

engine. After passing Colonel Stone I noticed that some of our men had been drinking, and sent back an order to him to have them placed under guard. The guards in general appeared well located and were doing their duty. Thinking that everything was as it should be, Sherman and I separated to select our quarters for the night.

It was hardly dark, however, before a fire broke out in the vicinity of that main street. Some people, thinking to conciliate our soldiers, had carried whisky in pails along the lines. The men were very quickly under the influence of drink. As soon as he discovered this, General Woods sent in a fresh brigade, and a little later Logan had Hazen furnish another. All of us spent that night in making every effort we could to save as much of Columbia as possible. Fortunately for the town, the wind changed about three o'clock in the morning, and a little more than one-third of the beautiful city was thus kept from being consumed.

After leaving Columbia, we spread out as before, from Slocum's left to my right covering a breadth of thirty and forty miles. I now kept with Logan as I had with Blair. Logan and I were habitually on the best of terms. He always did his part with unabating zeal. However, we had one little contretemps at the first river crossing. This river was overspreading its banks more than half a mile each way, and the ground became so soft that it would not hold up the wagons or the artillery carriages. It became necessary to make corduroy roads under water, a most difficult thing to do. I directed General Logan to use his pioneers and whatever troops were needed for this work, and sent my engineer battalion to aid him.

After perhaps a couple of hours' trial Logan wrote me an angry note, saying that if I did not take away those troublesome engineers he would not make another effort to bridge that river. I took the paper from the messenger and, folding it in three parts, wrote across the back of it in the form of an indorsement these words, "The commanding officer of the Fifteenth Army Corps will obey every lawful order." I sent the paper back to Logan. About twenty minutes after this we met and found everything going on harmoniously. Neither of us ever referred to the affair again.

Every day the number of Negro families that came with us was on the increase. There was a curious mixture of wagons, mules, and horses, and people carrying bundles of every size and description. Arriving at the Neuse River, I was permitted to dispose of this strange part of my column. Giving them sufficient wagons to carry a few days' supply, I sent away eight thousand five hundred of them with a cavalry escort. They went to the coast and settled there, according to General Sherman's humane field order that he issued for their benefit.

After this, General Joe Johnston was again in our front. He had gathered in the garrisons from the north and the south, and Hardee was his second in command. Soon feeling strong enough, he

attacked Slocum's corps, and the severe battle of Averysboro resulted. A little later came the last battle, Bentonville, North Carolina, which was severer and lasted for two days, both wings being engaged. Just as one of my divisions (Mower's) had almost enveloped Johnston's left and seized his communications, Sherman called us off, declaring that there had been fighting enough. I think that his mind was fixed on getting to Goldsboro speedily. Sherman was victorious; but the victory might have been more decisive. Hardee permitted his son Willie, hardly sixteen years of age, to go into this battle with the Confederate cavalry. The lad was mortally wounded, and carried to Raleigh, where he died. General Stephen D. Lee, my classmate, sent, in some underground way, this letter across the lines to me:

DEAR HOWARD.—When you get to Raleigh,—for I suppose you will get there,—I want you to give good protection to the ——— family, because they were so kind to Willie Hardee when he was mortally wounded.

On March 23, 1865, we reached Goldsboro. As soon as my command was settled in proper shape I ran in as usual to see Sherman.

"Terry has formed a junction with us," he said, "and Schofield with the Twenty-third Corps has come around from Nashville; but the work is not yet done."

But Sherman was mistaken; the work was more nearly done than he thought. Not many days later, at or near Smithfield, I saw plainly that Southern men were talking mysteriously and looking troubled. At last one of them said to me, "General Howard, we have heard some bad news. We are all at your mercy. Lee has surrendered to Grant."

A little later we had the strange and unexpected tidings more directly. By April 23 we were encamped in and around Raleigh. Johnston was at Durham Station, twenty-six miles west of Raleigh, with bodies of cavalry of both armies watching between us. Peace was in the air. Sherman, when near Smithfield, had received a note from Johnston asking to negotiate for terms; and had agreed to meet him in three days, that is, on April 13, at or near Durham Station.

#### News of Lincoln's Death

BUT just before Sherman set out to meet Johnston a despatch was placed in his hands which announced to him the dreadful news of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. He was almost crushed by this announcement. He saw me just before his departure, and I knew that something was wrong. He looked pale, and tightly closed his teeth as I had seen him do in battle; but he did not reveal the news to me or to anybody. He gave Johnston the despatch as soon as their greetings were over, and told him that he had not let any of us know, because he was so afraid of the anger of his men. Johnston was as much affected as Sherman, and denounced the murder with vehemence.

Sherman's terms not being quite acceptable at

Washington, Grant came to us, and soon all went well and Johnston's army and all others were surrendered on the same terms as those given to Lee.

Of course, I carried out my classmate's wish at Raleigh, doing all I could to protect the family which had been kind to Willie Hardee.

We now made a rapid march to Richmond, Virginia, and there I had a telegram from Grant to let my command be marched by my officers to Alexandria, and to go myself by water to Washington and report to the Secretary of War. I did so, and was made "Commissioner of Freedmen."

Mr. Stanton told me to retain the command of the Army and the Department of the Tennessee, particularly as I should need to select officers from it to aid me in my new duties. The great review by the President of the eastern and western armies was planned by the time my own reached the Potomac and encamped near Arlington Heights. Just before the review, General Sherman and I met in the office of Adjutant General Townsend.

"Howard," said Sherman, "I want you to give up the command of the Army of the Tennessee before the great review and let Logan have it on that occasion."

I strongly protested. Sherman then said that Logan had been greatly disappointed that he had not been allowed to be the successor of McPherson, and that he, Sherman, would like to please him in this thing. "It will be everything to Logan, Howard, you are a Christian and will not mind this."

I answered, "Very well, General, if you put it on that ground, I submit."

I turned to him as I reached the door, doubtless showing some feeling, and asked permission to ride with his staff at the review. Sherman murmured something which I did not distinctly hear.

#### The Great Review

WHEN the day of the review came, I took my place on the right of the staff line next to General Barry, Sherman's chief of artillery. We were near the Capitol just before the march up Pennsylvania-ave. began.

General Sherman, brilliant in uniform and proud and happy, looked round and called me to him. "You are to ride with me to-day," he said.

And I did so. Only a few years ago a young man brought me a letter written to me by General Sherman,—a letter which I had never seen. The young man said, "My father received this letter from a clerk of General Sherman's, a Mr. Rains" (the son of a Confederate officer), "who picked it up from Sherman's office floor in Washington. Allow me to give it to you. It really belongs to you."

That letter was a kind expression of Sherman's wishes, written before the review, for me to ride with him at the head of the western armies which he commanded. It now hangs in the upper hall of our house in Burlington, Vermont, beside the picture of General Grant and his family.

## TRYING THE PAPER PLANT IN AMERICA

By GUY E. MITCHELL

PAPYRUS paper making is a long lost art, and the papyrus plant years ago disappeared from the banks of the Lower Nile. But in the upper reaches of the river it still thrives, and the banks of several of the rivers of Sicily are lined with its dense but graceful "forests." If the experiments which are under way by the Department of Agriculture are as successful as they promise, this beautiful ornamental plant may soon become a favorite along the banks of our warmer rivers, and may also serve some measure of usefulness. The winter traveler in the Southern States may then glide up a meandering semitropical watercourse in a noiseless electric launch and allow his imagination to drift back some thousands of years into the time when the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies ruled Egypt in unequalled splendor, and even yet farther away into that dim past when history fades into mere tradition.

Paper making from papyrus originated in Egypt, though the idea came from the Orient, through some Chinese prisoners of war who were familiar with the method of manufacturing a crude paper from bamboo. During the height of Egypt's intellectual glory the banks of the Nile near the sea must have been covered with great stretches of this once useful plant. The carvings on some ancient monuments show the methods of cultivation, and Alexandria is known to have been the center of its manufacture. The great library there, which was burned by the Mohammedans, contained half a million long papyrus rolls. If there is one thing for which the world can scarcely forgive the ruthless vandals, it is their destruction of these voluminous records of the most marvelous of ancient civilizations.

While papyrus has now entirely disappeared from the Lower Nile, the few plants to-day growing in the public garden at Cairo, having been imported, it is said, from Hamburg as late as in the eighteenth century, travelers in upper Egypt find the peasants making mats of papyrus. But the art of paper making has long been dead, even among these descendants of those who knew.

We live to-day in a country which is the greatest paper producer in the world; yet there is probably



not one person in ten thousand who, if he saw it, would recognize the lordly plant which gave the world its first permanent paper records. He would

see in it only something very green and very beautiful. Transplanted to America, the papyrus of ancient Egypt would add great charm to our waterways, and recently there has been a suggestion that it might again come into its own when wood pulp becomes scarcer and more expensive. The dense fringes of its plumes which overhang the Anapo River in Sicily, as well as at its source, a deep, clear spring just outside the ancient city of Syracuse, are viewed annually by thousands of tourists. With graceful, curving stems rising twelve to fifteen feet from the water, of a most brilliant green, and bearing at their summits featherduster tassels of delicate green filaments, the papyrus is one of the most beautiful of water plants.

The oldest book in existence is made of papyrus. It antedates the founding of the library of Alexandria and the establishment of the vast book-interest of that city. This volume was discovered in an excavation made some four years ago at Abusir,—a tightly bound roll containing a large portion of the poem of Persæ of Timotheus,—and now reposes in the Berlin Royal Museum. The inscription is in Greek, and relates the naval victory of the Greeks over Xerxes, King of Persia, in 480 B. C., at Salamis, one of the decisive battles in the Greek-Persian wars.

This first book of the world has been translated and published. It is in the form of a novel, or ancient song or ode in the epic style, and describes the ships as they were fitted out for the battle, the array in line of battle, the closing of the vessels of the opposing fleets, the hurling of lances and the whirl of firebrands, the setting fire to the ships at night, and the glare of the reddened sea. Then the Persian fleet is described in flight, beaten by the victorious Greeks. One rich follower of Xerxes battled with the waves, calling on the gods to curse the treacherous sea, and at last sank beneath its waves. Finally panicked the royal headquarters, and the King himself ordered a general retreat of the Persian army. Then the triumphant Greeks erected a trophy to Zeus and celebrated the victory with song and dance. In his epilogue Timotheus invokes Apollo to "give the people peace and blessing, resting on the observation of the law."