

THE OPENING OF THE WORLD'S FAIR AT NEW ORLEANS.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER IN N. Y. INDEPENDENT.

The civilization of the world dates from the opening of the World's Fair in London by Prince Albert. I know you may catch your breath at this a little. But stop and think a bit, and you will concede that the earth has blossomed in the ways of art and peace since that date as it never did through all the centuries before.

This side of the Republic, whatever it may have been in former days, or may still consider itself, is not the biggest side of it, or the brightest side of it; but it is the sunniest, the warmest, the kindest, and in very many respects the very best side of it; and from its very old civilization and its long experience in the grand annual Mardi-Gras festival, we expected a great fair.

Expectation stood on tiptoe days before the opening. The city began to fill up fast; the streets became jammed. And the streets are broad here. They will not bear much packing and jamming, however, because the sewers are on top of the ground in this city, as are all the graves, the wells, the cellars, and so on. It results that with a deep and dirty sewer at every crossing and at every street, there cannot be much crowding with safety.

The evening before the opening of the Fair the streets and shops, and all places possible for man to bestow himself, were like New York the evening before Christmas. I went down through the old French quarter, near the celebrated market, to call on Julia Ward Howe, who had just arrived to take charge of the Ladies' Department of the great Fair, and found the streets so terribly jammed on my way that I left them entirely and went over by the broad wharfs on the bank of the Mississippi River, and made my way by that route. I ought to mention that, in the French and Spanish quarters, the wide streets referred to at the opening of this sketch do not prevail. You find them much like the streets in old Moorish towns of Spain, or in provincial France.

The rains crowded loud and heavy upon the heels of the great event—the greatest event of the South since the War—and it looked as if we were going to have a wet opening. There had been some complaint on the part of a few bilious exhibitors about the great Cincinnati roof, which covers the thirty-three acre building, and I went out to the grounds in one of the heavy tropical rains you ever saw, to satisfy myself if their complaints were well founded or no. I found one very bad leak, and many small ones; but they have all been repaired, and the roof is a good one now. You see, there are a good many jealousies and some bad blood engendered; always unavoidable in such colossal enterprises. Some local firm wanted to furnish the great roof, which, counting the inclines, makes a surface of full fifty acres, and it has not forgiven the management for letting the very profitable contract to Northerners. And so I might go on over much of the work, which has been wisely, and I believe justly, distributed all over the Republic.

I find even some who complain of bringing a Massachusetts lady here to manage the Ladies of Louisiana. But the wisdom of it, to say nothing of Julia Ward Howe's peculiar fitness for the great work, ought to be easily apparent. It is a case of Massachusetts appointing George Washington of Virginia to the command of the Continental Army. Mrs. Howe is vastly pleased with this flower-laden, these gardens, these thousands of gardens, red and recedent of roses in mid winter, and is made most welcome by all.

The night before the opening—last night—was a weird one in the great exhibition building. I think the lobby of the Grand Opera House in Paris, with all its splendid show of electric lights, was never more brilliant than was this whole vast edifice with its thousands of carloads of beautiful and wonderful things spread out these thirty-three acres. But the beautiful and wonderful things were all under cover; all under ghostly white sheets. Here stood a pyramid of wheat in the street, the leaves peeping through in a fugitive fashion now and then; and, just beyond this, the Goddess of Liberty lighting the world lifted a white arm of statury up toward the glass roof, in a grimly impressive manner. She was a big thing in her tight clothes, but not beautiful. In fact, she looked as if she had just risen from the grave, torn and matted her clothes, didn't like things where she was, and kept lifting her stretched arm in that impressive manner, to indicate that she was going to make a hole in that glass roof, and go up higher.

There was a roar and a rumble all about us. Wheelbarrows, by thous ands, went trundling up and down with huge loads of all conceivable sorts of things that must be in place before the grand unveiling in the morning. A band of sixty Mexicans, in gorgeous uniforms of silver and gold, broke in on the w. couch scene with tender melody now and then as they practiced and rehearsed their parts for the mor-

It man not be of place to say here that these Mexicans are ahead of us in music. Permit me to set it down bravely and firmly as a fact which no informed person will undertake to disprove, that this city of New Orleans is the musical city of America. I find no one here not familiar with all the French operas. Notably is this musical knowledge and culture a feature among the creoles. The cheap and tawdry dramas of the Jack Shepherd order, like "The Lights of London," "Rominie Rye," and so on, have only the creole's contempt; he never thinks of going to see such things, but he is wild over the opera. He is a born musician, and a musician by culture as by nature. This city that gave us Gottschalk will yet give us a composer who may stop the importation of doubtful French composition of melody. And yet, with all their taste and culture in this most civilizing and refining of arts, they take off their hats before this band of sixty Mexicans, and concede them the palm and post of honor here to-day.

And now, without moving any person, and only a few of the states, let me call attention to one or two conspicuous facts before proceeding to tell you of the simple inaugural ceremonies. In the first place, there are few pieces of artillery, or old swords, or any similar signs of man's former folly or brutality; but there are acres and acres of plows and reaping machines. If anybody cares in this connection to reflect a second, he can see that it was the Avery plow of Louisville, and the McCormick reaper of Chicago, which beat the South in the late great battles; not the cannon at all. A man with the improved plow and the reaper of the North could do twenty men's labor in the field; the other nineteen could go to the war. But the Southerner's plow or reaper was a slave, and when he went to war—nineteen to fight one reaper—his slave or reaper stood still. Don't forget this fact, you who love your land and cherish the integrity and the position of the Union. It was not Grant at Vicksburg, nor Hancock at Gettysburg, it was the reaper and the plow that fought and won the battles in the end.

The state which has the richest and the prettiest things here is Massachusetts.

The state with the largest space and an exhibit is Texas. But to my mind—and I hasten to set it down with a smiling heart—the state that has the best, the most useful and earnest exhibits here is California. No; she has no gold to speak of now to exhibit. Her gold is in her grain, her grapes, her fruit, wood and sweet nuts. Think of all the Italian chestnuts and all the almonds coming from California. Well; they will, and right old soon, too.

Maryland is here, with Delaware in her lap, holding a can of preserved peaches; and both are gorgeous and beautiful in banner and yellow bunting. In fact, this whole scene here is splendid with banner. The center of the Government building has a field of about ten acres overhead devoted entirely to American flags. This may seem in bad taste. But not so. These fervid blue skies and this warm mid-winter, with all the gardens, and all the walls, even the ditches, dashed with all kinds of gay color, red roses, white roses, and now and then an ery magnolia opening out like a white flag in the light green tree top, why, you see, man is only following Nature, afar off, too, even with the gayest, colors he can mass together.

I am living in the home of Geo. W. Cable, the novelist, while he is delivering a course of readings in the North along with Mark Twain; and every morning my table is made beautiful by my black servants with flowers of all kinds and colors gathered from the open garden. The red roses do not fear to be too red or too abundant under these blue skies down by the mouth of the great river; and the white roses have the same sweet confidence in the fitness of things as God fashioned them. I can at this moment stand out on my porch, and pull from among the friendly green orange boughs a bushel of golden oranges of the sweetest kind, and I can breathe their fragrance all over my porch from these same golden apples of Hesperides. And so with all this color to begin with, you may easily see that when this city became one sea of star-spangled banners on the opening morning, we had a gay scene indeed. A long with many governors of Southern states and some eminent men of the North, among whom I may mention Dr. Talmage, we were taken up the river, on a great steamer, to the Fair grounds. The Mexican band played grandly and gaily as we steamed up the great river between a line of many thousand sea-craft of all kinds, and all as richly decorated with flags as possible. Some ships of war from other countries fired salutes; and paid great respect to the passing ship, with its decks jammed with beautiful ladies and able men.

Ten miles up the river, and we drew in before the great Exposition Buildings, their banners making a brilliant dash of color above the gray old Druid oaks made famous by travelers long ago.

About twenty-five thousand people, headed by Major Burke, the Director-General, and the soul of the great work, received us at the wharf. The cannon pealed, soldiers deployed, many bands played; hundreds of horsemen galloped about the grounds before us, and we marched across under the great mossy oaks, to the main building. And there, seated on a lofty platform, ten thousand people to the right and to the left, and perhaps forty thousand people before us, the tired ceremonies which always attend the opening of great enterprises were gone through with, as per program, and the President of the United States declar-

ed open the greatest World Fair that has ever been.

The work was done, and we sauntered wearily away over the vast place to try and see and say exactly if it was as nearly ready for inspection as had been promised.

The truth is it is not ready, but is in an assured state of splendid promise. Enough as to be seen not only to keep one busy till Spring, but to permit me a disinterested stranger, on his travels of observation, to say that it will be by far the grandest World's Fair that has ever yet been seen.

The poem, by Mr Townsend, of this city, was able and earnest and good. I have space for but a few stanzas:

"The rolling drum, the trumpet's noisy blare. The colors yonder, tangled with the air. The pomp of nations and their pageants— The tip of eadars that with splendors here compare: Not these the symbols of man's power—not these: The sobbing eng has set their palms to ham—the melms, mastered by its lightest wind. He with a stinger finger can control: Till cold machines, wake! from their slumber grim. No human seem, they only lack a soul. The depth of earth his eager feet have pressed; The loftiest heights his daring arm caressed: No sphinx so frowning but his tips have blessed. And coaxed her secret from her stony breast. To all a hooded falcon on his wrist. The subtle force he gathers from the skies And buckles to his strengthful energies: The mighty giants that his genius throws And sets to his daring enterprise. These, with their chaplets blind his godlike brows. My gaze I lift above these plains, Where Peace her proudest victory maintains. Remembering those we never see no more; And as the eye the empyran pants Deo Soto smiled and Joliet and Marquet. And brave La Salle, and Ierville are there. The consummation of their dream to share: They, with Blenville greet us from on high. To all the triumphs of this day so-here, Such names, such deeds, such heroes never die." New Orleans, La.

Our Poultry Department

The cuts used in illustrating this department are kindly furnished us, through the courtesy of G. J. Ward, Publisher of the American Poultry Journal, Chicago, Ills. Send your name and address for specimen copy.

Description of Breeds.

THE PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

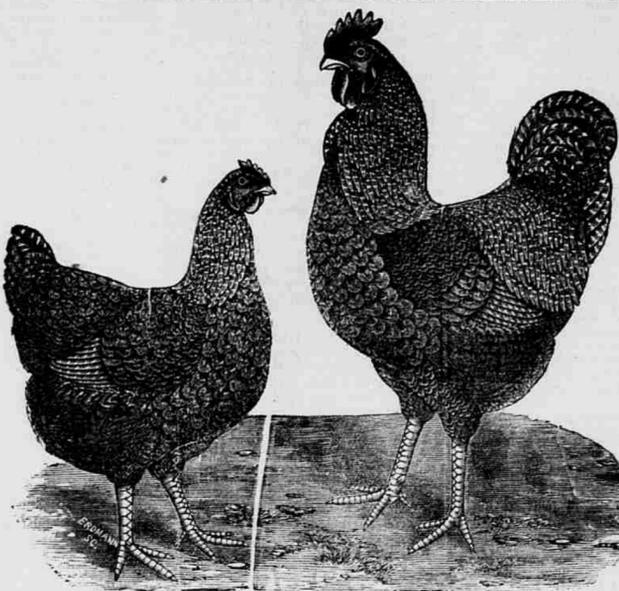
The weight of the Plymouth Rock cock should be nine and a half pounds and the cockerel eight pounds. The color of the body should be grayish white, with blue bars across each feather, which should be even on all parts of the plumage. The body should be broad on the back, with deep, prominent breast, and the general appearance compact, abundant hackle on the neck, moderately full fluff, bright red wattles with bright red medium sized earlobes. The beak and legs should be yellow and the eyes bay. The tail should not be flowing like the Dominick, but composed of short feathers nicely curved over. The shanks should be clear of feathers, while the thighs should be well covered with fluff.

The weight of the hen is eight pounds. Both the cock and the hen should have medium sized, single combs, which should be straight with regular serrations. The hen resembles the cock in color or rather, should do so in the show room, but for breeding purposes the cock should be the lighter than the hen. The legs of the hen should be yellow, but we will say here that there are few pullets that do not have a dark stripe down the front of the leg, and instead of the legs of either sex being yellow, the larger number of them are a yellowish flesh color. A pair of Plymouth Rocks with yellow legs is a rarity and not often seen.

Feathered legs are not tolerated on Plymouth-Rocks, and as the earlobes must be red they should not have any white on them. A falling or crooked comb is an abomination, and so is a side spring. The plumage should be even free from splashes of black and white, and the hens should be laced on the wings. Brass on the hackle and saddle of the cock is not allowed, but it usually crops out the second year, and the same may be said of the white feathers in the tail. When the chicks are first hatched they are black with white on the under parts, the head being ornamented with a white spot. As market fowls the Plymouth Rocks are unequalled, and if not kept too fat are splendid layers—Poultry Keeper.

When to go to New Orleans.

Undoubtedly March and April are the pleasantest months of the year to visit New Orleans. They are the months of roses, of mocking birds and of everything beautiful and delightful in the far South. During these two months only light clothing, such as would be worn in the North in the summer, will be required, but spring overcoats and wraps will be needed for the evenings, and occasionally in the day time when the wind is from the north. During December, January and February New Orleans weather is very variable. There is, of course, no snow, but there is much rain and dampness, mingled with an equal proportion of sunshine and warmth. Occasionally "northers" send the mercury down to the forties and even into the thirties; and flannel underclothing should invariably be worn during these months. New Orleans is by no means a tropical city, nor are its houses so well adapted to withstand cold and damp as those of more northern latitudes.—[Harper's Bazar.



Give us More Eggs.

Millions of eggs are annually imported to supply the demands of the United States. Why is this? Simple because the business is not managed in an enlightened manner. Nearly every farmer in the land, and a great many that are not farmers are continually striving to supply this demand. But what a small portion of them are producing more than what supplies their own immediate wants. I think you will agree with me, that the cost of producing one dozen of eggs is very slight, under ordinary circumstances, compared with their average price in the market. Then why are we not producing more eggs, as a nation? First the lack of a practical knowledge of how to successfully breed and manage poultry, with a view to profit in egg production. Many that are attempting it, are going it blind, figuratively speaking without the aid of any books or periodicals on the subject, whatever; but are under the impression they know all about it, simply because they know that if a hen is determined to sit, and she happens to have a few stray eggs under her, and if the pigs or something else does not come along during the period of incubation, and eat them and all up, she will, at the end of three weeks, in all probability hatch two or three little scrubs of chickens, to be dragged around through the weeds and wet grass until the gaps or some kindred disease relieves them of the burden of life. This is about all he knows about it, and he thinks, well, they may import their eggs, this business don't pay. So you see, it is no wonder that so few eggs are produced, when such a system of management is allowed to run the chicken and egg business, merely a system of "take care of your self" chickens. What an improvement must necessarily follow, if poultry journals were more frequent visitors in the homes of our farmers and poultry raisers, for each number of a good journal brings advice and instruction, at once applicable to all interested in any way in the production of eggs and poultry. Paving a handsome reward to all that will make the small investment.

What Should be Done.

The internal arrangements of your fowl-houses should not be forgotten, particularly in winter, when the fowls are confined. The inside appliances should be so constructed that they will aid in giving comfort, cleanliness and convenience to the inmates.

For winter use, tarred paper prevents an accumulation of lice on the inside woodwork, and contributes to the warmth of the henery. But essential, as moderate warmth is to your fowls, cleanliness in every department of your arrangements, is especially so. The plan of a moveable shelf or trough to catch the droppings, is very advantageous. The shelf should be sprinkled with dry loam, road dust or plaster, and the droppings removed each morning, with a dust pan and scraper, and the strictest cleanliness be thus observed.

The nest boxes, perches and laying places must be kept clean, by frequent whitewashing and applications of kerosene oil; the nests renewed with fresh straw, and the drinking vessels and feed boxes made clean and sweet. The floor should frequently be raked, if the earth is loose, and scraped, if it is hard, to remove the droppings, and to keep the floor and scattered over the floor, to remove any unpleasant odors.

It is a poor plan to throw soft food on the floor, or in shallow dishes, because where fowls congregate there will be more or less dirt on the floor, and it will stick to the rood. In shallow dishes it will get upset and the contents wasted and trampled under foot, and once rejected it becomes useless afterward. It pays to look to the internal arrangements of your hen houses.—American Poultry Journal.

The Poultry House.

While we don't advise the beginner of limited means to build a costly house for his fowls, we admire the fancier, who has the taste and enterprise to erect a handsome building for his feathered pets, though not absolutely necessary for their comfort and well-being.

Often we have seen, while passing through the country, splendid mansions surrounded with elegant stables, barns and various structures for storing grain, implements and the odds and ends of the household, and not a henney, nor a vestige of what we could call one, to be seen.

It is strange that those who keep poultry to supply their tables and to sell in market, who display much taste

and elaboration on every thing around them, can see those creatures which furnish them with new fresh eggs and tender broilers, 'year in and year out,' without some suitable place for their comfort and accommodation.

It takes a long time to educate our people to a knowledge of the value of fine-bred poultry. We must not expect to see nice houses, nor even ordinary quarters for them in places where they are not appreciated—not until they cultivate a taste for their keeping and improvement. The common scrubs of past generations have not been the means of elevating the character of domestic fowls for they were promiscuously bred, and had no conspicuous merits nor attractive plumage to merit admiration. We have hopes, however, when our thoroughbred fowls will become more generally disseminated throughout the country, that they will be appreciated and their homes made comfortable and inviting.—American Poultry Journal.

Breeding Fowls For Market.

While hundreds every year take up the breeding of fancy fowls for fancy prices, not one in ten make the marketing of poultry and eggs a specialty. Raising fowls for market, pays well, especially where one is favorably situated near a good market, and where the facilities and surroundings are all that could be expected or desired.

Most everywhere in this country a handsome profit can be realized from the sale of poultry and eggs. At no time since the era of poultry cultivation among our breeders and fanciers, has the prospects been so cheering for high prices. Hundreds are now making a good living near our Eastern cities, and soon our thrifty poultryers will be devoting the greater share of their time in supplying the food market of the west.

Poultry keeping, like every other business, needs attention and good management to make it more profitable. Of course it looks as if everybody could get a few hens, feed them, and make a place to roost in, sell their eggs and chickens, pocket the profits, and the work is all done.

We know a person can expend as much skill and intellectual force in the breeding, rearing, care and management of poultry, as he can on any other industrial business, but he must keep in view and practice some three or four things, namely: attention to business, good management, keeping good stock, and taking advantage of the best markets to dispose of the surplus fowls and eggs on hand.—American Poultry Journal.

Some one who has written a work on "How to Grow Old." It strikes us that the best way to grow old is not to die young.

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THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

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