TO MRS. GRIMES.

Burlington, April 16, 1865.

Day before yesterday was a day of rejoicing and gladness in Burlington. The country people were in town in large numbers, and there were processions, torchlights, fireworks, illuminations, and every one seemed happy at the thought of a speedy and honorable peace.

That day of jubilee has been succeeded by two very sorrowful ones. About nine o'clock on Saturday, the intelligence reached us of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and the attempt upon Mr. Seward's life. Immediately the people began to assemble about the Hawkeye office, and soon Third Street became packed with people. And such expressions of horror, indignation, sorrow, and wonder, were never heard before. Shortly, some one began to decorate his house with the habiliments of mourning, and soon all the business part of the town, even the vilest liquor-dens, were shrouded with the outward signs of sorrow. All business was at once suspended, and not resumed during the day, but every one waited for further intelligence from Washington.

This day has been remarkably pleasant, and every one went to church. I went early, and found our church packed full, so that it was with difficulty I found a seat. Many were there whom I never suspected of ever going to church before, among them many German Turners; and many were turned away.

I was kept busy last night trying to prevent the destruction of a foolish woman's store, who, it was said, expressed her joy at Mr. Lincoln's murder. Had she been a man, so much was the old Adam aroused in me, I would not have uttered a word to save her.

I am full of forebodings about Johnson. He is loyal enough, but he is a man of low instincts, vindictive, violent, and of bad habits. His course will depend much upon the hands he falls into at the outset. I hope he will be equal to the occasion, and prove to be a good President. The performance of the fourth of last month was not a very flattering angury of the future.

Mr. Lincoln is to be hereafter regarded as a saint. All his foibles, and faults, and shortcomings, will be forgotten, and he will be

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looked upon as the Moses who led the nation through a four years' bloody war, and died in sight of peace. Never did men make a greater mistake than did his assassins, if they desired lenity and favorable terms, when they slew him, and attempted to slay Seward; for they had more to expect from them than from any men, indeed, from all men connected with the public councils in the North. Mr. Lincoln was the most amiable, kind-hearted man I ever knew, and would not, if he could avoid it, punish his most malignant enemy. If I am not greatly deceived, they have got a "Tartar" in his stead.

April 19th.----We have four days of universal and heartfelt sorrow and mourning; business has been nearly suspended. There was a meeting in Union Hall on Monday evening, and, although very rainy, the hall was full. I presided, and spoke a few minutes, and was followed by Mr. Salter, Father Donelan, and Mr. Darwin. At twelve o'clock to-day there were religious services in all the churches, and I hear that all were crowded; Mr. Salter's certainly was. In the afternoon there was an immense procession through the streets, ending its march at the hall, where as many entered as could, leaving a large part out-of-doors. I again presided, and opened and closed with a few remarks. There was not a business-house, or a drinking-house even, open during the day, nor an inebriated man to be seen in the town. No Sunday was ever so universally kept sacred in Burlington. The real grief does not seem to be confined to any party or sect. Everybody seems ready to canonize Mr. Lincoln's memory. If there ever was a man who was happy in his death, that man was Mr. Lincoln. He is for all time to enjoy the reputation of carrying the country successfully through a four years' terrible civil war, and is to have none of the odium and hate that are sure to be engendered by the rival schemes and rival parties for the adjustment of our troubles.

Senator James W. Grimes lived in Burlington, Iowa. It is possible that he was the writer of this letter.

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