IN THE DEEP.

When golden joys are few and brief,
And life is in the fading leaf,
The heart grows cold with silent grief.

The world moves on with heavy wheels,
And every step some ill reveals,
The eye beholds, the spirit feels.

When sinks the sun in yonder sky,
Shutteth the flower its weary eye,
And waits the dawn submissively.

Not with such resignation meek
Do I now act, but foolish, weak
Cherish the thoughts I dare not speak.

Man! with an idol great or small,
The battery shatters into ball,
For Dagon from his height shall fall!

I look'd an image in my soul,
And bow'd to it with worship rare,
Which leapt beyond the cliff, control.

But it was fashion'd from the clay,
And though I bow with me yesterday,
It hath return'd to dust to-day.

O Grief! thou pale and haggard-eyed,
Where art thou? I seek thee in my side,
Thou, thou art mine, and none beside!

Yet move thy shadow from the wall!
Why should I drink thy proffer'd gall?
Is there no God above us all?

Will He not list the suppliant's pray'r?
Will He not take the sting from care?
Will He not lift me from despair?

SERMON BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER

I will read you some of the opening verses of the forty-eighth chapter of Genesis:

And it came to pass after these things, that one said to Joseph, Behold, thy father is sick; and he took with him his two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim. And one told Jacob, and said, Behold, thy son Joseph cometh unto thee. And Israel strengthened himself, and sat upon the bed. And Jacob said unto Joseph, God Almighty appeared unto me at Luz, in the land of Canaan, and blessed me, and said unto me, Behold, I will make thee fruitful, and multiply thee, and will make of thee a multitude of people; and will give this land to thy seed after thee for an everlasting possession. And now thy two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, which were born unto thee in the land of Egypt before I came unto thee unto Egypt, are mine; as Reuben and Simeon they shall be mine. And thy issue, which thou begettest after them, shall be thine, and shall be called after the name of their brethren in their inheritance. And as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachael died by me in the land of Canaan, in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath; and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath, the same is Beth le hem.

How strange human life appears to us in these remote ages. Society, customs, occupations, its chief characteristics, seem scarcely recognizable. Patriarchs stand up in that far-off day clothed with the romance of a thousand years. As when a village stands on a summer afternoon flooded with a golden haze, we see it through the dust and the vapor which rise from the industry of the village itself, so we look at these old men of a distant time through an atmosphere which the minds of millions of men have created. It seems irreverent, if not wicked, to dissolve this golden mist, and to lay bare literal realities.

Esau and Jacob were brothers. Nor could they have been better contrasted had their characters been set as merely dramatic contrasts. Esau, the eldest, was bold, abrupt, heedless, with much in his nature that was generous and lovable. He united a kind of rashness, which produces the effect of wickedness, with qualities which shall hold the heart to him. He had no settled plan of life. He had no governing principle. He was a man of impulses—capable of generous ones, yet more habitually acting under others. He acted resolutely, but thoughtlessly, along the line of impulse; and when his worse nature prevailed he seemed hateful and cruel, though when his better nature was touched he seemed far more noble than his brother Jacob.

Jacob was a man of deep nature; but his depth lay in his domestic affections, and not so much in other directions. He was considerate, wise, and politic. Esau's feelings were first; his thoughtfulness was second. Jacob's reason was dominant. Nothing acted that he did not permit. He looked before him. He foresaw advantages, anticipated evils; secured the one, and avoided the other.

Now, a character that is perfectly round and balanced is never so interesting in its details as one that is fitful. That landscape which is smoothest is not the most taking to the eye; but the roughest and the rudest. And characters that are all knit together do not catch men's admiration as those do that have chasms and falls and cliffs—strong qualities. It is always easier to live with a round and well balanced mind, but we admire the other sort, and make heroes of them. And so it is that the young and inexperienced are perpetually tempted to make heroes of men that are not heroic, and that are unfit to be imitated. And hence it has come to be a saying that the faults of strong men are the things that are the easiest copied.

Jacob's feelings were always under the control of his judgment. He indulged them or repressed them as seemed best. Such a nature seldom captivates; and imagination always loves a certain uncontrollable course of feeling. One loves to see a strong man regulated and good, but regulation ought not to stand in the place of great natural tendencies in the right direction. Where a man measures every step, limits every feeling, analyzes every motive, controls every impulse to the scruple, he may seem to us more nearly right, but neither magnanimous nor strong. We conceive of a nature to which principle is like the banks of rivers, fixed and definite; but within those banks one loves to see the waters rising with awful freshets, or moving in uncontrollable power, now wrinkled and swirled, and making headlong haste to overcome all hindrances, and now spreading wider and growing calmer and flowing deeper, as if victory had subdued all fret and anger.

But a man whose banks have been laid up for him, stone by stone, smooth and even, is a canal, whose waters are economically regulated, just enough for profitable use, and not a drop more. Every wave and swell is combed out, every wrinkle is smoothed, and, seemingly, the man is walking down to the mill with a sense of its duty to turn the wheel around. Canals are very good, but men do not sit and make poems on canals.

Esau was not a river, but a torrent. When rain fell on the mountains, he roared down the ravines. In summer, however, it was dry. Jacob was more than a canal. He was a river, but a stream that had long since forgotten the mountains, and flowed through level plains smoothly, beautifully, but not grandly.

This wise and politic nature, however, was suited to the position of a leader. He was to develop a nation. He was to found a religious economy. He was just fitted to be a statesman. He had an eventful life and a long one. Yet, so adroitly did he manage circumstances, so discreet was he in dealing with human nature, that we see, even in the simple and rude affairs of a shepherd's life, a statesman—and one able to control himself (an ability which constitutes the first element of statesmanship) and then able to control other men, and, last of all, able to seek human ends by the use of principles rather than by expedients. Such was Jacob's gift.

As he became old, time seemed to make him, if not nobler, yet more dignified. The unconscious grandeur of the contrast between him and Pharaoh, when they met, ought long ago to have inspired some brush. In the land of pyramids, then second to none on earth in civilization, with cities whose mere ruins now fill us with wonder, with an educated priesthood, and a nobility far above any other on earth, the seat of learning, and the bright centre of art, the king called for his shepherd, this leader of a tribe, this patriarch of a kingdom. And the scene is recorded in the chapter preceding that from which our text is borrowed. I will read a few verses of it to you.

"And Joseph brought in Jacob his father, and set him before Pharaoh; and Jacob blessed Pharaoh."

He took the position of a superior instinctively. There sat the glittering old king on his jeweled throne, surrounded by his satraps; and there sat altogether the king, as between the two, and blessed him.

"And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, how old art thou? And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, the days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage."

Which of those two came out best in conversation? Pharaoh, who said, How old are you? or Jacob, who made this most exquisite answer?

"And Jacob blessed Pharaoh, and went out from before Pharaoh."

And it was dark when he had gone out; for all the light of that court was not equal to his face.

The natural monarch was apparent. It was the old shepherd that stood up grandest, and looked down on the king and blessed him. Listen to the simple summing up of his life. How strangely such words must have sounded to the monarch in his palace, surrounded by all the luxuries of human life.

At length, as his end drew nigh, and he began to fail, Joseph was informed and hasted to him. The passage that I have read gives the result of the first interview. It was in the nature of a review of his own life. I have left out in the reading two or three verses, but I will read all that he gave of the review of his own life. I said it was in the nature of a review; but instead of a review of events, it was rather a statement of results. He looked back on all the long reach of his life, and there were but three impressions that stood up so high above all forgetfulness, above all interests, that he saw nothing else.

Jacob looked up and saw but three things. "God Almighty appeared unto me at Luz in the land of Canaan, and blessed me." "And as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachael died by me in the land of Canaan." God, Love, Grief—these were the sum of his life in retrospect. They were all that he had to speak of. A trinity of the past they were. They dwarfed everything else. Had he forgotten his early ambition? Had he forgotten the heat and fire of his youth? Had he forgotten his unrighteous management and supplanting of his brother? Had he forgotten his fear and enforced flight? Had he forgotten his residence with Laban? Had he forgotten his toils and watchings, and the shrewdness by which he came off at last rich? And did he forget the return to Palestine, the dreaded meeting of his brother, his troubles with neighboring chiefs, and his wrangling children, deceitful, harsh, and cruel? Had he forgotten the horror that spread over him at Joseph's death, his unconsolable grief, or his surprise afterward at Joseph's glory in Egypt, which was so great that it could not be spoken in words?

These experiences had been buried. All time could not efface them, nor age over throw them; yet, in comparison with other influences, they sank down pulseless and voiceless. And as he looked back across the plain of life, the three summits that lifted themselves up above all others, and seemed alone worthy of name, were God, Love, Grief.

"God appeared to me at Luz." This one, first, and great appearance of God was memorable in all his life, because it was the first. Others came after, without a doubt. Dreams and visions, supplementary invitations, he had. But there is something in a full first experience which nothing can ever rival or substitute. Many results come so gradually that we watch their unfolding as we do that of a flower whose seed we plant, and all of whose stages we watch and help, and whose blossoming, though it be a pleasure is never a surprise.

With this unfolding, and the suggestions which I have carried in the narrative with me, let me close with a few points of application:

1. See how perfectly we are in unity with the life of this one of the earliest men. How perfectly we understand him! How the simplest experiences touch us to the quick! Our tears fall for him that passed away four thousand years ago, as if we stood and heard his voice. The unity of the race or man is proved, not by monuments, not by the results which he achieves, but by the common experiences of the soul. The fundamental affections of the great faculties which God put into man at his making—these stand related from the beginning of the world down to this end, so that wherever you go you find that which is constituent in man. You recognize in every nation, in every tribe, your fellow-men, your brethren. Go to Egypt, and stand among the sphynxes, the pyramids, the old and wondrous temples, as you are a stranger in a strange land, and it seems scarcely less than a ghastly dream. Go farther east, see the ruined architecture, survey the manners and customs of the Syrian and Babylonian empires, and you seem still among a strange people. And if they should rise and speak to you, their tongues would be as strange to you as yours would be to them. But let a maiden speak her love, and instantly you know that voice. The works that their hands wrought are wondrous. The affections that throb in their hearts are familiar. The things that they lived for outwardly—see how wide you are separated from these. How different are their laws, their institutions, and their methods of commerce from ours! How strange to us are their character, their political economy, and their ecclesiastical system! Touch that which man fashioned and formed, and man is disjointed, and split apart by rivers, and mountains, and times, and ages; but touch the human heart, and lo! that speaks, and all men rise up and say, "That voice is my voice." Touch but the feeling of love, and every human being says, "It is my brother; it is my sister." Touch those chords that bring out the minor experience of grief, and every man wails with the hoary wailers of antiquity. Man is not a unit by virtue of the fruits of his mind and the works of his hand, but by virtue of those central instincts of reason and affection which are common to all men in all nations and ages. And we stand by the side of Jacob to-day, and are familiar with every step of his inward life; whereas, if we go back to the literature and customs and institutions of the age in which he lived, they are all strange to us. That which comes out of men estranges one from another. That which we keep in us makes all men kin.

2. The filling up of life, however important in its day, is in retrospect very insignificant. When the patriarch looked back through his life, there were but two or three things, as I have said, that happened to him. And yet, there were a million. They grouped themselves into two or three, and it seemed to him as though his life might be expressed by his brief formula—God, Love, Grief. And with us it will be so. The frets that come upon us; the anger that rolls its storms in our sky; the jealousies, the envyings, the fears, the hopes, the petty piques, the burdensome cares, the satisfactions the thousand lights and shadows of superficial life—these speck the hour and clothe the summer of our experience; but, after all, when you have gone a little way from them, they are as if they had not been.

Where are that gay plumage which the trees lifted up some six months agone? Where is all that purple garniture of the fields that delighted every eye that looked upon it? The fields are bare and russet, and the trees hold up their branches against the sky without leaf, or blossom, or fruit.

Look back upon those ten thousand experiences which you passed through last year. How many of them can you revive? How many of them could you now recite? If narrated to you, how like the history in a novel would they be to you? We are neither as happy nor as miserable as we think. There are few fast colors in human experience. The dyes that seem so fast today wash out to-morrow. The substance of man's life—how useful and needful it is; and yet how fragile and insignificant, compared with certain great spiritual facilities, certain grand, fundamental elements, that go to make the shape of life and character, immortality and destiny.

3. The significance of events is not to be judged by their outward productive force, nor by their power of reporting themselves to our senses, but by their productiveness in the inward life. All that is man constructs out of matter, all that he does as a member of society, may have its importance; but, after all, these things are temporal, and therefore transient. It is wise to build up men according to the methods that God has ordained. Human government, human society, industries of every kind, are ordinances of God—not such ordinances as the church has. Divine ordinances are these. And men ought to dig, to smelt, to construct, to store; men ought to be seamen, and landsmen; men ought to be husbandmen, and manufacturers, and merchants. The business of life ought to be consequential; but it is not of the highest consequence. It is an instrument, and not the end. For all that a man accumulates, the matter that makes him powerful here, stays on this side of the grave. All that he constructs in himself of thought and feeling he will carry with him.

Now, tell men that those are the strongest men that stand yonder, and they will ask, "What are they worth?" Of bonds, nothing; of houses and lands, nothing; of ships and goods, nothing. And when you tell them this, they say, smiling, "You are given to poetry, to tell me that those are the men of power. For my part," say they, "give me a good farm, and substantial funds to manage it with; give me a bank; give me ships; you may have your inside treasures, but I would rather have outside treasures so long as I live in this world." But when men come to walk the shadowy way; when the great Tax-gatherer calls all men before him, to one he says, "Give me thy ships." "O Death, they are thine," says the man, and they are passed over. To others he says, "Give me thy houses and thy lands;" and they and their possessions part company without papers. To another he says, "Give me thy funds that thou hast toiled for;" and the man that stood highest in his day and generation is stripped bare, and shoved out of the world with no capital for the life to come.

Then comes another man, a man of dreams, as he is called, and Death says to him, "Yield up thy ships." "I have none," says the man. "Yield up thine acres." "I have none." "Yield up thy bonds and funds." "I have none." "Yield up thy thoughts." "Nay, O Death, my thoughts are mine, and are beyond thy power." "Yield up thy affections." "Nay, Death! thou canst not touch my affections. And my hope, my improbability—these are not in thy schedule. That which I am by the grace of God, thou canst not tax nor hold. I carry all that with me." The man that is mightiest in this world leaves his might behind him; and the man that is weakest in this world carries his might with him. And when we step into that other world where things are measured according to their realities, the man that has the most outside has the least, and the man that has the most inside has the most. And so the first shall be last, and the last shall be first.

4. In looking back through the events of life, though they are innumerable, though they are amazing in their variety and in their diversity, yet there remains at last are very few; not because all the others have perished, but because they group themselves and assume moral unity in the distance. We find that the patriarch's life, in looking at it retrospectively, summed itself up in two or three experiences which had their respective types. He speaks of his life as being all represented by these few things. And our life will stand up by and by in the same way. It consists not in the abundance of the things which we possess. The things that now seem of the least account will seem of the most transcendent importance. What you retain that connects you with God, what you have known in life that was most generous, and deep, and sweet of love, and what great cleansing grief you have suffered—these will stand highest in the last hours of life. Things that we think little of, yet they are more and more precious as we draw near to heaven. And sorrowers and sufferers, when they look back upon their sorrow and suffering, at the close of life, will see beyond it love, beyond that God, and beyond them all eternity and blessedness.

Let us, then, not revoke the duties of the day; but let us remember that there is a higher fruit than that of which man thinks. And while we are building up the family and the State, and discharging our functions in the great realm of civilized life, let us remember that these are but instruments, that the true life is that which is carried on in man's silent thoughts and deeper affections, and that he only that lives day by day is projecting his life into the other life and sphere.

And as you look back from your last hours, may it be yours, joined, as you are, in a common faith with the old patriarch, to behold, standing highest on the horizon, these higher experiences of your moral nature, when the fret, and fever, and suffering of the body have ceased, and have no more record forever.

AN; DVENING IN SPRING.

Rise up, fair moon! I long for thee:
Thou movest all too slow
She saw thee rise, in other skies,
A long, long hour ago.

Her looks of love are on thy face,
Her thoughts are flying to me:
Rise fir ner soon, thou lingering moon,
And bring them unto me.

Sweet, sweet the hours when side by side
We saw thee rise and rise,
Ayr I turned from look of love, O moon, to see
The love light in her eyes.

My eyes shall hold thee fast to night:
But my heart shall fly far over.
In the track of thy light, till it gives me sight
Of her who longs for her lover.

Will she not know, when I am near,
And her fluttering, yearning heart
Rest from its grieving, in sweet believing
That we are not apart?

Galaxy for June

Party Movements South—The Republican Campaign.

The Republican committee makes an appeal for money to aid its efforts to organize the Republican party in the Southern States. It urges the necessity of sending speakers and documents to enlighten and influence the public mind, as well as of organizing the party for vigorous and effective effort at the polls. The appeal will doubtless meet with a liberal response. It is in the highest degree desirable that any great and powerful political party which holds to seeks political power should be national and not sectional in its organization and character. The Republican party is now dominant in the councils of the nation; and it ought to have an organization and adherents in every State and in every section of the Union.

This, indeed, is indispensable to its usefulness and prolonged existence. No sectional party can long remain in possession of national power. Especially now that slavery has been destroyed and all cause for sectional differences thus removed, will it be required of every party, as a condition of public confidence, that its aims, its principles, and its sentiments shall be as broad as the Union, and embrace the welfare of the whole nation rather than that of any particular section. And the best service the Republican party can now render the country is to extend its organization into every State, and to labor zealously for the common good.

There is one thing preliminary to success in such an undertaking, however, which must not be overlooked. If the Republican party is to become national in its action, it must be national in its principles and its sympathies. It will not answer to base its new development on issues of the past. It must have a distinct programme for the future. It must not rely for support anywhere, exclusively or mainly on what it has done, but on what it proposes to do, for the public good. It is not enough that it has abolished slavery, it must now make that abolition a blessing and not a curse to the nation at large. It cannot base its claim to power on the fact that it has made suffrage universal to the negro race; it must vindicate that action, by showing that the country has been benefited, not damaged, thereby. And this can only be done by wise, beneficent, and judicious action, by practical measures, and not by loud professions, and still less by clamorous reminiscences of the past.

Nor can the Republican party rely for continued life and strength on the fact that it stood by the country against rebellion—that it carried the nation safely through the war. Up to the present time, since the war was closed, the Republican party has lived mainly on the odium in which its enemies involved themselves during the contest. That capital will not be sufficient always. The people never keep a party in power any more than they keep an individual in office from motives of gratitude. In the presence of the fresh, new, and pressing issues to which the necessities of the time give rise, the past is always forgotten. The people have no time for recollections; they demand action in the present and for the future. The Republican party must not count, therefore, on maintaining itself in power by reminding its opponents of their past transgressions and its own patriotic conduct. It must show itself hereafter to be as much wiser, more just, more patriotic and trust worthy than its enemies as it has hitherto; and that must be done by the superior wisdom of its measures and its policy.

The financial condition of our affairs demands the cordial, united, harmonious co-operation of all sections and all classes of our people. We must cherish and promote the industry of all sections—not derange and destroy it. We need peace, concord—a common effort for the common good. The Republican party can secure this, and every consideration of interest and of honor demands that it should do it. It should not sacrifice any interest or any right; but it owes it to the nation that the sectional resentments and hostilities which led to the war should no longer vex the public peace or check the public growth now that the war is over.—*New York Times.*

☞ The comments of the Brooklyn *Union* on Mr. Beecher's novel include the following: "'Norwood' falls below the Beecher standard. 'Norwood' one think Mr. Beecher wrote it."

—General Schenck, it is understood, will receive the Republican nomination for Governor of Ohio.

BOOTH'S DIARY.

The political insinuations suggested by General Butler in reference to the alleged mutilations of the diary of John Wilkes Booth has occasioned a general demand for the publication of the document. The President has finally yielded to the solicitations for the publication of the diary, and ordered a certified copy to be prepared. The following are the official documents:

(Copy.)

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 9, 1867.—The Secretary of War will please furnish the President with a certified copy of the "Diary" found upon the body of J. Wilkes Booth, together with a succinct statement of all the facts connected with its capture and its possession by the war department. ANDREW JOHNSON.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, May 14, 1867.—SIR: I have the honor to submit herewith a copy of the entries contained in the memorandum book found on the person of J. Wilkes Booth, at the time of his capture, certified by General Holt, judge advocate general, who has possession of the book, together with his report in relation thereto. The memorandum book was first seen by me about the 20th day of April, 1865, shortly after Booth's capture, and a few hours before his remains reached Washington. It was brought to my house by Provost Marshal Baker and another person, who was, I think, Lieutenant Colonel Conger.

The book was then examined by me in presence of General Eckert, assistant secretary of war, and was found to contain only the entries certified by General Holt; also some photographs of females. Immediately preceding the entries, some pages appeared to have been cut out; but there was nothing indicating what had been written thereon, or whether anything had been written, nor when or by whom they had been cut out. Immediately after careful examination of the book and its contents, it was placed in the hands of General Eckert in the same condition as when I first saw it, to be delivered to the judge advocate general, in whose possession, after its delivery to him by General Eckert, I am informed and believe it has continued until the present time. The last time I saw the book was some time last winter. It was then before the judiciary committee of the house of representatives, and was in all respects in exactly the same condition as when I saw it first, without any change or alteration, so far as I could discover, in its contents. General Eckert reported to me that upon receiving the memorandum book from me, he sealed it up and locked it up in his safe, and it continued in his possession until he delivered it to the judge advocate general, and that it was then in the same condition as when it was brought to my house by Baker.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

To the President.

The Diary.

The following is a copy of the writing which was in pencil, found in the diary taken from the body of J. Wilkes Booth:

(Official Copy.)

J. HOLT, Judge Advocate General.

"Tusamo," April 13, 14. Friday the Ides. Until to-day nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture, but our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends and was stopped, but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted "*Sic semper*" before I fired. In jumping I broke my leg. I passed all his pickets, and rode sixty miles that night with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never return to my home, I wanted to kill. Our country owed all her trouble to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment. The country is not what it was. This forced Union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night, "before the deed," I wrote a long article and left it for one of the city papers of the *National Intelligencer*, in which I have fully set forth our reasons for our proceedings. He or the government.

Friday 21.—After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night being chased by gunboats till I was forced to return wet, cold, and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair, and why? For doing what Brutus was honored for, what made Tell a hero, and yet I, for striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cut-throat. My action was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great, the other had not only his country's but his own wrongs to avenge. I hope for no gain. I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country and that alone—a country that groaned beneath this tyranny, and prayed for this end, and yet none helped the cold hand they extend to me. God can not pardon me if I have done wrong; yet I cannot see my wrong, except in serving a degenerate people. The little, the very little I left behind to clear my name, the government will not allow to be printed. So ends all. For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy, brought misery on my family, and am sure there is no pardon in the heaven for me, since man condemns me so. I have only heard of what has been done, except what I did myself, and it fills me with horror. God, try and forgive me, and bless my mother. To-night I will once more try the river with the intent to cross, though I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do. I do not regret the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well though I am abandoned, with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great, though I did not desire greatness. To-night I try to escape these bloodhounds once more. Who, who, can read his fate! God's will be done. I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. Oh! may He, may He support me that, and let me die bravely. I bless the entire world. Have never hated or wronged any one. This last was not a wrong unless God deems it so, and it is with him to damn or bless me. And for this brave boy with me who often prays. Yes, before and since, with a true and sincere heart. Was it crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course. This shall be left me.

Upon a piece of paper found in the diary, and supposed to have been torn from it, is written the following:

"MY DEA (Piece torn out.) Forgive me, but I have some little pride. I cannot blame you for want of hospitality. You know your own affairs. I was sick, tired, with a broken limb, and in need of medical advice, and I could not have turned a dog from my door in such a plight. However, you were kind enough to give us something to eat, for which I not only thank you, but, on account of the rebuke and manner in which to" (piece torn out) "it is not the substance but the way in which kindness is extended that makes one happy in the acceptance thereof. The sauce to meat is ceremony. Meeting were based without it. Be kind enough to accept the inclosed five dollars, although hard to spare, for what we have received. Most respectfully, your obedient servant."

Report of the Judge Advocate General.

BUREAU OF MILITARY JUSTICE,
May 14, 1867.

Respectfully returned, with the copy asked for.

The "diary" purports to be one for 1864, and the leaves cut or torn from it probably contained entries of that year, and were thus destroyed by Booth himself. It is absolutely certain that the diary is in all respects as it was when it came into my hands, and Colonel Conger, who was prominent in the pursuit and capture of Booth, after having carefully examined it in my presence on yesterday, declared its condition to be now precisely the same as when he took it from Booth's body after he had been shot, the writing in it being the same and all which it then contained. Colonel Conger was examined before the judiciary committee of the house of representatives to-day.

J. HOLT, Judge Advocate General.

The St. Louis *Democrat* calls Attorney General Stanbery "a noisy hen," asserting of his "elaborate opinion on the Reconstruction act," that "no egg ever laid was introduced into the world with such prolonged and vigorous cackling before it made its appearance."

NASBY.

Triumphal Progress of J. Davis from Fortress Monroe to Richmond.

THE "STOTSWOOD," RICHMOND, VA., May 13, 1867.

In castin a retrospective glance backerd over the pathway uv the past, I kin see many mistakes wich I hev made. I hevn't allus made the most uv opportunities—I hev doubted when doubtin wuz a crime, and I hev stood shivrin on the brink and feared to launch away, when on the tuther side uv the Jordan wuz pell and prudit. Our foresite isn't allus as good as our hindsite. The great error uv my life wuz in not sheerin headlong into the war as a confed-rit major general, distinguishin myself for cruelty to federal prizners, and bein at the close uv the fratrisidde struggle rescued and embraced ez a long-lost brother by the Northern people, (lettin em kill fattid calves for me,) and uv course bein the objeck uv sympathy ez a marter by the Southern people. In this situeysion a man has two strings to his bow. He brings to his support the two extremes. He fetches together Horris Greely from the one side, and Gen. Boregard from the tuther; they embrace, and standin onto both their sholders he hez wat may be called a soft thing uv it.

I wuz led into these train uv reflections by the experience I hev had with our sainted chief, Jefferson Davis. I wuz sent hither by the president to see that everything wuz done for the comfort uv the illustrious man that cood be done, on the occasion uv his contemplated trip to Richmond. Partikularly I wuz charged to see that everything calkulated to jar onto his sensitive feelins be removed—everything wich cood wound his sense uv hearin, seein, or smellin.

The orate man had consented to go. He hed him, he felt, illegally deprived uv liberty—unconstooshnelly in fact—and of he shood consult his own feelins he wood remane, but to forgive wuz divine. Yewin these perceedins in the life uv an apology, he wood go.

The day hed arrived. The steamer-wuz at the fortress, carefully prepared to receive its illustrious burden. It hed been thoroughly cleaned and fumigated, the cabins hed bin nicely furnisht, and speshl alterashens made for the president and party. Thier wuz Younited States officers and soldjers aboard, but out uv respeck for the feelins uv their illustrious "prizner," ez he is technically called, they kept themselves carefully out uv his site, that the color uv their uniforms might not awaken unpleasant reflecksheens. So perfeck, indeed, wuz the arrangements, that the rallin uv the boat, which was originally bloo, was kivered with gray cloth, and the eagle figgerhead uv the craft wuz sawed off. This wuz rejected by a cuttent conservative uv New York, who hez a large Southern trade which he didn't prejoodis by his course dooring the war. The ladies' cabin wuz originally assigned to the party, but a female passenger hed no more regard for the comfort uv the marter than to die on the passage, an they were deprived uv it. The conservative merchant insisted that the corpse be chucked overboard, but Mr. Davis, with a magnanimity wich wuz allus characteristic uv him, refoozed. "No," said he, "let her rest there. I kin endoor the inconvenience, severe as it is. It is but one more attempt to break my spezit."

All the way up ther wuz the most techin deference shown him. At every landing the people were assembled to greet him, which he acknowledged with a condescendshen I never saw off the stage. He conversed but little on the passage up. Ez the boat was a stopping unnecessarily past plets made historicle by the events of the great struggle, his eye wood brighten, of they wuz sich pints ez a confederit could take pride in, and dim with tears of they wuz pints at wich thier had been reverses. The most conspicuous preparashens he hed bin made for his reseption. Ther wuz no irons onto him—the only guards in site wuz them wich were detailed to keep the curious from annoyin him, and a carriage wuz in readiness, into wich we sat ourselves, and wuz driven off at a dignified pace to that resort of the aristocracy uv Virginny—the Spotswood. Here more consideraishen was shown. Mr. Davis being averse to walkin up stairs, a suit uv rooms hed been prepared for him on the first floor, and the presence uv General Burton, uv the federal army, bein obnoxious, he wuz assigned by the ex president a room at the further end uv the corridor. His nerves bein very sensitive, heavy mattin wuz laid down in all the halls, and the servants uv the house wuz especially directed to wear list slippers and to walk on their tip toes.

I wuz invited to his room, and wuz favored with a few minutes conversashen with the first me Amerikeen, Gharlie out uv the winder his cheerful, soft gray eye restid on the roof uv Libby. "Lies! lies!" sed he angrily.

"Wat specksh lies hev you reference to?" askt I.

"Them wich wuz publisht in the scurrilous reports uv the committees uv a unconstooshnel Congress regardin the treatment uv prisoners in Libby. They asserted that the officers died becoz they hed but ten feet by two, for sleepin, washin, cookin, and eatin'. They hed that space, and wat more wuz necessary? Why give 'em room to cook when they hedn't anythin' to cook? Wherefore room to eat of they hedn't anythin' to eat? No, it's false. Is wuzn't the crowdin' that perdoost the mortality."

Only unest wuz his buzzum wrung, and that the government cood not prevent. He wuz a standin' at the winder, gazin' out upon Richmond, his mind revertin' to the time when it wuz the capital uv his Confederacy, when a procession passed with moosic, and flags, and banners. With a shreek uv anguish he buried his hed in the curtins, and wept aloud. I rushit to the winder. It wuz ez I feared. Fillin' slowly by wuz a percession uv niggers who hed past that way perposely. "Merciful heaven!" sed he, "hez it come to this?" and he wuz very reserved and deprest the balance uv the day.

The next day the president was taken to the court. Ez he entered the room and glanced proudly over the audience, it wood hev bin very difficult to hev decided whether he wuz goin to try the court or the court try him. But repressin himself, he took his seat. Techin solicitood wuz displayed in the court room for his comfort. A crack in the winder casin let in a draft uv cold air; he shuddered and a shudder run throo the entire assemblage. The shudder of the conservative merchant from Noo York wuz trooly artistic. Cotton wuz called for, when the conservative merchant's wife tore off one uv her buzzums and stuffit the apertsur. Your ther ever more techin sacrifice? The president wept ez he beheld it. On assertainin the temperatoor wich best sootid his system, a thermometer wuz brot, and the room wuz kept at that precise degree.

There wuz sum triffin legal formalities gone through with, and the President's counsel made a motion that he be admitted to bail. There wuz a stir in the court. "Mast it a million?" sed one, "so that the craven North shel see how we kin take keer uv them we love?" but Judge Underwood fixed it at $100,000, and brisk ez bees, Schell, a Noo York Democrat, several Richmond Dimocrats, and Horris Greely stept forrerd and signed it.

Never shel I forgit the shout that ascendid ez Horris wuz a signin his name.

"Three cheers for Jeff'son Greely and Horris Davis—one and inseperable, now and forever!" shouted one enthooslastic confedrit.

"Immortality is yours!" sed another, seeing him by the hand corjelly. "Jeff'son Davis is the big dog uv the age, and yoo, my deer sir, are now the tin kettle tied too his tale. Wat joy! Wat happiule! When posterity speeks um him they'll speek uv you!"

I coodent restrane myself no more. Bustin into teers, I fell onto Greeley's buzzum, and we embraced. Ez he hedn't his specktikles on, he sposed it wuz Davis hisself, and he bustid into teers also, and there wuz sum more of the most strikin tabloos ever exhibited. I got away arter he diskivered his mistake.

Here wuz the endin uv our trubbles—the consummashen uv our hopes. Davis wuz free. The pentup emoshens uv the people found vent. Ez he stept into the street the people crowded to the carriage wich contained us and rent the air with cheers. We reacht the hotel, and after embracin his wife, a season uv religious exercises wuz held. The clergyman who hed excloosive charge uv Davis's piety deorin the war, wuz present, and he offered prayer. He prayed fervently that the Lord wood forgive the people of the North for the wrong they hed done our sainted head, that he wood forgiv, of posible, the late head of the federal government who had opposed him and the glorious coz, and ci Divine mercy could stretch so far, that he would forgive the colonel uv Michigan cavelry which hed hunted down the Saint who wuz now in our midst, and made uv him a captive. He prayed for forgiveness for the reckless men uv the North who invaded Virginy; for the noosepaper conduktors who had aboozed him who is now with us, and partickularly Horris Greely, who hed this day in some measure atoned for his previous wickedness. He prayed that the blessins uv Heven might rest, first, upon the city uv Richmond, then upon the balance uv Virginy, and afterward upon the rest uv the Southern States, and he wound up with a fervent appeal that the Ethiopian, wich coodent change their skins, might see the error uv their ways and return to their normal condishen.

After this the president received his friends.

I am not permitted to give more uv the president's plans than this: he will remain in seclooshon and will take no part what ever in politics until after his final acquittal in November. He don't feel at liberty to take hold uv the government so long ez there is even a techinicle charge agin him. Our friends in the Northern States, who expected him to take the stump in their behalf this fall, will be disappointed. I return tomorrer to Kentucky.

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COTTON IN INDIA

The Bombay Crop of 1866-7—Its Money Value Nineteen Millions of Pounds Sterling—Great Progress in the Cultivation, Cleaning, and Packing—Excellence of the Native Seeds, etc.

From the Times of India, April 1

The report of Mr. W. Walton, the acting cotton commissioner, on the cotton crop of the northern division, completes the statistical account of the present position of cotton cultivation throughout the presidency. This portion of the report is even more encouraging than that on the southern division, where the increase in area under cotton in 1866-7 is, in exotic cotton, 17 per cent., and 7 in native. In the northern division, the increase in area for 1866-7 is, for exotic cotton, 9¾ per cent., subject to a decrease in native growth of 4 per cent. Then on a comparison of the increase in the southern division was, for indigenous cotton, 22 per cent., and for exotic 27½; but in the northern portion of the presidency the increased yield this year in 1865-6 is, in exotic cotton, 379 per cent., subject to a decrease in the native variety of 12 per cent. This enormous increase in the better variety is due nearly as much to improved yield as to increased breadth under cultivation. Mr. Walton tells us that the exotic cotton this year has produced 70 pounds clear cotton per acre, as compared with thirty pounds in the previous season. These statements need some explanation, and care is required lest the public at home should be misled on the important question of exotic versus indigenous cotton cultivation. In writing on Mr. Walton's report on the southern division, we remarked that it seemed to furnish a demonstration in favor of cultivating exotic cotton in preference to any native variety, but we ventured to anticipate that evidence tending to qualify such conclusion would be gathered by the commissioner when in the northern division. In face of the great increase in the turn-out, and the enormous improvements in the yield of "exotic" cotton as returned in the report now before us, our surmise would appear to be a very mistaken one. And yet when the matter is looked at more closely, it will be seen that there is no mistake, unless it be in the misuse in the report of that very excellent and distinct term—exotic. The report says, by far the greater part of the exotic cultivation was carried on in Khandeish. It will, however, be seen that the "exotic" cotton is not foreign cotton at all, nor is it even so derived. The report goes on to say that "the collector, Mr. Ashburner, introduced a superior cotton from Berar," and it is this transplanted variety which has shown such splendid results. We are not referring to this fact with any wish to discourage the cultivation of New Orleans and Egyptian, wherever the soil and climate are suitable for these exotics.

Those interested in the stability of our cotton trade will look forward with great interest to the result of the large and carefully conducted experiments in the Ahmedabad zillah, with New Orleans and Egyptian seed, as mentioned by Mr. Walton. Yet he speaks with some caution as to the prospects of exotic cotton in Ahmedabad. Not only there, as well as in Khandeish, some carefully selected indigenous seed might even succeed better than the foreign varieties. In Khandeish, taking the simple test of yield to breadth sown, we see that Dharwar, Egyptian, Peruvian, Sea Island, and even the New Orleans acclimatized, have all failed, as compared with the native Hinghanat and Berar seed, which has returned some seventy pounds of clean cotton to the acre. So successful has been this introduction of the new native plant, that the yield of the old Khandeish variety, once so convenient for "mixing purposes," has dwindled literally to a handful of "eight pounds." Khandeish is the only cotton producing zillah in the northern division besides Guzerat; and Mr. Walton, with all before him that has been done in that ancient home of "Surrats," thinks that the new field of Khande