



*Drawn by G. C. Witmark.*

*"Alix."*

*—"The Younger Set," page 565.*

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GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT CITY POINT

## WITH LINCOLN FROM WASHINGTON TO RICHMOND IN 1865

By JOHN S. BARNES

*Late United States Navy*

ILLUSTRATED BY WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPHS FROM A NOTABLE COLLECTION RECENTLY PURCHASED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FOR THE LIBRARY OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT

### I. THE PRESIDENT SEES A FIGHT AND A REVIEW



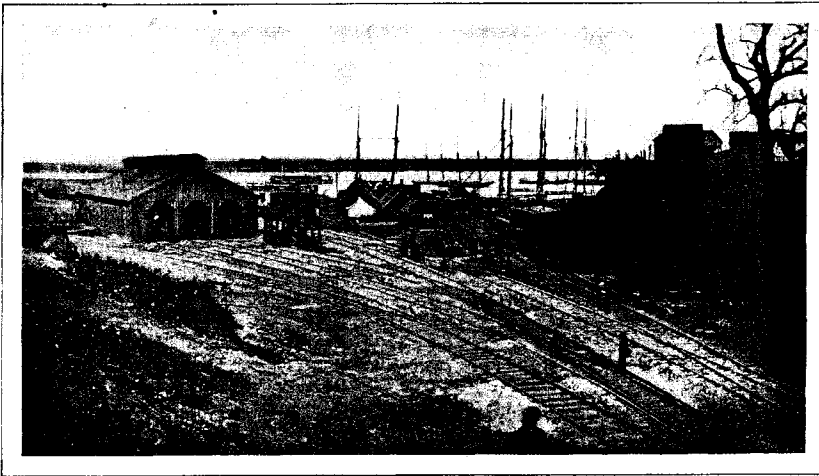
WHILE in command of the United States Ship *Bat* in the month of March, 1865, attached to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, Rear Admiral Porter commanding, I received orders to proceed without delay to Washington, and report in person to the Secretary of the Navy.

Fort Fisher had fallen and all accessible ports of the South were in our possession;

blockade running had ceased, and the *Bat* had been employed as a dispatch boat, and had made many trips to Washington and Baltimore on dispatch service, also to points South embraced by Admiral Porter's command.

On the arrival of the *Bat* at Washington on the 20th day of March, 1865, I reported to the Navy Department, and was received by Mr. G. V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, immediately upon my arrival. Mr. Fox, who had previously been my guest,

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CITY POINT IN 1865

The landing, showing terminus of the military railway by which President Lincoln reached the front and over which army supplies were transported.

and had made a trip to City Point in the *Bat*, discussed with me her interior arrangements, the unoccupied space below decks, and then informed me that the President desired to visit General Grant at City Point, and had applied to the Navy Department

for transportation, and that he thought the *Bat* was, or might be made, a suitable ship for him to go and return in, or perhaps to live on board of during his visit to General Grant's headquarters. I replied to Mr. Fox that if he would place the resources of the

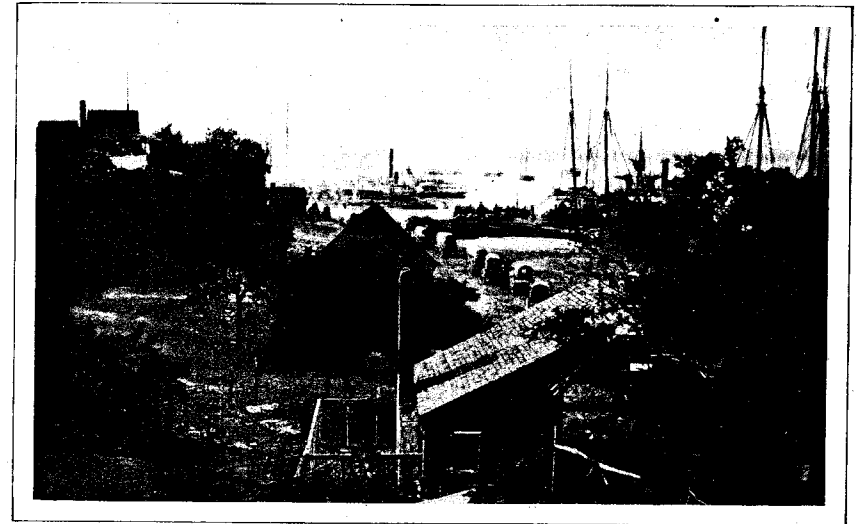


VIEW FROM GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS

Showing transports and gunboats at anchor in the James River off City Point.

Washington Navy Yard at my disposal, I could in a few days make such arrangements as to insure the personal comfort of the President as long as he desired to make the *Bat* his home. Mr. Fox then took me over to the White House, and we were at once admitted to the President. After introducing me as the captain of the vessel detailed by the department to take him to City Point, Mr. Fox left us with the remark, "Now, Mr. President, you have only to give him your orders as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and

several other like vessels by Messrs. Jones, Quiggan & Co., of Liverpool. She was a sidewheel steamer, long and narrow, drawing about nine feet when loaded, and driven by four oscillating engines, turning huge-feathering paddle wheels; her hull was of steel plates three sixteenths of an inch in thickness; under full steam she had a speed of eighteen knots. On her maiden trip from Bermuda to Wilmington, in command of a captain in the English Naval Reserve, laden with army medicines and contraband goods, she was



LOOKING UP THE JAMES FROM CITY POINT

Showing train of army wagons returning from the front. Headquarters steamer lying at the pier.

Navy of the United States." Mr. Lincoln replied, "I'm only a fresh-water sailor and I guess I have to trust to you salt-water folks when afloat." After a few minutes' talk, mainly as to the size and accommodations of the *Bat*, during which the President said he wanted no luxuries but only plain, simple food and ordinary comfort—that what was good enough for me would be good enough for him—I left him, returned to the Navy Department, and secured orders to Captain Montgomery, commanding the Washington Navy Yard, to do all things needed to make the vessel ready to receive Mr. Lincoln and to finish the work as soon as possible. The *Bat* was the highly developed type of "blockade runner" built for the special purpose with

captured in attempting to run the blockade off Cape Fear River. Condemned as a prize, she was hastily converted into a gunboat for blockading duty.

The next morning early I received orders to report at the White House, and on my arrival there I was at once shown to the President's private room—not his office. Mr. Lincoln was there and received me with great cordiality, but with a certain kind of embarrassment and a look of sadness which struck me forcibly and rather embarrassed me. He appeared tired and worried, and after a few casual remarks said that Mrs. Lincoln had decided that she would accompany him to City Point, and could the *Bat* accommodate her and her maid servant. I was, in sailor's

phrase, taken "all aback." The *Bat* was in no respect adapted to the private life of womankind, nor could she be made so. I ventured to state some of the difficulties—as delicately as I could. "Well," said the President, "I understand, but you will have to see mother," and I was soon ushered into the presence of Mrs. Lincoln.

She received me very graciously, standing with arms folded, and at once opened the

to meet her wishes. In great consternation I went to the Navy Department, and explained to Mr. Fox the situation; how utterly impossible it was to make the *Bat* at all suitable for the reasonable requirements of the wife of the President. Mr. Fox at once recognized the impossibility, and again we went to the White House, where at once received by Mr. Lincoln, when in very funny terms the President translated our difficulties, and



LONG BRIDGE WHERE SHERIDAN'S ARMY CROSSED THE JAMES

The bridge is part pontoon and part piling. A boatload of Federal engineers employed on construction work.

conversation by saying that she had learned from one of her friends, Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Ira Harris, of New York, that I was an old acquaintance and relative. I expressed my great satisfaction at the recognition and remarked that Miss Clara Harris was one of my best friends also.

Mrs. Lincoln then said, "I am going with the President to City Point, and I want you to arrange your ship to take me, my maid, and my officer, as well as the President." There was some other desultory talk, the general result of which was that I would confer with Mr. Lincoln and see what I could do

Mr. Fox promised the President that he would provide another and more appropriate craft for the transportation of his family.

The alterations to the *Bat* were stopped and the steamer *River Queen* was chartered for Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln's accommodation. She was a river passenger side-wheel boat, with the ordinary civilian officers and crew, without armament.

By the orders of the Department, I was directed to accompany her, and keep her in convoy, and was placed under the immediate direction of the President and charged with his safe conduct to City Point and return.

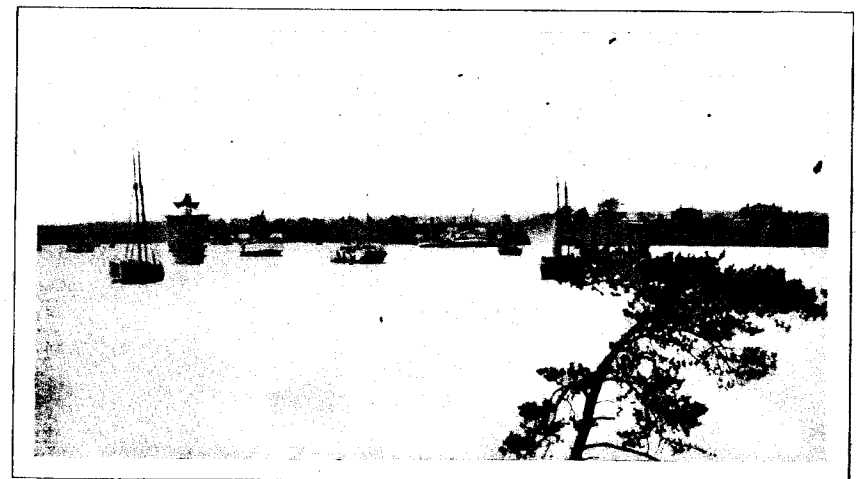


PONTOON BRIDGE OVER THE JAMES AT TURKEY BEND

Showing drawbridge open and flooded area on the opposite shore.

During the term of Mr. Lincoln he was constantly threatened with assassination. From the moment of his election before he left Springfield, during the journey to Washington, after his inauguration, and up to the time of the great disaster, threatening or warning letters were constantly received.

He was in constant danger of assault or abduction. This danger was very seriously impressed upon me both by Mr. Fox and Mr. Welles. Mr. Fox particularly felt that the President was incurring great risk in making the journey and living on board an unarmed, fragile river-boat, so easily assailed



NEAR AITKEN'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER

Where the exchange of prisoners between the Federal and Confederate lines was usually effected.

and so vulnerable. Plots and conspiracies were then known or believed to exist against the person of the President. The steamboat *Greyhound*, almost a sister vessel to the *River Queen*, employed by General Butler as his headquarters boat, had lately been destroyed by the explosion of an "infernal machine" while passing from Fortress Monroe to City Point, and General Butler and Admiral Porter, passengers, very narrowly escaped with their lives from the burning ship. The machine in this case—and there were several similar explosions on army transports—consisted of what was an innocent-appearing lump of coal, but was in reality a block of cast iron with a core containing ten or fifteen pounds of powder, or high explosive. Covered with a mixture of tar and coal dust, it was difficult to detect its character. The Confederates had an organized body of men who were charged with the placing of these machines in coal piles, or coal barges, from which our vessels took their supplies.

Mr. Fox laid great stress upon the care to be taken in coaling, and the protection against bombs and infernal machines, poisons, and treachery. It was plain that he was apprehensive, and expressed great regret that the determination of Mrs. Lincoln to accompany the President had made the *Bat* an impossible home for him and his family party. On board of the *Bat* he would have been comparatively secure, and I was confident that he could be surrounded by every possible protective care.

While probably not oblivious to the danger

of his position, President Lincoln was much less disturbed by it than many others. During the journey and upon several occasions after its accomplishment this was a matter of conversation between officers at headquarters, and among naval men. A tremendous and most destructive explosion of a mechanical bomb had just occurred at City Point, upon the dock, wrecking some of the shipping and ruining vast quantities of army stores.

The President expressed great contempt for cowardly assaults of such nature, and lived and moved about in utter disregard of them. Unlike the high officers of all governments today, there were no private detectives guarding his person. From time to time, so-called despots on foreign thrones had been threatened or attacked by anarchists and socialistic madmen, but such political crimes were not greatly or publicly apprehended in this country. But of course, owing to the condition of affairs, precautions were to be taken in Mr. Lincoln's journeyings and were

provided by the escort of the *Bat*, and by his military surroundings at General Grant's headquarters at City Point. Whatever uneasiness existed in the minds of the Navy Department officials, however, found no reflection in Mr. Lincoln's mind, and I can assert most positively that during the period of my service in the character of guardian he never exhibited the slightest concern for his personal safety. He lived and moved about as freely and unconcernedly as the least conspicuous citizen, and as I reported to him for orders,



LAST PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN BEFORE HIS ASSASSINATION

Taken March 6, 1865, on the balcony of the White House.

with the usual salute and compliments of the morning and evening, he would lay out his plans for daily excursions to scenes or places of interest with Mrs. Lincoln, his sons, and some invited guests or acquaintances, and waive with great gentleness but firmness all suggestions of escort which had even the appearance of personal protection.

The *River Queen*, closely followed by the *Bat*, left Washington on March 23, 1865, Mr. Lincoln embarking at the Sixth Street wharf at 1 P.M., and anchored off City Point very late on the evening of March 24. Communication was had with General Grant, and it was proposed to hold a general review of the troops before Petersburg the next day at about noon. I reported to Mr. Lincoln early in the morning on the 25th, was invited to breakfast with the family, and escorted Mrs. Lincoln to the breakfast room on the lower or main deck of the *Queen*. Mr. Lincoln, who was not looking well, had been indisposed the day before, and attributed it to the drinking water furnished the *Queen* at Washington; indeed we had stopped at Fortress Monroe the day before and taken on a supply of fresh water in demijohns, for Mr. Lincoln's special use. The only persons present at the breakfast were "Thad," the youngest son, and Captain Penrose, of the Commissary Department. Mr. Lincoln ate very little, but was very jolly and pleasant. While at breakfast, Captain Robert Lincoln came in from General Grant and said that there had been a fight that morning at the front and the action was then going on; that the reports at General Grant's headquarters were meager, but that our troops were successful in repelling an assault upon our lines, and that the proposed review would have to be postponed. Mr. Lincoln sent a dispatch to Mr. Stanton, which he wrote at the table and gave to Captain Lincoln to have sent. He spoke of the fight, made light of it, calling it a "rumpus at the front." After breakfast several officers, including Admiral Porter, called to pay their respects; there was a general conversation, and we all walked up to General Grant's headquarters. There it was learned that the fight at the front had been quite serious, but at that time was practically over, resulting in a decided victory for our men. After some discussion, Mr. Lincoln expressed a great desire to visit the scene of the action, the particulars of which were still wanting, nothing being known except the general result.

General Grant was rather opposed to such a trip for the President, as possibly being an exposure, but the reports from the front, coming in constantly, being reassuring, a special train was made up at about noontime, and with a large party we slowly proceeded over the Military Railroad, roughly constructed between City Point and the front, to General Meade's headquarters. On our arrival there, and indeed before we reached the scene, while we were passing through a portion of the field of battle, the very serious nature of the conflict of that morning was apparent. The Confederates under General Gordon, at early daylight, had made a swift and sudden assault upon our lines of investment of Petersburg, had captured Fort Stedman and several other batteries, with many persons, including a general officer, and driven our men back close to and over the railroad embankment upon which our train was then halted. The ground immediately about us was still strewn with dead and wounded men, Federal and Confederate. The whole army was under arms and moving to the left, where the fight was still going on, and a desultory firing of both musketry and artillery was seen and heard.

Mr. Lincoln was taken in charge by General Meade, and mounted on horseback rode to an eminence near by, from which a good view of the scene could be secured. Horses had been sent out on the train, and I was fortunate in securing one. We passed through the spot where the fight had been most severe, and where great numbers of dead were lying, with burial parties at their dreadful work. Many Confederate wounded were still lying on the ground, being attended to by surgeons and men of the Sanitary Commission, distributing water and bread. We passed by two thousand rebel prisoners of war, herded together, who had been captured within our lines only a few hours before. Mr. Lincoln remarked upon their sad and unhappy condition, and indeed they were as sorry and dirty a lot of humanity as can be imagined, but they had fought desperately, and no doubt were glad to be at rest. Mr. Lincoln was quiet and observant, making few comments, and listened to explanations in a cool, collected manner, betraying no excitement, but his whole face showing sympathetic feeling for the suffering about him. Before returning to the train a flag of truce was flying between the opposing lines, now each reoccupied, and ambulances were moving and

burial parties from the Confederate lines occupied in taking off the wounded and burying the dead lying between the lines where the slaughter of Confederates had been greatest. Once again on the train, to which cars filled with our wounded men had been attached, Mr. Lincoln looked worn and haggard. He remarked that he had seen enough of the horrors of war, that he hoped this was the beginning of the end, and that there would be no more bloodshed or ruin of homes. Indeed, then, and many times after did he reiterate the same hope with grave earnestness.

I related to him an incident of that day when, having received a haversack of crackers and a canteen of water, I employed a half hour in going among the wounded lying on the ground, and came across a little red-headed boy in butternut clothes, moaning, and muttering over and over, "Mother! Mother!" I asked him where he was hurt, when he looked up at me and turned toward me the back of his head, where a bullet had plowed a ghastly furrow, and then with the effort expired. Mr. Lincoln's eyes filled with tears and his voice was choked with emotion, and he repeated the well-known expression about "robbing the cradle and the grave."

We returned slowly by train to City Point. Mr. Lincoln, overcome by the excitement and events of the day, desired to rest on the *Queen* with his family, and, declining the invitation to take supper at General Grant's headquarters, saw no one again that evening. Briefly, what he had that morning telegraphed to Mr. Stanton and described as a "rumpus at the front" was a most sanguinary battle and almost the last of the war. The losses on the Confederate side were as reported the next day, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, nearly five thousand men, and on the Federal side over two thousand. On the following day, the 26th, many dead and some wounded still lay unburied and unattended between the lines of intrenchment only a few yards apart. On the 26th, on reporting to Mr. Lincoln, I found him quite recovered from the fatigue and excitement of the day before; reports from the front were wholly reassuring, our troops back in their original positions, with some material advantages gained along the lines. The President, while lamenting the great loss of life and the sufferings of the wounded, expressed the greatest confidence that the war was drawing to

an end. He read me several dispatches from Mr. Stanton, expressing anxiety as to his exposing himself, and drawing contrasts between the duty of a "general" and a "president"; also several dispatches from the front sent him by General Grant. He was greatly pleased to hear that General Sheridan had reached the bank of the river at Harrison's Landing, and that his cavalry would that day cross and join General Grant's army. After breakfast Mr. Lincoln went to Grant's headquarters and sent some dispatches to Mr. Stanton, saying that he would take care of himself.

General Sheridan and General Ord were there, also several other generals and Admiral Porter. It was suggested that, as the President had seen a "fight instead of a review" the day before, he should employ the day in an excursion to see Sheridan's troops crossing the river at Harrison's Landing, review the naval flotilla, and then review General Ord's division then encamped on the left bank of the James, near Malvern Hill, the scene of the bloody battle between Magruder's and General McClellan's armies.

Horses and ambulances for the ladies were placed on the *River Queen*, as Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant were to attend these ceremonies, and soon we were passing down the river to the point of the crossing of Sheridan's troops. General Sheridan was of the party, and the President very kindly insisted that I should "come along," as he expressed it.

The scene was a lively one, and the President enjoyed it hugely. A pontoon bridge had been thrown across the river, over which were passing, in a stream, Sheridan's cavalry, while the bank of the river was lined with them, some bathing and watering their horses, laughing and shouting to each other and having a fine time. They soon found out that the President was watching them and cheered vociferously. A few moments were given to this, and then the *River Queen* turned and passed through the naval flotilla, ranged in double line, dressed with flags, the crews on deck cheering as the *River Queen* passed by. Admiral Porter had sent his orders ahead before starting, and the ships made a brave show and the President was apparently delighted and the Admiral naturally very proud of his command. Mr. Lincoln as he passed each vessel waved his high hat as if saluting old friends in his native town, and

seemed as happy as a schoolboy. On reaching the *Malvern*, Admiral Porter's flagship, the *Queen* went alongside, and we found there spread out in her spacious cabin a grand luncheon. How the Admiral could have gotten up such a repast on so short a notice was a source of wonder and surprise to Mr. Lincoln, as it was to everyone who enjoyed it. It was the cause of funny comments and remarks by the President, contrasting army and naval life, as witnessed by the laughter among the group immediately about him, of which he was the moving spirit. Luncheon over, we all reëmbarked on the *Queen*, and she proceeded to Aitken's Landing, where the horses and ambulances were put ashore. Many officers of General Ord's division were in waiting to accompany and escort the President to the field review, which was to be reached over a rough corduroy road leading to the pontoon bridge close by, connecting the right and left wings of the army.

The arrangements were that Mr. Lincoln should go on horseback, accompanied by General Grant and General Ord with their respective staffs (I am not certain that General Sheridan also was with the President), then Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant were to be conducted to the ground in an ambulance, under the special escort of Gen. Horace Porter and Colonel Badeau. General Porter very kindly but reluctantly, and with some misgivings as to my horsemanship, and jocular remarks about sailors on horseback, lent me his own favorite steed. There was some delay in starting, owing, it was said, to the unreadiness of the ladies, but at last the cavalcade got off, General Grant and General Ord, riding on each side of the President, leading. The ambulance with Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant was to follow. Just as we left, General Ord introduced me to his wife, who was also on horseback, saying, "Captain, I put Mrs. Ord in charge of the navy"; so Mrs. Ord and I closed up the rear. She was a remarkably handsome woman, and a most accomplished equestrienne, riding with extreme grace a spirited bay horse. General Ord also referred to the horsemanship of sailors, but added that Mrs. Ord would look out for me.

There were probably twenty or thirty officers and a few orderlies in the party, all in their best uniforms, and as brilliant a squadron as could be expected from an army in the field. The President was in high spirits,

laughing and chatting first to General Grant and then to General Ord as they rode forward through the woods and over the swamps on the rather intricate and tortuous approach to the pontoon bridge. The distance to General Ord's encampment was about three or four miles. The President was dressed in a long-tailed black frock coat, not buttoned, black vest, low cut, with a considerable expanse of a rather rumpled shirt front, a black carelessly tied necktie, black trousers without straps, which, as he ambled along, gradually worked up uncomfortably and displayed some inches of white socks. Upon his head he wore a high silk hat, rather out of fashion, and innocent of a brush for many days, if ever it had been smoothed by one. He rode with some ease, however, with very long stirrup leathers, lengthened to their extreme to suit his extraordinarily long limbs. His horse was gentle with an easy pacing, or single-foot, gait, and our progress was rapid; but owing to the luncheon and delay in starting we reached the parade ground at a late hour.

The division was under arms drawn up in a wide field at parade rest, and had been so for several hours. After hurried conferences with the commanding officer, General Ord reported to General Grant, who referred to the President, with the statement that the soldiers' mealtime was long past, and asked should the review be delayed to await the coming of Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant, not yet arrived—in fact, as it turned out, the ambulance under charge of Porter and Badeau had either missed the route or was entangled in the maze of the rough approaches to the pontoon. Mr. Lincoln exclaimed against any further postponement, and in a few minutes the review commenced; the President, with General Grant and General Ord leading, proceeded to the right of the line and passed in front, the bands playing, colors dipping, and the soldiers at present arms. Mrs. Ord asked me whether it was proper for her to accompany the cavalcade, now very numerous. I replied that I was ignorant of army usages and ceremonies, but a staff officer, to whom I referred the matter, said, "Of course! Come along!" and gladly enough we fell in the rear and followed the reviewing column. Halfway down the line the ambulance with the ladies drove in upon the field. Seeing it, Mrs. Ord exclaimed, "There come Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant. I think I had better join them." Reining out of the crowd, we galloped across the field and

drew up by the side of the wagon. Our reception was not cordial; it was evident that some unpleasantness had occurred. Porter and Badeau looked unhappy, and Mrs. Grant silent and embarrassed. It was a painful situation from which the only escape was to retire. The review was over, and Mrs. Ord and myself with a few officers rode back to headquarters at City Point.

After visiting the *River Queen* I retired early, rather tired with my unwonted horseback exercise; but about eleven o'clock I was awakened by the orderly, with a message from the President saying that he would like to see me on the *River Queen*. I dressed as quickly as possible, repaired on board, and found Mr. Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln awaiting me in the upper saloon. The President seemed weary and greatly distressed, with an expression of sadness that seemed the accentuation of the shadow of melancholy which at times so marked his features. He took little part in the conversation which ensued, which evidently followed some previous discussion with Mrs. Lincoln, who had objected very strenuously to the presence of other ladies at the review that day, and had thought that Mrs. Ord had been too prominent in it, that the troops were led to think that she was the wife of the President, who had distinguished her with too much attention. Mr. Lincoln very gently suggested that he had hardly remarked the presence of the lady, but Mrs. Lincoln was hardly to be pacified and appealed to me to support her views. Of course I could not umpire such a question, and could only state why Mrs. Ord and myself found ourselves in the reviewing column, and how immediately we withdrew from it upon the appearance of the ambulance with Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant.

It was a very unhappy experience, the particulars of which need not be gone into, nor would I here refer to it, but that it has been referred to by others in various publications and bears upon the cause of the vein of sadness which ran through the naturally cheerful disposition of the greatest and noblest man this country has produced. I extricated myself as well as I could, but with difficulty, and asked permission to retire, the President bidding me good night sadly and gently.

(To be continued.)

The following morning I reported as usual to the President, who received me with marked kindness, read to me, in the small stateroom converted into an office, his dispatches from Mr. Stanton and the news from the front, particularly the reports of the casualties of the battle on the 25th, which greatly increased the numbers previously reported on both sides. That was about, demonstrative as usual, clinging to his father and caressed affectionately by him. I inquired for Mrs. Lincoln, hoping that she had recovered from the fatigue of the previous day. Mr. Lincoln said that she was not at all well, and expressed the fear that the excitements of the surroundings were too great for her, or for any woman. After a few minutes thus passed, Mr. Lincoln said he was going to General Grant's headquarters and asked me to go there with him, which we proceeded to do afoot.

City Point was a busy place; the river crowded with gunboats, monitors, transports, and colliers; the quartermaster's docks lined with vessels of every description unloading stores and munitions for the Grand Army; large storehouses filled to repletion covered the docks and approaches; innumerable teams were going and coming to and from the front every hour of the day and night. For convenience in landing and returning, the *River Queen* had been placed alongside the dock and a gangplank connected her with the wharf. The *Martin*, a similar steamboat to the *Queen*, was also fastened to the dock. She was General Grant's headquarters boat, and upon her Mrs. Grant and her family were living. It was sometimes a question as to precedence as to which boat should lie inside—a question not raised by Mr. Lincoln. But Mrs. Lincoln thought that the President's boat should have place, and declined to go ashore if she had to do so over Mrs. Grant's boat, and several times the *Martin* was pushed out and the *Queen* in, requiring some work and creating confusion, despite Mr. Lincoln's expostulations. The boats came to be called "Mrs. Lincoln's boat" and "Mrs. Grant's boat" and the open discussions between their respective skippers were sometimes warm. Of course, neither Mr. Lincoln nor General Grant took any notice of such trivialities.

## BY INTERNATIONAL AGREEMENT

BY GEORGE BUCHANAN FIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



WIDE-SPACED, star-flanked line of brass letters spanned the *Resolution's* quarter-deck and bade the ship's company \*STAND FAST.\*

In the silence of sanded decks and a waiting crew or in dire stress of weather, these two words summed up everything expected of man and ship; now they seemed merely a succinct version of the Commodore's orders and an admonition in particular to the weedy buoy at which the sloop of war rode in Kai Fong harbor. For the flagship had run in that morning and the *Resolution's* wardroom mess had regretfully seen an end to dinners, teas, garden parties, and the allied pursuits, and resigned itself to the coming sailing orders. But the Commodore, far from dragging the *Resolution* from the peace and plenty of Kai Fong, instructed her to remain at her mooring until relieved by the *Suwanee*, then at Yokohama. This official business ended, and certain formalities attended to ashore and aboard, the flagship sailed for Nagasaki, having a diplomatic dignitary to set down there. As she towered down the roadstead the relief of the *Resolution's* wardroom mess was immeasurable, for the engagements of the day are as much a part of the affairs of ships in Kai Fong harbor as the squaring of yards.

The hospitality of Kai Fong, which is proverbial, was not the sole basis of a wardroom prayer that the *Suwanee* might be long in coming; it arose also from the knowledge that the Fourth of July of the Year of the Independence of the United States the One Hundredth would arrive in three days and present to the *Resolution*, if she were alone in the harbor, the opportunity of a lifetime. The im-

portance of the opportunity had been discussed in the wardroom for several evenings, and, with the approval of Captain Waring, it was decided that on the Fourth the entire British colony should be entertained aboard at a luncheon and dance. Kai Fong should have a doughty rival in hospitality.

At the time this agreement was reached it possessed no very formidable elements, but on the afternoon of July 2d, into the harbor of Kai Fong came the British Flying Squadron, and, in its wake, two Frenchmen, an ironclad cruiser and a gunboat; a Russian sloop of war, and a German corvette. They cast anchor, banged out their salutes, and an international complication glimmered on the horizon.

"Nice outlook for our little party, isn't it?" Kellott, the navigator, asked, unbuckling his sword belt, the visiting formalities ended.

"Couldn't be better," Cains replied. "They'll help fill up the corners."  
"Who?" Kellott had, for the moment, forgotten the exhortation at the break of the poop.

"Why, those people," Cains said conclusively, indicating the assembled war ships. "We've got to have every mother's son aboard if we sink at our mooring. There's nothing else for it. Now, my advice to you is to go and brush up your languages."

After dinner that evening Cains spent at least an hour convincing the mess what a simple thing it was to entertain a few hundred persons at luncheon.

"All we have to do," he explained, "is to invite them. They'll come; they know what the Fourth of July is. And once we get them here I'll warrant you we send them off rejoicing. My, my, what an opportunity this is!"

## WITH LINCOLN FROM WASHINGTON TO RICHMOND IN 1865

By JOHN S. BARNES

*Late United States Navy*

ILLUSTRATED BY WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPHS FROM A NOTABLE COLLECTION RECENTLY PURCHASED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT FOR THE LIBRARY OF THE MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT

### II. THE PRESIDENT ENTERS THE CONFEDERATE CAPITAL



It was generally believed that General Grant was not particularly desirous of Mr. Lincoln's presence at City Point, and it was, in fact, a somewhat embarrassing factor during those trying days. However that may have been, General Grant never for a moment manifested any impatience, but gave to the President every possible consideration due to his exalted position. That morning was passed at General Grant's headquarters on the bluff. His log cabin was roomy, with one large room used as a meeting place and office. The tents of his staff were grouped about it. Here, on this and several other occasions when I was present, would meet the general officers of divisions, Admiral Porter, staff officers, senators, congressmen, and other visitors. There was no formality. The news of the day was discussed, and dispatches were read or referred to in general conversation. All seemed confident that Petersburg must soon fall, and with it Richmond. Sherman would be coming up victoriously from the South and uniting with Grant's army. The end of the rebellion was near. In the discussion that forenoon General Grant took little part, listening in grim silence, or only answering direct questions from Mr. Lincoln in short monosyllabic utterances. The President and Admiral Porter took the main parts in conversation. Each related several anecdotes apropos of the discussion, those told by Mr.

Lincoln being always very pertinent or illustrative. He seemed in very good spirits, and at his best when relating some of the war anecdotes that reached him in Washington. Admiral Porter told an old sea story, which navy men knew by heart, at which, I remember, Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily, and said, "Admiral, I like your sea stories; I never heard them before," and running his hands with an upward movement through his rumpled hair, his eyes glistening, his face expressing in every feature the keenest enjoyment, he would stretch himself out, and look at the listeners in turn as though for sympathy and appreciation. General Grant did not have much, if any, humor, or was too much oppressed with his responsibilities; he smoked steadily, and rarely did he even by the grimmest smile recognize the points of the anecdotes.

When I first met Mr. Lincoln I was singularly drawn to him; and brief as had been our intercourse, it was at such meetings and in the privacy of his own family, to which he admitted me, that I came to feel an affection for him that none other has ever inspired. Familiar as all are with his features through photographs, portraits, statues, and engravings, none do justice to him or can represent the kindness of the expression which ever betrayed the sweet and gentle mind and heart of this nature's nobleman.

We passed several hours in Grant's cabin, Mr. Lincoln returning for luncheon to the *River Queen*. The President was somewhat

disturbed by the report that General Sherman had left his army at Goldsborough and was on his way to City Point. After luncheon Captain Robert Lincoln came over to the *Bat* and conveyed an invitation from Mr. Lincoln to accompany his party in a visit to the Point of Rocks, on the Appomattox, the place celebrated for the historical scene of the saving of the life of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas. I was rather doubtful about the expediency of my going, but Captain Lincoln was very kindly urgent, saying his father had sent him and expressly desired it. As the President's requests were, as I told Captain Lincoln, equivalent to orders, I repaired on board the *Queen*, which at once pushed out from the wharf and started up the river. I found Mr. Lincoln in his office. He made me sit down and we talked for a few minutes, mainly I could see with the desire on his part to put me at ease. That was with him as usual, hanging or half sitting on his father's knees. The only other persons on board were Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Lincoln, Captain Robert, and, I think, Captain Penrose. The latter seemed specially attached to the service of Mrs. Lincoln, for I rarely observed his doing anything for Mr. Lincoln.

Leaving Mr. Lincoln, I joined Mrs. Grant and inquired for Mrs. Lincoln. Mrs. Grant was alone in the forward cabin. She pointed out Mrs. Lincoln standing out on the uncovered deck, near the pilot house. The boat had a little motion. Mrs. Lincoln was alone, and at Mrs. Grant's suggestion I pushed out of the door a large upholstered armchair, bade Mrs. Lincoln good morning, as I had not seen her before that day, and suggested that she should occupy the chair, which she declined; and finding that my presence was not agreeable to her, I returned to Mrs. Grant, who had witnessed the failure of my efforts. Very soon Mrs. Lincoln came to the window and beckoned to Mrs. Grant, who joined her at once. An animated conversation took place between them, succeeding which Mrs. Grant came back to the cabin and informed me that Mrs. Lincoln objected to my presence on the *Queen*, and had requested her to so inform me. This made things rather uncomfortable for a pleasure party, so that on our arrival at Point of Rocks, while Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln wandered arm in arm in the woods with Captain Lincoln and Thad, Mrs. Grant and I remained on board. Before their return, upon consulting with Mrs. Grant, I had the captain put me

ashore on the other side of the Appomattox, where I obtained a horse from the quartermaster with an orderly to show me the way and bring back the horse, and I rode, somewhat discomfited, back to City Point. I had gone upon this trip with some misgivings. I am sure that the President's invitation was in the desire to bring about more pleasant relations between Mrs. Lincoln and myself. It is only proper to add that, in these perhaps unnecessary allusions to Mrs. Lincoln, there can be found the cause of the sadness and melancholy which were at times so apparent in Mr. Lincoln's expression. She was at no time well; the mental strain upon her was great, betrayed by extreme nervousness approaching hysteria, causing misapprehensions, extreme sensitiveness as to slights, or want of politeness or consideration. I had the greatest sympathy for her, and for Mr. Lincoln, who I am sure felt deep anxiety for her. His manner toward her was always that of the most affectionate solicitude, so marked, so gentle and unaffected that no one could see them together without being impressed by it. I remember that in several telegrams from Mr. Stanton, he always inquired for Mrs. Lincoln and requested his remembrances to her.

The great catastrophe a few days later proved to be the breaking strain. Who can wonder at it? Few women there are who, ill and nervous, could have passed through such an ordeal and retained their reason.

That evening, March 27th, General Sherman arrived at City Point in an army transport from Goldsborough. I met him on the *Queen*, and afterwards at General Grant's headquarters. On the *Queen* were Mr. Lincoln, General Grant, Generals Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, several other generals, and Admiral Porter—a notable gathering. It was an open meeting, and I heard many interesting relations of war events and movements past and prospective. Mr. Lincoln was particularly nervous about General Sherman's absence from his army, notwithstanding his assurances that he had left the army in good hands with no likelihood of any attack by Joe Johnston. Late that evening I was called to General Grant's headquarters and again met General Sherman, and from Admiral Porter received orders temporarily detaching me from service with Mr. Lincoln, and directing me to take General Sherman and his staff back to Newbern, or

such other place as he might designate, with all possible speed. Then I was to return at once and resume my duties with Mr. Lincoln. These verbal orders the Admiral supplemented by written ones late that night. The *Bat* filled up with coal, extra provisions were laid in, and the next morning, the 28th, General Sherman, General Leggett, General McClelland, General Sharpe, Colonel McCoy, Senator John Sherman, Lieutenant Baylor, and Mr. Stanton, son of the Secretary of War, came on board the *Bat*, and getting under way we steamed down to Fortress Monroe, stopped there for an hour, and then proceeded to sea. The *Bat* was urged to her utmost speed. I cut across the Hatteras Shoals, through the inside passage entered New Inlet, impressing an outgoing army transport to lead us in, as I had no pilot, struck lightly on the bar, and landed General Sherman safely at Newbern on the evening of March 30th. Those few days with General Sherman in the intimacy of such close quarters were extremely interesting, and I thoroughly enjoyed his relations of incidents of his march across the country. He was the most brilliant talker I ever met, and in my opinion the greatest general of the war.

After repairing some slight damage to my engine caused by overpressing in our haste, I left Newbern to return to City Point on March 31st, taking back with me Senator Sherman and Mr. Stanton, who on joining the ship handed me the following letter from General Sherman in his own handwriting:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION  
OF THE MISSISSIPPI.  
In the Field, Goldsborough, N. C.,  
March 31, 1865.

CAPT. BARNES, U. S. N.,  
Comdg. *Bat*, Newbern.

Dear Sir: I fear that on leaving your ship rather unexpectedly yesterday, I neglected to thank you in suitable terms for your politeness during our short but most agreeable trip from City Point. I beg to thank you most sincerely and beg that whenever I have it in my power to do you any service you will call on me by letter or in person, and should the fortunes of war bring you near my camp or quarters I will feel hurt if you do not let me know, that I may in part reciprocate your hospitality.

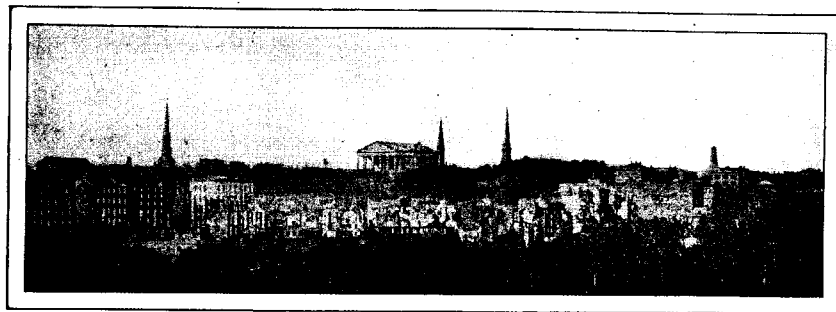
I beg to avail of your offer by telegraph to convey my brother, John Sherman, and Mr. Stanton to Old Point Comfort. They come down this morning and will have a small parcel of dispatches. Wishing you a pleasant trip I am, with respect,

Your obedt. servant,

W. T. SHERMAN,  
Maj.-Genl.

I made a quick run to Hampton Roads, landed Senator Sherman and Mr. Stanton, and steamed rapidly up the James River to City Point, which I reached on the evening of April 2d. Great changes had taken place. The army was in motion around Petersburg and Richmond, General Grant's headquarters at City Point were abandoned, and several thousands of Confederate prisoners were collected there, guarded by a few troops and some five hundred sailors and marines from the naval fleet.

Mrs. Lincoln had returned to Washington. Mr. Lincoln had taken his quarters on the *Malvern* as guest of Admiral Porter, with his son Thad. Colonel Robert Lincoln was now with General Grant and on his staff. On the morning of April 3d I reported to Mr. Lincoln and Admiral Porter, and gave Mr. Lincoln an account of my trip to Newbern with General Sherman. He expressed great satisfaction in knowing that the General was again with his army, read the dispatches sent by him, and told me that Petersburg was evacuated and our troops in possession, and that if possible he would visit that city that day. I took ashore a telegram to be sent to Mr. Stanton and one to Mrs. Lincoln, announcing the fall of Petersburg and saying that the President would visit the town. Mr. Lincoln received a multitude of dispatches that day from various generals; and upon General Grant's telegraphing him that he was in Petersburg and would be glad to see him there, a train was made up, and with Admiral Porter, Thad, myself, and several others, we proceeded to Patrick Station, so called, a mile or so from the town. General Grant had said that he was too busy to meet him, but would send an escort. It was there, consisting of an officer and a few troopers, and an ambulance for Mr. Lincoln. Admiral Porter borrowed a horse from one of the cavalymen, Mr. Lincoln and Thad went in the ambulance. I went afoot, passing through the labyrinth of trenches, breastworks, batteries, and rifle pits constituting the defenses of the city, then held by our men. They were very elaborate with zigzag approaches and connections dug deep in the ground. It seemed impossible for any body of men, however brave or desperate, to have carried them by assault. I reached the town at last, found Mr. Lincoln, Admiral Porter, with General Grant, but learned they would soon return to the train, so I made my way back to it, my only trophy a bag of smoking



RICHMOND FROM THE RIVER

Showing ruins of buildings burned and blown up by the Confederates before evacuation.

tobacco, great quantities of which were lying about, eagerly seized by the soldiers. Mr. Lincoln remained in Petersburg only an hour or two, when, rejoining the train, we returned to City Point, the President going on board the *Malvern* for the night. He was in high spirits, seemed not at all fatigued, and said that the end could not be far off. I was on board the *Malvern* until ten or eleven o'clock that evening. General Weitzel telegraphed confirming the rumor which

had reached Grant at Petersburg, that Richmond was being evacuated and that General Lee was in retreat and President Davis had fled. All that evening a lurid glare lit up the sky in the direction of Richmond. Heavy detonations followed each other in rapid succession, which Admiral Porter rightly interpreted as the blowing up of the rebel ironclads. Mr. Lincoln then made up his mind he would go to Richmond the next day. Mr. Stanton had sent him a telegram, which was



From an old print.

REMOVING OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE JAMES RIVER

U. S. torpedo boat *Spuyten Duyvil* preparing a passage for the fleet up to Richmond, April 2, 1865.

delivered that evening, expostulating with him about unnecessary exposure, and drawing a contrast again between the duties of a president and that of a general. This had reference to his proposed visit to Petersburg. Mr. Lincoln replied, in effect, that he had been to Petersburg and was going to Rich-

mond the next day, but would take care of himself. at Deep Bottom, and at eight o'clock in the morning of April 4th the channel was reported as clear and safe. The Admiral sent me word that he was going up to Richmond and would take the President along, and that the *Bat* could follow. At about 10 A.M., the *Malvern* leading, followed by the



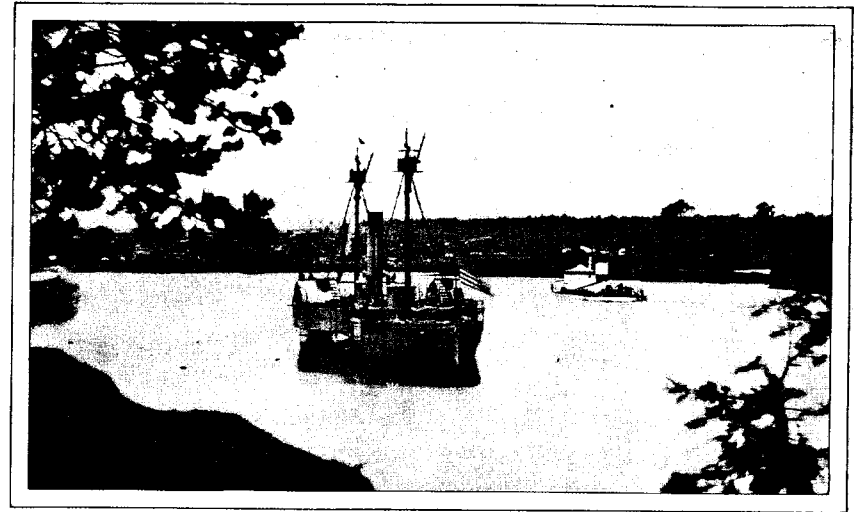
PONTOON BRIDGE AT DEEP BOTTOM, VA.

One of the first bridges constructed over the James for the passage of cavalry.

Admiral Porter gave orders that evening to the gunboats to clear away the obstructions in the river and to make careful and systematic search for and remove the torpedoes, with which the channel was known to be strewn. This work went on all night. The United States torpedo boat *Spuyten Duyvil* was employed to blow up the vessels sunk

*River Queen*, with the President, who had returned to her that morning, passed me very near, the Admiral hailing me and telling me to "come on." Mr. Lincoln was standing on the upper deck of the *Queen*, and one can imagine his interest in the passing scenes. He waved his hat in answer to my salute as he passed so close that I could see the expression of his face.

We got our anchor up at once, and fol-



ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLAGSHIP THE "MALVERN"

On board of which the President made his headquarters just previous to the trip from City Point to Richmond.

lowed, passed first through the drawbridge of the pontoon, and then through the gap cleared in the obstructions, which we slightly touched and were delayed for a few moments, during which the *Malvern* and the *Queen*, under the guidance of a skillful pilot, got well ahead. The boats from the fleet, still at work searching for torpedoes, had already found many, and had cut the wires of the electric and dragged to the banks many of the floating and submerged mines. Still I could not avoid a feeling of anxiety for the *Malvern* and the *Queen*, as they pushed ahead rapidly, lest some undiscovered mines should be touched and the vessels blown to pieces.

A number of vessels had pushed through the obstructions, making quite a display with flags flying from each mast, and finally the *Malvern* ran hard and fast aground several miles below the city. I came up to her and close to the *River Queen* and anchored. Richmond appeared to be in flames, dense masses of smoke resting over the city. I found that the Admiral had taken Mr. Lincoln in his barge, and was then pulling under oars toward the city. Manning the gig, I pulled after them as fast as the men could row against a strong current, but Mr. Lincoln was well ahead and the barge finally made a landing on the edge of the town, at a place

called Rockett's, some time before I reached the spot; and when I got ashore Mr. Lincoln was, with the Admiral and a few sailors, armed with carbines, several hundred yards ahead of me, surrounded by a dense mass of men, women, and children, mostly negroes. Although General Weitzel had been in possession of Richmond since early morning or late the evening before, not a sign of it was in evidence, not a soldier was to be seen, and the street along the riverside in which we were, at first free from people, became densely thronged, and every moment became more and more packed with them. With one of my officers, the surgeon, I pushed my way through the crowd endeavoring to reach the side of the President, whose tall form and high beaver hat towered above the crowd. In vain I struggled to get nearer to him. In some way they had learned that the man in the high hat was President Lincoln, and the constantly increasing crowd, particularly the negroes, became frantic with excitement.

I confess that I was much alarmed at the situation and the exposure of the President to assault or even assassination. I did not know of Admiral Porter's destination, or where the route pursued by him would lead us. He had supposed, as I did, that General



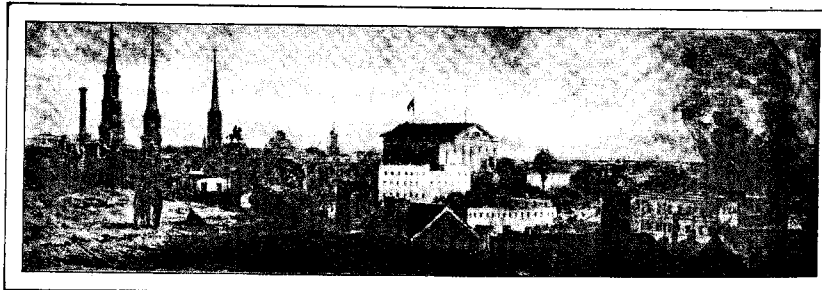
Courtesy of Harper's Weekly.

RICHMOND IN 1865, LOOKING WESTWARD

Weitzel had full possession of the city, and that, upon landing, communication would at once be made with him, and proper escort provided. Nothing could have been easier than the destruction of the entire party. I cannot say what were the President's or the Admiral's reflections, but the situation was very alarming to me. I saw that they were pushed, hustled, and elbowed along without any regard to their persons, while I was packed closely, and simply drifted along in their general direction. This state of things lasted a half hour or more. The day was very warm, and as we progressed the street became thick with dust and smoke from the smoldering ruins about us. At last when the conditions had become almost unendurable, a cavalryman was found standing at a street corner, and word was sent by him to the nearest post that President Lincoln wished for assistance. He galloped off and in a few minutes a small squadron of mounted men made its appearance. They quickly cleared the street, and joining Mr. Lincoln and the Admiral, we were escorted

to General Weitzel's headquarters, which he had established in the Confederacy White House close to the Capitol grounds. It was a modest and unpretentious building, brown in color, with small windows and doors.

The President entered by the front door that opened into a small square hall with steps leading to the second story. He was then led into the room on the right, which had been Mr. Davis's reception room and office. It was plainly but comfortably furnished—a large desk on one side, a table or two against the walls, a few chairs, and one large leather-covered arm or easy chair. The walls were decorated with prints and photographs, one or two of Confederate ironclads—one of the *Sumter*, that excited my covetousness. Mr. Lincoln walked across the room to the easy chair and sank down in it. He was pale and haggard, and seemed utterly worn out with fatigue and the excitement of the past hour. A few of us were gathered about the door; little was said by anyone. It was a supreme moment—the home of the fleeing President of the Confed-



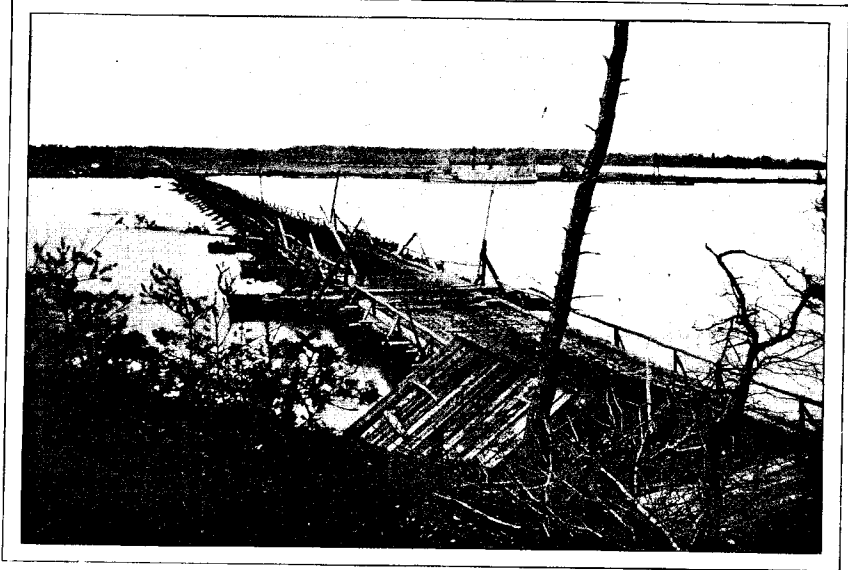
Courtesy of Harper's Weekly.

RICHMOND FROM GAMBLE'S HILL

The Capitol and Governor's house (the Confederate White House) appear in center.

eracy invaded by his opponents after years of bloody contests for its possession, and now occupied by the President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, seated in the chair almost warm from the pressure of the body of Jefferson Davis! What thoughts were coursing through the mind of this great man no one can tell. He did not live to relate his own impressions; what he said remains fixed in my memory—the first expression of a natural want—"I wonder if I

Carriages were then sent for, and under military escort Mr. Lincoln was driven to places of interest about the city. After looking with curiosity about the house, I saw from the door a lot of soldiers and people around the Capitol, and walked over to it. It was a scene of indescribable confusion. Confederate bonds of the denomination of \$1,000 were scattered about on the grass, bundles of public papers and documents littered the floors, chairs and desks were upset,



PILE BRIDGE AT VARUNA, VA.

From which the troops cheered the President on his way down the James.

could get a drink of water." He did not appeal to any particular person for it. I can see the tired look out of those kind blue eyes over which the lids half drooped; his voice was gentle and soft. There was no triumph in his gesture or attitude. He lay back in the chair like a tired man whose nerves had carried him beyond his strength. All he wanted was rest and a drink of water.

Very soon a large squadron of cavalry came clattering to the door. General Weitzel and General Shepley came in, and general conversation ensued. Congratulations were exchanged. In a few minutes luncheon was served, procured by the General—a soldier's luncheon, simple and frugal.

with every evidence of hasty abandonment and subsequent looting. Free access to all parts of the building was seemingly permitted, but at the State Library a sentry had been posted. I returned to Mr. Davis's house, now General Weitzel's headquarters, and finally secured a rickety wagon, drove around the town and back to the landing, where I found my boat and returned to the *Bat*.

Mr. Lincoln soon after came down to the *Malvern* in a tug and remained on the flagship that night. On the following day he had an interview with Judge Campbell, former Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and one of the most prominent citizens of Richmond, who came with Gen-



Courtesy of Harper's Weekly.

UNION ARMY ENTERING RICHMOND, APRIL 3, 1865

eral Weitzel. Conferences took place which have passed into the history of the war. I was told that other late Confederates called also, but I was not present at any of the meetings. With Admiral Porter's permission, I got under way and returned to City Point early in the forenoon. The *Malvern* came down later in the day.

Mrs. Lincoln had arrived that day also, coming from Washington with a large party, including Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, Senator Sumner, Mr. Colfax, and many others. Mr. Lincoln returned to the *River Queen*. I saw him but for a moment, when he told me that he would return to Washington within the next two days.

Mrs. Lincoln and her party went to Richmond the next day, the 7th, returning early in the afternoon. The President did not accompany them. That day came the news of Sheridan's victory over Lee's army and the proposals for surrender. The war was practically over.

Notwithstanding the situation at Richmond and the impending surrender of General Lee there were plots to seize the ferryboat at Havre de Grace, and other predatory expeditions were afoot in the Chesapeake Bay, so that some anxiety was yet felt for Mr. Lincoln's safety on the *River Queen*. Admiral Porter, somewhat conscience-

stricken at the danger to which he had unintentionally or unexpectedly exposed the President on the trip to Richmond, now became full of concern lest some mishap should occur during Mr. Lincoln's trip back to Washington, for which he or the Navy might be held responsible. My orders from the department were explicit that I should accompany the *River Queen* to City Point and thence to the national capital.

If possible he would have had the *Queen* convoyed by additional vessels and with more ceremony, but the *Queen* was fast; Mr. Lincoln was in haste to reach Washington, and there was no vessel in the squadron that could begin to keep pace with her except the *Bat*.

Before leaving City Point the Admiral summoned me to the *Malvern*, and talked over the precautions to be taken during the trip, and for him exhibited great uneasiness and solicitude for the President's safe conduct. As a result I caused to be domiciled on the *Queen* two officers, acting ensigns, with a guard of sailors, with minute instructions for guarding the President's person day and night. The crew of the *River Queen* were examined and their records taken.

We left City Point on the morning of April 8th, the *Queen* leading under direc-

tion of a river pilot, the *Bat* following closely, pushed to her utmost speed. I remained on the *Queen* until our arrival at Fortress Monroe, where a brief stop was made for mails and to send and receive telegrams.

The President was more than kind in his manner and bearing toward me, and so endeared himself to me that the affection I felt for him became veneration. Mrs. Lincoln was indisposed and I did not meet her. It was clear that her illness gave the President grave concern.

After getting the mails, telegrams, and dispatches, also a Chesapeake Bay and Potomac River pilot, I bade the President farewell and returned to the *Bat*, lying close by, not anchored. Mr. Lincoln was kind enough to thank me for the good care taken of him, and made some jocular allusions to the comforts of navy men in war times as we parted. It was the last I saw of him. Probably he never again thought of me; but the memory of his warm hand-clasp and kindly look remained with me and has never left me.

We left Fortress Monroe that afternoon and steamed rapidly up the bay. The *Bat*'s boilers had a trick of foaming, when changing from salt water to fresh, so that we were hard put to it to keep pace with the *Queen*, and she slowed down once or twice to enable us to come up to her. After entering the Potomac River, despite our best effort, we fell behind, so that the *Queen* reached her dock at Washington some hours before us; and on going aboard of her I found that the President had been met by his carriage and had driven at once to the White House. This was on April 10th, the day after General Lee's formal surrender to General Grant. I reported in person to the Secretary at the Navy Department, saw Mr. Fox for a moment, and was directed verbally to return to Fortress Monroe. After making some slight repairs to the engines at the Navy Yard I started for Hampton Roads on April 11th, stopped at Point Lookout to visit my father, General James Barnes, then in command of the District of St. Mary's, visited the camp of Confederate prisoners established there, and witnessed their joyful reception of the news of Lee's surrender and the prospect of the immediate ending of their captivity. The next day I proceeded on my way to Hampton Roads. The weather was thick and stormy, and being without a pilot I deemed it prudent to anchor in the dense fog when within twenty-

five or thirty miles of the Roads. The fog lifting at last, I went ahead, reaching my anchorage on the 12th, and was informed by Commodore Rockendorf, senior officer, that he had a telegram from Admiral Porter at City Point, directing me to be ready to take him to Washington immediately on his arrival from the former place, and that he would be down the next day. On the 14th he came on the *Tristram Shandy*, also a converted blockade runner. I called upon him and found that he had made up his mind to continue on to Baltimore in the *Shandy*. He was delighted to know that the President was safe and sound in the White House. General Grant had left for Washington on the 12th, and the Admiral thought he also ought to be there, and said that there was now nothing left for the Navy to do but "clear up the decks"; that he should give up the squadron and seek rest and shore duty. He promised to look out for my interests in the same direction. Getting up anchor, he steamed off swiftly, leaving us to twirl our thumbs and wonder what next.

On the early morning of April 15th I was awakened by the orderly saying that the flagship had hoisted her colors at half-mast, and had made signals for me to come on board at once. It was an unusual hour for such a signal of distress and such a peremptory summons, so that I knew that something grave must have given occasion for it. I immediately thought of Admiral Porter, and feared that something had happened to the *Tristram Shandy*. I dressed in haste and, calling away my gig, was soon on the deck of the flagship *Minnesota*. Commodore Rockendorf received me at the gangway, his countenance showing the greatest consternation. He made no reply to my anxious inquiry, but taking me by the arm, led me to his cabin, and there placed in my hands this telegram from Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

"President Lincoln was assassinated last night in Ford's Theater, and is dead."

I read it and reread it. It seemed as though the fact could not impress itself upon my mind. For some moments I could not utter a word, while the Commodore walked away in silence. When at last I took in the meaning of those few words, I am not ashamed to say I sat down and gave way to a bitter grief that was heartfelt and sincere.