplace. A shower of bullets followed this delicate bit of humor. We sprawled flat, and luckily escaped unhurt, as did everyone else; but as he was bent on repeating the performance I told my companions that it was altogether too hot for me, and we left. It was dark as pitch. We groped along the road until songs of praise fell upon our ears. They came from a negro cabin that had not been abandoned by its original inhabitants. Here we found an old Uncle Tom and an Aunt Dinah and a lot of little pickaninnies.

"Have you got any hoecake, uncle?" I asked.

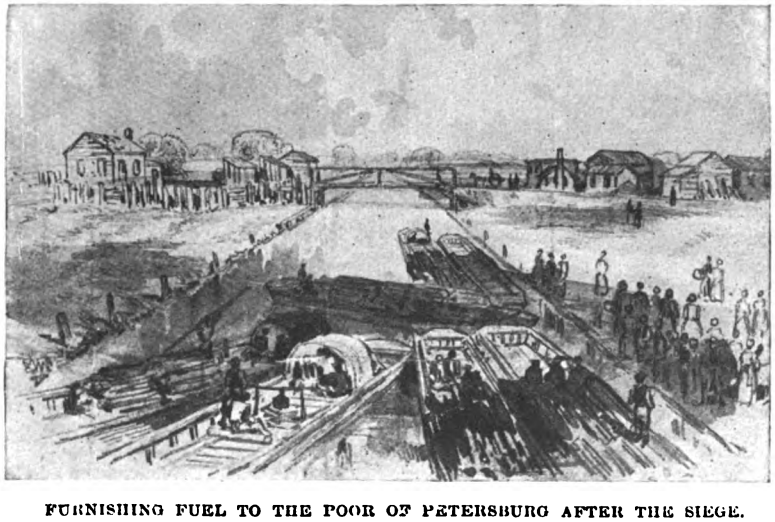
He had none. Neither was there a grain of meal in the hut. He thought if he had a dollar he could get the material for a cake. My companions had but twenty-five cents between them, so I put up the remaining seventy-five, and he departed in quest of the meal. In a little while he came back with a small parcel of coarsely ground corn and brought out an old dish pan in which to mix it. He succeeded in forming the paste into a wad and prepared for the baking. Long years of barefooted labor on the plantation

BAKING A HOECAKE.



AT THE PROVOST MARSHAL'S, MANCHESTER, VA.— THE RECOGNITION.

had covered his soles with a sandal of callous skin. With his bare foot he carelessly kicked the coals away and dusted off the ashes with his toes. Then he laid the cake on the hearth, patted it into symmetry with the flat of his foot and covered it up. The turning, recovering and final resurrection were accomplished in the same way. A little bacon fat was found and melted. With this as a garnish we devoured the hoecake, and to palates long weary of hard-tack it was delicious. We sat on the floor and ate this rude meal, while our hosts sang plantation hymns with much fervor and considerable melody. Then we lay down and slept for the night. In the early morning I pushed on for Richmond. This was the 4th of April. A double pontoon bridge had been thrown across the James River at Manchester, and here a great gathering of soldiers and refugees had assembled, eager to get into the city. People who had fled in panic when warned of the evacuation were now only desirous of getting back again after a few hours of experience in the desolated country. The wandering detachments of soldiers were equally desirous of setting foot in the rebel capital, for which they had so valiantly set out four years before, but had found a little inaccessible.



FURNISHING FUEL TO THE POOR OF PETERSBURG AFTER THE SIEGE. FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.

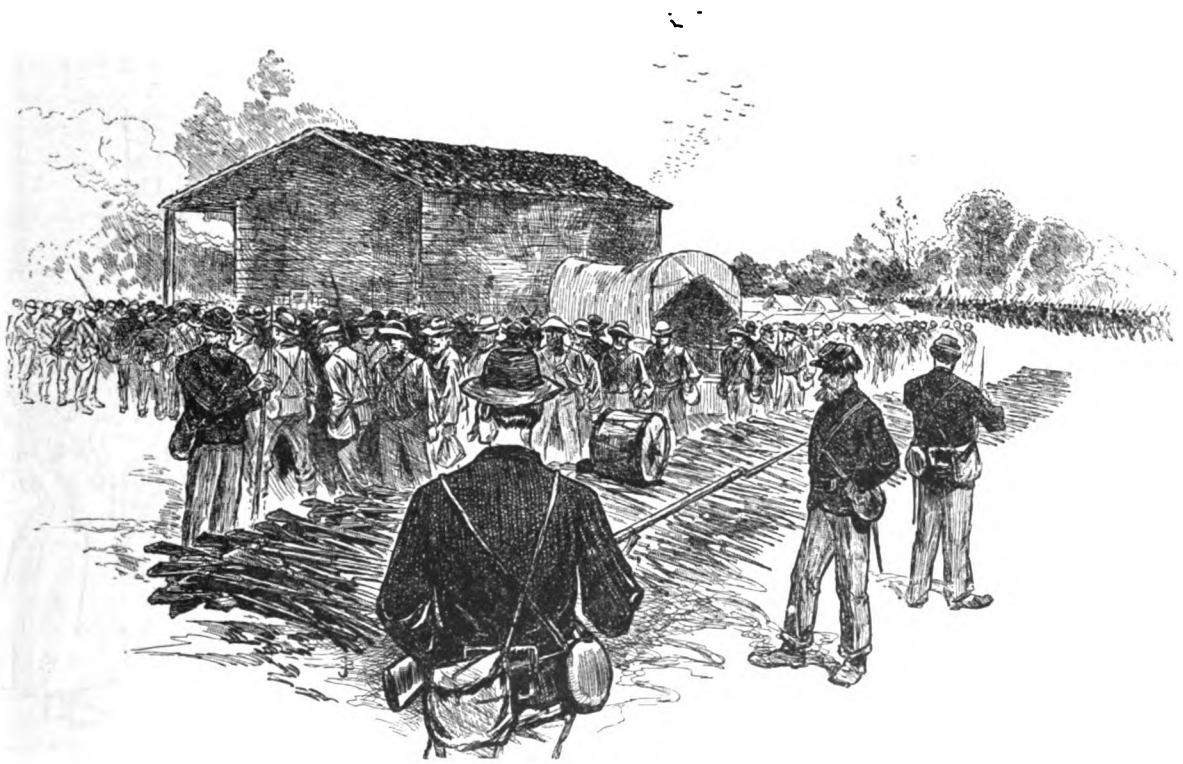
The provost's office was in

a small two-story building and upstairs. The head of the line was kept in check by a colored sentry, who acted his part well. I was burning to get across the river, but could not get on the bridge without a special pass. To await my turn meant the loss of hours of precious time. I could see the smoke of blazing warehouses across the stream, and felt instinctively that much was going on that I should see. I took to scanning the black sentinel. Something about his face seemed familiar. A moment more and I had recalled him fully. I walked up to him and said, briskly: "Hello, Joe Jackson!" He nearly dropped his gun. "Don't you remember me?"

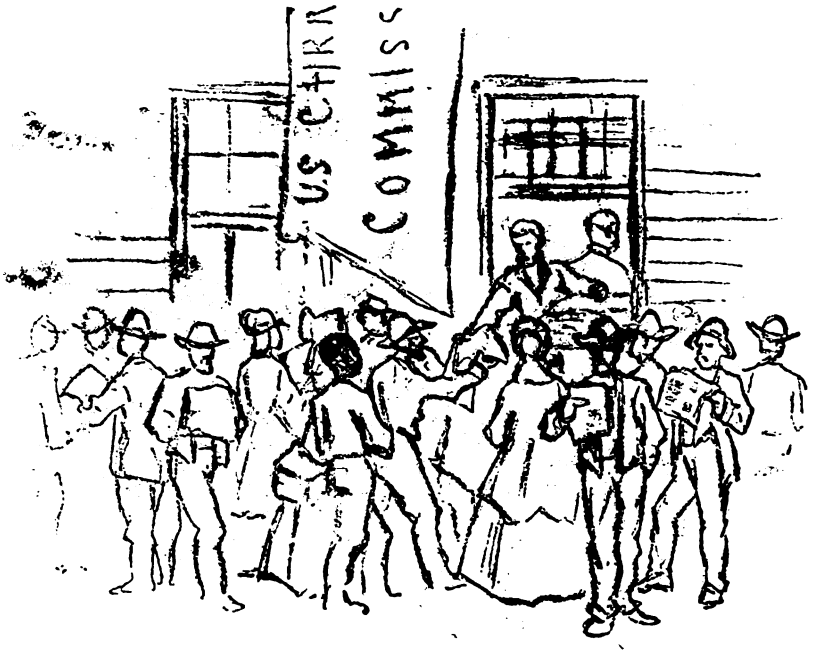
BURNING CONFEDERATE BONDS.

"Can't place you, boss," he replied.

"Think a little," I suggested. "If you don't know me I know you. Aren't you Joe Jackson,



SCENE AT BURKEVILLE STATION, SOUTH SIDE RAILROAD.— PREPARING TO SEND SURRENDERED CONFEDERATE ARMS NORTH.



UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSIONERS DISTRIBUTING PAPERS. FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.

who used to live on Guinea Hill, Pottsville, Pennsylvania?"

"I's Joe Jackson, sure 'nough," he answered, in a puzzled way; "but I don't know you, sah."

"Don't you remember Joe Becker, who used to fly kites with you on Guinea Hill?"

He did, indeed. Guinea Hill is the colored quarter in the Pennsylvania mining town where I had spent my boyhood. It is the highest point of land in the town, and was a centre of attraction in kite time. Pottsville was very patriotic. Its "First Defenders" are famous in history as the first body to reach Washington after Sumter was fired upon; and a Pottsville colored man, Nicholas Biddle, was the first man hurt in the war. He was a company servant, and the brick that hit him when they were passing through the city of Baltimore drew the first blood of the great rebellion. So I was not surprised at finding a friend in the negro guard. He acted as an old acquaintance should, and brushed back the crowd enough to give me first place in the line. My credentials were satisfactory to the clever young officer in charge, and in a few minutes I was in the Confederate capital.

My memory of the fallen Confederate capital at the distance of twenty-nine years is a medley of marching columns of white and black soldiery, silent, frightened-looking residents, street confusions of various sorts under a canopy of smoke from the fires kindled by the rebels as they evacuated the city. Above all was the wild glee of the liberated negroes who had been waiting with straining eyes for the coming of the blessed day of freedom. They had vague and confused ideas as to what was to be their portion. It has proved to be little enough, but then their hearts swelled with gladness. They were like little children in their glee.

SCENE IN FRONT OF LIBBY PRISON—LADIES OF RICHMOND VISITING THEIR FRIENDS.—FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.

FEEDING CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS AFTER THE SURRENDER.

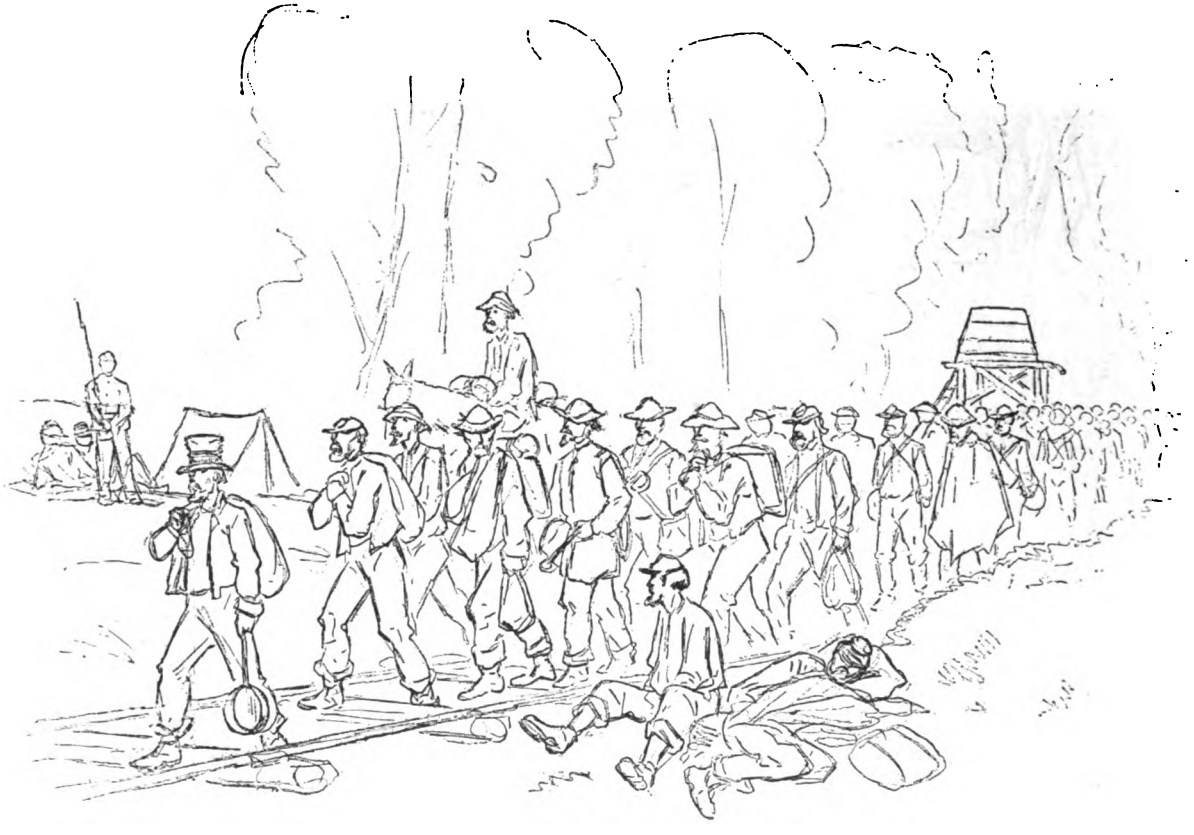
They swarmed in droves around the pickets of black soldiers in unutterable amazement at the spectacle of armed and uniformed ex-slaves, but I recall that they crowded most thickly on the little green in front of the Capitol building. Here no member of their race except a colored nurse with a white child in charge could enter before that day, and the whole Ethiopian population of Richmond seemed bent on feeling the sacred sod under their ample feet.

The streets in front of the Confederate Treasury building were littered with government bonds and currency, now not worth the paper upon which they were printed. Bonfires of these debased securities were blazing all about. I gathered up enough bonds to make me a millionaire on paper, and sent them North as mementos. Some appreciative person afterward robbed me of all this seeming wealth, possibly under an impression that it was real.

The Stars and Stripes were floating over the Capitol, where they had been raised the morning before by Lieutenant Johnston Livingston de Peyster, who had carried the colors around his body for a week with this purpose in his mind, and every troop, white or black, that passed gave them a cheer. The Stars and Bars had been lowered, never to rise again.

Along the water front vast quantities of valuable cotton were ablaze, and the warehouses which held it and munitions of war were also burning. The soldiers were busy checking the flames. Libby Prison had been emptied, so the joy of freeing its unhappy victims was denied the eager Yankees.

The wisdom of my prompt advance on Richmond was justified early in the day when President Lincoln arrived from City Point, only a short railway ride distant, although the Army of the James had been a long time coming from there to Richmond, the seat of the Confederacy. He rode freely around the city—part of the time with General Weitzel, but not heavily guarded. The wondering crowd of negroes who looked for the first time upon the face of Father Abraham was never absent, and he was content with this bodyguard. He wore a hat of singular tallness. His face was worn and sad. I think he felt that the responsibilities of the peace were to be as great as those of the war, and that he had only shifted



AFTER THE SURRENDER—SCENE ON THE SOUTH SIDE RAILROAD—SOLDIERS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY RETURNING TO THEIR HOMES.—FAC-SIMILE OF ORIGINAL SKETCH.

GENERAL LEE GREETED BY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS AT HIS RESIDENCE ON FRANKLIN STREET, RICHMOND, ON HIS RETURN FROM APPOMATTOX.— FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT.

burdens—not laid them down. I followed for a time beside his carriage as he went from the Capitol to Libby, but he did not smile. He looked with grave benignity upon the black, shining faces clustered about him—and a trifle wonderingly.

Meanwhile the crumbling had turned into collapse. Lee's plan to make good his escape and effect a junction with Joe Johnston and carry on the rebellion in the Far South had come to naught before the swift vigilance of Sheridan. There was a possibility of one more battle, but even this did not come. The negotiations begun on the 7th of April ended with the surrender at Appomattox on the 9th. On the 10th Lee bade farewell to his brave army—all that was left of it—and galloped away to Richmond. It was my fortune to be one of the few persons who saw him at the end of this ride. I had arisen early in the morning to make some sketches of the smoldering ruins, and had wandered around the town. By chance I reached the old Lee mansion in Franklin Street just as the rapid clatter of hoofs sounded in the distance. I turned curiously to note the newcomers, and saw General Lee in company with an aid and an orderly.

He wore the fine uniform in which he appeared at Appomattox, but it was hidden at first by a coarse gray waterproof. It had drizzled during the night. General, aid and orderly showed that they had ridden long and hard. The orderly led the horses around to the stable, while the general went slowly up the walk to the house. The sound of the horses' feet had brought people to their doors, and the rapid word went around that "Uncle Robert" had come back. Before he could fairly dismount a little crowd had gathered of men, women and children. The women wept and crowded around the splendid figure of the great commander as he stood for a few moments on the doorstep to greet his old neighbors and friends. Some of the women caught his hand and kissed it.

His face was grave, strong and calm, but that it hid a great emotion was soon seen. He had withdrawn half a step on the porch toward the door, when a patrol of some Union soldiers under a young lieutenant came marching rapidly along. The officer recognized Lee. He gave a low, sharp command, and with a prompt "right shoulder shift" the troops came to a salute, which the lieutenant led with his sword. General Lee returned it with grace and dignity, and then, as if his heartstrings were snapping, turned and entered the door of the home from which he had been so long absent, to lay aside the trappings of war and become a simple citizen of a reunited nation.

The return of Lee exhausted Richmond for me, and I decided to get a few last glimpses of the captured Confederate army. By foot and rail I made my way to the Appomattox, and found the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia fraternizing in the country around Burkeville station. There was plenty of picturesque material. The disarming had been going on for some days. Such arms as they were! The forlornness of the Southern troops had never been so apparent before as when their poor accoutrements where piled up in heaps before their captors. Such battered, shattered and twisted guns! How they could shoot at all was a mystery. Bayonets bent in many a desperate charge, and swords that could not be forced into their scabbards! Yet what Titanic fighting had been done with these now wretched weapons! The rolls of Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Petersburg and Cold Harbor tell the story.

"In a battle," said Napoleon, "men are nothing. A man is everything." This was not true of the Army of Northern Virginia. The men were everything. The world cannot show a grander record for steadfast valor than they made. When our soldiers saw these wretched equipments and their miserably attired and scantily fed owners I think their respect for their former antagonists was immensely increased.

I was interested in a big heap of band instruments collected at Burkeville station. It was the sorriest collection of sounding brass I ever beheld. Battered old tubas, twisted trombones, French horns punched full of bullet holes, patched and cracked drums and worn-out fifes were its features. It did not seem possible that they could ever have produced a musical sound. And yet how the old grayback bands could play "Dixie" on these used-up instruments! They made up in inspiration and lung power what they lacked in brass. I had heard them play when the lines were near together, and knew that these things were the instruments used.

General Grant had sent rations for 25,000 men to Lee's troops as soon as possible after the surrender. It was three or four days after the capitulation when I reached the armies, but this food distribution was still going on. The rough kindliness of the Union troops was everywhere apparent. No Confederates went unprovided for who came after provisions. Tons upon tons of army rations were dealt out to them. The camp fires were always flaming, and of cooking and eating there was no end. The transition from corn meal and little of it to army bread and mess pork and beef without limit was the only cheerful circumstance of their plight.

The rebels had become exhausted physically under the strain of the retreat before Sheridan's fierce pursuit. They were bivouacked for miles around Burkeville, utterly used up, and lying upon the ground like men who did not feel that they ever cared to get up again.

As fast as the men could be paroled they were allowed to drift away. It took time, however, for the formalities and to gain strength for travel. I remained until the 16th of April, when the news of President Lincoln's assassination hurried me to Washington, and I bade the brave old Army of the Potomac and its Virginian foe farewell forever.

Here, then, was the end. The feeling on the Northern side, I know, was one of exultant relief —not the glow of glory, but the joy of peace. But I do not think there was even relief in the hearts of Lee's army. The dullness of despair was there, and the doggedness that had become part of their natures. The Northern soldier had but to step back into his old life in factory, field and office, but the Southerner went back to nothing. Better words than mine can be used in conclusion—the words of the lamented Henry W. Grady at the New England banquet in New York in December, 1886: "Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier as, buttoning up, in his faded gray jacket, the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. . . . . The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June."

SUCCESS

(AS SHE IS MADE).

By Georgie Lamson.

It is a synonymic word, indeed, bearing much upon the character of the individual who interprets it. In my experience of human nature it has seemed as if the following recipe had been most largely used—if one might put the subject that way: Four-fifths of "self-infallibility" and inordinate conceit, the complement to be made up in liberal portions of atrocious nerve, adamantine susceptibilities and undaunted persistence. Mix well over a slow fire of optimism, and there you are!—for a time at least. It makes a palatable dish—your friends are invited to the feast, and notwithstanding numerous *mones* at the seasoning, it is pronounced a *bonne bouche* and discussed as a consequence rather than a result.

In a delightful state of recipiency you accept the comments passed upon your feast, good, bad or indifferent, with the most seraphic complacency, the stings under the pretty wings of devoted admiration being entirely unobserved, and, of course, unfelt.

And so, serene in your self-enthronement, a confidence unsurpassed, you have reached your goal, have grasped your future! For you life's work is done and holds no more possibilities; your soul is satisfied in the mighty present. The echoes of immortal voices telling of their endless tasks in the unseen find no place in your heart. To you the pinnacle of a moment means more than the hardly gained monument of a lifetime; you rest on it, little molecule that you are, until some slight disturbance in the propping takes place, and alas! down you come, and find yourself alone, sitting at your empty board, hardly enough left of your epicurean dish for even *you* to subsist upon—and in this case that is saying a good deal.

But I have heard that results have been reached by the following directions by a venturesome few: Equal portions of modesty and genius, or if the latter is not available the same quantity of natural cleverness used with discretion; an omnipresent sense of what you have *not* accomplished and eagerness to grasp the same; a retirement from adulation rather than forcing it, and a desire to be sought rather than to discover; to answer to the demands of your inmost soul rather than to the empty babble of a fickle crowd, and never to reach the heights—paradoxical as this may seem—but always feeling the invisible throng drawing you to an endless goal, and with the finite ever seeking the infinite.