

sick at heart with all that ghastly scene beyond, yet full of admiration at the gallant way in which the exhausted garrison had held their own, I was thunderstruck on hearing from a commissariat officer, a noble fellow from Donegal, that both Petersburg and Richmond would be evacuated that night. Oh it was not true, it was only an idle rumour unworthy of a moment's consideration; it could not be, and yet, when a merchant of the town, walked quietly up to where the tobacco warehouses formerly stood, and calmly pointing to the smouldering ashes, told me, "Every cent, John, in the world is there," then and there only did the grim naked truth flash upon me in all its stern reality, and my heart bled for the unhappy people who had borne up so long and suffered so much, all to so little purpose. General Lee's own daughter had only left the city the evening before to spend Sunday with her father at headquarters, but returned home to Richmond early next morning, only to meet the gallant old soldier again, a paroled prisoner in the very stronghold he had so long and so skilfully defended.

At dusk, the men detailed to cook two days' rations in advance, began to pass quietly out of the city, to the opposite side of the river, and following them, slowly but surely, came the ambulances, waggons, and field guns, which the half starved horses seemed scarce able to drag after them. All through that fearful night, the gallant fellows passed silently and sorrowfully through the devoted city, nothing being audible, save the melancholy tramp of the departing hosts, which grated on your ear, with a peculiarly mournful sound. Many an earnest prayer was breathed for their speedy return, and for a merciful protection on the morrow. Who can describe the long drawn agony of that bitter, bitter night? Several homes both in Petersburg and Richmond were occupied solely by ladies and young children, who were entirely dependent on the faithfulness of their negro servants. Many have men left behind them, fair young girls, the very pride of Virginia, and more still aged parents, or, as I remember well in one case, a loving trusting wife, with a babe only three days old. It was with intense satisfaction that I shook hands with the gallant fellow, a fortnight afterwards, on his return, safe and sound, to his sick wife's side, a paroled prisoner, one of the bravest and best known men in the army of Northern Virginia. It was painful in the extreme, as you passed through the terror-stricken town that night, to be timidly yet half-confidingly asked, "Have you any news?" or "When may we expect the enemy?" and then hurriedly and fearfully, "Are you going too?"—"Thank God, there will be some one left with us yet," as with a few words of comfort, you would pass on, only to have the same dismal questions repeated, and to try and reassure some one more miserable and frightened than the last. Was it possible that after four years' fighting, with so much suffering and such awful loss of life, that those two cities with all their women and children should be calmly and quietly abandoned to the enemy? and some began to ask, "Is there a God upon earth?" In every house a dim light would be seen faintly burning in some lower room, where the frightened occupants might be found stricken almost dumb with grief and woe, silently herding together for mutual comfort and protection, painfully remembering the past, fearfully and bitterly regarding the future. And yet, how bravely they bore that dreadful reverse, which all knew, though none cared to acknowledge, to be the death-blow to the Confederacy. There will be no brighter page in the history of the world, than that which records the extraordinary courage and devotion shewn by the Southern women throughout this desparate and protracted struggle. At 2.30 a.m., the rear guard passed the river, and the bridges were immediately burned, throwing a dull livid glare over a portion of the city, and attracting a few miserable negroes, who, though much frightened, were pleased with the novelty of the same, and who had vague ideas that the following morning would find them abundance of food and clothing, together with a life of ease and indolence for the remainder of their days. For the next two hours a ghastly stillness reigned over the city,

only relieved by the crackling and hissing of the burning bridges across the Appomattox; but at day-break the enemy's skirmishers reached the suburbs, and at 4.45 a.m., Petersburg was in possession of the Federal troops. They entered quietly enough, being fearful of being surprised, and expecting to have every inch of their way contested: but on reaching the centre of the city, and finding it everywhere abandoned, their pride and satisfaction could no longer be contained, as, with tremendous cheering and waving of flags, they galloped along the streets, bands playing, men shouting, cheering, and shaking each other by the hand, all talking, as if they had just marched through Europe, and whipped all creation. Every person found in the streets was immediately arrested, and as I gazed down upon all this, a prisoner from the roof of the Post Office, my mind involuntarily reverted to the suffering army, that had so lately passed away, and to the many thousand dead lying unburied in every direction round the city. Shortly afterwards, on being released by the Provost Marshal, I returned home to my friends, and found the house, over which we had been keeping watch and ward all night, one of the finest private residences in the city, in charge of a Corporal's guard, and decorated with a huge Union flag. Mr. Lincoln, General Grant, and Admiral Porter arrived in the city about twelve o'clock, but only remained a short time. The same evening, with true Yankee energy and enterprise, a well printed newspaper appeared under the title of "Grant's Petersburg Progress," containing the latest New York telegrams, with a few scanty particulars of the evacuation, and the names of the first men, of the first regiment, of the first brigade, division and corps that entered the city. Next morning, railway communication from City Point to the town was opened throughout, and a complete network of telegraph wires ran through the streets, as if they had been just dropped, posts and all, from the clouds. Five terrible days of cruel suffering, borne with a calm heroism, that rivalled the best days of antiquity, and the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia took place. Their pitiable condition is best told in the following touching appeal from General Lee to the country people, for food and supplies, written the day after the evacuation:

AMELIA COURT HOUSE,
4th April, 1865.

To the citizens of Amelia Co., etc.

The army of Northern Virginia has arrived here to-day, expecting to find plenty of provisions, which had been ordered to be placed here by railroad several days since. But to my great surprise and regret I find not a pound of subsistence for man or horse. I must therefore appeal to your generosity and charity, to supply as far as each one is able, the wants of the brave soldiers, who have battled for your liberties for four years.

We require meat, beef, cattle, sheep, hogs, flour, meal, corn, and provender in any quantities that can be spared. The quarter-masters and commissaries of the army will visit you, and make arrangements to pay for what they receive, or give the proper vouchers or certificates. I feel assured that all will give to the extent of their means.

Very respectfully,
R. E. LEE, General.

The Federal troops, contrary to their usual custom, behaved both in Richmond and Petersburg with extraordinary moderation, shewing themselves to be thoroughly under control; and if they did brag a good deal and indulge in some rather wild notions about the Monroe doctrine, it must be remembered that "they are an Almighty great nation," and that they always acknowledged the skill and gallantry of their enemy. Our own army, with all its magnificent discipline, could not have behaved better than did the Federal troops in Richmond and Petersburg. In conclusion, the world will probably never know the terrible straits to which a brave and generous people were reduced by the cruel fortune of war. Shut out from the remainder of mankind, for four long years they maintained a desparate struggle, fighting it out to the bitter

end, with a gallantry, intrepidity, and chivalry, almost unparalleled in the history of the world.

AN OFFICER OF THE LINE.

Toronto, C. W., 29th Sep., 1865.

CATCHING THE WILD HORSE.

THE following interesting account of an attempt to snare a wild horse on the prairies, is taken from the "Backwoodsman,"* a very excellent book of its class, which we will take occasion to review in detail in a future issue.

"While still some distance off, I noticed to the side of the wood on the knoll a dark patch, which I recognized through my glass as horses, but could not make certain whether it was our stallion's family. We approached slowly, and from every new height distinguished more clearly the shape of the animals. I had no doubt about it being the troop we were in search of, although I could not yet notice the stallion. A broad valley still lay between us when we halted; and I saw through my glass the snow-white creature rise from the grass and look across at us, while many horses of the troop still lay on the ground around him. We rode down into the valley; the stallion stood motionless and gazed at us, but when we reached the bottom, he suddenly trotted about among his troop. All the horses lying on the grass leapt up, looked at us, formed into a body, and dashed at a gallop over the heights.

"Antonio now sprang into Fancy's saddle, gave his mule to our companion, took the lasso in his right hand, and only waited for my signal to give his horse her head. The stallion came towards us at a swinging trot, while we moved forward at a fast pace, and bent low over our horses' necks. A finer picture could not be painted. We carried his small head high; long white locks floated over his broad forehead, and his long mane danced up and down at every step, while he raised his tail straight out, and its long curling milk-white hairs fluttered in the breeze. His broad back glistened as if carved out of Carrara marble; and his powerful shoulders and thighs were supported on graceful little feet.

"I rode behind Antonio. The stallion was not fifty yards from us when I shouted to the Mexican, "Forward!" and Fancy flew at such a pace towards the stallion that she came within five yards of him ere he recovered from his terror. The moment for his fate to be decided had arrived. He turned round, and made an enormous leap ahead, that showed me the flat of his hindhoofs, while he held his head aside, and looked back after his pursuer. The lasso flew through the air, the noose fell over the stallion's head, but it hung on one side of his muzzle; and the next instant the lasso was trailing on the ground behind Fancy. The stallion seemed to know that it was a fetter which had touched him, for he shot away from the man like lightning. Antonio coiled up the lasso again, and followed him over hill and vale, over grass and boulders, at full gallop, just as the tornado darts from the mountain into the plain. Czar was beside himself at the idea of being last; but I purposely held him back, partly not to excite the mare, partly to save his strength. There was still a hope that the stallion, living as he did on grass, would not keep his wind so long as our horses; and, though he was now several hundred yards ahead, we might be able to catch him up. Up to this point, however, we had not gained an inch upon him; and our horses were covered with foam, though both still in good wind.

"We had been following the stallion for about two hours when he turned off to the mountains, and flew up them with undiminished speed. The ground now became very stony and unsafe; but he seemed to be as much at home on it as on the soft grass-land he had just left. He reached the summit between two steep mountains, and disappeared from our sight behind them. We dashed past the spot where we had seen him last; but the noble creature had reached the steep wall

* The Backwoodsman, by Sir C. F. Lascelles Wray, Bart., with illustrations by Louis Gerard. Boston: J. O. H. P. Burdham. Montreal: R. Worthington.