George W Julian's Journal

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George W. Julian's Journal—The Assassination of Lincoln

[The following pages from the Journal of Mr. Julian were furnished by his daughter, Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, of Irvington, Indiana. George W. Julian was one of the best known of Indiana's public men fifty years ago. These extracts from his diary covering the closing days of the Civil War and the assassination of Lincoln are of general historical interest and especially so to Indianians. The readers of the *Indiana Magazine of History* will no doubt wish to have more extracts from this interesting Journal. A brief sketch of Julian will be in place here.

George W. Julian was born near Centerville, Ind., May 5, 1817. His ancestors were from North Carolina and were among the early settlers in the Whitewater Valley. Young Julian attended the common schools, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1840. In politics he was a Whig of pronounced anti-slavery disposition, being of the Quaker stock whose migration from North Carolina to the Northwest was largely prompted by slavery conditions in the Carolinas. He was elected to Congress as a Freesoiler on a fusion ticket between Democrats and Free-soilers in 1848. Julian was elected to the Lower House of the Indian Legislature in 1845; he was a delegate to the National Free Soil Buffalo Convention in 1848, and was a candidate for Vice-President on the Free Soil ticket with John P. Hale in 1852. He was a delegate to the first national convention of the Republican Party in 1856, which met in Pittsburgh, February 22 of that year for the national organization of the new party, and Mr. Julian was chairman of the Committee on Organization. He had been elected as a Free Soiler (by the aid of a Democratic endorsement) to the thirty-first Congress in 1848, and served in Congress from March 4, 1849, to March 4, 1851. He was again elected to Congress, as a Republican, serving in the 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th and 41st Congresses, from March 4, 1861 to March 4, 1871, in one of the stormiest periods in our country's history. In this period he stood with the radical anti-slavery men, under the leadership of Stevens, Wade and Sumner, and he was a member of important committees, including the one on the Conduct of the War. He was an ardent advocate of the homestead system, of suffrage for the negro, and as early as 1868, he proposed a constitutional amendment to confer suffrage upon women. He was always the ready champion of the principle of fundamental democracy —"equal rights for all, special privileges for none," regardless of race, color, creed, or sex.

Julian became a Liberal Republican along with Sumner, Schurz, Whitelaw Reid and others in 1872, supporting Horace Greeley for the Presidency

against Grant. In 1884 he supported Cleveland for President and was appointed by President Cleveland Surveyor General of New Mexico. He served four years in that office, from 1886 to 1890. He died in Irvington, now a part of Indianapolis, on July 7, 1899. Mr. Julian's second wife, the mother of Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, was a daughter of Joshua R. Giddings the noted anti-slavery hero and champion of the old Western Reserve District of Ohio, whose parliamentary and political struggles with the representatives of the slave interests form so large a part of the exciting anti-slavery controversy. George W. Julian's Life of Giddings is a valuable contribution to the literature and history of that conflict. In his later years Mr. Julian was a contributor to the *American Historical Review* and other journals. His *Speeches on Political Questions* are well known contributions to our political literature. The "Journal" of Julian is a record of notable interest touching the men and events of a great period. His life deserves a memorial volume. J. A. W.

WASHINGTON, TUESDAY, January 3, 1865.

Have been trying to get together and arrange some thoughts on the subject of selling our mineral lands. The city has been very dull during the vacation, nearly all the members of Congress having gone home. Attended the committee meeting today, but nothing was done but listen to old Ben Wade hold forth in his peculiar style. He denounces the Administration and the servility and cowardice of Congress. We have no stirring news since the unfortunate failure at Wilmington, which seems to have no parallel among the many horrid blunders of this war.

The New Year was ushered in quietly here, and I spent nearly the whole day in my room.

SUNDAY, January 8.

Have been attending the sessions of the House and am writing off the first draft of a speech on mineral lands. Had a talk the other day with Mr. Hugh McCulloch on the subject; also with Dr. Elder and Horace Greeley. They are all for selling these lands. So is old John Wilson, ex-Commissioner of the Land Office, on whom I called the other day. He knows more about our land question probably than any man in the Union. He is to draw a bill for me as he thinks it should be.

Yesterday, on the advice of financial friends, I invested $1,800 in seven-thirty bonds. Have now in bonds and bank stock $6,000 and $1,300 loaned. If I have no bad luck I hope to be able to save nearly all my salary for the next two years.

Have a present of a nice scarf from Mrs. Cheesman of California, who boards here, and a present from Laura of a fine copy of the New Testament and Psalms, given on the anniversary of our marriage. Also, of a ball.

FRIDAY, January 20.

Attending the session of the House and of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, writing a good many letters, and at work on my speech. I will be done with it in a few days.

On Tuesday last we had General Butler before our committee all day. His testimony is in the highest degree interesting, and will vindicate him against the charges which now seem to weigh him down. It turns out that his failure at Fort Fisher was not the cause of his late removal, which had been determined on before, the failure being simply made the occasion. Either Butler or Grant has lied, as there is a square contradiction between them. We shall send for Grant and others, and have a complete sifting of the whole matter. When Butler came before us Wade asked him to state his rank and position in the army at this time. He answered promptly: "My rank is that of a Major-General of Volunteers, and my position is that of a witness before the Committee on the Conduct of the War." He is a "brick."[1]

THURSDAY NIGHT, January 26.

Finished my mineral land speech two or three days ago. Last night had Mr. Blodget and Mr. Taylor, of the Treasury Department here endeavoring to perfect my bill. We had a most interesting discussion. Conklin, of Cincinnati, was also with us—the man who deluges me with letters about minerals and railroads. Have begun to prepare a general speech on the rebellion, slavery, etc., to be delivered after awhile if I can get the floor. On Tuesday we had a spicy debate in the House growing out of some charges of Brooks, of New York, against General Butler.

[1] On Jan. 7, 1865, Grant removed Butler from the command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, "for the good of the service." "There is," wrote Grant to Stanton, the Secretary of War, "a lack of confidence felt in his military ability, making him an unsafe commander for a large army. His administration of the affairs of his department is also objectionable." On Feb. 7, 1865, Stanton telegraphed to Grant, "The President orders that you as being responsible for military results must be allowed to be judge and master on the subjects of trade with the enemy." Mr. Rhodes calls this the true policy. Gen. Grant had expressed the opinion that commercial non-intercourse with the enemy would have a very positive effect in shortening the war. It is well known that the illicit trade in cotton was very hard to control.

Boutwell made a good speech, and with the help of Stevens overwhelmingly vindicated the "old beast," and demolished Brooks.

SATURDAY NIGHT, January 20.

Tried hard today to get a hearing at the War Department, but failed. Last night attended the Speaker's reception and visited Senator Conness to talk about mineral lands. His self-esteem is a disease.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, February 1.

Just returned from Mr. Chase's reception, where I went with Mrs. Cheesman. Mrs. Sprague appeared grandly and so did the Chief Justice.[2]

The greatest event of this century occurred yesterday in the passage of the Constitutional Amendment in the House. The spectacle during the vote was the most solemn and impressive I ever witnessed. The result for a good while remained in doubt, and the suspense produced perfect stillness. When it was certainly known that the measure had carried, the cheering in the hall and densely packed galleries exceeded anything I ever before saw and beggared description. Members joined in the shouting, and kept it up for some minutes. Some embraced one another, others wept like children. I never before felt as I then did, and thanked God for the blessed opportunity of recording my name where it will be as honored as those of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. What a grand jubilee for the old battle-scarred Abolitionists. Glorious fruit of the war. I have felt, ever since the vote, as if I were in a new country. I seem to breathe better, and feel comforted and refreshed.

Another event, following close after this, was the admission of Doctor Rock, of Boston, a colored lawyer and scholar, to practice in the Supreme Court. No objection was made, even by the old Dred Scott judges.

Have my bill ready to offer.

FRIDAY, February 10.

On Monday evening went with Laura to visit Mrs. Swisshelm and Mrs. Berkau. On Wednesday night we went to Ford's Theatre to hear "She Stoops to Conquer" and were badly bored. Last night made further calls and am trying to be a little sociable.

The Freedmen's Bill passed the House yesterday, and last week

[2] Kate Chase Sprague, the daughter of the Chief Justice and wife of the Rhode Island Senator.

the Ship Canal bills, involving large appropriations, were passed. On Wednesday both Houses assembled to count the votes for President, and I think I never before saw the hall and galleries so crowded. On Tuesday evening in convention of the whole, I made my general political speech, which is not yet printed, and yesterday I reported back my land bill and delivered my speech upon it which will be in the *Globe* today. Both are to be put in pamphlet for distribution. Am behind with my work and shall be overwhelmed with duties till the end of the session. Have great fears that neither my Mineral Land Bill nor Homestead Bill of the last session will pass at this session, but am proud of them and hope they will.

SUNDAY NIGHT, February 12.

Laura has just taken the cars for New York on her way to her old home in Jefferson, and I am alone.

General Grant was before our committee yesterday and contradicted Butler squarely on several matters of fact, showing a good deal of feeling. Reports are current as to his excessive drinking of late, and he looks as if they were true.

Dick Thompson, an old pro-slavery fossil, has just been appointed judge of the Court of Claims. This is an outrage, but I learn from senators that nothing can be done to prevent his confirmation, for the reason that old Abe, through his patronage, is the virtual dictator of the country. I have tried to get Colfax and other Indiana congressmen to unite in a protest against the confirmation, but they decline, on the ground that they don't want any quarrel with Lincoln or Thompson. I am utterly *sick* of the every-day spectacles of moral cowardice, for which I see no remedy.[3]

Today, by an arrangement with Mr. Channing, our chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Garnett preached in the House, the first colored man who ever preached in the Capitol. Dr. Bock practicing law in the Supreme Court and Dr. Garnett preaching to Senators and Representatives! The world *does* move.

THURSDAY, February 16.

Today General Halleck was before the War Committee, uniting with other witnesses in damaging General Banks. Last night had a pleasant interview with Lincoln and urged the appointment of McCullough as Secretary of the Treasury. I think he will go

[3] The reference is to Hon. Richard W. Thompson of Terre Haute.

in. Tonight had several hands and franked and tied up 2,300 speeches ready for the mail. My mineral land bill is exciting much interest and criticism. Yesterday attended the funeral of Senator Hicks and the ceremonies in the Senate chamber were imposing.

SUNDAY, February 19.

Enjoyed "Still Water Runs Deep" at the Washington Theatre last night. Glorious news from Sherman's army this morning, announcing that Columbia is ours and probably Charleston. Went with Indiana friends to the reaching at the Capitol today and met Father Pierrepont. Franked large quantities of documents this afternoon.

(The next entries tell of the illness and death of Mr. Julian's oldest son, Edward Channing, at Mount Vernon, Iowa, where he was visiting his grandmother and other relatives, and where his father went in time to minister to him during the last few days of his life, taking his body to Centerville for burial.)

TUESDAY EVENING, March 28.

Left home Monday, the 20th, reaching Washington Wednesday evening, and resuming my old quarters at 76 Indiana avenue. Have been attending to business at the departments and consulting with Wade and Gooch, the only members of the War Committee who are here, as to our unfinished business. We expect to leave for Carolina on Thursday. Heard a grand sermon on Sunday from Channing. Telegraphed Laura to come and join me in the trip south, but she declines.

FRIDAY, March 31.

Our trip south postponed till a week from today. Lincoln is at City Point trying to patch up a peace and also to get Grant to revoke his order forbidding trade in cotton. A bill regulating this trade passed the late Congress, but Lincoln pocketed it, whereupon Washburne at once visited Grant and procured the order mentioned, which stands in the way of Lincoln and his friends. It is proved before our committee that Lincoln, in violation of law, has been granting permits to trade in cotton and that he has refused to respond in any way to a resolution of the Senate, passed a month before the adjournment, calling on him for specific information as to these permits, to whom granted, etc., etc. Wade says this administration is more corrupt than that of Buchanan.

FRIDAY MORNING, April 7.

On last Monday morning left for New York, and soon after heard of the fall of Richmond. Found the city in a blaze of enthusiasm, Wall street packed with people, singing, shouting, etc. Broadway, with its innumerable banners, was the finest sight I had ever beheld. People seemed wild with joy. Spent Tuesday morning shopping, and at night heard a fine sermon by James Freeman Clarke in Doctor Bellows' church. Next day attended the National Unitarian convention at Broadway Athenaeum and saw on the platform Doctor Dewey, Doctor Bellows, Doctor Palfrey, William Cullen Bryant and many other notables whose names have long been familiar to me through Unitarian publications. In the evening called on General Fremont, who had retired; but had a long talk with Jessie, and Lilly, the daughter, a charming girl. Jessie rages at all sorts of people, especially at Greeley, Beecher, and Garrison. According to her, the General was shamefully betrayed by pretended radical and anti-Lincoln men who deserted him in time of greatest need, after encouraging him to stand in the breach.[4]

Left New York yesterday morning, and am again at my old quarters, ready for the southern trip.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, April 9.

We start south tomorrow, the navy not having been able sooner to fit us out with a good sea-going vessel.

Nothing new here but the general excitement over the good news from our armies. Much indignation is shown against Greeley and Beecher for their false magnanimity towards rebels, and justly. The Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate has presented most of the members of our committee with a fine Spencer rifle, with belt, rigging, ammunition, etc., and a Colt's navy revolver. I shall go home bristling with war and glory!

[4] This refers to the nomination of Gen. Fremont for President at the Cleveland convention in 1864, by the radical anti-slavery mal-contents who had been dissatisfied with what they considered the too conservative course of Lincoln. Fremont for President and Cochrane for Vice-President were nominated as a means of forestalling the renomination of the Persident by the Republicans, when it was thought by many that Lincoln could not be elected. The radical ticket was withdrawn in the fall of 1864 in order that the "Union Party" ticket (Lincoln and Johnson) might present a united front to the enemy. Stevens, Wade and Julian were among the radical leaders in Congress who had not been favorable to Lincoln's renomination. Mrs. Fremont ("Jessie") evidently felt that some one had betrayed the general.

TUESDAY NIGHT, 11th.

Left Washington at 2 p. m. yesterday and reached Fortress Monroe at 6 this morning. Here we learned that the Alabama, which the navy had furnished us, would have to be detained some 20 hours to coal, so we came directly here, passing Jamestown, Point Lookout, Harrison's Landing, and other places of interest and seeing a most lovely country. At City Point Admiral Porter came on board and told us we could go to Richmond if we were willing to risk the torpedoes. He furnished us a pilot, and though we had some fears we came safely. In the morning we are to go on shore and hope to get away by noon tomorrow, so that we may yet reach Charleston for the great Anniversary.

CITY POINT, Wednesday, April 12, 9 p. m.

Went to sleep last night on our boat lulled by the music of the guitar and the singing of the negroes below. Slept sweetly my first night in Richmond, and at about 8 in the morning our party started out sight-seeing, some in carriages and some on horse-back. I tried the latter, as did most of us. each with an orderly to show him the way and act as servant. I must have traveled over ten miles and am, of course, sore, having scarcely had so much exercise in a year. I bantered Mrs. Barrett, one of our party, for a race, which she accepted. I came out ahead and exulted greatly. The first notable place we visited was Gen. Weitzell's headquarters, just vacated by Jeff. Davis in the upper part of the city, a fine three-story residence, which was bought for him at the beginning of the war. It has a large finely finished double parlor, a ladies' parlor and a small secluded room attached in which there is a library and where all sorts of treasons are said to have been hatched and debated. There is besides a large circular ante-room containing fine mirrors, statuary, etc. General Weitzel looks the soldier all over. His head is a German one, not intellectual in its frontal appearance, but fully developed in the "driving powers." We next proceeded to the Capitol, an ancient building, not to be compared with our best modern state capitols in size or style of architecture. As you go through the grounds enclosing it you pass the monument on which stand large bronze statues of Jefferson, Madison and Henry, the summit of the structure being surmounted by the figure of Washington on horseback. The steps around this monument were crowded by swarms of ne-

gro men and women whose faces beamed with joy and satisfaction. As we entered the Capitol we found great crowds of rebels waiting to take the oath, a business that was being attended to in the Senate chamber. We entered the House of Representatives, small and plain-looking, with dilapidated furniture and faded pictures of distinguished Virginians suspended on the walls. Ascending to the library above, we found a pretty large collection of books, but very few modern publications, especially of our own authors. There appeared to be no new books or new editions of old ones, and they were chiefly English and French, and showed the monarchial tastes of the "first families." I noticed many copies of the Bible, none of which seemed ever to have been used, and there was a liberal supply of theological works of the most approved orthodoxy. I would have lingered here, but time would not permit. We ascended to the top of the building, from which we had a magnificent view of the city and country round about. No sight could be more attractive, for Richmond, all agree, is one of the most beautiful towns in the world. Nearly all the houses are well-built and clean-looking. From the top of the Capitol we could see plainly Libby prison, Castle Thunder, and Belle Isle, places immortalized by the infamy which their names will forever recall. We next proceeded to Libby Prison, a large three-story tobacco warehouse. I passed through the two upper stories, but did not go into the more loathsome dungeons below, where our poor boys suffered so much, and which are now occupied by rebel prisoners. The filth, vermin and disease which one must encounter there kept me from going.

From here, headed by General Devons, we rode out to see the rebel fortifications, which consist of three lines girdling the city after the manner of Paris. We passed to the second line, a mile or more beyond the interior one, the other one being some two and one-half miles further and estimated to be thirty miles in circumference. Gradually making our way towards the city we stopped to rest awhile at the headquarters of General Roberts, a little out of the city, who occupies the fine mansion of a rich rebel named Mayo, who is connected by marriage with the family of General Scott, two of whose children lie buried near by. Everything here had an antique look, furniture, pictures, etc., and the house itself was built long before the Revolution, of brick imported from England. The grounds, garden, etc., are beautiful,

the view of the James being the finest possible. Near the house towards the river is the stone which marks the grave of Powhattan, and in the garden is the large bowlder on which it is said the head of Capt. John Smith was placed when death was to be inflicted. General Roberts occupies this house along with Mr. Mayo, who has two sons and one grandson in the rebel army, all of whom are expected home and have the right to return and enjoy it unmolested under the recent stipulations of General Grant. Being now much fatigued, I was glad to return to the wharf, give up my horse and odrerly, and rejoin our crew on the Baltimore, all as tired and as gratified as myself by the day's observations.

Before starting out in the morning, we saw the Richmond *Whig* containing an order signed by General Weitzel inviting Hunter, McMullen and other rebel leaders, including the rebel legislature, to meet in Richmond on the 25th to confer with us on the restoration of peace, transportation and safe conduct being ordered for the villains for the purpose. We were all thunder-struck, and I never before saw such force and fitness in Ben Wade's swearing. Curses loud and deep were uttered by more than one at this infamous proposition to treat with leading rebels. This fake magnanimity is to be our ruin after all, I fear. The rebel officers in Richmond are strutting round the streets in full uniform looking as impudent as may be.

At 4 p. m. we left Richmond having a charming ride down the James and seeing a most lovely country which we had passed in the night as we came, including Drury's Landing, Dutch Gap Canal, Malvern Hills, etc. Reaching City Point a little after sunset, we were delighted with the view of the shipping, floating to and fro, with its red and blue lights forming a semi-circle in the bend of the river and contrasting admirably with the darkness of Richmond. We lie here tonight on account of rain and fog.

Friday Afternoon, April 14, nearing Washington.

We did not leave City Point till late yesterday morning and the day was nearly spent when we reached Fortress Monroe. Here we landed and rambled over the fortifications till near sunset. The Rodman 15-inch guns and the Parrott guns were among the objects of special interest and the lovely weather lent an additional charm to the natural and artificial beauty of the place. We reached Point Lookout about one o'clock, a place scarcely less attractive than

Fortress Monroe. Here we took horses and rode through the quarters of the prisoners now numbering about 18,000, occupying tents inside of a tract of some fifty acres enclosed by a high plank fence. The prisoners are chiefly Carolinians, who look well and are better dressed than I had supposed. They are evidently the poor white trash of the South who have been drawn into the war without knowing why. The soup houses are prepared on a large scale and I was much interested in seeing how such a multitude could be fed. Encountering Mrs. Barrett on our return to the river, I had another race with her, beating her worse than before.

Before we reached Fortress Monroe it became known that our Charleston trip was a failure. Wade would not go, Chandler refused, and, in fact, never intended to go, doing all he could to prevent the trip. Gooch would not go without Wade, and so the thing was given up, much to the chagrin of our party, who had set their hearts upon seeing Charleston. We have now passed Mt. Vernon, at sunset, having a fine view and shall very soon be safe in Washington.

SATURDAY EVENING, April 15.

Reached here at seven o'clock yesterday evening, as glad to get back as I was sorry to have missed Charleston. Went to bed about 10:30 and was soon roused from a deep sleep by someone knocking at my door. Mr. Woods entered and told me Lincoln was murdered, and Seward and son probably, and that assassins were about to take the town. I was still half asleep and in my fright grew suddenly cold, heartsick, and almost helpless. On going out on the street a little later I found the whole town in a blaze of excitement and rage. About 7:30 the church bells tolled the President's death. The weather was as gloomy as the mood of the people. All sorts of rumors were afloat about Seward and his sons, who are still living, but with doubtful chance of recovery. They are said to be dreadfully gashed and bruised. Booth is the murderer of Lincoln, but the other assassins are not yet known.

Johnson was inaugurated today at 11 a. m., and took the oath, and he has already been in the hands of Chase, the Blairs, Halleck, General Scott, etc. Chase has again gone crazy about the presidency, and it is said is now plotting for the State Department as a stepping stone. Vain thought! The War Committee today sent a request for an interview with the President and will probably secure it tomorrow. Have spent most of the afternoon in

caucus with Wade, Chandler, Covode, Judge Carter and Wilkinson, correspondent of *The Tribune*, who is determined to put Greeley on the war-path. In this caucus we agreed upon a new cabinet, which we are tomorrow to urge upon Johnson, among other things placing Butler in the State Department, Stebbins, of New York, in the navy, and Covode Postmaster General. I like the radicalism of the members of this caucus, but have not in a long time heard so much profanity. It became intolerably disgusting. Their hostility towards Lincoln's policy of conciliation and contempt for his weakness were undisguised; and the universal feeling among radical men here is that his death is a godsend. It really seems so, for among the last acts of his official life was an invitation to some of the chief rebel conspirators to meet in Richmond and confer with us on the subject of peace. The dastardly attack upon Lincoln and Seward, the great leaders in the policy of mercy, puts to flight utterly every vestige of humanitarian weakness, and makes it seem that justice shall be done and the righteous ends of the war made sure. The government could not have survived the policy upon which it had entered.[6]

SUNDAY NIGHT, April 16.

This morning went with our committee by appointment to meet the new President at his headquarters in the Treasury Department. He received us with decided cordiality. Wade said: "Johnson, we have faith in you. By the Gods, there will be no trouble now in running the government." He replied, "I am very much obliged to you gentlemen, and I can only say you can judge of my policy by the past. Everybody knows what that is. I hold this: Robbery is a crime; rape is a crime; murder is a crime; *treason* is a crime; and *crime* must be punished. The law provides for it and the courts are open. Treason must be made infamous and traitors must be impoverished. We applauded his declarations and parted. From him and others I learn that General Weitzel's order before referred to was issued by direction of

[6] It is apparent that Thaddeus Stevens was not alone in his policy of "vindictive vengeance" toward the South in the period following the war. There is no doubt that Julian expresses here the overwhelming sentiment of the North during the days immediately following the assassination of Lincoln. The hate and spirit of vengeance engendered on both sides by the war were indicated by many utterances from prominent men in public and private life. Time was needed for the recovery of the nobler spirit of Lincoln—"with malice toward none, with charity for all."

Lincoln, who yielded to the pressure against him so far as to acquiesce in Stanton's order removing Weitzel for having acted without authority. This was outrageously unjust to Weitzel. It seems from the *Intelligencer* this morning that Lincoln had ordered that Thompson and Letcher should be allowed to escape out of the country as one of his last public acts. On our way from the Treasury we called on General Butler at Willard's, who had just reached the city. He is in fine spirits and is to see the President this evening. A caucus of the radical members of the War Committee is to meet the President tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock to confer about a new cabinet. Butler says the President must not administer on the estate of Lincoln but on that of the government, and select new men to do it. I am now more than rejoiced that we did not go to Charleston. The conservatives of the country are not here, and the presence and influence of the War Committee with Johnson, who is an ex-member, will powerfully aid the new administration in getting onto the right track.

Grant's terms with Lee were too easy, and the force surrendered was too small to be of great consequence.

MONDAY EVENING, April 17.

Last night went to the African Baptist church on Fourth street and was much interested. This morning went as per appointment to see the President. We talked very frankly and the symptoms seemed favorable. This evening attended the meeting of Senators and Representatives to make arrangements as to the funeral of the President. I am on the committee of escort to convey the remains to Illinois, but I cannot leave my duties here. The excitement growing out of the President's murder increases.

TUESDAY EVENING, 18th.

Wrote a long letter home for the *Republican*. Great crowds are pouring in to attend the funeral tomorrow. Went to the east room of the White House this evening and saw the remains of the President. Great crowds have been struggling for admission all day, and more than 100,000 must have gazed at his remains since morning. Made a very pleasant call on Father Pierrepont this evening.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

Attended the funeral in the east room. The procession has no parallel. The funeral of General Taylor, which I attended,

was nothing in comparison. The negroes appeared finely in the procession, and the President's hold on them is wonderful, and indeed on the whole country, including even those who regarded his death as a providential means of saving the country. He was a plain man of the people, indeed *one* of them, and hence their devotion to him.

MONDAY, 24th.

On Saturday last we had General Rosecrans before our committee, and his account of the campaign of Western Virginia makes McClellan look meaner than ever. On last Friday went with Indianians to call on President Johnson. Governor Morton transgressed the proprieties by reading a carefully prepared essay on the subject of reconstruction. Johnson entered upon the same theme, indulging in bad grammar, bad pronunciation and much incoherency of thought. In common with many, I was mortified.[7]

THURSDAY, April 27th.

Called on Tuesday to see the President. Went last night to see Bierstadt's grand picture of the Rocky Mountains.

Universal surprise and indignation prevail here as to Sherman's shameful capitulation. While I am writing the news comes of the capture and death of Booth. Saw Secretary Stanton today about the conduct of General Meredith at Paducah, where Union men are being shot like dogs and are being compelled to sell their farms and leave the district while Meredith is being loaded with rebel gifts and attending rebel balls.

[7] The political relations between Morton and Julian were not cordial. Their antagonism dated from long standing differences. Julian "was radical, able, eloquent, and uncompromising toward all who differed from his way of thinking. When Morton withdrew from the Democratic party Julian considered him too conservative" for "full fellowship with the faithful." Julian also denounced Know-nothings in the bitterest invective and did not want them in the Republican party. Morton, more moderate, more recently awakened to the dangers to be feared from the slave power, more practical in his remedy, would unite and strengthen all opposing elements. Julian did not like the influence which Morton had acquired in the new party. He had been opposed to Morton's candidacy (for governor) in 1856 and though he had taken the stump for Morton against Willard he afterwards spoke of the ticket as "a combination of weaknesses, instead of a union of forces." He did not regret Morton's defeat in 1856, for he said: "Had the slippery tactics of our leaders received the premium of a victory it would have been far more disastrous in its influence hereafter than merited defeat, which may even bless us as a timely reproof of our unfaithfulness." William Dudley Foulke's *Life of Morton*, Vol. I, pp. 61-66.