WASTE—WOULD WANT.

The early settlers of this country had no [illegible] the best use to be made of the natural resources which the country afforded them. It seemed to be so boundless that any [illegible] of their possible exhaustion would [illegible] appeared so premature as to border on the [illegible]

[illegible] the settlers were so few, so [illegible] to balance their power of [illegible] against the resources of the country in which they found themselves [illegible] have appeared preposterous. It seem[illegible] that the land, covered with its primeval forests, [illegible] plentifully stocked with new forms of animal life, while the sea swarmed with fish, as [illegible] numerous streams that flowed to it from the interior, together furnished such abundant supplies that the only question with them was one of ability to partially use them.

Yet the early settlements were threatened with [illegible] and for years the possibility of [illegible] in the near future hung over them like a nightmare. Each year, however, as their larger experience taught them how better to apply their forces to the conditions by which they were surrounded, improved their welfare, and in an astonishingly short space of time [illegible] in which they lived was the first thing that struck strangers visiting them.

In the "New England's Prospect," published in 1639, the author, William Wood, says, speaking of the towns of Medford, Mass.:

"The [illegible] most of them, are very rich, and well able [illegible] and have many hundred [illegible] which is [illegible] half hang, [illegible] their wives [illegible] the wood leads."

He uses the same expression in speaking of other towns, and thus concludes:

"Believe I know, will say, I pray you, how comes it to pass [illegible] that they are so rich? In which however [illegible] I know they will conceive [illegible] And yet [illegible] I know they will say [illegible] pennies; [illegible] the rarity of [illegible] and yet [illegible] than many do here that have [illegible] to live."

Steadily as the colonists acquired, by experience, the knowledge and the ability to make use of the abundant materials about them, they improved the comfort of their lives. The sea furnished fish, and the salt for curing them; the forests furnished the timber for the construction of ships of all kinds, together with the material to be worked up into barrel staves, the trade in which to the sugar-growing settlements of the West Indies soon reached quite unexpected proportions; while the furs and skins of the wild animals, and especially of the beavers, with which all the streams of the vast interior country behind them swarmed, furnished most welcome cargoes for export to Europe.

At the time the colonies were actively engaged in this work, to have suggested to them that true economy demanded the husbanding of their resources would have appeared folly. A Cassandra who should have told them that they were engaged in a wasteful exhaustion of their resources would have met with a reception similar to that accorded to Cassandra herself. And yet we of to-day can see the state of things that has been brought about. The supply of timber for the needs of the inhabitants of the Atlantic coast has yearly receded further west, before the steadily increasing demands made upon it, so that the need for an economic husbandry of the nation's remaining supply has begun to excite the attention of those who apprehend the order and method of a scientific civilization.

The institution of a general system for keeping up and increasing the supply of trees, requiring the lapse of years to mature, and considered destruction of our forests, while at the same time planting others, has already been considered and legislated upon by Congress. Though what has been done in this direction is by no means all that can be or should be done, yet it is suggested that, in regard at least, the economic movement has begun.

Yearly also the fisheries have receded from our coasts to more distant places; while the abundant supplies of salmon, trout, and shad, which crowded in the streams, and the rivers along our coast, have diminished, and in many cases entirely disappeared. The United States Commission has done much, and will do more, to remedy the mistaken wastefulness which has produced this sad result. Experience has shown that the intelligent study of the habits of these fish makes it a wise matter to so regulate the supply as to an abundant measure, with no interruption of the supply. In the early days of the settlement of this country whales were so plentiful as to be frequently captured in small boats from the shore. But now, by their wasteful destruction, a whaling voyage requires weeks, and the cost of the outfit of a successful one demands the exploration of the most distant seas.

In the two centuries that this country has been settled by us we have so nearly exterminated the beaver that the few specimens preserved in zoological gardens of other lands look on us reproachfully. And yet it would have been far from impossible, by careful attention, to have so secured their preservation that an abundant supply of them should have been kept up until to-day. In a similar way the moose and the caribou have become rare animals, and the buffalo is already numbered among the same lists of things as rapidly prepared for the lessons of their unregulated slaughter can bring it to pass.

This is the record of our dealing with the natural wealth prepared for man's use. How have we acted in our future?

For establishing themselves on the early settlers of New England depended upon the natural meadows which fringed the streams. As at the earliest possible day in spring they were obliged to turn out their animals to crop the just sprouting grasses, these became soon exhausted, and they frequently starved before the spring. It was not unusual, but on the contrary was quite common, for the cows and sheep which had managed to survive the winter to be slaughtered. [illegible] was called, when turned out in the spring, [illegible] pastures in the spring. [illegible] were so reduced and weakened that they fell down and [illegible] to get up again but starved amid abundance, [illegible] finally it came; and one of the regular occupations of the farmer was to watch his stock when turned out in the spring, and, if they seemed to them ill, then to their rage. In Virginia, on the plantations, it was considered a wise and saving economy to feed, if possible, every ox that had not starved during the winter to furnish sufficient hides for making the shoes for the plantation hands in the spring.

In 1677 is given as that of the introduction into Virginia of the practice of sowing rye grass. The time of introduction of orchard grass is said to have been introduced into England from this country, the dates given being respectively 1760 and 1764. They were probably not here first, the precise date when their value was first recognized is not exactly known, but it is surpassed by Mr. Charles L. Flint, in his valuable work on the grasses, which, if it has been not before the last half of the eighteenth century. Red clover is said to have been introduced into England in 1633 and white clover in about 1750. The date given for the introduction of clover for agricultural purposes into this country is about the same, about 1775. None of the root crops are much used now for fodder, were cultivated for the purpose until much later.

In fact, it is entirely within this century that the discovery of agricultural chemistry has shown the necessity of scientific economy. Even now the process of ensilage, or the method of preserving all kinds of fodder crops in trenches or pits, so that they can be fed green and tender in winter, instead of dry, is still only in the stage of experiment, and far from being universal. No slow is it that routine gives way to the new methods and methods based on experience.

The method of ensilage, together with the introduction in the processes of the dairy of machines for the prompt and rapid separation of the cream by centrifugal force, bids fair to thoroughly revolutionize the art of agriculture by supplanting its shiftless, happy-go-lucky methods of empiricism by accurate knowledge, intelligent foresight, and the scientific application of the best appliances. The economic results already produced by the imperfect application of these methods are surprising. The fertility of worn-out lands has been restored; dairy farming has been made a profession, and the money value of our stock of the dairy products of the country has been raised to an amount that almost staggers belief.

While England, by her mistaken attempts to become the manufacturer for the world, finds herself will an increasing army of paupers on her hands and obliged to depend on France and Holland for her butter and eggs, the quality as well as the quantity of our dairy products have increased equally; and the average yield of corn to the acre, on what were considered the sterile and exhausted farms of New England, is found to exceed that produced at the west, where, trusting to the great fertility of the soil, a more wasteful and uneconomic system of cultivation is still in vogue.

In 1633 the General Court of Massachusetts was presented with specimens of rye which had been raised in the colony. Edward Johnson, one of the early annalists of the colony, says in his "History of New England:"

"The want of [illegible] grain—wheat, barley, rye—proved a work difficult; [illegible] who could not [illegible] feed on fish and water, yet they were compelled to it. [illegible] Good beer drinks were greatly relished in [illegible] the land would bear."

So promptly was advantage taken of this successful experiment in raising grain that in ten years from this time the colony exported wheat of their own raising. The cultivation of corn and the method of manuring it with fish had been taught them by the Indians, who, though generally classified as savages, had made sufficient progress in industrial development to raise crops of corn by this means.

The export of wheat, which had this early beginning in the agricultural history of this country, has increased steadily with the growth of our population, and with its extension across the entire continent. Sections after sections of our vast domain, as they have been opened to culture and found to be naturally adapted to the raising of wheat, have been exhausted by improvident culture. From the Atlantic States, in which this system began, it was first transferred to the western portion of New York, then to Ohio, then to Iowa and Illinois, and now it goes to the Western States beyond the Mississippi.

Here, taking advantage of the marvellous application of steam and machinery to agriculture, which has revolutionized the entire practice of the art, and holds within it the possibilities of an era of abundance, provided there is a just system of distribution, the waste in exhaustion of the soil has culminated. In these vast level plains, unless the common sense of this nation shall prove adequate to its correction, there is established a wholly modern phase of industry.

In these Western bonanza farms the ground is scratched and sown with wheat, and the crop is reaped, bundled, threshed, and put in bags ready for shipment out of the country by machines operated by steam, and tended by gangs of hands hired for the work, during the successive seasons, as their aid is wanted. When their tasks are done they are dismissed with the pittance they have been able to earn, and sent out to wander until their labor is again required.

Thus in the place of the industrious, thrifty, and independent farmers, each cultivating his own land, his hand accustomed to holding by turns the plough and the ballot, and his head intent on using each in the way he judges best to increase the comfort and security of his life, there is growing up a wandering horde of hands, dependent upon the pleasure of the owner of the land for infrequent and sparse employment. In place of the modest homes, with the occasional school house and church of other times, we have the modern representative of the ancient ergastula, a rough barrack, built flimsily of boards, in which the hands are lodged in bunks, and fed in herds.

The pilgrim settlers of Plymouth were forced, from their poverty of appliances, to clear the ground of roots and bushes, as also to break it up and work it for the reception of the first seeds they planted, by mattocks and pickaxes. They had not the means at command to operate them had they possessed them. That in consequence they should suffer from want, and be obliged to depend for their support upon such fortuitous supplies as they could find of wild fruits and clams, was inevitable. But that today the fertile lands of the West should be worked with the improved appliances of machinery, operated by steam, and yet that the condition of those who sow and reap the crops should be even more miserable than that of the pilgrims, since it seems more hopeless to better it, is a striking evidence of wrongful methods.

As in agriculture the misapplication of its improved methods, while enormously increasing the amount produced, threatens to replace the thrifty, independent population which all reason as well as history shows to be the safest and most reliable material for the construction of a staple society by a shiftless herd, so is it with our equal growth in all the other arts of industry. The tenement house has kept even pace with the erection of the iron mills whose swift looms have made cottage weaving a thing of the past.

There is very little doubt that the capacity of an ample production of cotton cloth has had a most excellent sanitary effect upon the population, making it possible for both men and women to enjoy the healthy luxury of a frequent change of underclothing; a thing which was impossible except for the very few in the last century, when wool, carded, spun, and woven at home, was the only material depended upon by the immense majority of the people.

But, as has been shown most clearly in England, where the era of factory production preceded its introduction here by about a generation, the mistaken economy of women's and children's labor, the excessive time passed in unventilated factories, year in and year out, in the crowded factory, with its stifling atmosphere; the monotony of the occupation, together with the nervous exhaustion inevitable from the whirl of the machinery, the scanty time allotted for meals, with the insufficient supply of healthy food properly prepared for it, and the almost utter absence of open-air exercise during the daytime, together with the life of the crowded tenement houses as a mockery of repose, have so deteriorated the stamina of the race that the factory hands are now about at a balance and perhaps only a little more than a balance to propagate for the future. The evident fact that with the introduction of the factory system in this country the same causes are rapidly producing the same results, has already attracted the attention of thoughtful students.

With the destruction of our forests, by wasteful use in the fireplaces of the past, in which nine-tenths of the heat was dissipated in the upper air, the race has learned to make use of its abundant supplies of coal, and yet the distribution of coal has been so erroneous that ten miles from the coal fields for warmth, but ten miles the basis of fearless speculation by those who have monopolized the services of its supply. So far have they carried their interposition between the coal mines and the consumers, that the very services of the miners are at the mercy of their employers, if, as a result of their speculations, it is found to be for their interest to close the mines and their drives. Nor is the natural fuel which is necessary for the warmth and comfort of life, and which is gained at such sacrifice, distributed, on that account, at a cheaper rate among the consumers.

It would be quite possible by applying the same method of reasoning applied to various other departments of our industrial activity to show that our improved appliances are in great measure barred of the full results they should reasonably be expected to produce.

However costly our railroad system has been, it is evident that its function, as a practical educator, that supplies the absolute need of prompt[illegible], regularity, and method in the transaction of all business, cannot be overestimated. Within a generation the old routine of daily life, which put off until to-morrow the task it was disinclined to do to-day, which allowed the farmer to rise for the season, and was content when it did come along; which was forced to be satisfied with its isolation, and to which the yearly almanac was the only bond of connection with the outside world; to which the new was necessarily irksome, since it involved a change in the methods of the old, has been made possible only by a middle class created competent to make it subservient to the collective welfare. The details of the process by which this shall be done it is impossible to foresee; but the course of social and industrial development which has led the savage of pre-historic days through the arts and sciences, from shelter with wild beasts in caves, to the present times, is strewn with discarded methods.

In the organization of the distribution of the enormously increased production of modern times, it was necessarily a long and slow process to eliminate the useless persons who hung upon it, and who had their sinecures justified if they could thrust themselves into it. The crowd of courtiers who hung about the king during the period of the middle ages, fostering his vices in order to make sinecures for themselves, mending the operation of Government in order that their places might be created only through their agency, were introduced at the settlement of this country here; and in the Declaration of Independence it was truly declared as a necessity for that step, that "he has created a multitude of new offices, to harass our people and eat out their substance."

Not the least of the results predicted by the economic movement in the organization of the business of distribution has been the simplification of the machinery for reaching this end. As a rule, it has not been an exaggerated estimate that one-half our production was consumed in the process of distribution; or, to speak more accurately, the consumer paid, on the average, for whatever he bought, about twice what the producer received for it.

No wonder, then, that the business of handling the results of production as it promised greater rewards for less labor than the business of producing them, and required less foresight, method, and intelligence to carry it on, has been gradually attracting to it an excessive proportion of the population, and to go into business has gradually come to mean for the young men selecting their vocation in life, not fitting themselves for taking part in production, and thus adding to the wealth of the world an equivalent or more for that they consumed, but thrusting themselves somewhere among the army of traders, of the mere handlers of other men's productions. So crowded have the avenues of this phase of industry become in consequence, that a disloyal competition among them has set in.

But here, as elsewhere, the economic movement has appeared, and men are learning by the education of events that order and method are as desirable in business as they are everywhere else, and are as fully productive of stability and security of life.

ODD FACTS ABOUT PIGEONS.

The Giant Among Them—A Flock Containing More than 2,000,000,000 Birds.

"That's the only bird that ever created a boom," a Park keeper said, referring to a fine large blue bird with an immense crown of feathers waving on its head.

"How so?"

"Because that's the only sound it makes. If you didn't see it you would think some one had struck a bass drum a quarter of a mile away. Its a regular boom-boom, and when it makes the noise it bows its head, so that its crown sweeps the ground. It's the crowned pigeon from New Zealand, and between this cage and the stuffed birds in the museum we can show nearly every pigeon in the world, and you'd be astonished to see how many different kinds there are. We have pouters, fan-tails, nuns, carriers, and all the fancy breeds alive, besides wood doves and this crowned fellow; and occasionally we have a big flock of wild pigeons here, but the sparrows drive them off. You wouldn't think a big bird like a pigeon would run from a sparrow, but they do. The little birds collect in the trees in crowds, and when a flock of pigeons come sweeping over they make a rush for them in a body, and take right hold, tooth and nail, and as the pigeons sweep down to get out of the way they are literally chased out of the Park."

In the pigeon case in the museum are some of the bones of that extinct and much maligned bird, the dodo, the giant of pigeons, being the only specimen in this country. Two hundred and fifty years ago they were found in the Mauritius Islands in great quantities. It was a curious bird, as large as a swan. The bill in the case is not unpigeonlike, though one hundred times the size of its modern representative. They were sluggish birds, unable to fly, and laid a single egg about the size of a turkey's. Brontius, an old Dutch writer of the period, gives the following quaint account of them: "The dronte, or dodders, is, for bigness, of mean size, between an ostrich and a turkey, from which it partly differs in shape and partly agreeth with them, especially with the African ostriches, if you consider the rump, quills, and feathers, so that it was like a pigmy among them, if you regard shortness of legs. It hath a great ill-favored head, with a kind of membrane resembling a hood; great black eyes; a bending, prominent, fat neck; an extraordinary, long, strong, blue-white bill, only the ends of each mandible are a diff-reat color—that of the upper black, that of the nether yellowish—both sharp pointed and crooked; its gape huge, wide, as being naturally voracious. Its body is fat and round, covered with soft gray feathers, after the manner of an ostrich's, on each side. Instead of hard wing feathers, or quills, it is furnished with small soft-feathered wings of a yellowish ash color, and they are of no use to it. Its tail is adorned with five small curled feathers of the same color. Four toes on each foot—solid, long, as it were, really armed with strong black claws." They at one time were so plentiful that they were killed for the stones that were found in their stomachs, and on which the sailors sharpened their knives.

Another queer pigeon that lived at that time, and which is now extinct, is the solitaire. It was found on the island of Rodriguez. It was larger than a turkey, and in general respects resembled the dodo. Another was the Nazarene, that was as large as the dodo. But the most remarkable was the didunculus, a living relative, and closely allied to the dodo. The bird was rather larger than our common partridge, and possessed the curious naked skin surrounding the eyes which characterized its ancestor.

One of the finest of the thirty or more different species of pigeons is the Oceanic fruit bird of the Pelew Islands. There they are found in thousands, feeding on nutmegs. They become very fat, and the fat, which has a strong flavor of the nutmeg, is considered a great dainty by many. It is said they grow so fat that they will fall off from the ground, and are shattered to pieces by the fall. Not only are they valuable as a means of subsistence, but they seem to have been appointed to help carry out one of the great laws of nature. It is a well-known fact that the nutmeg has to pass through the digestive apparatus of a bird before it will grow, and in the stomach of these birds the nutmeg is prepared for reproduction.

Among this family of birds the passenger pigeon is one of the most wonderful. Wilson's description of their camping grounds is: "As soon as the young are fully grown and before they leave their nests, numerous parties of the inhabitants from all parts of the country came with wagons, oxen, beds, cooking utensils, many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families, and encamped for several days at the immense rookeries. Scarcely a tree in the extensive woods was to be seen but some of the nests in the woods was so great as to terrify their horses, and that it was difficult for one person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear. The ground was strewn with branches broken limbs, eggs, and young squab pigeons, with hundreds of hogs and dogs feasting on them. Hawks, buzzards, and eagles were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the squabs from their nests at pleasure, while from twenty feet upward to the top of the tree, the view through the trees presented a perpetual flutter, fluttering and flittering countless of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the frequent crash of falling trees." It is utterly impossible to estimate the numbers that congregate together. On some trees more than three hundred nests were found, and the branches were continually falling, owing to the weight of the old birds. The amount consumed by a flock of these birds is wonderful. Wilson calculates that, taking the breadth of a column of pigeons he saw to be only one mile, its length to be 240 miles, and the quantity of food consumed in a day would be 17,061,888 bushels, supposing the pigeons to be 340 yards apart, and flying at the rate of one mile a minute for four hours, and supposing that each square yard contains three pigeons, the square yards in the whole space, multiplied by three, would give 2,229,272,000 birds. In the Kentucky country, pigeons frequently breed, they appear so numerous, darkening the sky so completely that all work and labor is given up until they have passed. The air is literally filled with pigeons, and in some places mortars are used to bring down hundreds at one discharge. Their rapidity of flight is wonderful.

The wood pigeon is the largest pigeon found in France than elsewhere. Our domestic pigeon is only a modification of the blue rock pigeon, and this is proved by the fact that if the domestic and tame or wild rock is allowed to breed the young will be in many cases resemble the wild rock, with its plain plumage and long wings. The dove house pigeon is a fancy bird, in cages, the mountain and the aviary pigeons. The former are almost wild, and the latter are those with which we are so familiar. The question how carrier pigeons find their way home is probably one never to be determined. Some writers assert that the birds are guided by landmarks, and give as proof, that when the ground is covered with snow the birds are confused, and others say that they are influenced by some magnetic or electrical current, and that in cloudy weather the birds are at a loss. They are known to fly east or west, north or south, and when started rise at a great height, and for a minute hesitate, and then by unknown instinct they dart off in the right direction. The exact date of their migration is not known, but as far as we know, you could be no honor of having first tamed and domesticated the wild pigeon. Pliny says that these birds were used by Brutus and Hirtius during the siege of a town by Mark Antony. In 1704, at the siege of Leyden, they were used by the Prince of Orange, and by their means he succeeded in freeing a town which was besieged by the Spaniards. But it is ordered that the sagacious birds should be fed on strawberries, and when dead that they should be embalmed with all honor. In Pliny's time navigators from Cyprus and Egypt carried those birds on their galleys, and on their coming arrival liberated them to convey the good news. Every country of Europe, differently bred or carrier pigeons the Belgian bird is preferred. It has a short back, large round head, and broad shoulders. The tumbler carrier, with large wattles on the beak, is often used, but it is vastly inferior to the former.

Little Ray Hoffman and the Bull.

From the Chicago Tribune.

ST. LOUIS, March 7.—William Hoffman, a farmer of Pettis County, Mo., was in town last week and had with him his little nine-year-old son, a bright and fearless lad named Ray, who is frequently employed in herding cattle on his father's farm. A few days ago the boy made a ride for him and, before he rode a great deal of the way, the animal had tossed him into a briar heap. At the first sound the little sister, who was present, did not recognize the voice. The big bull, on the brush, at length and beginning, struggled into a sitting position, and the call made he knew again. Upon his approach the plucky little fellow encouraged to handle the bull by scratching his ears and the bull gave a sure pleased contentedness. The lad then would bind the bull by pricking him in the eyes, and then would ride the bull home, and the bull, after walking around for a few minutes, would again return to the child as soon as he moved. The boy was quite a horseman, and would ride at full speed for the distance. Arriving at home out of breath, he was met by her father, who quickly mounted a horse and rushed to the field, where he was horrified to find the bull just beginning another fight with the brave boy, which would undoubtedly have proven fatal as the little fellow was just losing his hold on the bull's ears. Two shots and the enraged beast was driven away with difficulty, and the boy was gathered up in his father's arms and taken to his home. In one of the limbs the bull trampled on the boy's right arm and broke it in two places. In another attack on one of the ribs the child were broken, and his entire body, from his head to his toes, was covered with bruises. He told his parents that all he thought about was to scratch the bull in the eyes, and he did not realize his injuries until he was nearly exhausted.

A Vision of the Virgin.

From El Fermar, of de Colmar.

The pious people of this place were thrown into a fervor of religious commotion recently by the appearance of the veritable virgin and child standing by the holy water font near the entrance to the church. The identity of the apparition was intuitively, as it were, recognized by the observers. Being sinners, they confess their inability to describe it, but there is no doubt that the mother of God has visited the good people of Colmar.

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

Æsthetic.

Miss Alma Desart was presumably smart,
A being of Boston extraction;
She dotted on art, and was up in her part
As a very esthetic attraction.

I never can forget that the first time we met,
When wearied I came from the bureau,
She said I resembled her dear Timbrett—
"so full of *chiaro oscuro*."

'Twas flattering, quite, to be judged in this light—
Æsthetics can make us receptive—
So I sat very near her that beautiful night
And worshipped her charming perspective.

She once grew so fine over sculpture divine,
And her eyes were so sweet an expression,
It was hard to decline, as her glances met mine,
To make a most tender confession.

Yet somehow I found, as the weeks rolled around,
I could not get on with my mission;
For just as I'd enter on definite ground
She'd talk of Del Sarto or Titian.

Become more astute, as I hurried my suit,
I saw her grow fondly fantastic,
But felt she could smile on most any mirsute
Who had done something ugly—and plastic.

Then, in feeling my chains, I in passionate strains
Wrote a love which was true, if not mystic;
And this the reply I received for my pains,
"Your offer is highly artistic."

I took in good part her instructions in art,
And of precept she never was chary;
But the single sensation she left in my heart
Was a disinclination to marry.

It may be her conduct was not well advised,
Though malice I never can harbor;
Yet I will confess I was somewhat surprised
When she wedded an artist—a barber.

I. W.

A Little Crutch.

From the Pittsburgh Commercial.

A willow—she had only one,
A pansy and decorption;
Yet, as she lay on her sick bed,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The widow's mite.

The widow's mite—aye, so sustained,
She battled on sad, nor complained,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
And while she toiled for daily fare,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then—and now I see
That, though restless and cheerful, she
Has sorrowed once;
She have—he gave it tenderly—
Much faith and carefully laid by
A little crutch.

Giving and Living.

From the Boston Transcript.

Forever the sun is pouring its gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summit and cold,
His wealth on the humblest want and sorrow.
To a million of his largest of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night.
To give
Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all,
Its joy is in the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the light it freely loses.
No chance for the rose but glory of bloom,
To exhale or smother, to shut or bloom.
To deny
Is to die.

The sea lend silvery rays to the land,
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean;
The leaf sends back its green to the grass and sand,
The brain to the heart its lightning motion;
And over and over we yield our breath,
Till the mirror is dry and images death.
To live
Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not open wide
To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the length of his income ride
Who gives a dime to a poor sick mother;
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies.
To deny
Is to die,
Is to die.

The Song of the Cake.

From the San Francisco Argonaut.

With features heated and red,
With head that turns and aches,
A woman stands in the kitchen
Turning back wheat cakes

Bake! bake! bake!
In anthem, strident and sprite,
And still with a voice of tremulous quake
She cut or the cake still sing.

Beat! beat! beat!
While the batter is foaming high,
And bake! bake! bake!
Till it seems that the man must die.

But no—he bears him bravely,
And the woman continues to bake,
Spending and filling and turning
While the man, he takes the cake.

The Malachite Ring.

From the Sunday School Times.

One who in jewels found a rare delight,
Rich gems, and pearls, and opals, and the rest,
And were it on his hand or on his neck
Once gaining entrance to a palace room
Cast and with richest tokens of the place,
Making the sunshine half light, half gloom,

He saw, but scarcely could believe his sight,
What filled him, thrill'd him, with a strange delight,
Chairs, tables, wainscot, all were malachite!

And gazing long with speechless wondering
As such magnificence, his attention
Suddenly compassion's pretty thing

And from that hour, for very shame, no more
To all around such little rings he wore,
Was from its heart less such delicate believing.

Everything Just as it Should Be.

From Dolores's Monthly.

How strange it would be if the roses
Gave their beauty and perfume to spring!
If summer the cousins and cousins
Always and everywhere should bring,
If the strawberries grew on the summer
And the birds chose the winter to sing!

'Twould not only be strange, but be sad, dears,
For then sure we would scarcely know spring,
If the pretty sky flowers had never for
Dull eyes to delight in, and weary
And summer would be in not like summer,
With no roses their fragrance to fling
To the soft, winning winds, and no song birds
To fill the live boughs with music.

Ah, if we knew how to be happy
Some everything just as it should be,
For our Father ordained everything.

In Sleep.

Hands gently clasped in sweet, untroubled sleep,
We look are wonderingly in an unknown land,
A wondrous country, against whose mystic strand
Waters the sea of society east and deep.
Not high in that far land thought shall keep
Tryst with some kindred soul or clasp some hand
I know not, or is seen in sad or grand,
With unshared joy or pain rejoice or weep.
For closed hands the love and death not stay,
Upon its bath the same winds do not blow,
Our eyes do not the selfsame visions see,
She is so dear. I would not have her stray,
Even in dreamland, where I may not be
In that strange other sheep, how will it be!

CLEMENTA PERRY.

Tinkering the National Guard.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: It is obvious to all well-informed military men that the changes in the laws of the State relating the duties and discipline of the State forces recently recommended by Adjutant-General Townsend will not remedy the old-time abscess—more soldiers of the militia. For the amount of money expended the State could not secure the services of an efficient, well-officered, thoroughly disciplined body of men, instead of the present motley officered, badly disciplined, and ridiculously uniformed mutual admiration societies. Our city regiments are continually parading their records, which, with one or two exceptions, are not equal to the records of the regiments in the counties have done. The fact is that we are about as well represented by our citizen soldiers as we would be by the only officer field-marshal, if, that gallant organization, had not been disbanded.

How can military service be expected or exacted with out compensation? As soon as discipline is enforced without it, how can we have soldiers worthy the name, having service we have to-day? The boys are not going to do soldiering without their uniforms. How many regrets would the militia receive if regular drills and tours of duty were enforced? The officers are gentlemen and officers and men are treated to a little army discipline? The late disbandment of cavalry companies and similar cases are due to two causes, first, the Gov. Cornelius said, if continued they will depleate the N. G. very rapidly. Of course the Seventh, Twenty-second, and Twenty-third of Brooklyn, being wealthy people, may be disposed to treat like the "old guard," invincible in peace and invisible in war, "and give orders to their hearts' contents; but the bone and sinew, the hard-working men, cannot afford such luxuries. It is easy to say, "Go, but do good service as soldiers without compensation."

QUINCY PARK.

A Brazilian Dr. Tanner.

From the Argyle Brazilian Times.

According to a Minas paper Manoel Fagundes de Souza left with a calabash of water to fast forty days. On the 23d all he reached the fortieth day successfully, but on the 24th he was found in a fair way of succeeding. At which about 11 A. M. a ray of food passed by on his way to the jury, and appetizing odors of roast beef, and fried turkey was the bedroom. The next morning he was in the street and was devouring beef and turkey to huge mouthfuls, and, after he had satiated himself with the luxurious food, he threw himself on a cart of sand and lay down to sleep. A numerous rabble arose, "Viva Viva Viva!" Every head is uncovered. "Viva Viva Viva! Viva la republique!" Then the poet disappeared, and all was calm again but for an occasional cry of "Viva Victor Hugo!"

THE PROCESSION.

The Committee of Organization contented itself with simply inviting the population of Paris and of the departments of France to take part in the celebration of the anniversary without specifying anything about the manner in which it was to be celebrated. The only form which such a fete could take was a procession, recitations and theatrical performances, and illuminations. The committee was there to receive adhesions and suggestions, and to aid in their execution.

The rendezvous had been fixed for noon at the Arc de Triomphe. At half-past ten I was on foot and wended my way from the boulevards to the Place de l'Etoile. Yesterday the weather was damp and chilly. Not a ray of sunshine was seen throughout the day, and from time to time sleet fell to add to the general disagreeableness of the elements. Early as it was, I passed several processions on their way to the rendezvous, and was passed by others who were conveyed in those enormous vehicles, called *clara-a-bancs*, in which the Parisians are wont to ride to the races at Longchamps or Auteuil. As I passed in front of the Church of Saint Augustin, I saw many people entering its portals, and at the bottom of the steps some well-dressed little boys were playing at marbles. Nobody took any notice of them, and nobody thought the little fellows guilty of profanity. Arrived at the Arc de Triomphe I found a considerable number of people already assembled there, and from all the avenues for miles to the star of the Place de l'Etoile people kept arriving, singly and in groups. Looking down the grand Avenue du Champs Elysee one saw procession after procession approaching with banners streaming and bands playing gayly. As far as the eye could see east, west, north, and south, the atoms of the crowd were collecting. Paris was coming to do honor to its poet. As each district choral society, band, &c., arrived at the Arc it took up its station around the monument itself. All round the walls were pasted, at equal intervals, placards with the names of the different musical societies written by hand. Here the "Fanfare des Batignolles;" there the society of the "Enfants de Lutece;" there the "Union Alsacienne de Paris;" there again "Les Vrais Rigolos."

By half past 11 the vast enclosure around the Arc de Triomphe was one mass of musicians and banners of all colors and forms, each banner bearing the name of the musical society of which it was the standard, and decorated with the medals won by the society in the different Orpheonic contests so popular in France. The banners of the Alsatian societies of Paris were dressed with black crape. The individual members of the societies wore, some a uniform, others merely an emblem in their buttonholes. There was hardly a policeman to be seen. The crowd was left entirely to itself and to its own good sense, and never was a crowd more orderly. At no point was there any crushing or dangerous rushes. The musical societies gathered around the Arc de Triomphe. Other bodies took up their station along the Avenue d'Iena and other streets, and the more sightseers passed down the Avenue d'Eylau and the whole Place de l'Etoile was full, and now, if ever, Victor Hugo might have said to the majestic monument that rises in the middle of the place:

Reste tu quatre pieds toute la ville absorbe,
Comme une forteresse aux portes d'un volcan!

Many people ascended the arch, and formed on its summit a black crowd that could be seen hobbling and waving for a mile and a half below.

The delegates and deputations found at their disposal commissioners appointed by the Committee of Organization. These commissioners were in their buttonholes a corn flower and a rose, with two ribbons, one blue and the other rose, on which was inscribed "Vive l'Hugo."

Meanwhile, at the entrance of the Avenue d'Eylau, the cortege was being formed, or, rather, it formed itself as best it could. At the head came the Parisian and foreign troops, the Senators and Deputies, the Chambers of Commerce, the various syndical chambers, the Parisian typographers, who had fitted up an emblematic chariot adorned with a bust of the republic, some clubs, a few ink rollers, a portrait of the poet, and a roll of paper. It would take half a column merely to enumerate the names of the various societies and delegations who figured in the procession, which stretched away down the Avenue d'Iena and was brought up in the rear by the Free Masons wearing the emblems of the craft, by a delegation of the "Société des amis du Divorce," and detachments of several gymnastic clubs clad in queer uniforms and blowing noisily on bugles. A more heterogeneous procession could not be imagined, and as we are now in high carnival—Sunday being *Dimanche Gras*, the first day of the traditional promenade of the *Boeuf Gras* and of other eccentric and Saturnalian diversions—there were even masqueraders in it. In the midst of one delegation I noticed two little boys dressed entirely in red and wearing the Phrygian bonnet—two miniature personifications of the republic. These little patriots took it in turns to carry a beautiful camellia in a pot destined for the poet.

Nearly all the groups of the procession carried bouquets or laurel wreaths. Some idea of the length of the procession may be formed from the fact that it took six hours to march past the poet's house in thick and serried ranks. The head of the procession passed a few minutes after 12, and the tail—"The Friends of Divorce"—did not arrive there until 6 o'clock.

At the entrance of the Avenue d' Eylau, the municipality of Paris had erected two Venetian masts, surrounded at the basement with shrubs and flowers, and adorned with escutcheons, flags, palms, and garlands of foliage. On the escutcheons were inscribed in letters of gold the titles of the poet's works, and the two masts were joined by a broad band of rose drapery, fringed with gold, and bearing in large letters the inscription:

VICTOR HUGO.
Né le 27 février, 1802.
1881.

The Avenue d'Eylau itself was strewn with clean yellow sand, and many of the houses were gayly decorated with flags. It is needless to say that the broad road was lined with people waiting to see the *défilé*, and the crowd became denser and denser as it neared the poet's house, No. 130.

Victor Hugo's present dwelling is a gay-looking two-story villa, painted white. On the footpath in front of the house were piled up flowers and plants, and opposite the door was a barricade of wreaths of laurel, of bouquets, of palm trees, and conspicuous above all a gilded bust of the republic, with the Phrygian cap, and a gigantic gilded laurel tree, on the leaves of which were inscribed the titles of Victor Hugo's works. The barricade of flowers in front of the house was protected from the crowd only by a broad tricolor ribbon stretched from end to end. As each group in the procession passed, one of the members stepped aside and added one more to the growing piles of wreaths and flowers, so that by the time the ceremony was over the floral pyramids hid concealed the house from view.

The programme was very simple, but not easy to execute, for the reason that it is almost impossible for great masses to organize themselves. As it was, the procession was formed somewhat pell-mell, and tended all the time to become merely a crowd of simple manifestants. A monster musical manifestation had been planned to take place at the Arc de Triomphe. At the moment when the procession started, the 5,000 musicians of the 104 harmonic societies represented were to strike up a chorus Patria, a piece of Victor Hugo with music of Beethoven, and "La Marseillaise." This item of the programme was indeed carried out, but not until part of the procession had already started, headed by the Municipal Council.

When the cortège began to arrive Victor Hugo was at the open window with Georges and Jeanne at his left hand. The poet was bareheaded, his face rosy, and his eyes sparkling with joy and smiles that soon gave way to tears. When a band in the crowd playing the "Marseillaise" his hand began to tremble, and his features contracted. He could no longer contain his emotion, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. And when the crowd, serious, composed, and dignified, looked with affection and veneration on the great poet, and saw him emptying through his tears, many of them, too, felt hot tears in their eyes.

No words could give an idea of the profound accent with which the people uttered the cry: "Vive Victor Hugo! Vive le Maître! Vive le grand poète!" It was a cry that came from their hearts.

And what a crowd it was! Side by side, and shoulder to shoulder, were fur-collared overcoats and blue blouses, young girls and old men, writers and workingmen, poets and artisans, women and children, even babies in arms. All classes of society were there, and all ages. There were *gamins* of the faubourgs, and invalides who remembered Napoleon and Waterloo. There were students and schoolgirls, professors and *sarants*, poets and postmen, captains and simple soldiers. The avenue was black with the human tide; bands played; banners waved. Hurrahs and shouts of joy rose and smiled, and Victor Hugo smiled to these smiles and returned the salutes of his unknown friends. Verses, addresses, lithographed, calligraphed, illuminated, fell thickly into the baskets at the door. The choral society of Belleville sang the "Chant du Contri-color paper. "Hurrah! Encore! Bis!" cried the crowd, and the chorus was resumed:

Nous demeurons tout le sang de la France
Pour la patrie et pour la liberté!

Then a cripple hobbled along on crutches. "Vive Victor Hugo!" he cried, and the crowd cheered like frenzied men. At half past 2 the cavalcade still had not passed, and the tide of the human tide was still rising. Now it is the trade guilds and corporations and the mutual aid societies that defile past—the tailors, the turners, the *galochiers*, the gilders, the boot makers, the gardeners, the coopers, the savoyers, the brewers, the [illegible] dyers, and others—each group bearing a banner and a bouquet. At 3 o'clock the procession was still sweeping down the avenue, and the cry was still "Vive Victor Hugo! Vive notre grand poète!"

EMBLEMS AND SOUVENIRS.

A fête like the Victor