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SATURDAY MORNING, OCT 2 1869.

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THE FISCAL AGENCY.

The New Orleans Bee.

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What Becomes of Things.

[From All the Year Round.]

What becomes of the enormous quantity of objects, natural and artificial, which are daily, weekly, monthly, annually, and perennially produced and cast forth into the world?

What becomes—to plunge in *medias res*—of all the pictures which our painters paint and exhibit at the metropolitan and provincial exhibitions, season after season, year after year? We see them at the Royal Academy, at the Asylum for Rejected Contributions to the Royal Academy, at the Water Color Galleries, and at all the other art exhibition rooms. What becomes of them all? Of some of them—the best—we know the fate. They go into the hands of certain collectors in the manufacturing districts who luckily have a taste for art. Of some others, also, we know the fate. They hang up in the studios of our friends who painted them. Sometimes, again, we come upon one in some corner of a gilder's shop, that where are all the rest? Where are the pictures of "Retreat Yeomanry" and of "Loch Corrunk," the production of which has necessitated long journeyings and much sitting out under cover of umbrellas? Where are the representations of "Dead Game," the "Italian Peasants," the "Studies of Heads?"

The horses, again, what become of them? There is one out in Regent's Park after season, apparently, in addition to an enormous amount of labor of different kinds, a considerable contribution of mill board, of cloth, of leather. What becomes of all this matter? What sort of proportion do the number of books that are sold bear to those that are brought out? And again of those that are sold—what becomes of them? Those that we see on the shelves of libraries, or even lying about upon tables and bookcases are but a small percentage of the number continually issuing from the press. What becomes of the thousand page novels which appear in great numbers in the course of every season? How does it happen that our rooms are not entirely surrounded with full rock shelves, or that there exists in any apartment, hall or passage, any vacant portion of wall space occupied by books on which not things dwell? Hundreds of thousands of volumes are cast upon the world every year, and have been since one is afraid to say when, where are they all of this present writing? The booksellers shops furnish an account of some, the libraries of others, and some the junk shops, of the latter portion. But what becomes of the rest—where are they?

In these days, as in all the days which have preceded them, all sorts of articles of wearing apparel become the mode, are worn for a short time by everybody, and are then by everybody cast off and rejected. What is the destiny of those rejected articles? When last petticoats disappear, what becomes of them? When the ordinary hat worn by Englishmen is reduced to a height of from six inches and a half inches, what become of the six seven and eight inches high, of which the hatters' shops were full a few months ago? Where are the Wellington boots, of which the cobblers shops used to display long rows? Where are the steel chainlets which ladies used to carry at their girdles? Where are the Balaclava caps of our youth? Even the fashions have disused last time we saw them. The Lincoln Asylum, perhaps, contains some of them, in some form. Where. And in what form?

Numbers of people have entirely bewildered and stupefied themselves in efforts to arrive at the rational solution on the subject of pins. The statistical accounts of the numbers of pins produced annually at Birmingham and Nottingham alone, would lead one to expect that the earth itself would present the appearance of a pin's projection. Where are those pins of which the yearly fabrication is on so vast a scale? Pins are not consumed as an article of food. Pins do not evaporate. Pins must be somewhere. All the pins which have been made since civilization set in must be in existence in some shape or other. We ought to see nothing else, look in what direction we might, but pins. This island of ours should be covered with pins. The land should be ploughed up with pins. Roads should be made of pins. Pins should be used instead of bricks for building houses. Pins should be used instead of nails for fastening down the floors of our houses. Pins should be used instead of tiles for covering our roofs. Pins should be used instead of slates for covering our houses. Pins should be used instead of lead for the sashes of our windows. Pins should be used instead of glass for the panes of our windows. Pins should be used instead of hinges for our doors. Pins should be used instead of bricks for our chimneys. Pins should be used instead of mortar for cementing our bricks together. Pins should be used instead of water for our boilers. Pins should be used instead of coal for our fires. Pins should be used instead of gas for our lamps. Pins should be used instead of tallow for our candles. Pins should be used instead of oil for our oil paintings. Pins should be used instead of—

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