

trame moderation of my statements. "People tell large stories about oranges," said one such man to me, "but the truth is big enough—at 10 or 12 years trees may be safely counted on to average \$10 each clear profit, with 60 trees to an acre, and that is big enough for anybody." And, thereupon, this orange grower proceeds to show me the accounts of one little orchard of his own, which so greatly exceeded his moderate statement, that I shall not give you the figures. After 10 years the tree rapidly and steadily increases in fruitfulness; the older trees in the orchards are now bearing, so every owner assured me, very little less than 2,000 oranges to the tree. The best cultivators do not prune the trees at all; but in all the orchards willow poles are used to prop up the oveladen branches.—*C. N. in New York Tribune.*

THE NEW BABY

Gail Hamilton, an old maid, has this to say of babies:

Well, when you come to that, the case is pitiful. To think of Baby Harry adicating in favor of his minute miss of scarcely animated nature, Henry, all brightness and quickness and sturdy strength, all determination and purpose and eager liking and definite will—and this little lump of flesh and flannel nothing but creases and folds and bulgings and fumlings and a girl at that!

But Harry the Magnanimous knows no envyings nor jealousies. He cares not for crown and throne, admires his little sister with whole souled enthusiasm, and shows her off to visitors as if she was a panorama and he exhibitor. "Dat's her hair," rubbing up the golden haze that clouds her head. "See her eyes!" and he pokes his dimpled fingers into the staring, blinking orbs, under the firm conviction that it is an entire novelty for babies to have eyes.

They are strange creatures, these babies. You do not expect them to walk and talk and turn out their toes and be generally decorous; but it does seem as if they might know enough to keep their heads from dropping off their shoulders. They do not. True, I never knew a baby to jerk its head off, but no thanks to baby. From honorable, even Christian motives, from a benevolent desire to evince your sympathy with the fond parent, you hold out your arms to receive the proffered infant. For an instant all goes well, but the next, without warning or provocation, flop! goes the head back over your arm with a jerk, as if the vertebre were resolving themselves into their original lime and phosphorous. And then a baby is so voluminously dressed that you can never be sure you have clutched the real article unless you take it by the neck, which hardly agrees with baby, though it is the favorite mode of handling kittens. The trouble is, there is nothing human about a baby. It has no sympathy, no love, no hope nor fear. It sometimes contorts its face into a grimace which partial friends fondly call a smile, but it is just as likely to be followed by a scream as to subside into sobriety, and it certainly looks as much like pain as pleasure. No, there is no good in talking about it. The baby being here, and being subject to cold and heat and hunger and thirst, must be warmed and fed and sheltered; but as to being interesting as to comparing it with Harry!

But the wonder, the marvel, the miracle! Eastern jugglers show you a palm-tree bursting the sail, branching to the heavens, putting forth leaf and bud and fruit before your eyes; but a baby is more wonderful than the palm-tree. For the change has come, so fine, so subtle, that your eye cannot see it. Even while you were looking, even while you were reviling the little atom, it ceased to be an atom. Imperceptibly, undetected, the microcosm put off its impersonality and stepped into the ranks of humanity. The midget has found her soul. In her eye recognition, in her smile expression. How it came about none can tell; but yesterday she was isolated, and to-day she is linked with all the world. Oh, but now she strikes out gloriously into life, and puts her foes to shame! No more aimless lopping heads for her, but a stretching and setting in directions whithersoever she would push her researches. Now for parents and nurses who shall be humble and meek in spirit, and willing to follow nature and not set up theories founded on their own conceit! We shall never cease to have the church broken up with dissensions between old school and new, the state fuming over tariff and tax, families torn with internal dissensions, until we bring up children logically. How can a man be logi-

cal when his parents were continually interposing to make him illogical from his infancy? A child should be permitted to follow out his own conclusions. The adult world agrees that it is not polite to interrupt. The learned world understands that the sequence of thought is not to be lightly disturbed. Let us take our politeness and our philosophy into the baby world. The little sister is gazing steadfastly at the chair. Her blue eyes are fixed and bulging. You will immediately begin to toss her and soo her, distract her attention, and prevent her solution of the problem of the chair. So her mind loses the power of fixation, and by-and-by you will have an unreasonable and unreasoning woman on your hands.

I, on the contrary, reverence her maiden meditations, hold my peace, and simply and silently watch her. Presently she stretches out her tiny hand. Nature is fumbling for the evidence of touch as well as sight. But she can not quite reach the chair. She leans forward. I obey nature and let her slip toward the chair. She feels it all over with her experimental hands. She applies it to her little toothless experimental mouth. Of course she drools somewhat on the silk cover, but it is far more important that a child should be brought up logically than that a chair should be kept unspotted. She evinces a desire to investigate the lower part of the chair and the under part of the seat. Thoroughness, a disposition to go to the root of the matter, continuity of attention, are traits which cannot be too highly valued or too fully cultivated. She leans out and strikes forward with a force that shifts her center of gravity. Nature, as if for the very purpose of aiding her in the pursuit of knowledge, has made her utterly without fear. We adults should not dare look over a corresponding precipice; but she, with blind faith in the unseen holding-back power of the universe, flings herself forward. I do not falsify her faith, but gather her long petticoats, for such case made and provided, into my hand, and holding her like a bag, let her descend head first to look at the legs and rungs of the chair. Prejudiced and self-conceited adults make a great outcry, as if you were letting the baby down to perdition; but it is pure logic. I want her to continue her investigations so long as they have interest for her. You talk about her brains. Why, her brains are in her head, and turning her upside down is not going to take them out. Does not Nature know as much about her brains as you and I, and would she impel her downward and keep her fumbling and stretching and staring if it was not a good thing to do? Only be humble and not self-conceited, and baby will presently give a sign that she is through with that branch of the subject and ready to come right side up with care.

And up she comes, bright and satisfied, to give the lie to all your narrow-brain theories, and prepared to study the next subject with the attention which befits a reasonable being.

And she had suddenly blossomed into beauty. Those be who think she was always beautiful. "The baby is splendid!" says doting partiality, while as yet no unprejudiced person can see aught but shapelessness and discoloration—a head sunk in shoulders, a pudgy, puffy wab! But the wab has unfolded like a flower. The stately head rises from the shapely shoulders, the yellow furze curls into silken hair. The nose asserts itself, the mouth unfolds and curls into Cupid's bow, the plump and perfect arm, the dimpled, dainty hand rise and reach with matchless grace, or lie folded in tender repose. She looks and listens; what spirit in the erect head, in the straight and supple neck! what bold outlook in the eagle eyes! what brilliancy of tint, what purity of texture! It is a statue of breathing marble, but never was marble yet so fine and fair, nor is the inmost petal of the rose so soft. All her whiteness is suffused with the bloom of life. She recognizes the voice that speaks, the face that gazes, and her pose breaks into movement. Leaps a sudden light into the eyes' unfathomable blue. The tiny rosebud face is shining all over with smiles. Legs and arms, and the whole lithe little body are astir and aspiring. It is the far-off hidden heart that as yet has uttered no word of love, but feels in its farnesses the great throb of human sympathy and darts out its swift and glad response. Nay, more than that, the shy little, sweet little, coy little woman, the Sleeping Beauty that a score of years will scarcely awaken, breathes even now on the unconscious air, and the Baby turns quickly away from the too fervid sunshine of your look, and buries her happy face in nurse's sheltering shoulders.

Correspondence.

The following correspondence has been delayed in transmission, but it may be interesting to our readers nevertheless—

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.,
June 5th, 1872

Editor Deseret News.

For days past crowds of people have been pouring into this city—prominent party leaders, delegates to the Convention, political clubs and spectators drawn here by curiosity. Last night the Washington train brought numbers of Senators and members of the House of Representatives, the latter body—according to the promise of Mr. Dawes that he would introduce a resolution to adjourn, to give members time to attend the Convention—having adjourned till Friday. The hotels are crowded, and good sleeping quarters are at a premium. The rain of yesterday dampened, though it did not repress, the enthusiasm of the local demonstrations. The Grant Club, a Philadelphia organization, numbering about two thousand members, more than half of whom are colored men, had a torch-light procession last night.

The American citizen of African descent enjoys immensely a participation in scenes of this character. The crash of music, the cheers of the crowds of people which line the sides of the street through which the procession marches, the enthusiasm of the occasion and consciousness that he is now "a man and a brother," inspire him with a sense of importance which exhibits itself in his step and general bearing; and as the procession passed the prominent hotels and the Union League House there was a depth of significance and volume in his cheers which was not observable in the hurrahs of the white man. He has good reason to cheer, for the change which has been effected in his condition since the war is such to-day as those who are old enough to remember the odium under which the abolitionists once rested and the persecution from which they suffered, could scarcely have deemed possible to have reached by this year of grace 1872. When I visited Washington about fourteen years ago, Hon. James L. Orr, of South Carolina, was the Speaker of the House of Representatives. It was an elevated position and worthily did he fill it. At that time South Carolina's representatives were the proudest and most aristocratic members of the House. The mere mention of the abolition of slavery aroused their anger, much more the idea of negro equality. So profound was this feeling in South Carolina that, when Abraham Lincoln was elected President, she preferred secession and war to remaining in the federation under the presidency of a man who, with his party, did not believe in slavery and was opposed to its extension! But mark the contrast between that time and the present! To-day one-half of the delegates from South Carolina to this convention are colored men! Among the white men from there is Hon. James L. Orr, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives and ex-Governor of the State; but though distinguished by past services and present zeal, he is not the chairman of the delegation. That honor has been bestowed upon a full-blooded colored man, scarcely thirty years of age, Hon. R. B. Elliott. When in addition to this, it is understood that the representatives of South Carolina, in the popular branch of Congress, are, with one exception, all colored men, the readers of the News can comprehend how radical have been the changes in the circumstances and conditions of the two races which the war has produced. Jubilation at present, therefore, on the part of the negroes is but natural.

There is less agitation and discussion in the corridors and parlors of the hotels and on the streets among the members of the various delegations than there was at Cincinnati on the eve of the convention which was held there.

But it must be conceded that there is considerable enthusiasm manifest for General Grant. His friends say that the absence of discussion respecting the nominee for President is only due to the overwhelming unanimity which prevails on the subject of his re-nomination for that position.

The time appointed for the meeting of the convention was twelve o'clock meridian; but long before that hour crowds of people assembled there. The anxiety to obtain tickets was very great. The building is well adapted for such a

gathering. Five thousand, it is said, can be accommodated within its walls; but I imagine that this is a high estimate. Seats for the delegates were provided in the body of the building—the parquette; the stage is assigned to members of the National Committee, Vice Presidents, Reporters, &c. Visitors have the galleries, of which there are three, assigned to them. The building presents an elegant appearance in the brilliant gas light, no pains or expense has been spared in its decoration. A magnificent chandelier is suspended from the ceiling, and festoons of foliage and flowers, with the ends fastened to the railing of the upper gallery, also hang in graceful folds. The fronts of the galleries are ornamented with beautifully painted coats of arms of the various States and Territories, that of Utah standing out in modest prominence immediately in front of the platform. Under each of these coats of arms is hung the stars and stripes, the ends of the flags being drawn back and fastened to the columns which sustain the galleries, wreaths of flowers and *immortelles* occupy the spaces between the banners of the States, portraits of Washington, Lincoln and Grant hang in front of the proscenium boxes and the chairman's platform.

The seats assigned to the various State delegations are designated by blue pennons, on which are painted in letters of gold the names of the States. In all these details, as well as in the character of the building in which the Convention meets, there is a marked superiority over those of the Cincinnati Convention. The building at Cincinnati was coarse, its ornamentation was cheap, its surroundings were thoroughly Democratic. Probably its white-washed walls, sawdust covered floors and its unplained seats, suited better the character of the gathering held therein, than would the elegantly crimson-cushioned seats, papered walls and carpeted floors of the building in this city; for its professed aim was to return to first principles, to restore primitive purity and to lay the axe at the root of, what is declared to be elegant corruption.

I shall not trouble you with the details of the proceedings, as you will have received them by telegraph long before you get this.

BY TELEGRAPH.

QUEENSTOWN, 16.—The steamship *Nevada*, from New York, as she approached the harbor, went ashore at two o'clock this afternoon, half a mile east of Roche's Point. A dense fog prevailed. The passengers and mails were landed safely. The ship is being lightened and will come off at next tide and be towed here this evening.

MARSEILLES, 16.—While the Spanish steamer *Guadaya* was lying in port to day, crowded with passengers, her boilers exploded. The entire upper portion of the ship was torn to pieces. Of those on board few escaped death or injury. Forty-four passengers, eleven officers, and crew were killed. Immediately after the explosion the steamer took fire and the flames communicated with the dock. A serious conflagration was threatened, several hundred bales of cotton were consumed when the flames were subdued.

BERLIN, 16.—Serious trouble from the labor movement is feared here. The engineers threaten a strike. The masters have resolved to meet it by locking up the shops and factories, and thereby throwing out of work all employes, whether engaged in the strike or not.

At Lynn, Massachusetts, all comparisons are based upon shoe-leather. A cobbler, having applied for admission to an Orthodox church at that place, the deacons held a consultation over the candidate. Says one deacon to another:

"Well, Bob G—— wants to join our meeting."

"Yes, do you know anything against him?"

"Well, no. But before you take a final vote on him, I'd just like to show you a job of cobbling he did for me, that's all."

Here is a prospectus of Oil City by a Titusville paper: "A small, gnarled, frowzy, knotty, barebacked, up-and-down-humped, round shouldered, guffy, precipitous, and generally shot-up, scooped-out, ravined, inflexible, irregular, greasy and slabsided shanty town."