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NOT KNOWING.

I know not what shall befall me!
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward path
He makes new scenes to arise;
And every joy He sends me comes as
A sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me as I tread
The days of the year;
But the past is still in God's keeping.
The future his mercy shall cheer,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future has
Less bitter than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the water
Before I stoop to drink;
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He
Will stand beside the brink.

It may be He has, waiting for the
Coming of my feet,
Some gifts of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lip can only tremble with
The thanks I cannot speak.

Oh, restful, blissful, ignorance!
'Tis blessed not to know!
It keeps me quiet in those arms
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest on the
Bosom which loves me so.

So I go on not knowing! I would
Not if I might!
I would rather walk in the dark
With God than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk by him by faith
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow but what
The dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back with
The whispered word, "He knows!"

Printing War Records.

General V. H. Boynton, the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, writes as follows to that journal concerning the printing of the records of the War Department:

An interesting portion of the report of the Secretary of the War is that which treats of publishing the Union and the Confederate records of the war. General Belknap is deeply interested in the matter, and if Congress seconds him with such appropriations as the importance of the subject merits the country will have spread before it during his administration the whole official history of the war.

Congress initiated the matter at the late session under the lead of General Coburn and Mr. Gunckel, of the Military Committee, and General Garfield, of the Committee on Appropriations. An item in the sundry civil bill gave the Secretary of War $15,000 to begin the preparation for the public printer of all orders, telegrams, reports and other official papers not heretofore officially published connected with the operations both of the Union and Confederate armies in the late war, which are in the possession of the War Department. No sectional feeling was aroused by this appropriation, and the late officers of the Confederacy upon the Military Committee and those upon the floor, together with their Democratic associates, joined heartily in supporting the proposition. The general feeling was that the time had come to make public all the material in possession of the government bearing upon the operations of the war, and for two reasons: First, that these records, continually liable to destruction by fire and inevitably exposed to occasional mutilations and abstractions, might be preserved by the multiplication of printing from the possibility of loss; and, secondly, that the public might have access to all the material needed for a complete and so truthful history of the war.

General Belknap has given much attention, during the late recess, to the matter thus entrusted to him by Congress. With Adjutant General Townsend, Mr. Crosby, the chief clerk, and those especially in charge of the records, he has had frequent consultation as to the best method of beginning the work. It was finally decided to make use of the presses in the department, and print a dozen or fifteen copies of each paper deemed to be within the scope of the work as designed by Congress, and distributing these approximately into subjects and arranging them as nearly as possible, in the first instance, in chronological order. By thus executing the work in the department, a large amount of the matter can be set directly from the original papers, and thus save copying, and at the same time the proof reading, to which great attention is paid, can be more accurately performed.

The records, as they now exist, are in the most perfect order, and so in exellent shape for commencing the work of publication. To this care and order of the records General Belknap has devoted much attention. Almost any paper, no matter how insignificant, connected with the smallest operations of the war, as well as the most important ones, or those giving the military record of the great generals, and the record of the humblest soldier as well, can be found immediately.

The Confederate archives, long under the care of the late Dr. Francis Leiber, are in like order. An example of the perfection of this arrangement, though heretofore printed, will be in point here. A gentleman called at the department and asked the Secretary whether he thought it possible that such papers as leaves of absence, granted in the field, just in the confusion following a great battle, were ever preserved, and if so, whether there would be a possibility of finding a certain one of that kind. The Secretary suprised him with the reply that it was altogether probable that the paper could be found, and that he would send an order directing that it be sent from the record room, and let the applicant know in case it was found. The paper wanted was a leave of absence granted at Chattanooga immediately after the battle of Chickamauga, and when matters were as much unsettled as the conclusion of a battle and the immediate presence of the enemy could make them. The paper contained an indorsement of General George H. Thomas, which the gentleman, formerly regimental officer serving under Thomas, wished to preserve. He had not reached his office, three blocks from the department, before a messenger from the Secretary appeared there with a note stating that the paper had been found.

This is believed to be a fair indication of the condition of order in which the entire records of the war are kept.

Aside from those records pertaining to battles and the movements of armies, there is a mass of material setting forth the wonderful history of supplying the great armies. The same is true of the papers showing the engineering attending the transportation of supplies, the bridges built and the roads constructed, in periods which seem little short of miraculous to those who have never seen large bodies of men at work. The medical department has already made known its results, and placed our medical transactions in the field in the very front rank by the admissions of all great nations. The quartermaster's service, including in this term all the branches of supply, and the engineer's operations, together will form a history scarcely less interesting than that of the battles.

Besides the records of the late war, General Belknap has lately come into the possession of a valuable collection of records pertaining to the revolutionary war, hitherto unknown to historians. They are nothing less than the complete official papers of Timothy Pickering, Quartermaster General of the patriot army. They were found in the garret of an old house in Philadelphia, whence they were about to be taken, when the house was being demolished, to a paper mill, and their character and value accidentally ascertained. The Secretary thus referred to them in his address before the graduating class at West Point:

"Within a short time the War Department has been placed in possession of a vast amount of documents of the revolution, consisting largely of letters of Washington and other prominent military men. Among them is a letter from Arnold, written thirty-four days before he consigned his name to infamy and while the promptings of his heart were still loyal to the cause of the Colonies. Writing from West Point to Colonel Pickering, Quartermaster General, at Philadelphia, he states that 'there is not a tent or any kind of camp equipage at this poverty-struck place;' that 'the quartermaster's department is entirely empty,' and that 'there is only one camp kettle to eighty or one hundred men.' He complains bitterly of the situation, and begs Colonel Pickering to apply a remedy, adding as a postscript to his letter, 'There is not a quire of paper or an article of stationery at this post or in the department.' Colonel Pickering replies, 'I am unhappy to inform you that I have not yet received one farthing of money for any purpose whatever, nor can get any, there being none in the treasury, and the articles can not be supplied. You shall hear from me again as soon as I get to headquarters, which shall be when I can obtain money enough to defray the expenses of my journey.' How much this tells of the privations and trials of the men of early days, and how it illustrates the poverty through which the nation worked its way to freedom!"

On the three hundred and fifty-fifth page of the life of Timothy Pickering, by his son, Octavius Pickering, is the following reference to these records of the revolution, supposed, until the purchase by Secretary Belknap, to have been lost:

"A memorandum by Colonel Pickering, dated the tenth of November, 1823, concerning that paper says:

"In a letter from John Lowell, Esq., to my son, John Pickering, was the following statement in my handwriting, done at Philadelphia, in 1782. I copy it now because my letter-book and papers relative to the quartermaster's department are not to be found. When, in 1787, I moved with my family from Philadelphia to Wyoming, I left in a chest, or chests and trunks, all those books and papers in the office of commissary of military stores, then kept at Carpenter's Hall. SAMUEL HODGSON,

"Commissary."

To this the author attaches the following note:

"It seems probable that they were deposited in the office of the Secretary of War, and were consumed when that building was burned down in 1800. If not destroyed, it is remarkable that the ardor of historical research respecting the Revolution has not brought them to light."

The second volume of this "Life of Colonel Pickering" was, upon the death of Octavius Pickering, finished by Rev. Charles W. Upham, and to the latter gentleman General Belknap lately addressed the following letter in relation to them:

SEPTEMBER 11, 1874.

Rev. Charles W. Upham, Salem, Massachusetts:

DEAR SIR—I have been latterly reading your life of the Hon. Timothy Pickering, and have been very much interested in it. In the first place I see upon page 355 of the first volume, by his son, there is a letter by Colonel Pickering, in which he states that the letters, books and papers relating to the quartermaster's department are not to be found.

You will be interested in knowing that about a year since I purchased for the War Department those books and papers, and have them now in my office. There is a large quantity of them and they are very interesting. I am now having them indorsed. They were really the property of the government, as they were official papers, but rather than lose them or have any trouble about them, I paid for them a large sum.

I am given to understand that some years ago they were found by the father of the party from whom I purchased them in the house of a lineal descendant of Samuel Hodgden—the commissary of military stores and Colonel Pickering's principal assistant, to whom reference is also made in the letter above referred to—in old boxes, with every indication of having lain undisturbed a long time. Also, in the fourth volume of the work, on the three hundred and tenth page, I find that there is a statement of Colonel Pickering's that his portrait was painted by Mr. S. C. Waldo, of New York. As I discover in the work no other mention of a portrait, I presume I have in the War Department the one to which he refers. I purchased it in New York a month since. It is evidently an original, and I have placed it in the department with the collection of portraits of previous Secretaries of War.

Yours, very truly,

WILLIAM W. BELKNAP.

The Secretary will present this whole subject of preserving the records by printing to Congress, together with a statement of what he has done, and what he intends to do, provided a sufficient appropriation is made. In vigorously prosecuting this work he will doubtless receive the cordial cooperation of General Garfield, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, who, more than any other member of either house, has made our war history a study, and interested himself extensively in all the questions which the printing of the archives involve.

What to Teach our Daughters.

Give them a good substantial common education. Teach them to cook a good meal of victuals. Teach them to darn stockings and sew on buttons. Teach them how to make bread. Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the diningroom and the parlor. Teach them that the more one lives within his income the more he will save. Teach them that the further one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poorhouse. Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do is like queens. Teach them that a rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives. Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes. Teach them to foot up store bills. Teach them that God made them in his own image, and that no amount of tight lacing will improve the model. Teach them every day, hard, practical common sense. Teach them self reliance. Teach them a good steady mechanic, without a cent, is worth a dozen oily pates in broadcloth. Teach them not to have anything to do with intemperate and dissolute young men. Teach them accomplishments—music, painting, drawing, etc., if you have the time and money to do it with. Teach them not to paint and powder. Teach them to say "No," and stick to it; "Yes," and stick to it. Teach them to regard the morals, not the money, of their beaux. Teach them to attend to the essential requisites of a useful life—truth, honesty, uprightness—then at a suitable time to marry. Rely upon it, that upon your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after-life.

Having a pleasing method of speaking, a preacher need not be either consistent or reasonable.

WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL RIVERS FLOW.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Oh, I'll sing to-night of a fairy land, in the lap of the ocean set,
And of all the lands I've traveled o'er, 'tis the loveliest I have met;
Where the willows weep, and the roses sleep, and the balmy breezes blow,
In that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But oh, alas! how can I sing!—'tis an exile breathes the strain;
And that dear old land of my youthful love I may never see again;
And the very joys that fill my breast must ever change to woe,
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But I'll sing of the lonely, old churchyard, where our fathers' bones are laid—
Where the cloisters stand, those ruins grand, that our tyrant foes have made;
And I'll strike the harp with a mournful touch, 'till the glistening tears will show,
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Emmet's lonely fate, and of Emmet's lonely grave—
Of his early doom and his youthful bloom, and his spirit more than brave;
And ah! how blest and calm his rest, tho' his grave be cold and low,
In that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Tone and the Geraldine, proud Edward true and blest—
They won the crown—the martyr's crown—and they sleep in the shade and rest;
In heavenly mould their names are rolled—they died in manhood's glow,
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Ireland's ancient days, when her sires were kingly men,
Who led the chase, and the manly race, thro' forest, field and glen;
Whose only word was the shining sword—whose pen, the patriots blow,
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

Relics of the Past.

"Oliva" writes from Washington to the Philadelphia *Press:*

At the present time a strange commotion is noticed in that unpretending building now occupied by the State Department. There is a quaking of nerves and a rattling of the fossil-bones that comprise the clerical force of this time-honored institution. The awful archives of the government, which have been handed down from the days of Louis XVI. to the present Republican dynasty, are being carefully laid out in boxes and bags prior to their removal to the grand mausoleum prepared for them by the great architect Mullet, of public building fame.

A royal dust ascends from the crumbling manuscripts upon which kings, princes and potentates have stamped their haughty seals. On a long, broad sheet of paper, the color of a dainty meerschaum, the ill-fated husband of Marie Antoinette signed his name in a bold, round, school boy hand. Very precious to the American heart is this fast crumbling bit of silken tissue. Not because a royal hand has pressed it. It came to the barefooted boys of Valley Forge, the first of the great powers of the earth to recognize the ragged regiments of the wilderness, accrediting the first foreign minister to the republic struggling for existence in the far off western world. Then follow his letters telling us about the births, marriages and deaths in his own family. Martyred Louis Capet, whose blood was necessary to expatiate the sins of generations! This fast mouldering paper will become a pinch of dust; but so long as kings and princes are remembered by the American people, Louis XVI. of France will stand foremost on the list. The head of Louis has rolled from the block, and here is a paper signed by Siezes, President of the National Assembly. Only a few weeks—pass by it quickly, for the eye has caught sight of a paper signed by all the members of the so-called Committee of Public Safety. It bears the awful autographs of Robespierre, Carnot, Brunere and all the others. The faded ink has a strong resemblance to the tracings of blood. Is the handwriting an index of character? Robespierre writes in fine, cramped characters, but there is no trembling of the fingers that wielded that pen. It is placed off to the right alone, by itself, as if his solitary nature colored the smallest actions of his life. To the left the clear, open writing of Carnot, and to judge from his signature he must have been frank and fearless, with a will moulded and tempered like steel. In the pictured flame of imagination he stands superbly royal, as a man, like Raphael's artistic creations of Christ. This is the handwriting of Burere. It is flung upon the paper with a lightning dash of the pen. It represents the highest force below the Infinite. Power arrogated and subjugated from Almighty God. Blood! Blood! Blood! Stand upon your feet! In one sense you are in the presence of Napoleon the First. This is a letter from the great Emperor—short, sharp, and direct to the point as one of his own musket balls. Instead of writing his name in the usual parallel way, he turns the paper sideways and writes almost lengthwise the one single name. "Napoleon," and his signature is as hard to read as that of the late Horace Greeley or that of the absent John W. Forney. The most interesting communication of the group is where he announces his marriage with the Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria. How hard he bears on with the pen, and when he finishes he makes a stroke underneath his name, as though the instrument in his hand had suddenly become a sword. Now follows the news of the birth of the King of Rome. This is done after the form of all such royal announcements. This autograph loses the fierceness of its predecessors. It seems to say, "I have a successor now; there is nothing more to be desired." And here is one from the kingly Jerome, otherwise known as the American Bonaparte. He writes to us, but makes not the slightest allusion to the beautiful Miss Patterson, of Baltimore. He says he has ascended the throne of Westphalia, and he wants his good friends in the distant republic to know it.

This bit of crumbling paper has rested underneath the hand of Louis, husband of Hortense, Queen of Holland. There are some men who will shine in lustre, not by the light of their own radiance, but by a reflection of the luminous glory cast upon them by the grand women with whom they have been known.

This extensive sheet of paper, with its two seals, as large as a small saucer, is a letter from Alexander, Czar of all the Russias, a contemporary of the Great Napoleon, father of Imperial Nicholas, and grandfather of the present noble ruler, who sways the destiny of half a continent. It is written in Russian, and the polite keeper of the treasures did not make a translation.

And what is this? There is a great deal of writing done by our public men so crooked and illegible that it would crimson the cheek of infancy if it was guilty of such work, but here is a royal signature which eclipses Choate and all his illustrious followers. It is the handwriting of crazy George III. It could not be read except that it is attached to a paper recalling a minister in the year 1809, and the keeper of the treasures says it is authentic. It does not look like writing, but resembles the tracks of almost any kind of small monster of the saurian age.

Here is a paper from the Queen of Portugal, the first royal document from a woman's hand! Alas! alas! how shall it be described? It is not writing. The Queen has made her mark—five queenly dots, and the poor little ink spots are plebian to the last degree. Imagine three dabs in a row, each as small as a pin point, the middle dot flanked on either side . . . by the two dots which go to make the five, and you see the sign manual of Donna Maria, once Queen of Portugal. Is it possible this sovereign could not write, for, according to the royal usage, kings, princes and potentates are not above signing their names? Inquiry discloses the fact that those nations whose existence marks the edge of civilization refrain from doing that which would stamp them as other mortals. A Portuguese subject of the higher class knows how to write, consequently the sovereign must make a dot for the sign manual of royalty.

And here is a letter from the shadows of the Alhambra. It is signed "Carlos," in a bold, beautiful hand. It is the writing of Charles IV., monarch of Spain. The dainty flavor of Moor and Castilian lize seems to permeate the silken paper. Land of Cervantes! Birthplace of knight errantry! One of the most exquisite things on earth is the Spanish pride. We come now to a mourning letter from the father of the present dethroned Isabella. The paper has a deep border of black. The King's mother is dead, and he weeps just the same as the orphan boy in the charity hospital. Here is something signed "Frederic William," in a fine, open hand. It is from the nephew and successor of the great Frederic of Prussia. It speaks of the death of royalty, and according to the writer, this fact is supposed to affect the nations of the whole earth. Very few letters from either Prussia or Russia in those remote days, for our infant republic was too young to command the awe of the semi-civilized kings.

But the most precious of all the ancient archives are the private papers of General Washington, purchased by Congress after his death. Jared Sparks and Washington Irving have gathered the grain of this golden field, and the writer, like modest Ruth, is only a simple gleaner. In the most beautiful and exquisite way our own Irving has told us all that which goes to make his hero the most perfect character of ancient or modern times; but, according to the archives, he left out a great deal the world would like to know, for the papers state that it took a great number of adhesive plasters to strengthen his majestic back, with any quantity of calomel and "universal balsam" to keep the universal peace within. The importation of "dressed pumps," powders, wigs, and other masculine finery of those days, shows that no character is so exalted that it loses entirely the divine weakness of humanity, and if the curious inquirer after truth wishes to learn that all men are simply men, the delightful lesson can be learned at the State Department, if the "keeper of the rolls" can again be coaxed to show his treasures.

Another manuscript book is brought forth. It has been steeped in tears and consecrated by blood. It relates entirely to the capture, trial, and execution of Major Andre. Here is the letter which the brave young man wrote to General Washington the night before, as he says: "I am to swing upon a gibbet." What heroic courage he shows in the face of death? How beautifully clear every word is written, and the signature is signed without a tremor of the hand. How General Washington's soul must have been tortured when he was forced by military necessity to approve the warrant for this man's execution; for his benevolent heart overflowed with pity for the smitten of God's unfortunates. Turn over the page; this is a letter from the traitor Benedict Arnold. He informs General Washington that having the interest of his beloved country at heart he can no longer serve in the American army. It is a lawyer's letter in argument as well as the handwriting. How brave and defiant he speaks! What strength of character it unfolds! Who of mortal born knows what motive prompted this great man to betray his country. When the writer glanced at the paper upon which the hand had rested that is now part of its mother dust and read the burning words which are to live in our country's annals as long as history and tradition last, the words of our beloved Saviour seemed to be written in fire on the wall, "Judge not, lest ye be judged," and then arose the prayer of thankfulness that women are excluded from the political arena, and to man alone is given the power of life or death.

A Talk with Santa Anna.

A letter from the City of Mexico, October 20, to the San Francisco *Chronicle* contains the following:

Since writing to you last I have succeeded through the influence of General Martinez, in obtaining an interview with the old Mexican hero, Santa Anna. I came to Mexico with the impression that he was dead, and have been wondering some time how many Californians know that he is still alive and likely to be for ten years to come. The old man lives very quietly and receives little company. The fact that he is almost universally despised by his countrymen causes him to shun them; and for the same reason it is much easier for a foreigner to obtain access to his private parlors than for a Mexican. He is living at present in an old-fashioned Spanish house on Vergara street, and although he is said to be poor, he has about him not only the comforts but many of the luxuries of life.

Five o'clock in the afternoon was the hour appointed for our call, and at that time Colonel Moso, an intimate friend of the General, received us in the court and conducted us up a flight of stone stairs into a long, comfortably furnished room fronting on the street. A piano stood in one corner, and several pieces of statuary and a few pictures here and there about the room displayed a quiet taste. At one end of the room hung a magnificent and life sized painting of a woman in full Spanish costume. It was taken forty years ago, when the subject was Santa Anna's bride. She must have been very beautiful then, if the picture is true, for there is a wonderful charm in the dark, sad eyes. We had been seated but a moment when a side door opened and Santa Anna himself stepped into the room.

Instead of the gray old man that we had expected to see, an upright, soldierly figure stood before us, and we noticed that in spite of his wooden leg he walked with ease and without the assistance of cane or crutch. Santa Anna's eye is still black as a coal, and his hair, although thin, has not yet turned gray. There is a kindly expression in his face that is strangely at variance with the dark tales that blot his history; and as he received each one of us with some pleasant remark and a cordial clasp of his soft, woman's hand, we could hardly realize that the man before us was the author of so many bloody scenes.

"Be seated, gentleman," he said, after we had stood for a few moments; "I have your chairs drawn closely together here so that I can hear you." He turned and walked to a sofa beneath the picture of his wife and sat down. It was in seating himself that the infirmities of his age showed themselves more conspicuously. The false limb troubled him then, and he was obliged to extend it out very carefully before him. He threw his right leg across it, as if to conceal it, and sat straight upright. During the whole hour that we were with him he did not lean back or change his position.

Santa Anna's mind is still clear, but the drift of his conversation shows that he lives almost altogether in the past. He loves to talk of his own exploits, and the accuracy with which he gives dates and particulars of events which have been in history for over half a century, is remarkable. He asked many questions about the United States, and among others the name of our President, which he had forgotten. He alluded to the time when he was the guest of General Jackson in the White House, and laughed as he recalled some little embarrassing circumstances into which his inability to speak English placed him.

Some one inquired after his health. "Mexico never did agree with me," he replied; "I am troubled with catarrh, and the atmosphere here is too rarefied. I am always better on the coast, where I was born."

"Do you not weary sometimes of this seclusion," we inquired, "after the active life you have led?"

"You see I am growing old now," he answered, with a smile that had something of sadness in it; "since 1821, when I declared the independence of the republic, I have seen a great deal."

The allusion to the past seemed to revive all its memories and, without being asked, he commenced a sketch of his early life, and of the many political events in which he bore so prominent a part. In alluding to the establishment of the republic, he said:

"I did not know what a republic was. Iturbide had just concluded a treaty with the Spaniards, and his friends in Mexico had made him Emperor. I was a young man of twenty-four then. I had a volcanic head—I cared for nothing, feared nothing. With 300 men under my command, I had acquired considerable reputation along the Gulf in our war with Spain, and now my followers came around me and asked me to declare a republic in place of the monarchy which Iturbide had established. 'But what is a republic?' I asked. 'Viva la Republica!' they shouted. 'Well, you fools,' I thought, 'if you will have a republic, we will all go off in search of one.' And so I led them against Iturbide. Poor Iturbide," he said after a while, "I had to overcome motives of personal friendship in making war on his government; and how I cried when I heard of his unhappy death at Tampico."

For three-quarters of an hour the old man ran on from event to event without interruption, and by that time it had become so dark in the room that we could scarcely see his face. Santa Anna is very forcible in his talk, and although he is now over seventy-eight years old, his black dashing eyes show that the fires of earlier years are not yet all spent. In speaking he is very much annoyed by a bad fitting set of teeth, and the deafness which is coming on him in later years would make conversation a laborious task but for his willingness to carry the principal share of it. He took leave of us with many kind wishes, and the customary Mexican courtesy to always consider his house our home.

Of Books as Gifts.

Books may be divided into: 1. Books to be looked at. 2. Books to be smelt of. 3. Books to be consulted. 4. Books to be read. Under the first head are to be ranked the sumptuous; the volumes which are really pieces of vertu—the marvels of typography, engraving and binding—works which by persistent industry and at lavish expense have been profusely illustrated and "extended"—volumes the owner of which holds his breath as you turn the leaves—things which, despite the sneers of the utilitarian, we assert to be objects just as beautiful in themselves as fine pieces of plate, or exquisite specimens of gold or silver work. To the thoroughbred book hunter, we need say nothing of that flavor of "mild decay" which reaches the delighted nostril as some tall folio is opened, perhaps for the first time in a century. Books for reference, as our careful, honest, useful friends know, demand no explanatory expatiaton. Books to be read suggest numberless subdivisions, and present a field into which it is unnecessary now to enter. Only may we, in passing, mention books which, by no effort of the human will, by no penitential persistence, by no conscientious devotion, by no surrender of long days and longer nights, by no aid of valiant resolution, can possibly be read through. Pity may carry us on for twenty pages; curiosity for twenty more; a wild desire to do something which nobody has ever done, may help us to hobble a little further; and then in the very middle muddle of the somniferous volume the reading faculty breaks down, and we replace the poor thing upon the shelf, commending it to the bright little worms, and charitably hoping that it will agree with them.

Books intended for holiday purchasers are naturally out forward in holiday raiment, and this may be either cheap or costly, in bad taste or good. Even as Bridget going to church with six months' wages upon her broad back, bears a flagrant and highly illuminated resemblance to her tastefully-arrayed mistress, so as a Connecticut subscription book, extra gilt within an inch of its life, and polished after the similitude of a palace, suggests the loveliest work of famous binders. Only a glance, however, is enough to show you what a Tittlebat Titmouse of a book it is. Its varnish back creaks and snaps as you open it. And, once open, the exposure of humbugging rule-work, on pages disproportionate to the letter, of worn-out steel plates, of bad wood engravings badly printed, makes one blush to be caught in such company. We have had in hand for many years a treatise upon the influence of tables upon popular literature, to which, when it shall be printed, the reader is referred.

There are many things to be said of the beauty and propriety of pooks as gifts. For the just beginning bits of humanity they have long been esteemed welcome donations. Goody Two Shoes (which some think was written by Goldsmith) has trudged through generation after generation. Jack was killing his giants when our great grandmothers were in the pinafores of the period. R. Crusoe, mariner, and his goats are mortal only as to the other end of immortality. Whoever hit upon the idea of coloring children's books must have been a genius in his way. These are the only works of art which are above criticism—these lively smooches, these broad daubings, these enchanting gamboges and vermeils, and indigo blues! Blessed are the babes who can still find delight in the brilliant and monstrous. For taste has invaded even this privileged pictorial domain; and the spruce, foppishly finished woodcuts make us sigh for the coatse, strong work of Blake, and for the rural veracity of Bewick.

A holiday book, whether for old or young, without illustration, would now be considered an impertinence. Inside the glowing covers must be a hundred vignettes, tail-pieces, initial letters and appropriate designs, with the fiery red line bounding the domain of faery. Often "the picture for the page atones," as Pope ill-naturedly said of Quarles and his Emblems; and certainly a well pictured foolish book is better than ungarnished and unmitigated inanity. A good illustration serves as a crutch for the halting fancy, and may even supply the writer's want of dexterity. When a child reads, "A was an archer and shot at a frog," and sees that reptile expiring with the green-coated and conquering A above him, he takes his first step in the humanities with greater ease and precision for the sight. Is not the same primer pedagogy good for stupid adults, doomed to a life-time of the concrete, and too indolent to fashion for themselves an ideal?

Of the economy of book giving, it is not necessary for us to say much. If the volume be cheap, why it will serve its purpose, and it may be as affectionately preserved as if it were braver. Some of us have still in our libraries poor, forlorn little books, allowed life-lease rent free for the sake of the giver, and inscribed upon their fly leaves, "——— ———, from Aunt Polly, January 1, 1822," or words of like commemorative import. Here is another dogseared and shabby 18mo! Open it at the beginning and you may read, though the ink be almost faded out, "From his affectionate mother." How we remember the morning upon which it was given; the kiss, the caress, the tender smile which were given with it! We have grown hard of heart and coarse of soul since then; the world may have ceased to give us anything better than its bitters reproaches or its frigid shoulders; but as we look once more upon the lines traced by the dear hand long ago moldered into dust, we forget for a moment all the fatalities which, harpy-like, have haunted us, and the strong sunrise of our lives comes back to frighten the fond dream of the lost and the long ago!

There is a verse which old ladies were once accustomed to write in the Bibles which they gave their god-daughters: "O, keep it for the giver's sake, and read it for your own!" and the kindly couplet will answer for other books as well. In selecting a gift book it is clearly happiest to choose one which the receiver will be likely to read. Hence, the manifest impropriety of sending a Hebrew Bible to little Jack Hornor, who prefers plums to roots. There is no trouble in fixing upon the right work for the man or woman whose mind you know. Between friends worthy of the name there can hardly be mistake. You may go to your shelves in preference to going to the bookseller, and, taking down some volume which both of you have often admired together, you write your friend's name upon your own bookplate, and the matter is settled at once. True friendship has a long memory, and divines the taste to be gratified with a precision nearly unerring. If we give a book to one who loves us, or who is loved by us, it will convey a charm quite independent of its contents. It is as if we made offering of an opinion which, though not accepted, secures hospitable entertainment because it is ours. It is like bestowing a morsel of ourselves; and we know that it will whisper to the reader with something of our own tone and accent. So we may sing with the poem, speculate with the philosophy, narrate the history and gossip biographies and annals. So, being dead, we may yet speak. So, long after we have departed, the friendly hand may happen to take down the votive volume, and as the eye runs over the yellowing pages and catches here a familiar sentence and there the penciled marginalia, how can the old, happy evenings be forgotten, or we forgotten with them?—*New York Tribune.*

The President and the South.

There is no man who loves justice but will heartily applaud that part of the President's message which relates to the South. He deals with the question of the political status of the negro in a manner which shows that he is actuated solely by a desire to reconcile conflicting interests. He does not mince matters in speaking of facts. That armed organizations banded together for the purpose of intimidating colored voters, and that murders were frequent, while those who were recusant were deprived of work, are matters of record. Under these circumstances the President used a part of the military force to keep the peace in the land. Such interference with local affairs is repugnant to his ideas, and he desires that the assertion of public opinion shall hereafter render it "unnecessary and obnoxious." But this can not be done by a violation of the constitutional amendments, or by winking at outrage. On the contrary, the President declares that the law will be enforced "with rigor, but with regret." The counsel that is given to the malcontents is wise and farseeing. It is asked that there shall be fairness on all sides in the discussion of Southern questions, condemning the wrong and upholding the right. With the fearlessness of a soldier, the President looks the situation fairly in the face, declares that the negro is a citizen and a voter, and must remain so, and asks that he shall be so treated. Then the negro will no longer be compelled, in self-defense, to vote for partisan candidates, without regard to their fitness, but can vote on principle, without regard to his color. This will destroy sectional interferences. Surely there is a vast deal of common sense in this advice. The South can not complain of it, since it is in accordance with their best interests, and the North must admit its justice. The whole land is wearied with the strife of sections. People are ready to agree with the President in thinking that the better part of the Southern whites are disposed to do no violence to individuals or the laws. They have opportunity now to evidence their principles by their acts. The soldier who returned to Lee his surrendered sword is still the friend of the South. Any favor that demands anything less than obedience to the law he is ready to extend to its sons. Will they not at least meet him half way? On the broad platform of charity for the past and justice for the future, a reconciliation of all conflicting interests is possible. The Republican party, through a Republican President, proffers the olive branch. Will the South accept it?—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Paul Boynton's Swim.

Colonel John W. Forney writes this thrilling chapter from London, to the Philadelphia *Press:*

A few days afterward I met a Pennsylvanian, not quite so renowned as the Austrian lieutenant, but in another sphere even more of a curiosity in London. I refer to a resident of Philadelphia, Captain Paul Boynton, of the New Jersey Life Guard, at Atlantic City, now here after his extraordary feat of throwing himself into the ocean, from the national steamship Queen, on the stormy night of October 21, seven miles off Fastnet rock, on the Irish rock bound coast. He began his experiment east of Baltimore, where the cliffs are 180 feet high and more, and after being seven hours in the water, swimming over forty miles, he finally guided himself, in the midst of the tempest, into one of the fissures on that terrible shore. He was clad in the life-saving apparatus recently invented by another American, Mr. Merriman, and aided by his great skill as a swimmer and a diver, his cool courage and strong constitution, performed a feat of which, when the news reached London, was regarded as a hoax, and generally commented upon as another evidence of American exaggeration. You have heard the story how he attempted to get passage on several of the outgoing Amtrican steamers from New York in vain, because the captains knew that he would attempt to leap from the ship to prove the American apparatus of Mr. Merriman, and how, finally, he obtained a berth on the National steamer the Queen, and was prevented only by main force from jumping overboard when 300 miles from New York, and how at length, at nine o'clock on Tuesday evening, October 21, off the Irish coast, he persuaded the captain to put him down the side, and all alone, in a dark tempestuous night, clothed in his India-rubber all-tight suit, with its inflated air-chambers, with food for three days, a compass, a bull's-eye lantern, some books, several signal-rockets, an American flag, with a number of letters belonging to the passengers in his inside pocket, with his bowie knife and axe at his side, he grasped his paddle, and amid the cheers of the crew and company entered upon his awful journey. Every soul on board believed this was the last of the brave fellow. I wish you could hear him tell the story of his condition after being tossed on these mountainous seas for seven long hours; how he was cast into the rocky fissure on the Irish coast; how in the dark night he scaled the almost perpendicular cliffs, and, mounting the top, fired off his signal-rockets for the relief that never came; how he descended the dangerous declivity; stripped off his preserver, and walked, bruised and battered, until he came to a little Irish town, the barefooted inhabitants of which regarded him pretty much as the Indians beheld Columbus, or Robinson Crusoe's man Friday started at the sight of the shipwrecked sailor; how, at last, he got to Skibbareen, where he posted the letters intrusted to him by the passengers of the Queen, who had all given him up for lost, and were astonished when he telegraphed them to Cork that he had arrived, and would soon be among them. "While the houses were being shaken and roofs being blown off in London," says the *Daily News* of October 28, "this bold mariner was alone in the stormy sea, encased in his magic dress, carried up and down the alternate hills and valleys of the ocean." His passage through Ireland was something more than a triumph; the "man fish," as he is called, became an object of wild curiority and admiration. Crowds followed after him, and when he got to Cork he was welcomed at the theatre by the company singing the "Star Spangled Banner," and on October 27 exhibited himself in the harbor near Queenstown for more than an hour. He proved at once the efficiency of his life saving suit and his own daring courage. He fired off rockets, burnt signal lights, ate and drank, knocked the neck off a bottle of lemonade, hoisted his flag twined round with the Irish green and excited a bewildering enthusiasm. Repeating these experiments on several other occasions, he performed some extraordinary feats in the city of Dublin, and on the seventh of November, in the theatres, Zoological Garden, in the river Liffey, and here, as everywhere, he attracted an immense concourse. The same scene took place in the harbor of Kingstown, and I have just been looking over many columns in the Irish newspapers of comments upon his various performances, full of incident and amusement.

Captain Boyton has been in London about a week, and will soon display his prowess and prove his invention at Brighton, the English London by the sea, now in full blaze of fashion and frolic. But he is reserving himself for the most dangerous and daring achievement of his life, viz: that of crossing the channel from Dover to Calais. To use his own words to me: "I will do it if it costs me my life, and when I have landed I will teleg