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Book 514



The Daily Countersign.

PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR.

"POSSUNT QUIA POSSE VIDENT JR."

No. 1.

St. Louis, May 17, 1864.

Price 10 Cents.

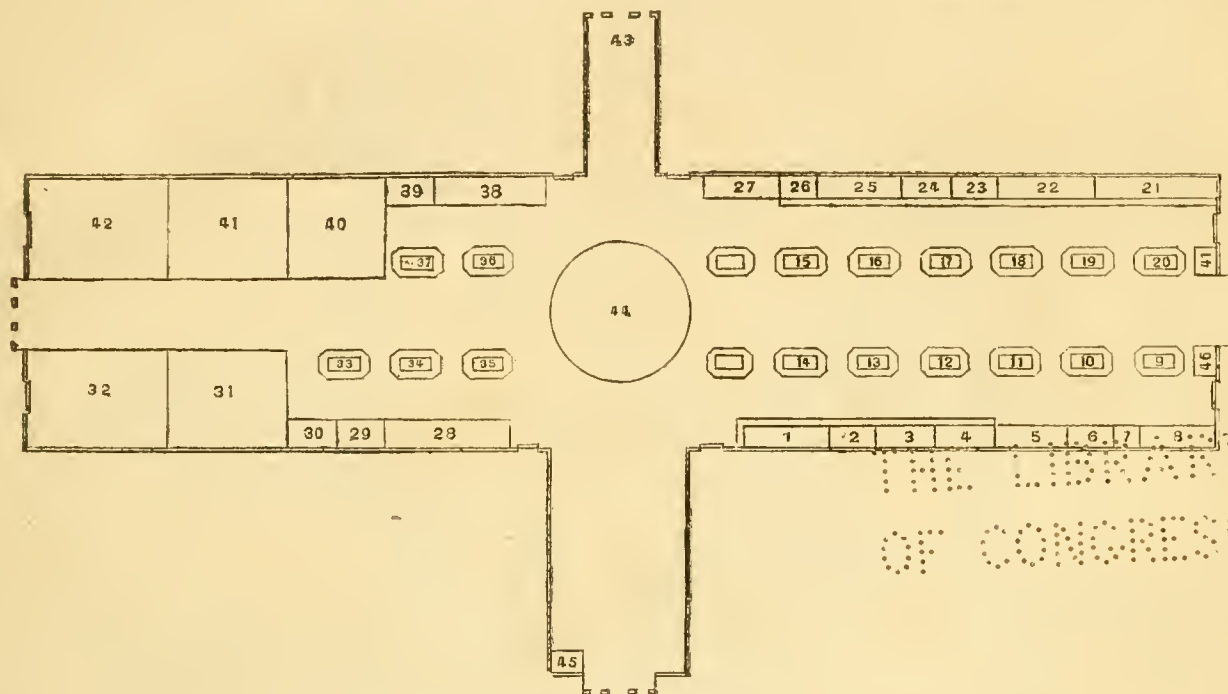


DIAGRAM OF THE INTERIOR OF THE FAIR BUILDING.

- No. 1 Charitable Association,
- " 2 Ladies Room,
- " 3 Bed Linen,
- " 4 Fancy Work,
- " 5 Bower of Rest,
- " 6 Ladies Room,
- " 7 Post Office,
- " 8 Skating Park,
- " 9 China and Glass,
- " 10 Jewelry and Plate,
- " 11 Fish Pond,
- " 12 Fancy Handwork,
- " 13 Bed Linen,
- " 14 Millinery,
- " 15 Swords,
- " 16 Private Schools,

- No. 17 Books etc.
- " 18 Public Schools,
- " 19 Drugs etc.,
- " 20 Newspapers,
- " 21 Curiosity Shops,
- " 22 Childrens' Department,
- " 23 Public Schools,
- " 24 Books, etc.,
- " 25 Dry Goods and Clothing,
- " 26 Shirts,
- " 27 Sewing Machines,
- " 28 Freedmen and Refugees,
- " 29 Hardware,
- " 30 Iron and Steel,
- " 31 New York Department,
- " 32 New England Kitchen,

- No. 33 Tobacco and Oigars,
- " 34 Confectionary,
- " 35 Turnverein Society,
- " 36 Lippincott's Soda Fountain,
- " 37 New Bedford,
- " 38 Furniture,
- " 39 Stoves,
- " 40 Manufactures, Bakers, Millers and Grocers,
- " 41 Agricultural Implements and Carriages,
- " 42 Holland Kitchen,
- " 43 Art Gallery,
- " 44 Floral,
- " 45 Restaurant,
- " 46 Police,
- " 47 Secretary of General Committee.

Shakespeare, from the North to the South.
As Shakespeare's birthday has recently brought his *dicta* to mind, let us address our friend "the South," in a few fragments from Shakespeare's sonnets;

"But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;"

[Sonnets, XCII.]

And again:—

"Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less;
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.

As on the finger of a throned Queen
The basest jewel will be well esteemed;
So are the errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated and for true things deemed,
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
If thou would'st use the strength of all thy State!
But do not so: I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report."

BROOKLINE, MASS.

[Sonnets, XCVI.]

We cannot lose an effort, barren as it may seem, if earnest, true. It will be seed corn which will strike a root, and sooner or later must appear in some form.

WORK.

Lord, send us forth among thy fields to work!
Shall we for words and names contending be,
Or lift our garments from the dust we see,
And all the noonday heat and burden shun?
The fields are white for harvest shall we wait
To find a bed of roses for the night
And watch the far off cloud that comes to sight,
Lest it should burst on us at evening late?
Fling off, my soul, thy grasping self, and view
With generous ardor all thy brothers' need,
Fling off thy thoughts of golden ease, and wend
A corner of thy master's vineyard too!
The harvest of the world is great indeed,
Oh! Jews, and the laborers are few!

MARTHA PERRY LOWE

There is no positive defeat so long as we keep above the waves which toss us to and fro.

QUERY.—When Campbell says, in his poem "Hohenlinden," "Far flashed the red artillery," did he refer to the red trimmings on the dress of our artillerymen? The General thinks not, but says, as he is "modest and humiliating," he does not like to take the responsibility of deciding.

Monopoly will one day be out of fashion—repudiated. A man will be measured by his attributes, and not by bank notes.

ORIGINAL CONUNDRUM BY THE EDITOR, TO WHICH THE ATTENTION OF CONTRIBUTORS IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED:

What good grounds have we for concluding that Moses never expected the Ten Commandments would be published?

Answer—Because the tables were written on both sides.

Why is a convalescent person like a kitchen utensil? A.—Because he is a little pale (pail.)

The Daily Countersign.

MANAGERS. (MRS. E. W. CLARK,
MRS. S. A. RANLETT.
EDITOR. ANNA E. BRACKETT.

Tuesday, May 17, 1864.

SALUTATORY.

In accordance with long established usage, we desire, in introducing our paper to our readers, to describe as clearly and distinctly as possible, the platform on which we intend to stand.

The COUNTERSIGN is not intended as a counterpart to any publications of a like character that have appeared in other places, or as a counterplot to detract from the praise justly due to them. It will not counterfeit any good and loyal sentiments, but openly advocate, as a counterpoise to the insidious paragraphs which sometimes find their way into our papers, simple, unvarnished truth, and thus endeavoring to counteract whatever of evil may come within its sphere. It will firmly stand by its own positions, and permit no countermarching in its columns. It will not countermand its previously expressed opinions or counterbalance one statement by another which shall move in a counter-current.

To those who aim to discourage and refuse a generous rivalry in the Fair, it will endeavor to offer a countercheck, by acting as a countercharm, or rather as a counter-irritant. It will try to counter-move all their prejudices by presenting, in the simplest way, all possible counter-evidence.

It offers an excellent medium for the interchange of loyal and patriotic sentiments, which it will most gladly welcome, and to which it will give a wide circulation; we hope that many such will appear, as a counter signal to the contributions of some of our best writers who have already generously contributed to ornament our pages. By affording thus a counter-view, we hope to show how a common pulse of loyalty unites the east and west. Thus we form our counter-guard and shall repel with counter strokes any attack.

Having defined our position, we ask for your kind consideration in our efforts to serve the great cause, and shall find our best reward in your approval of the COUNTERSIGN.

NOTA BENA.

While every department of the Fair will receive notice in due time, it seems proper that the attention of the public should be especially directed to one or two, the object or intent of which, seems not to be generally understood. The Fishing Pond, with its limped water, its cool, green banks and its mysterious nibbles and bites, speaks for itself to the eye of any passer: but the Skating Park, shut from the vulgar gaze, attracts only by its name. Vain and vague have been the guesses of the uninitiated when mention has been made of the proposed "Skating Park." Some have been troubled lest the ice should be injured by the anticipated warm weather to such a degree as to render motion on it

anything but agreeable; others have wisely concluded that it had nothing to do with ice, and was merely a smooth floor on which those children who were so fortunate as to possess parlor seats might rattle to their heart's content. Indeed, some of the Fathers of the Fair have demurred at giving to this mysterious arrangement so much room. St. Louis has been mystified, and now St. Louis is invited to walk in and see for itself. *Bona fide* skating in angles and curves, of not twenty or thirty, but of hundreds, sedate lookers-on, unfortunate tumblers, grace and awkwardness, gallantry and beauty meeting, crossing and passing. We are not going to tell you what it is, or describe the numerous devices which nature, talent and taste have used to amuse and delight you. Suffice it to say that at Brooklyn and New York, where the Skating Park made its *debut*, it was constantly surrounded by an eager and delighted crowd. Improvements on the original have been made by the enterprising managers here, and it will disappoint no one who can by any possibility be charmed, fascinated or pleased.

Another feature of the Fair—or, rather, two features—are the New England and Holland Kitchens. Here may the wandering Yankee be reminded of the long-ago in his dear, far-off New England, of the winter evenings spent in the kitchen of some old farm-house, while the winter storm howled vainly without; of the apple-peelings, the quiltings, the frolicking to which the blaze of the great logs in the ample fire-place made so many an accompaniment. Here he may refresh his longing heart with baked beans, apple-butter, salt fish, and other delicacies of every season, which no one else knows so well how to enjoy. Turning to the other side, one passes at one step from the rocky soil of the land where the Pilgrims first trod in the New World, to the land which first afforded them a shelter from persecution, and whose friendly shores they left with many a sigh. The Holland Kitchen opens wide its hospitable doors to all weary travelers, and invites them to taste of its cheer. Let no one fail to see the busy scene, and to partake of the peculiar fare, served by gentle and willing hands. These are the kitchens we used to hear of, where one could, with perfect safety eat from the floor as well as from the table, so scrupulously neat were the hands that willingly did the work. See for yourselves if we have at all exaggerated our statements.

And when your feet are weary with perambulations, what so delightful as to become a real estate owner, for a time; that is, to hire one of the easy chairs in the Bower of Rest, and lulled into quiet "with your head at ease, reclining on the cushion's velvet lining," see the busy and moving throng of figures that pass and re-pass before you. Here you may watch and sympathize with the fortunate angler, as he draws his prize from its resting place and leaps with joy at his success, or looking further on, see the merry children who, clustered around the Children's Department on the other side of the immense building, and admire the taste and skill of the Dec-

orating Committee as "far adown the long aisle" you catch the names of General after General, and of waving banners and the colors dear to every true heart.

LETTER FROM MRS. PARTINGTON.

The following correspondence cannot fail to be of interest to our readers. We are proud to lay it before them. We feel a glow of honest pride that Mrs. Partington should take so great an interest in the humble city of St. Louis. The original letter, with the signature of our venerable friend, and the photograph which she mentions, can be procured at this office. We are sorry to see by the writing, that the "romantic twinge" of which she speaks affects the steadiness of her hand:

St. Louis, March 31, 1864.

Dear Mrs. Partington: Through your varied and extensive reading, you have doubtless heard of the preparations now being made for the great Sanitary Fair in St. Louis, May 17th. Will you honor us with your company during this festival, that your pleasant face and benignant smile may cheer us in our labors for the sick and wounded? Pray don't neglect to bring that remarkable son, Ike.

Should any domestic infelicity interfere with this arrangement, please drop me a line, and oblige,
Yours truly, Q.

Boston, April 11, 1864.

My Dear Madam: Not being very dextrous with a pen, ma'am, and troubled with a romantic twinge in my right shoulder, my little boy, which is Isaac, writes for me to say how facilitated I should be to make your invitation acceptable, and come to your Salutary Fair on the 17th. Most salutary it is, to be sure, where war is so destructible to human life, dear me, and clothing is nothing. What would the poor soldiers have done if that excellent body and soul hadn't come, with healing on its wings, bringing consolation and new clothes, to say nothing of the stockings and the old sheets torn up for bandages for the sufferers, blessings upon 'em, and amen to it. Tears come into my eyes as I think of all the good it has done, and may do—may heaven be rewarded for it—and I am very sorry that I cannot come and be one of the features of the Fair, though my features are not fair; but, bless you, you may have the features, without my coming at all, for I have got a friend to go and sit for me at a photographer's, whose liniments I send in this. They are not handsome, but that is not his fault nor mine.

I wish I was as rich as Croesote, and had a bank of money to send you; but alas, the will must be taken for the deed, though that may not bring the fracture of a cent in the great aggregation. That the purse of the Commissaries may be crowded with greenbacks, and their hands and hearts strengthened for good by your Fair, is the desire of my heart, which it is my prayer that it may be realized.

Yours, devotionally,

RUTH PARTINGTON,

Her signature.

Attest: IKE PARTINGTON.

THE NEEDY AND THE BENEFICENT.

BY HENRY GILES.

The needy are of many classes, and each class is numerous. We shall, in these remarks, say nothing of the poverty which is the consequence of vice or crime—though even *that* we do not exclude from pity; nay, it is often the kind of poverty which calls for the deepest pity, as it is the saddest distress with the fewest consolations. But there are many kinds of poverty which are blameless. Let us glance at a few of them. There is poverty that *will not speak*. The high and independent heart will not cringe; it will be mute in its despair; it will stay alone in its solitude, wither, waste, and die. Call this silence pride, if you will, but what a tragic pride it is! how noble and how lofty! But it may not be pride: it may be only patient waiting which keeps the heart in its stillness, and the silence is not that of stubbornness, but that of truthful faith and of modest shame. Yesterday was dismal, to-day is dreary, possibly as God is merciful and as he pitieth his children, tomorrow may be brighter, and He who feedeth the ravens will not hear in vain the hungry cry of his little ones. Expectation can live long on little hopes. Seasons may be more prosperous in the future than they have been in the past. Better times may be in store. Effort, struggle, search, may not always be without result; still there is nothing but the "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick;" and though the heart is full of anguish, yet will not the mouth speak out of its fulness. Nor is this silence merely as to words—it is not the less so as to manner; for such quiet poverty as much avoids dirt, bareness, and squalid raggedness, as it does craving, whining and lamentation. Surely in this matter there is a brave heroism; and such heroism may be found in very different conditions of life and of education. Numberless instances we should find of it, could the various social, commercial, political revolutions and the vicissitudes of the world open to us their secrets. Then, also, there is poverty, there is want that *can not speak*—for instance, the sick and feeble poor, the dumb, the lonely, the bed-ridden, neglected age, neglected childhood, and the destitute stranger from other lands, who speaks an unknown tongue to ears that hear but cannot understand. The records of suicide have their darkest pages in stories of the deaths of foreigners who, driven to desperation, seek their last refuge in voluntary death. And yet could these poor people have made their helpless and hapless condition known, they might not only have lived, but have lived in credit, comfort and virtue.

Now these are forms of need which are permanent—essential as it would seem to the very existence of society, inwrought in the constitution of human nature, and belonging to its earthly and probationary imperfection. To these we have to add others that have their sources in causes which are occasional and extraordinary. Famine may come. It may come from the earth, the ocean, or the sky: it may come at any season, and the failure of a

single crop in a single district of the globe, brings on millions, misfortune, starvation and mortality—a wholesale woe which moves the pity and the munificence of the world. So it is with pestilence that goeth about silently and stealthily day and night, and leaves the desolation of death in homes and on highways. So it is with great disturbances in commerce and industry, in which laborers become paupers, in which capitalists become bankrupts, in which all become embarrassed, unhappy, or desperate. So it is with tempests, shipwrecks, and numberless terrible accidents to which human life, and most the life of the laborious, is constantly exposed.

War we mention last, because it is the most comprehensive among the special causes of suffering and adversity. We know that war may be a duty, an inevitable duty, as it is now with our nation and our government. But even when best and truest, war is at the cost of infinite calamities to the generation amidst which it rages. Not in the camp or the field; not on the march or in the hospital alone, are the miseries of war. They are not even limited to the countries immediately involved in the contest. They are as wide as the living world. The miseries, however, must be most bitter to those who are nearest the strife—to the non-combatants, as well as to those who directly fight. In many ways non-combatants must suffer, and the most generous government cannot provide for all those whom combatants lost in war leave behind, that had on them reliance for support. When a worthy soldier falls or dies, it is not natural sorrow alone that goes into his home and brings weeping and lamentation to his fireside; but soon there comes the sense that there is lost forever the dearest helper and the best protector. Waiting, a few days ago, for a train, we noticed a young mother of four young children, of whom the eldest was not more than six years of age. She and her babies, all in deep mourning, got into the same car as we did. A gentleman beside us whispered—"Her husband was killed in battle." So, one bullet, thought we, has killed a man in the prime of young life, and made a widow and four orphans. Supposing that nature and affection were strong in this poor girl's heart—and they seemed to be, for her manner showed a grief that had no speech—how direfully must she have suffered by the bullet that took away a life dearer to her than her own. And yet this was merely a *representative* bullet—representative of tempests of bullets throughout the land which are filling it with widows and orphans.

God, in his mysterious government, has subjected human nature and human life to many and grievous afflictions; but in compensation He has filled the human heart with charities correspondent to the demands on them. These charities are the exhaustless fund on which the suffering have always to draw: and those who have the means to pay the tax should pay it, not grudgingly, but most generously.

We are in the midst of a terrific civil war. One peculiarity of it seems to be overlooked, and that is, the desolation which it carries into *homes*. Our armies are not *standing*. They

are volunteers. It is odd that this distinction has been so little thought of. The Old World's armies are *standing*, and consist mostly of *single men*. Ours are of the **PEOPLE**, and have among them numbers of married men who quit pleasant homes for the deadly field; and a man often leaves a helpless widow and a house full of orphans behind him when he falls.

Perhaps in the history of nations, so marvelous, so harmonious, so spontaneous, so *impassioned*, we might say, expression of moral energy and sympathy has ever occurred as we witness now in these national Fairs held throughout the country. They show how profoundly the heart of the country is moved and how loyally it beats. The Fairs will present a pecuniary result at which the earth may wonder. But this wonder will be vulgar and temporary. Much of the vulgar and temporary will be mixed up with these Fairs—but *that* will be nothing. What the world *must* admire will be, the grand burst of a nation's affection to its volunteer soldiery. The wants of this soldiery, in all their complications, must still be supplied through the central government; and all that the most gigantic personal contributions could do towards supplying them would only be as a mustard seed to a mountain. But these genial, grand, generous contributions have a *moral* value, which make the government supplies seem like a mountain reduced to a mustard seed. These supplies from the free hearts of the people, bind the hearts of the people to the hearts of the soldiers; and every soldier in every relief or comfort which they afford him, feels that his country knows him as a personal friend, and that he is dearly, fondly thought of by father, mother, brother, sister, friend, wife or sweetheart. May God prosper, bless him, and soon send him safe home to all—when he will sing among his family the dangers he has passed, and his family will love him for the dangers he has braved.

ACROSTIC.

Rear to the Chieftain a column of glory;
 Odorous roses with laurels combine;
 Send down his name, thus enbalm'd, into story,
 Endeared to the people by conquests sublime.
 Cherish his fame with a grateful affection;
 Remember his prowess with deepest respect:
 A drift on War's storms, yet with his protection
 Ne'er shall the ship of our nation be wreck'd.
 So gratefully will we his pillar erect. M. A.

We are all practicing ground and lofty tumbling, and our skill is as varied as our persons. Sweet-scented flowers lie all along our paths, but who does not prefer the Alpine blossom, which is hardly perceptible to mortal eye? We do not enjoy *easy* tasks. They make the stout arm sluggish. We all have visible or invisible grappling hooks, and long for some objects under the sea, upon the land, or over our heads, to which to attach them.

Why is an English edition of "Faust" like the prophet Elijah? A.—Because it is translated.

Why is a boy trying to walk on ice like an article of a lady's dress? A.—Because he is a "slipper."

FACTS NOT FANCIES.

"Well Susie, what's for dinner dear?" "My love, I do not know,
The last day that I dined at home was just two weeks ago;
I guess the girls will pick you up some little thing to-day I know you do not mind, my love, you've such an easy way.
Don't wait for me, I may not be at home 'till after tea; Perhaps, if I don't come by eight, you'd better call and see;
I'll be in our committee-room; oh! never mind the egg, I know they all are over-done—don't say a word, I beg, For Bridget was at work for me, I was sure you wouldn't care
For the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair.
I'd wait and walk down town with you, but dear me, if you knew,
About the new department there's heaps of work to do; A new committee to be formed, and who's to take the lead?
Oh! baby dear, mamma must go, go to your pap instead, He loves to have you hold him so; there Lucy dear, good bye,
Mind all that Bridget says to you. Oh yes, if you won't cry,
Some time I'll mend that dress you tore two weeks ago to-day,
Be careful not to catch it now, now badly it does! fray! But now I am so busy dear, I can't a moment spare
From the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair."
Well baby since mamma has gone, we'll read the morning news
And see how Sherman manages the rebels to confuse; Why Bridget, where's the paper gone? I laid it on the shelf,
I'm sure I left it there just now; do come and look yourself,
You know you'r not to touch it; I hate to have it messed."
"An shure ab it's the paper sur? the mistress took it just,
An just to fold the little scrap I ironed for her the morn, An shure sur I'm as innocent as e're a babe new-born, She took it with her sur indade; be plased sur to inquare,
For the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair."
"Well, never mind the paper then; there's plenty more down town,
I just remember now a note I must write to Tom Brown, I promised him to send him word this very day, so then— What in the name of common sense does all this plaguey pen?
Let's have another! just as bad, I cannot make a dot."
"Why, there isn't any ink papa, mamma said there was not,
She was writing names on letters!"—"I filled it yesterday morn!
That inkstand holds a half a pint, and now it is all gone, Circulars directing—I vow and do declare
For the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair!
Well, what's the world a coming to? I wish I could feel clear
'Twas coming to May seventeenth some time within a year?
Things have been upside-down so long, 'twould be a pleasant change
To see them right themselves once more, though 'twas a little strange,
As for the husbands. Well, I hope that man is satisfied, For if he didn't break the bell, wire, certain 'tis he tried, Oh Bridget run and stop that noise!" "A letter sur for you."
"Well, let me see!"—"The Art Committee meets to-day at two,
Attendance punctual required we flae you if not there, Room's Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair.
Of course! I might have known 'twas that I from early morn till night,
These cabalistic characters are all that meet my sight, Their very sound bewitches all who hear them, that is plain,
A hopeless frenzy seizes them; they never rest again,

No hoarded treasure sacred is; they taste, and bear away,
And their incoherent speeches at all hours of night and day
Betray the monomania that holds them firmly bound.
About this Art Committee—yes, I surely must step round;
I meant to trot my pony, but I scorn to shirk my share Of the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair. A. E.

LETTER FROM TENNESSEE.

KNOXVILLE, April 20, 1864.

Madam: I suppose it is my known susceptibility to the "Fair"—of course I mean the M. V. S. F.—that has been the means of laying upon my table as "pooty" a lot of correspondence as you ever saw. Here they are, great fat ones, in huge envelopes, directed in large business-like hands. There are narrow thin ones, scrawled over by pinched up letters, from a long slender pen, held in very long bony fingers. There are neat little white envelopes, with a tracery as delicate as frost work. And there are yellow packages, in all sorts of hand writings, and covered with strange devices. High and lofty, above all, towers "M. V. S. F." Talismanic letters! With trembling hands and beating pulse, and throbbing heart I open some bravely and courageously; others, and others yet, in a business-like way, with about the same result. Some want trophies. I have not one. Everything I had of that sort has been robbed from me long, long since. The 128-pounder I captured at Camp Jackson, and carried so long in my breast pocket, was filched from me by a converted rebel, who now claims to be a better Union man than I am. The first musket I ever shouldered, and which I intended should go down to my children's children, was stolen from me by an old maid, to transmit to her posterity. The first pair of shoulder straps I ever wore have passed away in a (s) car. The only bale of cotton I ever stole was sold at Sheriff's sale to pay a most ill-mannered tailor, who would not wait forty-eight months for twenty-eight dollars; and the only girl who ever said she loved me begged to be excused from marrying me, as she promised, because I didn't have two hundred thousand dollars, a corner lot, with a marble front on it, a span of horses to a carriage, with a coat of arms, and a hammer-cloth on it. She was the greatest curiosity I ever owned, and the only trophy I ever won. I did not marry her, as I said, because she asked to be excused. She could do better.

One of these letters asked for a lock of my hair, to entwine with similar locks from the poll of the President and each member of his Cabinet, together with all the distinguished Generals of the war. As I have no hair on the top of my head, I considered it a "sarkasm," and passed that letter by with contempt. I have no idea of my dear locks being lost in any such mass of false artificial hair. Another offers a premium for a shirt. "Ah!" thought I, "there's my chance!" but an investigation of my wardrobe—that's a valise, and contains two shirts, a pair of—I don't like to say what—yes, I will: two pairs of socks, a pipe, a plug of tobacco, and a pack of cards, (visiting cards, of course.) This investiga-

tion showed that all the shirts were woolen and had no buttons on; the shapes excellent, but I can't spare 'em long enough to have 'em done up and go to the Fair and back; so there's a block to that game. As there is no prize offered to the purchaser of the shirts, and I cannot be there to sell any, I am cut off from any connection with that department. I should like to offer something for the "Ladies' Grand Fancy Court," &c. I have not a thing of my own, and in the "Children's Department" I feel so "kinder" queer, that I never can get along. Most of the little ones like me, personally; but since that young woman treated me so ill I have not the courage to offer myself—even to the fatherless.

The big circular hints at everything. I would give a lecture, sing a song—solo, or any of them things, if I could be there with you; but you see I can't. I am away off here in the tented field, shivering in the cold, eating hominy and hard-tack, "sarving" my country. Therefore, and wherefore, and you'll wonder why I have taken so long to say so. I inclose you ten dollars to go towards the Fair in the Great West, my home and my pride.

Yours, sorrowfully, patriotically and sanitarily,
MAJOR, &c.

The ten dollar note referred to in the preceding letter arrived safely. It is payable in eight per cent. stock or bonds of the Confederate States, six months after a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States." It will be carefully preserved till that time shall arrive and the proceeds handed to the Sanitary Commission.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We looked for them from the East and from the West, and we have not been disappointed. Skilled and swiftly moving pens answered our call, and we hope e'er our brief existence is passed to lay before our readers choice articles from those who are justly ranked among our first and best. We shall aim to serve up dishes for every palate, not forgetting the children—articles both grave and gay, both lively and severe. Already we recognize in our drawer the graceful handwriting of America's most characteristic poet, John G. Whittier, of Jas. R. Lowell, of Robert Lowell, of Emerson, Dr., Frothingham, Henry Giles, and a score of others who have done good service. We cordially invite all to contribute and swell the number. St. Louis has native talent enough to fill and worthily fill our columns. For the honor of the Queen City of the West, let us show a fair front that will not be ashamed of a comparison with the other papers that have flourished and bloomed in the hot bed of the Sanitary Fairs all over the country. Send us your best word, whether it be a song or a jest, a story or moral advice. Let us see what St. Louis will do. We wait your response.

Nature despises niggards—she throws herself open, every treasury uncovered, and says, take, oh, take, use and not abuse—fill up your whole being, and pour as you receive—my urn is never empty.

Extracts from Unpublished Writings

Fire may burn in man or woman, and God may select one or the other to touch new chords in the human breast.

God talks through poem, marble, canvass, voice, sweet sound; through beauty and utility in every form. His channels are countless as phases; as inexplicable as his mysteries. We are to bend the ear and listen—we are to watch the instruments made ready to our hands; and having found our fitting element, float therein, and draw therefrom its varied store.

Life is no fancy masquerade. We cannot disguise ourselves effectually; we may assume characters but only our own will be tacked to our memory. We must shape our garments and wear them, be they comely or otherwise; we cannot buy a solitary pearl to broder thereon—soul and hard effort alone produce our jewels.

It is possible that the worst things done, may prove ladders to highest aspirations through agencies unseen to us. So unlike are organisms and circumstances, that one apparently sails into paradise by natural attributes, and another is lashed by trials into the most common decency. How much credit is due the former, how much blame falls to the latter, is known alone to Infinite Wisdom. One fact is patent; eternity is a lengthened day, and there is always space and opportunity for revision and correction. Sooner or later all must behold the light, be attracted thereto, and walk in the new paths. Humanity and eternal justice point to and demand this.

Too much ease cannot be healthful, for amid the most charming security, the All-Merciful directs his thunder-bolts, and they stir up the languid waters, and another pulse beats in quick strokes. We are electrified in every possible manner, through good report and evil report, unexpected joy, sudden sorrow, adversity, fortune, sickness, bounding health, sadness, spiritual fullness, all remedial if rightly appreciated. What we most need is a fitting state to do this, a wise economy to reduce the utmost from every phase. What moral gardener would ask wider fields to cultivate than the most ordinary existence offers. What trees, shrubs, plants, vines, fruits, flowers. What wonderful variety, what soil, what stock, what wealth of implements.

Can we not all do something in this great husbandry—if we cannot fell huge trunks, the weakest can eradicate a weed. If we cannot mount a ladder and select the fairest yield, we can pick up the golden bounties at our feet; if we cannot invest, we can gratefully use; if we cannot sow, we can assiduously water, and so help forward. There is work for all—substantial, profitable in one or many senses. Not always for gold or silver or repose but for imperishable riches which gather usury forever. None need be drones, for if outwardly powerless, they may be inwardly triumphant, and exert an influence of surprising magnitude. Hope, trust, exertion are for all, and to the faithful, no jot or tittle shall be lost—multiplication shall be infinite.

All that is and has been, works with the upright, and distils power as fast as expended.

GENERAL GRANT.—Don't fail to see General Grant's little daughter selling dolls in the big shoe of the Children's Department this evening.

Marriage is like vaccination. You can be married as many times as you please, as you can be vaccinated, but if it takes the first time it will not be the second.

Persons desiring to preserve the full set of the *Countersign* can have it filed for them by leaving their names at the newspaper table, Fair Building.

We make too serious a matter of many, if not all our vicissitudes. When children fall how quickly wise mothers spur their heroism, and laugh the accident away. Though our scrambles "up again" should follow every trip, the very re-bound is half a remedy. How whining and pining dwarfs the soul; it is a gradual softening, and becomes an incurable disease.


PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS, Stereoscopes & Pictures,

Craig's Microscopes, Games & Stationery.

At No. 9 South Fifth street

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOSITORY.

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DENTIST.
 Office Northwest corner of Fifth and Locust sts.
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Blunden, Koenig & Co.

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A FULL assortment of Farm Implements and Farm and Garden Seeds constantly on hand.

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J. J. OUTLEY, the oldest established Artist in St. Louis, offers his services to all persons desiring a perfect picture of any kind, from the smallest locket to life size. Unusual inducements are offered to those wishing portraits of themselves or of deceased friends, requiring only a small picture of them, no matter how faded, from which to paint a perfect likeness. Call at the rooms and examine the portraits on exhibition.

M. S. HOLMES,

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Dealer in every description of

PAPER, BY THE REAM OR CASE.

100 ton of Rags wanted for carb.

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Mutual Life Insurance Company
 OF HARTFORD.

ACCUMULATED Capital, over \$6,000,000. Number of Policies issued in 1863, 5,685! Fifty per cent. dividends declared annually. One-half of premiums received in notes, which notes are cancelled by dividends.
HENRY STAGG, Agent,
 No. 40 Third street, corner Pine

Mutual Life Insurance Company
 OF NEW YORK.

FRED'K S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

Accumulated cash Assets, 1st Feb., 1864 \$10,300,000.
 THE safest and strongest Life Insurance Company in the United States. **SAM'L COPP, JR.,** Agent,
 N. W. corner Main and Second sts

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Importers and Jobbers of

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

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AUCTIONS.

BY J. H. OSGOOD & SON.

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REGULAR Catalogue sales of Dry Goods, Tuesdays and Fridays. Received in Public Warehouse or storage. Wool, Cotton and Merchandise generally, for which Legal Bond Warehouse receipts will be given by **J. H. OSGOOD,** Public Warehouseman.
 Liberal cash advances made on consignments.

The Best is the Cheapest

G. W. CURTISS & CO.,

No. 7 South Fifth street.

KEEP the best Coal Oil and Lamps, the best crystal tint Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, &c. Agents for Fisk's Cooking Lamp, for family use. Gives entire satisfaction. No family should be without one. All kinds Coal Oil and Lamp goods sold wholesale and retail.

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58 North Fourth street,

KEEP the latest styles of Gentlemen's Dress Hats, Felt Hats of every description for Men and Boys; Cloth Hats, Military Hats, Straw Hats, Cloth Caps, Fancy Caps for Children, elegantly trimmed; Leghorn and Straw Hats for Ladies, Misses and Children; Traveling Bags, Umbrellas, &c., and Furs in their season.

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Orders from the country promptly attended to.

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Direct Importer and Dealer in

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HAS, according to returns made under oath by all the Queensware Dealers, more stock than any two houses on Main street.

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HAS, according to returns made under oath as above, over two hundred per cent. more stock than any Queensware house on Main street.

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Keeps a full assortment of staple and fancy China-Glass, Queensware, Coal Oil Lamps, Looking Glasses, Britannia Ware, Silver Plated Ware, Trays, Waiters, Table Cutlery, Water Coolers, Fruit Jars, Toiletware, etc.

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Is the only direct importer in the city, of Ledge Elliotts & Sons' White Granite and Parian Wares and Decorated Vases and Toilet Wares, which received the great prize medals at the World's Fairs in London, Paris and New York, a variety of which they have liberally donated to the M. V. S. Fair

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Watches, Jewelry, Silverware,
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No. 93 Fourth street.

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DR. ISAIAH FORBES,
DENTIST,
HAS removed from his old stand, to
No. 85 Olive, (one square further
West,) three doors west of Fifth street.

INSURE YOUR LIVES.

Equitable Life Assurance Society
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BALDWIN & DODD,
Manufacturers and wholesale dealers in
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS,
BONNETS, MILLINERY GOODS, &c.,
98 Main st., corner of Locust,
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CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods and Army Outfits.

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WHOLESALE GROCERS,
ALSO, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 56 Second street, St. Louis, Mo.

BELCHER'S

Sugar Refining Company.

Office at Refinery Building, cor. O'Fallen and Lewis sts.,
WHERE may be found all kinds of refined and clarified Sugars, in barrels, half barrels, sacks or hogsheads. Also, Golden Syrup, Syrup Molasses and Sugarhouse Molasses in barrels, half barrels and kegs, and in quantities to suit, from twenty-five barrels and upwards, at the card price when delivered. A box for orders will be found on the Northwest corner Second and Olive streets. Cash on delivery. No charge for packages or drayage. **GEORGE PARTRIDGE,** President.
E. Y. WARE, Secretary.

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(SUCCESSOR TO MORRISON & CO.)
—DEALER IN—
DRESS AND CLOAK TRIMMINGS,
LACES, EMBROIDERIES, HOSIERY.
Gloves, Fans, French Corsets, Skirts, &c.
—ALSO—
English, French and German Fancy Goods,
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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS
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Fifth and St. Charles streets, St. Louis, Mo.
Second hand Carriages taken in exchange for new.
Repairing executed with dispatch.

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IMPORTERS OF
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FISKE, KNIGHT & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
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PUBLISHERS of Music, No. 55 Fourth street, St.
Louis, Mo. Dealers in Piano-fortes and Musical In-
struments of every description; Western agency for
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furnish at the factory prices, wholesale and retail.

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Manufacturer and Dealer in
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ST. LOUIS, MO.

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Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
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135 Main st., St. Louis, Mo.; 33 and 35 Lake st., cor.
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Manufacturers of Fine Furniture,
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Wholesale Dealers in Foreign and Domestic
WINES AND LIQUORS,
And Rectifiers of Whisky,
39 South Main and 11 South Commercial streets, be-
tween Walnut and Elm streets,
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Choice brands of Bourbon Whisky constantly on hand.

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and Queensware, Looking Glasses, Coal Oil Lamps,
Britannia Ware, &c.; Tea Trays, Table Cutlery, &c., No.
26 North Main street, St. Louis, Mo.
Assorted Crates for country trade kept on hand
Particular attention paid to packing.

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WHOLESALE and retail dealers in Drugs, Medi-
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Medicine Chests, &c., &c., Southwest corner of Olive
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Importer and Dealer in
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
165 AND 255 BROADWAY
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SIGN OF THE GILT PLOW,
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Commission Merchants,
And Dealers in
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BELTING, ROPE, &c.

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ANGELRODT & BARTH,
EUROPEAN COLLECTION BUSINESS,
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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Office hours—7 to 9 o'clock, A. M.; 3 to 4 P. M.

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 Fourth street, Verandah Row, between St. Charles st.
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COAL OIL LAMPS, COAL OIL,
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GAS FIXTURES,
 BRONZES, FRENCH CLOCKS, &c.

J. CRAWSHAW & SON,

HAVE just received and are now opening the largest
 and best stock of Lamps and Gas Fixtures ever seen
 in the United States, which they offer low for cash only.

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Will make liberal cash advances on consignment of
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 ER in Fancy Furs, and purchaser of all kinds of
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Muffs, &c., taken for preservation during the Summer,
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Watches repaired and warranted.

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UNION FLAGS, FROM ONE CENT TO \$200. ALSO,
 Military Swords, Sashes, Belts, Shoulder Straps,
 Lace Buttons, Gold and Silver Bullion, Spangles, Stars,
 Photographs, Photograph Albums, Union Pins, Badges,
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LATEST style and patterns, at lowest
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Dodge's patent and Skeel's patent Set-
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A SCHOOL of the highest order for young Ladies.
 Two terms of twenty weeks each per annum. Cat-
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INSURANCE AGENCY.

BEHOLD THE LIST:
Columbia Fire Insurance Co.
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 Office—No. 161 Broadway
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$63,493; Assets, \$768,493.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Vessels in port and their Cargoes, and other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire. The insured receive 75 per cent. of net profits without incurring any liability.
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Home Insurance Company,
 OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$70,396 12; Assets, \$579,396 12.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Leases, and other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire. Dealers receive 75 per cent. of net profits, on Dwellings and Merchandise risks.
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Lamar Fire Insurance Company
 OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
 Capital, all paid up in cash, \$300,000; Surplus, January 1, 1864, \$89,375 27; Assets, \$389,375 27.
 ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, Sec. EDW'D ANTHONY, Pres't.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
Metropolitan Insurance Comp'y,
 108 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$300,000; Assets, Jan. 1, 1864, \$642,641 85. Scrip dividend declared Jan. 12, 1864, 35 per cent.
 THIS Company insures, at customary rates of premium, against loss or damage by fire; also, against all marine and land navigation, and war risks on cargo or freight. The assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits, without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.
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STOCK COMPANY—INCORPORATED 1821.
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
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 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$272,916 33; Assets, \$772,916 33.
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INSURES Buildings, Merchandise and other property, against loss or damage by fire, at rates as low as other first class companies. Particular attention given to the insurance of Farm property, isolated Dwellings and their Furniture, for one, three or five years. Losses adjusted and promptly paid in cash at this Agency.

Phoenix Insurance Company,
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 Offices—No 1 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; No. 149 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, March 1, 1864, \$222,219 20; Assets, \$722,219 20.
 INSURANCE against loss by fire, Marine, Lake, Canal and inland transportation.
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SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.
Washington Insurance Comp'y,
 172 Broadway, (cor. Maiden Lane), N. Y.
 Cash Capital, \$400,000; Assets, Feb. 1, 1864, \$582,000. Scrip dividend, 1861, 60 per cent.; Scrip dividend, 1862, 60 per cent.; Scrip dividend, 1863, 60 per cent.
 THE Policies entitled to participate, receive 75 per cent. of net profits. Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Rents, Leases, against loss or damage by fire and marine risks on lakes, rivers and canals.
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North Missouri Railroad.

In connection with Hannibal and St. Jo. Railroad. The Shortest and Quickest Route to
QUINCY, KEOKUK, ST. JOSEPH, ATCHISON, WESTON, LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS CITY, COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA, NEBRASKA CITY, QUINCY AND HANNIBAL.

Certain and Close Connections
 Are made with the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad, Chicago, Burlington and Iowa Railroad, and all the Railroads of Iowa
 On and after Sunday, November 15th, 1863,
 St. Joseph Express leaves St. Louis at.....1:15 A. M.
 Mail and Accommodation Train at.....3:30 P. M.
Fare as Low as by any other Route.
 Commodious Passenger Rooms have been fitted up at the Depot, corner of North Market street and Levee, with every arrangement for the comfort of passengers.
 TICKETS FOR SALE AT
No. 40 Under Planters' House,
 AND
FOOT OF NORTH MARKET STREET,
 Where reliable information can be obtained relative to routes to Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.
 Be certain that your ticket reads: "Via North Missouri Railroad."
 I. H. STURGEON, Superintendent.
 J. H. CONCANNON, General Ticket Agent.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.

On and after Monday, December 7th, 1863, trains will leave St. Louis, as follows:
 Mail Train—Daily at 8:30 A. M., stopping at all stations and running through to Dresden, (196 miles.)
 Franklin Accommodation—Daily except Sunday, at 4:15 P. M.
 Stages—Leave Dresden for Warrensburg, Lexington, Pleasant Hill, Independence and Kansas City, daily on arrival of train. Leave Sedalia for Springfield, Bolivar and Warsaw, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, on arrival of train; Leave Tipton every evening for Boonville.
 Passengers taking the 8:30 A. M. train from St. Louis, connect at Franklin with train daily for Rolla and intermediate stations. Stages leave Rolla every morning for Springfield.
 Through tickets may be obtained at the Passenger Depot, corner of Seventh and Poplar streets, or at the Company's Through Ticket Office, No. 42 Fourth street, under the Planters' House. T. MCKISSOCK, Sup't.
 E. W. WALLACE, General Ticket Agent.

St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad.

Spring Arrangement, commencing April 4, 1864
PASSENGER Trains will leave Plum street Depot, daily, as follows:
 For Pilot Knob, Potosi, and all stations, at.....6:15 A. M.
 For Desoto at.....6:16 A. M. and 4 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Pilot Knob at.....3:00 P. M.
 Potosi at.....3:50 P. M.
 DeSoto at.....6:00 A. M. and 5:35 P. M.
 Carondelet Accommodation Trains.
 For Carondelet at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M.; 2:00, 4:00, 6:25, 7:30, 9:00 and 11:30 P. M.
 For Docks at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M., 2:00 and 4:00 P. M.
 For Jefferson Barracks and Quarantine at 6:15, 11:30 A. M., and 4:00 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Quarantine at 7:30 A. M.; 1:00 and 7:50 P. M.
 Jefferson Barracks at 7:40 A. M.; 1:05 and 7:55 P. M.
 Docks at 7:54, 9:15, 10:33, A. M.; 1:17, 3:07, 5:45 P. M.
 Carondelet at 5:30, 6:20, 8:00, 9:20, 10:40, A. M.; 1:20, 3:10, 5:43, 7:00, 8:10, 10:45 P. M.
 S. D. BARLOW, Pres't & Snp't.
 ISIDOR BUSH, General Agent

The Daily Countersign.

PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR.

"POSSUNT QUIA POSSE VIDENTUR."

No. 2.

St. Louis, May 19, 1864.

Price 10 Cents

The Daily Countersign.

MANAGERS. { MRS. E. W. CLARK,
MRS. S. A. RANLETT.
EDITOR. ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Thursday, May 19, 1864.

THE SMIZER FARM.

It is proposed to dispose of this generous donation by a raffle, near the close of the Fair. The Smizer Farm is a tract containing about five hundred acres, located on the Pacific Railroad, twenty miles from the Court House. Three hundred acres of it are of the finest in the Meramec Bottom, highly suitable for meadow purposes, the raising of timothy, grass, &c. The remaining two hundred acres is bluff land, and is eminently adapted to the raising of the choice fruits and grapes; or even for pasturing sheep. The Meramec River forms the entire northern boundary, in no place subdividing the estate, while one of the largest of springs furnishes continuous and wholesome water. Within an hour's ride of the Court House, the city will always provide it with a market for its produce, and its proprietor, receiving the daily papers, may take advantage of his instant knowledge of prices to send his goods at the proper moment to that market. Upon the tract are several substantial frame dwellings, together with two buildings, one of which was designed for a grist, the other for a first class saw mill. The entire title is in the county of St. Louis, which, under its power of conveying lands, will make over by deed the farm to the fortunate drawer. Altogether, of this class of estates, a more desirable one could scarcely be selected. We can conceive of no more pleasant way of contributing to the grand purposes of the Fair than by purchasing a ticket in this raffle. There is a pleasant sensation in the thought that, by the investment of a single dollar, we might become the possessors of real estate to the value of \$40,000. But the mere desire of winning possession of so much wealth will not influence the action of many. This raffle does not resemble a lottery, in which one invests with the bare mercenary desire of realizing a vast percentage on the risk incurred. No. We—and we speak for the community at large—will give our dollar with the pure and honest motive of helping forward the good cause, spending not another thought upon whether we shall obtain the prize or not, believing that our chance is but small in forty thousand, and knowing that so bulky a donation could not easily have

been disposed of otherwise. Our feelings will more nearly resemble those we experience when setting down our name to one of the many subscriptions for charitable purposes brought so often to our doors. And there are not a few unselfish souls who have casually mentioned to us—and not a few who have thought the same—how pleasant it would be to obtain possession of the Farm, that they might re-donate it for a "Soldier's Home," or for some other purpose equally grateful to God and man. We need not prophesy that the charity and sacrificing spirit of those even who may disapprove the means will lead them to promote the noble end in view in this raffle.

POST OFFICE.

Knowing the general character of Fair Post Offices to be such as soon to exhaust the interest in its issues, the Committee on the Post Office of the M. V. S. Fair have exerted their ingenuity in devising new methods of rendering this department attractive. The following is an outline of their plan: The Post Office is situated near the Olive street entrance, and is provided with two places of delivery, for ladies' and gentlemen's letters, respectively. The ladies' delivery will be constantly waited upon by the gents of the Committee; while the ladies of the Committee will ever be seen "like apples of gold in pictures of silver," through the aperture marked "Gentlemen's Delivery." It struck us that these apertures had been conveniently and designedly arranged so as to admit of pleasant conversation with outsiders. In addition to the ordinary undirected correspondence of a Post Office, each member—of whom there are some fifty—has handed in for delivery at least twenty-five letters addressed to his or her particular friend, and the same has been done by many outsiders. The Committee have likewise provided letters containing choice photographs of paintings by the best artists; others containing neat curiosities, comic surprises, and many other pleasant things. Letters in French and German are also ready for delivery. An opening near the middle of this department gives admission to "drop letters," and we would suggest that a vast amount of quiet fun and humor could be obtained by a correspondence through this channel with friends, or even with unknown parties. Having seen a great part of the Committee's stock, we will also suggest that, as a great many of the letters contain neat little original scraps of poetry and elegant little stories, and are, therefore, worthy of a wider dissemination, those who are so fortunate as to receive these, should, after enjoying them, quietly slip them back into the Post Office, di-

rected to some one of *their* friends. The speed and certainty of its delivery being surpassed by no other method, it would be a great aid to the Fair if those who may have messages to send or notices to give during its progress would make use of the Post Office for that purpose.

ARMS AND TROPHIES.

While we would agree with Mackay in his chapter on the insane admirers of relics—"men who have made fools of themselves for the jaw-bone of a saint, the toe-nail of an apostle, the handkerchief a king blew his nose in, or the rope that hanged a criminal;" yet we believe there are relics which are able, and do exert a wholesome influence upon the beholder. Of this nature are the interesting trophies collected by this department, under the supervision of Gen. Gray. A wealth of historic associations clings around them, while the purity and honesty of the motives to those wars which have mostly supplied this Department must ever render them more hallowed and stirring to patriotic breasts. In one corner may be seen the shattered remnants of the battle flags of the 1st, 15th, 18th, 26th, 6th, 21st and 25th Missouri Regiments, showing too plainly that the brave Missouri boys are not afraid to emulate the charge of Balaklava. The flag of the 15th went through the battles of Pea Ridge, Stony River, Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. A small standard made in the field by Laibold's Brigade on the 2d anniversary of Camp Jackson day, its title, the "Glee Club" standard, shows that war has not eradicated the finer sentiments from the breasts of our soldiers. The flag used by this brigade when the gallant McCook led them to the final charge at Chickamauga, is also in this collection. Several rebel flags captured by Missouri regiments form a second collection; amongst these are a flag captured by the "Bloody 8th" from a Texas Regiment at Fort Donelson; a fine silk flag captured in Alabama, made at the Huntsville Female College, for the Huntsville Guards; a third taken from the Court House of Little Rock, upon the capture of that city; a fourth, interesting from the fact of being captured at Camp Jackson and again re-captured at Fort Donelson. Gen. Doniphan's Mexican flag may also be seen. The following articles may be found amongst the various swords gathered from many battlefields, viz: a curious old Spanish sword found upon the bloody sward of Shiloh, on one side is the inscription, "*par el rey Charles III.*" on the other "*Infanta 1777*"; a sword unwillingly contributed by the famous Quantril; a caval-

ry sword from Grand Ecore; a sword won by Col. Madison Miller in the Mexican war; a half-sword from Vicksburg; a real Turkish Yataghan, a frightful object, from Black River; a "tiger gun," silver mounted, and wide mouthed, is a noticeable article. The clothes of the notorious bushwhackers Rucker, Jackman and Willhite, add to the attractions; two bullet holes in the coat of the latter are suggestive of damage to the breast of the wearer. At the south end is a large case containing the relics of Gen. Washington, as presented by the Patent office and shown at the N. Y. Fair, some of these are, his uniform consisting of yellow knee breeches and vest, and a blue coat ornamented with immense brass buttons, his mess chest and contents, his traveling secretary, part of his tent, money box, wife's shawl, cane, Turkish gold mounted gun, and the original cast of the first seal of the United States. This seal represents an eagle clutching the thunderbolts, and holding in his beak a scroll with the words, "E Pluribus Unum" upon it. Amongst the large collection of arms we can only notice a neat wrought iron cannon made by S. Brittell, of this city, and a battery of 14 pieces of small elegant cannon, presented by Albright & Son, also of this city.

For the benefit of visitors, we wish to make it known that the entrances to the Fair are *only* on Olive and St. Charles streets, the exits *only* on Locust street. No deviation from this rule will be permitted.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY LESLIE WALTER.

I.

[We are requested to write on Rural Subjects.]

It is an old saying, that "people should never meddle with what they don't understand," and by consequence should treat only of what they do; yet I am sure this rule must be often (and even wisely) disregarded in literary matters at least, else should we never have had Thomson's eloquent eulogy on early rising, which, as is quite notorious, was written in bed at ten A. M.; or the Animated Nature, of Goldsmith, who hardly knew a bull from a butterfly. Imitators of less genius have followed in their steps, and presuming on the easy success attained by these inspired cockneys in depicting rural scenes and subjects, have overshot the mark, and depicted too much. Thus it is that our literature as well as our parlor, is adorned with rustic ornaments that only lack rusticity to be perfect, and differ from the genuine article merely as painted imitations of mahogany differs from the costly wood.

People like pictures of rural life, whether the presentment be true or not. They want "something green that smells of the country" to clear away the city dust and smoke. It is pleasant to read of "fresh fields and pastures new," in a snug, well-built, gas-lighted, furnace-heated mansion with all the modern improvements, the evening paper damp from the press, the fire engine in the next street, and a policeman at your elbow. It is nice from high

civilization to look back on a primitive style of life; and fashionable among those whose feet daily beat the brick pavement, and could no more leave it than a lichen its rock, to sigh for "a lodge in some vast wilderness" where they couldn't live a day.

The demand, however, is created, and the magazines hasten to supply it. Their hack writer can do that as well as anything else. Birds, breezes, streamlets, fruits and flowers, May Queens and wreaths, and poles and bowers, are furnished by the ream from his cosy attic. Editors, mostly city-bred men, are charmed with these compositions, as read by the dull light of a third story back office window, and invariably put them in. The fable, the parable, the "country scene," (or rather unseen,) of city eyes is in print; everybody believes it. The real rustic is too busy with his crops to dispute it. Nature is strangely misrepresented, and truth stays at the bottom of her well. Poor Lord Macaulay libeled the Quaker courtier of King James, and fell, pierced by a hundred pens. Mr. Dickens and Mrs. Trollope belied America, and were exceedingly vilified therefor; and there is no mercy shown to him that "draws a long bow out of battle;" but who shall bring to justice the ignorant exponents of "country life as it is"—not?

A certain standard periodical, whose "proofs" are popularly supposed to be printed on black-edged paper, has lately enriched its dusky pages with a series of articles on "Country Living and Thinking," which have gained the author deserved celebrity, and which did *not* suggest these reflections; for I believe them to be genuine—from internal evidence, as the lawyers say. I doubted till I came to the "turf bank," and then I doubted no more. That woman did live in the country, she did dig, she did plant, she did water, I have no doubt. She did blister her fingers; I have often blistered mine. She is an honest soul, and tells the truth; and nothing but the truth, but not, alas! the whole truth.

My authority will give no weight to the assertion—I don't expect anybody to believe it. The authoress wouldn't care to contradict me; she will never know it, and I am not a foe worthy of her steel if she did. But I protest and declare that she adheres too much to the old traditions; as a long procession of poets have succeeded in convincing people that May is summer, and taken it from among the winter months, where it properly belongs, so that we shiver in silks and spring bonnets, when we should be much more comfortable in flannels and furs. The minstrels whose syren tongue lured us to this folly no doubt warbled before a blazing fire, and beside a steaming bowl of punch, (I have seen a picture of one taken in the act,) and kept snugly in doors during the chilly reign of the "moon of flowers." In view of these and similar impositions, I have sometimes wished I had been born with a mission, like Mrs. Jellyby—a mission to explode humbugs.

Perhaps, however, it is better as it is, and I am quit of a heavy responsibility. Instead of a trained warrior in the battle of life, a prize

sharp-shooter, whose vicinity everybody fears, easier to be a desultory guerrilla, an amateur sportsman, by whose chance shot, very likely, nobody is hurt. So be it, if I can still burn a little powder in my own way, against the strong intrenchments of some popular delusion, and, perhaps, help to make a breach, through which truth may ultimately creep in. The mistaken ideas and false presentments of country life in all its phases, which I think of first, because I know it best, shall be the first wind-mills attacked in my Quixotic career.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Names are not merely names. To the popular apprehension, at least, they are often things. If not substance, they are color and costume; spite of our reasoning they steal in upon our imaginations, and influence us by association of ideas, and in divers ways succeed in hood-winking us. They contribute largely in helping to weave the thousand-tinted web of Illusion, which in this sphere of time and space, is thrown over human intellect and senses. Facts, we are accustomed to say, speak for themselves. Not always—at least not on the first introduction. For they are often diffident strangers, and their first appearance doesn't justify their inherent worth. Truth will out, we say, sooner or later, but meantime, while we wait for facts to announce themselves, steps in some foolish name, and tastens itself upon their backs, and clings to them for generation after generation. While we expect the clear head, the wise seer, the true friend of truth, who would lawfully baptize the fact and seal it with its proper and legitimate name, comes along some charlatan, some half-seer, some muddy-brains, and glues thereon his label, as the apothecary does upon his vials, and the fatal *affiche* must stick there and designate said fact, until worn off by time. That a fact has a good name or a bad name is of course no reliable index to its goodness or badness; but may only show that it has friends or enemies. The world comes to see long pages full of its judgments completely reversed; things are turned over and over, sifted, ventilated, examined, dissected, and the wisdom of one age is the folly of another—the virtues of this people the vices of another, the thing that was esteemed lovely is held to be insipid and ugly. And all the while the name—the uneraseable name *sticks*, in defiance of wind and rain, to say nothing of bottle-washings. It maintains its hold, in defiance of revolution and growth, as the old pod does upon the new plant.

Among the illusory effects produced by the magic of names, none are more singular than those we experience in bearing translations of them from one language to another. There are languages which dignify the vulgarst names to our ears, as there are others that lower and belittle the best and noblest.—"Slovenly Tom" can never be an equivalent for "Manaceio," "Pie Neuf," is considerably smaller than Pie Nono or Pius the Ninth, and Michel Ange, than Michael Angelo. I could never make Venedig stand for Venice or Leghorn with difficulty flaps after Livorno; Barberossa and Red Beard are

quite distinct individuals; Peter and Pierre seem incapable of being brought to the one stereoscopic focus. How few scripture names are beautiful. An odor as of some old Jewish clothes-shop is in them—at least they are Puritanic and old fashioned without grace.

How potent are names in the great sphere of Ideas. A good man who has the courage to avow his heretical opinions is burned at the stake, and his name graven upon the tablets of history in lurid letters—atheist. In an age when the fog of bigotry and brain-muddiness has cleared away, the *name* stands—still in lurid letters; but the grand-children of that good man's executioners blush with shame at the recorded calumny, and out of the dead sparks of the lurid writing, as in the changes of fire-works, shine the letters of a new name—believer. Atheism is then seen to have been the convenient name for every shade of heresy, for all dissent from the popular belief; and the label once glued on, had power to deceive even the elcct. There are no mightier sorcerers than names. No sooner do they wave their magic wands than a cloud of hallucinations, dreams, fancies, associations wrap us around, and we are magnetised and see not with our own eyes, but through the eyes of the magician. A good looking woman with a beautiful name, has one great additional charm to us. A name of nobility, Duke, Marquis, Countess, oils the hinges of our knees, and adds a precious seeing to our eyes, which begin to detect delicate porcelain complexion, falcon eyes, small ears, and aristocratic hands. Bishop, President, Doctor, Artist, General, Tailor, Slave-holder, conjure up certain imaginary and representative persons of those respective professions. Certain abstract qualities of heart and mind seem to hover in the air, and breathe a sort of vague odor, good, bad or indifferent about us. You can multiply such conjurations *ad infinitum*.

The power of names is so potent as to delude us into the belief that they explain and define the most mysterious agents of nature. Certain inexplicable phenomena are baptised with the names animal magnetism, biology, odic force, clairvoyance, spiritual manifestations, &c. As in the church, the fact of legal baptism is enough to constitute a Christian, so in the popular judgment, the names with which certain scholars sprinkle a spiritual or material fact, suffice to allow us to pass them without further question.

Names are the dress-coats, the recognized and indispensable costume for social recognition. A good name is a golden key that opens all doors; a bad name is a detective officer who springs upon you from behind those doors. A good name is a passport and bill of exchange for traveling over the world; a bad name is a warrant of arrest at the gates of every city you visit.

Fortunately there are names that *will not stick*, though much pains is taken to gum them on. All the efforts of the *Codine* and the legitimists of Europe will not fasten the word *Fillibuster* or *Guerrilla Chief* on Garibaldi's back; but he will forever stand glorious and alone, the great hero and patriot of

the age. The iniquitous secession of the slave States will never take the dignity of the righteous revolution of the American Colonies in '76. What a limp postage stamp has the great word Democrat become in America, when stuck on the oily back of a Copperhead! The witticisms of a past age of effeminate aristocracy against certain honorable crafts, as tailor and cobbler, are threadbare and silly in a more humane and manly century. Evermore the great army of facts rises up in imperious demand for new classifications and new nomenclatures. Justice never sleeps, she tolerates falsehood and illusion, for a while, but bides her time, and in the end vindicates her wronged children.

To conclude this fragment of an essay. Names are but labels devised and allotted proportionally to the intelligence of the times. A total abstinence society sticks the word poison on a bottle containing a liquor, which common sense a few years later, votes to be health and cheerfulness, when not abused. Abolitionist changes to Patriot; old Brown the fanatic to John Brown, the hero of American ballrd, the Herald of the new union of States. The Infidel becomes the reformer, the Image-breaker the Builder, the Union-saver the Copperhead. Shake things up ever so promiscuously, they will finally stand on their own bottoms. In the great stirring-up and fermentation of ideas which characterizes this nineteenth century, facts come out clear, strong, adamantine, asserting themselves by all possible power of gravitation, cohesion, chemical and spiritual affinity, while the names that were pinned on to them are found for the most part very transitory and evanescent, and flutter like ghosts in the wind that comes with the dawn of a new American era.

U. P. CRANCH.

OUR FALLEN BRAVE.

Oh! cease this cry of anguish, this shuddering wail of woe;
Crush back your sighs, nor let your tears in crystal torrents flow;
But if, with heart o'ercharged with grief, you cannot choose but weep,
Weep for the living desolate, but not for those who sleep;
Weep for the father, who with pride sent forth his gallant son,
To battle for a principle: Freedom and Union.
Weep for the loving mother, who 'mid her blinding tears,
Compressed into one last embrace the tenderness of years;
Weep for the helpless orphans, in early childhood left
Without a father's watchful care and of his love bereft;
Weep for the wife of many years, the young and blooming bride,
Whose loved ones left them for the war, burning with martial pride;
And weep, oh! weep, for her whose life is bitterer than all,
Who scarcely has the right to weep should her young hero fall:
She might not press her lips to his, nor strain him to her breast,
And all her heart's enduring love might never be confessed;
Who shrank, as maiden still will shrink, from those deep words of power,
Which nerve a soldier's heart with strength when dangers round him lower;
For parents, widows, orphans, a grateful country strives
By pensions, honors, sympathy, to cheer their future lives:

But she, that lenely nameless one, in midnight silence grieves,
To her no soothing honors come, no sympathy relieves;
Thro' long, long years of loneliness, her empty heart will yearn
For him, her soldier, her betrothed, who never may return.
Oh! had he been less noble, then had she mourned him less,
The priceless wealth of love like her's a coward's life may bless.
Our beautiful, our loved are fallen, yet mourn them not as dead;
They live, yea, live forever, with their ever living Head.
Then say not dead. They triumph! The valiant cannot die
Who gained, while bravely fighting, their immortality!

In olden time the patriot youth left comrades, parents, home,
And in the yawning chasm leaped, a sacrifice for Rome;
So these, our noblest and our best, nor health nor life-blood spared;
Could Christian soldiers shrink from that a pagan nobly dared?
No; in their country's cause they fell, a living sacrifice,
And shall not liberty be dear, purchased at such a price?
And when a clamorous faction loudly demands a peace,
Careless of honor, truth, or right—so that the war but cease;
Oh! then the blood of martyr'd ghosts with louder, wilder cry
Than blood of Abel will ascend from earth unto the sky;
And He who feeds the ravens and marks the sparrows fall,
Will he not listen to that voice when *thus* his children call:
Our mission is to liberate the body, mind and soul,
And by the might of Union long dynasties control;
But only as ONE nation can this great work be wrought,
And Freedom's deathless principles be exercised and taught.
Has not our nation, which proclaimed to all men Liberty,
Sunk lower than old tyrannies the birth-right of the free?
Has ours not been that fearful crime, which scarce may be forgiven—
Resistance to the Holy Ghost—rebellion against Heaven?
That spirit with our fathers strove, revealing what was right;
But we the essence of their laws destroy with selfish might:
And while for this, the nation's crime, the nation writhe in pain,
Perchance the Just One may accept the blood of these our slain,
If, with unfeigned repentance, we leave the paths we've trod,
Forsaking mammon-worship to worship only God.
Then cease, ye stricken mourners, to weep your good, your pure;
Be thankful ye were chosen as worthy to endure!
What! to redeem your country from treason's withering blight,
Would ye keep back your treasures—your firesides dear—
lest light?
All is not dark and cheerless; have faith and look above;
Your darlings shine resplendent in rays of heavenly love.
The souls of these your loved ones float in that cloud of light
That circles faithful witnesses for God, for Truth and Right;
And in all future ages their children's boast shall be:
We are descended from a race who died for Liberty.
Then weep for our bereaved homes and fond hearts racked with pain,
But weep not for our martyr'd hosts, our glorious heroes slain!

ANNA M. DEBENHAM

The General, who by the way, is connected by marriage with Mrs. Partington's family gives it as his deliberate opinion that the "Bower of taste has been made to look quite restive."

THE FAIR MENAGERIE.

PART I.

You ask me to come to your beautiful Fair,
The grave and the gay and the lovely are there;
You say that fair hands have knitted and sewed,
That genius has made it a Fair a la Mode.

I enter your temple, hoping to find,
Exquisite taste and beauty combined;
I dream'd of young faces in loveliest bowers,
Like fabulous fairies half hidden in flowers.

Of strains of sweet music entrancing the soul,
And exquisite splendor pervading the whole.
Thus fancy sketch'd with her own bright hue,
A beautiful vision, but alas! not true.

I enter. Oh, horror! I tremble with fear!
I'm met by a *Wolff* who approaches too near;
I flee from her presence in utter dismay—
By a dexterous turn I keep her at bay.

Alas! for my safety, I find I'm pursued
By a *Fox*, in the distance I tried to elude;
The fates are against me, I cried in despair,
O where shall I flee to? A voice says, "Beware."

A gay prancing *Filley* came then dashing by,
Swift as a flash across the dark sky;
But ere I could turn I heard a light bound
Of a *Stagg* which escaped from the fang of the hound.

Just while I was beating a hasty retreat,
Up rose some fine *Partridges* under my feet.
Birds of bright plumage there, too, might be seen,
Some ducks and a *Drake* with its beautiful sheen.

PART II.

Lightly falls the foot of time
Where the balmy zephyrs *Blow*;
Wafted from that sunny clime
Where the perfumed blossoms grow.

Swiftly flow the fleeting hours
Where fair *Flora* sits enshrined
In her sweet ambrosial bowers,
With gay *clematis* entwined.

The half has not been said or seen,
Of grottos, groves and graces,
Like splendors seen by *Sheba's* queen,
Ne'er known in other places.

Gay coteries assemble here,
With beaux and belles by dozens,
Revolving in their own bright sphere,
With kindred dear as *Cousins*.

Come, *Tom*, and *Dick*, and *Harry* too,
Come prince and peasant freely—
'Tis open now for me and you,
And ultra *Horace Greely*.

PART III.

But time would fail to tell the tale
Of all the splendors in detail,
Describing all that's rich and rare
In this great Sanitary Fair.

There sits a *King*, whose quiet sway
His subjects loyally obey,
Whose brow, ne'er shadowed by a frown
Disdains that bauble called a crown,
And tho' not seated on a throne,
Yet reigns supreme by love alone.

Or if, perchance, your taste is rare,
You'll quickly flee the city's glare,
Oh, stay not 'mid the noisy cry;
Haste to the tranquil *Pond* near by,
Whose peaceful pleasure, *Walden* knew,
Are there reserved for some like you.

Sequestered 'mid these bloomy bowers,
Where verdant *Copse* and fragrant flowers,
These cheerful blessings all may *Hate*,
Or *Hazard* nothing if they fail. ANON.

Why is this spring like Queen Victoria?
Because it has enjoyed a steady rain, (Reign.)

REMARKS BY MRS. GENERAL
S. KNAIL.

Yes, I went to the opening of the Fair, my dear, and glad I am of it, though I did get my new bonnet rather mashed, till I am sure Madame Paris would say it was a burning shame for me to wear it again in the street, or even to travel in, which I don't mind telling you, my dear, we mean to do this summer, either to the mountains or the sea-shore, and which of the two I am unable positively to state just now, on account of the General's general indecision; but you know where my own feelings would take me, which is neither here nor there at the present time.

I am sure it was a great sight, such as was never seen before in St. Louis by my eyes, which are as good as ever they were, though I do wear spectacles once in a while, as you know, but only when the twilight comes on, which it generally does very quickly at this season, which I am so rejoiced to say promises now some little warm weather for a variety that they do say is the spice of life, though why they should, I have never been quite sure.

As for telling you one half or one quarter of what I saw on that day, which is to me ever memorable, and ever will be so as the birthday of Andrew Jackson or any other individual, celebrated for his justice for which, as we all know, General Washington was always renowned, which I always tell the General, and he never fails to slap the table with his fist and say, "Let justice be done, madam, though the heavens fall," though indeed what the two things have to do with each other I am not quite clear, till the dishes rattle, and I am obliged to remind him in a playful way that he is very strong, and his fist has great weight, as I know his opinions have on 'Change, for though I say it, it is the truth plainly spoken, as it always ought to be, and especially about the Fair.

Of course I saw General Rosecrans, for we were standing waiting for him, as I had never seen him before, though he has been here so long, which I hope will not happen again, by which I mean, my dear, my not seeing him, so don't misunderstand me, for I flatter myself there is no need of that, except by a wilful prevarication of my meaning, which was a sin I never could endure, and therefore must take the liberty to censure whenever I find it, which liberty I am sure people will pardon in one of my age, though you would not think I was as old as I am, especially in looking at my photographs, which are certainly a great discovery, and beat the old story of the man who had a lamp and a genius that he rubbed, which I used to read in my younger days.

I have always been a little short-sighted, my dear, which accounts for my eyes being so strong, for which reason the General always says, when he sees any one coming that I know, though at a distance I may not be able to distinguish him from my eyes, "Bow, my dear;" so when General Rosecrans came by, the General says in an under-tone, "Bow, my dear," and bow I did as stupid as a mule right at somebody else, though why males should

be called stupid I can't see, for they certainly are most obedient animals, and so useful in muddy weather, especially on account of their tails, though one cannot with truth say they are beautiful; but of course use and beauty are not to be combined in everything as we find them in the Fair.

However, I think General Rosecrans did not notice my confusion when I found my mistake, which has troubled me very much, for he took off his hat directly to a lady on the opposite side, which I must say was done in such an engaging manner that I could have no fault to find, if that had been a supposable case, which it is not, but we will suffer it to be so.

And now, my dear, if you are not tired of hearing of what I saw at the Fair, I will tell you some more at another time, which I hope will not be far removed, when I hope you will allow me to talk in my own way and not interrupt, which is the only way, as I tell the General, to drive straight at a thing and turn neither to the right hand nor to the left till you have said what you started to say, and then stop, which I do now, my dear.

A NEW EXPERIENCE.

The various expressions of the human face have been a fruitful theme for writers since the days of Adam. With each generation the interest is renewed, and every new experience deepens the impression that every passion, emotion or shade of feeling has a certain set of facial muscles that respond to the inner monitor. The writer has of late been forcibly impressed with this fact, having been brought in contact with persons under somewhat novel circumstances, meeting one in hours of relaxation, when the mind is relieved from business cares, in the social circle, in church, upon the promenade; the face wears a pleasant smile, the eyes beam with kindness the voice has a cordial tone of greeting, nothing but agreeable impressions remain; but if you visit these same persons upon business, they meet you with the contracted brow, the calculating air, the formal manner that bespeaks the man of cares, who desires short interviews. Ask him for a sum of money small though it may be, for some deserving object, instantly another set of muscles (which seem to have their growth from the pocket) are called into action, the lines around the eyes deepen, the corners of the mouth turn downwards, he seems to mentally incase himself in armor of steel, although you may receive what you ask for, you feel that he will not receive the love promised to the cheerful giver, even though the gift may save some child of want from suffering.

Thank God there are honorable exceptions to this class, but the rule holds good, and if your call is responded to in the same kind and cordial spirit with which you are met in hours of leisure, mark that man as one of God's true hearted, whose every pulse vibrates in unison to the demands of charity, and though his inability may cause a denial of your request, you leave him with more thanksgiving for his refusal than for the grudging gift of the other. Q.

RIDDLE.

A word, of our language; we use it in prayer,
While we use it in many a common affair.
When we give, then we do it; when we ask then we say it.
When we supplicate humbly, we cannot but pray it.
It is oft a Kings' title to lordly domain,
And many a tract, is here held by such claim.
Prefix to this word, the initials which stand,
Through all the wide world, for our own blessed land,
And the name of a hero you have, whom we trow,
Will no're lack for laurels to grace his brave brow.

M. A.

THE COUNTERSIGN returns its acknowledgments for the following which was received yesterday :

St. Louis, May 16, 1864.

Mesdames Clark & Ranlett :

Publishers, &c.—Enclosed we hand you our check for two hundred and fifty dollars, which you will please accept as a testimonial of our interest in the success of your enterprise. With sentiments of the highest esteem we are,

Your ob't. servants,
JOHNSON & SAWYER.

[For the Countersign.]

THIS AND THAT.

Said a soldier to me the other day, "This is a war for the nigger, not for the white man. The niggers have no souls; they are nothing but great black monkeys, any way."

After I had replied to this by saying that such sentiments, so exactly opposite to the plain teachings of the Bible and to the facts in the case, were alike dishonorable to his head and heart, he said: "Well, I don't believe in freeing the niggers, any way; for, if we do, they will come up North and scatter over the country, and overrun us all." "Well," said I, "look at your positions side by side. Wonderfully smart and powerful twenty millions of Northern white men must be, if four millions of no-souled monkeys can overrun them and degrade them." "O, consistency," &c.

D.

Box Mor.—Probably in most loyal families throughout the city the Sanitary Fair has frequently been the subject of conversation when the family met together. At No. — street, it has been the theme for weeks past. A few days ago A. remarked, "When the Fair closes the Curiosity Shop is to be kept open, and every man, woman and child found with a five cents in their pockets will be placed on exhibition." "Ah! yes," said the General, "I had better make an investment of my spare cash immediately." "Papa," spoke a little curly head at his elbow, "put it in your vest pocket; that will be a good investment." The General took his hat and extinguished himself.

Q.

Why is a kitten longer than a yard stick? Because it has more than three feet.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the Decorating Committee, under the care of the Wilkes Club, for the evident design, and order, and beauty with which they have accomplished their herculean task.

A CALL.

Spend all your leisure at this Fair.
Leave money all about it;
"Five hundred thousand we must have,"
And cannot do without it.
Leave off your drinks, leave off your smokes,
Leave off your satin dresses,
And give the money that they cost
To making savory messes;
And cooling drinks, and all things nice,
For sick and wounded brothers,
And prove you're worthy children of
Good, honest, Union mothers.

CORA FORBES.

Why is one of our officers like Daniel Boone? Because he is a "General Hunter."

HENRY FOLSOM & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

MILITARY GOODS

FIRE ARMS,

REVOLVERS, FLAGS,

AND SPORTING APPARATUS.

PRESENTATION Swords and Pistols on hand or made to order.
H. FOLSOM & CO.,
64 Fourth street, St. Louis.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

Stereoscopes & Pictures,

Craig's Microscopes, Games & Stationery,

At No. 9 South Fifth street.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOSITORY.

J. W. MCINTYRE.

DR. E. HALE,



DENTIST,

Office, Northwest corner of Fifth and Locust sts.,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

WESTERN AGRICULTURAL DEPOT AND SEED STORE.

Blunden, Koenig & Co.,

No. 56 North Second street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

A FULL assortment of Farm Implements and Farm and Garden Seeds constantly on hand.

Outley's Palace of Art,

No. 39 Fourth street, opposite the Planters' House.

J. J. OUTLEY, the oldest established Artist in St. Louis, offers his services to all persons desiring a perfect picture of any kind, from the smallest locket to life size. Unusual inducements are offered to those wishing portraits of themselves or of deceased friends, requiring only a small picture of them, no matter how faded, from which to paint a perfect likeness. Call at the rooms and examine the portraits on exhibition.

M. S. HOLMES,

NO. 28 NORTH SECOND STREET,

Dealer in every description of

PAPER, BY THE REAM OR CASE.

100 ton of Rag wanted for cash.

THE CONNECTICUT

Mutual Life Insurance Company OF HARTFORD.

ACCUMULATED Capital, over \$6,000,000. Number of Policies issued in 1863, 5,655. Fifty per cent. dividends declared annually. One-half of premiums received in notes, which notes are cancelled by dividends.
HENRY STAGG, Agent,
No. 40 Third street, corner Pine.

Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK.

FRED'K S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

Accumulated cash Assets, 1st Feb., 1864, \$10,300,000.

THE safest and strongest Life Insurance Company in the United States. SAM'L COPP, Jr., Agent, N. W. corner Main and Second sts.

KING, DOAN & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

No. 105 Main Street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

AUCTIONS.

BY J. H. OSGOOD & SON,

147 Congress street, Boston.

REGULAR Catalogue sales of Dry Goods, Tuesdays and Fridays. Received in Public Warehouse on storage, Wool, Cotton and Merchandise generally, for which Legal Bond Warehouse receipts will be given by J. H. OSGOOD, Public Warehouseman. Liberal cash advances made on consignments.

The Best is the Cheapest

G. W. CURTISS & CO.,

No. 7 South Fifth street,

KEEP the best Coal Oil and Lamps, the best crystal tint Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, &c. Agents for Pisk's Cooking Lamp, for family use. Gives entire satisfaction. No family should be without one. All kinds Coal Oil and Lamp goods sold wholesale and retail.

LEWIS & GROSHON,

58 North Fourth street,

KEEP the latest styles of Gentlemen's Dress Hats, Felt Hats of every description for Men and Boys; Cloth Hats, Military Hats, Straw Hats, Cloth Caps, Fancy Caps for Children, elegantly trimmed; Lehorn and Straw Hats for Ladies, Misses and Children; Traveling Bags, Umbrellas, &c., and Furs in their season.

WILLIAM H. GRAY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,

Nos. 75 & 77 South Second street, opposite Pacific Railroad Depot.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY,

108 Main street, 108

Direct Importer and Dealer in

CHINA, GLASS & QUEENSWARE,

HAS, according to returns made by all the Queensware Dealers, the largest stock in the city.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath by all the Queensware Dealers, more stock than any two houses in St. Louis.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

HAS, according to returns made under oath as above, over two hundred per cent. more stock than any Queensware house on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Keeps a full assortment of soap and Ivory Combs, Glass, Queensware, Coal Oil Lamps, Looking Glasses, Britannia Ware Silver Plated Ware Trays, Mirrors, Table Cutlery, Water Coolers, Fruit Jars, Tin Ware, etc.

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Is the only direct importer in the city, of D. H. Elliot & S. W. White Granite and Parian Ware (and Dec. rated) Vases and Toilet Ware, which received the great prize medals at the World's Fairs of London, Paris, and New York, a variety of which they have liberally donated to the M. V. S. Fair.


CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Will receive monthly new goods direct from manufacturers.

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WATCHMAKERS,
And Importers of
Watches, Jewelry, Silverware,
AND FANCY GOODS.
No. 93 Fourth street

REMOVAL.

DR. ISAAH FORBES,
DENTIST,
HAS removed from his old stand, to
No. 85 Olive, (one square further
West,) three doors west of Fifth street.


INSURE YOUR LIVES.

Equitable Life Assurance Society
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S. A. RANLBT, Special Agent,
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S. W. Baldwin. S. M. Dodd.

BALDWIN & DODD,
Manufacturers and wholesale dealers in
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS,
BONNETS, MILLINERY GOODS, &c.,
99 Main st., corner of Locust,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

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NO. 52 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

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Gentlemen's, Youths' and Children's

CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods and Army Outfits.

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GREELEY & GALE,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
ALSO, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 86 Second street, St. Louis, Mo.

BELCHER'S**Sugar Refining Company.**

Office at Refinery Building, cor. O'Fallen and Lewis sts.,
WHERE may be found all kinds of refined and clarified Sugars, in barrels, half barrels, sacks or hogsheads. Also, Golden Syrups, Syrup Molasses and Sugarhouse Molasses in barrels, half barrels and kegs, and in quantities to suit, from twenty-five barrels and upwards, at the card price when delivered. A box for orders will be found on the Northwest corner Second and Olive streets. Cash on delivery. No charge for packages or drayage. **GEORGE PARTRIDGE,** President.
E. Y. WARE, Secretary.

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DRESS AND CLOAK TRIMMINGS,
LACES, EMBROIDERIES, HOSIERY,
Gloves, Fans, French Corsets, Skirts, &c.
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English, French and German Fancy Goods,
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Second hand Carriages taken in exchange for new.
Repairing executed with dispatch.

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PUBLISHERS of Music, No. 56 Fourth street, St.
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struments of every description; Western agency for
the sale of Steinway & Sons' Gold Medal Pianos, and
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Dan. C. Young, St. Louis. W. F. Stone, New York.
YOUNG BROS. & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
CLOTHING,
135 Main st., St. Louis, Mo.; 33 and 35 Lake st., cor.
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Manufacturers of Fine Furniture,
And Dealers to
Carpets, Curtains, Oil Cloths, Shades, and Upholstery, &c.,
Nos. 134 & 136 North Fourth street.

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Wholesale Dealers in Foreign and Domestic
WINES AND LIQUORS,
And Rectifiers of Whisky,
39 South Main and 11 South Commercial streets, be-
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Choice brands of Bourhon Whisky constantly on hand.

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HEINICKE & ESTEL,
IMPORTERS of and wholesale dealers in China, Glass
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Britannia Ware, &c.; Tea Trays, Table Cutlery, &c., No.
26 North Main street, St. Louis, Mo.
Assorted Crates for country trade kept on hand.
Particular attention paid to packing.

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WHOLESALE and retail dealers in Drugs, Medi-
cines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Patent Medicines,
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165 AND 285 BROADWAY,
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ANGELRODT & BARTH,
EUROPEAN COLLECTION BUSINESS,
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Office hours—7 to 9 o'clock, A. M.; 3 to 4 P. M.

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Cutting and fitting done to order.

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Will make liberal cash advances on consignment of
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Muffs, &c., taken for preservation during the Summer,
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Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, under Odd Fel-
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Watches repaired and warranted.

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UNION FLAGS, FROM ONE CENT TO \$200. ALSO,
Military Swords, Sashes, Belts, Shoulder Straps,
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Photographs, Photograph Albums, Union Pins, Badges,
and Regalia of all kinds, wholesale and Retail.

PARLOR AND BEDROOM GRATES,

LATEST style and patterns, at lowest
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ting.

Manufactory, 174 North Main street.

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A SCHOOL of the highest order for young Ladies.
Two terms of twenty weeks each per annum. Cat-
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may be obtained of C. S. Pennell, A. M., Principal, at
the Institute, or at his residence, No. 307 Chesnut st.,
S. A. RANLETT, Treasurer,

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Carpets,
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INSURANCE AGENCY.

BEHOLD THE LIST:
Columbia Fire Insurance Co.
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 Office—No. 161 Broadway.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$68,493; Assets, \$768,493.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Vessels in port and their Cargoes, and other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire. The insured receive 75 per cent. of net profits without incurring any liability.
 TIMOTHY G. CHURCHILL, Pres't.
 EDWARD KEMEYS, Sec.

Home Insurance Company,
 OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$70,396 12; Assets, \$570,396 12.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Leases, and other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire. Dealers receive 75 per cent. of net profits, on Dwellings and Merchandise risks.
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Lamar Fire Insurance Company
 OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
 Capital, all paid up in cash, \$300,000; Surplus, January 1, 1864, \$89,375 27; Assets, \$389,375 27.
 ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, Sec. EDW'D ANTHONY, Pres't.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
Metropolitan Insurance Comp'y,
 108 Broadway, New York.

Cash Capital, \$300,000; Assets, Jan. 1, 1864, \$642,641 85. Scrip dividend declared Jan. 12, 1864, 35 per cent.
 THIS Company insures, at customary rates of premium, against loss or damage by fire; also, against all marine and land navigation, and war risks on cargo or freight. The assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits, without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.
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STOCK COMPANY—INCORPORATED 1821.
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
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 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$272,916 33; Assets, \$772,916 33.
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 ANDREW J. SMITH, Secretary.

INSURES Buildings, Merchandise and other property, against loss or damage by fire, at rates as low as other first class companies. Particular attention given to the insurance of Farm property, isolated Dwellings and their Furniture, for one, three or five years. Losses adjusted and promptly paid in cash at this Agency.

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 Offices—No. 4 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; No. 139 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, March 1, 1864, \$222,219 20; Assets, \$722,219 20.

INSURANCE against loss by fire, Marine, Lake, Canal and Inland transportation.
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SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.
Washington Insurance Comp'y,
 172 Broadway, (cor. Maiden Lane,) N. Y.
 Cash Capital, \$400,000; Assets, Feb. 1, 1864, \$592,000. Scrip dividend 1861, 60 per cent.; Scrip dividend, 1862, 60 per cent.; Scrip dividend, 1863 60 per cent.

THE Policies entitled to participate, receive 75 per cent. of net profits. Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Rents, Leases, against loss or damage by fire, and marine risks on lak's, rivers and canals.
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 WM. A. SCOTT, Ass't Sec'y.

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 QUINCY AND HANNIBAL.

Certain and Close Connections

Are made with the Hannibal and St Joe Railroad, Chicago, Burlington and Iowa Railroad, and all the Railroads of Iowa.

On and after Sunday, November 15th, 1863.

St. Joseph Express leaves St. Louis at.....1:15 A. M.
 Mail and Accommodation Train at.....3:30 P. M.

Fare as Low as by any other Route.

Commodious Passenger Rooms have been fitted up at the Depot, corner of North Market street and Levee, with every arrangement for the comfort of passengers.

TICKETS FOR SALE AT

No. 40 Under Planters' House,
 AND

FOOT OF NORTH MARKET STREET,

Where reliable information can be obtained relative to routes in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.

Be certain that your ticket reads: "Via North Missouri Railroad."

I. H. STURGEON, Superintendent.
 J. H. CONCANNON, General Ticket Agent.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.



On and after Monday, December 7th, 1863, trains will leave St. Louis, as follows:

Mail Train—Daily at 8:30 A. M., stopping at all stations and running through to Dresden, (196 miles.)

Franklin Accommodation—Daily except Sunday, at 4:15 P. M.

Stages—Leave Dresden for Warrensburg, Lexington, Pleasant Hill, Independence and Kansas City, daily on arrival of train. Leave Sedalia for Springfield, Bolivar and Warsaw, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings on arrival of train; Leave Tipton every evening for Boonville.

Passengers taking the 8:30 A. M. train from St. Louis, connect at Franklin with train daily for Rolla and intermediate stations. Stages leave Rolla every morning for Springfield.

Through tickets may be obtained at the Passenger Depot, corner of Seventh and Poplar streets, or at the Company's Through Ticket Office, No. 42 Fourth street, under the Planters' House. T. MCKISSOCK, Sup't.

E. W. WALLACE, General Ticket Agent.

St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad.



Spring Arrangement, commencing April 4, 1864.

PASSENGER Trains will leave Plum street Depot, daily, as follows:

For Pilot Knob, Potosi, and all stations, at.....6:15 A. M.
 For Desoto at.....6:15 A. M. and 4 P. M.

Returning—Will leave

Pilot Knob at.....3:00 P. M.
 Potosi at.....3:50 P. M.
 DeSoto at.....6:00 A. M. and 5:35 P. M.

Carondelet Accommodation Trains.

For Carondelet at 6:15 7:10, 8:40 10:00, 11:30, A. M.; 2:00, 4:00 6:25, 7:30, 9:00 and 11:30 P. M.

For Ducks at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M., 2:00 and 4:00 P. M.

For Jefferson Barracks and Quarantine at 6:15, 11:30 A. M., and 4:00 P. M.

Returning—Will leave

Quarantine at 7:30 A. M.; 1:00 and 7:50 P. M.
 Jefferson Barracks at 7:40 A. M.; 1:05 and 7:55 P. M.

Ducks at 7:54 9:15, 10:33, A. M.; 1:17, 3:07, 5:45 P. M.

Carondelet at 6:30 6:20 8:00, 9:20, 10:10, A. M.; 1:20, 3:10, 5:48, 7:00, 8:10, 10:45 P. M.

S. D. BARLOW, Pres't & Sup't.

ISIDOR BUSH, General Agent.

The Daily Countersign.

PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR.

"POSSUNT QUIA POSSE VIDENTUR."

No. 2

St. Louis, May 20, 1864.

Price 10 Cents

The Daily Countersign.

MANAGERS. { MRS. E. W. CLARK,
 { MRS. S. A. RANLETT.
EDITOR. ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Friday, May 20, 1864.

THE FAIR.

Reduced Rates of Admission, on and after Friday Morning, May 20th.

ADMISSION.....50 cts.
CHILDREN.....Half Price.
Doors open at eleven o'clock, A. M. Exhibition and sales close promptly at ten o'clock, P. M.
MAJ GEN. ROSECRANS, President.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE
OF THE MISS. VAL. SAN. FAIR.
FAIR BUILDING,
ST. LOUIS, May 19, 1864.

To the Cashiers of the

Several Departments:

The "Central Finance Committee" have in the Building a *Fire and Burglar Proof Safe*, and are prepared to receive your deposits of money daily, at any hour of the day up to ten (10) o'clock, P. M. S. W. ELY, Esq., Assistant Secretary, will receipt for the same, and your Department will be duly credited.

Very respectfully,

Your ob't servant,

E. W. Fox,

Chairman Cen. Fin. Com.

M. J. LIPPMAN, Sec'y.

The Finance Committee have their Head Quarters near the Floral Department.

THE FAIR.

The Department of Bed Linen and Quilts has, prominent among its decorations, a portrait of the soldier who "knew well how to die, but never to surrender," the lamented of the whole country—General Lyon—by which it might be distinguished. It purports to contain only quilts and bed linen, but shows a very fine assortment of sofa pillows and afghans, which would seem more properly to belong to the Fancy Goods Department. They are very elegant, of different patterns, dark and light, large and small. This department occupies two tables, one central and one at the side; and the central one contains perhaps the most showy of its articles. The most noticeable is a heavy silk quilt, made entirely of the national colors, beautifully combined, and corded heavily with scarlet, finished at the corners by tassels. We understand no definite price has yet been fixed upon it, but it will be raffled for before the close of the

Fair, so those who desire it would do well to secure their chance. There is also a large woolen quilt, of the hexagon pattern, which is entered for the premium, and will also be raffled for, unless disposed of previously. Here one can certainly find quilts and bed spreads of all kinds—silk, cotton and woolen—for large beds, cribs and cradles, plain or highly ornamented. We cannot refrain from calling attention to one large knit spread. It is of white cotton, and beautifully knit. The one which bears a cat rampant, and must have cost much labor, will speak for itself. This is the place for the house-keeper who finds her pillow-cases "giving out" to supply herself for a long time to come. She can have her choice of cotton or linen, plain or embroidered, and of all styles and shapes. She cannot have, however, the elegantly embroidered set which may be found at the central table, for it is already sold.

The CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT is divided into two parts by the wall table of the Public Schools, the largest being next to the Curiosity Shop. It bears, in green letters, the names of Hancock and Sherman, and its decorations are particularly graceful and simple. The white festoons with the starry blue edge are refreshing to the eye after the endless combination of the red, white and blue, which one finds everywhere else. The aim of this department is to furnish all things for the use of children—toys and clothing of all kinds. What more desirable to a mother, even in these days of sewing machines, than ready-made clothing? Here she may find it for her boys and girls—suits for boys, dresses, aprons, socks, shoes, under and over garments of every description, made in the most approved patterns and in the nicest manner. She may gratify her taste for the beautiful and graceful in patterns of embroidery, or take counsel of simplicity and economy, and purchase accordingly. A large and beautiful collection of infants' baskets may also be found here, furnished with the needful of all kinds. We must not forget the Great Shoe, which the *Countersign* has already advised its readers to see. Here is the old woman we all used to hear about, the only difference in the real and ideal being that instead of—

"Whipping them all soundly and sending them to bed, She sells them, and so makes a profit instead."

It is gratifying to find that there really was truth in the old story. St. Louis ingenuity has shown here that it cannot easily be surpassed.

On leaving the Children's Department, though we cast many "a longing, lingering look behind," we see just above us, protrud-

ing itself from the folds of drapery, the head of a veritable crocodile, who bears, suspended from his wide extended jaws, the hospitable notice, "People taken in here for twenty-five cents." Of course we could not refuse an invitation given in so open a manner, and we entered. The first idea that strikes one is that there are either too many articles or too little room. We are fain to confess that we think the CURIOSITY SHOP and the Arms and Trophies have had rather poor luck in the hands of the Committee of Arrangements. It seems almost as if they might well have occupied as large a space as the Art Gallery. Here the collection is so numerous and varied that we can only glance at many things which would well repay hours of study. Here the geologist, the antiquarian, the lover of wonders, might spend a day profitably; only he would be like the—

"Cobbler who lived in a shoon,

And all that he wanted was elbow room."

(The Committee of the Children's Department is responsible for our quoting Mother Goose.) To return. We begin first where the heart begins, with the relics of General Washington, which have been loaned by the authorities for exhibition. It seems almost like being near the man when one sees the clothes he has actually wore. Let every one see for himself. We are glad to have seen them, and yet we could not help feeling that they were too precious as relics of one we all revere, to be trusted to the chances of a journey of so many miles. No money, recovered from some careless railroad company, could ever compensate us for their loss. However, it is hardly fair, we know, to complain of the bridge that carries us over. So we refrain. One almost fancies that the empty sleeve of the military coat which once was moved by the will of George Washington would, if sufficiently near, strike from its nail to the ground the smoking cap of General Bragg, which hangs not far distant. This last article was taken from Bragg's house by a Massachusetts officer, and is, we believe, for sale. Here we saw some ancient books, ponderous volumes, well soiled, with strong clasps, and bearing dates 1731, 1705; also, some old patents for land from George II to one G. Latham. Here we found also a treat for the lovers of metaphysics, in the shape of a history of that science, bearing the date 1617. This was donated by Mr. George Hart. It should be said that these ancient books belong to the O'Fallon Polytechnic Institute, and were procured through Mr. John How. Our pen runs away with us here and space grows limited, while we have not yet spoken of Daniel Boone's

rifle, curiosities from the South Sea Islands, and one from far Cathay, in the shape of an elegantly carved and embroidered sun-shade, donated by a gentleman in New York, and valued at \$50. We found also models of many kinds of many things, a piece of the Giant's Causeway; and we *must* mention the autographs. Nearly four thousand have been donated from New York, and are for sale. Then on exhibition, we have Mr. L. J. Cist's magnificent collection, valued at \$10,000. There is also an album of photographs and autographs of the President, Vice President, Cabinet and Senate, donated from Washington. Then, as for a specimen of ingenious word-cutting by a soldier, we can't describe it, for it is *omnia in parvo*. It must be seen. We give only a sketch of the Curiosity Shop. We are unable to do it justice, for we can say nothing of the birds, insects, &c., which decorate its walls.

All visitors to the Fair must have noticed the mysterious and awe-inspiring temple which rises on the west side of the main aisle. We approached it, though—

"O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted."

Here, surrounded by flaming symbols, the signs of the zodiac, and all other cabalistic characters, abides the DELPHI ORACLE, and turns the Wheel of Fortune. Approach slowly, and you cannot fail to feel the spirit of the place. Here, within the charmed circle of a table which bears fearful and mysterious signs, while the owl keeps watch above, presides the priestess, who, of course, must of necessity be the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. The mysterious wheels turn smoothly, and your fortune is revealed. Who would not seek his fortune under circumstances so auspicious? Or do you choose to be told your fate in another way? The priestess has other methods, more certain, more mysterious. The whole arrangement is the plan of the Chairman of the Fancy Goods Department, who cannot but feel satisfied with the result of her labors.

Before leaving this temple we must call your attention to something new, in the shape of a medley picture which hangs just inside, and which claims attention, not only by its beauty and novelty, but by its exquisite neatness and finish. It must be a careful and observant eye which will detect that it is not all engraved at once.

Our space warns us that we must defer the rest of the fancy goods to another day.

[For the Countersign.]

OFF FOR THE WAR!

Yes off for the war; almost our entire college has responded to the call of Governor Yates for 20,000 men for one hundred days. Find with patriotic zeal, our young men have sacrificed their own cherished plans of spending the vacation at home, and among friends, and cheerfully given their services to their country. So of course the "Countersign" will be disappointed in its expectations of receiving contributions from their spirited

pens, and we are disappointed in being thereby obliged to postpone our college commencement till the first of September. But all this is well. Our Government *must* be sustained. Without a good Government, what would our college, or our *homes* be worth? These young men have already made a proud record for themselves, and for their college, and we are confident that they will do their *duty* in every situation. With earnest desire for your complete success in your noble undertaking,

I remain,

Yours truly,

D. READ.

Shurtleff College, May 9, '64.

BALLAD OF NEHEMIRE HAYNES.

Come old and young, and you shall hear
Of a man who lived in New Hamp-sheere.

And if his name you do inquire,
I'll simply say 'twas *Ne-he-mire*.

He stood six feet and ten inches
In his stockings, the neighbours sez.

His form was so exceedin slim,
When the sun warn't out you couldn't see him!

But git a strong light on his figger,
Your'e glad for him it warn't no bigger!

His appetite it was so quick,
Much food it took for his stomach.

I've know'd that creature, in spite of his size,
On Thanksgiving day eat 14 pies,

3 mince, 2 punkin, and—taint no bosh—
He'd then wud off with the rest in squash!

Ucommon well he took to food,
Especially when it was good;

But the more he took the better he grew,
'Till it seemed as if he'd break in tew.

His legs was jest like reeds in amount,
And reeds that warn't of any great account.

Oh, he was a sight for you to behold
Just about meal times, I've been told!

Well, he resolved to go to sea,
And into furrin parts to flee.

The port my memory now has sht,pt,
But I think for Afrikey he sht,pt.

Well, he went on board an old skoo-ner
That was a goin somewhere, rather fur,

And inwardly his system riled
As if his nat'ral powers had spiled.

But in 3 days his powers got use,
And he fell tew on the skoo-ner's pro-duce.

And the sailors vowed, and raved, and roared
They'd have *Ne-mire* over board,

Ef he didn't limmit his wital powers
To 16 meals in 24 hours!

But he couldn't stan that and soon gin out,
And laid all raound like a torpid spon't.

Well they found him one mornin, comin on the coast,
A sprawlin on deck, havin' gin up the ghost.

In the usual way they disposed of Haynes,
But the fishes they declin'd his mortal remains.

And one old shark said, under his breath,
That sooner'n eat him he'd starve to death.

So what become of Haynes arter that,
I don't know more'n a white floe cat;

But folks do say ef his ghost should rise,
'Twouldn't be much more'o a pipe-stem in size.

The following extract which we translate from the "Beobachter" of November 7, 1863, published in Stuttgart, in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, in Germany, show what a deep sympathy is felt there for our national struggle, and how they honor those of their countrymen who die fighting our battles:

LADISLAW SATTLER.

IN MEMORY OF THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

It becomes our duty to record the offering of another life, by our German brothers in America, to the cause of the Republic, and the cause of freedom—it is that of one of our intimate friends, and one who was dear to us all. *Ladislaw Sattler* was one of the most uniring, and at the same time most unassuming members of the glorious 9th volunteer regiment of the State of Ohio. (The 1st German, or 9th Ohio,) each of whom may say of himself what was recently written by one of their number. "I have volunteered with a full conviction of the justice of our cause, and faithful to my principles, I shall remain in the service, until I shall have received my honorable discharge." In an earlier battle [that of Mill Springs] he saw the friend of his youth, Hugo Tafel, fall at his side; and now, with a great number of his comrades, he lies on the field which was held manly by his own regiment against the enemy, outnumbering them three to one; whereby they rendered it possible for the Army of the Cumberland to fall back in safety upon Chattanooga. On the same place where he had fought bravely and victoriously on the second day of the battle, [September the 20th.] he was found dead, with a ball through his head, by his friend, to whom, but an hour before, at the news that the field was still held on our side, he had called out; "Then it will remain ours!" The field on which he terminated his noble career, remained his.

It is beautiful to die thus; and such a death has been eulogized by all poets at all times. These young men, so full of energy and so full of hope not only die for their newly adopted country, but they also die for a principle which is often seen more clearly and felt more intensely by the German soldiers than by those born in the Union. Our German soldiers have repeatedly wrung from the American people this confession, that German courage and German spirit upheld their cause in times of extreme danger. So, in this very battle of Chickamauga according to the unanimous testimony of the American Generals, the Germans not only maintained the honor of the day, but also saved Eastern Tennessee for the Union. It was General Willich, (well known in the revolution of Baden) who with his own brigade, in connection with the 9th Ohio regiment, repeatedly repulsed the enemy, and prevented his flanking and surrounding the army of Rosecrans. The Adjutant of Willich E. Schmidt says in a report in the "Volks Blatt," of Cincinnati: "Among the regiments to which is due the honor of the day, is the 9th Ohio regiment, which at the point of the bayonet, regained the lost battery of the regulars, and afterwards, also, fought with

true German spirit, and covered themselves with glory above all others. Their Colonel, Kämmerling, has since been promoted to a Brigadier Generalship; and their former Colonel, Robert McCook, was promoted in like manner after the battle of Mill Springs, where the regiment signalized itself by the first bayonet charge on record in the war.

The loss of this brave young man is, indeed, a source of grief to his family, and to his friends; but testimonials and remembrances, such as the above, afford also a rare consolation, and the memory of the deceased is made so much dearer, because in it is blended the image of the heroic soldier, and the thought of a life, gloriously ended.

All that is done by our brothers in America for a good cause, contributes to the universal progress of freedom and humanity on this side of the ocean; and for this reason, in Germany at large, the readiness with which our brothers in America yield up their lives to their adopted country, is contemplated with an exalted feeling of sympathy rather than of fruitless regret.

What we say here in connection with one, we say for all. The reason, however, we single out this particular name is not because we were more intimately acquainted with him, and know his patriotic father, whose noble feelings the son on the field of battle had shown himself to inherit; but, because some peculiar features characterized the life of this young soldier. As early as the year 1834, when he was christened, he was set apart by his godfather, an exiled Pole, (for whom he was named), to be a champion and a soldier; for, as he observed, "A champion and a Pole are now synonymous terms, and when the child arrives at the age of maturity, there will be need of many champions."

The prevailing feature of his character was indeed, self-sacrifice and disinterestedness; and the feeling of friendship manifested itself so strongly in his intercourse with his fellow soldiers, that he was a favorite in the whole regiment. An instance of true soldier-friendship, however, is that which existed between him and his two friends Jacker and Bery. The friendship of these three appears a touching episode, a charming idyl amid the din of weapons, the fatiguing marches where they were in need of everything, and the monotonous and toilsome work in the trenches. At one time when they lay encamped for a long period in a precipitous and hilly country near Triure, about 35 miles from Nashville, the inseparable three made themselves a garden in the desolate woods where the soil was obstructed by roots of oaks and hickory trees; in this garden they built a summer-house of materials collected in the forest, and their little plantation was greatly admired by the whole regiment; this they did in addition to their hard work in the trenches, doing regular sentry duty, going out foraging, drilling for four hours in the day, and frequently being beat to quarters in the night. This same cheerful spirit with which they improvised this garden with its wild rose bushes and flowers and its cosy little house,

that they would have to leave behind them at the shortest notice and which they really only enjoyed for a month. They evinced in their tedious marches through thick forests, mixed clay bottoms and swamps; yea, cheerfully and uncomplainingly they lay down supperless in the furrows of a corn field, and when they awoke next morning with their clothes all drenched, they made merry over it, and were in as good spirits as ever. It seems sad that one should be plucked from this noble arid, and that they should be disappointed in their hope of re-visiting together next spring the home of their childhood; but a bright star smiles even now over the grave of the brave Ladislaw. An American newspaper in its own fashion related that there was left to Ladislaw in Swabia a large legacy, but that the young hero was no longer enabled to enjoy earthly goods, after he had yielded up the highest of all earthly possessions, his youthful life, on the battle field as an offering to humanity.

Sattler belonged for ten years to the new country where his body now rests. May his memory and that of the noble soldiers who fell with him, not only bear rich fruits in America for the maintenance of right, and the cause of humanity; but also awaken an enthusiasm in our own youths and make them see how noble and glorious it is, to die as champions for right and liberty. May the earth of the New World lie lightly on him and his fellow combatants. Z.

ACROSTIC.

Martyred Missouri, though tried as by fire,
I s able this day, with the best to aspire;
S addeed by friends who watch for her fall,
S he sits on her border, defying them all.
I nch by inch she has fought for her right,
S ent out her bravest and best to the fight;
S ternly repelling each traitorous hand,
I n any attempt on her freedom, or land;
P roud of her loyal position to-day,
P ity, she feels for the means and the way.
I f it is true I am free, she thought,
V erily, Peace has been dearly bought;
A ll around me, on land and on sea,
L ie the sad victims to anarchy.
L ying in pain without comfort or stay,
E very one shall be succoured I say,
Y es, and that promise she made in the storm,
S he's taxing the strength of her land to perform;
A ready the hearts of her people are stirred,
N or yet has been uttered one murmuring word
I n every home there is working and care,
T hat each may contribute a mite to the Fair.
A nd if other States have done nobly and well,
R ejoicing Missouri must strive to excel.
Y es, countrymen, lords of a valley so sweet,
F air as a Canaan, now pressed by your feet,
A id us with means to show Liberty fair,
I njured Missouri, now under her care,
R emembers the sons who established her there.

CORA FORBES.

We call special attention to the advertisement of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, to be found to-day in our advertising columns. The agent is Mr. Edwin Fowler, who may be found at 34, Olive street, and will afford all facilities to any one who desires to provide for his family in case of sudden and unforeseen accident.

SOMETHING FOR THE CHILDREN.

[Lest our little friends should think "The Countersign" has no word for the children, we give them the following charming poem, which has never before appeared in print.]

THE STRAWBERRY PLANT.

A Strawberry plant grew by a road,
Not far from which a merry brook flowed;
And she heard it sing in its rocky bed,
Though she couldn't clearly make out what it said;
And though her very best she tried,
She couldn't see more than an inch on each side.

Now the Strawberry plant was a little bit vain;
And she thought, "I am certainly not so plain
As the grasses and reeds that grow so near,
And look at themselves in the water clear.
I would like very much for once to look
And see myself in that singing brook."

And one morning she heard a blue Iris say
To another, "Good morning; a beautiful day!
I shouldn't think it strange if we
Were to have a call from the bumble bee.
Let us look in the water below, for I
Want to look my best if he happens by."

Then the Strawberry said, "I mean to try
To do my best, and see if I
Can't force a path to the side of the brook,
And into its beautiful mirror look."
So she sent out a runner, a slender thread,
And to the tall grasses near her she said:

"Will you please make a way for me down to the brook?"

"With pleasure," a tall grass said, and took
The runner and pointed it out the way;
"Thank you," the Strawberry said; "Good day!"
Then she hurried along the road very fast,
And said, "I shall see myself then at last."

But I never can tell how she had to prink,
When she found herself at the streamlet's brink.
A yellow button she put on her head,
And carefully all about it spread
A beautiful quilling of delicate white;
Then she looked in the water when all was right.

But she hardly had time to take a look,
When she saw a face looking up from the brook,
And she heard the brook say, "Did you ever see
In all your life such vanity?
The flower only came here to try
And look at herself—oh, fie! oh, fie!"

Then the poor little Strawberry hung her head;
She dropped her white leaves for shame, and said,
"I will hide myself in some lonely place,
For I never shall dare to show my face."
So she hid behind a tall green sedge
That grew by the little streamlet's edge.

But the laughing sunbeams followed and said,
It does very well to hang your head,
You vain little thing!" till her cheeks grew flushed,
And for very shame the poor plant blushed
To think that all the flowers knew, no doubt,
How the stream had found her vanity out.

And every time that the sunbeams came,
She blushed still redder and redder for shame,
And hung still lower and lower her head,
Till she stood a Strawberry, juicy and red;
And a field-mouse picked her where she hung,
And carried her home to feed his young.

G. C. B.

One who has always pretended to be our friend, remarked yesterday that the announcement concerning the mailing of the *Countersign*, was *bare-faced*. We endeavored to bear this sling of outrageous fortune with equanimity, but were barely able to control our indignation, and refrain from publishing the name of the miscreant.

[For the Countersign.]

QUINCY, MASS.,
ON THE SHORE OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.
May 1, 1864.

To the Older Classes in the St. Louis Schools,
Missouri:

Some of you have perhaps visited this or similar places; yet I know that a much larger number never have; and I am, therefore, led to address to you a few lines, as I fear you are oftener overlooked than you ought to be by those who write for public journals.

It is May morning, and I wish you could all be here and walk with me; at any rate, I will imagine you are here, and that I am, for the day, your teacher. I am not a learned teacher, but have been led to observe and to think about many of the most common things around me. I would have you all acquire that habit, for it is not only from books you derive information. There are stones that are sermons, and brooks that are running commentaries; but everything in nature is forever exclaiming:

"The hand that made us is divine."

Now, I was born a farmer's boy, and here stones were ever in my way. Whether I worked in the garden, or field, or road, or anywhere, stones were sure to abound. One day I heard a traveler say that out West they had no stones to trouble them, and it was a marvel to me that any farmer should prefer to live here. So, as a rarity for you, we will first walk to the famous Quincy granite quarries.

Having been born and bred on alluvial soil, I am amused at your remarks upon the abundance of stones hereabouts. But here is one stone that extends for miles around, and for several hundred feet above the level of the sea to miles in depth; or, as geologists would say, to the lowest strata of the earth's foundation. Here upon one side are hundreds of men, and they have cut into the solid rock, directly into the side of the mountain of granite. What a noise! a clinking of hammers, chisels, drills, &c.; every man armed with the hardest of steel-clad tools, and all busy in cutting, splitting, hammering, or dressing the surface of the stones. Some work by the day, some at two cents per wedge-hole, some at so much per foot of holes of two inches in diameter, drilled into the rock, and some at so much per square foot of surface, hammering or dressing the stones. A wedge-hole is about two inches long by one-half of an inch wide, and two deep. Drill holes are about two inches in diameter, and sometimes many feet in depth. In hammering stone, as in all other kinds of business, there is quite a tact, and an experienced hand can earn twice as much as a fresh one. If you were here in the morning when the blasting is generally done, you might well think the rebels were making a raid, for here is the heaviest artillery known. Talk of two or three hundred pounders, that require fifty or sixty pounds of powder for one discharge, and they are no trifles, I admit; but what do you think of a loaded rock-bound mountain, and a charge of perhaps one thousand pounds of powder? One explosion will cause a crevice or crack in the stones for perhaps fifty or

one hundred feet, and into that and into drill holes the powder is poured as freely as you will hear men sometimes talk of pouring out their blood for their country, and when the drill holes are properly closed up and the surface of the crevice is sealed, a match is applied to a train connecting all together and as Capt. Cutter would say, you have a gun as is a gun. Although no balls are used you may be assured "discretion here is the better part of valor," "distance lends enchantment to the view." No one is often hurt at these blasts as they are called, but one hundred tons or more are sometimes moved. There is a theory you know that if a person speaks one loud word, all the atmosphere is moved around the world, and you may have heard of men that would move heaven and earth to accomplish their ends. Now here are the men that do it and you will seldom hear them promise of what they intend to do, nor boast of what they have done. When the blasts are over the workmen attack the fragments and very soon under their hands they will assume any form you may require, from the heaviest block or column used in any building to the most ornamental, from a wrought door or window frame to a sculptured head, bust or obelisk. This granite though much harder than any marble, is cut, hewn and split into any form. Great skill, strength and patience are required and these you know are yankee natural endowments. I think you have no buildings in St. Louis of granite, but there are several at New Orleans every stone of which was cut from the very rock on which you stand. These buildings may be also found in many of our cities. Cultivated travellers say that some of the blocks of stores and houses in Boston built of this material are far more beautiful than any of the renowned palaces of Europe. Now, as we turn to leave we pass trains of wagons, loaded with granite in all forms finished and rough irregular blocks used for cellars and walls. While we "are upon pleasure beat," they are for no crime "condemned to transportation."

Granite you know is said to be the oldest or the primitive rock as no kind of fossil is ever found in it. It has been thought to be a simple conglomerate, but it has been found to have a cleavage; that is, it will split better in some directions than in others. Any one can come and work a quarry by paying a toll of two cents per ton for the stone carried off, of course he must not interfere with a previous squatter.

B.

CONVERSATION

Overheard in the New England
Kitchen.

Good morning aunt Mehitable, they tell me aunt Nabby is going to Bosting as soon as this Fair is over, and I want you to tell her to prepare for it, and make up her mind to a great fuss. I'll read grandma's letters to Jerushy, and you'll see:

Boston, all along Feb., 1863.

You asked me my dear child, to write immediately, and so I will, Jerushy dear. I'm so flustered and pestered. "Bosting" don't be-

gin to be so straight as St. Louis. How I got here, after they put me into the cars, I don't know: there was steam, making frost on the windows all the time, I couldn't see nothing all the time; I could just get a peep that all creation was a flying by us. I had not a cold foot all the way here, just as comfortable, all but the sleeping in those night-boxes, with the same cover on you, every one jumps out of. I did get into one, but, when I see Mr. C.'s long legs stretching down, and found he was to be hung up on a cane berth, above me, I felt scary, and so I sat up all the rest of the night. We had awful cold weather, and an awful accident that was just a-going to happen, but didn't. I did not go in the sleeping box next night, for I heard the car-boys tell all about a woman who got smashed in and had her nose broke.

First I was afraid Bosting had got to be an awful place, for, the first words said to me in my city, after being away twenty years, was, a man put his head into the ladies' depot, with brass writing on his hat, and hollered out, "Beware of female pick-pockets." It happened he come right up to your honest old mother; says I, "Ladies, we are complimented."

Well, I have been round and found Washington street, but the house where I was married, is made into a theatre. The house I was born in has gone, and the place has gone too. I read the names on the door-plates; if its any body I know, I ring the bell I feel like a Mrs. Van-Winkle, all confused-like. As soon as I find Mrs. Partington and Ike, I shall get along; they illuminate every body. Lers-amercey, I hunted up your folks, they were polite, but I know I frightened them, they'll say, "She's Western." By the way, I conclude, the Eastern bringing up, and the Western experience, turns out the smartest kind of folks. I told your folks how nice you behaved to the clergy, at the Bazaar, and every thing else about you, and now they have seen me, they have great hopes about you. I'll write again.

Your loving, &c., GRANDMA.

To the following pledge we gladly give insertion. It will be found at the office of the Ladies' Executive Committee, No. 20, where all those who desire really to serve their country in this hour of her need and who cannot fight for her, can do so most practically. It bears already the names of many of our most prominent and influential citizens, gentlemen as well as ladies. An opportunity is here offered for any one to sign:

THE COVENANT.

We, the undersigned, loyal men and women, actuated by love of country and a regard to wise economy, do hereby promise that we will not, for the space of three years from July 4, 1864, or during the war, purchase any article of wearing apparel, or wines or liquors, of foreign production or import, if a substitute can possibly be furnished by home production. Nor will we allow the same to be purchased by those we have under our control, and thereto we solemnly pledge our personal honor.

[City papers please copy.]

KNITTING FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Here I sit at the same old work,
Knitting socks for the soldiers from daylight
till dark;
Thread over and under, and back and
through,
Knitting socks for the soldiers, I Don't know
who!
But in fancy I've seen him and talked with
him too.

He is no hero of gentle birth,
He's little in rank, but he's great in worth—
He's plain of speech and strong of limb,
He is rich in heart, but he's poor of kin—
There are none at home to knit for him.

He set his lips with a start and a frown,
When he heard how the dear old flag was
shot down
From the walls of Fort Sumter, and flinging
away

His tools and his apron, he stopped but to say
To his comrades, "I'm off boys, whoever
may star"—
And was listed and gone by the close of the
day.

And whether he watches to-night on the sea,
Or kindles his camp-fire on lone Tybee,
By the dark Rapidan, or the far Tennessee.
I know he's the noblest of all that are there,
The promptest to do, and the bravest to dare,
The foremost in hope, and the last in despair.

So here I sit at the dear old work,
Knitting socks for the soldiers from daylight
till dark,
And whispering low as the thread flies
through,
To him who shall wear them, I don't know
who—
"Oh! soldier fight bravely, be patient, be
true,
For some one is knitting and praying for
you."

M. E. B.

THE ANGELS OF ONE SONG.*

BY J. R. LOWELL.

The Rabbi Joshua used to say
That God made angels every day,
Perfect as Michael and the rest
First brooded from Creation's nest,
Yet whose sole office was to cry
"Hosanna!" once, and then to die.

The Rabbi Joshua had the skill
To know that Heaven was in God's will,
And doing that, though for a space
Ooe heart beat long, may earn a grace
As full of grandeur and of glow
As princes of the Chariot know.

'Twere glorious, no doubt, to be
One of the winged hierarchy;
To burn with Seraphs, or to shine
With Cherubs, deathlessly divine;
Yet I perhaps, poor, earthly clod,
Could I forget myself in God,
And trace obedient nature's clew
Simply as birds and blossoms do,
Should find my place as near the Throne
As the pearl angel of its zone,
And God would listen 'mid the throng,
To my one breath of perfect song.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY LESLIE WALTER.

II.

[We write about Birds.]

Next to the flowers of the country, I suppose there is no subject upon which a rural enthusiast so excites himself, as its birds. It is astonishing that in this otherwise unbelieving age, people can be found who have faith in these feathered hypocrites, and give them the character they have never deserved since the fall. In the golden era of Eden, no doubt their race was innocent with ours, but times are changed, and we have all deteriorated together. The penalty, however, bears unequally, for while we publicly accuse ourselves as miserable sinners, their tribe still flourishes, like a confidence man, with false credentials, on the reputation they brought from Paradise.

If my opinion had the weight of my will, I could make an affidavit from personal experience that should utterly destroy the credit of those little creatures, so that nobody would ever publish an mythology again. Their real and their popular characters differ as much as a man's laudatory epitaph, and the account his neighbors give of him. Dr. Watts says that "Birds in their little nests agree," but they don't; they wrangle and quarrel and fight and fallout. I have picked them up many a time, to save them from the cat. A row among chimney-swallows is no joke; soot rises, feathers fly, a screaming and chattering goes on within like the tower of Babel in miniature. Bunches of smoky nests come tumbling down, and half a dozen dingy fledglings, who repay your tenderness by wringing your finger in an iron beak, and piercing it with a horny tongue, and sticking into it a set of "hooked hands" like Tennyson's eagles: the whole in a very bad temper fresh from the commotion above.

Farmers are told that birds are useful auxiliaries in destroying insects, etc., but I believe one honest barn-yard fowl does more in that way, for his stomachs sake, than a whole flying squadron of the higher orders for the behoof of the agricultural interest. I doubt the whole theory. A harmless earth worm, turning up the soil, a quiet black beetle, minding his ball, may indeed be snapped up by these benevolent bipeds, but I have yet to learn of any well directed effort to exterminate the melon-bug, army-worm, curculio, or borer, that are the terror and pest of cultivators. On the contrary, I consider this gratuitous assistance only a cloak for darker designs.

Black birds live mostly on corn, and blue jays eat apples, and with a score of full cherry trees we never have a pie. An able-bodied sparrow brought up his whole family upon the produce of our garden last summer, "witout doing a stroke of work" as the New Englanders say, and required the entire current crop for their maintenance. A neighbor has had all his peas and berries confiscated for two years past, witout so much as a song in return. His clients screamed and squabbled over his beautiful beds, while he bought stale fruit in the market. A professed peace man,

he talks of an appeal to arms, and being of liberal theological views before, speaks darkly of total depravity. It is robbery, larceny, swindling, theft, but they steal superbly, with the grace of Robert Macaire, and enjoy his impunity from consequences.

Birds have a reputation as gossips, from Solomon's time, and if they do not still carry the matter how does it get about? There is a certain one among them—I shall not name him till assured of the truth of my suspicions—that I have fixed upon as the agent in this business, and when the time comes I shall expose him without mercy. Who says they are sensible? I have known a woodpecker to hammer half a day on a piece of cast iron without discovering that her beak was being stunted by the process. Did she smell a worm inside, as the wise assert? I fear it was a screw. Dickens' raven tore up and swallowed by bits a stair case of six steps and a landing, our favorites are devouring a cornice by gradual instalments. May it never disagree with them.

One bird, lives there, in his part of the conquered territory, the eaves outside my chamber window, and I wish I did not have it to record, that he is a great nuisance there. He wakes up at an unearthly hour in the morning, and startles me from my sleep with a shriek like a railroad whistle. Too-oo-oo-oot! he says "get up!" Too-too-too-too-too! (strongly insisting,) toot, toot, toot, toot! (be quick,) Twee, wee, wee, wee-ee-e? (persevering,) twoot, twoot, ttwoot, two-oot, two-oot! (remonstrance,) two-oot!!! with terrific energy. Of course this brings a crowd who are soon all equally clamorous and indignant at the less virtuous people who prefer to wait for the sun. A hallelujah chorus is sung, a battle of Prague performed, unneeding verbal illustration. Thus it is that I get bad habits of laying in bed and learning to slumber again, like the sluggard, for being defrauded of a precious hour at dawn by this reville, I am obliged to wait till they are gone to breakfast, and make it up afterwards. I don't know that bird, but I hate him. When I took singing lessons we were told to exercise our voices early in the morning. That is no doubt his idea. But I at least always went away privately to practice, not to disturb the rest of the world, and I protest—I do protest—against this uncivil return. Let him trill and quaver, but not at my expense.

The "mourning dove" is a special hypocrite. With a nice nest, from good eggs and a devoted husband, she weeps her wrongs all day, and gets a great deal of misdirected sympathy. Always fresh, fair, and in good condition, her Quaker weeds nicely smoothed, her soft black eye bright with unshed tears, her plaintive voice modulated to the most melodious monotone of sorrow, she is not unlike those widows by profession, in the mitigated affliction, or gray-and-lavender stage, whom you meet at decorous "tea-fights," and small early parties. The gentle sufferer has a good appetite, her food nourishes her, her worldly affairs seem to flourish—she is prosperous, though disconsolate, yet ever and anon recurs that melancholy burden of her song—she is

*Written for the St. Louis Fair. The original copy will be found at the office of "The Countersign."

but a lone, lone creature, after all. Awed by these ceaseless lamentations, her grief is held sacred—no spoiler dares disturb her home. My pretty blue-bird has lost her four nestlings, and droops in silent sorrow; the mocking-bird turns cynic over his domestic misfortunes, and laughs his pain away: the swallow scolds and flutters; but the stout dove wails on unmolested, and her treasures go to swell no school boy's trophy, for if such is her normal state of sadness, he thinks, expressed by that heart-breaking cry, what would bereavement be?

I have a few other struggling charges to bring against "my birds," such as tyranny and greediness, for we hang meat on the porches for them in the winter, and the biggest always get the best piece. I have seen a stout bill, which might have supported its owner fairly, in a legitimate way, plied all day with an unquenchable appetite, and consuming as much flesh as a Newfoundland dog, at the expense of charity. I also know of an instance of posthumous malice, on the part of a pretty wild duck, whose beautiful blue and green plumage inspired strong hopes of an equally delightful flavor. I had the misfortune to be present when he was roasted and brought to table. An ancient fish-like smell preceded him, and we opened all the doors. Politeness required that we should taste the delicacy. It was much worse than bad red herring, cod liver oil and salt pork; but I did not eat my portion. I have since learned that his family name was the "hell-diver," or "devil-dipper." I can easily believe it. He tasted like that.

Among the many beautiful articles of Hair-work, now on exhibition, may be mentioned one which has peculiar claim to our attention, not only for its wonderful delicacy, but also for its combination of the hair of nearly forty of our Generals, some of whom have laid down their lives for the Union, while others are still fighting gallantly to defend it. Among these are, Scott, McClellan, Sherman, Rosecrans, Fremont, the late lamented Sedgwick, Gen. Meade, and Hancock, so foremost now on the bloody field.

Photographs, ambrotypes, and original letters from all these, may be seen, and also a small assortment of hair charms neatly mounted with gold, through the kindness of Messrs. Jaccard and Gardener.

The hair of Gen. Grant is not yet placed in the wreath, but will be so previous to the closing of the Fair, as letters from Mrs. Gen. Grant will testify.

All these are made by Miss A. S. N. S. Bailey, and merit the highest commendation.

It was voted by the N. E. K. Committee there should be no wedding in the kitchen unless it was a *bona fide* one. Promptly a young lady answered that she would be the *fide* if some one would be the *bona*. Who "picks up the glove?" When the "tea party" comes off, *fide* will be present; but let no bachelor come who is afraid to fight for the noble flag that covers our coarse walls and smoked-dimmed rafters.

For the Countersign.

A PARABLE.*

"It has been a matter of regret to me that our Fairs hitherto have ignored so utterly the wants of the Freedmen. All honor to the city of St. Louis for taking the lead in this respect! To her should be awarded the rare eulogium of old King Solomon: 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'"

Ye laid your costly table well,

And bade me for your guest;

I came, and with my hands outspread,

The generous bounty blessed.

Yet was the banquet incomplete—

Where was the water for my toil-worn feet?

And who brought oil, and as he poured

The costly offering, said:

"For Freedom and a race oppressed,

Is this anointing shed?"

And who among you all gave this—

That sweetest tribute—love's repentant kiss?

Oh, people of my care! behold

The deed ye left undone,

This daughter of an alien house,

Repentant, dared not shun!

Remember me!—I spoke the word—

She, weeping, turned and looked upon her Lord.

For there are last that shall be first;

The seed her love hath sown

Shall prosper 'neath my guarding hand,

Though in strange furrows thrown;

Until, beneath my ripening sun,

The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon!

Fitchburg, Mass. CAROLINE A. MASON.

*Lake vii: 44—46.

THE SOLDIER.

O, history will be bright with names, but here I would not do

Injustice to a million graves, by mentioning a few,

Enough, so many have done well, and after years will

prove,

Tho' costly was our country's life, she's worthy all our

love;

And yet, tho' hard the soldier's lot, in camp, on march,

in field,

Tho' evil is aggressive still, and modest worth must

yield,

It has the power to make men feel they must have lived

in vain

To pass through such a war as this, nor see a battle

plain.

And bark! I think I hear one say, "Of all the deaths to

die,

Upon a well fought battle-field, when Victory was the

cry.

Knowing my duty well was done, my soul would seem to

move

On brighter stronger, pinions to the blessed world

above;

Then give to me a soldier's life, a soldier's death and

burial,

A soldier's shallow grave, and O, a fellow soldier's tear."

S. MCG.

[The following lines were found attached to one of the shirts received by the shirt department.—ED.]

Go humble garment, help sustain the cause

So dear to every Christian patriot's heart,

Aid to restore a nation's trampled leaves,

Though all unknown and humble be thy part.

'Twas but two mites the Hebrew widow gave,

Yet Jesus blessed the unpretending gift;

Oh! may our mites our country help to save,

And from the oppress'd the veil of darkness lift.

The coral builders are but weak and small,

But yet a mighty influence they wield,

Unseen they fill the deep with mountains tall,

And spread the ocean o'er with many a field

So may these humble offerings gathered here,

From many a loyal heart and willing hand,

A monument to freedom help to rear,

And spread its blessings o'er a ransomed land.

ENFIELD, May 6, 1864.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Ah, the flag is so bright!

Let it wave, let it wave!

With the flag, I am right,

With the flag I am brave!

Ah, the flag is so soft!

How its motherly fold

Sweeping round from aloft,

Warms the heart growing cold!

Ah, the flag is so dear!

What loved fingers made

Its brightness to cheer,

And its softness to shade!

Oh, dear flag! oh, dear home!

Both are one—and kind word

Sent from home to the flag,

Is a tent and a sword.

Brookline, Mass., April, 1864.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.
—The meeting of this organization at Mercantile Library Hall, on Sunday night next, is to be addressed [with others] by Chaplain McCabe, who was an inmate for five months of Libby Prison, and whose description of those scenes has thrilled thousands of hearers. There will be a crowded house.

Headquarters FINANCE COMMITTEE, south side Floral Department.

Back numbers of the Countersign always for sale at our office, No. 20, Fair Building. The whole issue will be found well worth preserving, not only as a history of the Fair, but also for its original matter, St. Louis papers please copy.

Don't forget the PUBLIC SCHOOL EXHIBITION to night at Mercantile Library Hall.

Have you taken a chance in the Bridal Party at the Private School table. Ticket \$1 a share.

We trust that no one visiting either the city or the Fair will fail to go and see the STEREOPTICON, as without exception it is far more beautiful as a work of art than anything of the kind ever exhibited in this country, showing in wonderful perfection the success of the photographic art. Its views of statuary and sculpture embrace more than could be seen in months of travel in the old world. Any one visiting it, will not fail to go again. Open each day at 11 A. M., 3 P. M. and 8 P. M.

The great SWORD CONTEST goes on briskly, Hancock is still ahead followed by Grant, Butler, Rosecrans, McClellan, Sherman and some scattering. The books will remain open. Let every one cast his vote early. We are glad our old townsman Hancock is not forgotten, as his name will long wear the crown of glory. At eight P. M. last night the vote stood as follows: Hancock, 63; Grant, 43; Butler, 42; McClellan, 30; Rosecrans, 11; Sherman, 11; scattering 1.

The ROOSTER at No. 20 to be raffled for tomorrow. 40 shares 10 cents a share. First chance taken already by Gen. Fisk.

The SKATING PARK just west of the Olive street entrance, open and in operation day and evening. Don't omit to visit it, for it challenges the admiration of every one.

We return, in behalf of the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair, our acknowledgments for the donation of \$100. from Mr. Henry Callender, of Boston.

WAR CLAIMS Adjusted and Collected.

OFFICE REMOVED TO
No. 63 Washington Avenue,
Two doors east of the Quartermaster's Department.

JOHN P. CAMP

Will give his attention to the adjustment and collection of Vouchers and other claims against the United States Government in all its Departments.

Accounts and bills against the Government made out in proper form, and Vouchers therefor obtained and the amounts collected.

Merchants having vouchers for small amounts, can save themselves time and trouble by placing them in his hands for collection.

REFERENCES:

Hon. D. Davis, Bloomington, Ill.; Hon. Joseph Holt, Washington, D. C.; Hon. H. Campbell, St. Louis, Mo.; Samuel T. Glover, St. Louis, Mo.; J. R. Shepley, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; late Commissioners and Soudsellers on War Claims for the Department of the West.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE finest and best assortment of custom made BOOTS AND SHOES in this city, may be found at **SAMUEL HALE'S,**
85 North Fourth st., opposite Planters' House.

O'FALLON

White Lead and Oil Company,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

LINSEED OIL, CASTOR OIL,
WHITE LEAD, ZINC PAINTS,
Colors, Varnishes, Japan, Putty, &c., &c.
Store, 108 Second street,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Cash paid for Flaxseed and Castor Beans.
GEO. W. BANKER, President.
FRANCIS BROWN, Treasurer.
CHAS. C. FULLER, Secretary.

D. A. BIGGERS,
Wholesale and Retail

GROCER,

No. 110 Market street, between Fourth and Fifth,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Goods sent to any part of the city free of charge.

COAL OIL LAMPS, COAL OIL,

AND

GAS FIXTURES,

BRONZES, FRENCH CLOCKS, &c.

J. CRAWSHAW & SON,

HAVE just received and are now opening the largest and best stock of

Lamps and Gas Fixtures,

Ever seen in the United States, which they offer low.

For Cash Only.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

No. 78 North Fifth street,

ST. LOUIS.

A. S. W. Goodwin. Rob't Anderson. Peter Behr.
GOODWIN, ANDERSON & CO.,
Manufacturers of

LARD OIL, SOAP AND CANDLES,

FANCY AND TOILET SOAPS,

No. 10 Pine street, between Main and Second.

Factory---Poplar, South end of Adolph st.,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

What is Life Insurance?

IT is, by its adoption or neglect, a FORTUNE gained or lost to a family at a man's death.

The Mutnal Benefit Life Insurance Co.

Has paid to heirs of deceased members, over

\$3,200,000,

And its accumulation now exceeds

\$5,500,000.

EDWIN POWLER, State Agent,
No. 34 Olive street.

A. Johnson. F. O. Sawyer.

JOHNSON & SAWYER,
Wholesale Dealers in

Book, News & Wrapping Paper,

N. E. corner Second and Locust streets,

ST. LOUIS.

Papers of any size and weight made to order.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

Stereoscopes & Pictures,

Craig's Microscopes, Games & Stationery,

At No. 9 South Fifth street.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOSITORY.

J. W. McINTYRE.

WESTERN AGRICULTURAL DEPOT AND SEED STORE.

Blunden, Koenig & Co.,

No. 56 North Second street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

A FULL assortment of Farm Implements and Farm and Garden Seeds constantly on hand.

Outley's Palace of Art,

No. 39 Fourth street, opposite the Planters' House.

J. J. OUTLEY, the oldest established Artist in St. Louis, offers his services to all persons desiring a perfect picture of any kind, from the smallest locket to life size. Unusual inducements are offered to those wishing portraits of themselves or of deceased friends, requiring only a small picture of them, no matter how faded, from which to paint a perfect likeness. Call at the rooms and examine the portraits on exhibition.

M. S. HOLMES,

NO. 28 NORTH SECOND STREET,

Dealer in every description of

PAPER, BY THE REAM OR CASE.

100 ton of Rags wanted for cash.

THE CONNECTICUT

Mutual Life Insurance Company

OF HARTFORD.

ACCUMULATED Capital, over \$6,000,000. Number of Policies issued in 1863, 5,685! Fifty per cent. dividends declared annually. One-half of premiums received in notes, which notes are cancelled by dividends.
HENRY STAGG, Agent,
No. 40 Third street, corner Pine.

Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK.

FRED'K S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

Accumulated cash Assets, 1st Feb., 1864, \$10,300,000.

THE safest and strongest Life Insurance Company in the United States. **SAM'L COPP, JR., Agent,**
N. W. corner Main and Second sts.

KING, DOAN & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

No. 105 Main Street.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

AUCTIONS.

BY J. H. OSGOOD & SON,

147 Congress street, Boston.

REGULAR Catalogue sales of Dry Goods, Tuesdays and Fridays. Received in Public Warehouse on storage, Wool, Cotton and Merchandise generally, for which Legal Bond Warehouse receipts will be given by **J. H. OSGOOD, Public Warehouseman.**
Liberal cash advances made on consignments.

The Best is the Cheapest.

G. W. CURTISS & CO.,

No. 7 South Fifth street,

KEEP the best Coal Oil and Lamps, the best crystal flint Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, &c. Agents for Fisk's Cooking Lamp, for family use. Gives entire satisfaction. No family should be without one. All kinds Coal Oil and Lamp goods sold wholesale and retail.

LEWIS & GROSHON,

58 North Fourth street,

KEEP the latest styles of Gentlemen's Dress Hats, Felt Hats of every description for Men and Boys; Cloth Hats, Military Hats, Straw Hats, Cloth Caps, Fancy Caps for Children, elegantly trimmed; Lechorn and Straw Hats for Ladies, Misses and Children; Traveling Bags, Umbrellas, &c., and Furs in their season.

WILLIAM H. GRAY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,

Nos. 75 & 77 South Second street, opposite Pacific Railroad Depot.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

CHAUNCEY L FILLEY,

108 Main street, 108

Direct Importer and Dealer in

CHINA, GLASS & QUEENSWARE,

HAS, according to returns made by all the Queensware Dealers, the largest stock in the city.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath by all the Queensware Dealers, more stock than any two houses on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath as above, over two hundred per cent. more stock than any Queensware house on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Keeps a full assortment of staple and fancy China-Glass, Queensware, Coal Oil Lamps, Looking Glasses, Britannia Ware, Silver Plated Ware, Trays, Waiters, Table Cutlery, Water Coolers, Fruit Jars, Toiletware, etc.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Is the only direct importer in the city, of Leddie Elliots & Sons' White Granite and Parian Wares and Decorated Vases and Toilet Wares, which received the great prize medals at the World's Fairs in London, Paris and New York, a variety of which they have liberally donated to the M. V. S. Fair.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Will receive monthly new goods direct from manufacturers.

D. A. Winter H. Wicke.
D. A. WINTER & CO,
CLOCK & WATCHMAKERS,
 And Jewelry Manufactory.
 No. 204 Franklin Avenue bet. Eleventh and Twelfth sts.,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.
 Repairing warranted and accurately executed.

GROVER & BAKER
SEWING MACHINE CO.
 SALES ROOMS.
 No. 124 North Fourth street,
 (Verandah Row)
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

HARKEMEYER & FINNEY,
 113 N. FOURTH ST. COR. VINE.
ST. LOUIS.

Carpets,
 Oil Cloths,
 Window Shades,
 Hearth Rugs,
 Straw Matting,
 &c., &c., &c.

A. SUMNER.
 AGENT FOR
WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM



SEWING MACHINES,
 No. 50 North Fifth street,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

UNION LINE.
Union Transportation & Insurance Co.
 FAST FREIGHT LINE EAST AND WEST, VIA
THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
TIME AND RATES GUARANTEED.
 N. STEVENS, Agent,
 No. 49 Olive street, ST. LOUIS.

HOWE & CAPEN'S North Missouri Railroad.

NEW YORK FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE AGENCY.

BEHOLD THE LIST:
Columbia Fire Insurance Co.
 OF NEW YORK
 Office—No. 161 Broadway
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$68,493; Assets \$'68,493.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furni-
 ture, Rents, Vessels in port and their Cargoes, and
 other insurable property against loss or damage by fire.
 The insured receive 75 per cent. of net profits without
 incurring any liability.
 TIMOTHY G. CHURCHILL, Pres't.
 EDWARD KEMEYS, Sec

Home Insurance Company,
 OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$70,306 12; Assets,
 \$570,306 12.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise Household Furni-
 ture, Rents, Leases, and other insurable property,
 against loss or damage by fire. Dealers receive 75 per
 cent of net profits, on Dwellings and Merchandise risks.
 CHAS WILSON, Sec. D. R. SATTERLEE, Pres't.
 SAM'L L. TALCOTT, Gen'l Ag't and Adjuster.

Lamar Fire Insurance Company
 OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
 Capital, all paid up in cash, \$300,000; Surplus, January
 1, 1864, \$59,375 27; Assets, \$389,375 27.
 ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, Sec. EDW'D ANTHONY, Pres't.
FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
Metropolitan Insurance Comp'y,
 108 Broadway, New York
 Cash Capital, \$300,000; Assets, Jan. 1, 1864, \$642,541 85.
 Scrip dividend declared Jan. 12 1864, 35 per cent.

THIS Company insures, at customary rates of pre-
 mium, against loss or damage by fire; also, against
 all marine and land navigation, and war risks on cargo
 or freight. The assured receive 75 per cent. of the net
 profits, without incurring any liability, or in lieu there-
 of at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.
 JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, Vice Pres't.
 ROBT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice Pres't.
 EDW'D A. STANSBURY, 2d Vice Pres't.
 JOHN C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.
 WESTERN BASCOM, General Agent.

STOCK COMPANY—INCORPORATED 1821.
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
 NEW YORK.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$272,916 33; Assets,
 \$772,916 33.
 WM. PITT PALMER, President.
 ANDREW J. SMITH, Secretary.

INSURES Buildings, Merchandise and other property,
 against loss or damage by fire, at rates as low as oth-
 er first class companies. Particular attention given to
 the insurance of Farm property, isolated Dwellings and
 their Furniture, for one, three or five years. Losses
 adjusted and promptly paid in cash at this Agency.

Phoenix Insurance Company,
 BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 Offices—No. 1 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; No. 139
 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, March 1, 1864, \$222,-
 219 20; Assets, \$722,219 20.

INSURANCE against loss by fire, Marine, Lake, Canal
 and Leland transportation.
 STEPHEN CROWELL, President.
 EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice Pres't.
 PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.
Washington Insurance Comp'y,
 172 Broadway, (cor. Maiden Lane,) N. Y.
 Cash Capital, \$400,000; Assets, Feb. 1, 1864, \$582,000.
 Scrip dividend, 1861, 60 per cent; Scrip dividend, 1862,
 60 per cent; Scrip dividend, 1863, 60 per cent.

THE Policies entitled to participate, receive 75 per
 cent. of net profits. Insures Buildings, Merchandise,
 Furniture, Rents, Leases, against loss or damage
 by fire and marine risks on lakes, rivers and canals.
 GEO. C. SATTERLEE, President.
 HENRY WESTON, Vice President.
 WM. K. LOTHROP, Secretary.
 WM. A. SCOTT, Ass't Sec'y.

In connection with Hannibal and St. Jo. Railroad. The
 Shortest and Quickest Route to
QUINCY, KEOKUK,
ST. JOSEPH,
ATCHISON,
WESTON,
LEAVENWORTH,
KANSAS CITY,
COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA,
NEBRASKA CITY,
QUINCY AND HANNIBAL.

Certain and Close Connections
 Are made with the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad,
 Chicago, Burlington and Iowa Railroad,
 and all the Railroads of Iowa.
 On and after Sunday, November 15th, 1863,
 St. Joseph Express leaves St. Louis at.....1:15 A. M.
 Mail and Accommodation Train at.....3:30 P. M.
Fare as Low as by any other Route.
 Commodious Passenger Rooms have been fitted up at
 the Depot, corner of North Market street and Levee,
 with every arrangement for the comfort of passengers
TICKETS FOR SALE AT
No. 40 Under Planters' House,
 AND
FOOT OF NORTH MARKET STREET,
 Where reliable information can be obtained relative to
 routes in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.
 Be certain that your ticket reads: "Via North
 Missouri Railroad."
 I. H. STURGEON, Superintendent.
 J. H. CONCANNON, General Ticket Agent.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.

ON and after Monday, December 7th, 1863, trains will
 leave St. Louis, as follows:
 Mail Train—Daily at 8:20 A. M., stopping at all stations
 and running through to Knoxbuster, (208 miles.)
 Franklin Accommodation—Daily except Sunday, at 5:00
 P. M.
 Stages—Leave Dresden for Warrensburg, Lexington,
 Pleasant Hill, Independence and Kansas City,
 daily on arrival of train. Leave Sedalia for
 Springfield, Bolivar and Warsaw, on Tuesday,
 Thursday and Saturday evenings on arrival of
 train; Leave Tipton every evening for Boonville.
 Passengers taking the 8:20 A. M. train from St. Louis,
 connect at Franklin with train daily for Rolla and in-
 termediate stations. Stages leave Rolla every morning
 for Springfield.
 Through tickets may be obtained at the Passenger De-
 pot, corner of Seventh and Poplar streets, or at the
 Company's Through Ticket Office, No. 42 Fourth street,
 under the Planters' House. T. MCKISSOCK, Sup't.
 E. W. WALLACE, General Ticket Agent.

St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad.

Spring Arrangement, commencing April 1, 1864.
 PASSENGER Trains will leave Plum street Depot,
 daily, as follows:
 For Pilot Knob, Potosi, and all stations, at.....6:15 A. M.
 For Desoto at.....6:15 A. M. and 4 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Pilot Knob at.....3:00 P. M.
 Potosi at.....3:50 P. M.
 DeSoto at.....6:00 A. M. and 5:35 P. M.
 Carondelet Accommodation Trains.
 For Carondelet at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M.;
 2:00, 4:00, 6:25, 7:30, 9:00 and 11:30 P. M.
 For Docks at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M., 2:00 and
 4:00 P. M.
 For Jefferson Barracks and Quarantine at 6:15, 11:30 A.
 M., and 4:00 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Quarantine at 7:30 A. M.; 1:00 and 7:50 P. M.
 Jefferson Barracks at 7:40 A. M.; 1:05 and 7:55 P. M.
 Docks at 7:54, 9:15, 10:33, A. M.; 1:17, 3:07, 5:45 P. M.
 Carondelet at 5:30, 6:20, 8:00, 9:20, 10:40, A. M.; 1:20,
 3:10, 5:48, 7:00, 8:10, 10:45 P. M.
 S. D. BARLOW, Pres't & Sop't.
 ISIDOR BUSH, General Agent.

The Daily Countersign.

PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR.

"POSSUNT QUIA POSSE VIDENTUR."

No. 4.

St. Louis, May 21, 1864.

Price 10 Cents.

The Daily Countersign.

MANAGERS, { MRS. E. W. CLARK,
 { MRS. S. A. RANLETT.
EDITOR, ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Saturday, May 21, 1864.

THE FAIR.

Reduced Rates of Admission, on and after Friday Morning, May 20th.

ADMISSION.....50 cts.
CHILDREN.....Half Price.

Doors open at eleven o'clock, A. M. Exhibition and sales close promptly at ten o'clock, P. M.
MAJ. GEN. ROSECRANS, President.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE
OF THE MISS. VAL. SAN. FAIR.

FAIR BUILDING,

ST. LOUIS, May 19, 1864,

To the Cashiers of the

Several Departments:

The "Central Finance Committee" have in the Building a *Fire and Burglar Proof Safe*, and are prepared to receive your deposits of money daily, at any hour of the day up to ten (10) o'clock, P. M. S. W. ELY, Esq., Assistant Secretary, will receipt for the same, and your Department will be duly credited.

Very respectfully,

Your obt' servant,

E. W. FOX,

Chairman Cen. Fin. Com.

M. J. LIPPMAN, Sec'y.

The Finance Committee have their Head Quarters near the Floral Department.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS OF THE FAIR.

Knowing that persons visiting our city will naturally enquire for our "Big Guns," we take this opportunity of introducing them to those personages. Our three "big guns" may be found always ready for acquaintance-making at their stations in the central aisle of the south wing. Though we call these guns "ours," it must be understood that they emigrated from the unhealthy neighborhood of Vicksburg. The first of these is a venerable gun, having been born in 1768. It is a huge brass weapon, of Spanish descent. He is known as El Lusto. The second is of English parentage, being a ten-pounder, of the famous Whitworth breech-loading patent. The third and the youngest, claims the Southern Confederacy as Father land.

Have you called at No. 20 to-day? If you haven't, pitch in at once.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

We think it was the King of Brobdignag who expressed the opinion, "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians together." We say nothing of politicians; but there can be no doubt in this age that a scientific farmer is a public benefactor. The ancients supposed the plough to have fallen bodily from heaven; but a comparison of one of these heavenly-descended ploughs, as described by Virgil, with a double-eagle plough, or the fine "Peoria" plough, as we have seen them on exhibition in this Department, would not greatly redound to the credit of celestial science or workmanship. Specimens of all the finer patent ploughs have been generally contributed to this Department. The scientific beauty of "Kirby's Patent Combined Reaper and Mower," would also contrast strongly with the rude inconvenience of the ancient sickle. Two articles in this Department, though not strictly agricultural in character, deserve attention. Howe's patent clothes-dryer appeared to us to be an article which for convenience will recommend itself to all careful housekeepers. A heavy socket set in the ground receives an apparatus closely resembling, when ready for use, a mammoth umbrella turned inside out. The whale-bones of this umbrella are connected with the various ropes upon which the clothes are designed to be hung. It can be reduced to the smallest compass with great ease, so as to admit of being carried into the house, and needs no attention when employed in windy weather. The appreciator of fresh "fried eggs" will have his attention arrested by the second of these articles, which is nothing else but a patent hen's nest, made of common wheat-straw; it is shaped like a sugar-loaf and has its entrance on the side. Its merit consists in its cheapness and in the fact that when infested with vermin, it can quickly be rendered clean and sweet again by steeping it in hot water. Visitors from the country will not leave this Department without examining the "Missouri No. 5," a beautiful fire-engine, presented to the city of St. Louis by the Board of Underwriters. Specimens of the other paraphernalia of the farm are not lacking.

In that part of the building devoted to manufacturing interests, the Millers' and Bakers' Department makes a most creditable display. The high-piled barrels of flour and boxes of

crackers of every variety, quickly banish all dread of famine from the mind of the beholder. The millers of St. Louis have generously offered the following premiums to contributors to their Department:

\$100 for the best sample of Fall wheat flour manufactured out of St. Louis.

\$100 for the best sample of Fall wheat flour manufactured anywhere in the United States.

\$100 for the best sample of Spring wheat flour manufactured anywhere in the United States.

\$100 for the largest donation of Fall wheat flour.

\$100 for the largest donation of Spring wheat flour.

The patriotic citizens of Summerfield, Ill., and its vicinity, without desiring to compete for the premiums, have sent the large contribution of one hundred bbls. of C. Eisenmayer's extra-choice F. F. F. G. flour, manufactured by Mr. Eisenmayer especially, for the M. V. S. Fair. Amongst other donations, two bbls. of Cole's celebrated F. F. F. G. flour, deserve especial notice, from the fact that this flour is the original and choicest article of that brand. This flour is manufactured in Chester, Ill.

The Boot and Shoe Department engage to supply all foot-leather worn out in the service of the Fair. The contributions here amount to more than fifteen thousand dollars, being proportionably one of the most liberal of all the donations. The most noticeable article is the "Pike's Peak mining shoe," manufactured by J. T. Comstock & Co., of this city. We must needs deem its nail-studded, steel-plated bottom to be "an immortal sole," and address it in the well known words that Addison puts in the mouth of Cato.

"The sole, secure in her existence, smiles," &c. Comstock & Co. have also contributed a dozen cases of hospital slippers, got up at a cheaper rate than the Sanitary Commission have hitherto been able to obtain them. The Penitentiary did not ignore the good work, but sent several cases of shoes, manufactured in that place. Boots of alligator skin, and show-cases of elegant fancy articles in leather, lend a finish to the display. In connection with this department we must notice another, located near by: we mean "The Leather Department." Here, contributions from our patriotic fellow-citizens, How, Haseltine, and others, and from Eastern cities, to the amount of above four thousand dollars, make a rich and tasty display. We notice that the patriotic colors—red, white and blue—form as beautiful a trinity in leather as in the "flag of the free." Every article necessary in the

construction of the boot and shoe, from the strap to the peg, may here be obtained in profusion, at prices considerably below the market standard. Amongst other beautiful skins, some rich, glossy articles, from the tanneries of Paris, were shown us, which, at wholesale prices, were valued as highly as *three dollars* per pound.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

If it is true, "that every good book helps forward the millenium," there are enough of them in the Book and Stationery Department, presided over by Mr. Bell, to hasten the approach of that period, "devoutly to be wished," by many years. We would like to notice, in connection with agricultural implements, a recent publication, entitled "Field and Garden Vegetation." Its author is Fearing Burr. This book is a clear and correct treatise on the nature and treatment of table vegetables, useful alike to the farmer and the consumer. A new publication, and one that is destined, from its intrinsic worth, to win for itself a place in every library, is "Appleton's New American Encyclopædia," in eighteen volumes. It is a singular fact that an encyclopædia embracing a compendium of the "seven liberal arts"—grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy and music—written by Capella, an *African*, and published in Rome in 470, remained for more than *one thousand years* the common text-book throughout the schools of Europe. During all this period the human mind made no advance at all. Our text-books, on the contrary, under the progressive spirit of the age, have been rapidly changing their character, until they have become not only reformed, but entirely transformed. To meet the demands of this "march of progress," Dr. Appleton proposes to add to his work a yearly volume, devoted to such topics and matters as a year may bring forth. A beautiful book, entitled "Plant's Etchings," is attractive, from the chaste elegance of its illustrations. A thing of interest to the Frenchmen of St. Louis, is a work composed by the Comte de Segur, Grand Marshal of France in 1811. The good taste and tact of the Committee of this department have supplied it with all the standard works and late publications. It has been said "that many readers judge of the power of a hook by the shock it gives their feelings—as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil; that being considered the best which fairly prostrates the purchaser." Whatever may be true of the matter contained in this display of books, we can assure the public that no damage will be wrought them by high charges in this department. All articles will be sold here at an average of fifteen per cent. cheaper than the like works can be purchased at any of the Fourth or Fifth street stores. The same is true of all other departments of the Fair. Copies of an autographic letter from President Lincoln, in answer to a petition of the children of Massachusetts, asking the freedom of the contraband children of the South, may be also found here; as also many other letters of that stamp. Photographs of the fine buildings and distinguished personages of St.

Louis are for sale. Every article of stationery, beautiful albums of the greatest variety, choice articles of *virtu*, stereographic views, &c., &c., to the amount of six thousand dollars, will be disposed of to the public.

WHAT WE SAID TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Yes, the starry flag of our pride goes on
To a conquered peace, and to freedom won;
But how with the arms that hew it away,
And bear it aloft in the bloody fray?

Up to the cannon's mouth,
Ever towards the South,
Up the steep ramparts, over the slain,
"Old Glory" comes to its own again,
It never calls for a bearer in vain:
But low on the trampled field,
They who that banner yield
Only when strong hands fall, powerless to stay,

Only when willing feet fail to obey,
Lie in their pain as their life ebbs away.

They bleed for the land that has given us birth,

The land that is dearest of all the earth;
To save our homes from the traitor band
That have struck at the life of our Fatherland.

Shall not our love so free
Go where we cannot be,
Lifting them tenderly up from the ground,
Smoothing the pillow and cooling the wound,
Scattering comfort and blessing around—
Till the rough soldier's eyes

Moisten with strange surprise;
Till, as love leads all his fancies to roam
Lovingly back to his far-away home,
All holy memories, strengthening, shall come?

Eager and breathless the children listened,
Bright eyes flashed, then drooped and glistened;

Lovely as violets up from the sod,
Sprang their quick impulse, the gift of our God.

What did they bring us then,
Shaming the bearded men,
Who amid their luxuries, give, yet withhold
The hearty "God speed" that should go with the gold,

And that blesses the giver a hundred fold.

Listen and hear how they
Brought to us, day by day,
All that to them was most precious and dear,
Toys that they loved most, and gave with a tear—

Treasures they'd hoarded for many a year.

Whatever to their childish eyes
Seemed as to winner seems his prize,
The one best thing the world could hold,
Dear as to miser's heart his gold—
That one best thing they freely give,
To bid the wounded soldiers live.
The knife, the saw, the marbles bright,
The gun, the whistle, top, and kite,
The model ship, the basket, box,
The satchel and the painted blocks,
The petted doll, the cup, the dish,
The wagon and the magic fish—
While, as his treasure, one brought there
His silver quarter for the Fair.

The fingers of the older boys
Made chains, and carved the polished toys:
And then our girls right gladly, brought
The work their patient skill had wrought.

And when the little ones had toiled,
And all their precious stores despoiled,
They begged of those who love them best,
That they would help them do the rest.

Gates that brave all the tempest's shock,
Swing open wide when the children knock;
Strongholds that bid defiance to all,
Strike their flag when the children call.

Strong hand and willing heart
Came up to do their part;
Came up to give of their time and skill
For the great free schools, that we trust shall still

Save the land, by moulding the people's will.
These were the words we said;
This was the answer made.

They have heaped our stand till we have to spare;

The useful and beautiful all are there.
Come and see what the children have done for the Fair. A. E.

TAUNTON RIVER.

The Latin bard, in one of his charming eclogues, tells how he was accustomed to compare great things with small things, and imagine Rome by the knowledge of his native Mantua. In like manner, a dweller in the old Colony of Massachusetts, addressing readers in the great city by the great central river of the land, may tell of his own quiet land and of the small streams, sluggish as the ancient Minicius, which is yet the conspicuous grace and the perpetual blessing of the region through which it meanders. One of those philanthropists who teach the people to know the wonders of the human frame in six lectures, a dollar for the course, said once in our hearing to a crowd of eager listeners, "You think you know a great deal here in this town; you know Geography; you know where all the great cities are; but you don't know everything: "Where's the *Pancreas*?" Nobody could answer; all were ignorant of that important item in physical economy, and seemed to be uncertain whether it was the name of a town, the name of a tree, or of some occult force or substance. It is to be feared that a similar lamentable ignorance, will perplex readers who glance at the title of this sketch. They know where the Mississippi is; they know what the Ohio is; they have heard of the Danube, the Thames, the Tiber, and even the Rubicon; but who knows what or where is the Taunton river.

To dissipate this possible darkness, we commence by the general, strong, and boastful statement, that Taunton River, in proportion to its length and breadth, is the most important river in the whole land; that it bears and distributes more wealth, and has more variety of interest in proportion to its size, than the mightiest of our rivers, whether in the East or the West. It is always well where one is dealing with a small subject, to make a strong statement at the outset. But we shall amply

verify our statement, and convince the most incredulous, that it is not extravagant. Attending first to the qualification above made, we mention the navigable length of the river, from the town of Taunton at its head, to the city of Fall River, at its foot, as less than 20 miles. A majestic train of scows, indeed, (flat-boats, in Western dialect,) are daily conveyed by a steam stern-wheeled pioneer under bridges and over shallows, to a point some six miles further up, where at last a hateful but most lucrative dam fatally stops the way. This twenty-six miles is the extreme limit of navigation, though there are humble voyagers of which we shall speak presently, that manage to surmount it. The breadth of this stream is unequal. In some parts it is a thousand feet wide or more; in others, not more than a hundred feet. There are some places where a small boy, without much exertion, can easily throw a stone from bank to bank; and the achievement of swimming the stream, even in the widest part, will involve no severe exertion to adventures in that art, far less expert than Leander or Lord Byron.

Having thus attended to this qualification of our original statement, we proceed to adduce its proofs, and here we are embarrassed by one richer. First, there is the quality of the water. All famous waters have some quality. It is the quality of Mississippi water to be *muddy*; the quality of the St. Lawrence to be *winny*; the Tiber is *yellow* and the Niger black. The Sea of Sodom is salt and bitter; the Ganges is holy; but the characteristic quality of Taunton water is *weak*. Everybody that has heard of Taunton at all, has heard of the proverb, "As weak as Taunton water." It is in New England what the proverb of the sour-grapes," mentioned by Ezekiel, (xviii. 2.) was to the tribes of Israel. Indeed the proverb is so ancient that it is almost a matter of surprise that it is omitted from the Hebrew summary. When that profligate character, Birdofredum Sawin, Esq., whose epistles are contained in the second volume of the poems of one J. R. Lowell, wishes to describe the extreme of his suffering in the campaign in Mexico, he feelingly urges that he could not, "mornin, noon, nor night," get "nothin stronger to drink" than *Taunton water*. That was the acme of human misery to a thirsty soul.

The comparison that commonly illustrates this *weakness* of Taunton water, has never, however, seemed to us logically accurate. They say that it is so weak that it "won't run down hill." Now it requires no strength for water to run down hill, but a good deal of strength to resist the force of gravity that would carry it down. And as all rivers run *somewhere*, if Taunton water cannot run down hill, it must run *up hill*, which is a still more striking evidence of strength. Even the Missouri is not strong enough for that. And one who watches the surface of Taunton river at the flow of the tide, seems to see it setting up stream, and to have it proved to his eye that this excellent river has the miraculous privilege of overcoming the force which bears the water of larger rivers downward to the sea.

The quality which made Taunton water dis-

gusting to the Mexican hero, B. Sawin, commends it to the mariners and the temperate men. It is a beverage which cheers, but was never known to inebriate, and no man ever can tell when he has taken too much of it. It rather improves by age, like some of the wines; and the genuine Bristol county skipper is as ardent in longing for it as was David for a draught from the well of Bethlehem. That it has peculiar healing virtues, we will not affirm; but it has none of those detestable elements which vitiate the tastes of the devotees to sulphur and chalybeate fountains. If the water is weak, the ice which it produces is unquestionably strong. And the quality of weakness is a great advantage in case of vessels grounded or tossed by storm. The waves of this propitious river were never known in their anger to break the sides of any stranded craft, nor do they, like the waves of the Mississippi, tear great rents in the banks, and vex the navigator by perpetually cutting new channels. They glide smoothly by, with a murmur soft as that of "sweet Afton."

We pass to speak of another attribute of this water: the wealth that it contains—not in animalculæ, but in more palpable *alewives*. Perhaps this novel and stately word will fail to enlighten most of our readers, and we will therefore substitute the more familiar term *herring*. Taunton herring, indeed, usually go with Taunton water, in proverb as well as in fact. The moral state of the region is supposed to be indicated by the time and the run of the herrings in the river. A hundred years ago, so the legend tells, if a Taunton man was found in Boston in the autumn of the year, and was asked where he came from, he was sure to reply, with hesitating accents and shame-faced look, "Taunton, good Lord!" At that season, herrings were not in the river. But if he was so accosted in the Spring, with head erect, defiant air, and bold tone, he instantly rejoined, "Taunton, — you!" with an epithet and a wish more emphatic than polite, which it is not best here to repeat. And even to this day, when a Taunton man is met in any part of the land, he is likely to be saluted by the question, "How is it now? Taunton, good Lord, or Taunton, with the other words?"

Taunton herring are unlike all other herring. They are larger, nimbler, shinier, sweeter, and more regular in their habits. They all expect to "serve tables" sooner or later, in the homes of the Old Colony farmers, and if they escape the nets of one and another season, continue to come year after year, until they are finally caught. The destiny of a Taunton herring is as sure as that of a Missouri hog, and he rushes upon his fate with equal alacrity. We are writing at a season when the run is most abundant; and on the first four secular days of each week in April and May, the fishermen dip out all that their nets will hold. Ten thousand for a single net is a fair day's catch; 20,000 is a good day's catch; 50,000 is an extra and memorable haul. The average value of a herring, fresh from the net, is about a cent. There are, however, many bad days to offset the few good days. Wise fish have a perverse way of coming

along on the prohibited days, which are the Mahometan, the Jewish, and the Christian Sabbaths. Some of the fishermen complain bitterly of the steamboats, paddling monsters, which trouble the water and scare back the lawful prey which they have inherited from their fathers. For in this calling there is a spirit of caste as absolute as that in India. Some families are fishermen by descent, and reckon through seven generations this lineal branch of industry. They would be ashamed of themselves, if each Spring did not find them, like all their fathers, wading along the banks and drawing their nets. They have a sense of dignity in this occupation—fatiguing, vexatious and untidy as it evidently is. It is Apostolic—more Christian, even, than tilling the soil. Their local pride upholds it; for did it not give wealth when the colony was young and feeble? There are races along this river that take to the herring fishery as naturally as a duck takes to water, and associate the idea of national prosperity with the success of this annual industry. And the legislation of the Colony and the State, from the earliest day, has been very jealous of the honor and the rights of this calling. Not a year passes but the "great and general Court" are asked to consider the subject anew, and to ordain an act, additional to an act, supplementary to an act, and so on, to protect the herring fishery in Taunton great river. No interest of agriculture, manufactures or commerce, has been cared for so abundantly. The great Iron Company, who have stopped the river by their dam, are required to provide and protect a suitable fish-way, which is a giant water staircase, such as the agile fish can comfortably ascend. There are special statutes to guard the tributary creeks, to prescribe the legal hours, to regulate the annual sale of the privilege, and to set watchmen along the stream. The region is too democratic for coats of arms, and such trappings of foreign pride; but if democratic vanity should ever copy that feudal style, a herring rampant will be here the sign of illustrious birth. With no love for the Popish religion, they would at least choose and use the "fisherman's ring" in making their mark. And the young man who has drawn in his million of herrings has a claim of deference as genuine as that of the Nantucket whaleman who has speared his leviathan, or even the hero of Vicksburg. It is a sight for an artist, when some weather-beaten veteran comes home at set of sun, in his wagon loaded with this glittering spoil, as truly as when some warrior of twenty battles comes back with his tattered banners and his remnant of a regiment.

We say nothing of the shad and other fish that come straying along in these great "schools" of herring, for they are as much out of place as Secessionists in a Sanitary Fair, and they are more at home in other rivers than in this. But as we have told of the wealth that comes *in* the river, we go on to speak of the wealth that comes *on* the river. Long before the Mississippi was voxed by any keel, the trim barks of this humbler stream were busy in their voyages of profit. We do not propose to reveal the secret of their num-

ber, nor shall we even hint that they are floating palaces, or rival in any sense the Continentals and Autocrats and Imperials that lift their massive frames along the levee of St. Louis. We only say that they are numerous enough to make, by the grain which they bring, Taunton the *third* port of entry in New England for this kind of merchandise—second only to Boston and Providence; that they have given fortunes to many old men, and young men too; that their speed and beauty are proverbial; and that they are never burned, and rarely lost. They wear out, but do not rust out. Their names are not those of heroes and heroines in romance, but of the solid men who own or who furnish them. No craft in the land carry in proportion to their tonnage, heavier or more valuable burdens, fabrics in iron, fabrics in copper, machines of all kinds, to say nothing of the primitive pyramid of bricks with which the decks are garnished. A Taunton schooner starting on her voyage for Baltimore, is as picturesque as a Nile cangia, spreading her sails for Thebes in the desert.

One fact which we mention may authorize a favorable induction as to the *speed* of these unpretending river craft. At the great regatta in Newport a few years since, when all the yachts of Boston and New York were straining themselves for the race, it was a Taunton sloop that dashed in among them and easily distanced the whole of them. With becoming modesty the skipper contented himself with the simple laurels of victory, and put in no claims for the offered prize. It is not necessary to say more, as the yacht club have not ventured to challenge the river fleet to a second trial. The result, however, could not be doubtful.

The mariners of this river are conservative in their tastes, and prefer clean sails to smoke pipes and their inevitable grime. As yet the steam fleet of the river can be counted upon the fingers of a single hand, and have something then to spare. The single passenger boat was patriotically given at the beginning of the war to the service of the Government; and it is pleasant to reflect that the Government has not been ungrateful, but has returned to the owners very substantial thanks in the shape of large dividends. "When this cruel war is over," the self-denying citizens who sacrificed their usual summer recreation in the daily trips of this fairy steamer, will doubtless be able again to mention with pride "our boat, the Young America." At present the sum total of steamers that ascend the river is two tow-boats; but think of what they tow! Are not these sufficient to tell of the good time coming?

The navigation of Taunton River is not altogether easy. There are curves not a few, sharper than those on the Mississippi. There are shallows, and sand-bars, and there are rocks, too, as infamous and threatening as those of Hurl Gate or Acrocerannia. Repeatedly has Congress been solicited to appropriate liberally for removing these ugly obstructions; but they have turned a deaf ear to every request. Now the inhabitants of this region congratulate themselves that in case of an

invasion from secessiondom, or France, or England, they will be secure; their harbor is protected; and all progress is barred to rebel rams as surely as it was barred five centuries ago to the prying keel of the Danish adventurers. The Potomac is an open stream, but Taunton River lifts its needles of stone to warn back all that would rush upon destruction. The ungrateful Congress may yet find it convenient to seek the shelter of this retreat. Our pilots are loyal, and will not disclose the secret of the channel to any buccaner or traitor.

And the mention of the Danish adventurers leads us to say a word upon the historical memorial of Staunton River, its "blarney stone," the pictured rock of Dighton, or Berkley, as it should rather be called, since it is on the Berkley bank of the river. This interesting object, approached at low tide by a boat, shows on its seaward face a charmingly indistinct and fanciful conglomeration of hieroglyphics, in which a deer's horns, the features and form of a man, some Roman numerals, and some uncouth scrawls, can be faintly made out. From the earliest days the origin of these marks has been disputed. Some say that they were primeval and antediluvian; others suggest that the Indians are responsible for them. A few assign them to some ingenious Yankee, who wished to mystify posterity. But the most weighty decision, argued at length in the Danish Antiquaries, is that they were the work of northern voyagers in the 14th century, or perhaps somewhat later. This is an evidence that Columbus was not the first discoverer of America; and, as it is a proof so flattering to our local pride, we prefer to believe it. We regret that want of space compels us to omit even an abstract of the touching story of suffering, and battle, and disappointment which the scholars of Denmark have read from these mystical lines upon the stone. If we ever write a novel we have vowed to take this Scandinavian hero and his companions for our theme. In the meantime the inscription still invites visitors and interpreters—some Kenrick or Rawlinson. It is a more serious puzzle than the Stone of Agriola, which Jonathan Oldbuck was sure that he could decipher; or that famous Rochester Stone, which Mr. Pickwick was privileged to explain in his general club meeting. It is the property, by purchase, of the Royal Society of Danish Antiquaries; but, inasmuch as it rests securely imbedded in the mud, and cannot be lifted by any available machinery, the historical mind of the Old Colony is easy as to its future. It will outlast, in its place, the Kingdom of Denmark.

Have we not said enough already to justify our first assertion of the importance of Taunton River? Yet we have not said a word of the beautiful scenery on its banks; the villages and villas; the woods of various form and kind; the wharves and factories, and the bordering railways; the bridges which span it at intervals in the upper portion. But we must not leave unnoticed "the treasures hid in the sand"—the bivalves that give name to one of the most fascinating of summer feasts—the *clam-bake*. Taunton River excels all other

ivers, in the quality and the supply of this epicurean edible. We invite only the incredulous to come in the month of July or August, to witness the simple and primitive spectacle; to partake *clam rel palan*. (which a friend of ours used to translate "clams by the pail full;") and then pronounce upon the merits of the river. More than one soul, rhythmically organized, has been moved after such a feast to celebrate in flowing verse the charm of such a generous river. If Wadsworth had been allowed to come, he would have joined to the memorials of his visit another score of elaborate sonnets; and if Campbell had tasted the clams of Taunton River, he would have disdained the less favored Susquahanna. We have not told the whole. There are other things that might inspire an ode. And if any friend wishes to while away a pleasant day, *desipere in loco*, let him take Bristol county, in Massachusetts, on his way, call in upon a clam-bake, eat for lunch a salted herring, drink a full goblet of "Taunton water," and stand triumphantly on Dighton Rock, the oldest monument in the land.

CHARADE.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Enjoys my *first* in fullest swing.
The captive in his prison wall,
Within his soul for me doth call;
While every bondsman in our land,
Would give for me his own right hand.

My second, you may search in vain,
For miles and miles of prairie plain.
Through Holland's every dike pursue,
And not a glimpse will meet your view.
In vain old Ocean's billows plough,
You have not found me even now.
The pine adorns my lofty crest,
'Tis there you'll find the eagle's nest:
While at my foot the violet blue,
And Switzer, with a heart as true,
Make their sweet homes—and love me too.

Guess, and join these, and you have found
The man whose brave, intrepid bound
Crossed our broad land—whose eagle eye
Was first the hidden path to spy. M. A.

ST. LOUIS PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

All who have any pride or interest in the Public Schools of the city should have been present Friday morning when the members of the said schools, to the number of nearly eight thousand, visited the Sanitary Fair. As the procession did not pass through any of the business streets, but few, comparatively, had a chance of seeing it; but it was a sight well worth remembering. At the application of the efficient Superintendent, Ira Divoll, Esq., the Ladies' Committee of Arrangements kindly consented to open the Fair at nine, precisely, for the children, who were to have exclusive possession of the building till eleven. The head of the procession formed on the southwest corner of Chesnut and Seventh, and moved to Sixth, through Sixth to Locust, through Locust to Eleventh, through Eleventh to Olive, and then to the building. It was a beautiful sight to see so many children, each wearing a badge with the name of the school to which he belonged, as in perfect order, marshaled by their teachers, with beauti-

ing faces and sparkling eyes they entered the building, whose inside many of them had probably never expected to see. It seemed as if there was no end to the long line. Preceded by a band and the Board of Public Schools on foot, it moved around and around the tables of the Fair. The orders were, to keep moving till all were inside, and so move we did, but the end was not yet. Five, six lines were moving at one time, counter-marching in every direction. The lines closed up, but kept moving. The signal for a general dispersion was to be "Hail, Columbia," by the band, and several voices were heard to call, "Give us 'Hail, Columbia,'" as they caught sight of something they wished to examine, but discipline still prevailed. General Grant's little daughter, in the big shoe was most gallantly cheered by the boys as they passed her, and more than one school struck up a song to which they tuned their impatient feet. At last! Hail Columbia sounded from the brazen instruments, hats and caps flew up in the air, and with one general shout of delight the children broke ranks and went where their desires led them.

The Fishing Pond was of course surrounded at once, and the Skating Park did a thriving business. It was the general remark of the ladies in charge of these departments that they wondered at the good behavior of the children. The building fairly swarmed with them, and yet there was no compulsion no rudeness.

At eleven the great bell warned them that their hour was over, and quietly they dispersed. So ended an era in the history of the Sanitary Fair and of the Public Schools. Is there anything more beautiful than to give pleasure to so many children? The ladies who so kindly gave of their time and strength must have felt rewarded by the evident enjoyment all around them.

AROUSE TO DUTY!

Our country! has called, and our sons have departed.

They bide in the tent-covered fields far away!
And lives there a woman, kind and true hearted,

Who refuses to lend them her aid here to-day?

Shall the clangor of battle, call them into motion,

While we by our firesides peacefully sit?
And can we not show to our country devotion
By the products of what we can make, sew and knit?

They wade through morasses, they scale the high mountains,

While we in our rocking-chairs softly recline.
They eat their hard "tack," and drink from strange fountains,

While luxury, feeds us, with wheat, oil and wine.

Oh! mothers and sisters arouse ye to duty,
And pay back the debt to the brave that ye owe.

Your industry now, can enhance every beauty,
And cause the wan cheek with a rose-tint to glow.

M. A.

HOW HE FELT.

The following incident illustrates the noble spirit of the men for whom the funds realized at this Fair are intended, and it is worthy to stand beside the finest examples of heroic self-consecration in ancient or modern history. It has never been published before, but the writer is ready to vouch for its truth.

At the taking of Fort Donelson in March, 1862, our readers will remember the series of brilliant and desperate charges made on the works, several of which were repulsed with heavy loss. In these, our wounded who were unable to crawl off the field, remained under the fire of the enemy's guns, without any attention for twenty-four or thirty-six hours—during which time a cold, freezing rain fell, drenching them to the skin, and leaving their garments stiff as sheets of ice. In one of these charges a young lad of eighteen years was terribly wounded, and left on the spot where he fell until after the surrender of the fort. When our men went over the field picking up the wounded, they found this boy with his clothes frozen to the ground and had to break the ice in a pool of bloody water where he lay, before he could be removed. But a little spark of life still burned within him and a smile of triumph was on his face. He had lain in that spot more than thirty hours, while charge after charge was made over him on the rebel works. He was borne away by his companions and tenderly nursed and cared for in one of our hospitals at Paducah. For weeks and months he lay in his cot, struggling between life and death, unable even to turn himself in his bed. At the end of eight weeks, nature and the best of medicine and attendance triumphed, and he began after that period rapidly to improve. A lady who was visiting the hospital learned his history and saw the wonderful patience and cheerfulness of the brave lad. She asked him to describe his feelings and thoughts as he lay on that bloody field through that dark, stormy night, and afterwards when our army, with thundering tread, came charging over the spot where he lay. Tell me, said she, "How did you feel?" "Tell!" said he, "I felt that that fort had to be taken, and I was nothing; it did not matter whether I lived or died, if our men only took it—and when we heard their great shout of victory, I joined with all my might and didn't care if it took the last breath of life that I had!"

Now, are not such men as this, and thousands and thousands like him, falling in such a cause, enduring such privations and sufferings patiently and sweetly, worthy of the best and the utmost that we can do for them; worthy of all the sacrifices that we can make, and all the prayers that we breathe? The man who will not labor and give to the utmost of his ability for these men, who have stood in his place and have fallen, fighting for the dearest blessings of man, is not worthy to have a country or a home. C. A. S.

CONUNDRUM.—Why was Joseph put into the pit? Ans. Because there was not room enough in the family circle.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

All along our battle-line
Each sentry holds the Countersign;
By day, by night—in storm or shine.
The challenge and reply combine;
While bayonet and ear incline,
Intent to catch the word or sign.

All through life's grand design,
Guards every post the Countersign.
The maiden's blush, incarnadine,
Both guard the fire on Vesta's shrine;
And from the heart's red fountains climb,
Of manhood stern the seal and sign.

And when our few brief years incline
Eternity to intertwine;
And upward, to her home divine,
The spirit soars—no more supine—
May I and you, and yours and mine,
Bear on our palms the Countersign.

But while on earth, when foes malign
Would rule or ruin, when, in fine,
The copper-headed reptiles mine
The firm foundations laid long since,
Up to the tables—don't decline—
Advance and give the Countersign.

H. M

THE REFUGEES

To-day, passing through the Fair Grounds my eyes fell upon this department, with its rich stores of beautiful articles, and the array of kind and pleasant faces behind the counter. In a moment all seemed transformed. I saw no longer the gay throngs of people in the living stream around me; and the odor of flowers was unheeded; the tinkling music of the fairy fountains fell upon ears deaf to all sounds, save those that Memory recalled, and they were wails and moans of pain and suffering. The Present faded from sight, and the Past, with all its bitterness and woe, had come back to blind my eyes with tears and fill my heart with the oft-repeated cry, "Oh, God of the poor and lowly and sorrowing, have mercy!"

Again: I stood under the fair sky of North Alabama, and witnessed scenes that will never fade from mind until death has sealed my vision upon earthly sorrows. I saw troops of pallid wanderers homeless, almost friendless, and wearing looks of which no mortal tongue can ever express the deep meaning. Mothers with little children clinging to their dresses, and others in their arms would look up at me with mute, appealing eyes, while the pale, quivering lips were powerless to frame the story of want and distress it required only a glance to see.

Under every old shed, into every vacant house, these poor creatures were crowded by dozens. They could be seen sitting around little fires, insufficient to keep them warm in the least, with the cold rains beating down upon thinly clad shoulders, and the little curly heads of innocent children, who shivered and sobbed, and hugged vainly for that warmth and care and food the poor mother could not give.

Do not think that I paint the picture too strongly, you who may read this! That is utterly beyond mortal power. No tongue or pen I have ever seen were skilled enough to give the time-life coloring to scenes like these. Only the outlines are presented to the eye of

the reader. The details are only visible to the eye that has seen the reality.

A few weeks ago, while General Dodge was at Athens, Alabama, with his division, large numbers of these unfortunate beings were brought into our lines and quartered in every nook and corner the town afforded. Some were in vacant houses—others out of doors, shelterless: some under the sheds about the depot, and many even in smoke-houses, where they would thankfully throw their little beds upon the dirt, or earthen floor, and with a little fire kindled up in the centre, filling the whole place with smoke, sleep the sleep of exhaustion.

To give you an idea of the reality of which I am speaking, I will give an illustration:

About a mile from town, a family had been placed, who had been driven out of Winston county in the most cruel manner. The man was in the Federal service, belonged to the 1st Alabama Cavalry, a regiment composed of the loyal Alabamians, against which the bitterest feelings have arisen in the Confederacy. The women being alone, had endeavored vainly to support themselves by hard labor. They had a good farm, but every horse and mule were taken, and no means left them to work it. They wove cloth, and knitted socks and stockings, but as soon as finished, the rebels seized them, appropriating everything to their own use. Finally, the 1st Alabama Cavalry was ordered to leave Memphis, Tenn., and report at Athens, and the rebels learning its close proximity, ordered the family to leave, telling them it must be done at once, or they would burn the house down over their heads. They left accordingly, making their way to Athens with great difficulty, where they took up their abode in the house I have mentioned, a mile from town.

At the time, there were so many others coming in from all directions, they were overlooked, and had been a week there, ere I learned the fact. Then it was told me that they were all sick with measles—a most dreadful disease among them, and very fatal to large numbers.

I got in an ambulance at once, and drove out to the place to ascertain their condition, and the scene that greeted my eyes upon entering that abode of distress, seems ever before me, when the name of "Refugee" is spoken in my hearing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is encouragement to labor for good when the mind feels the results: yet if we see none, let us labor still. Mrs. Hale says:

"Give to the world
The mind and soul and strength—there's no
reward

Save barren promises or bitter bread;
Yet all the hours we dedicate to God
Bear golden fruits."

Yes, "golden fruits" that are not like Sodom Apples, but sweet to the taste. There is no joy so pure and perfect as that which springs from a consciousness of good done to others.

B. Z. S.

HEADQUARTERS STATE OF MISSOURI,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.
ST. LOUIS, May 18th, 1864.

COLONEL: I have just received \$1,148 from the 5th M. S. M., for the Sanitary Fair, contributed by the officers and men of the regiment.

Glorious, isn't it? I think that other regiments will do as well.

[Signed] JOHN B. GRAY.

Col. O. D. GREENE.

"Jim, how are you?" "Oh, I'm *Sanitary*, how are you?" "Fair, thank you."

The following despatches will speak for themselves. Old Abe always talks plain English and that's ONE reason why the people like him:

SANITARY FAIR BUILDINGS,
St. Louis, May 19, 1864.

To the President, Washington, D. C.:

The Officers and Executive Committee of ladies and gentlemen of the Fair greet you warmly and desire to express their earnest wish that your endeavors to suppress the rebellion will soon be crowned with success. Our Fair has opened splendidly. The Mississippi Valley will do her full share to aid the sick and wounded soldiers. God bless you.

ALFRED MACKAY.

Sec'y. of the Fair.

WASHINGTON, May 20, 1864.

Alfred Mackay, Sec'y of the Fair:

Your despatch received. Thanks for your greeting, and congratulations for the successful opening of your Fair. Our soldiers are doing well and must and will be done well by.

A. LINCOLN.

A salvo of cheers, greeted the reading of this despatch. Some how Old Abe gets at the hearts of the people if he don't do every thing in the wisest way.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Of course no one will forget the OPERA OF MARTHA to-night at the St. Louis Theatre. It is to be performed by the very first and best amateur singers of the city, who have been for a long time in training under the leadership of Mr. Balmer, of the firm of Balmer & Weber. Mr. B. has been indefatigable in his labors in behalf of the Sanitary Fair, and deserves the very heartiest praise from all.

Jno. S. Hayward, Esq., of Hillsboro, Ill., contributed \$50 yesterday; half to the Freedmen's Commission, and half to the Fair.

JUST DISCOVERED!—An unfailling, pure, ice-cold lemonade well. It was visited yesterday by several thousand persons.

See the CARVED WORK from Switzerland, at the Book Stand. It is rare and curious.

SWORD!—Hancock still ahead! Have you cast your vote yet? Now is the time to honor merit. At 8 o'clock last night the vote stood: Hancock, 107; Butler, 62; Grant, 61; McClellan, 48; Rosecrans, 15; Sherman, 12, and scattering.

Back numbers of the Countersign always for sale at our office, No. 20 Fair Building. The whole issue will be found well worth preserving, not only as a history of the Fair, but also for its original matter. St. Louis papers please copy.

We trust that no one visiting either the city or the Fair will fail to go and see the STEREOPTICON, as without exception it is far more beautiful as a work of art than anything of the kind ever exhibited in this country, showing in wonderful perfection the success of the photographic art. Its views of statuary and sculpture embraces more than could be seen in months of travel in the old world. Any one visiting it, will not fail to go again. Open each day at 11 A. M., 3 P. M., and 8 P. M.

The SKATING PARK just west of the Olive street entrance, open and in operation day and evening. Don't omit to visit it, for it challenges the admiration of every one.

John P. Camp, Esq., has kindly volunteered to act as general agent for the Central Finance Committee, and will visit all the departments remote from the office, to give all necessary assistance and information.

Let every one who has never been in a real New England Kitchen, visit the one at the Fair. Those who "got their bro'tin' up down East" will not fail to go.

DONATION FROM CALIFORNIA.—Among the donations received yesterday, we notice 20 gold quarter dollars, and 10 gold half dollars, from Frederick McCrellish, senior proprietor of the Alta California, through Mrs. S. R. Weed, of this city. These beautiful little coins are of pure California gold, and are quite rare on this side of the continent. They are valuable additions to collections of curious coins, and are eagerly sought after as charms for locketts, etc. They may be found at the Freedmen's and Refugees' department.

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER.—The Chamber of Commerce of this city are invited to dinner at 1 o'clock to-day, in the *New England Kitchen*. Other guests are expected. Grand Marm "Brown" has issued tickets at the modest sum of \$2 each, thinking that arrangement will best suit the fastidious tastes of *Miss Valley San-Fair*, who is to take her "benefit" on this grand occasion.

City papers please notice, and then, may-be, your reporters (always hungry and thirsty) may get a slice of "riz" cake.

N. E. BLUE STOCKING.

BIDS will be received at the Book Stand for the National Photographic Album, which contains the autographs and likenesses of the President, Cabinet and Senators. Those desirous of getting a rare and valuable collection will not fail to call and bid.

Mrs. L. Pope, 77 years old—mother of Gen. POPE—has made and presented to the Freedmen's Department a beautiful Afghan. Call and see it.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE finest and best assortment of custom made BOOTS AND SHOES in this city, may be found at SAMUEL HALE'S,

35 North Fourth St., opposite Plauters' House.

**WAR CLAIMS
Adjusted and Collected.**

OFFICE REMOVED TO

No. 63 Washington Avenue,

Two doors east of the Quartermaster's Department.

JOHN P. CAMP

Will give his attention to the adjustment and collection of Vouchers and other claims against the United States Government in all its Departments.

Accounts and bills against the Government made out in proper form, and Vouchers therefor obtained and the amounts collected.

Merchants having vouchers for small amounts, can save themselves time and trouble by placing them in his hands for collection.

REFERENCES:

Hon. D. Davis, Bloomington, Ill.; Hon. Joseph Holt, Washington, D. C.; Hon. H. Campbell, St. Louis, Mo.; Samuel T. Glover, St. Louis, Mo.; J. R. Shepley, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; late Commissioners and Counselors on War Claims for the Department of the West

Samuel Knox.

Irwin Z. Smith.

**KNOX & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**

DARBY'S BUILDING,

my 21 3t* Fifth and Olive Streets.

O'FALLON

White Lead and Oil Company,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

LINSEED OIL, CASTOR OIL,

WHITE LEAD, ZINC PAINTS,

Colors, Varnishes, Japan, Putty, &c., &c.

Store, 108 Second street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

☞ Cash paid for Flaxseed and Castor Beans.

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No. 110 Market street, between Fourth and Fifth,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

☞ Goods sent to any part of the city free of charge.

COAL OIL LAMPS, COAL OIL,

AND

GAS FIXTURES,

BRONZES, FRENCH CLOCKS, &c.

J. CRAWSHAW & SON,

HAVE just received and are now opening the largest and best stock of

Lamps and Gas Fixtures,

Ever seen in the United States, which they offer low,

For Cash Only,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

No. 75 North Fifth street.

ST. LOUIS.

A. S. W. Goodwin. Rob't Anderson. Peter Behr.

GOODWIN, ANDERSON & CO.,

Manufacturers of

LARD OIL, SOAP AND CANDLES,

FANCY AND TOILET SOAPS,

No. 10 Pine street, between Main and Second.

Factory---Poplar, South end of Adolph st.,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

What is Life Insurance?

It is, by its adoption or neglect, a FORTUNE gained or lost to a family at a man's death.

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.

Has paid to heirs of deceased members, over

\$3,200,000,

And its accumulation now exceeds

\$5,500,000.

EDWIN FOWLER, State Agent,
No. 34 Olive street.

A. Johnson.

F. O. Sawyer.

JOHNSON & SAWYER,

Wholesale Dealers in

Book, News & Wrapping Paper,

N. E. corner Second and Locust streets,

ST. LOUIS.

☞ Papers of any size and weight made to order.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

Stereoscopes & Pictures,

Craig's Microscopes, Games & Stationery,

At No. 9 South Fifth street.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOSITORY.

J. W. McINTYRE.

WESTERN AGRICULTURAL DEPOT AND SEED STORE.

Blunden, Koenig & Co.,

No. 56 North Second street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

A FULL assortment of Farm Implements and Farm and Garden Seeds constantly on hand.

Outley's Palace of Art,

No. 39 Fourth street, opposite the Planters' House.

J. J. OUTLEY, the oldest established Artist in St. Louis, offers his services to all persons desiring a perfect picture of any kind, from the smallest locket to life size. Unusual inducements are offered to those wishing portraits of themselves or of deceased friends, requiring only a small picture of them, no matter how faded, from which to paint a perfect likeness. Call at the rooms and examine the portraits on exhibition.

M. S. HOLMES,

NO. 28 NORTH SECOND STREET,

Dealer in every description of

PAPER, BY THE REAM OR CASE.

☞ 100 ton of Rags wanted for cash. ☞

THE CONNECTICUT

Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF HARTFORD.

ACCUMULATED Capital, over \$6,000,000. Number of Policies issued in 1863, 5,685! Fifty per cent. dividends declared annually. One-half of premiums received in notes, which notes are cancelled by dividends.
HENRY STAGG, Agent,
No. 40 Third street, corner Pine.

Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK.

FRED'K S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

Accumulated cash Assets, 1st Feb., 1864, \$10,300,000.

THE safest and strongest Life Insurance Company in the United States. SAM'L COPP, JR., Agent,
N. W. corner Main and Second sts.

KING, DOAN & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

No. 105 Main Street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

AUCTIONS.

BY J. H. OSGOOD & SON,

147 Congress street, Boston.

REGULAR Catalogue sales of Dry Goods, Tuesdays and Fridays. Received in Public Warehouse on storage, Wool, Cotton and Merchandise generally, for which Legal Bond Warehouse receipts will be given by J. H. OSGOOD, Public Warehouseman. Liberal cash advances made on consignments.

The Best is the Cheapest.

G. W. CURTISS & CO.,

No. 7 South Fifth street,

KEEP the best Coal Oil and Lamps, the best crystal tint Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, &c. Agents for Fisk's Cooking Lamp, for family use. Gives entire satisfaction. No family should be without one. All kinds Coal Oil and Lamp goods sold wholesale and retail.

LEWIS & GROSHON,

58 North Fourth street,

KEEP the latest styles of Gentlemen's Dress Hats, Felt Hats of every description for Men and Boys; Cloth Hats, Military Hats, Straw Hats, Cloth Caps, Fancy Caps for Children, elegantly trimmed; Leghorn and Straw Hats for Ladies, Misses and Children; Traveling Bags, Umbrellas, &c., and Furs in their season.

WILLIAM H. GRAY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCKERS,

Nos. 75 & 77 South Second street, opposite Pacific Railroad Depot.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY,

108 Main street, 108

Direct Importer and Dealer in

CHINA, GLASS & QUEENSWARE,

HAS, according to returns made by all the Queensware Dealers, the largest stock in the city.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath by all the Queensware Dealers, more stock than any two houses on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath as above, over two hundred per cent. more stock than any Queensware house on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Keeps a full assortment of staple and fancy China-Glass, Queensware, Coal Oil Lamps, Looking Glasses, Britannia Ware, Silver Plated Ware, Trays, Waiters, Table Cutlery, Water Coolers, Fruit Jars, Toiletware, etc.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Is the only direct importer in the city, of Leddle Elliotts & Sons' White Granite and Parian Wares and Decorated Vases and Toilet Wares, which received the great prize medals at the World's Fairs in London, Paris and New York, a variety of which they have liberally donated to the M. V. S. Fair.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Will receive monthly new goods direct from manufacture.

D. A. Winter. H. Wicke.
D. A. WINTER & CO.,
CLOCK & WATCHMAKERS,
 And Jewelry Manufactory,
 No. 204 Franklin Avenue, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth sts.,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.
 Repairing warranted and accurately executed.

GROVER & BAKER
SEWING MACHINE CO.
 SALES ROOMS,
 No. 124 North Fourth street,
 (Verandah Row)
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

HARKENMEYER & FINNEY,
 113 N. FOURTH ST., COR. VINE,
 ST. LOUIS.

Carpets,
 Oil Cloths,
 Window Shades,
 Hearth Rugs,
 Straw Matting,
 &c., &c., &c.

A. SUMNER,
 AGENT FOR
WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM

SEWING MACHINES,
 No. 50 North Fifth street,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

UNION LINE.
Union Transportation & Insurance Co.
 FAST FREIGHT LINE EAST AND WEST, VIA
 THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
 TIME AND RATES GUARANTEED.
 N. STEVENS, Agent,
 No. 49 Olive street, ST. LOUIS.

HOWE & CAPEN'S
 NEW YORK FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE AGENCY.
 BEHOLD THE LIST:
Columbia Fire Insurance Co.
 OF NEW YORK
 Office—No. 161 Broadway.
 Cash Capital, \$5,000,000; Surplus, \$63,493; Assets, \$63,493.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furni-
 ture, Rents, Vessels in port and their Cargoes, and
 other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire.
 The insured receive 75 per cent. of net profits without
 incurring any liability.
 TIMOTHY G. CHURCHILL, Pres't.
 EDWARD KEMEYS, Sec.

Home Insurance Company,
 OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$70,396 12; Assets,
 \$570,396 12.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furni-
 ture, Rents, Leases, and other insurable property,
 against loss or damage by fire. Dealers receive 75 per
 cent. of net profits, on Dwellings and Merchandise risks.
 CHAS. WILSON Sec. D. R. SATTERLEE, Pres't.
 SAM'L L. TALCOTT, Gen'l Ag't and Adjuster.

Lamar Fire Insurance Company
 OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
 Capital, all paid up in cash, \$300,000; Surplus, January
 1, 1864, \$89,375 27; Assets, \$389,375 27.
 ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, Sec. EDW'D ANTHONY, Pres't.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
Metropolitan Insurance Comp'y,
 108 Broadway, New York
 Cash Capital, \$300,000; Assets, Jan. 1, 1864, \$642,541 85.
 Scrip dividend declared Jan. 12, 1864, 35 per cent.
 THIS Company insures, at customary rates of pre-
 mium, against loss or damage by fire; also, against
 all marine and land navigation, and war risks on cargo
 or freight. The assured receive 75 per cent. of the net
 profits, without incurring any liability, or in lieu there-
 of, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.
 JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, Pres't.
 ROBT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice Pres't.
 EDW'D A. STANSBURY, 21 Vice Pres't.
 JOHN C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.
 WESTERN BASCOM, General Agent.

STOCK COMPANY—INCORPORATED 1821.
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
 NEW YORK.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$272,916 33; Assets,
 \$772,916 33.
 WM. PITT PALMER, President.
 ANDREW J. SMITH, Secretary.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise and other property,
 against loss or damage by fire, at rates as low as other
 first class companies. Particular attention given to
 the insurance of Farm property, isolated Dwellings and
 their Furniture, for one, three or five years. Losses
 adjusted and promptly paid in cash at this Agency.

Phoenix Insurance Company,
 BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 Offices—No. 1 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; No. 139
 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, March 1, 1864, \$222,-
 219 20; Assets, \$722,219 20.
 INSURANCE against loss by fire, Marine, Lake, Canal
 and Inland transportation.
 STEPHEN CROWELL, President.
 EDGAR W. CROWELL Vice Pres't.
 PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

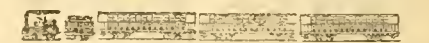
SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.
Washington Insurance Comp'y,
 172 Broadway, (cor. Maiden Lane,) N. Y.
 Cash Capital, \$400,000; Assets, Feb. 1, 1864, \$582,000.
 Scrip dividend, 1861, 60 per cent.; Scrip dividend, 1862,
 60 per cent.; Scrip dividend, 1863, 60 per cent.
 THE Policies entitled to participate, receive 75 per
 cent. of net profits. Insures Buildings, Merchand-
 ise, Furniture, Rents, Leases, against loss or damage
 by fire, and marine risks on lakes, rivers and canals.
 GEO. C. SATTERLEE, President.
 HENRY WESTON Vice President.
 WM K LOTHROP, Secretary,
 WM. A. SCOTT, Ass't Sec'y.

North Missouri Railroad.


In connection with Hannibal and St. Jo. Railroad. The
 Shortest and Quickest Route to
QUINCY, KEOKUK,
ST. JOSEPH,
ATCHISON,
WESTON,
LEAVENWORTH,
KANSAS CITY,
COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA,
NEBRASKA CITY,
QUINCY AND HANNIBAL.
Certain and Close Connections

Are made with the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad,
 Chicago, Burlington and Iowa Railroad,
 and all the Railroads of Iowa.
 On and after Sunday, November 15th, 1863,
 St. Joseph Express leaves St. Louis at.....1:15 A. M.
 Mail and Accommodation Train at.....3:30 P. M.
Fare as Low as by any other Route.
 Commodious Passenger Rooms have been fitted up at
 the Depot, corner of North Market street and Levee,
 with every arrangement for the comfort of passengers.
 TICKETS FOR SALE AT
No. 40 Under Planters' House,
 AND
FOOT OF NORTH MARKET STREET,
 Where reliable information can be obtained relative to
 routes in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.
 Be certain that your ticket reads: "Via North
 Missouri Railroad."
 I. H. STURGEON, Superintendent.
 J. H. CONCANNON, General Ticket Agent.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.


 ON and after Monday, December 7th, 1863, trains will
 leave St. Louis, as follows:
 Mail Train—Daily at 8:20 A. M., stopping at all stations
 and running through to Knobnoster, (208 miles.)
 Franklin Accommodation—Daily except Sunday, at 5:00
 P. M.
 Stages—Leave Dresden for Warrensburg, Lexington,
 Pleasant Hill, Independence and Kansas City,
 daily on arrival of train. Leave Sedalia for
 Springfield, Bolivar and Warsaw, on Tuesday,
 Thursday and Saturday evenings on arrival of
 train; Leave Tipton every evening for Booneville.
 Passengers taking the 8:20 A. M. train from St. Louis,
 connect at Franklin with train daily for Rolla and in-
 termediate stations. Stages leave Rolla every morning
 for Springfield.
 Through tickets may be obtained at the Passenger De-
 pot, corner of Seventh and Poplar streets, or at the
 Company's Through Ticket Office, No. 42 Fourth street,
 under the Planters' House. T. MCKISSOCK, Sup't.
 E. W. WALLACE, General Ticket Agent.

St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad.


Spring Arrangement, commencing April 4, 1864.
PASSENGER Trains will leave Plum street Depot,
 daily, as follows:
 For Pilot Knob, Potosi, and all stations, at...6:15 A. M.
 For DeSoto at.....6:15 A. M. and 4 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Pilot Knob at.....3:00 P. M.
 Potosi at.....3:50 P. M.
 DeSoto at.....6:00 A. M. and 5:35 P. M.
Carondelet Accommodation Trains.
 For Carondelet at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M.;
 2:00, 4:00, 6:25, 7:30, 9:00 and 11:30 P. M.
 For Docks at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M., 2:00 and
 4:00 P. M.
 For Jefferson Barracks and Quarantine at 6:15, 11:30 A.
 M., and 4:00 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Quarantine at 7:30 A. M.; 1:00 and 7:50 P. M.
 Jefferson Barracks at 7:40 A. M.; 1:05 and 7:55 P. M.
 Docks at 7:54, 9:15, 10:33, A. M.; 1:17, 3:07, 5:45 P. M.
 Carondelet at 5:30, 6:20, 8:00, 9:20, 10:40, A. M.; 1:20,
 3:10, 5:48, 7:00, 8:10, 10:45 P. M.
 S. D. BARLOW, Pres't & Snp't.
 ISIDOR BUSH, General Agent.

The Daily Countersign.

PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR.

"POSSUNT QUIA POSSE VIDENTUR."

No. 5.

St. Louis, May 23, 1864.

Price 10 Cents.

The Daily Countersign.

MANAGERS, { MRS. E. W. CLARK,
MRS. S. A. RANLETT.
EDITOR, ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Monday, May 23, 1864.

THE FAIR.

Reduced Rates of Admission, on and after Friday Morning, May 20th.

ADMISSION.....50 cts.
CHILDREN.....Half Price.
Doors open at eleven o'clock, A. M. Exhibition and sales close promptly at ten o'clock, P. M.
MAJ. GEN. ROSECRANS, President.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE
OF THE MISS. VAL. SAN. FAIR.
FAIR BUILDING,
ST. LOUIS, MAY 19, 1864.

To the Cashiers of the

Several Departments:

The "Central Finance Committee" have in the Building a *Fire and Burglar Proof Safe*, and are prepared to receive your deposits of money daily, at any hour of the day up to ten (10) o'clock, P. M. S. W. ELY, Esq., Assistant Secretary, will receipt for the same, and your Department will be duly credited.

Very respectfully,

Your ob't servant,

E. W. FOX,

Chairman Cen. Fin. Com.

M. J. LIPPMAN, Sec'y.

The Finance Committee have their Head Quarters near the Floral Department.

THE FAIR.

CONFECTIONARY.

The Confectionary table is in the North wing of the building, not far beyond the Floral department. It needs no decorations, for its pyramids and towers adorn it sufficiently. These large pyramids are to be raffled for. One—very elaborate—on the east side of the table, deserves a special notice. It is in the form of a huge palace, and elegantly finished. Around it stand sugar guardians of colossal stature, who might be said to form a *suite* of attendants. It is from the manufactory of Blanke & Co., 166 Marketstreet. Flags wave from its summit, and its towers look proudly down. A temple pyramid on the other side, bears the name of the architect at base: L. Pezolt; and in point of architectural skill, may well challenge even Mr. Rumbold's attention. The counter is freighted also with several large and elaborately ornamented

cakes, which are also to be raffled off. As for telling our readers of the different temptations at this counter, it is of no use for us to attempt any such thing; and as we hate to fail in anything we attempt, we consider it safer not to try. The most refined tastes may be snited. French candies and bounbons and chocolate fancies. It ought hardly to be a recommendation to say French candies. We almost wish the table had been stocked entirely with American manufacture. It has been furnished by nearly all the city confectioners, and does them great credit.

FANCY GOODS.

On the west side of the south wing, will be found the wall table of the Fancy Goods department. One scarcely knows where to begin here, or having begun, where to stop. Sofa pillows and afghans without number, of every variety and style—several elegant afghans which are to be raffled. This heavy worsted work suffers a disadvantage in that it is to be sold while the weather is so warm that it is absolutely uncomfortable to touch it. But just fancy a cool Fall day, and yourself riding in a buggy behind a fast horse on Washington avenue, and one of those afghans snugly tucked about your knees and over and around the one who shall sit beside you. That is the way to look at them; and if you do, you will be sure at least to take a chance, if not to purchase one outright. Eat an ice cream, drink soda from the New Bedford fountain, then sit down before the counter and fan yourself, and imagine the effect of that drive. There is also an elegantly embroidered piano-cover, which it is well worth your while to examine. Its worth is \$100. Moss-work, and fans, and work-baskets help to fill the allotted space; and over the heads of the attendants the words "U. S. Grant," and "Union," are displayed. We have only one fault to find, and that is, that the decorations are rather too numerous and highly colored to display the goods to the best advantage. Plainer walls and ceiling would set off the bright colors beneath, while now the eye is tired, and longs for a colorless background. The "hints to young men," which may be found at the other table of this same department, may prove invaluable.

FISHING POND.

And now for the Fishing Pond. It is surrounded by a strong fence to keep out those who might inadvertently fall in and wet their feet in the excitement of fishing. The fact is, we have not been able to get very near it. In the first place, there is the path around, then the fence, and then generally two tiers of people—so we see only the lines, and the red,

blue and white ribbons which ornament them, as the poles are moved to deceive and allure the fish. At the proper times, they do not even need a bait, but snap eagerly at the bare hook. To be sure, blue fish do the same; but then one has to haul in with a taut line, or they will leap from the hook before one can take them off. These fish are better behaved; and after they are once on, they "stay put," till you choose to take them. The species are various—Flounders, *Haul-about*, *Her-rings*, and other rings, &c., &c. Sometimes, we understand, rare and curious varieties are secured, and occasionally a gold or silver fish. The pond seems to be supplied by an intermittent spring, for sometimes the water entirely disappears, and of course fishing has to be suspended for a while; but after a period it returns again, bringing an abundance of fresh fish. We are assured, however, from headquarters, that it has no connection, underground or otherwise, with the *guy-sirs* of Iceland.

FREEDMEN AND REFUGEES.

What would St. Louis have thought, three years ago, if, in a magic mirror, the scene of to-day had been disclosed, and she had seen such a department as this in the future Fair? Freedmen! These are the men who may be seen at Benton Barracks; and when we ask them how they like the army service, they ask in return, "What do the people say of us? Do they think we are doing well for ourselves?" We remembered the brave charge at Fort Wagner, where Colonel Shaw fell, surrounded by his devoted followers, and said, "Nobly; we are proud of you."

And the Refugees! Have we not seen them, too? Do we not know how, hunted down like wild beasts, they seek the shelter of the woods and mountains till they come under the shelter of the flag which is to them safety, and friends, and hope, and light in their darkness? The names of "Port Hudson," and "Free Arkansas," ornament the walls. They have three departments—one being devoted entirely to the Freedmen, one to the Refugees, and the middle one to both. The tables show a great variety, as might be expected. The old "Bay State" sent to the Freedmen two boxes of valuables from Watertown and Boston, and New Haven sent also a generous contribution. This is the first of the Sanitary Fairs which has had such a department, as our readers will have noticed in the beautiful poem which we have already given them from a Massachusetts woman. There are some elegant articles, worked by colored people: a fine piano stool—and the department have now a piano to match—sent from Rochester, N. Y.

Who wants a piano? Because, if you do, you may as well buy it here as anywhere else, and so help those who, with God's help, are striving to help themselves. There is also a fine transparency of Colonel Colt, the ever famous revolver-colonel. A beautiful basket of wax flowers from Springfield, Illinois, also calls for a notice. But the cause pleads more loudly than all. Help those who are trying to help themselves. You stand on the top round of the ladder. Lend those below you a helping hand. You sit at ease and read your morning paper's account of the guerrilla ruffians. Give of your abundance to those who have suffered at their hands and lost their all. See for yourselves what slavery has done for them, both white and black, and pledge yourselves never to rest till it is swept from our whole land.

PUT IT THROUGH.

"Don't telegraph home to us, but put it through."—President Lincoln to Jim Lane.

Come, Freemen of the land,
Come, meet the last demand,
Here's a piece of work in hand,
Put it through!

Here's a log across the way,
We have stumbled on all day,
Here's a ploughshare in the clay,
Put it through!

Here's a country that's half free,
And it waits for you and me
To say what its fate shall be,
Put it through!

While one traitor thought remains,
While one spot its banner stains,
One link of all its chains,
Put it through!

Hear our brothers in the field,
Steel your swords as theirs are steeled,
Learn to wield the arms they wield,
Put it through!

Lock the shop and lock the store,
And chalk this upon the door,
"We've enlisted for the war."
Put it through!

For the birthright yet unsold,
For the History yet untold,
For the Future not unrolled,—
Put it through!
Lest our children point with shame
On the fathers' dastard fame,
Who gave up a nation's name,
Put it through!

Father Abram! no man thrives
Till with all his team he drives!
Take our twenty million lives,—
Put it through!

'Tis to thee the trust is given,
'Tis by thee the bolt is driven,—
By the very God of Heaven,
PUT IT THROUGH!

E. E. H.

The Fair is a GRAND SUCCESS. The receipts up to Friday night, from sales of tickets and articles at the Fair were upwards of \$30,000.

THE BRAHMIN FEE-FI. IN AMERICA,

TO

His Brother Fo-Fum, in Calcutta.

I came among these vast tribes of Yankees, O, Fo-Fum, as thou knowest, to instruct them in the truths of our sacred faith. I came un-terrified, though I had heard that they had as many religions as a centipede has legs, and that the various religionists agree only in hating one another, and cursing the name and power of Brahma. More than a year have I been in the land, and it is now time to give you my impressions and experiences.

It is a most amusing people. They tell me they are not idolaters, yet they have more idols than the Egyptians. I am informed that they invent a new saint or deity every day of the year. Yesterday, it was a pretty dancer, to-morrow it will be a singer or fiddler, and next week it will be some new and monstrous potato. You will hardly believe it, but for lack of sufficient idols to accommodate the whole people, they have, for years, been importing our best breeds of fowls; and also, I grieve to add, those horrid, ostrich-legged and tailless monsters from Shanghae, that eat a bushel of corn at a mouthful. What can we expect from a people that delight in and worship such animals? And yet the vanity of these people! Don't thou believe it, O, Fo-Fum, instead of my converting them, they have tried to convert me, a holy Brahmin, that have faithfully performed all the duties of the Brachmacari; that have lived for years on roots and fruits; that have swung for a week with an iron hook in my back; that have stood on my head till I knew not which end I stood on! These people do not believe in any such atonements. When I courteously invite them to try a few swings by way of experiment, they reply that they believe in atoning for their sins by abusing other men behind their backs for theirs; and not by sticking spiritual or material hooks into their own bodies. What little pity they have, comes in spasms, just as the cholera does in India after eating half a peck of cucumbers. I learn that this usually happens just after some man, or more especially some woman, makes a sad mistake in morals; then the whole community agree to pounce upon the unhappy culprit, as a shoal of porpoises attack and devour a wounded lady, or gentleman of their race. I suppose this must be the requirement of the founder of their religion, though I confess I cannot find it in their Christian books.

Yet it is these persons who offer prayers for me in their pagodas and temples; yea, they have given me a large pile of Bibles to distribute among my friends at home, and have already forwarded to Mrs. Fee-Fi and the children, enough Tracts to build a magnificent funeral pyre, in case I should be so unlucky as to die in this solitary land. To my arguments they are deaf, and they answer my appeals only by scoffing. Oh! Fo-Fum, forgive my bitterness of speech, for I am sorely vexed, and must let myself out, or explode instantaneously. As the flower blossoms fall upon the

granite rock, so have my persuasive words fallen upon the hearts of these Yankees. As the fruit of the pomegranate and peach fall into the waters of the Ganges, and speedily float away into the waste ocean; or sink into the soft mud forever out of sight; so fall the ripe words of our holy books, into the muddy and sappy minds of this fickle and rapid people. They only laugh at my bad English; and the boys follow me in the streets, and pelt me with mud and stones.

One ray of light has darted along my path, one breeze of hope has fanned my discouraged heart, one plaster only of encouraging balm has been clapped upon my wounded spirits. One real and thorough convert only have I made. My own faithful servant and body-guard, Patrick O'Toole, was immediately converted, on my promising him increase of wages, in proportion to the increase of faith. For two rupees he gave up swearing by St. Patrick, and now swears altogether by the Holy Bull! He insists that it requires no change of sentiment, as his were always behind the Holy Bull, which if true, is a wonderful instance of intuitive faith. For a suit of clothes, he jumped three feet into the air, and cried out, "Bully for Brahma!" which he informs me is the English for "blessed and Holy Brahma." Hearing this, in my fulness of joy, I embraced him, and exclaimed, "O! Patrick, say bully for Brahma and Vishnu and Siva, and you shall have a silver watch." "I'll do it headad," replied Patrick, "and if your reverence will give me a gold one, I'll bully the whole three millions of your Gods."

O! Fo-Fum, conceive my joy! He is the first fruits of my labors; and I now feel that I have cast a great harpoon into the hide of the great crocodile, so that I have hopes of bagging the whole in the course of time.

I was just going to write you about the insatiable avarice of the Yankees, when circumstances occurred which make me doubt my own senses. When I have been in the great cities, and stood at the corners, and seen hosts of men rushing to all points as if driven by four counter typhoons, I have often asked whither these people, and why such haste? Were their friends all just dying of cholera? And the answer has ever been, they have gone to seek for money.

The pedestrians rush along the streets in search of gold much faster than their broken down horses. The pace of footmen in New York and Boston is six English miles per hour, while that of the omnibusses is only three or four.

With these facts before me, you will not marvel, that I was about to add to the catalogue of the follies of this people, the crime of a covetousness which knows no limit or abatement. But lo! I have found my mistake—do not all men have virtues which contradict, if they do not annihilate their vices?

Know, then, that the Americans have for years, like the Europeans of China, been warring against vast hordes of rebels in the negro country. They have dreadful battles, and the sick and wounded are as the sands upon

the beach, and they cry aloud for help. And the good men and good women that go not to the war, hurry like good angels to the hospitals and the bloody fields with food and clothes and medicines.

They also establish GREAT FAIRS all over the land, at which they sell whatever is contributed, and apply the proceeds to the purchase of what the sick and wounded need.

In these mighty rivers all the streams of benevolence unite, and together pour vast tributaries into the silver lake of Charity. What peace and love and unanimity are here! Here, all their hundred and contradictory religions blend as one. Here, mad avarice gives place to enthusiastic generosity. Instead of the rush to get money, there is rush to give it away.

The sails of commercial covetousness flap idly against the masts; while the ships of mercy are collecting the ingots from all the golden isles, to carry to the poor and stricken ones afar off.

Metlinks that even the soul of Brahma must rejoice in the sight of deeds like these; for the precious merchandise of the Sanitary Fair is the product of a better land than earth.

For the Countersign.

DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

BY. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Upon the battle-field he lay,

The young, the strong, the fair,
Yet light was in his glazing eye—
A brightness kindled there.

From pictures of his rural home,
Beneath the elm-tree's shade;
The crystal brooklet, leaping near
Where his glad boyhood played.

The blazing hearth-stone, warm and gay
For wintry evening's rest,
Brothers and sisters clustering round
Their parent's nurture blest.

He hears the baby's cradle rock.
The mother's carol deep.
The warning of the ancient clock
That told the hour for sleep.

The father's voice, as bending o'er
The great old Bible there,
He read its sacred word, and raised
The Christian household prayer.

So on the Saviour, early loved,
His latest hope he stays,
Still gathering strength divine to bear
The fading of his days.

While blessed memories gird his soul
As through the dying strife
And fearful gate of blood, it gains
The bliss of endless life.

THE REFUGEES.

[CONCLUDED.]

Just before the scant fire, upon the bare floor, lay the mother of the family, perfectly unconscious, and moaning piteously. Beside her was a boy of fourteen, in the same condition—unconscious and helpless. In one corner of the room, upon an old bed, lay a child of five years, very sick, and beside him a dead brother, perhaps a year or two older. Near the door, on either side, were two grown up girls, from eighteen to twenty.

I looked upon this scene of wretchedness with a sick and heavy heart, but there was no time to waste in idle wonder and regret. The wind was whistling through the broken windows, the fire dying upon the hearth. Want and death stood grimly over the helpless victims, and must soon bear them out upon the waves of eternity if aid was delayed.

"What shall I do?" I asked myself. To the eye there was nothing to do anything with. Yet the willing mind never fails to accomplish good in some manner, be it never so small, and I found it true in this case.

I sent the ambulance drivers back to our Medical Director, with a request for supplies—sugar, tea, bread and dried fruits; and while he was gone, began the task of putting things to rights. First, I hunted an old blanket and spread it upon the floor in one corner, and placed the dead child upon it; after which I managed to get the mother upon the vacant place where he had lain. Just then a few men came in to take the measure for his coffin, and to ask where they should dig a grave for the poor little outcast, and I pointed to a graveyard within the inclosure in the rear of the building. The remains of the child—poor, despised and unpitied, save by a few—would rest just as sweetly in that aristocratic ground, from which the gleam of handsome tombstones rose almost proudly.

Before sending them away, however, I got the boys to cut some wood and build a bright fire. By coaxing and bribing, a little negro girl was persuaded into taking up the ashes, and when I had moved the largest boy from the floor to a pallet of old quilts, and swept the room, the bright fire diffused a cheerful glow over everything, which encouraged me.

Down stairs in a negro cabin I found an old tea-kettle, which I pressed into service, for the purpose of warming some water. Then I found an old sauce-pan, which did the duty of a wash-basin, and aided by these, I managed to bathe the faces and hands of the sufferers. By the time I had finished, the Orderly came from the doctor with the articles I had sent. I then made some tea and toast, stewed some dried apples, and fed the starving creatures as I should have fed an infant—they were so entirely helpless.

Darkness was creeping over the land e'er I had finished and could go home to procure burial garments for the dead boy. As I sat in my room that night, stitching the little white shroud, tears fell thick and fast. Those sufferers were alone through the dreary hours, and none to watch over them. I had found an old black woman, it is true, who promised

to stay; but I felt little confidence in her ability to keep awake. So through the long night that terrible picture haunted me, sleeping and waking.

The next morning I hurried out as soon as I could get my breakfast, and, to my joy, found Dr. Wood, of the 39th Iowa, there. He had come to prescribe for them, and was already planning some means of relief, independent of medicines.

The first thing I did, however, was to have the boy buried. The soldiers came and bore him out with sad, serious faces, their kind hearts touched by the pitiful condition of those that remained. No eye followed the exit of the dead; no tears fell or sobs swelled upon the air. Far beyond the consciousness of their loss they all lay, moans filling the room through their own bodily pain.

There was a large room across the hall on the southern side of the house, and I soon began to prepare it for the reception of the sick. The negro woman and girl came to help me, and I had it well scrubbed and a large fire built upon the hearth. While the floor was drying, I got newspapers and pasted over the windows to keep out the blasts, during which time Dr. Wood was superintending the making of bunks, having detailed men for that purpose.

By noon all was done. We took old wagon covers, for want of something better, and filled them with husks—thus making mattresses on which to lay our patients. How thankful I felt in looking over the change. Every nerve and limb ached with weariness, but I heeded it little, for my heart was full.

In the course of the day meat, potatoes, meal, flour, and other provisions, were sent out to us, so that the house was now well supplied. This being the case, the next thing was to find some one to watch over the sick and cook for them. After a good deal of difficulty I found a colored woman who said she would do it, and I hired her to stay all the time in the house; yet I was forced to come twice a day to see them, bathe their faces, and make sure that their medicines were properly administered; else they might all have died. The two little boys did die, as it was, leaving only the mother and two daughters, of one of whom I shall always think sorrowfully. She was a fair, rather frail looking girl, and the disease seemed to shatter her system completely. She can never be well and strong again.

This is but one example out of the hundreds I have seen, and the few laborers in that field of wretchedness made me almost despair, sometimes. There were but few ladies then at Athens. General Dodge's wife, with two other ladies and myself, were all, until a week or two before we left, when the General's sister came. But for those that were there, too much cannot be said. Mrs. D. is earnestly kind, unassuming in her benevolence, and gave comfort to many a sorrowing heart. I believe that General D. himself has done more for the relief of that class of people than any other in the field.

In another article I will tell my readers the condition of things at Corinth last summer, and his mode of improvement. B. Z. S.

CONUNDRUM.—What has a cat that nothing else has? Guess. You can find out at No. 20, when you give up.

SONG.

[Dedicated to the Clay School "Old Folks," and sung at the Public School Exhibition.]

Land of our fathers, in song and in story,
The hearts of thy children shall 'stablish
thy fame,
Nations shall tell of thy wisdom and glory.
And empires envy the power of thy name.

CHORUS.

Shout, while the banner of Liberty waves,
Columbia's children shall never be slaves.

Land of our fathers, thy valleys and moun-
tains

Are fairer and dearer than any on earth,
Free as thy breezes and pure as thy fountains,
We'd keep thee forever, thou land of our
birth.

CHORUS.

Shout with glad voices, exultingly sing
We march under freedom and God is our King.

Land of our fathers, shall tyrants oppress thee
And fetter thy children on land or on sea?
No! justice and freedom alone shall possess
thee

And peace bring her smiles to the home of
the free.

CHORUS.

Shout, till the nation re-echo the strains,
Tyrants must tremble where liberty reigns.

CORA FORBES.

GENERAL FISK'S SPEECH.

On the occasion of the visit of the public schools to the Fair, they all assembled round the Floral Temple, and sang, "Rally round the Flag," after which, Brig. Gen. FISK spoke as follows:

OFFICERS, TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS OF ST. LOUIS PUBLIC SCHOOLS: In the absence of our worthy President, Maj. Gen. Rosecrans, it becomes my pleasing duty to welcome you to this Temple of beauty, which with all its treasures has been consecrated by the loyal people from the Atlantic to the Pacific to the sacred cause of Liberty and Union. I thank you for this offering of loyalty; I thank God that the Public Schools of our city are under loyal management—truer patriots never breathed than the men who conduct our schools. Three years ago a traitorous, diabolical, wicked, corrupt, barbarous State administration stole the funds of our public schools, to aid rebellion, closed our school houses, and turned ten thousand children into the streets of St. Louis. How gloriously this day contrasts with this day three years ago! It will please me to write our worthy President, honest Abraham Lincoln, that ten thousand pairs of children's arms are stretched out to comfort the sick and wounded soldier at the front, and we will pray that the God of battles may this day give our brave boys in Virginia an overwhelming victory over the wicked host who are seeking the nation's destruction. It will encourage the defenders of the unity and liberty of the country to go courageously and cheerfully forward into the

smoke and flame of conflict, and into the valley of death itself, when the echo of your songs shall reach them. Dear children and friends, continue to rally round this old flag. May these children mature into Christian, patriotic men and women, thereby answering the great end of their being in this life, and securing to themselves in the life to come, a citizenship in that better and heavenly country.

Cheer after cheer rose from the assembled mass, that "made the welkin ring," when the General concluded.

THE TAILORS.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

Once there were some tailors,
Right merry chaps were they,
Ninety of them together,
Nine times nine and ninety,
Drank out of a thimble one day.

And when the tailors all were met,
They had a social chat,
Ninety of them together,
Nine times nine and ninety
Sate on the crown of a hat.

And when the tailors came home again,
The people were all asleep,
Then ninety of them together,
Nine times nine and ninety
Did through the key-hole creep.

And when the tailors would have some fun,
They all stood up and danced,
Ninety of them together,
Nine times nine and ninety,
On a goat's tail pranced.

And when at the tavern they were met,
They held a feast in the house,
And ninety of them together,
Nine times nine and ninety
Partook of a roasted mouse.

And when there came a fall of snow
A skating-match had they,
Then ninety of them together
Nine times nine and ninety,
On the head of a goat did play.

And when the tailors would fain go home,
They had no huck to ride,
Then ninety of them together,
Nine times nine and ninety,
A hazel-stick did stride.

And when the tailors came home again,
They sate at their wine again,
Then ninety of them together,
Nine times nine and ninety,
A pint of wine did drain.

And when they all were fuddled quite,
And their eyes were heavy with sleep,
Then ninety of them together,
Nine times nine and ninety,
Did into the snuffers creep.

And when they all had slept enough,
They couldn't get out again.
So the landlord threw all ninety,
Nine times nine and ninety
Out of the window then.

And as they fell into the street,
They still kept spinning round.
Then ninety of them together,
Nine times nine and ninety,
Were in a gutter drowned. C. T. S.

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, May 14, '64. }

Alfred Mackay, Esq., Cor. Sec.,

SIR: Your kind letter of April 6th, inviting me to the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair, I do not doubt arrived here in due time, but it arrived when I was sick, and in the press of accumulated correspondence, both official and private, was overlaid and for a time lost, and is only just now brought to my attention. I heartily thank you, sir, and those you represent, for the kind consideration which led you to honor me with the invitation, and I presume to assure you and them that you do me no more than justice in assuming "that nothing short of the most imminent public duty elsewhere," could keep me away from a scene so interesting to the heart of the patriot and philanthropist. All that I have and all that I am, are so closely connected with St. Louis, its past, its present, and its future that I love it even as a part of myself. And the present noble enterprise of the Great Valley of which St. Louis is the chosen theatre, appeals so strongly to the best faculties of the mind, and the purest emotions of the heart, that an old inhabitant of St. Louis must be dull indeed if he be willingly absent from the Fair. Yet, I cannot leave my post in this crisis of our nation's fate; while even now, thousands of our best and bravest are dying at their post to uphold our holy cause, on the bloody fields of vengeance.

With great respect,

Your obt' servant,

ED. W. BATES.

WORD FROM NEW YORK.

"A nation without a national government is an awful prelude;" so said Alex. Hamilton.

"Secession is the legitimate consequence of state sovereignty;" so says Jeff. Davis.

Both are perfectly right, and it is for us to choose. Have we a country to cling to and to pray for, or must we put up with a flimsy league, the most inadequate of all governments, if government, indeed, it can be called? Modern civilization, with its high demands, stands in need of countries. The city republic of antiquity, is not our type, nor the feudal systems, nor the mere conglomerate of conquered provinces, nor the feeble German league, nor the "universal monarchy." The normal government of modern time is the national polity. We must have our whole country, not an inch of ground less, nor a drop of her rivers less, our country as it was, OUR UNION TEN TIMES BETTER.

FRANCIS LIEBER.

A CURIOSITY.

It is worthy of remark, that one of the gentlemen who had his fortune told yesterday, at the Delphic Oracle, paid a silver quarter for the information received.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers the following words from one of our most thoroughly American poets. The original copy will be found at the office.

AMESBURY, MASSACHUSETTS,
15, 3d. Mo., 1864

My Dear Friend: I regret that illness compels me to cease, in a great measure, from all writing. It is in my heart to do all these asks for, but I dare not attempt it.

I send, however, a few lines, which may be worth something in this day of autograph-hunting.

I am no stranger to the labors and sacrifices of the Western Sanitary Commission. Our people have contributed to its funds, and will do so again.

May God, the All-Merciful, prosper your undertaking! I sincerely thank thee for thinking of me in connection with it, and am,

Very truly and cordially thy friend,
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Cause.

God mend his heart who cannot feel
The impulse of a holy zeal;
And sees not, with his sordid eyes,
The beauty of self-sacrifice!
Though in the sacred place he stands,
Uplifting consecrated hands,
Unworthy are his lips to tell
Of Jesus' martyr-miracle.

Not to the swift nor to the strong
The battles of the right belong;
For he who strikes for freedom, wears
The armor of the captive's prayers;
And nature proffers to his cause
The strength of her eternal laws;
While he whose arm essays to bind,
And herd with common brutes his kind,
Strives evermore at fearful odds
With nature and the jealous gods,
And dares the dread recoil which late
Or soon, their right shall vindicate.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

14th, 3rd, Mo., 1864.

[Special Correspondence of the Countersign.]

MR. BENTON.

BOSTON, May 12, 1864.

****My news will of course be old before you beg to print in your paper, and you can omit it; and pray omit what I am going to write now, if, in your region, it will seem to have anything of a party or factional character. You well know that I do not "mean any such thing." I cannot write to Missouri—especially on an occasion when she is showing her love for the Union, and giving her helping hand to the soldiers of the Union—without recalling the memory of Mr. Benton, and the great national services that he performed, although for so much of his life his home might have been considered a frontier position rather than a central one. I am old enough to have passed most of my political life in party opposition to him. There was hardly a national question from 1832 until the compromises of 1850, in which I did not find myself, in my

little sphere, ranged against him. There was the exception when in nullifying times Mr. Webster came to the support of Gen. Jackson, and Mr. Benton came to the support of Mr. Webster; but you can well remember, how, probably, an inbred whig must for many years have looked upon Mr. Benton. But through all this time, I, all of us, recognized in Mr. Benton, what we did not always find in our opponents, a statesman, not a mere politician, when, in his later life, Mr. Benton remained almost the only living statesman of those who had shared the contests and maintained the stability and honor of our country in what may be called the middle period of its history, when he not only saw, but began to unmask the fallacies which had been the life-breath of Mr. Calhoun, and when he was devoting his untiring industry to reproducing the Congressional history of our country—he was becoming at the same time the best cunning political seer, as he was the most filled fountain of political knowledge that the country had. In this respect his fate was that of Cassandra. His prophecies were neglected by his former opponents, and so his former friends were enabled to slight them by silence. But many of his warning words are still valuable as showing the motive, plan, and origin of events, now charged either upon chance or upon subsequent occurrences.

I think that among the various arguments which have been written to show the true origin of our present civil war, I have seen none so well stated in so brief a form as that given by Mr. Benton in his review of a part of President Pierce's Message, appended to his review of the decision in the Dred Scott case. (Benton's Review, &c., p. 181, et seq: Appleton's Edition, 1857.) Four years before secession declared itself, he gives the explanation, motives and plans of secession; and his authorities are Madison and Clay, and the Congressional records. If you have space to do credit in this way to a noble Missouri man, and at the same time to explain the nature of the conspiracy we are fighting against, you will do well to copy a few of these pages. At any rate, believe that an old Massachusetts Whig feels that in supporting the national cause he can rely as one of his best advocates upon Missouri Benton.

A GENEROUS DONATION.

Mr. Wesley Fallon, Chairman of the Committee on Carriages, &c., has paid to Mr. S. Copp, Jr., Treasurer, the sum of \$1000.65 as a donation from the Wagon Makers of St. Louis. The following are the names of the contributors:

Woodman & Scott,.....	\$500.
Lewis Espenchild,.....	300.
John Cook,.....	160.
John Kern,.....	50.
H. Lenstrash,.....	25.
P. Furl & P. Haller, \$10 each,.....	20.
Wm. Norderman & J. Schevechel,.....	20.
J. Eother & Kally,.....	10.
J. Windecker & J. Michael,.....	15.
R. A. Soule, & Co., Ullin, Ill,.....	25.

The General, who is quite particular as to his friends, enquired of a new acquaintance the other day, whether he was reared in affluence or born in the lap of fortune. The enquiree replied; no, but that he was in the "lapse of ages." at which reply, the General vamosed.

The General was seen the other day viewing with much complacency, the strip of earth in his back yard, where a few straggling plants were, under circumstances of much difficulty, attempting to live. "How many acres have you in this plantation, we asked!" His wife sarcastically replied; "Just as many as there are spires of grass, for every individual one of 'em is *aching* to grow."

"Wonderful woman, that," said the General with a benignant smile.

"Why do you wear two badges?" asked the General of us the other day. "Public Schools and Newspaper, of course, we replied with as much dignity as we could assume. "Well," said he, "between those and the proofs at the office, I think you might consider yourself *badgered*." We thought of the proof yesterday, when the compositor made Tribes of Israel into *Tiber of Greal*, and "Lander or Lord Byron" into "Landerovders," and "similar lamentable," into "smaller law-cuttable and were silent." We are happy to add that that compositor has been discharged.

None of the articles which appear in the *Countersign* have ever before been published. Most of them were written expressly for the paper. We desire to fill it with original matter. We wish our patrons to understand this.

Notice.

Parties who have made subscriptions to the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair, and who have not been called upon for the same, will please send the amount of their contribution to the Treasurer, Samuel Copp, Esq., northwest corner of Chestnut and Second streets, or to S. W. Ely, Asssntant Secretary of Finance Committee, at the Committee's Headquarters in Fair Building, as they will, by so doing, greatly facilitate the settlement with Committees.

E. W. FOX,

Chairman San. Fin. Com.

Special Dispatches.

The large blanket dailies usually make considerable of a how about their "special" dispatches, &c. We are proud to state that the *Countersign* has considerable to boast of—a large corps of special correspondents, a regular "staff" of editors, news-boys innumerable, but more than all, a special, exclusive telegraph line—which reports for no other paper! More than that, our line is protected by the Government, and there is no danger of interruption from guerrillas. This telegraph is of immense local and general importance; also, as visitors to the Fair can promptly telegraph to any part of the United States, at the same rate as from other offices, and the entire receipts from this line go to the Fair. Mr. J. J. KINNAMAN, Manager, and his attentive operators,

deserve great credit for the construction and management of this Fair Telegraph.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WE acknowledge in behalf of the Fair the receipt of a box, worth at least \$200, from Rev Charles Brigham and Miss Keith, of Taunton, Mass.

GLORIOUS. — The sales of the LEATHER, BOOT and SHOE Department amounted on Saturday to \$1,200 00!

THE STEREOPTICON, one of the most wonderful achievements of modern science, is to be seen in the large building on Olive street, west of the main entrance, at 3, 8, and 9½, P. M. This immense building was erected by the Sanitary Committee, expressly for this MODERN WONDER. Admission 25 cents.

FIVE AMERICAN EAGLES and an Owl will be seen in the large cage just north from the Olive street entrance. One of these remarkable "Union" birds was contributed by G. F. Filley, Esq., of this city; one pair by Col. R. W. Furnass, of the 2d Nebraska Cavalry—captured from the Sioux Indians at the battle of White Stone Hill, September 3d, 1863. We are unable to learn who were the donors of the other eagles and the owl.

SILVER BRICKS FOR THE FAIR.—We notice in the *Daily Enterprise*, of Virginia City, notices of the shipment of three silver bricks—each 14 inches long, 5 in width, and 4 in thickness. The value of the three bricks is \$6,548 48. The editor concludes his notice thus: "These bricks, with the half dozen others that will be forwarded to the St. Louis Fair, will set people 'back yonder' to wondering where the deuce 'this Wahoe' is?"

We anxiously wait to announce the arrival of the "perfect bricks."

We regret that through a misunderstanding credit was not given where it properly belongs. The BOOK DEPARTMENT is under the direction of Mr. H. Crittenden and Mrs. W. T. Harard.

SWORDS! SWORDS!!—To real merit as decided by the vote of the people, come, cast your vote for the true man. The vote on Saturday, at 8, P. M., stood as follows:

Hancock	149
Grant.....	86
Butler	81
McClellan	72
Rosacrans	16

and scattering.

THE CHILDRENS' DEPARTMENT acknowledge the donation of \$100 from the St. Louis Pistol Club.

GRAND RAFFLE, Monday evening, at the Bed Quilt Department, Fair Buildings, of two Quilts—one woolen and one of national silk—shares nearly all gone. Come and see the fun.

NOTICE the beautiful silk FLAG at No. 20, to be given to the REGIMENT that has the most votes. Only 50 cents a vote. The 10th Kansas Infantry has the most to-day.

GOOD FOR OUR UP-RIVER SISTER. — A dispatch on Saturday from T. Dwight Thacher, President of Kansas City Sanitary Fair announces that three thousand five hundred and twelve dollars have been forwarded to us, as the net proceeds of her auxiliary Fair.

See the CARVED WORK from Switzerland, at the Book Stand. It is rare and curious.

BIDS will be received at the Book Stand for the National Photographic Album, which contains the autographs and likenesses of the President, Cabinet and Senators. Those desirous of getting a rare and valuable collection will not fail to call and bid.

The SKATING PARK just west of the Olive street entrance, open and in operation day and evening. Don't omit to visit it, for it challenges the admiration of every one.

John P. Camp, Esq., has kindly volunteered to act as general agent for the Central Finance Committee, and will visit all the departments remote from the office, to give all necessary assistance and information.

Let every one who has never been in a real New England Kitchen, visit the one at the Fair. Those who "got their bro'tin' up down East" will not fail to go.

Back numbers of the Countersign always for sale at our office, No. 20 Fair Building. The whole issue will be found well worth preserving, not only as a history of the Fair, but also for its original matter. St. Louis papers please copy.

LETTERS

In the Post-office, Fair Building.

Ladies' List.

Anderson, Mrs Robert
Anderson, miss Belle
Adams, miss
Aiters, miss Lue
Benton, miss
Budd, miss Helen
Budd, miss Belle
Blow, miss Susie
Bogy, miss Josephine
Blow, miss Alice
Brother, miss Fannie
Bennet, miss Lucy
Brauner, miss V
Crackett, miss A C
Rennet, M
Chapman, miss
Chamberlain, miss Julia
Clark, miss Nellie G
Choteau, miss Corinne
Constable, miss
Constable, miss Lizzie
Cuno, miss Mary L
Carter, miss Mary
Cale, miss Mattie J
Cheever, Mrs N
Dean, miss Rebecca
Drake, miss Annie
Drake, miss Ella
D'Oench, miss H
Dutton, miss Belle
Eaton, Mrs N J
Eaton, miss Mattie
Eads, miss Josephine
Eads, miss Sophia
Erskine, miss A
Eichbaum, miss Helen
Fritz, Mrs
Fisk, miss Kate
Filley, miss Ellen
Filley, miss Maria
Filley, miss Ellen
Frazier, miss Mollie K
Freese, miss Mattie
Floyd, miss Mary B
Glover, miss Jennie
Gale, miss Mary
Goodwin, miss Mollie
Glover, miss Mary
Gason, Mrs
Gale, miss Ellen
Groerman, miss F
Harris, miss

Huntton, miss Mary
Hart, miss Mollie
Hart, miss Nan
Herd, miss Julia
Hollingworth, miss Clara
Hunt, miss Nellie
Irwin, miss
Knapp, miss Lou
Lowe, Mrs Ned
Lackland, miss Ella
Mack, miss Mary
Mason, Mrs Margaret
Marks, miss Myra
Malthy, Mrs Frances
Morrison, Mrs
McGran, miss Eliza
Moore, miss Mary
McMillan, Mrs Laura
McMurray, miss
McMurray, miss Annie
McCluney, miss Lizzie
Moreau, miss Lella
Moreau, miss Ella
Mitchell, miss Louisa
Norman, miss Mercie
Oglesby, miss Minnie
Oglesby, miss Josephine
O'Shay, miss
Ogden, miss Annie
Owens, miss Jennie
Partridge, Mrs Geo
Pine, miss Lina
Prafte, miss Dena
Rogers, miss Lottie
Rogers, miss Maria
Randolph, miss Julia
Shepley, miss Nellie
Stagg, miss Jennie
Sweeney, Miss Kate
Shaw, miss Eliza
Smith, miss Hallie
Smith, miss Jennie
Taylor, miss Sofy
Tuttle, miss Frances
Tyng, miss Fanny
Treat, miss Mary
Tilley, miss Ida
Vogelburg, miss Fanny
Valle, miss Alice
Whiting, miss
Whiting, miss Mary
Woolfolk, miss Lizzie

Harris, miss V
Holmes, miss Belle

Warren, miss Alice
Yarnell, miss Lida

Gentlemen's List.

Angelroth, August
Anderson, Spain
Albright, Will
Benecke, Henry
Burns, Mr
Beanoais, Jal
Bailey, C C
Bennet, Edward
Bennet, Lt
Burchard, Mr
Bragg, Charley
Bates, Ed R
Boyle, Col
Bink, Maj
Bolton, Wm
Bonder, Geo
Blackman, True W
Ballard, Maj
Beaudais, John
Barr, Ed M
Brown, Theo
Benton, W H
Barney, Charles
Berry, James
Bradley, Dr W H
Baker, Col J H
Blanchard, Geo R
Bixby, Dr
Briow, Mr
Brown, Th W
Brinke, Maj
Clarke, Thos
Cline, R S
Crane E
Collier, John A
Callender, W H
Chapvenet, Regis
Garden, J E
Coyle, Col
Cheaver, Annie
Comstock, Charles
Cullen, Norman
Collier, Tommy
Carson, Bruce
Chapman, J F
Campbell, Albert
Campbell, Dick
Crow, Mr
Chapman, Capt E D
Crowell, Stephen
Catlin, Theo
Camp, John P
Donelson, Isaac
Dauzer, Charles
Dreiner, Rudolph
DeLafield, Mr
Davidson, Gen
Dana, Geo D
Durkee, Dwight
DuBois, Col John V
Dutro, Garwyn
Dean, A F
Drouillard, Capt
Drake, C D
Ewing, Genl
Eaton, Geo
Etzel, Fred
Engelmann, Geo, Jr
Edwards, Richard
Eichbaum, George
Ely, Maj A
Ehzer, T B
Etzel, Fred
Elbeard, Charlie
Edwards, Jno
Eaton, Capt Lucien
Fitch, R H
Frisler, George
Franklin, R H
Frost, Mr
Filley, O B
Filley, G F
Fletcher, Frank
Freeman, S
Fisk, Gen C B
Frankenthal, Alexander
Fox, E W
Fisher, Lewis
Foy, P L
Fowler, Mr
Gauntt, T T
Greeley, C S
Goddard, Jos
Goodwin, A S W
Goodwin, Frank
Glover, Henry
Gaylord A J
Goodwin, George
Gilpin, Ch
Gemp, Frank
Gray, J B
Greene, R C
Goodwin, Frank

Godfrey, George
Holmes, John
Hertle, Dan
Hubbard, Maj
Harris, Capt
Holdenbradt, Theo
Hudson, Mr
Hodgman, John
Hart, Capt R S
Hamilton, J F
Hardin, Willie
Howe, Maj
Handley, Fred
Hanna, Mr
Howard, Thomas
Harrison, Capt
Hilyard, Dr Theo
Holcomb, A E
Hedenberg, S A
Hynes, S B
Howard, E O
Jones, Jonathan
Jones, Capt R S
Johnson, Albion
Johnson, Dr J B
Koerner, M
Kaufman, J
Krum, Chester
Kastelhubn, Dr
Lightner, L
Leonard, F A
Leonard, Robbie
Lynan, Geo
Leavenworth, Zeb
Murphy, Maj
Meyer, F O C
McClure, Mr
Mack, Master H
McKinney, Albert
Morris, Mr
Moran, Henry
Montgomery, Lt Schuyler
Marks, Willie
McKellops, Dr
Moritz, Mr
Mackay, Maj
Newell, J H
Northrup, R K
Owens, Henry
O'Reilly, Dr
Oxley, Mr
Pleasanton, Maj Gen
Pulsifer, Capt
Partridge, Geo
Porter, T G
Pretorius, E
Rawlings, C C
Rankin
Richards, T T
Rimbour, Rodrick
Rice, Ed E
Ridgway, J
Rich, Shebnah
Rosecrans, Maj Gen
Steilz, A
Sigel, George
Slayback, Preston
Slayback, C E
Shapleigh, Frank
Stone, Charlie H
Seuter, Henry
Scott, J C
Snite, Jas, 299 Olive st
Smith, J W Esq
Sagers, Caleb
Schneck, Dr Peter
Studley, R P
St. Martin, Wm
Scott, Willie
Seymour, Prof George E
Stacey
Smith, Willie
Smith, Asa
Straus, M
Sayre
Schofield, E M
Scarritt, W
Smith, Wm P, &c., &c.
Fillson, Capt Chas
Trigg, J S
Totten, Byron S
Thorus, Capt R S
Thomas, J S
Lofel, Prof
Thomas Isaac
Vaughan, Maj C
Von Gruenhagen, August
Whitmore, Henry
Wherry, Joe
Waterhouse, Prof
Wood, Gov
Yeatman, Jas E
Yager

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE finest and best assortment of custom made BOOTS AND SHOES in this city, may be found at SAMUEL HALE'S, 35 North Fourth st., opposite Planters' House.

**WAR CLAIMS
Adjusted and Collected.**

OFFICE REMOVED TO

No. 63 Washington Avenue,

Two doors east of the Quartermaster's Department

JOHN P. CAMP

Will give his attention to the adjustment and collection of Vouchers and other claims against the United States Government in all its Departments.

Accounts and bills against the Government made out in proper form, and Vouchers therefor obtained and the amounts collected.

Merchants having vouchers for small amounts, can save themselves time and trouble by placing them in his hands for collection.

REFERENCES:

Hon. D. Davis, Bloomington, Ill.; Hon. Joseph Holt, Washington, D. C.; Hon. H. Campbell, St. Louis, Mo.; Samuel T. Glover, St. Louis, Mo.; J. R. Shepley, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; late Commissioners and Sounselors on War Claims for the Department of the West

Samuel Knox.

Irwin Z. Smith.

**KNOX & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**

DARBY'S BUILDING,

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White Lead and Oil Company,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

LINSEED OIL, CASTOR OIL,

**WHITE LEAD, ZINC PAINTS,
Colors, Varnishes, Japan, Putty, &c., &c.**

Store, 108 Second street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

☞ Cash paid for Flaxseed and Castor Beans.

GEO. W. BANKER, President.
FRANCIS BROWN, Treasurer.
CHAS. C. FULLER, Secretary.

D. A. BIGGERS.

Wholesale and Retail

GROCER,

No. 110 Market street, between Fourth and Fifth,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

☞ Goods sent to any part of the city free of charge.

COAL OIL LAMPS, COAL OIL,

AND

GAS FIXTURES,

BRONZES, FRENCH CLOCKS, &c.

J. CRAWSHAW & SON,

HAVE just received and are now opening the largest and best stock of

Lamps and Gas Fixtures,

Ever seen in the United States, which they offer low,

For Cash Only,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

No. 78 North Fifth street,

ST. LOUIS.

A. S. W. Goodwin. Rob't Anderson. Peter Behr.

GOODWIN, ANDERSON & CO.,

Manufacturers of

LARD OIL, SOAP AND CANDLES,

FANCY AND TOILET SOAPS,

No. 10 Pine street, between Main and Second.

Factory---Poplar, South end of Adolph st.,

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What is Life Insurance?

It is, by its adoption or neglect, a FORTUNE gained or lost to a family at a man's death.

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.

Has paid to heirs of deceased members, over

\$3,200,000.

And its accumulation now exceeds

\$5,500,000.

EDWIN FOWLER, State Agent,
No. 34 Olive street.

A Johnson.

F. O. Sawyer.

JOHNSON & SAWYER,

Wholesale Dealers in

Book, News & Wrapping Paper,

N. E. corner Second and Locust streets,

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☞ Papers of any size and weight made to order.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

Stereoscopes & Pictures,

Craig's Microscopes, Games & Stationery,

At No. 9 South Fifth street.

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J. W. MCINTYRE.

WESTERN AGRICULTURAL DEPOT AND SEED STORE.

Blunden, Koenig & Co.,

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A FULL assortment of Farm Implements and Farm and Garden Seeds constantly on hand.

Outley's Palace of Art,

No. 39 Fourth street, opposite the Planters' House.

J. J. OUTLEY, the oldest established Artist in St. Louis, offers his services to all persons desiring a perfect picture of any kind, from the smallest locket to life size. Unusual inducements are offered to those wishing portraits of themselves or of deceased friends, requiring only a small picture of them, no matter how faded, from which to paint a perfect likeness. Call at the rooms and examine the portraits on exhibition.

M. S. HOLMES,

NO. 28 NORTH SECOND STREET,

Dealer in every description of

PAPER, BY THE REAM OR CASE.

☞ 100 ton of Rags wanted for cash. ☞

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Mutual Life Insurance Company

OF HARTFORD.

ACCUMULATED Capital, over \$6,000,000. Number of Policies issued in 1863, 5,685! Fifty per cent. dividends declared annually. One-half of premiums received in notes, which notes are cancelled by dividends.
HENRY STAGG, Agent,
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**Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK.**

FRED'K S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

Accumulated cash Assets, 1st Feb. 1864, \$10,300,000

THE safest and strongest Life Insurance Company in the United States. SAM'L COPP, JR., Agent,
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KING, DOAN & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

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AUCTIONS.

BY J. H. OSGOOD & SON,

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REGULAR Catalogue sales of Dry Goods, Tuesdays and Fridays. Received in Public Warehouse on storage. Wool, Cotton and Merchandise generally, for which Legal Bond Warehouse receipts will be given by J. H. OSGOOD, Public Warehouseman

Liberal cash advances made on consignments.

The Best is the Cheapest

G. W. CURTISS & CO.,

No. 7 South Fifth street.

KEEP the best Coal Oil and Lamps, the best crystal flint Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, &c. Agents for Fisk's Cooking Lamp, for family use. Gives entire satisfaction. No family should be without one. All kinds Coal Oil and Lamp goods sold wholesale and retail.

LEWIS & GROSHON,

58 North Fourth street,

KEEP the latest styles of Gentlemen's Dress Hats, Felt Hats of every description for Men and Boys; Cloth Hats, Military Hats, Straw Hats, Cloth Caps, Fancy Caps for Children, elegantly trimmed; Leghorn and Straw Hats for Ladies, Misses and Children; Traveling Bags, Umbrellas, &c., and Furs in their season.

WILLIAM H. GRAY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,

Nos. 75 & 77 South Second street, opposite Pacific Railroad Depot.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY,

108 Main street, 108

Direct Importer and Dealer in

CHINA, GLASS & QUEENSWARE,

HAS, according to returns made by all the Queensware Dealers, the largest stock in the city.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath by all the Queensware Dealers, more stock than any two houses on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath as above over two hundred per cent. more stock than any Queensware house on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Keeps a full assortment of staple and fancy China-Glass, Queensware, Coal Oil Lamps, Looking Glasses, Britannia Ware, Silver Plated Ware, Trays, Waiters, Table Cutlery, Water Coolers, Fruit Jars, Toiletware, etc.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Is the only direct importer in the city, of Leddle Elliotts & Sons' White Granite and Parian Wares and Decorated Vases and Toilet Wares, which received the great prize medals at the World's Fairs in London, Paris and New York, a variety of which they have liberally donated to the M. V. S. Fair.

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Will receive monthly new goods direct from manufactures.

D. A. Winter H. Wicke.
D. A. WINTER & CO,
CLOCK & WATCHMAKERS,
 And Jewelry Manufactory,
 No. 201 Franklin Avenue, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth sts.,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.
 Repairing warranted and accurately executed.

GROVER & BAKER
SEWING MACHINE CO.
 SALES ROOMS.
 No. 124 North Fourth street,
 (Verandah Row.)
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

HANKINER & HUNNY
 113 N. FOURTH ST. COR. VINE.
 ST. LOUIS.

Carpets,
 Oil Cloths,
 Window Shades,
 Hearth Rugs,
 Straw Matting,
 &c., &c., &c.

A. SUMNER,
 AGENT FOR
WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM



SEWING MACHINES

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 80 North Fifth street,
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UNION LINE.

Union Transportation & Insurance Co.

FAST FREIGHT LINE EAST AND WEST VIA
 THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

TIME AND RATES GUARANTEED.

N. STEVENS, Agent,
 No. 49 Olive street, ST. LOUIS.

HOWE & CAPEN'S
 NEW YORK FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE AGENCY.

BEHOLD THE LIST:
Columbia Fire Insurance Co.
 OF NEW YORK.
 Office—No. 161 Broadway.
 Cash Capital, \$50,000; Surplus, \$68,493; Assets, \$168,493.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Vessels in port and their Cargoes, and other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire. The insured receive 75 per cent of net profits without incurring any liability.
 TIMOTHY G. CHURCHILL, Pres't.
 EDWARD KEMEYS, Sec.

Home Insurance Company,
 OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$70,396 12; Assets, \$570,396 12.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Leases, and other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire. Dealers receive 75 per cent of net profits, on Dwellings and Merchandise risks.
 CHAS WILSON Sec. D. R. SATERLER, Pres't.
 SAM'L L. TALCOTT, Gen'l Ag't and Adjuster.

Lamar Fire Insurance Company
 OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
 Capital, all paid up in cash, \$300,000; Surplus, January 1, 1864, \$89,375 27; Assets, \$389,375 27.
 ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, Sec. EDW'D ANTHONY, Pres't.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
Metropolitan Insurance Comp'y,
 103 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$300,000; Assets, Jan. 1, 1864, \$642,541 85. Scrip dividend declared Jan. 12, 1864, 35 per cent.
 THIS Company insures, at customary rates of premium, against loss or damage by fire; also, against all marine and land navigation, and war risks on cargo or freight. The assured receive 75 per cent of the net profits, without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.
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 ROBT M. C. GRAHAM Vice Pres't.
 EDW'D A. STANSBURY 2d Vice Pres't.
 JOHN C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.
 WESTERN BASCOM, General Agent.

STOCK COMPANY—INCORPORATED 1821.
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
 NEW YORK
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$272,916 33; Assets, \$772,916 33.
 WM. PITT PALMER, President.
 ANDREW J. SMITH, Secretary.

INSURES Buildings, Merchandise and other property against loss or damage by fire, at rates as low as other first class companies. Particular attention given to the insurance of Farm property, isolated Dwellings and their Furniture, for one, three or five years. Losses adjusted and promptly paid in cash at this Agency.

Phoenix Insurance Company,
 BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 Offices—No. 1 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; No. 139 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, March 1, 1864, \$222,219 20; Assets, \$722,219 20.
 INSURANCE against loss by fire, Marine, Lake, Canal and Inland transportation.
 STEPHEN CROWELL, President.
 EDGAR W. CROWELL Vice Pres't.
 PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.
Washington Insurance Comp'y,
 172 Broadway, (cor. Maiden Lane) N. Y.
 Cash Capital, \$700,000; Assets, Feb. 1, 1864, \$582,000. Scrip dividend, 1861, 80 per cent; Scrip dividend, 1862, 60 per cent; Scrip dividend, 1863, 60 per cent.

THE Policies entitled to participate, receive 75 per cent of net profits. Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Rents, Leases, against loss or damage by fire, and marine risks on lakes, rivers and canals.
 GEO. C. SATERLER, President.
 HENRY WESTON Vice President.
 WM. K. LOTHROP, Secretary,
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North Missouri Railroad.

In connection with Hannibal and St. Jo. Railroad. The Shortest and Quickest Route to
 QUINCY, KEOKUK,
 ST. JOSEPH,
 ATCHISON,
 WESTON,
 LEAVENWORTH,
 KANSAS CITY,
 COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA,
 NEBRASKA CITY,
 QUINCY AND HANNIBAL.

Certain and Close Connections

Are made with the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad, Chicago, Burlington and Iowa Railroad, and all the Railroads of Iowa
 On and after Sunday, November 15th, 1863,
 St. Joseph Express leaves St. Louis at.....1:15 A. M.
 Mail and Accommodation Train at.....3:30 P. M.
Fare as Low as by any other Route.

Commodious Passenger Rooms have been fitted up at the Depot, corner of North Market street and Levee, with every arrangement for the comfort of passengers
 TICKETS FOR SALE AT
No. 40 Under Planters' House,
 AND
FOOT OF NORTH MARKET STREET,
 Where reliable information can be obtained relative to routes in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.
 Be certain that your ticket reads: "Via North Missouri Railroad."
 I. H. STURGEON, Superintendent.
 J. H. CONCANNON, General Ticket Agent.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.

On and after Monday, December 7th, 1863, trains will leave St. Louis, as follows:
 Mail Train—Daily at 8:20 A. M., stopping at all stations and running through to Knobnoster, (208 miles.)
 Franklin Accommodation—Daily except Sunday, at 5:00 P. M.
 Stages—Leave Dresden for Warrensburg, Lexington, Pleasant Hill, Independence and Kansas City, daily on arrival of train. Leave Sedalia for Springfield, Bolivar and Waraaw, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings on arrival of train; Leave Tipton every evening for Boonville.
 Passengers taking the 6:20 A. M. train from St. Louis, connect at Franklin with train daily for Rolla and intermediate stations. Stages leave Rolla every morning for Springfield.
 Through tickets may be obtained at the Passenger Depot, corner of Seventh and Poplar streets, or at the Company's Through Ticket Office No. 42 Fourth street, under the Planters' House. T. MCKISSOCK, Sup't.
 E. W. WALLACE, General Ticket Agent.

St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad.

Spring Arrangement, commencing April 3, 1864.
 PASSENGER Trains will leave Plum street Depot, daily, as follows:
 For Pilot Knob, Potosi, and all stations, at...6:15 A. M.
 For Desoto at.....6:15 A. M. and 4 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Pilot Knob at.....3:00 P. M.
 Potosi at.....3:00 P. M.
 DeSoto at.....6:00 A. M. and 6:35 P. M.
 Carondelet Accommodation Trains.
 For Carondelet at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M.; 2:00, 4:00, 6:25, 7:30, 9:00 and 11:30 P. M.
 For Docks at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M.; 2:00 and 4:00 P. M.
 For Jefferson Barracks and Quarantine at 6:15, 11:30 A. M., and 4:00 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Quarantine at 7:30 A. M.; 1:00 and 7:50 P. M.
 Jefferson Barracks at 7:40 A. M.; 1:05 and 7:55 P. M.
 Docks at 7:54, 9:15, 10:33, A. M.; 1:17, 3:07, 5:45 P. M.
 Carondelet at 5:30, 6:20, 8:00, 9:20, 10:40, A. M.; 1:20, 3:10, 5:48, 7:00, 8:10, 10:45 P. M.
 S. D. BARLOW, Pres't & Sup't.
 ISIDOR BUSH, General Agent.

The Daily Countersign.

PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR.

"POSSUNT QUIA POSSE VIDENTUR."

No. 6.

St. Louis, May 24, 1864.

Price 10 Cents.

The Daily Countersign.

MANAGERS: { MRS. E. W. CLARK,
 { MRS. S. A. RANLETT.
EDITOR, ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Tuesday, May 24, 1864.

THE FAIR.

Reduced Rates of Admission, on and after Friday Morning, May 20th.

ADMISSION.....50 cts.
CHILDREN.....Half Price.

Doors open at eleven o'clock, A. M. Exhibition and sales close promptly at ten o'clock, P. M.
MAJ GEN. ROSECRANS, President.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE
OF THE MISS. VAL. SAN. FAIR.
FAIR BUILDING,
ST. LOUIS, May 19, 1864.

To the Cashiers of the

Several Departments:

The "Central Finance Committee" have in the Building a *Fire and Burglar Proof Safe*, and are prepared to receive your deposits of money daily, at any hour of the day up to ten (10) o'clock, P. M. S. W. ELY, Esq., Assistant Secretary, will receipt for the same, and your Department will be duly credited.

Very respectfully,

Your ob't servant,

E. W. Fox,

Chairman Cen. Fin. Com.

M. J. LIPPMAN, Sec'y.

The Finance Committee have their Head Quarters near the Floral Department.

THE FAIR.

It was a proper answer to the man who asked why any one should be delighted with beauty, that it was a question that only a blind man should ask; for the sight of anything beautiful so attracts the sight of all, that it is in the power of no man not to be delighted with it. Now, we profess that the soul of man requires something higher and better than the mere gratification of his physical appetites and passions. The human soul is glad to find relief from the uncouth objects that lie along the dusty thoroughfare of every-day life, and seeks repose and pleasure in symmetry and proportion, in comeliness of shape, and harmony of blended colors. Even old Socrates,

"— that model of all duty,

Owned to a penchant, though discreet, for beauty."

Beauty may be found everywhere about

the Fair Buildings; in the brilliant and kaleidoscopic combinations of the general decorations; in the grand magnificence of the Triumphal Column; in the rare splendor of the Floral Temple, with its bewildering Divinities; in the picturesque and refreshing sweetness of the Grottoes, with their lily-swept waters; and best in the "Majesty of Loveliness" which waits upon every counter, or hangs upon the lover's arm. But this article was intended to call especial attention to the Beauty of the Fair. Her station is in the centre of the north compartment, and though measuring no less than eighteen feet, is of such faultless proportion that her huge size escapes remark. Five feet beam and twenty-eight inches depth complete her proportions. Modeled by D. R. Resley, built by William Merse, and painted by W. A. Thornburg, this elegant vessel was donated by the officers, from Captain to Engineer, belonging to the Memphis Packet Company. The chief managers of this company are Henry W. Smith, President and General Superintendent; Ira Scudder, Secretary; and Nathan Ranney, General Freight Agent. A raffle at 50 cents a chance will dispose of this article. Next to the stand of the *Countersign* is the department of

DRUGS AND PERFUMERIES,

under the charge of Eugene Massott and Mr. Richardson, Chairman of this Committee. 'Tis pleasant to be so near the vast variety of "rich distilled perfumes" here displayed. In big bottles and little bottles; in the most tasteful arrangement; and in sufficient quantity to perfume vast multitudes, these products of the Alembic are worthy of the Sabean Grove. The larger part of these perfumes are from C. B. Wood, of Rochester, New York. Drugs, from the various retail dealers of the city, are here in sufficient quantity to kill or cure the whole Invalid Corps. Patent medicines from Ayers, Hestetter, and other dealers in that article, are plentiful; but of these, if we do not use the words of Romeo's apothecary,

"Put this in any liquid you will

And drink it off; and if you had the strength Of twenty men it would dispatch you straight," we would at least not imitate Oliver Twist in asking for "more." Likewise all kinds of hair oils, tooth powders, &c. Two fine show cases adorn this corner. One, from W. B. Parker & Co., of this city, contains, amongst other choice articles, a patent brush, by means of a reservoir in the back of which the hair can be oiled without soiling the hands. The other case came from the well-known drug-

gist, Alex. Leitch, and contains a complete assortment of choice toilet articles. The noted Homoeopathist, Dr. Luyties, sends a box full of his medicines, accompanied by a book explaining their use and the practice of his profession. The contributions to this department amount to several thousand dollars. Opposite our stand is that belonging to the

GLASS AND CHINA

Department, the contributions to which are so large and numerous that the space allotted to it was not enough to contain all the articles. Several hogshcads remain unopened, while the committee are in daily expectation of the arrival of a large addition of choice goods from Liverpool and New York houses. A more varied display is not to be found in the building. At one end of the counter, stands a set of articles—a punch bowl and two flower stands—manufactured in Canton, China. The art of manufacturing the substance of which they are composed is known only to the Chinese. They are ornamented with figures painted in the customary brilliant colors of Chinese works of art, and when struck, give forth the rich sound of a bell. These articles were donated by Mr. Cetting, of Boston, and are worth \$100. Another interesting thing is a huge pitcher, twenty-eight inches in height, and capable of holding thirty-five gallons. This was made by Enoch Wood & Sons—a picture of whose manufactory adorns one of its sides—and presented by that firm some thirty-three years ago, to Andrew T. Hall, of Boston, who donates it to the Fair. It was once filled with punch at a Fourth of July dinner given in Boston to Daniel Webster. Several fine specimens of American bronzes compare favorably with those of France or England. The finest is that of Garibaldi. Groups of grotesque figures for mantel adornments add to the attractions of this table.

The gratitude of the American people toward those who have done them service is proverbial. The Senator, on his return from his labors, is greeted with public dinners; the Mayor or Alderman is presented with a *cane* or a carriage; while the successful General is fitted out for the next campaign with a horse, its caparisons, and a sword. These remarks were suggested to us by two departments which we had decided to discuss in our present number. The first of these may be found at the southwest corner of the Central Compartment, and is that of

SWORDS.

Here a beautiful sword, valued at \$1,500, presented to the Fair by Henry Folsom & Co., of this city, and destined for the General re-

ceiving the highest number of votes, is on exhibition. Votes are but one dollar each. The hilt of this sword is headed by an eagle, having its wings spread, carved out of a solid block of gold; the inside of the grip is faced with the symmetrical figure of a woman, carved out of a solid piece of silver. The rest of the haft is of gold, and is carved entirely, no part of it having been cast. The sheath is of silver, triple plated with gold, and near its upper end, thirty-seven diamonds are set upon a blue stone in a circle. Its blade is of the finest Damascus steel. Those who have any attachment for particular Generals, ought not to let slip this opportunity of manifesting it. Near by may be seen the finest sword, without exception, we have ever examined. It came from the depot of arms and military stores belonging to Henry Folsom & Co. Its hilt is a huge, solid female figure, beautifully carved in gold. Its scabbard is of triple-plated gold, and the blade is of Damascus steel. A fine scarf and a sash accompanies it, and the whole is inclosed in a silver-mounted case. The value of this article is \$3,000.

This department likewise contains four showcases filled with attractive objects. The first contains a \$1,500 sword presented to General Davidson, by the non-commissioned officers, exclusively, of the 1st Iowa Cavalry. On the back of its haft is an oxydized silver figure of solid metal, and a fine amethyst is set with diamonds, arranged so as to form the initials of the owner's name. The design of this sword is exquisite. When the blade is sheathed, the adornments of the upper part represent the oak tree in early spring, just budding into life; the ornaments near the centre a more advanced stage of the tree, now in the leaf; while the end is covered by the dense foliage and pendant acorns of the matured season.

A sword presented to General Bussey for gallantry at the battle of Pea Ridge, was purchased for \$1,500, but is worth, at the present rate of gold, nearer \$2,250. Its design is also ingenious. Around the guard of the hilt may be seen entwined a huge snake, striking with open mouth at the American Eagle below, suspended over which the Goddess of Liberty holds a crown extended. On the scabbard is a delineation of the battle of Pea Ridge. The third sword was given to General Oglesby for gallant conduct on the field of Shiloh, and is valued at \$1,000.

The second case contains a sword presented to General McNeil by his friends in New York city; another, presented to General Ewing; and two presented, one to General McNeil, the other to Lieutenant Colonel Baumer, by the citizens of Cape Girardeau, for their brave defence of that city against the rebels. The third case contains specimens of swords, and the fourth, specimens of fine pistols from Folsom & Co. A fine sash, worth \$20, came from Frank P. Blair.

The second of the before mentioned departments is that of

HARNESSES AND BUGGIES.

The first object which here greets the curious eye is an elegant, gold-mounted horse equip-

ment—saddle, bridle and shabraek—and is valued at one thousand dollars. Its three golden stars show it to be the saddle of a Lieutenant General, one of the very few such ever made in the United States. The donor, E. A. Corbet, of this city, who is also the manufacturer, designed this saddle for Lieutenant General Grant, provided its value were paid to the Fair by the dollar-contributions of the friends of that General. A parchment, containing a list of the names of the subscribers, will accompany this gift. The saddle of a Major General, made by Grimsley & Co., and presented by Mrs. Henry T. Blow, will be disposed of in the same way to General Rosecrans. Its value is placed at \$500. The friends of these Generals can thus bring to their personal knowledge their admiration of these deserving men.

Amongst a great variety of plainer saddles, we noticed a \$100 lady's saddle, with leaping horn, from Sterling & Co.; a \$50 English gentleman's saddle, of the McClellan pattern, on a regulation tree, from Ira Stansbury & Co.; two saddles from P. G. Peters; two from Orndorff & Sanford; a finely carved Mexican saddle from J. F. Schieffer, worth \$75; two from A. Meyer, of Sedalia; a Texas saddle from J. F. Hackman; and a lady's saddle from J. Elliot Condict. A gold mounted saddle-tree from Christian Ploeser, is a beautiful thing. We call the attention of stable men and horse owners to a self-adjusting gig saddle, patented by T. B. Hühnhold, of Newark, N. J. Its merit consists in the fact that it adjusts itself to the back of the horse, removing all fear of white hairs or abrasion. The American Whip Company of New York City, contributed a large assortment of whips to this department; C. Maist, and Sterling & Co., a dozen trees a piece; and a fine buggy harness came from Robert Tillson, of Quincy. The large display of collars is from D. Deming, and Krayer, Hildenbrand & Schrieh. A skeleton wagon from Wesley O'Fallon a sulky from Theodore Salorgne, a buggy from R. Dougherty, and one from Hooker & Co., make up the collection of vehicles. But an old-fashioned Doctor's gig, standing in the midst of these choice articles, presents quite a contrast to their elegance. It was presented, doubtless, by some one who, not being able to contribute more liberally, "hath done what he could." His example is worthy of imitation. Buggy and sulky wheels from Woodburn & Scott, and a very large donation of bits and stirrups from Olnhausen & Crawford, of Pittsburg, complete this collection. A lady, (Mrs. Captain E. Wuerpel,) sends a shabraek covered with skillful needle-work. All donations under this head amount to more than \$6,000. In conclusion, we must mention the kind courtesy of Mr. Stansburg, the gentleman in attendance when we visited this department.

One—or, rather, two—of the most tastefully decorated departments of the Fair, are those belonging to the dealers in

DRY GOODS AND GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

The gold embroidered Masonic regalias are worthy of notice, while the rich and comfortable dressing gowns, in which this department

abounds, are eminently suggestive of loved repose and dreamy meditation. One of these, valued at \$100, is to be raffled for. A fine scenic ottoman-cover presented an elegant specimen of needle work. Here gentlemen may be fitted out in all habiliments, from a silver cigar-ash holder to a suit of clothes. A case upon the counter contains several elegant suits of clothes for exhibition, one of which, worth eighty dollars, is intended for Samuel Copp, Jr., the efficient Cashier of the Fair. We were surprised at the cheapness of the articles for sale in this department. The average of prices is at least twenty-five per cent. below what would be paid for the same goods at the retail dealers on Fourth street. Thus the finest bleached muslins may be purchased here for 42 cents, which are worth 54 cents down town. Dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old surtout, soiled neck-cloth, and a general negligence of dress, and he will in all probability find a corresponding disposition to negligence of address. 'Twas Goldsmith who said that "an Emperor in his night-cap would not meet with half the respect of an Emperor with a crown." "A word to the wise," &c. Let every one hasten to provide himself with his summer clothing at this stand. The managers of this department propose, in a day or two, to offer a quantity of premiums to those investing money in their goods.

ENIGMA.

There is a nimble little insect, whose task we can't dispute,
It searcheth o'er the fragrant fields, and brings us sweets to boot.
A pattern 'tis of thriftiness; of keen and cultured sense,
And carries 'neath its coat of mail, a weapon of defense.
A sleek and prancing animal, with a horn upon his front,
He figures in the coat of arms of Johnny Bull, the blunt.
A sweet and cooing little bird, a harbinger of spring,
That mourns her mate, with pensive note and with a drooping wing.
Now join to these, the forest king, with his terrific roar;
And keen eyed bird, that near the sun with venturous wing doth soar;
And pet of every Laplander, so fleet before the sledge,
That to the master, milk and cheese and very flesh doth pledge.
Call out these words in single file, and their initials make,
The man, of all the men to-day, who makes Jeff. Davis quake. R. Y.

THE ODD FELLOWS, noted for their good deeds everywhere, and always remember the soldiers. Missouri Lodge No. 11, of this city, contributes \$50, and Eclipse Lodge No. 143, of St. Joseph, sends \$35 through R. J. S. Wise, Esq.

ON A MINIATURE.

1826—1864.

"Omnia fert ætas, animum quoque; sæpe ego longos
Cantando puerum memini me condere solos."
—Virgil. Bucol. ix: 50, 51.

"Yes, it was like," says one who knows,
My own liege one to this far day.
The image that at first she chose,
She chooses and prefers alway.

Our friends scarce credit what they're told;
And I myself with pains can trace
A line of what they now behold,
In those broad eyes, that fair, smooth face.

The eyes so open should have sought
To fix on Truth a deeper gaze;
And those soft traits of studious thought
Meant more for duty and for praise.

'Tis long since then; 'tis past for that;
The darkening sight more dim must be;
The full orb'd strengths grow thin and flat;
And hopes more scant, and acts less free.

Let pass. To learn be harder now;
And ah, how easier to forget!
Ye world-trusts, pass with boding brow!
Ye world-joys, with your eyelids wet!

As vain to mourn this waning power
As to regret that faded bloom.
I hoped and wished this might-be hour,
And will not dread a may-be gloom.

With features changed, with heart all one,
I glance behind and face before.
A track not measured by the sun
The heart may keep forevermore.

Aye, just the same. All things beside
Like tints grow pale, like forms remove;
But still within the soul abide
The props of Trust, the hues of Love.

Times, fortunes, judgments, steal away;
We much must err, and little know;
But Trust sets up its pillared stay,—
There burns till death Love's patient glow.
N. L. F.

LAKE WINNEPISSEOGEE, N. H.

It was the beautiful superstition of the Indian, groping with uncertain steps along a trail illumined only by the light of nature, that whatever is lovely in scenery, is but the visible beauty impressed upon the landscape by the smile of the Great Spirit. If this simple faith be as sound in its theology as it is exquisite in its poetry, then never did the face of the Indian Deity beam more sweetly than when, at his creative smile, the lake which bears the name and glitters with the glories of the Divine Original, started into being, a miracle of beauty. In its dimpling eddies and mimic heavens, the mind sometimes fancies it sees the smile and hears in the music of rippling waves the "innumerable laughter" of the Great Spirit.

Winnepiseogee only needs the pen of ge-

nius to celebrate its loveliness, and touch with poetic life its lines of beauty; it only requires that its sparkling waters and wooded hills should teem with scholarly associations and historic recollections, to approach in proud renown the classic lakes of the Old World. It may not, indeed, equal Loch Lomond in the wildness of its scenery, Como in the verdure of its banks, or Alban in the regularity of its outline; the empurpled waters of the Maggiore are perhaps jeweled with richer emeralds and more picturesque settings; Constance and Lucerne, Nanchatel and Geneva may boast of loftier mountains, startle the eye with wilder contrasts, and awe the mind with sublimer spectacles; but it may be doubted whether any one of them contains so many elements of various beauty as the Great Artist of Nature has blended in the delightful scenes of Winnepiseogee.

The mirror surface and crystal depths of its waveless repose; the silvery music, pearly crests, and star-sparkles of its movement; the imperial coronet of island gems; the near hill rising in distinct relief against the sky; houses dotting its pleasant slopes and nestling in its sheltered valleys; the distant height dimly seen through the thick mists of mid-summer; the ever varying outline of hill and vale and mountain height, now sweeping on in gentle curves, now breaking in sudden and precipitous descents; the day-god tinting the eastern azure with crimson glory or declining through vapors of purple and gold which paint the sunset sky with pomp of gorgeous coloring; the cloud-chariots, wheeled grandly across the heavens by airy steeds; the steam-boat thronging with busy life, vital with giant energies, and wielding its giant powers in magic obedience to man's will—symbol of a more various industry, of an intelligence more general, and a commerce more universal than ever crowned with the trophies of mental culture and material prosperity the proudest triumphs of ancient civilization;—all this constitutes a scene and vision of loveliness which thrills the poet, the artist, and the lover of nature with equal delight, and stamps upon the memory indelible images and ideals of beauty.

ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF
May 19th.

We have guessed your riddle, oh! Counter-
sign dear,
Now *Grant* us, we beg you, to expound it
just here.

We say, "*Grant* us, our Father, our urgent
demand,"

And wo *Grant* when we give with a liberal
hand.

The King *Grants* a claim to a noble do-
main,

And St. Louis holds many an arpent from
Spain.

The Republican States as united they stand,
Are known by U. S. throughout all the broad
land.

And Ulysses S. Grant, is the hero we say,
Whose laurels grow brighter, in each fading
day.

R. Y.

NARRATIVE OF A UNION SOL-
DIER.

On the 2d of December the army of the Potomac was on the backward move after the advance it had made in the direction of Orange Court House. We made quite a successful retreat to our rear, the enemy not being apprised of the movement until we had in safety crossed the Rapidan river at Ely's and Germania fords; here the rear guard halted and proceeded to picket the river and neighborhood while the army marched on further to the rear. No demonstrations were made through the night by the enemy, and with the exception of a few shots, all was quiet along the line which extended direct from Ely's on the Rapidan to Ellis' ford on the Rappahannock. My regiment formed part of this picket, and our post was to guard the latter ford and vicinity to prevent the crossing of the enemy, which by the way, was a region invested by a party of guerrillas under Serg't. Shadman of the 9th Virginia Cavalry. On the morning of the 3d as is customary in cavalry picketing, to make patrols and scouts, a detail of six men was made from the company, to make a circuit of four miles outside the pickets from the right to the left of our line. We made the journey and seeing some signs of the enemy about mid-way in our circuit, started to return, but not to be quite so successful, for as we were passing the slope of a thickly wooded hill, a party of guerrillas made a descent on us, firing on, and ordering us to surrender. The surprise was a successful one, and before we had time to raise our pistols to fire, we were in a hand to hand fight which lasted no longer than the time it takes to tell it, at the end of which we found our small party minus two who had fallen mortally wounded, the remainder, finding some of their horses shot from under them, and carbines and pistols in too close proximity to their organs of sense, thought discretion the better part of valor, and surrendered. Then, as is always the case in the capture of Yankees, as we are derisively called, we underwent a complete confiscation of everything transferable about our persons, from watches and greenbacks to the buttons on our coats, each one trying to rival his companion in arms, in the plunder. The dead were left where they fell, their horses galloping frantically toward the picket reserve which they soon reached, and a pursuit followed, as our shots must have been distinctly heard by the videttes who were then on post. We were driven on a double quick to the river which we forded up to our waists, and reaching the opposite bank, turned and saw our command, which had almost reached us, but dared not fire for fear of wounding us who were then mounted back of our captors and galloped to the rear in the direction of United States Ford, which we reached at ten o'clock that night, wet cold and tired, and notwithstanding all these, slept over night soundly, only waking once or twice as the fire was being replenished by the guard on watch, with wistful glances if any signs of sleep visited his eyes during his two hours, but no such good

luck, for the horrors of Libby prison and Belle Isle, were already pictured and staring us in the face. In the morning after another search for knives, buttons, money, &c., articles indigenous to Yankees, we commenced our march over the ground long to be remembered in hearts and history as the theatre of the hard fought "battle of Chancellorville." What scenes of devastation and war were pictured here, not only in breast works, fortifications and bullet scarred oaks, but in the bleached bones and eyeless sockets of our unburied brothers. The skeletons of horses by the side of splintered caissons, told with what earnestness and desperation the tide of battle had waged on both sides. We passed over ground only too familiar to us in the loss of three of our bravest officers and a number of our comrades in a charge on the column of the never to be forgotten "Stonewall." After a march of thirty-six miles we reached Orange Court House, foot-sore, hungry and cold, and with nothing to relieve us, we laid ourselves down at a camp fire, which was denominated Brig. Gen. Lee's Provost Marshal headquarters. On the following morning after having undergone an examination by that General, we were marched to the Court House and confined in a damp and dark cellar which was used as a prison for their poor wretches, of whom there was not one in the whole 250 prisoners who did not wish he was North, and out of the cursed rebellion. We were fairly stormed with questions and directions for their escape and usage in our lines, which we gave them to the best of our ability, but I can say with truth, a more motley, animated—with vermin, and beastly set of men I never saw, even in our own men who were then in prisons in Richmond, southern chivalry was clearly defined in that dejected and dilapidated set of human beings. We were kept in this hole until ten o'clock, or for twenty four hours, when we were ordered out, and marched to the depot, after embarking and enjoying a lightning trip of eight miles an hour, we reached the capital of the rebellion at 7 P. M., a file of guards numbering some ten or twelve, marched us to the Libby at which place we underwent still another search they seeming to be determined to have everything we had. When we got to prison I found myself the lucky possessor of one suit of clothes, oh lucky being! and laid myself down in an obscure corner to hide myself from the searching gaze of those who yet might want something, which decency forbade.

In the morning I found myself companion of about 350 of our soldiers and sailors, in a room measuring 60 by 20 feet, which, at this time, was filled with smoke, very little ventilation being allowed to enter at any time. The sailors were both clean and tidy, owing to their recent capture, but some soldiers, who had been there for eight, nine and ten months were pitiful to behold, and their emaciated countenances told too plainly of the hardships and starvation they had undergone. The clothing sent by the United States had been delivered to some of the men, and as equally as possible, for the division was conducted by

our own officers, Colonels Van Strader and Sanderson being the principals, but the men from hunger, had, in less than a month, disposed of them to the guard, who in return gave them bread, soon leaving them in as bad a condition as at first. Private boxes were allowed to be sent us from our homes, but not more than ten out of every fifty reached the men. The room in which they were stored, was littered with the contents, in the shape of gloves, house-wives' books, paper, ink, pens, jellies and pickles, which would have been a good treat to many Southern families, destitute of most of these articles. These boxes are under the direction of Maj. Turner, who also confiscates our greenbacks on our arrival, to be refunded when we are exchanged, but this never has been done in a single case to enlisted men.

Our rations in prison, at this time, consisted of corn bread, four inches square by one thick, and half a pint of either rice or black pea soup; the latter, however, the most frequent, being more profitable to them, as the worms in the peas make up for the deficiency of meat, which, at this time, was quoted at \$3.00. These rations were dealt out to the men twice a day, at 10 A. M. and 3½ P. M. On our arrival at the Pemberton building, we had not had a morsel for three days and as many nights, so you can imagine with what gusto the said corn bread and soup was devoured. The prisons, which were formerly tobacco factories, are four in number, and known as Crew's, Pemberton and Scott buildings. The Libby is the officers prison. There are dungeons and cellars in the latter as well as in Castle Thunder, which are used for the benefit of those who do not act in harmony with the wishes of the Confederacy. To these add three hospitals, designated as Nos. 21 and 22 and Alabama, as also the small pox hospital, and you have the residences of the Yankee prisoners in Richmond. I was sent to the first named (No. 21,) in an insensible state, where I lay for five weeks, with a severe attack of pneumonia, typhoid, which disease, with diarrhea, forms the principal of which our men are the victims.

Our rations here consisted of the same as those in the prisons, with the exception of occasionally to the lowest cases, tea and coffee, boiled rice and crackers, the latter articles being part of the sanitary stores forwarded at the same time as the clothing and rations by our Government, but the greater part of these went to the rebels as they had the whole control of the distribution of them. One of the Surgeons, Dr. John Wilkins, at this time, (March,) was relieved from duty for the too heavy confiscation of these goods.

J. W. F.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.—The Chairman of the Ladies' Executive Committee has a headache which will be raffled for, to-morrow afternoon, at 4 precisely. For so charitable an object, whose prejudices will not give way? One hundred chances, 25 cents a share.

THE SOLDIER OF ANTIETAM.

In the darkness of the midnight,
Midnight on the battle plain,
Lay a soldier of the Union,
Mid the gallant thousands slain;
Far away in loved New England,
Dear ones wait returning peace,
But the soldier of Antietam,
Lingers not for such release.

Cold and chill the death damps gather,
Gather on his youthful brow;
Slower grows the labored breathing,
Fainter beat the pulses low,
While his comrade, o'er him bending,
Waits the coming of the day,
On the battle-field, Antietam,
He must pass from earth away.

"Breaks the morning," now he whispers,
Whispered in his failing breath,
God of mercy, send the morning,
Ere my eyes are close in death;
Yet one look, the last, the dearest,
At the pictured face I bear,
Ere the battle-field, Antietam,
Shall for me a grave prepare.

Take it comrade, when you leave me,
Leave me here alone to sleep,
Bear it safely through the peril
Homeward, where the loving weep;
Tell her how to-night I clasped it,
While you watched lifes ebbing tide,
Tell her on the dark Antietam,
Bravely, manfully I died.

Bear a dying message homeward,
Homeward to a father dear;
Tell him life's bright hopes are precious,
But a country doubly dear;
And my mother—speak it gently—
Tell, oh tell her how her son
On the battle-field, Antietam,
Victory over death has won.

Morning breaks! I see the angels,
Angels on the other side,
Visions blest beyond the river,
Light me o'er its surging tide;
Meet me comrade, meet me yonder,
And the soldier, faint and worn,
Slumbers on the dark Antietam,
Wakens in eternal morn.

FURTHER REMARKS BY MRS. GEN. S. KNARL.

Of course my dear, after going to the opening I went into the Fair building, which I had tried to do before, and behind, and at all the sides too, but what was the use, when a man with a drawn gun stood at each door, and asked me for a pass, which was just what I wanted, my dear, and it seemed a waste of words for me to say anything to him, for things were so confused, which with soldiers and hogs, and mules, and wagons with boxes, that were pawing and well they might be

frightened, for I looked in, and so much color might well frighten them, poor unreasoning creatures, though I believe it is cows, after all, that are afraid of red, but that is in the country.

So I had given up all idea of going in before the doors were fairly opened to the general public, and then when they were, of course we had a season ticket and went in, and I am sure enjoyed it much more than if I had been there before, as the rest of my neighbors had helping clear up, for which I am glad, because I was never very strong, so it was just as well for every one who was there. We went in at the Olive street door, of course, and such a sight I never before saw with my eyes, which could only look and exclaim when I saw the flags, and the festoons, and the green letters, and the wreaths of flowers which said on them, Infantry, and seemed to me peculiarly appropriate, especially when I saw the shoe in the children's department, which I had often read of in the books of old, where the old woman lived in a shoe, and had such a large family which gave her so much trouble, and I am sure it was trouble to see so many beautiful things at once, for wherever I looked I wanted to go, and so I lost the General who stopped to talk with an officer, by his carrying him off while I was looking at some books, and it was so pleasant to my feelings to see the amicableness between the two Sewing Machines, though they do say Singers are dreadful quarrelsome people, and are always falling out among themselves, which must be owing to the Sanitary Fair, which was just what I was talking about.

But just in the middle was the Temple where the flowers were, which were certainly very beautiful, though they reminded you of war by the bayonets above, and how any one ever thought of that way of fixing them I cannot see, so I went into the Art Gallery, where I could at least be quiet for a minute to collect my thoughts and arrange my dress, which were becoming a little confused, and if there is anything I deprecate it is confusion, for then one never knows what one is saying, and of course one's remarks don't amount to anything, so I sat down and looked at the pictures and for all the world I should have thought I was in Rome, or San Francisco or Japan, where they work such curious things with so much taste, which has been certainly shown by the committee in a manner very creditable to their skill and patience.

That being the case, I thought I would go on in my walk, which is quite fatiguing don't you think so, on the saw-dust being rather unreliable and something like snow in hat respect, only not so much so, which brought me to a great table, all covered with green cloth with pockets in the corners, that I suppose they use to keep their knives and forks in, which would save going to the china-closet so often which becomes tiresome especially when you have a large dinner party and all the girls are sick, and then I wondered what the table was made so high for, for it would be quite inconvenient unless every one had a high chair and then the feet would not

touch the ground, which habit the medical books say is a very bad one and injures the bone though I am not sure which one, but when we went to school, my dear, Physiology was not a science.

As there were no dishes on the table, some men were walking around it and pushing balls all over it, which I supposed was for the same reason that men roll the garden-walks at the east, and so I thought I would go on, though I felt rather lonesome but what was the use of looking for the General, for one might as well try to find a needle in a hay-mow as any one in that great building which looks so beautiful that I can't help saying so all the time which began to grow late, and I was getting worried, but I concealed it, for if I dislike anything, it is to see a lady of my age excited and troublesome, and especially at the Sanitary Fair. So I went on quietly past all the chairs, and soap, which I forgot to tell the General we wanted some of this morning, and what Mary will do without it I cannot see for my life which as you said the other day has certainly been a very happy one and all on account of the General, whom I found in the New England Kitchen on the old fashioned settle talking with a woman with her hair all puffed up and a comb at least six inches high, and just like my own at home in the drawer, and now I speak of it, I do think I did lend it for this very thing which seemed to be very successful, for every one was looking quite satisfied, especially the General who took me home after we had stayed some time and I think it is supper time so I must stop, but I will go on at a future date if you are not tired my dear.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

Cruel as this war is, it is not all cruel. It is not Satan, but the Lord, that is sifting our nation as wheat. We are receiving a liberal education in all the best humanities of life; and every day one hears such deeds of gentleness, generosity and self-sacrifice, as promise that in the ten who are left there may remain as much manliness and womanliness as in the ninety who have found bloody graves.

They are simple enough, these charities, which, amid the horrors of carnage, "soothe, and heal, and bless." The other day a woman in deep mourning and with mournful face, came to one of our New England Sanitary rooms for work. She wished, she said, to do something for her country; her means would not allow her to furnish material, but she could sew. She had given what else she could—her two sons. One of these had been killed; the other was now in the thick fight, killed also, for aught she knew. Was the work ready?

True heart! that had given its best, and yet was ready to work on to the sad end!

In the same town there was a Sunday-school, with rows of rosy faces in the pews, and each had brought some money for the soldiers. Most of them were children from luxurious homes, but each had earned the pennies which

he brought. One little boy said he "had lugged up a whole wheelbarrow full of wood, and it was dreadful heavy." Another had gone two miles at evening on an errand. A little girl had left her play to rock the baby asleep. As they poured into mine the pennies by twos and threes, warm from their little hands, I thought, "Sweet hearts! the war is not all so cruel!"

I wrote to a friend in a New England village, which had always been full of enterprise in Sanitary work, asking if she could not create an interest in the St. Louis Fair, among her neighbors. Unwilling to make such a proposal to others, without doing her part, in delicate health, and dependent upon her own exertions for support, she was without money, but went to a drawer locked and kept sacred, that was filled with keep-sakes from her friends, and selected such of them as were fresh and saleable. She looked about her house, and took down little medallions and ornaments brought home from Europe in more prosperous days: and then going to the laboratory of a friend, begged the remainder of his experiments—crude copper, resin, &c.—which she sold. The result of her morning search was a contribution of her own, estimated by another person, at \$42 50. Ah! how estimated by the Lord? and, besides, a liberal box from the little town of N—.

Truly the funds of the Sanitary Commission should be touched with reverent hands, for out of the sacreddest places of home, and the deepest places of tried hearts, have come the rills of the mighty stream of love.

C. S. W.

There has been nothing more touching during the whole course of this war than the universal desire of the poorest people to do something for the soldiers. While the ladies were at work arranging the tables before the opening of the Fair, a woman came in and offered her services. She said she was too poor to give anything. She was a laboring woman, but she could work, and she wanted to give one day's work. Who gave the most, he who gives \$100 of his abundance, or this poor woman?

An Irishman was telling a friend that his sister had a child, and when he was asked if it was a boy or girl, he replied, "Well, really, I don't know. I must find out, to know whether I am an uncle or an aunt."

Vote last night for SWORDS:

Hancock,.....	179	Sherman,	13
Butler,.....	127	Blair,.....	8
Grant,.....	95	Fremont,.....	7
McClellan,.....	93	Abe Lincoln.....	2
And scattering... —			

FROM BELLEVILLE AND ST. CLAIR COUNTY.—Besides numerous boxes of fancy goods, agricultural implements, provisions, &c., we have received \$2,767 in cash—very liberal donation.

DONATIONS

Made to the Fine Art Department, and for sale at their rooms.

Wm. H. Benton, 2 large pictures.
 Jas. Sidney Brown, 2 pictures.
 Mrs. I. S. B. Allyn, 4 pictures, landscapes.
 Mrs. A. S. Dean, painting, Doves, Miss Stetson.
 Thos. L. Eliot, 3 landscapes, oil.
 J. C. Hoodly, New Bedford, oil painting, Danae, or Golden Shower.
 Union Society, Youth and Old Age.
 Edward Brehler, Church in Winter, oil.
 Mrs. Capt. Dewey, Fruit Piece.
 Mrs. Itner, Snow Scene.
 Mrs. G. W. Fox, Shakespeare's Hamlet.
 Miss H. B. Skeele, same.
 Miss A. M. Tucker, 3 pastel heads.
 Mrs. Wylls King, portrait of Henry Clay, wrought with his own hair.
 Miss D. Barnet, portrait of Gen. Rosecrans, Crayon.
 Geo. C. Bingham, landscape, "Mountain Lake."
 Mrs. Mary C. Emmons, Magdalen by Carl Dolci.
 Charles Gray, Frank and Margaret.
 Miss Darrah, 2 bas reliefs.
 Mrs. W. G. Eliot, 1 portrait of Rev. W. G. Eliot, 1 John Baptist by Raphael, original in oil, worth \$200.
 Dr. Linton, portrait of Col. Benton.
 Capt. J. T. Allen, A. Q. M., Huntsville, Ala., a large oil painting, "Prodigal Jeff returning to Uncle Abe."
 Emile L. Herzinger, War in Missouri, large picture in oil.
 Emile L. Herzinger, portrait of Mrs. Lincoln, water color.
 Mrs. E. B. Kirby, Spirit of '63, a very fine picture.
 Unknown, Madonna and Child, engraved on silk.
 Julius Kenner, Thunder Storm on Prairie, large picture in oil.
 St. Louis papers please copy and credit the "Countersign."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FROM CHICAGO.—Gilbert Hubbard & Co. send us through J. Spencer Turner, \$250. Will they not come down in an excursion and see how our Fair compares with theirs? We will return the call. This is *their* Fair—a Mississippi Valley Fair!

FROM CAIRO.—Miss Addie M. Ford, agent, sent by C. R. Woodward, yesterday, \$1,075, contributed by citizens of Cairo.

Any one contributing to the BOOK DEPARTMENT a sum not less than twenty-five cents will receive a certificate of the amount signed by Major General Rosecrans.

THE ORDERLY'S MITE.—Mr. Daniel Cox, orderly at the Head Quarters, Department of Kansas, remitted \$1 with his best wishes for the patriotic undertaking. That dollar was as much to him as hundreds from some contributors, and is fully appreciated.

MAMMOTH AND MINIATURE.—John Goodin, 42 Vine, yesterday donated two beautiful Steam Whistles to the Fair, one of the largest size, 7 inch bowl; another, a little gem, only $\frac{3}{4}$ inch bowl. We have heard of people spoiling their lips for singing, by whistling. Here is a chance for them to do their whistling by steam.

FROM MILWAUKEE.—We received two boxes of fancy goods—beautiful and useful.

FROM PHOENIX, R. I.—An old lady, in her 81st year, sends a pair of woolen socks—the 35th pair she has knit for the Sanitary Commission. These came in a well filled box of unique and attractive articles from Phoenix.

We acknowledge with pleasure the DONATION of \$50 from John E. Shawhan, of Plattsburg, Mo.

Why will STRANGERS lose time by running all over the city in the heat and dust, "shopping," when they can here buy anything they want from fair clerks, at fair prices, for the benefit of the Fair?

CHARLES D. DRAKE'S new book for sale at the Book Department.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS' worth of books contributed by the American Tract Society, the proceeds of which are to be re-invested in books for the soldiers. Many of these books are especially designed for the soldiers; and it is the earnest request of the donors that visitors to the Fair should purchase these books, write their names in them, to be sent to the soldiers, thus increasing the fund and giving additional interest by reminding our brave boys that they are not forgotten at home.

VISITORS who wish to "pass the guards" at the Fair, and avoid all unnecessary delay, should not fail to call at the office and get the "COUNTERSIGN," before they leave the Fair!

For sale in the Curiosity Shop, the AUTOGRAPHS of Sir Charles Lyell and Professor Owen, of London.

FROM GREENVILLE, ILLS.—F. G. Moore, in behalf of citizens of Greenville, Ills., yesterday deposited \$147 with the Fair Treasurer.

FROM NEW ORLEANS, we have glad tidings in the shape of \$190,50 from the employees of Capt. N. S. Constable, A. Q. M. at that redeemed city.

We are glad to notice that an entrance to the Stereoscopic exhibition has been opened to the main building between the skating pond and the post office department. The price of admission being reduced to the small sum of twenty-five cents, will enable all visitors to witness one of the finest works of art ever presented to an admiring public. Each exhibition lasts one hour. Comfortable seats are provided, and one thousand persons can be accommodated. Gentlemanly ushers are in attendance to seat the audience. Hours of exhibition 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ A. M., 3, 5, 8 and 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ P. M., making five exhibitions daily.

General Grant's little daughter in the Shoe has had her photograph taken—dolls, cap, spectacles and all. They are capital, and are for sale at the Children's Department. Be sure and secure one.

Mr Bahner cannot but feel very highly gratified with the performance of the OPERA OF MARTHA on Saturday and Monday evenings. It was a perfect success—no prompting, no failure anywhere. The dresses were beautiful and the singing true.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the life-like STATUETTES to be found in the Art Gallery. They are by a young man by the name of Rogers, and at the East have attracted great admiration. No one can fail to be struck with the life-like representations of this talented young artist, whose genius seems to have waited for the war to call it out.

HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS can be accommodated with special notices in the *Countersign* on any day, by sending such notices to No. 20, addressed to the Editor, before 8 o'clock on the preceding evening.

THE STEREOPTICON, one of the most wonderful achievements of modern science, is to be seen in the large building on Olive street, west of the main entrance, at 3, 8, and 9 $\frac{1}{2}$, P. M. This immense building was erected by the Sanitary Committee, expressly for this MODERN WONDER. Admission 25 cents.

BIDS will be received at the Book Stand for the National Photographic Album, which contains the autographs and likenesses of the President, Cabinet and Senators. Those desirous of getting a rare and valuable collection will not fail to call and bid.

The SKATING PARK just west of the Olive street entrance, open and in operation day and evening. Don't omit to visit it, for it challenges the admiration of every one.

John P. Camp, Esq., has kindly volunteered to act as general agent for the Central Finance Committee, and will visit all the departments remote from the office, to give all necessary assistance and information.

Back numbers of the Countersign always for sale at our office, No. 20 Fair Building. The whole issue will be found well worth preserving, not only as a history of the Fair, but also for its original matter. St. Louis papers please copy.

NOTICE the beautiful silk FLAG at No. 20, to be given to the REGIMENT that has the most votes. Only 50 cents a vote. The 10th Kansas Infantry has the most to-day.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE finest and best assortment of custom made BOOTS AND SHOES in this city, may be found at SAMUEL HALE'S, 35 North Fourth st., opposite Planters' House.

MRS. E. J. MORRIS,

Fashionable

DRESS AND MANTILLA MAKER,

No. 56 North Fifth st., bet. Olive and Locust,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

A LARGE SUPPLY OF PATTERNS FOR SALE.

**WAR CLAIMS
Adjusted and Collected.**

OFFICE REMOVED TO

No. 63 Washington Avenue,

Two doors east of the Quartermaster's Department.

JOHN P. CAMP

Will give his attention to the adjustment and collection of Vouchers and other claims against the United States Government in all its Departments.

Accounts and bills against the Government made out in proper form, and Vouchers therefor obtained and the amounts collected.

Merchants having vouchers for small amounts, can save themselves time and trouble by placing them in his hands for collection.

REFERENCES:

Hon. D. Davis, Bloomington, Ill.; Hon. Joseph Holt, Washington, D. C.; Hon. H. Campbell, St. Louis, Mo.; Samuel T. Glover, St. Louis, Mo.; J. R. Shepley, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; late Commissioners and Senealers on War Claims for the Department of the West

Samuel Knox.

Irwin Z. Smith.

**KNOX & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**

DARBY'S BUILDING,

my 21 3/4 Fifth and Olive Streets.

O'FALLON

White Lead and Oil Company,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

**LINSEED OIL, CASTOR OIL,
WHITE LEAD, ZINC PAINTS,**

Colors, Varnishes, Japan, Putty, &c., &c.

Store, 108 Second street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Cash paid for Flaxseed and Castor Beans.

GEO. W. BANKER, President.
FRANCIS BROWN, Treasurer.
CHAS. C. FULLER, Secretary.

D. A. BIGGERS,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCER,

No. 110 Market street, between Fourth and Fifth,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Goods sent to any part of the city free of charge.

COAL OIL LAMPS, COAL OIL,

AND

GAS FIXTURES,

BRONZES, FRENCH CLOCKS, &c.

J. CRAWSHAW & SON,

HAVE just received and are now opening the largest and best stock of

Lamps and Gas Fixtures,

Ever seen in the United States, which they offer low,

For Cash Only,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

No. 78 North Fifth street,

ST. LOUIS.

A. S. W. Goodwin. Rob't Anderson. Peter Behr.

GOODWIN, ANDERSON & CO.,

Manufacturers of

LARD OIL, SOAP AND CANDLES,

FANCY AND TOILET SOAPS,

No. 10 Pine street, between Main and Second.

Factory---Poplar, South end of Adolph st.,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

What is Life Insurance?

It is, by its adoption or neglect, a FORTUNE gained or lost to a family at a man's death.

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.

Has paid to heirs of deceased members, over

\$3,200,000,

And its accumulation now exceeds

\$5,500,000.

EDWIN FOWLER, State Agent,
No. 34 Olive street.

A. Johnson.

F. O. Sawyer.

JOHNSON & SAWYER,

Wholesale Dealers in

Book, News & Wrapping Paper,

N. E. corner Second and Locust streets,

ST. LOUIS.

Papers of any size and weight made to order.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

Stereoscopes & Pictures,

Craig's Microscopes, Games & Stationery,

At No. 9 South Fifth street.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOSITORY.

J. W. McINTYRE.

WESTERN AGRICULTURAL DEPOT AND SEED STORE.

Blunden, Koenig & Co.,

No. 56 North Second street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

A FULL assortment of Farm Implements and Farm and Garden Seeds constantly on hand.

Outley's Palace of Art,

No. 39 Fourth street, opposite the Planters' House.

J. J. OUTLEY, the oldest established Artist in St. Louis, offers his services to all persons desiring a perfect picture of any kind, from the smallest locket to life size. Unusual inducements are offered to those wishing portraits of themselves or of deceased friends, requiring only a small picture of them, no matter how faded, from which to paint a perfect likeness. Call at the rooms and examine the portraits on exhibition.

M. S. HOLMES,

NO. 28 NORTH SECOND STREET,

Dealer in every description of

PAPER, BY THE REAM OR CASE.

100 ton of Rags wanted for cash.

THE CONNECTICUT

Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF HARTFORD.

ACCUMULATED Capital, over \$6,000,000. Number of Policies issued in 1863, 5,635! Fifty per cent. dividends declared annually. One-half of premiums received in notes, which notes are cancelled by dividends.
HENRY STAGG, Agent,
No. 40 Third street, corner Pine.

Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK.

FRED'K S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

Accumulated cash Assets, 1st Feb., 1864, \$10,300,000.
THE safest and strongest Life Insurance Company in the United States. SAM'L COPP, JR., Agent,
N. W. corner Main and Second sts

KING, DOAN & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

No. 105 Main Street.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

AUCTIONS.

BY J. H. OSGOOD & SON,

147 Congress street, Boston.

REGULAR Catalogue sales of Dry Goods, Tuesdays and Fridays. Received in Public Warehouse on storage, Wool, Cotton and Merchandise generally, for which Legal Bond Warehouse receipts will be given by J. H. OSGOOD, Public Warehouseman. Liberal cash advances made on consignments.

The Best is the Cheapest

G. W. CURTISS & CO.,

No. 7 South Fifth street,

KEEP the best Coal Oil and Lamps, the best crystal tint Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, &c. Agents for Fisk's Cooking Lamp, for family use. Gives entire satisfaction. No family should be without one. All kinds Coal Oil and Lamp goods sold wholesale and retail.

LEWIS & GROSHON,

58 North Fourth street,

KEEP the latest styles of Gentlemen's Dress Hats, Felt Hats of every description for Men and Boys; Cloth Hats, Military Hats, Straw Hats, Cloth Caps, Fancy Caps for Children, elegantly trimmed; Leghorn and Straw Hats for Ladies, Misses and Children; Traveling Bags, Umbrellas, &c., and Furs in their season.

WILLIAM H. GRAY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,

Nos. 75 & 77 South Second street, opposite Pacific Railroad Depot.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY,

108 Main street, 108

Direct Importer and Dealer in

CHINA, GLASS & QUEENSWARE,

HAS, according to returns made by all the Queensware Dealers, the largest stock in the city.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath by all the Queensware Dealers, more stock than any two houses on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath as above, over two hundred per cent. more stock than any Queensware house on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Keeps a full assortment of staple and fancy China-Glass, Queensware, Coal Oil Lamps, Looking Glasses, Britannia Ware, Silver Plated Ware, Trays, Waiters, Table Cutlery, Water Coolers, Fruit Jars, Toiletware, etc.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Is the only direct importer in the city, of Ledge Elliotts & Sons' White Granite and Parian Wares and Decorated Vases and Toilet Wares, which received the great prize medals at the World's Fairs in London, Paris and New York, a variety of which they have liberally donated to the M. V. S. Fair.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Will receive monthly new goods direct from manufactures.

D. A. Winter. H. Wicke.
D. A. WINTER & CO,
CLOCK & WATCHMAKERS,
 And Jewelry Manufactory,
 No. 201 Franklin avenue, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth sts.,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.
 Repairing warranted and accurately executed.

GROVER & BAKER
SEWING MACHINE CO.
 SALES ROOMS,
 No. 124 North Fourth street,
 (Verandah Row)
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

HAFKEMEYER & FINNEY,
 113 N. FOURTH ST., COR. VINE,
 ST. LOUIS.

Carpets,
 Oil Cloths,
 Window Shades,
 Hearth Rugs,
 Straw Matting,
 &c., &c., &c.

A. SUMNER,
 AGENT FOR
WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM



SEWING MACHINE.

SEWING MACHINES,
 No. 80 North Fifth street,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

UNION LINE.
Union Transportation & Insurance Co.
 FAST FREIGHT LINE EAST AND WEST, VIA
 THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
 TIME AND RATES GUARANTEED.
 N. STEVENS, Agent,
 No. 49 Olive street, ST. LOUIS.

HOWE & CAPEN'S North Missouri Railroad.

NEW YORK FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE AGENCY.

BEHOLD THE LIST:
Columbia Fire Insurance Co.
 OF NEW YORK
 Office—No. 161 Broadway.
 Cash Capital, \$5,000,000; Surplus, \$85,493; Assets, \$168,493.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furni-
 ture Rents, Vessels in port and their Cargoes, and
 other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire.
 The insured receive 75 per cent. of net profits without
 incurring any liability.
 TIMOTHY G. CHURCHILL, Pres't.
 EDWARD KEMEYS, Sec.

Home Insurance Company,
 OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$70,396 12; Assets,
 \$570,396 12.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furni-
 ture, Rents, Leases, and other insurable property,
 against loss or damage by fire. Dealers receive 75 per
 cent. of net profits, on Dwellings and Merchandise risks.
 CHAS. WILSON, Sec. D. R. SATTERLEE, Pres't.
 SAM'L L. TALCOTT, Gen'l Ag't and Adjuster.

Lamar Fire Insurance Company
 OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
 Capital, all paid up in cash. \$300,000; Surplus, January
 1, 1864, \$89,375 27; Assets, \$389,375 27.
 ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, Sec. EDW'D ANTHONY, Pres't.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
Metropolitan Insurance Comp'y,
 103 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$300,000; Assets, Jan. 1, 1864, \$612,541 85
 Scrip dividend declared Jan. 12, 1864, 35 per cent.
 THIS Company insures, at customary rates of pre-
 mium, against loss or damage by fire; also, against
 all marine and land navigation, and war risks on cargo
 or freight. The assured receive 75 per cent. of the net
 profits, without incurring any liability, or in lieu there-
 of, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.
 JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, Pres't.
 ROBT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice Pres't.
 EDW'D A. STANSBURY, 2d Vice Pres't.
 JOHN C. GOODBRIDGE, Secretary.
 WESTERN BASCOM, General Agent.

STOCK COMPANY—INCORPORATED 1821.
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
 NEW YORK.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, March 1, 1864, \$222,-
 219 20; Assets, \$722,219 20.
 WM. PITT PALMER, President.
 ANDREW J. SMITH, Secretary.

INSURES Buildings, Merchandise and other property,
 against loss or damage by fire, at rates as low as oth-
 er first class companies. Particular attention given to
 the insurance of Farm property, isolated Dwellings and
 their Furniture, for one, three or five years. Losses
 adjusted and promptly paid in cash at this Agency.

Phoenix Insurance Company,
 BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 Offices—No. 1 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; No. 139
 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, March 1, 1864, \$222,-
 219 20; Assets, \$722,219 20.
 INSURANCE against loss by fire, Marine, Lake, Canal
 and Inland transportation.
 STEPHEN CROWELL, President.
 EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice Pres't.
 PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.
Washington Insurance Comp'y,
 172 Broadway, (cor. Maiden Lane,) N. Y.
 Cash Capital, \$100,000; Assets, Feb. 1, 1864, \$532,000.
 Scrip dividend, 1861, 60 per cent.; Scrip dividend, 1862,
 60 per cent.; Scrip dividend, 1863, 60 per cent.

THE Policies entitled to participate, receive 75 per
 cent. of net profits. Insures Buildings, Merchand-
 ise, Furniture, Rents, Leases, against loss or damage
 by fire, and marine risks on lakes, rivers and canals.
 GEO. C. SATTERLEE, President.
 HENRY WESTON, Vice President.
 WM. K. LOTHROP, Secretary.
 WM. A. SCOTT, Ass't Sec'y.

In connection with Hannibal and St. Jo. Railroad. The
 Shortest and Quickest Route to
 QUINCY, KEOKUK,
 ST. JOSEPH,
 ATCHISON,
 WESTON,
 LEAVENWORTH,
 KANSAS CITY,
 COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA,
 NEBRASKA CITY,
 QUINCY AND HANNIBAL.

Certain and Close Connections
 Are made with the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad,
 Chicago, Burlington and Iowa Railroad,
 and all the Railroads of Iowa.

On and after Sunday, November 15th, 1863,
 St. Joseph Express leaves St. Louis at.....1:15 A. M.
 Mail and Accommodation Train at.....3:30 P. M.

Fare as Low as by any other Route.
 Commodious Passenger Rooms have been fitted up at
 the Depot, corner of North Market street and Levee,
 with every arrangement for the comfort of passengers.

TICKETS FOR SALE AT
No. 40 Under Planters' House,
 AND
 FOOT OF NORTH MARKET STREET,
 Where reliable information can be obtained relative to
 routes in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.
 Be certain that your ticket reads: "Via North
 Missouri Railroad."
 I. H. STURGEON, Superintendent.
 J. H. CONCANNON, General Ticket Agent.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.

ON and after Monday, December 7th, 1863, trains will
 leave St. Louis, as follows:
 Mail Train—Daily at 8:20 A. M., stopping at all stations
 and running through to Knobnoster, (205 miles.)
 Franklin Accommodation—Daily except Sunday, at 6:00
 P. M.
 Stages—Leave Dresden for Warrensburg, Lexington,
 Pleasant Hill, Independence and Kansas City,
 daily on arrival of train. Leave Sedalia for
 Springfield, Bolivar and Warsaw, on Tuesday,
 Thursday and Saturday evenings on arrival of
 train; Leave Tipton every evening for Booneville.
 Passengers taking the 8:20 A. M. train from St. Louis,
 connect at Franklin with train daily for Rolla and in-
 termediate stations. Stages leave Rolla every morning
 for Springfield
 Through tickets may be obtained at the Passenger De-
 pot, corner of Seventh and Poplar streets, or at the
 Company's Through Ticket Office, No. 42 Fourth street,
 under the Planters' House. T. MCKISSOCK, Sup't.
 E. W. WALLACE, General Ticket Agent.

St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad.

Spring Arrangement, commencing April 4, 1864.
 PASSENGER Trains will leave Plum street Depot,
 daily, as follows:
 For Pilot Knob, Potosi, and all stations, at...6:15 A. M.
 For Desoto at.....6:15 A. M. and 4 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Pilot Knob at.....3:00 P. M.
 Potosi at.....3:50 P. M.
 DeSoto at.....6:00 A. M. and 5:35 P. M.
 Carondelet Accommodation Trains.
 For Carondelet at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M.;
 2:00, 4:00, 6:25, 7:30, 9:00 and 11:30 P. M.
 For Docks at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M., 2:00 and
 4:00 P. M.
 For Jefferson Barracks and Quarantine at 6:15, 11:30 A.
 M., and 4:00 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Quarantine at 7:30 A. M.; 1:00 and 7:50 P. M.
 Jefferson Barracks at 7:40 A. M.; 1:05 and 7:55 P. M.
 Docks at 7:54, 9:15, 10:33, A. M.; 1:17, 3:07, 5:45 P. M.
 Carondelet at 6:30, 6:20, 8:00, 9:20, 10:40, A. M.; 1:20,
 3:10, 5:48, 7:00, 8:10, 10:45 P. M.
 S. D. BARLOW, Pres't & Snp't.
 ISIDOR BUSH, General Agent.

J. C. DUBUQUE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

—AND—
Dealer in Gents' Furnishing Goods,
No. 74 N. Fifth st., bet. Locust & St. Charles sts.

Hudson E. Bridge. John H. Beach. Leonard Holland
BRIDGE, BEACH & CO.,

SUCCESSORS to Bridge & Bro., manufacturers of
Tinners' Tools and Machines, Japanned Ware, &c.
Importers and dealers in Tin Plate, Copper, Sheet Iron,
Wire, No. 37 Main street, St. Louis, Mo.

John J. Hoppe. John N. Neuhaus. H. R. Krite.
JOHN J. HOPPE & CO.,

WHOLESALE dealers in Fancy Goods, Notions, Toys,
Sutlers' Supplies, &c., No. 16 South Main street,
opposite Merchants' Exchange, St. Louis.

HENRY I. LORING. ROBERT D. PATTERSON.
H. I. LORING & CO.,

WHOLESALE dealers in Stationery, Paper and School
Books, and Blank Book manufacturers, 136 North
Main street, opposite State Bank, St. Louis.

W. SPILKER,

S. SIDES, AGENT,

194 Olive st., bet. Twelfth and Thirteenth.

Confectionary of the Best Quality,
ALWAYS ON HAND.

THOMAS LAIRD,

(Successor to Fisher & Bennett.)

WHOLESALE DEALER IN
BOOKS, PAPERS & STATIONERY,

98 (Old Number) Main street, St. Louis.
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL THE BOOKS
recommended by the State Superintendent, and a
full assortment of Record and Blank Books of all kinds.

JOHN COOK,

MANUFACTURER OF

WAGONS, DRAYS, CARTS AND WHEELBARROWS,

No. 692 Broadway,

Between Jefferson and Monroe streets, ST. LOUIS.

LUMBER.

SCHULENBURG & BOECKELER,

Tenth street, between Cass avenue and Mullanphy st.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

HAVE, IN CONNECTION WITH THEIR PLANING
MILL, constantly on hand a large stock of well
seasoned Pine Lumber, Flooring, Fencing, Joists,
Shingles, Laths, &c., &c., which they offer at very low
prices.

J. T. Wilson. A. J. Clark.

WILSON & CLARK,

SHIRT MANUFACTURERS,

AND DEALERS IN

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

No. 89 North Fourth street, St. Louis, Mo. Shirts
made to order.

NIEDRINGHAUS & BRO.,

Manufacturers of

TIN WARE,

And Dealers in

TINNERS' STOCK, TOOLS, MACHINERY, &c., No.
147 North Main street, between Green and Wash-
ington avenue, St. Louis.

Tin Plate	1C, Coke	Tin plate lead'd 1X, Charc'l
"	" 1C, B. P.	Block Tin
"	" 10x14, 1C, Charcoal	Brazier Copper
"	" 1X, "	Sheathing
"	" 12x12, 1C, "	Copper Bottoms
"	" 1X, "	Sheet Zinc
"	" 14x20, 1C, "	Russia Sheet Iron
"	" 1X, "	Sheet Iron, B, No. 20 to 27,
"	" 1XX, "	" " C, No. 20 to 27,
"	" lead'd 1C, "	

Prices subject to change of market.

JAMES M. CRAWFORD,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN LAW,
Medical, School and Miscellaneous Books, Sta-
tionery, Periodicals and Papers, No. 64 Fourth street,
St. Louis, Mo.

Damon, Sherburne & Co.,
ENGLISH, GERMAN, AMERICAN

—AND—

French Plate Window Glass,

20 and 22 Canal street, opposite Boston and Maine R.
R. Depot, (Haymarket Square,) Boston.

Geo. D. Appleton, N. D. Noyes, John B. Maude.

APPLETON, NOYES & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 110 North Main street, between Locust and Vine,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

H. P. SHERBURNE,

Dealer in

Music, Piano Fortes and Melodeons,

And all kinds of

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

No. 36 Market street, between Main and Second.

G. & W. TODD & CO.,

Manufacturers of

MACHINE BELTING.

Dealers in Mill Materials.

Main street, corner of Morgan, St. Louis, Mo.

Lyon, Shorb & Co.,

Sole Manufacturers

**SLIGO AND TYRONE BAR, SHEET
AND PLATE IRON.**

268 North Second street,

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H. B. Graham & Bro.,

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Nos. 66 & 68 Main street, between Olive and Pine,
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P. H. ABRAMS.

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Fourth street, Verandah Row, between St. Charles st.
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Express Freight Line,

Northwest corner Main and Locust streets,
(Over Merchants' Bank.)

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WHOLESALE and retail dealer in China, Glass and
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Tea Trays, Feather Dusters, Vases, Lamps, Chandeliers,
Table Cutlery, &c., &c., Northwest corner Fourth and
St. Charles streets, St. Louis, Mo.

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H. Westermann. E. F. W. Meier.

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Queensware, Britannia Ware, Table Cutlery, Tea Trays,
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sorted Crates for the Country Trade constantly on hand.

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AND PROVISIONS GENERALLY.**

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HASTINGS, WILKERSON & CO.
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 If you suffer with
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 Use **Lallemand's Specific**
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 PRICE, \$1 PER BOTTLE.

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 271 Broadway, St. Louis.
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 55 Main street, St. Louis,
 Offer to the trade a general and well selected stock of
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TO WHICH THEY RESPECTFULLY INVITE THE
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 Importers and Jobbers of Foreign and Domestic
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 Missouri losses adjusted and paid at this Agency.

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Merchants' Insurance Co.	301,443 46
North America Insurance Co.	334,010 43
Hartford Fire Insurance Co.	1,284,743 05
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 Daily, in advance - - - - - \$ 8 00
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 PRESENTATION Swords and Pistols on hand or made
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 Will make liberal cash advances on consignment of
 Produce, for sale in St. Louis, or to Partridge, Wells &
 Co., New York.

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 Muffs, &c., taken for preservation during the Summer,
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 Watches repaired and warranted.

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 Military Swords, Sashes, Belts, Shoulder Straps,
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 and Regalia of all kinds, wholesale and Retail.

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 LATEST style and patterns, at lowest
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 Dodge's patent and Skeel's patent Set-
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The Daily Countersign.

PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR.

"POSSUNT QUIA POSSIE VIDENTUR."

No. 7.

St. Louis, May 25, 1864.

Price 10 Cents.

The Daily Countersign.

MANAGERS. { MRS. E. W. CLARK,
 { MRS. S. A. RANLETT.
EDITOR, ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Wednesday, May 25, 1864.

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OF THE MISS. VAL. SAN. FAIR.

FAIR BUILDING,
ST. LOUIS, May 19, 1864.

To the Cashiers of the

Several Departments:

The "Central Finance Committee" have in the Building a *Fire and Burglar Proof Safe*, and are prepared to receive your deposits of money daily, at any hour of the day up to ten (10) o'clock, P. M. S. W. ELY, Esq., Assistant Secretary, will receipt for the same, and your Department will be duly credited.

Very respectfully,

Your obt. servant,

E. W. FOX,

Chairman Cen. Fin. Com.

M. J. LIPPMAN, Sec'y.

The Finance Committee have their Head Quarters near the Floral Department.

CONSIDERATION.

It is certainly the farthest possible from our purpose, intentionally to slight any of the Departments or to make false statements in regard to them. Those who have not the responsibility in this matter, do not often pause to consider that it is absolutely impossible to notice all the Departments in one number, and next to absolutely impossible not to make an error in some particular. Some three or four must be spoken of together, and of course those whose turn comes first are the—"best pleased," we were going to say, but we change it to "least displeased." This question presented itself to us some two weeks ago, and after consideration we decided to speak of the Departments alphabetically. We thought no one could then with justice complain of want of attention. This arrangement has been strictly adhered to.

Only one exception was made, and that was in favor of the Skating Park, the Bower of Rest, and the two Kitchens, and we made this exception because these did not speak to the eye like the rest of the Departments, and seemed to need a helping hand to start them. No one can regret more than we, any errors which may have been made in our columns. We are ready at all times to make the desired correction, and to make this correction as prominent as possible, if our friends will let us know of them. We can do no more, and if this is not considered full reparation, we must rest under their displeasure. We ask them to consider the innumerable mistakes which are found constantly in the articles of the senior press. Are we to be held more strictly to an account than they? We ask them finally, if they have ever edited a daily paper, and whether they succeeded in making it perfect?

Each Department, of course, is especially interested in its own success—but may not the rivalry engendered by this desire for personal success, tend to make us forget the grand aim and object for which we are all working? Whatever can aid the cause, to that let us yield our desires and be willing to work without glory, or even favor, so that we strengthen the hands of the Western Sanitary Commission.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.

An observant eye gains information from seemingly inexpressive things. We are morally sure for instance, that in a certain family we know of, no one can be near-sighted, for the pictures are all hung within a foot of the ceiling; and the height of the counter at the hardware department told us the same thing as the nails in the rooms at the White Mountains,—that the man who did that work must have been above medium height. But this is a matter of small moment. We have never seen a more beautiful show of fine cutlery than forms the background of this department. We cannot speak of all, and where all have done nobly it is difficult to make a distinction, but the case from A. F. Shapleigh & Co. merits especial attention—Pratt & Fox also make a fine display. Two very fine circular saws from Branch, Crookes & Co., are worthy of mention; some fine gold-scales from John Baumann also. There is a fine display of wooden ware from Jacob Lamm & Co. Boston sends a valuable contribution from the firm of Eastman & Co. of two steam ganges. The Pittsburg Novelty Works contribute platform-scales where any one can have his weight correctly determined, and re-

ceive a certificate, signed by General Rosecrans. From Pittsburg come some fine axes. Skates from Newark, N. J., call for a notice. There are some fine edge-tools from Bradley, of Westport, Conn. The clothes-wringers from W. C. Browning, of N. Y., need no encomiums to those who have ever used one. The muscle-straining work of wringing clothes becomes, by this new invention, an amusement, while the clothes are thoroughly deprived of water. The Clerk's Association of St. Louis, have contributed some babies' cabs which are well made. But one of the most valuable things to be found here, is a quantity of extra superfine cordage, from Wm. Wall's Sons, N. Y. Part of it is already sold. It deserves the attention of every one, and is worth 75 cents per lb. Any one desiring to purchase at this department will find most courteous and gentlemanly attendants, who will satisfy all demands.

FLORAL DEPARTMENT.

First, let us take a view of this Department from the Olive street end of the building. It occupies the central dome, the whole of whose decorations should be credited to the Floral Committee. As we approach it, between us and the temple there is a fountain where the water falls into a basin, surrounded with stones and moss and beautiful lilies. Just beyond, rises an octagonal temple supported by arches, over each of which is the name of a battle and below, that of its leader. The ones we see directly before us are, Vicksburg and Grant. Around the pillars twine green wreaths and white lilies, and above hang birds and baskets, filled with exquisite flowers. Surmounting this temple is a triumphal column, embellished with steel weapons of divers kinds on a red ground; above this, blue, with a circle of flashing bayonets, and above all still, the red, winding up, edged with green and ornamented with pistols, leads the eye up and encircles the words, "Remember the wounded." And so we reach the top, where from a sort of parapet, edged with green, float proudly the flags which bear the colors we love. Passing to the opposite side, or entering by the St. Charles street door, the appearance of course is much the same, substituting Stone River and Rosecrans for Vicksburg and Grant, and "Honor the Dead" for "Remember the Wounded." Within this fairy temple the white-robed priestesses offer rare and beautiful flowers, natural and artificial. Two alabaster vases of exquisite proportions and filled with bouquets of wax-flowers, the most beautiful we have ever seen, are for sale. The hanging baskets of flowers are also very lovely, and add much to the orna-

ment of the Department. There is one that is valued at \$100. A wreath of flowers which are made of rice, seeds, nuts, cones, &c., and which was donated to the Union Aid Society of Jacksonville, Ill., and presented by them to the Fair, is very curious.

The list of those who have contributed liberally and generously is so long that we do not publish it. The Department is in constant receipt of fresh flowers, which they offer for sale. The plants which stand around are donations, and are also for sale. This seems not to be generally understood.

The Floral Temple and Triumphal Column, with its embellishments and surroundings, is an emanation from the brain of Matthew G. Kern, a landscape gardener of original ideas and large experience. For the fine architectural proportions of the temple and column, the Floral Committee are indebted to Mr. Wm. Rumbold, one of the leading architects of our city.

JEWELRY AND PLATE.

An elegant set of heavy plate, from the Ladies' Union Aid Society of Keokuk, in the case at the north end of the table, demands special notice. In the same case is another valuable service, from Harvey Filley & Sons, Philadelphia. There are also, at this table, two Oreide sets, which attract and please.

The Department has just received \$2,000 worth from New York. They show silver of all styles and kinds, table castors, spoons, forks, &c. Also a considerable quantity of jewelry. A valuable set of diamonds was sold last week. Most of the articles exhibited here are for sale.

There is a mess-chest, which is to be presented to the General who has the greatest number of votes. Votes only fifty cents apiece. At present Grant is ahead.

A valuable clock, valued at \$300, is to be raffled off before the close of the Fair.

LADIES' FURNISHING.

Most of the articles in this Department were made to order, and have already been claimed by the owners. This, of course, offered an excellent chance to replenish one's wardrobe, and many have taken advantage of it, and gladly given the money to the Sanitary Commission. A very beautifully made night-dress is for sale, being valued at \$20. Ladies can here find under-clothing of all descriptions, neatly and tastefully made, in quantities to suit purchasers. Also under-sleeves, cuffs, collars, &c., breakfast shawls and caps of various styles. Some exquisite, and very valuable lace collars, should be mentioned here. The assortment of sun-shades has been good, but is now rather low.

The ladies of Fort Leavenworth send an elegantly embroidered pocket-handkerchief, and the "Sisters of the Good Samaritan," Quincy, Ills., a gentleman's dressing gown, which is very nicely made, and will probably be raffled. Some flannel embroidery is beautiful, and worthy of notice. The ladies of this Department have either done the most of this sewing themselves, or had it done under their own supervision, and can warrant it to be good. One does not often have a chance to

purchase ready-made clothing which is so neatly and strongly done.

NARRATIVE OF A UNION SOLDIER.

(CONCLUDED.)

The rivalry was too great between himself and Gen. Wiuder, as I have heard the latter accused a number of times by those under him high in position as to responsibility and confidence, of robbing us of rations, and replacing them by those unfit to eat.

The deaths in hospitals on the Island last winter would average from 25 to 30 per day.

On the 1st of March the greatest consternation was visible in all directions, bells were ringing, people and armed squads of soldiers headed by a drum were marching and running to and fro, all bound for the front. One thing was certain, the Yankee cavalry were making a raid and had already been engaged in a skirmish inside the city limits.

The prisoners were all on the *qui vive*, some expecting to have a gun soon in their hands, dealing death and destruction right and left, taunts were thrown at the guard until it was dangerous to look out, or go near the windows, for instead of the friendly warning of "Poke your head in there," the more forcible argument of an ounce of lead would be sure to come. The prisoners who were taken, as well as the wounded, soon began to come in, and "The Raiders," was the exclamation of every fair dame, and sturdy reb, who chanced to see them, until they found themselves surrounded by their comrades and "hearts that beat as one." Every threat was hurled at them, although wounded and on a sick bed, and no epithet was bad enough for them, such as murderers, turpentine rangers, house burners, &c. The excitement at this time was greater, than previously, when Gen. Butler made a demonstration as far as Bottom Bridge on the Chickabominy, contrary to the statements made in all the city papers.

An escape from the prisons is almost impossible, and attended with a great deal of danger, even when out of the line of guards, as almost every citizen is armed with some kind of fire arms, and it is dangerous for any straggler, particularly if he be clothed in the true blue, to be caught prowling around a farm. The rebels took every occasion to throw the escape of Gen. Morgan up to us, but it was suddenly hushed when the "170 Union officers escaped," as it was glaringly headed in all their papers. Great was the consternation of all, and especially that of "Ross," a young fellow who calls the roll every morning in the different prisons, when he counted the officers and made the exclamation, "There are 170 officers here that aint here," which brought the house down. Many of the escaped were returned, but great was the joy when we heard from Northern news, of the safe arrival of the noted and despised Col. Straight into the arms of Father Abraham. A search was made for the "Yankee hole," which was found and refilled by some twenty negroes,

the job being overlooked by some 2,000 prisoners in Pemberton, Crew's and Libby prisons. One escape was made from No. 22 Hospital, by a Yankee playing dead, when he was carried outside to the dead house. In half an hour he was joined by a companion, the lid taken off, and both decamped on a double quick,

On the 12th of March, one of the raiders and myself planned an escape, and carrying it into execution the same night found ourselves outside, after dodging the many fortifications and guards, passing one sentry on the plea that we were lost militia men. We reached the vicinity of Bottom's Bridge, and awaited the break of day to keep out of sight and danger of being shot, as we saw we were then in the neighborhood of camp-fires and pickets. At daylight, seeing no one, we pushed into the stream and had reached almost the other bank, when suddenly we became aware of three unwelcome visitors with pistols pointed at our pbiz, with "caught again" as our greeting. Without resistance we were marched on our return trip to Richmond, and again were ushered into the awful presence of the officials of Libby. After examination and the usual search, we were ordered to the dungeon for two weeks. On awakening to the true state of our new situation, we found ourselves the occupants of a cell six by four feet, and higher than we could tell, without blanket or overcoat, and on rations of corn bread and James river water; add to this, the pleasure of being next door neighbor to 200 pounds of powder, and you have our agreeable situation before you. The walls of the place were damp and wet continually, and the straw under us crawling with vermin. At no time before during my life, had I ever wished for death, but here it would have been a welcome messenger.

Our next journey was to Quarters in the Pemberton, which place was at that time filled with prisoners from Belle Isle or the adjacent prisons, previous to their being sent to Georgia. Having a horror of this latter place akin to that of the cell we had just left, we took the following method to get rid of being sent there: Hearing from some who had returned from the hospital, that five hundred were to be paroled and sent North from there, we—as it is termed in the army—played sick (which was not hard to do) to perfection, and were sent, on the 6th of April, to our old home, No. 21 hospital, pro tem. Our names were entered on the parole sheets and signed, when, after a long delay of ten days, caused by the rising of James river, a party of five hundred and sixty-three sick and wounded prisoners embarked on board two steamers at Rockett's, and commenced our journey to the land of Stars and Stripes. Nothing of consequence met our earnest gaze on our way down, except once in a while one of the dreaded Merrimacs would be seen lying like a huge turtle on the water. Of these there are only four between Richmond and the obstructions, two of which are mounted with eight guns, and the others respectively by six and four. One of those mounted by eight guns is only in a partial state of completion, and the other, on leaving

the wharf, although under a full head of steam, was towed down the river by a little green painted tug-boat, reminding one of an ant, pulling along a grain of corn. The fortifications in the vicinity of Fort Darling are truly formidable, as well as the obstructions in the river; yet with all this, do not be surprised should you hear of one of Uncle Sam's little monitors sailing up some time this summer.

Soon our boats hove in sight, and every one strained his optical organs to their fullest extent to view the welcome sight of the Stars and Stripes, of which we had so long been deprived. As we neared City Point, two of the French steamers were lying there, one a man-of-war and the other a merchant vessel. We were soon along side of our own boat, when three as hearty cheers as ever were given by the sons of the North, were given for our "good old flag that bears the stripes and stars." We were that night, thanks be to our Heavenly Father, free—FREE! Oh, what an amount of hidden meaning there is in those four letters! The massacre of Fort Pillow is still before us, and fresh in our memories; but on sober thought, which is to be the most dreaded, a death where one is breathing free air, or one in the close pent cells of rebellion?

A FOUR MONTHS PRISONER.

I have not touched on the miseries of Belle Isle, but can give a few items, which you are at liberty to use with those I mentioned in my statements. Eight sticks of cord-wood were the rations dealt out to every one hundred men in twenty-four hours. The shelter being tents of the poorest texture, did not keep out the rain.

Freezing to death was a common occurrence last winter. Men were sent to the hospital who died on the way, and others sent back long before they were well, which action, of course, terminated in their death. Men were shot weekly on the Isle, for sitting on the bank (the pace of the guard;) and often when a crowd was gathered at the cook-house, men were knocked down by a rebel sergeant, who was superintendent of the place. As to all the statements I have made, I give my word of honor that they are not exaggerated in the least. J. W. F.

"THE RAVING"

Of a Victim of the Sanitary Fair.

A POE, M.

Once upon an evening dreary, when I came home, sad and weary,
 Something bulky on me tumbled, as I stumbled up the stair.
 Boxes, bundles, bags and baskets, cases, carboys, kegs and caskets,
 Fire-shovels, flags and flasks, labelled "this side up with care."
 Filled my hall to overflowing, labelled "glass," and "hand with care,"
 "For the Sanitary Fair."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the dark December,

Christmas Eve was hardly over, with its gayety and glare,
 When I first had heard an uttering, of this social tempest muttering,
 That resulted in the clattering of my vestibule and stair,
 That resulted in their piling lots of things upon my stair,
 Lettered, "Sanitary Fair."

While I gazed in pensive wonder, sighing as I crawled from under,
 From my prostrate person gently lifting various heavy ware,
 Suddenly I heard a chatter, and a general clash and clatter,
 As of tongues that told the matter to the circumambient air,
 That in various keys repeated the same chorus to the air,
 Saying, "Sanitary Fair."

"Heaven bless," I said, "the ladies; Heaven help their blessed babies,—
 "Heaven forgive their sinful husbands, all the oaths that they shall swear,
 "For Eve never had a daughter could resist the heart that taught her,
 "Giving but a cup of water, to give also thought and care,
 "And to cure all the afflicted in her charitable care,
 "Hold a Charitable Fair."

"Charity, whose cloak will cover multitudes of sins quite over,
 "Covers then domestic martyrs, and the sufferings they bear,
 "Hides the frequent hash for dinner—[Thrice a week, as I'm a sinner!]
 "Hides the rents the children bring her, in the pinafores they wear,
 "Hides the dust and desolation that the homes and households wear,
 "For a Charitable Fair."

Hesitating then no longer, growing weak instead of stronger,
 With the fate that loomed before me, I sprang madly up the stair,
 And methought my brain was whirling, or the scene had changed to Berlin,
 With a population twirling, articles of woolen ware,
 With a female population, making heaps of woolen ware,
 For a woolen-factor's Fair.

Caps and capes, and jupes and jackets, socks and stocks, and sacks and sachets,
 Cuffs, muffs, muffatees and mufflers, by the dozen, score or pair,
 In the midst my own Maria, [was no voice uplifted higher,]
 Wielded shining bits of wire, knitted, chatted from her chair,
 Worked on something like a blanket that was spread before her chair,
 For the Sanitary Fair.

It was but a small committee of the matrons of the city,

In a friendly way discussing what to do and what to wear,
 How with grave device or funny, how with tones of oil and honey
 They should lure us, with our money, to their charitable snare,
 They should trap our victim pockets in their charitable snare
 Of a Sanitary Fair.

Struggling through the dreadful clamor, to my wife I tried to stammer,
 "Dear," said I, "your cousin Peter died last eve of *mal du mer!*"
 "Ah!" she sighed, "the poor dear fellow!—
 With this stripe of red and yellow,
 "Something dark should make it mellow; I will put a black one there.
 "Mourning for the perished Peter, in my afghan shall be there.
 "We shall miss him at the Fair."

* * * * *

And that female, never quitting, still is sitting, sitting, knitting,
 Weeks and months unnoticed fitting, she is growing thin and spare—
 And her eyes have all the seeming of a woman's that is dreaming,
 With the sunshine o'er her streaming, or within the gaslight's glare,
 Evermore she counts her stitches, while her starving household glare,
 She knits afghans for the Fair.*

LESLIE WALTER.

*To be found at tables No. 4 and No. 16.

NO DEED IS LOST.

A little boy on his way home from school, picked up a pansy by the road-side, a wilted thing with dry roots. With a child's quick eye to beauty, he discovered the velvet splendor of its petals; he set the drooping thing in his garden, watered and watched it; and at evening he had the joy of beholding its petals lift themselves, and the flower look up serenely as if born anew.

So week by week, the boy nourished his flower and loved it. All summer he picked the purple blossoms to fasten in his mother's bosom and his sister's golden hair; and when winter came, he brought straw, all that his little hands could hold, to keep his flower safe till another spring.

But lo! that winter's snowfall covered a sweeter flower; and the little boy's hands were folded in eternal rest. When spring came and the snow melted, straws lay scattered over the flower-bed, to bring pleasant tears in our eyes, with thought of the tender little heart.—that a tenderer love had sheltered from earth's snows.

And now on every May morning, birds come from far and near to the straw-strewn garden-bed, thrush, robin, oriole, blue-bird, sparrow; and singing exultingly at their good fortune, they draw out slender straws for their nests, and away,—back and forth, back and forth, beating invisible pathways through the

air; and singing as they weave the straws together, pliant with dew, for the framework, the strong timbers of their houses; hair afterwards, and moss, and down, and speckled eggs; but first sustaining and containing all, the straws which had been brought by little dimpled hands, now motionless forever.

In time, the pansy opened its velvet petals, and looked out on the summer morning; no blue eyes answered its gaze, nor bright curls drooped over it: but its roots, planted firmly found now their own sustenance, and its flowers nestling again in the mother's bosom and the sister's golden hair, breathed a peaceful fragrance as from heaven,

And the straws? They swung the oriole's nest from the elm, six made pickets about the ground sparrow's nest, and one was hid by moss in the silken home of the humming-bird; and the blue-bird had woven hers under the leaves of the oak, and the field mouse rolled her young in hers, a shining ball of straw; and thrush, and blue-jay, far up the tallest trees of the grove had theirs. Through the long summer mornings a hundred little mothers' hearts sang praises in praise of the child's sweet name, of the little loving hands that had worked while it was day.

No deed is lost. The flower we plant shall grow while we are sleeping, the little straws of kindness which we scatter in this world, may be to others comfort and rest, and nest, and home. Unclasp, oh, idle hands! beat, languid heart! and speak some word of sympathy, oh, silent lips! work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man may work.

C. S. W.

CHARLIE'S SWORD.

Our elder children I notice are inventing a new catechism. They are not very far advanced with it as yet, but what they have done I think is very much to the point. I hear them ask our youngest, our Benjamin, a round eyed rogue of two years and a quarter; "What will you do when you grow to be a man?" He draws himself up, puts out his mite of a foot, and shouts, "I will take Tarlie's sword and fight for my tuntry," which answer, unlike those given in other catechisms, is always received with tremendous applause.

Well, I hope if his country needs him, the darling will keep his word. I have little doubt but he will, and if he is as good and brave as he is bonnie, he will be worthy to fight with Charlie's sword, and that is a great deal to say.

It is now about two years since I first began to notice Charlie. He came to the church where I go Sunday and sat very near me. I began first to notice his eyes; I think they were the most beautiful I ever looked on in the face of a man. Large, dark, luminous, but soft and sweet beyond description. You felt at once that they revealed a soul of no common order.

Charlie I found was a stranger in our great Babel by the lake; had come from Quebec and was at work on one of our Railroads. I soon came to know him and to know his story. He

was the only son of his mother and she a widow and he was educating his only sister out of his rather scant earnings. In the Summer of 1862 came the great call for men. Charlie had just been promoted on the Railroad; he was sure to be promoted still higher. A Canadian by birth and a Frenchman by blood, newly came into the United States, he might well have excused himself from service. Charlie did not feel so; he felt in his heart "the splendid shiver of brave blood," gave up all he had and enlisted as a common soldier. If I loved Charlie before I loved him so much more now. We became fast and faithful friends. The delicate lad all at once grew into a man, his cheek grew ruddy, his bearing into that of a courageous, confident soldier. He was at once made Corporal, then speedily Sergeant, then 2d Lieutenant and then 1st Lieutenant; not one step was made through favor and influence. Charlie did it all out of his own brave trusty nature. Those whose business it is to see what men are made of, noticed how his courage and conduct everywhere revealed the noble opening manhood. Charlie wrote me twice from the army; his letters were full of his good spirit, strong, hopeful, bright and brave. Others wrote of him. He, "Charlie," they said "is as brave as a lion in battle and as good as he can be in every way. The profanity and sin of the camp has no power to hurt him, he is to be made Captain as soon as we can get the thing done." And when our brave fellows stood at the foot of Missionary Ridge, ready to take the bit in their teeth, and go storming over every obstacle, dear Charlie stood at the head of his Company, Captain in command, looking with steady eyes up the dreadful scarp, ready to rush on. But this was not to be; another hill stood waiting, that mighty hill Bunyan saw, upon which a city is framed, higher than the clouds. He had fought a good fight and finished his course. As the word was given to charge, the things that were seen and temporal all faded out; light came into the eyes from beyond the great river, the brave heart all at once stood still.

Charlie rests in the great Cemetery at Chattanooga with brave men all about him, who fell for the same great trust; and some good friend, knowing how I love him, has sent me his sword. I keep it as a sacred relic. It hangs near me where I work, where my children can see it every day. Yes, little blue eyed Benjamin, it may be that this dear land will need men to fight for her when thou art grown to be a man. If the cause shall be so sacred as this, and the need so imperative, I can think of no more noble and beautiful thing to do then, than to fight for thy country with Charlie's sword. R. C.

A lawyer in one of the Western courts lately threw a cane at another's head. The court required him to apologize for it. He did so, and replied: "While I am about it, I may as well apologize beforehand for throwing another cane at him the first chance I get."

THREE.

BY ROBERT LOWELL.


We had but those three then,
And when the Land called men,
Hers were they, every one:
Two that scarce manhood knew,
To sudden ripeness grew,
Under that Day's high sun.

Not brutal lust of fight—
No mean wish for men's sight,
Drew them to battle's glare:
Beside their peaceful walk
Fair Fame had reared her stalk—
Her blooms their easy share.

Not for that empty name
Which may be cheat and shame,
And give to base men sway:
But for high Law and Right;
For Honor's holy plight,
They walked that bloody way,

Now, Two of Three are dead!
(The thick, short word is said.)
They have bought up their pledge
With blood of gentle veins
That leaves no sordid stains,
Poured on the Field's front edge.

Not better than the rest,
Who freely gave their best.
But these have given well!
New glow our own blood takes,
And kindred, for their sakes—
With all the brave that fell.

 The original can be procured at this office.

A FEARFUL ADVENTURE.

"Not a bit of it, if you choose to run your chances," was the surly answer of the engineer in whom I had just recognized a school-boy acquaintance, to my question as to whether I should be in the way on the engine. It was a sweltering hot night in July, and about eleven of the said night, I had stepped from the train at X—to try and get a breath of air, and in the station had suddenly run against and recognized Tom Healey. It was at least ten years since I had seen him, but I could not be mistaken in the broad, Indian-like features, the black eye, and the heavy, straight eyebrows, which always made him different from any one of us boys. I had never known much of him except at school, and in our foot-ball matches, in which he was always in demand, and the side that had him was pretty sure to win. Of his family, the townspeople saw very little. His mother was insane, and was away the best part of the time I was in school, and Tom and his father lived very much to themselves. Capital fellow! So here he was again—broad-shouldered, bronzed by sun and air, but still Tom Healey all over.

I leaped on to the engine, glad of a chance for a little fresh air, free from cinders and smoke. One movement of the lever, open came the throttle-valve, in rushed the steam,

and we were off. I placed myself on a small cushioned seat on the larboard side, where the air blew in warm but still fresh, and after a few words with Tom, who was disinclined to talk, looked forward. I could see nothing but the glare of our head light on the track ahead, and now and then the trunk of a large tree which we swept by so swiftly that the eye had scarcely time to perceive it, before it, too, vanished into the universal blackness. For "the heavy night hung dark;" not a star, no moon, and above and around, only threatening clouds, which had been gathering all day.

When I wearied of this vain attempt at seeing out, I watched the fireman as he flung the huge logs into the open mouth of the furnace, and placidly meditated on Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Tom was never a fellow of many words, and now he was a fellow of none. He stood silently looking forward, and at last I fell into a doze, in spite of the jolts and jars which threatened to throw me from my seat.

How long I slept I do not know; but Tom stood just as I saw him last. "Where are we?" "Just past Upton"—and then silence again. I looked out, hoping that the clouds had cleared away—but no. It was utter darkness, relieved only by the streaming light which we were destined ever to chase and never to overtake. As I looked, straining my eyes, I saw, or thought I saw, miles and miles ahead, one little light, the only light in all the darkness; I kept my eye fixed on it. Now I fancied it was only my imagination, and then I was sure I saw it. I glanced at Tom. His eye was forward, but his face perfectly meaningless. Yes, I was sure it was a light now, and right ahead. I knew the road at this part ran as straight as an arrow for eight or ten miles, and the point of light was just in front of our smoke stack. It grew brighter and more clear. I looked at the index to see how much steam we had on. The hand was moving slowly but steadily up, up, and faster and faster we jolted, and rushed, and rattled.

Of course Tom knew his own business I reflected, and tried not to think about it, and to think of Shadrach again, but it was of no use. My eyes were drawn, as by some strange fascination, to the light which was no longer doubtful. How we pitched, and rolled, and rushed! How the sparks from our smoke-stack flew like the sparks from a roaring torch! How the steam hissed like a venomous serpent! Reeling, swaying from side to side, crash, clatter, how we flew on toward that light which still, straight ahead, grew ever brighter and brighter.

Tom stood like a statue. In the light, his face looked perfectly white; not a muscle moved, but a fixed determination sat upon his lips. His eyes seemed not to see. I could keep silent no longer. "Why, man alive," I cried, "don't you see there is something on the track?" and I leaped to move the lever. Quick as thought I was, but Tom was quicker. His arm held me firmly. A mocking smile played over his features.

Horror! How there came to me now in a flash the story of his mother; how she suddenly, in the midst of health, was struck with insanity. I remembered then how I saw her,

her long black hair streaming over her shoulders, her clothing soiled and rent, on the floor of the wagon in which they had put her, and where they had to bind her with ropes. How she screamed! It rang in my ears still, and Tom—insanity was hereditary—was he a man or a demon? What a fool was I to trust to him!

That light! brighter now, brighter still, right ahead, now not more than a mile distant. Rushing, tearing through the night, right into the jaws of death! was there no help?

Far away I knew who was sitting thinking of me. Soft brown curls, shading blue eyes. Yes, to-night she would get my letter, she would read it softly to herself, and say, "He will be here to-morrow, and I—"

I tried to wrench myself from Tom's grasp. Was there no way of fleeing from the horrible fate that awaited us? I caught at something, I knew not what, and a fearful shriek resounded through the air, which the hills far off, caught and echoed. It sounded like the laugh of fiends. On, and on, and on.

What a beautiful contrast is a bright light against solid blackness! How straight the line is between the two lights, ours and that! Will it ever be known what has become of me? Crushed like an insect in the fiercely unyielding metal. Anything but that, I will fling myself off; one leap, I shall not feel it—Quick! Tom's hand holds me tight; what a broad hand it is, how the veins are knotted and twisted! Merciful heavens! Not more than a quarter of a mile ahead!

Was the infernal machine out of order? Could she not be stopped? Our speed slackened a little, but now—oh! it was too late! too late! Rushing, rushing, reeling still, sparks flew, the column of smoke, just illumined by the lantern, streamed like a broad banner, leading us on to death. Tom's eyes glared horribly—a fiendish smile lighted them.

A warning whistle sounded ahead. Too late! too late! On, on, on—one blinding flash, a crash like the breaking asunder of the solid earth, and—we passed the freight train which had been waiting for us on the switch.

"Pretty well frightened, old fellow!" said Tom, "I thought you were certainly going off the engine. Lucky I've got a strong arm yet. Perhaps you don't remember the ducking you gave me in Deacon Fisher's mill-pond at home. I promised I'd pay you for it sometime."

I said nothing, but at the next station left the engine, and returned to the cars.

I don't think I ever really liked Tom much when he was a boy. There was always something queer about him. A. E.

"What are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was tinkering an old watch. "Improving my time," was the rejoinder.

The following appears upon the Clerk's record in Sharon: "Voted, That the March meeting be in April."

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

Some years ago, ere civil war's alarms
Disturbed the quiet of our Western farms,
A backwoodsman, unused to towns and cities,
Their fashions, usages, quirks and oddities,
Resolved to travel. But we cannot furnish
Particulars of the object of his journies,
Or when, or how, or where—that's not our
purpose,
But just one incident to paint in picture
verbose.

He came at length to see those "floating
palaces."

The Don of Waters tips like mighty chalices
On liquid lips, and sips, devours if he wishes,
Not waiting to be *dry*, the contents *and* the
dishes.

Our friend had seen some craft, yet most a
dreamer,

Never a marvel like a Mississippi steamer.
He stepped aboard, and setting down his
"plunder,"

Began to explore the splendid floating wonder.
"My eyes," said he, "what lots of gold and
silver!"

The owners of this boat run up a mighty bill
for.

This furniture, and this other fixin';
And how the painters, too, have put the
licks in!

I wonder what that door there leads to?"
And stepping towards it, stopped, as he must
needs do,

Quite short, confronted by another Hoosier,
Who stared, and seemed to say, "Well, who
are you, sir?"

Our hero moved to let the stranger pass,
Nor once suspected 'twas a *full-length glass!*
Making the circuit of the grand saloon,
Not strange to tell, the self-same party soon
Again before him stood. "Hello! you stran-
ger! at about

What time is this 'ere boat a goin' aout?
Say, stranger! can't ye tell me?" No re-
sponse.

The traveler turned; his hat upon his sconece
Indignantly he crushed, berating thus:

"Well, I'm not quarr'lsome, or we'd have a
muss!

Feels grand! Wont speak! He's mighty
proud; but naow

*A judgin' from the looks, he aint MUCH any
haw!*

'Tis thus in other judgments that we make.
We show ourselves in just the views we take.

One man declares the world is all awry—
His own discordant nature we descry.

Another finds a heaven here below—
'Tis the reflection of his soul, we know.

Boston, Mass. L. B. M.

A broken-down merchant, to console him-
self, got drunk, and while pouring forth his
warmest desire to make all men happy, he
wound up thus: "And if I owe any man any
thing, I freely forgive him the debt!"

All is vanity! I saw a dustman stop the
other day to have his coat brushed!

DIALOGUE OVERHEARD AT
THE FAIR.

Stranger—St. Louis is getting to be one of the fastest places I know of. Everybody and everything is ripping ahead at railroad speed.

Citizen—That's easily accounted for, speaking in race-course parlance. Her most popular *Majors* are *F'Veys*.

Stranger—I have seen the five live eagles, the owl and the prairie wolf—but where is the live fox you said was here?

Citizen—That's him at the headquarters of the Finance Committee—E. W. Fox, Chairman—one of the "live"-est men you will find, anywhere.

Stranger—You're getting sharp! What camp was that you were speaking of?—a miniature military camp, I suppose.

Citizen—No; it's a financial camp—Jno. P. Camp, the energetic, faithful agent of the Finance Department. See him there, counting the half bushel of greenbacks just returned to the committee from different Departments.

Stranger—I have heard several speak of a partridge—have seen the pea-fowls, the white top-knots, and numerous cages of canaries and other birds. Have you pheasants or partridges?

Citizen—We have one partridge, seen and known by everybody, as he is almost omnipresent; couldn't keep him in a cage if we should try. That is the gentleman—George Partridge, Esq., a prominent working member of the Sanitary Commission, and one of the most active men connected with the Fair.

Stranger—It's very hot here; is it always so?

Citizen—No; but it's a hot day everywhere. Besides, we have "Old Sol" right here in the centre of the building. That's Sol. Smith—that tall man surrounded by a crowd eagerly waiting their turn to secure chances in the Smizer Farm Lottery. By the way, he is one of ten brothers, each about six feet high, and formerly went by the name of "one of the sixty-foot Smiths." If you're too warm we will go into the Skating Park and cool off.

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE MISSOURI,
OFFICE OF PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL,
ST. LOUIS, May 24th, 1864.

SPECIAL ORDERS, {
No. 135.

EXTRACT:

I...By direction of the Major General Commanding, authority is hereby granted to the managers of the M. V. Sanitary Fair, to sell firearms at said Fair, without filing bonds, as required of ordinary sellers.

The necessary permits to purchase, will be issued under the direction of Major Alfred Mackay, Corresponding Secretary.

J. P. SANDERSON,
Provost Marshal General.

None need despair of their merit being acknowledged when it is remembered that three hundred years have passed since Shakespeare was born and he has not got to his zenith yet.

MISS. VAL. SAN. FAIR'S NEW
CATECHISM.

When are ladies' cheeks like a hitched up team? When there is one on each side of a *wagging* (wagon) tongue.

Why is the noise of a mill-wheel like Paradise Lost? Because it is *Mill-tone-ian* music.

Why is the wind like our soldiers? Because "it goeth where it *listeth*."

What kind of a nut tree does a mortar boat resemble? A *shell-bark*.

What is the difference between a stingy millionaire and a penniless vagabond? One is an able miser and the other is miser-able.

Will one of our much-esteemed citizens forgive us for asking *why* he is like a robber? Because he is a *high Wayman* (highwayman.)

Our friend must not think we would *Crow* over him because we can put him into conundrum shape.

If Aunt Chloe asks you to put in her first pair of ear-rings, what ancient queen will she name? Boadicea. (*Bore dis ear*.)

What city did Franklin do most for? *Electricity*.

To what kind of liquor is a horse accustomed in fly time? Whisky stale (whisk his tail.)

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The ELEPHANT at No. 20 has been drawn by No. 38, B. C. Trapnell, and only waits the coming of his owner to leap into his arms.

The ROOSTER has been crowing all day for Henry Siegrist, who has drawn him. Won't he come and get him?

In noticing the many CONTRIBUTIONS to the Fair, we would call the attention of all who love to see rare articles of exquisite beauty, to several Phantom Boquets, to be seen at the jewelry department. They come from Mrs. S. Humphreys, Mrs. H. Brown and Miss Miegs. of Bergen Point, N. J.

We also have to acknowledge from the first named lady, one superb afghan, valued at \$200, and one but little less beautiful, from Miss Josie Humphreys. Also, from the ladies of Bergen, an invoice of fancy goods, valued at over \$500.

The vote for SWORDS last evening, stands as follows:

Hancock,.....	203	Sherman,.....	16
Butler,.....	148	Rosecrans.....	19
McClellan,.....	145	Blair,.....	11
Grant,.....	92	And scattering.	

A beautiful FERNERY, made by Mrs. Howard Green, and presented to the Freedmen's and Refugees' Department, valued at \$30, has been drawn by No. 19, Miss Mary A. Moody.

HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS can be accommodated with special notices in the *Countersign* on any day, by sending such notices to No. 20, addressed to the Editor, before 8 o'clock on the preceding evening.

We gladly acknowledge the receipt to-day, of a large number of copies, "Sanitary Fair Quadrille," inscribed to Mrs. Chauncey I. Filley, and published by Balmer & Weber, expressly for the benefit of the Fair. Copies for sale at the Fair building. The author is J. Richter.

Why will STRANGERS lose time by running all over the city in the heat and dust, "shopping," when they can here buy anything they want from fair clerks, at fair prices, for the benefit of the Fair?

VISITORS who wish to "pass the guards" at the Fair, and avoid all unnecessary delay, should not fail to call at the office and get the "COUNTERSIGN," before they leave the Fair!

We are glad to notice that an entrance to the Stereoscopic exhibition has been opened to the main building between the skating pond and the post office department. The price of admission being reduced to the small sum of twenty-five cents, will enable all visitors to witness one of the finest works of art ever presented to an admiring public. Each exhibition lasts one hour. Comfortable seats are provided, and one thousand persons can be accommodated. Gentlemanly ushers are in attendance to seat the audience. Hours of exhibition 11½ A. M., 3, 5, 8 and 9½ P. M., making five exhibitions daily.

BIDS will be received at the Book Stand for the National Photographic Album, which contains the autographs and likenesses of the President, Cabinet and Senators. Those desirous of getting a rare and valuable collection will not fail to call and bid.

The SKATING PARK just west of the Olive street entrance, open and in operation day and evening. Don't omit to visit it, for it challenges the admiration of every one.

John P. Camp, Esq., has kindly volunteered to act as general agent for the Central Finance Committee, and will visit all the departments remote from the office, to give all necessary assistance and information.

Back numbers of the Countersign always for sale at our office, No. 20 Fair Building. The whole issue will be found well worth preserving, not only as a history of the Fair, but also for its original matter. St. Louis papers please copy.

NOTICE the beautiful silk FLAG at No. 20, to be given to the REGIMENT that has the most votes. Only 50 cents a vote. The 10th Kansas Infantry has the most to-day.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE finest and best assortment of custom made BOOTS AND SHOES in this city, may be found at SAMUEL HALE'S,
35 North Fourth st., opposite Planters' House.

MRS. E. J. MORRIS,

Fashionable

DRESS AND MANTILLA MAKER,

No. 56 North Fifth st., bet. Olive and Locust,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

A LARGE SUPPLY OF PATTERNS FOR SALE.

WAR CLAIMS
Adjusted and Collected.

OFFICE REMOVED TO

No. 63 Washington Avenue,

Two doors east of the Quartermaster's Department.

JOHN P. CAMP

Will give his attention to the adjustment and collection of Vouchers and other claims against the United States Government in all its Departments.

Accounts and bills against the Government made out in proper form, and Vouchers therefor obtained and the amounts collected.

Merchants having vouchers for small amounts, can save themselves time and trouble by placing them in his hands for collection.

REFERENCES:

Hon. D. Davis, Bloomington, Ill.; Hon. Joseph Holt, Washington, D. C.; Hon. H. Campbell, St. Louis, Mo.; Samuel T. Glover, St. Louis, Mo.; J. R. Shepley, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; late Commissioners and Counselors on War Claims for the Department of the West

Samuel Knox.

Irwin Z. Smith.

KNOX & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

DARBY'S BUILDING,

my 21 31* Fifth and Olive Streets.

O'FALLON

White Lead and Oil Company,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

LINSEED OIL, CASTOR OIL,

WHITE LEAD, ZINC PAINTS,

Colors, Varnishes, Japan, Putty, &c., &c.

Store, 108 Second street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

☞ Cash paid for Flaxseed and Castor Beans.

GEO. W. BANKER, President.
FRANCIS BROWN, Treasurer.
CHAS. C. FULLER, Secretary.

D. A. BIGGERS,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCER,

No. 110 Market street, between Fourth and Fifth,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

☞ Goods sent to any part of the city free of charge.

COAL OIL LAMPS, COAL OIL,

AND

GAS FIXTURES,

BRONZES, FRENCH CLOCKS, &c.

J. CRAWSHAW & SON,

HAVE just received and are now opening the largest and best stock of

Lamps and Gas Fixtures,

Ever seen in the United States which they offer low,

For Cash Only,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

No. 76 North Fifth street,

ST. LOUIS.

A. S. W. Goodwin. Rob't Anderson. Peter Behr.

GOODWIN, ANDERSON & CO.,

Manufacturers of

LARD OIL, SOAP AND CANDLES,

FANCY AND TOILET SOAPS,

No. 10 Pine street, between Main and Second.

Factory---Poplar, South end of Adolph st.,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

What is Life Insurance?

IT is, by its adoption or neglect, a FORTUNE gained or lost to a family at a man's death.

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.

Has paid to heirs of deceased members, over

\$3,200,000,

And its accumulation now exceeds

\$5,500,000.

EDWIN POWLER, State Agent,
No. 34 Olive street.

A. Johnson.

F. O. Sawyer.

JOHNSON & SAWYER,

Wholesale Dealers in

Book, News & Wrapping Paper,

N. E. corner Second and Locust streets,

ST. LOUIS.

☞ Papers of any size and weight made to order.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

Stereoscopes & Pictures,

Craig's Microscopes, Games & Stationery,

At No. 9 South Fifth street.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOSITORY.

J. W. MCINTYRE.

WESTERN AGRICULTURAL DEPOT AND SEED STORE.

Blunden, Koenig & Co.,

No. 66 North Second street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

A FULL assortment of Farm Implements and Farm and Garden Seeds constantly on hand.

Outley's Palace of Art,

No. 39 Fourth street, opposite the Planters' House.

J. J. OUTLEY, the oldest established Artist in St. Louis, offers his services to all persons desiring a perfect picture of any kind, from the smallest locket to life size. Unusual inducements are offered to those wishing portraits of themselves or of deceased friends, requiring only a small picture of them, no matter how faded, from which to paint a perfect likeness. Call at the rooms and examine the portraits on exhibition.

M. S. HOLMES,

NO. 28 NORTH SECOND STREET,

Dealer in every description of

PAPER, BY THE REAM OR CASE.

☞ 100 ton of Rags wanted for cash. ☞

THE CONNECTICUT

Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF HARTFORD.

ACCUMULATED Capital, over \$6,000,000. Number of Policies issued in 1863, 5,685! Fifty per cent. dividends declared annually. One-half of premiums received in notes, which notes are cancelled by dividends.
HENRY STAGG, Agent.
No. 40 Third street, corner Pine.

Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK.

FRED'K S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

Accumulated cash Assets, 1st Feb., 1864 \$10,300,000

THE safest and strongest Life Insurance Company in the United States. SAM'L COPP, Jr., Agent,
N. W. corner Main and Second sts.

KING, DOAN & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

No. 105 Main Street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

AUCTIONS.

BY J. H. OSGOOD & SON,

147 Congress street, Boston.

REGULAR Catalogue sales of Dry Goods, Tuesdays and Fridays. Received in Public Warehouse on storage. Wool, Cotton and Merchandise generally, for which Legal Bond Warehouse receipts will be given by J. H. OSGOOD, Public Warehouseman. Liberal cash advances made on consignments.

The Best is the Cheapest

G. W. CURTISS & CO.,

No. 7 South Fifth street.

KEEP the best Coal Oil and Lamps, the best crystal Flint Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, &c. Agents for Fisk's Cooking Lamp, for family use. Gives entire satisfaction. No family should be without one. All kinds Coal Oil and Lamp goods sold wholesale and retail.

LEWIS & GROSHON,

58 North Fourth street,

KEEP the latest styles of Gentlemen's Dress Hats, Felt Hats of every description for Men and Boys; Cloth Hats, Military Hats, Straw Hats, Cloth Caps, Fancy Caps for Children, elegantly trimmed; Leghorn and Straw Hats for Ladies, Misses and Children; Traveling Bags, Umbrellas, &c., and Furs in their season.

WILLIAM H. GRAY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,

Nos. 76 & 77 South Second street, opposite Pacific Railroad Depot.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY,

108 Main street, 108

Direct Importer and Dealer in

CHINA, GLASS & QUEENSWARE,

HAS, according to returns made by all the Queensware Dealers, the largest stock in the city.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath by all the Queensware Dealers, more stock than any two houses on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has according to returns made under oath as above over two hundred per cent. more stock than any Queensware house on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Keeps a full assortment of staple and fancy China-Glass, Queensware, Coal Oil Lamps, Looking Glasses, Britannia Ware, Silver Plated Ware, Trays, Waiters, Table Cutlery, Water Coolers, Fruit Jars, Toiletware, etc.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Is the only direct importer in the city, of Leddle Elliotts & Sons' White Granite and Parian Wares and Decorated Vases and Toilet Wares, which received the great prize medals at the World's Fairs in London, Paris and New York, a variety of which they have liberally donated to the M. V. S. Fair

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Will receive monthly new goods direct from manufacturers.

D. A. Winter. H. Wick. **D. A. WINTER & CO,**
CLOCK & WATCHMAKERS,
 And Jewelry Manufactory,
 No. 204 Franklin Avenue, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth sts.,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.
 Repairing warranted and accurately executed.

GROVER & BAKER
SEWING MACHINE CO.
 SALES ROOMS.
 No. 124 North Fourth street,
 (Verandah Row.)
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

HARKNEMEYER & FINNEY,
 113 N. FOURTH ST., COR. VINE,
 ST. LOUIS.

Carpets,
 Oil Cloths,
 Window Shades,
 Hearth Rugs,
 Straw Matting,
 &c., &c., &c.

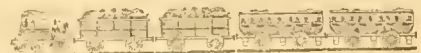
A. SUMNER,
 AGENT FOR
WHEELER & WILSON'S



SEWING MACHINES.
 No. 80 North Fifth street,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

UNION LINE.
Union Transportation & Insurance Co.
 FAST FREIGHT LINE EAST AND WEST VIA
THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
TIME AND RATES GUARANTEED.
 N. STEVENS, AGENT,
 No. 49 Olive street, ST. LOUIS.

HOWE & CAPEN'S North Missouri Railroad.



NEW YORK FIRE AND MARINE

INSURANCE AGENCY.

BEHOLD THE LIST:
Columbia Fire Insurance Co.
 OF NEW YORK.
 Office—No. 161 Broadway.
 Cash Capital \$5,000,000; Surplus, \$68,493; Assets, \$168,493.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, House hold Furni-
 ture, Rents, Vessels in port and their Cargoes, and
 other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire.
 The insured receive 75 per cent. of net profits without
 incurring any liability.
 TIMOTHY G. CHURCHILL Pres't.
 EDWARD KEMEYS, Sec.

Home Insurance Company,
 OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$70,336 12; Assets,
 \$570,336 12.

INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furni-
 ture, Rents, Leases, and other insurable property,
 against loss or damage by fire. Dealers receive 75 per
 cent. of net profits, on Dwellings and Merchandise risks.
 CHAS WILSON, Sec. D. R. SATTERLEE, Pres't.
 SAM'L L. TALCOTT Gen'l Ag't and Adjuster.

Lamar Fire Insurance Company
 OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
 Capital, all paid up in cash, \$300,000; Surplus, January
 1 1864, \$89,375 27; Assets, \$389,375 27.
 ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, Sec. EDW'D ANTHONY, Pres't.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
Metropolitan Insurance Comp'y,
 108 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$300,000; Assets, Jan. 1, 1864, \$642,541 85
 Scrip dividend declared Jan. 12, 1864, 35 per cent.

THIS Company insures, at customary rates of premi-
 um, against loss or damage by fire; also, against
 all marine and land navigation, and war risks on cargo
 or freight. The assured receive 75 per cent. of the net
 profits, with out incurring any liability, or in lieu there-
 of, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.
 JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, Pres't.
 ROBT M C. GRAHAM, Vice Pres't.
 EDW'D A. STANSBURY, 2d Vice Pres't.
 JOHN C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.
 WESTERN BASCOM, General Agent.

STOCK COMPANY—INCORPORATED 1821.

Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
 NEW YORK.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$272,916 33; Assets,
 \$772,916 33.
 WM. MITT PALMER, President.
 ANDREW J. SMITH Secretary.

INSURES Buildings, Merchandise and other property,
 against loss or damage by fire, at rates as low as oth-
 er first class companies. Particular attention given to
 the insurance of Farm property, isolated Dwellings and
 their Furniture, for one three or five years. Losses
 adjusted and promptly paid in cash at this Agency.

Phoenix Insurance Company,
 BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 Offices—No. 1 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; No. 139
 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, March 1, 1864, \$222,-
 219 20; Assets, \$722,219 20.

INSURANCE against loss by fire, Marine, Lake, Canal
 and Inland transportation.
 STEPHEN CROWELL, President.
 EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice Pres't.
 PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.
Washington Insurance Comp'y,
 172 Broadway, (cor. Maiden Lane,) N. Y.
 Cash Capital, \$400,000; Assets, Feb. 1, 1864, \$582,000.
 Scrip dividend, 1861, 60 per cent; Scrip dividend, 1862,
 60 per cent; Scrip dividend, 1863, 60 per cent.

THE Policies entitled to participate, receive 75 per
 cent. of net profits. Insures Buildings, Merchandise,
 Furniture, Rents, Leases, against loss or damage
 by fire, and marine risks on lakes, rivers and canals.
 GEO. C. SATTERLEE, President.
 HENRY WESTON, Vice President.
 WM. K. LOTHROP, Secretary,
 WM. A. SCOTT, Ass't Sec'y.

In connection with Hannibal and St. Jo. Railroad. The
 Shortest and Quickest Route to

QUINCY, KEOKUK,
 ST. JOSEPH,
 ATCHISON,
 WESTON,
 LEAVENWORTH,
 KANSAS CITY,
 COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA,
 NEBRASKA CITY,
 QUINCY AND HANNIBAL.

Certain and Close Connections

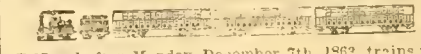
Are made with the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad,
 Chicago, Burlington and Iowa Railroad,
 and all the Railroads of Iowa.
 On and after Sunday, November 15th, 1863,
 St. Joseph Express leaves St. Louis at.....1:15 A. M.
 Mail and Accommodation Train at.....3:30 P. M.

Fare as Low as by any other Route.

Commodious Passenger Rooms have been fitted up at
 the Depot, corner of North Market street and Levee,
 with every arrangement for the comfort of passengers

TICKETS FOR SALE AT
No. 40 Under Planters' House,
 AND
FOOT OF NORTH MARKET STREET,
 Where reliable information can be obtained relative to
 routes in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.
 Be certain that your ticket reads: "Via North
 Missouri Railroad."
 J. H. STURGEON, Superintendent.
 J. H. CONCANNON, General Ticket Agent.

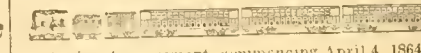
PACIFIC RAILROAD.



On and after Monday December 7th, 1863, trains will
 leave St. Louis, as follows:

Mail Train—Daily at 8:20 A. M., stopping at all stations
 and running through to Knobnoster, (208 miles.)
 Franklin Accommodation—Daily except Sunday, at 5:00
 P. M.
 Stages—Leave Dresden for Warrensburg, Lexington,
 Pleasant Hill, Independence and Kansas City,
 daily on arrival of train. Leave Sedalia for
 Springfield, Bolivar and Warsaw, on Tuesday,
 Thursday and Saturday evenings on arrival of
 train; Leave Tipton every evening for Booneville.
 Passengers taking the 8:20 A. M. train from St. Louis,
 connect at Franklin with train daily for Rolla and in-
 termediate stations. Stages leave Rolla every morning
 for Springfield.
 Through tickets may be obtained at the Passenger De-
 pot, corner of Seventh and Poplar streets, or at the
 Company's Through Ticket Office, No. 42 Fourth street,
 under the Planters' House. T. MCKISSOCK, Sup't.
 E. W. WALLACE, General Ticket Agent.

St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad.



Spring Arrangement, commencing April 4, 1864

PASSENGER Trains will leave Plum street Depot,
 daily, as follows:
 For Pilot Knob, Potosi, and all stations, at...6:15 A. M.
 For Desoto at.....6:15 A. M. and 4 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Pilot Knob at.....3:00 P. M.
 Potosi at.....3:50 P. M.
 DeSoto at.....6:00 A. M. and 5:35 P. M.

Carondelet Accommodation Trains.
 For Carondelet at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M.;
 2:00, 4:00, 6:25, 7:30, 9:00 and 11:30 P. M.
 For Docks at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M., 2:00 and
 4:00 P. M.
 For Jefferson Barracks and Quarantine at 6:15, 11:30 A.
 M., and 4:00 P. M.

Returning—Will leave
 Quarantine at 7:30 A. M.; 1:00 and 7:50 P. M.
 Jefferson Barracks at 7:40 A. M.; 1:05 and 7:55 P. M.
 Docks at 7:54, 9:15, 10:33, A. M.; 1:17, 3:07, 5:45 P. M.
 Carondelet at 5:30, 6:20, 8:00, 9:20, 10:40, A. M.; 1:20,
 3:10, 5:48, 7:00, 8:10, 10:45 P. M.
 S. D. BARLOW, Pres't & Snp't.
 ISIDOR BUSH, General Agent.

The Daily Countersign.

PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR.

"POSSUNT QUIA POSSIE VIDENTUR."

No. 8.

St. Louis, May 26, 1864.

Price 10 Cents.

The Daily Countersign.

MANAGERS. { MRS. E. W. CLARK,
MRS. S. A. RANLETT.
EDITOR, ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Thursday, May 26, 1864.

THE FAIR.

Reduced Rates of Admission, on and after Friday Morning, May 20th.

ADMISSION.....50 cts.
CHILDREN.....Half Price.

Doors open at eleven o'clock, A. M. Exhibition and sales close promptly at ten o'clock, P. M.
MAJ. GEN. ROSECRANS, President.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE
OF THE MISS. VAL. SAN. FAIR.
FAIR BUILDING,
ST. LOUIS, May 19, 1864

To the Cashiers of the

Several Departments:

The "Central Finance Committee" have in the Building a *Fire and Burglar Proof Safe*, and are prepared to receive your deposits of money daily, at any hour of the day up to ten (10) o'clock, P. M. S. W. ELY, Esq., Assistant Secretary, will receipt for the same, and your Department will be duly credited.

Very respectfully,

Your ob't servant,

E. W. Fox,

Chairman Cen. Fin. Com.

M. J. LIPPMAN, Sec'y.

The Finance Committee have their Head Quarters near the Floral Department.

THE FAIR.

The great success of the Fair is owing to the generous charity of the Western people. It is true that the gross receipts will not equal those of the New York Fair, which amounted to more than a million dollars. The reason of this is our unequal population, and the inferior wealth from which we draw. The immense population of New York City, Brooklyn, Newark, and other cities in the vicinity, amounting to several millions, were sufficient to fill their large buildings every day, and several times a day, with an entirely new set of people. But we, whose city can scarcely contain more than two hundred thousand people, many of whom are secessionists, must depend on the continued visits of the same persons; but will nevertheless, by our own contributions, and by our repeated appeals to the charitable

at large, be not far from realizing half as large a sum. The grand scale of American charities is characteristic of the American people. Europeans do not understand them, nor the spirit of patriotism in which they originate. We quote from the New York paper published by the Fair in that city: "A great 'Sanitary Fair' is announced in the American newspapers," said a recent London paper; "what can they mean by that?" We answer with the New York paper, that if the correspondent of that journal were present at our fair, "and would report truly, and without prejudice, what he saw, our English friends would be furnished with the only answer to this captious question which we care to give them." Our Fairs have not been gotten up through the desire of show, or for the gratification of national pride, but for the sake of giving assistance to those who are greatly in need of it. The number of our sick and wounded soldiers, the wide dispersion of our armies, rendered private charities inadequate to the work, and social organizations were necessary to secure its prompt and efficient accomplishment. The result has been a useful concentration of effort and a quickening everywhere of the sentiment of nationality.

While such thoughts as these ran through our brain, we were met with an instance of the grand scale on which the St. Louis Fair is conducted, viz: the *Fair Banks Scale*, situated near the Floral Temple. A neat specimen of this article stands ready to try the weight of every specimen of humanity, while a beautiful stuffed eagle, and a beautiful (not stuffed) young lady, keep constant watch over this weighty matter. A certificate issued by the fair young lady discloses your *way 't' anywhere*. Oh dear! like an anchor, we have been quite carried *aweigh!* To return. At this stand may be seen a full dress uniform, which about two dozen ladies of St. Louis design to present to Lieutenant General Grant. The three silver stars upon the epaulettes and shoulder straps are indicative of his rank, while the collar and cuffs are ornamented with superior gold lace in the design of oak leaves. The coat was made by G. W. Alexander, of this city, and is the first uniform for an officer of that grade ever made in America, Lieutenant General Scott's having come from England.

FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY.

The wall of this department is entirely tapestried with carpets of the richest material and most elegant patterns. Several pieces of these represent natural scenes; for instance, a farm-yard, a hunting scene, an elephant in his native jungles in Hindostan, the American

eagle, and a camel and its rider baling at a well in—

"Arabia, the land of the blest."

These are from the various carpet dealers in the city, and from Atwood, Ralston & Co., of Philadelphia, and W. & J. Sloane, of New York. Most of the contributions to this department are from the city itself. We noticed some elegant chairs from J. M. Wright, of Oswego, N. Y. A beautiful mirror over a \$100. McClintock's grate, clocks, tables, sofas, &c., &c., are on hand, and present a beautiful appearance. An extension bedstead, capable of being done up in small compass, from J. Miller & Co., a cot, already provided with mattresses and a mosquito bar, from J. E. Priest, a supply of the well known penitentiary toy-buckets, and articles of children's furniture complete the assortment. Most of these articles will be raffled for. There is likewise a billiard table in this department, manufactured by the well-known firm of J. M. Brunswick, and presented to the Fair by G. W. Billings of this city. Mr. R. W. Mitchell is in charge. Upon the payment of 50 cents any one may indulge in the pleasant amusement of "turning ivory," and a great number of persons avail themselves of the opportunity.

IRON AND STEEL DEPARTMENT.

Under the sign of the Anvil is situated the Iron Department. Here, the articles are not numerous, but each donation is very valuable and all are worthy of notice. The Sligo Iron Works made the most liberal donations, viz: \$500 in cash and articles to the value of \$1000. Some of these are as follows: first, what is technically called a gun-carriage shoe-iron. It is an article used in a tramway for raising guns into position, and resembles the rail of a railway. Next, is a right-angled piece of iron to be used as a rib in the construction of the great gunboat *Manayunk*; also some iron shavings made in smoothing the surface of her plates, and punches used in making her bolt-holes. Particularly interesting is a huge circular bolt-head, the widest piece of rolled iron yet turned out. It is 102 inches in diameter, one-half inch thick and weighs 1160 pounds. A cannon of American Steel, patented and manufactured by Singer, Nimick & Co. of Pittsburg, is especially noteworthy. Generals Rosecrans and Pleasanton, upon examination, have pronounced very favorably upon it. It is designed to accompany infantry, and from the large size of its wheels and the extreme lightness of its frame, it can easily be conveyed from place to place by two men. It is rifled throughout, carries a small ball, is

loaded from the breech, is fired by means of a percussion lock, and has a range of about a mile and a half. Daniel Hillman sends a huge pile of pig iron (sold for \$385) and a quantity of rolling bar iron from Tennessee rolling mills. A second pile of pig, worth \$240, and a quantity of horse-shoe iron is from D. T. Woodrow of Cincinnati. A valuable lot of Benzoin Spring Steel and Norway rail rods was donated by Naylor & Co. of McKeesport, Penn. Their contributions amount to \$1100.

Hitherto the Russians have been able to keep secret a method of so coating iron as to prevent its oxidation. In hopes of arriving at this desirable knowledge, many American manufacturers have been experimenting. That they are close upon the heels of Russia, is evident by a fine specimen of "American Russian Sheet Iron," manufactured by Hussey, Wells & Co. of Pittsburg. A lot of cast-steel, rivalling the finest of English make, was sent by the same parties. The donation of the Pilot Knob Company, is five tons of No. 1 hot-blast pig iron. The back of this department is ornamented with the skilfully hung loops of a fine chain 200 feet long, made by Wm. Herman of St. Louis. The top displays a bedstead of cast-iron, patented by J. E. Priest, and designed for hospital purposes. It is so constructed that it may be reduced to a flat piece of iron and hung upon a peg. Two odd articles will be shown at this stand to the curious, by the polite George D. Hall of the Sligo Iron Company, under whose charge this department is. One of these is a long steel ribbon from the turning of the before-mentioned gun; the other is what is technically called a coddle, and is one of those inimitable things which chance and the nature of the material sometimes produce. The workman, careless or unskilful, thrusts his hot iron under the roller in not quite the right position, and the result is the production of one of these strange coddles. With the design of exhibiting something curious at the Fair, the gentlemen of the Sligo Iron Works ordered their workman to try how thin they could roll iron without destroying its essential qualities. The result is the production of sheet iron so thin as to require three thicknesses of it to equal writing paper, and though so thin that scissors easily cuts it, and though it can be doubled together, the quality of the iron is so pure that not one of the properties of iron is lost.

HATS AND CAPS.

The abundant and extremely rich display of Hats and Caps at this stand, is made up of generous donations from dealers in this city, amongst whom are Messrs. Groshon, Albert Fischer, H. G. Pearce & Co., and E. G. Tuttle, and from large houses in New York.

Upon the wall hangs an elegant robe formed of the skins of a bear and a coon, and worth \$100. A case of most exquisite ladies' hats from E. G. Tuttle, will repay the visits of ladies. One of these, worth \$65, is of the most delicate English straw, the border of the brim being encrusted with shells, from each of which depends a pearl; a graceful

white feather sweeps over one side, the other is graced with a loop of Mediterranean shells, and a tassel of the same falls behind. The beauty of the other hats is but little inferior to that of this. The following New York firms readily responded to the solicitations of Mr. Groshon, during his recent visit to that city, viz: J. D. Bird, Shearer & Nichols, Flagg and Baldwin, and Vyse & Sons. Upon the request of Mr. Groshon, the house of Edgar Farmer & Co. of New York, has contributed a very valuable trunk, made entirely of solid sole leather, riveted with copper, with fine steel springs in the top. A more substantial trunk could not be found. It would last a life-time even, in these days of fast traveling and rough railroads. It was made at the manufactory of the above firm at Newark, N. J. The proprietors furnished the materials, and the workmen set apart one whole day to its construction. It is proposed to raffle this article. Among the lot of oddities is a lot of fine silk hats of the old Bell shape; the fashion more than thirty years ago. They are rather "top-heavy." Another hat bears the inscription: "A shocking bad hat, worn by Abraham Lincoln on the occasion of his triumphal entry into New York City, en route for Washington, February 1, 1861." This hat was also on exhibition at the New York Fair, and was sent by the gentleman in New York to whom it belongs, but only for exhibition, as no money could buy it of him. The articles at this stand can be purchased at rates 15 per cent. cheaper than down town.

WHITE LEAD, PAINT, OILS, &c.

The donations to this department are from the Collier & O'Fallon White Lead and Oil Companies, from Banker & Carpenter, of Boston, Hall, Bradley & Co., of New York, Hainemann & Negbauer of the same city, the Queen City Varnish Co., of Cincinnati, and E. S. Wheaton, Holland & Freeman, and J. R. Findley of this city. The largest, consisting of \$500 each, are from the three first-named firms. These contributions are composed of white lead, putty, zinc, varnish, paints, carbon oils and castor oil. Everything embraced in the way of the above named articles is contained in packages from the smallest tin can up to casks and barrels, every package being neatly and handsomely painted and varnished, and arranged upon the four corners of the stand in four pyramidal piles. The value of all donations is nearly \$2,500.

Didn't know what it was.

"Take a chance for the boat 'Beauty,'" said a lady persuasively to a comical, half tipsy fellow as he sauntered by the place.

"Yes, 'I'm broke, but'll take a chance, I guess, how much 'st?"

"Five dollars."

"Five dollars! steep, mos' broke, but'll take a chance," in thick accents.

"What name, sir?"

"What name d'y' say? I forgot." Lifting a rough hand to his head. "My father's here some'ers, I'll fin' him and ask what 'tis, then I'll come back an' take a chance," and he staggered away amid peals of laughter.

CORINTH.

BY B. Z. SPENCER.

Corinth! What a flood of recollections come up to me to-night, as my pen traces the word! It is an open sesame to a world of mingled pleasure and pain! Here sleep hundreds of our best and bravest, of many of whom all have heard—others seen only by the eye that never sleeps, but whose spirits were none the less dear to their Creator, because the world knew nothing of their names. There fell the pride and joy of many a fond mother's heart; and who shall say if the beloved one, plain and obscure, filled a single grave, or a common bed with an hundred others as unfortunate as himself? Who shall say if his bones are whitening still under a Southern sun? Many a brave fellow crept away, with his mortal wounds, to die alone beneath the thick boughs that overhung the outskirts of that bloody field, and some were found a year later, the white skeletons glaring amid green leaves, or bleaching upon the remains of the friendly old blanket that sheltered its owner from the cold and snows of the dreary winter.

I could tell you of scenes enacted there, dear reader, that are not easily forgotten—scenes that those who live afar from the din and strife of the battle-field, can have no conception of whatever.

After the evacuation of Corinth, I was in the place for a considerable length of time. The battle of Iuka was fought during that period, and the name of General Rosecrans was passed from lip to lip with proud eulogy and affection—an affection that cannot die. It is as precious to the hearts of the army of the Cumberland, almost, as the life that pulses through it.

For the last hour I have been sitting where the white moonlight falls in a silvery flood upon the floor through my chamber window, and looking far away where the little twinkling stars overhang the South. There is a letter in my hand, hurriedly written with a pencil, that comes to me from the field of "Chickamauga." This letter was written upon a night like this, under the white moonbeams, and upon the bottom of an old basket.

It is this that recalled to me those days at Corinth, when we sat together at my window and watched the trains as they came up from Tusculumbia and Iuka with their miserable human freight. It was both painful and amusing to watch them, as they swarmed off the piles of cotton where they had sat perched and packed in every possible manner. Great bundles of wearing apparel and bed-clothing, tied up in old quilts and sheets, were thrown upon the cotton bales, and between every bundle shone the black skin and twinkling eyes of a little contraband. When the cars were stopped, there would follow such a tumbling and scrambling! Old men and women, stiff and feeble from age and hard labor; little children and young girls by the hundred—it was a strange, sad sight to see! Homeless, friendless and sorrowful, with nothing but blind ignorance and pitiful inexperience for their dower—now cast adrift upon the world to taste the first drops from the cup of Freedom!

Ah, how my heart groaned over those poor creatures then! And oh, how bitterly I felt the curse of that institution which had made them what they were!

As the days rolled by, new scenes were constantly rising. They are mistaken, who can fancy there is monotony in such a life. Some may become hardened and cease to feel excitement in such scenes; but in such cases, the milk of human kindness must be scarce indeed. I can scarcely realize how it can be possible for any one to become indifferent or careless.

I will not dwell upon the condition of the refugees and negroes at that time, since it would be a simple repetition of that which I have already written in a previous article. Instead, I will pass on to an incident that cannot fail to win sympathy and admiration in every noble mind.

At the time of the battle of Corinth, I knew a lady—an officer's wife—who had come to him from a little white village in the distant North, to nurse him through an illness. He had received a flesh wound in the shoulder at the battle of Shiloh, and she came to nurse him well, staying with his regiment, as he refused to go home. The wound was not a bad one, and healed rapidly. At the time of this battle, he had recovered his health perfectly.

Many a brave fellow blessed the sight of her sweet face after she became free from the charge of a sick husband. Wherever suffering was bitterest, there she was to be found—gentle, patient, unflinching in her resources to bring relief.

With the first thunders of the opening conflict, she helped her husband to equip himself for the field, with a steady hand, though her lips were pallid, and her dark eyes unfathomable in their depths of profound emotion. One moment she clasped his neck, pressed a long, fervent kiss upon his lips and forehead, and then bade him "go" unflinching, watching him from the window as he mounted and galloped away.

Alas! it was the last time the handsome form ever rose up before her loving eyes, animated with life! At midnight—the second that closed over the red field, they brought him back to her, cold and still.

When the officers came in, they found her bending over the wounded, hushing the moans of pain with her sweet, low voice and gentle touch. It was a hard task for them to meet the gaze of the clear, innocent eyes, as she turned to face them with the query, "Where is my husband? Is he safe?" and to answer the sad truth. The officer turned his face away, his eyes suffused, and his companions cleared their throats huskily. None could speak, and in their agitation she read all they came to say.

"O! my Father, he is dead!" she gasped, as she leaned against the window, and clasped her hands over her bosom. And then the young head sank lower and lower, till the mass of rich braided hair escaped its fastenings, and veiled the white face of the stricken wife. No complaint was heard from her lips. The stunning blow was borne mutely after

that one agonized cry, and only the trembling form and tears that fell silently upon the folds of her black dress, testified the fearful struggle of the moment.

Sorrowfully the husband was borne to a vacant room, and the wife followed to look upon him. Strong men fell back, and covering their faces with their hands, sobbed aloud, as she pushed back the hair from the cold brow and kissed the white face of her dead.

No hand was allowed to touch him but her own. The last offices were performed by herself; and it was a sorrowful sight to see her bending over him in the dim light of the flickering candle, her face almost as marble-like in its pallor as the one she bathed so lovingly for the last time.

When all was done, she drew a white sheet over the lifeless form, and kneeling beside it, prayed silently. Once or twice a deep, heart-breaking sob broke the stillness of the room, but no word was heard. The prayer ended, she lifted the sheet and kissed the lips with an action of passionate sorrow, then turned away and took up a lantern.

"Where are you going?" asked a friend, as she passed through the door.

"To the field. Come. The dead no longer needs me. Let us go to the living, who are suffering the tortures of thirst in addition to their wounds."

She took two men with her to carry water, and went out upon the field upon her errand of mercy. Parched and eager lips blessed her, and dying eyes looked upon her lovely face as the light of her lantern fell upon it. She came through the midnight gloom like an angel of light, smarting under the effects of a heavy blow—stunned and almost crushed, but still self-sacrificing. She ignored self with the strength of a heroine, giving herself up wholly to the relief of others.

Once or twice she was heard to sob the same loud, pitiful sob, that had burst from her lips over her dead; and once she paused with a shivering cry over a dead man—wounded as her husband had been wounded—in the head. He lay with his white face up-turned as she bent down to see if life still remained, and its calm, cold beauty, must have reminded her of him, for she exclaimed, "Oh, Harry! Harry! my husband! My heart is breaking!"

The next day she had him buried under a large tree, close to where he fell. It was no dishonor to sleep where he had fallen, and she laid him there, knowing that a time would come when, re-united, there would be no more parting.

A week later she went to Memphis to attend the sick in the hospitals, where she remained until her health failed too rapidly for labor. She had no family to go to. Father and mother were dead. Sisters and brothers she had none. So she gave her life to her country, as he had done—the lost husband. While she lived she tried to fill his place as far as laid in her power, as a woman. But her work is done. To-night they both sleep side by side under the Southern sky, and will awaken no more to pain and sorrow on earth.

"ROUGE ET NOIR."

BY LESLIE WALTER.

I

"'Rouge et noir,' ma'am," the milliner said,
Crimson and black are the rage this year,
These battles create a demand for red,
And the sables suit with the news we hear.
In erimion roses and rich black lace,
You'll have just token enough of the war,"
And the French woman looked in the delicate
face,
Fairer by contrast with "rouge et noir."

II

"'Rouge et noir,' are the colors my dear,
Matching my black and erimion dress,
'Vive la guerre!'—and the wife of a year,
Knelt for her husband's proud caress,
How could she guess that the idol she made,
Should be her souvenir of the war,
That her erimion roses should fail and fade
And her color for life, be only the 'noir?'"

III

Down in the dust of the horses' feet,
Crushed by the squadrons that thundering
rode,
Fainting with famine, and parching with heat,
Blackened with powder, and red with blood,
So, her beloved went to his death,
Wearing the fatal colors of war,
But no vision prophetic, stopped her breath,
As she gaily welcomed the 'rouge et noir.'"

IV

"'Rouge et noir'—'Tis a deadly game!
Life the forfeit, and honor the prize!
And winners and losers are all the same
When death has darkened the players' eyes;
They who tremble and weep at home,
And they that follow the fortunes of war,
Dreaming or doing, whatever come,
Have staked their all, on the 'rouge et noir,'"

V

Sister and mother, and love and wife,
Who wear the blended colors to-day,
Breathe a prayer for the periled life!
Give a thought to the deadly fray!—
Heaven is good, but the blackened land,
The reddened fields, and the noise of war,
The blood of the dearest, and death at hand,
Are the emblems we welcome in "rouge et
noir."

THE HEROINES OF THE UNION.

From the Spartan mother who bade her son "return with his shield or on it," to the poor American widow who said "I have no money, but I will give my only son to support this holy cause," the annals of the past show no grander example of female patriotism than that now exhibited by the women of the loyal States.

The pages of history record many instances of heroic endurance under severe trial. For the defense of their country, the women of Carthage twisted bow-strings of their own hair. Rather than their husbands should surrender, the women of Saguntum uncomplainingly

ingly endured the pains of starvation. And who can read, with an eye unmoistened with emotion, the sufferings of the women of the Netherlands, when the legions of the cruel Alva were encompassing their devoted Fath-erland?

But the same spirit which nerved the women of olden time to these "austere glories of suffering," now warms the women of America to a more efficient patriotism. If our heroines suffer less, they accomplish more. With a clear comprehension of this mortal crisis of our liberties, and an uncalculating devotion to the Union, they combine organized benevolence for the relief of the army and that generosity—nobler far than any mere pecuniary liberality—which contributes their sons to the defense of their country.

For the first time but once in all the years of history, a woman enters the hospitals of the army under the auspices of the Government, and with the authority of official station. Florence Nightingale and Dorothea Dix enjoy the rare glory of pioneers in this royal progress of mercy. Miss Dix, having accomplished more for the relief of human suffering and the establishment of charitable institutions than the foremost statesman of the land, has now entered upon a new mission of enlightened humanity. Now the sick chambers of the soldiery are graced by the presence of woman, and the agonies of the wounded are alleviated by the gentle ministrations of female hands. Miss Dix has organized a large corps of hospital nurses, whose holy service it is to tend the sick and wounded soldiers. A character untarnished by the breath of suspicion, a patriotism unthrallled by conditions, and an integrity unmoved by considerations of personal interest, are the qualities which ensure appointment.

The female heart throughout the Northern States is stirred with patriotic enthusiasm. The noblest impulses of woman's nature are enlisted in the service of loyalty. Myriads of ladies in the highest social position, are devoting their wealth and personal energies to the aid of the Government. These contributions of money and labor have been of essential service to the country, and show what triumphs of loyalty, systematic industry may achieve.

When the history of this eventful period is written, there will be no brighter page in all its narratives of illustrious patriotism than that which records the sacrifices, toils and victories of our loyal heroines. Through their devotion, the soldiers will be better prepared to encounter the hardships of the campaign and the assaults of disease. The hospital will be gladdened by their attendance and the dying brow soothed by their tender ministrations. "The grisly front of grim-visaged war" will be softened, and the brutalities of the contest lessened by their presence. And the soldiers arm will be nerved to deeds of daring by their patriotic encouragements.

These are triumphs of which a Christian civilization may well feel proud. The religious culture of sixty centuries is culminating in such benign fruits. The chivalry of silent endurance and the heroism of patient toil in support of principle, are often greater than

the more brilliant displays of courage upon the battle-field. The unobtrusive victories won in the sick chamber, are not less worthy of the laurel than successful exploits upon the tented field; and the monuments erected in honor of a preserved Union and a victorious army, will also be conspicuous evidences of female loyalty.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE SANITARY STORES?

Some persons, who have no great love for the Union, say that the officers drink up the wines, wear the dressing gowns and slippers, and eat up the jellies, canned fruits, and other delicacies which your charity furnishes to the sick and wounded soldiers. Occasionally, a soldier in the hospital will confirm the statements, and many good people fear from these statements, that their efforts are useless. Early in the war, some kind ladies in the East sent a box of valuable articles to a regiment in which the writer served. A private who had intermittent fever, and was not so sick as many a man on duty was, received no benefit from the donation. The articles were distributed among those who needed them. He felt that he was neglected and wrote to one of those ladies that their gifts were misapplied, and that the lazy officers only, employed the uses of them. This letter found its way into the papers, and the ladies were very justly indignant. The Colonel, who visited his hospital as often as he could, and made a formal inspection on Sundays, had discovered no such fraud; but he ordered an investigation. The sick men were examined and it turned out that every single thing contained in that box, down to a paper of pins even, had been applied to the purposes for which the donation was made, and that the men entertained the liveliest sense of gratitude to the charitable donors, who had helped to relieve them of their suffering. The man who wrote that letter was punished for his slander.

Do not be afraid that your gifts will be misapplied. There is no officer in the great Union army who would dare to take the smallest trifle from that which is intended for the sick and wounded. He would be dismissed from the service in disgrace, the moment his offense should be discovered. There are not many officers in the service who would degrade themselves by stealing, and fewer still who would steal from the hospitals, even if no punishment were to follow; but the eyes of the men, the careful attention of your sanitary agents, and the discipline of the army will detect and bring to justice any one who may commit a breach of trust in respect to your sacred gifts.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

BIDS will be received at the Book Stand for the National Photographic Album, which contains the autographs and likenesses of the President, Cabinet and Senators. These desirous of getting a rare and valuable collection will not fail to call and bid.

FORT SUMTER.

Boston, May 17, 1864.

You want to know where I was the day they fired on Sumter? I had just as lief tell you as not. I was on a plantation about twenty miles from Charleston, and glad enough we had been to get away from the city, for we were so tired with hearing reports and having them contradicted, and getting angry and indignant at what we were obliged to hear, as we had to swallow a re-hash of the *Courier* and *Mercury* every morning with our breakfast, that it seemed as if any place where the telegraph was not, would be delightful. Our visit had come to an end, and we were going back that day. I came down early in the morning and met Miss C. on the piazza; she was pale but quiet. "I am afraid they are having dreadful times in the city," she said, drawing me to the steps, "Listen!" So I did, and heard a heavy sound, then silence, then another, and another. It sounded like low thunder. "They have been firing at the rate of three a minute ever since three this morning," she said, "and the negroes say they have heard them all night; don't say anything to the girls unless they notice it." We had an early breakfast, I hearing all the time the heavy boom of the guns in the city. The strong and heavy wagon in which we were to ride to the railroad was brought to the door. Robert the little house servant, had packed in our goods, taking especial care of a box of eggs which belonged to him. Paris, our major dome had gone to eat his breakfast and had left Sam the carpenter to hold the horses and Sam had gone to the kitchen. I stepped on the wheel to clamber in when Max the dog jumped and barked, and the horses, two spirited young colts, not yet fully used to harness, pricked up their ears and plunged forward, I leaped backward, clearing myself, and the horses dashed on. At the corn house they shied, striking the wagon heavily against the square timbers which supported the house; it seemed it must be dashed to pieces, but, built expressly for southern country travel, it bore the shock and the team went on, avoiding the kitchens &c., and plunged down into the savannah. There was no help for it. They kept on and round the houses and up again, and, dashing between two trees between which the wagon could not pass, shivered the shafts, cleared themselves, and stood still trembling in every limb. We looked in silence at the wreck. It was evident that wagon could not take us to the railroad that day, and as we stood by it. "Boom" still sounded on the heavy guns. We looked at each other in dismay. L. had two brothers in Meultrie. She must get to the city if possible. How the ludicrous showed itself even then! Down from the door of the wagon to the ground streamed Robert's eggs, at which he looked in consternation: while Sam stood by in despair, his tears streaming down his black face, "Oh! think, Missis," he said, "I only leave de horses one minute, and now I's done Ma's a more harm than I can pay my whole fe long." Poor fellow! no wonder it looked repaired

to him. Boom! went the heavy guns still Patient! Paris mounted one of the horses and rode to the railroad. The negroes dragged out an antiquated carryall and tried to make it strong enough to bear the strain of the trip, and we spent the morning on the steps which had once been trodden by the feet of George Washington, listening to the guns, and looking at the lowering sky. In time, Paris returned bringing the news that a Yankee ship had been sunk in the harbor, and five hundred drowned, and still the guns kept on their incessant roar. After dinner the carryall had been so strengthened that it was thought safe to trust it, and so L. and I got in and were driven off by Paris. The April rains had swollen all the streams and washed away the bridges over the creeks, which bridges consist only of logs laid on cross pieces with no fastenings of any kind, southern fashion. It was a long and dangerous ride. Two or three times we nearly floated for some distance, through, not over the roads, under thick, hanging branches, with "water, water everywhere." At last we reached the station where we waited a long time for the cars. On our way towards the city, at every station went up a hurrah and a wild fire of reports. "A breach made in Sumter and twenty-five killed in Moultrie! Three cheers for Beauregard!" The river at last! It was alive with boats full of troops, and after waiting no inconsiderable time for the ferry-boat, we crossed in a furious thunder storm and were landed in a shed full of soldiers from Beaufort and Colleton districts, the report of the guns shaking the air. We drove in the stage through the deserted streets and were saluted with the address: "How are you Yank?" I flung down my bundles, rushed to one of the five people in the city to whom I dared speak, and was there met by the exclamation: "By Jupiter! I know you'd be here to-day if it was a human possibility." A raging headache kept me quiet. As the day-light died, the everlasting roar of the guns gradually ceased, and the city, slept only to wake on the morrow to a new and more intense excitement. That is the way I spent the day.

THE "YANKEE SPIRIT" OF THE WAR.

A young federal officer, while stationed at Norfolk, Va., was in the habit of visiting some of the young ladies of the town, finding their society a pleasant relief to the monotony and privations of his life. One day as he was walking in the garden of a Miss C., examining with a stranger's interest its unknown plants, his attention was attracted by a singular looking pod, which hung from one of the bushes, and he enquired what it was.

"Taste it, Capt. —," was the reply. The first investigation was pleasant, but a second bite proved rather pungent, and the young man was on the point of throwing it away rather hastily, when the mischief sparkling in his companion's eyes arrested him.

"That is a pepper, Capt. —," said she "and you will find it just like the Southern-

ers. We are very pleasant to encounter at first, but a better acquaintance will prove that we are too much for you."

Capt. —'s only reply was to look her steadily in the face and deliberately eat the fiery mouthful to the very last bit without a grimace, though his face grew crimson with pain; and then he said quietly, "You will find this to be the Yankee answer to that defiance. Please call your little darkey to bring me a glass of water."

"My mouth and throat were raw for a week, said Capt. — when telling the story, but I would have eaten the thing if it had cost me my life."

For the Countersign.

IN MEMORY OF OUR NAMELESS HEROES.

BY BELLE ORIEN.

'Neath Southern skies the sod lies low
On many a gallant breast,
By Southern streams the lilies blow
Around the brave at rest;
But *whose* are these, with still hands clasped
Beneath the tender flowers?
Who claims these rounded swells of earth?
Those graves, alas! are ours!

Who claims those strong arms crossing now
The hush'd heart of the dead—
These bold eyes, softly losing all
The light their glances shed—
The eye, the arm that never failed
Before opposing powers?
Does not our desolation tell
Their light, their strength, *was* ours!

Who holds these breasts, made beautiful,
By honorable scars,
These hands that, stern and dutiful,
Upheld the Stripes and Stars?
We answer from our lonely homes,
From desolated bowers,
The brave, the true, the loyal dead.
We hold them truly ours.

We hold them ours, although the bold,
Bright face is veiled in dust,
And idly, in the gathering mould,
Their bloody bayonets rust.
The strong right arm, the fearless heart
That held the doubtful hours—
The memory of their gallant deeds
Has made them *doubly* ours.

Ours to remember tenderly,
When other memories lie,
Grasping but slight and slenderly
The thoughts that never die.
Ours to hold precious, over all
That sleep beneath the sod,
Ours to keep sweetly, reverently,
Next in our hearts to God.

REBEL CIVILITIES.—Jeff. Davis sends his (Beau) regards to Uncle Sam's Butler, and would be delighted to give him a complimentary *ball*.

WORK.

Great Master! teach us how to hope in man!
We lift our eyes upon his looks and ways
And disappointment chills us as we gaze;
Our dream so far beyond the truth outran.
His deeds are ever, ever falling short!

And then we fold our graceful hands and say
"The world is vulgar."—Didst thou turn away.

Oh, gracious Spirit, delicately wrought,
Because the humble souls of Galilee
Were tuned not to the music of thine own,
And chimed not to the pulsing undertone
Which swelled thy loving bosom like a sea?
Shame thou our coldness, most benignant friend,

When we with laggard hearts do condescend!

MARTHA PERRY LOWE.

A MIDDLE CLASS ESSENTIAL TO A REPUBLIC.

No one can go about amongst the poor refugees from the Confederacy and not be strongly impressed with the merely nominal character of Confederate Republicanism. What sort of Republic is that which is made up of a few very rich and very lordly persons, owning their throngs of slaves, with no middle class worthy of the name? Students of social science have called attention to this lack of substantial burghers and yeomen as the fatal want in France during the terrible revolutionary struggle of the last century. You cannot make a genuine Democracy out of *canaille* and *noblesse*: you must have also a *bourgeoisie*—a solid middle class. "White trash" will not answer. We must have master mechanics who are their own masters. We must have farmers who own the soil they toil upon. We must have men who can not only read and cipher, but who also have not a little training in the business of government—men who can vote intelligently in town meetings, and when they pay for the establishment and maintenance of schools, mean to send their own children to them, and not have them exclusively appropriated to the sons of Colonel Such-an-one, and Major Such-an-one, as used to be the fashion down South before they closed up schools and devoted themselves exclusively to the destruction of the Government, and the laying of the new corner-stone, which is Slavery. It is sometimes said, and not always good naturedly: "This is a war for the negro—the everlasting negro." It would be far more true to say, it is the war of the Middle Class; it is the struggle of Oligarchy to break down a genuine Democracy. Strange that all our stalwart mechanics and yeomen do not realize it more fully and heartily even than they do! Strange that any of them, out of an old—and none the less cruel because old—prejudice against the negro, should fail to accord the heartiest sympathy and assistance to the Government in its struggle with a thoroughly undemocratic rebellion—a rebellion which, could it succeed, would set the country back at least a century. Educate a Middle Class! Colonize the South! Let the soldiers become set-

ters! We want schools for the children of the poor whites; and, as in Germany, and to some extent in the New England cities, they should be *compelled* to attend them, if they will not go without compulsion. Strictly speaking, a man has no more right to allow his children to run at large than to extend this indulgence to the cattle. Loose horses are not suffered in our streets; but loose horses cannot do half the mischief which can be done by very small children when they are suffered to roam at will. We want a Refugees' Bureau, quite as much as a Freedmen's Bureau. England has for years had a better Middle Class than France, and has been carried forward in the march of civilization, by reforms instead of revolutions. The want of such a class in the South has wrought the fearful mischief—yet rather the incalculable good—of the present hour. We can never have a true Republic until we have, *in this particular*, a homogeneous civilization. R. E.

DONATIONS

Made to the Fine Art Department and for sale at their rooms.

Mrs. Rebecca Long, drawing in frame.
Miss Lizzie Ford, Death of Gen. Lyon.
Theo. Kauffman, Eliam Hereticus.
Mrs. Chas. Ellard, wax fruit and flowers.
Miss Charlotte Cushman, Rome. 1 sketch in oil, by Otto Brandt.
William Everett, Boston, crayon landscape.
Edward Buhler, Washington crossing the Delaware, colored engraving.
Mr. Steinkauler, Bible explanation.
Phillip Nuremburg, crayon of Gen. Sigel.
M. J. DeFranca, sea shore, Hastings, Eng.; also 1 landscape by Bingham, donation of cash \$100; unknown, 1 card; 189 ministers' portraits.
Mr. J. Spore, portrait.
Miss Henrietta Hemer, Bellenead, Mass., flowers.
Mr. Salisbury, Madonna and child, photograph, also "Out in the cold."
Chas. McCord, lithograph of monitor Eliah.
Mr. Stein Kauler, engraving, Paul and Virginia.
Emile S. Herzinger, portrait of Gov. Gamble.
Louis Shultze, scene in Bavaria.
Mrs. Lucius Carr, engraving Transfiguration.
Miss Brooks, flower piece.
Mrs. J. H. Osgood, 2 fruit pieces, 2 sketches.
Mrs. Geo. P. Hall, portrait of Gen. Rosecens, frame of shells, portrait of General Grant, frame of shells, also.
Miss H. Lynd, flowers and frame.
Thos. L. Eliot, landscape by Cranch.
J. N. Blackman, large painting, battle of Buena Vista.
Edward Buhler, fruit and flowers, pastel drawing.
Miss Clara Whiteman, pencil wreath,
Theo. Kauffman, Origin of Prayer, valued at \$400, also Columbus and the Pricethood, valued at \$100.
J. A. Seibert, Gen. Grant, colored photograph, \$100.
Miss Amelia Hertzig, landscape, pencil.
Miss Florence Mayes, oil painting.
Miss Mary L. Bibb, Jacksonville, Ill., oil painting.
Miss Ward, sketch.
Mr. Stinde, sketch,
Christian Bro's 7 sketches.
J. H. Oglesby, landscape.
Unknown, Old Mill, engraving. St. Mark's Church, colored engraving, Lakes of Cumberland, colored engraving.
William Everett, Boston, Cathedral, Scotland, engraving.

At the New York Fair an exchange, speaking of the extravagance of dress shown at the opening, says: "Charity hooped her fingers with brilliants, spangled her neck and bosom with jewels of the first water, robed herself in *moire antique*, swathed her shoulders in Cashmere, topped off her gorgeous person with the most sumptuous of bonnets, and was driven in a magnificent coach by a liveried coachman to the assistance of the sick and wounded!" Sarkastical.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PRIZES DRAWN.—The following prizes have been drawn by the individuals named, since last announcement:—

Miss Lizzie Mageon, (by vote) a handsome Singer's Sewing Machine.
Miss S. Moore, a Sofa pillow, \$40
Charles P. Holmes, Ottoman, worth \$15.
Andrew Leslie, Phantom Flowers.
Mr. Massett, Fancy Handkerchief Box.
Mrs. B. Clark, Perfumery Album.
J. S. Peers, Collinsville, Ill, Elegant Bottle Cologne.

Mrs. M. Bush, Large Bead-Work Brochet, \$20.

B. C. Traprall drew the Elephant, "what will he do with it?"

Miss Belle Wood, Large Basket of Artificial Flowers.

H. W. Dilg, Autographic and Photographic Albums of United States Senators at Old Curiosity Shop.

S. H. Laffin, Homoœpathic case, valued at \$50.

No. 181 drew the gold studs and sleeve buttons for Mr. John Wherry.

Among the numerous rare old articles at the Yankee Kitchen, are a pair of brocade slippers, from Mrs. P. P. Sanford, of Painesville, O., worthy of notice. The heels are 2½ inches high, and the size of the bottom of the heel is 1 inch by ¾ of an inch. The large buckles are set with brilliants of different sizes. Quaint enough, but then they are 150 years old.

SKATING PARK!—Prices of admission reduced!! Only 10 cents to see the 1001 skaters!!!

A Grand Combination Raffle is coming off soon at the New York Department. Twenty eight magnificent prizes. Tickets only \$1 00 Call and see the articles, next to the Yankee Kitchen.

Grandma Brown and family will have an old fashioned Thanksgiving Dinner, at the Yankee Kitchen to-day, from 12 to 3 o'clock.

A NEW SCALE.—Among the latest inventions to be seen at the Fair is Baudissin's Hydrostatic Scales, for weighing purposes. They are very sensitive, remarkably accurate, novel in their way. Call and see them, at the Agricultural Department. Invented, manufactured and presented to the Fair by J. O. Baudissin & Co.

Judging from present prospects, the 10th Kansas boys will get the beautiful blue silk embroidered flag at the "COUNTERSIGN" Department. Their friends have thus far deposited 176 votes.

There is to be a grand Floral Raffle at the Floral Temple—1,000 chances, 200 prizes, consisting of fine bronze and iron vases, aquariums, pictures in moss, wax flowers, beautiful hanging baskets, bird cages and birds, rustic and wire flower stands, beautiful wreaths, rare plants, &c. Two hundred prizes. Tickets only one dollar, for sale at the Floral Temple.

✓ THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.—Facsimiles of the President's Emancipation Proclamation are being sold by Mr. L. Field, one-half for the benefit of the Fair, the remainder for the Soldier's Home of Chicago. That city being a great railroad center, thousands of soldiers are there cared for at the Soldier's Home and Soldier's Rest, and every State in the West has an interest in those patriotic institutions. Those who would secure a copy of this remarkable document should apply soon, as none will be for sale in the city after the close of the Fair, we understand.

The attendance at the Fair appears to be daily increasing, and the receipts from sales and donations average from ten to twelve thousand dollars per day. Glorious news for the sick and wounded soldiers.

THE OPERA OF MARTHA will be repeated on Friday P. M., at 2 o'clock, St. Louis Theatre. Grand matinee. Use of theatre free.

HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS can be accommodated with special notices in the *Countersign* on any day, by sending such notices to No. 20, addressed to the Editor, before 8 o'clock on the preceding evening.

VISITORS who wish to "pass the guards" at the Fair, and avoid all unnecessary delay, should not fail to call at the office and get the "COUNTERSIGN," before they leave the Fair!

The SKATING PARK just west of the Olive street entrance, open and in operation day and evening. Don't omit to visit it, for it challenges the admiration of every one.

Back numbers of the *Countersign* always for sale at our office, No. 20 Fair Building. The whole issue will be found well worth preserving, not only as a history of the Fair, but also for its original matter. St. Louis papers please copy.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE finest and best assortment of custom made BOOTS AND SHOES in this city, may be found at SAMUEL HALE'S,
35 North Fourth st., opposite Planters' House.

MRS. E. J. MORRIS,

Fashionable

DRESS AND MANTILLA MAKER,

No. 66 North Fifth st., bet. Olive and Locust,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

A LARGE SUPPLY OF PATTERNS FOR SALE.

**WAR CLAIMS
Adjusted and Collected.**

OFFICE REMOVED TO

No. 63 Washington Avenue,

Two doors east of the Quartermaster's Department.

JOHN P. CAMP

Will give his attention to the adjustment and collection of Vouchers and other claims against the United States Government in all its Departments.

Accounts and bills against the Government made out in proper form, and Vouchers therefor obtained and the amounts collected.

Merchants having vouchers for small amounts, can save themselves time and trouble by placing them in his hands for collection.

REFERENCES:

Hon. D. Davis, Bloomington, Ill.; Hon. Joseph Holt, Washington, D. C.; Hon. H. Campbell, St. Louis, Mo.; Samuel T. Glover, St. Louis, Mo.; J. R. Shepley, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; late Commissioners and Counselors on War Claims for the Department of the West

Samuel Knex.

Irwia Z. Smith.

**KNOX & SMITH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**

DARBY'S BUILDING,

my 21 3t* Fifth and Olive Streets.

O'FALLON

White Lead and Oil Company,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

**LINSEED OIL, CASTOR OIL,
WHITE LEAD, ZINC PAINTS,
Colors, Varnishes, Japan, Putty, &c., &c.**

Store, 108 Second street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Cash paid for Flaxseed and Castor Beans.

GEO. W. BANKER, President.
FRANCIS BROWN, Treasurer.
CHAS. C. FULLER, Secretary.

D. A. BIGGERS,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCEER,

No. 110 Market street, between Fourth and Fifth,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Goods sent to any part of the city free of charge.

COAL OIL LAMPS, COAL OIL,

AND

GAS FIXTURES,

BRONZES, FRENCH CLOCKS, &c.

J. CRAWSHAW & SON,

HAVE just received and are now opening the largest and best stock of

Lamps and Gas Fixtures,

Ever seen in the United States, which they offer low,

For Cash Only,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

No. 78 North Fifth street

ST. LOUIS.

A. S. W. Goodwin. Rob't Anderson. Peter Behr.

GOODWIN, ANDERSON & CO.,

Manufacturers of

LARD OIL, SOAP AND CANDLES,

FANCY AND TOILET SOAPS,

No. 10 Pine street, between Main and Second.

Factory---Poplar, South end of Adolph st.,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

What is Life Insurance?

IT is, by its adoption or neglect, a FORTUNE gained or lost to a family at a man's death.

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.

Has paid to heirs of deceased members, over

\$3,200,000,

And its accumulation now exceeds

\$5,500,000.

EDWIN FOWLER, State Agent,
No. 34 Olive street.

A. Johnson.

F. O. Sawyer.

JOHNSON & SAWYER,

Wholesale Dealers in

Book, News & Wrapping Paper,

N. E. corner Second and Locust streets,

ST. LOUIS.

Papers of any size and weight made to order.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

Stereoscopes & Pictures,

Craig's Microscopes, Games & Stationery,

At No. 9 South Fifth street.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOSITORY.

J. W. MCINTYRE.

WESTERN AGRICULTURAL DEPOT AND SEED STORE.

Blunden, Koenig & Co.,

No. 56 North Second street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

A FULL assortment of Farm Implements and Farm and Garden Seeds constantly on hand.

Outley's Palace of Art,

No. 39 Fourth street, opposite the Planters' House.

J. J. OUTLEY, the oldest established Artist in St. Louis, offers his services to all persons desiring a perfect picture of any kind, from the smallest locket to life size. Unusual inducements are offered to those wishing portraits of themselves or of deceased friends, requiring only a small picture of them, no matter how faded, from which to paint a perfect likeness. Call at the rooms and examine the portraits on exhibition.

M. S. HOLMES,

NO. 28 NORTH SECOND STREET,

Dealer in every description of

PAPER, BY THE REAM OR CASE.

100 ton of Rags wanted for cash.

THE CONNECTICUT

Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF HARTFORD.

ACCUMULATED Capital, over \$6,000,000. Number of Policies issued in 1863, 5,685! Fifty per cent. dividends declared annually. One-half of premiums received in notes, which notes are cancelled by dividends.
HENRY STAGG, Agent,
No. 40 Third street, corner Pine.

Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK.

FRED'K S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

Accumulated cash Assets, 1st Feb., 1864, \$10,300,000.

THE safest and strongest Life Insurance Company in the United States. SAM'L COPP, JR., Agent,
N. W. corner Main and Second st.

KING, DOAN & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

No. 105 Main Street,

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AUCTIONS.

BY J. H. OSGOOD & SON,

147 Congress street, Boston.

REGULAR Catalogue sales of Dry Goods, Tuesdays and Fridays. Received in Public Warehouse on storage, Wool, Cotton and Merchandise generally, for which Legal Bond Warehouse receipts will be given by J. H. OSGOOD, Public Warehouseman. Liberal cash advances made on consignments.

The Best is the Cheapest.

G. W. CURTISS & CO.,

No. 7 South Fifth street,

KEEP the best Coal Oil and Lamps, the best crystal Kibit Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, &c. Agents for Fisk's Cooking Lamp, for family use. Gives entire satisfaction. No family should be without one. All kinds Coal Oil and Lamp goods sold wholesale and retail.

LEWIS & GROSHON,

58 North Fourth street,

KEEP the latest styles of Gentlemen's Dress Hats, K Felt Hats of every description for Men and Boys; Cloth Hats, Military Hats, Straw Hats, Cloth Caps, Fancy Caps for Children, elegantly trimmed; Leghorn and Straw Hats for Ladies, Misses and Children; Traveling Bags, Umbrellas, &c., and Furs in their season.

WILLIAM H. GRAY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCEERS,

Nos. 75 & 77 South Second street, opposite Pacific Railroad Depot.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY,

108 Main street, 108

Direct Importer and Dealer in

CHINA, GLASS & QUEENSWARE,

HAS, according to returns made by all the Queensware Dealers, the largest stock in the city.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath by all the Queensware Dealers, more stock than any two houses on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath as above, over two hundred per cent. more stock than any Queensware house on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Keeps a full assortment of staple and fancy China-Glass, Queensware, Coal Oil Lamps, Looking Glasses, Britannia Ware, Silver Plated Ware, Trays, Waiters, Table Cutlery, Water Coolers, Fruit Jars, Toiletware, etc.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Is the only direct importer in the city, of Leddle Elliotts & Sons' White Granite and Parian Wares and Decorated Vases and Toilet Wares, which received the great prize medals at the World's Fairs in London, Paris and New York, a variety of which they have liberally donated to the M. V. S. Fair.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Will receive monthly new goods direct from manufacturers.

D A Winter. H Wicke.
D. A. WINTER & CO.,
CLOCK & WATCHMAKERS,
 And Jewelry Manufactory,
 No. 204 Franklin Avenue, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth sts.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
 Repairing warranted and accurately executed.

GROVER & BAKER
SEWING MACHINE CO.
 SALES ROOMS,
 No. 124 North Fourth street,
 (Verandah Row.)
ST. LOUIS, MO.

HAFKEMEYER & FINNEY,
 113 N. FOURTH ST., COR. VINE.

ST. LOUIS.

Carpets,
 Oil Cloths,
 Window Shades,
 Hearth Rugs,
 Straw Matting,
 &c., &c., &c.

A. SUMNER,
 AGENT FOR
WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM



SEWING MACHINE.

SEWING MACHINES,
 No. 80 North Fifth street,
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UNION LINE.
Union Transportation & Insurance Co.
 FAST FREIGHT LINE EAST AND WEST, VIA
THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
TIME AND RATES GUARANTEED.
 N. STEVENS, Agent,
 No. 49 Olive street, **ST. LOUIS.**

HOWE & CAPEN'S
 NEW YORK FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE AGENCY.

BEHOLD THE LIST:
Columbia Fire Insurance Co.
 OF NEW YORK
 Office—No. 161 Broadway.
 Cash Capital, \$5,000,000; Surplus, \$68,493; Assets, \$763,493.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Vessels in port and their Cargoes, and other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire. The insured receive 75 per cent. of net profits without incurring any liability.
 TIMOTHY G. CHURCHILL, Pres't.
 EDWARD KEMEYS, Sec.

Home Insurance Company,
 OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$70,396 12; Assets, \$570,396 12.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Leases, and other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire. Dealers receive 75 per cent. of net profits, on Dwellings and Merchandise risks.
 CHAS. WILSON, Sec. D. R. SATTERLEE, Pres't.
 SAM'L L. TALCOTT, Gen'l Ag't and Adjuster.

Lamar Fire Insurance Company
 OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
 Capital, all paid up in cash, \$300,000; Surplus, January 1, 1864, \$89,376 27; Assets, \$389,376 27.
 ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, Sec. EDW'D ANTHONY, Pres't.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
Metropolitan Insurance Comp'y,
 108 Broadway, New York.

Cash Capital, \$300,000; Assets, Jan. 1, 1864, \$642,541 85. Scrip dividend declared Jan. 12, 1864, 35 per cent.
 THIS Company insures, at customary rates of premium, against loss or damage by fire; also, against all marine and land navigation, and war risks on cargo or freight. The assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits, without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.
 JAMES LUTIMER GRAHAM, Pres't.
 ROBT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice Pres't.
 EDW'D A. STANSBURY, 2d Vice Pres't.
 JOHN C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.
 WESTERN BASCOM, General Agent.

STOCK COMPANY—INCORPORATED 1821.
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
 NEW YORK.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$272,916 33; Assets, \$772,916 33.
 WM. PITT PALMER, President.
 ANDREW J. SMITH, Secretary.

INSURES Buildings, Merchandise and other property, against loss or damage by fire, at rates as low as other first class companies. Particular attention given to the insurance of Farm property, isolated Dwellings and their Furniture, for one, three or five years. Losses adjusted and promptly paid in cash at this Agency.

Phoenix Insurance Company,
 BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 Offices—No. 1 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; No. 139 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, March 1, 1864, \$222,219 20; Assets, \$722,219 20.
 INSURANCE against loss by fire, Marine, Lake, Canal and inland transportation.
 STEPHEN CROWELL, President.
 EDGAR W. CROWELL Vice Pres't.
 PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.
Washington Insurance Comp'y,
 172 Broadway, (cor. Maiden Lane,) N. Y.
 Cash Capital, \$400,000; Assets, Feb. 1, 1864, \$582,000
 Scrip dividend, 1861, 60 per cent.; Scrip dividend, 1862, 60 per cent.; Scrip dividend, 1863, 60 per cent.

THE Policies entitled to participate, receive 75 per cent. of net profits. Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Rents, Leases, against loss or damage by fire, and marine risks on lakes, rivers and canals.
 GEO. C. SATTERLEE President.
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North Missouri Railroad.



In connection with Hannibal and St. Jo. Railroad. The Shortest and Quickest Route to
QUINCY, KEOKUK,
ST. JOSEPH,
ATCHISON,
WESTON,
LEAVENWORTH,
KANSAS CITY,
COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA,
NEBRASKA CITY,
QUINCY AND HANNIBAL.

Certain and Close Connections
 Are made with the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad, Chicago, Burlington and Iowa Railroad, and all the Railroads of Iowa.

On and after Sunday, November 15th, 1863,
 St. Joseph Express leaves St. Louis at..... 1:15 A. M.
 Mail and Accommodation Train at..... 3:30 P. M.
Fare as Low as by any other Route.

Commodious Passenger Rooms have been fitted up at the Depot, corner of North Market street and Levee, with every arrangement for the comfort of passengers

TICKETS FOR SALE AT
No. 40 Under Plankers' House,
 AND
FOOT OF NORTH MARKET STREET,
 Where reliable information can be obtained relative to routes in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.
 Be certain that your ticket reads: "Via North Missouri Railroad."
 I. H. STURGEON, Superintendent.
 J. H. CONCANNON, General Ticket Agent.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.



On and after Monday, December 7th, 1863, trains will leave St. Louis, as follows:
 Mail Train—Daily at 8:20 A. M., stopping at all stations and running through to Knobnoster, (208 miles.)
 Franklin Accommodation—Daily except Sunday, at 6:00 P. M.
 Stages—Leave Dresden for Warrensburg, Lexington, Pleasant Hill, Independence and Kansas City, daily on arrival of train. Leave Sedalia for Springfield, Bolivar and Warsaw, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings on arrival of train; Leave Tipton every evening for Bounville.
 Passengers taking the 8:20 A. M. train from St. Louis, connect at Franklin with train daily for Rolla and intermediate stations. Stages leave Rolla every morning for Springfield.
 Through tickets may be obtained at the Passenger Depot, corner of Seventh and P.plar streets, or at the Company's Through Ticket Office, No. 4 Fourth street, under the Plankers' House. T. McKISSOCK, Sup't.
 E. W. WALLACE, General Ticket Agent.

St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad.



Spring Arrangement, commencing April 4, 1864.
PASSENGER TRAINS will leave Plum street Depot, daily, as follows:
 For Pilot Knob, Potosi, and all stations, at..... 6:15 A. M.
 For Desoto at..... 6:15 A. M. and 4 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Pilot Knob at..... 3:07 P. M.
 Potosi at..... 3:50 P. M.
 DeSoto at..... 6:00 A. M. and 6:35 P. M.
 Carondelet Accommodation Trains.
 For Carondelet at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M.;
 2:00, 4:00, 6:25, 7:30, 9:00 and 11:30 P. M.
 For Ducks at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M., 2:00 and 4:00 P. M.
 For Jefferson Barracks and Quarantine at 6:15, 11:30 A. M., and 4:00 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Quarantine at 7:30 A. M.; 1:00 and 7:50 P. M.
 Jefferson Barracks at 7:40 A. M.; 1:05 and 7:55 P. M.
 Ducks at 7:54, 9:15, 10:33, A. M.; 1:17, 3:07, 5:45 P. M.
 Carondelet at 5:30, 6:20, 8:00, 9:20, 10:40, A. M.; 1:20, 3:10, 5:45, 7:00, 8:10, 10:45 P. M.
 S. D. BARLOW, Pres't & Snp't.
 ISIDOR BUSH, General Agent.

The Daily Countersign.

PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR.

"POSSUNT QUIA POSSE VIDENTUR."

No. 9.

St. Louis, May 27, 1864.

Price 10 Cents.

The Daily Countersign.

MANAGERS. { MRS. E. W. CLARK.
MRS. S. A. RANLETT.
EDITOR. ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Friday, May 27, 1864.

THE FAIR.

Reduced Rates of Admission, on and after Friday Morning, May 20th.

ADMISSION.....50 cts.
CHILDREN.....Half Price.

Doors open at eleven o'clock, A. M. Exhibition and sales close promptly at ten o'clock, P. M.
MAJ. GEN. ROSECRANS, President.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE
OF THE MISS. VAL. SAN. FAIR.
FAIR BUILDING,
ST. LOUIS, May 19, 1864.

To the Cashiers of the

Several Departments:

The "Central Finance Committee" have in the Building a Fire and Burglar Proof Safe, and are prepared to receive your deposits of money daily, at any hour of the day up to ten (10) o'clock, P. M. S. W. ELY, Esq., Assistant Secretary, will receipt for the same, and your Department will be duly credited.

Very respectfully,

Your obt' servant,

E. W. FOX,

Chairman Cen. Fin. Com.

M. J. LIPPMAN, Sec'y.

The Finance Committee have their Head Quarters near the Floral Department.

CAVALRY PISTOLS.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to a pair of fine cavalry pistols for sale by a Union soldier who lost his sight at Yellville, Ark., while saving from the flames of a hospital the rebel prisoners who had been left under his care. Just before the skirmish occurred in which the town was taken, he had purchased these pistols, giving \$80 for them. They have been but little used, and are in perfect order, being Colt's largest and best revolvers, expressly for the use of cavalry. As the soldier says, he can never use them again, poor fellow, and he would like to realize at least a part of their value. Is there not some generous heart who will secure these pistols, and thereby aid one who, in the fulfillment of his duty to our Union and humanity, has been deprived of one of God's best

blessings, the gift of sight? Farther information can be obtained at this office. The soldier is at present in the Refugees' Home, No. 39 Walnut street.

THE FAIR.

MILLINERY.

To this Department a large number of the best houses in the city have generously contributed. A casual glance does not see any great variety, but careful looking will satisfy any one of the elegance and richness of the articles here offered for sale. Mad. Wescott, of New York, formerly of this city, sends an extremely delicate and graceful bonnet of white crape, beautifully embroidered on the top with white silk and beads. A cluster of white flowers is on the front, a little to the right, and sweeping over this, and just avoiding a bunch of lilies on the curtain, is a fall of white illusion, edged with a ruching of lace. The inside trimmings are equally beautiful. The novelty, however, is a gutta percha bonnet from this city. One would suppose at first that it was a fine Leghorn, but a closer examination shows that the impression of straw brading is only an impression. This is a new idea, and one which may become quite popular. It is simply and tastefully trimmed, and does not offend the eye by the total disregard of harmony of color which we see so often in the streets of the city.

One of these beautiful bonnets, contributed by Mrs. Richards, of this city, took the second premium, and therefore deserves notice. It is graceful. These premiums were awarded by a committee of gentlemen, on Fourth street. Was it not a little singular to leave this matter to gentlemen? The first premium bonnet is of corn-colored crape, with a beautiful fall of lace. Its principal trimming is a braid of small shells and pearls which winds over the lace trimming, and finally falls in loops behind. This piece of art is already sold to a St. Louis lady.

The bridal wreath and bouquet, from a well known house on Fourth street, are very delicately beautiful. The artificial flowers, of which there is a great variety, are very beautiful, and of the finest quality. In the showcase on the east side are two bonnets, valued at \$10 apiece, which deserve more than a passing notice. They are of the finest and evenest of white straw. A New England woman, with much difficulty, obtained the straw, braided it, and made the bonnets with her own hands, for this Fair.

At the south end of the table is a case which is nearly filled with a doll and her wardrobe.

The wardrobe, together with the bedstead and its furniture, was made by two young ladies of this city, and is beautifully finished. There hang the tiny opera cloak, the travelling dress, the velvet corsage, the fancy apron, and all other things that a free and independent doll has a right to. The whole arrangement is to be sold together, and will make some bright eyes sparkle with delight.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

Great numbers of artificial flowers attract the eye as they hang in festoons from the pillars over the table, which has been furnished by a great number of the private schools in the city, with the aid of some few in other places. The German private schools have brought many valuable articles, while the Mary Institute and Bonham's, and many others, have contributed most liberally. Perhaps the most attractive thing at the table, always excepting the attendants, is the crying baby, which, on being wound up, kicks its little feet impatiently, moves its arms imploringly, rolls its head, opens and shuts its blue eyes, and, with a plaintive cry, begs to be taken up. Lift it in your arms, and it is satisfied and quiet. It is certainly a wonderful and beautiful piece of mechanism, almost too natural, as many mothers and sisters will own. It is to be raffled at fifty cents a share.

Here are also a great quantity of wax flowers from the Ursuline Convent. Some beautifully executed paintings in water colors cannot fail to attract the eye. They show a practiced eye and a careful hand. There is also one charming little oil painting of a vase of flowers, which was presented by a lady, one of the most active in this Department, which we cannot pass by. It is valued at \$15.

Of course there is a great amount of worsted work, of all sorts and kinds—"caps and capes, jupes and jackets, socks and stocks, and sacks and sachets," &c., &c., &c., &c.

This we expect to find at almost every table, except the Iron and Steel, but we do not expect to find everywhere as handsome a sofa pillow as is for sale here. The material is a figured silk, and a beautiful wreath of chenille work is the ornament. Let every one see it, for it is really very beautiful, because so really *tasteful*. Then a neatly made set of doll's cane-seated furniture attracts the eye and the money of the beholder. Another finely furnished bedstead should here be noticed. The house at the south end of the table has, of course, already attracted the notice of every one. The couple still patiently wait for the tying of the knot, and perhaps it is just as well for the bride, for the proposed

groom looks like a wild youth. The shares are not all taken yet. People are generally glad to have a share in a marriage ceremony. There is a large amount of children's clothing here. Our space forbids us to linger over the two vases filled with summer and winter on the west side, but our readers can see for themselves. Passing the Book Department, we come to the table of the

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We believe this is the first of the Sanitary Fairs to have a department furnished entirely by the public schools. There are eight thousand children, and upwards, connected with these schools, and for the last two months, or indeed ever since the preliminary meeting with regard to the Fair, these eight thousand have been busily at work. Oh! that Claib. Jackson could see the result of their labors! They have two tables allotted to them, and have kept them constantly full since the opening. The wall-table is ornamented overhead by fine portraits of Gen. Jackson and Col. Benton, which were kindly loaned for the occasion by Mrs. F. P. Blair. The department had no room for wreaths and names in the background, for they wanted to display their quilts, of which they have an excellent variety, both silk and cotton. We noticed, especially, the crib-quilt of the national colors, which always attract the eye. Two other crib-quilts, of different patterns and very neatly made, speak for themselves, and two large silk quilts fill up the remaining space. One of these was, the other evening, raffled for, and, singularly enough, drawn by the Superintendent of Public Schools, Ira Divoll, Esq. Of course, in such a department as this, where so many bring their contributions from so many sources, one expects to find a great variety; and he will not be disappointed. At the wall table a great variety of children's clothes may be found at one end, while toys of all sorts attract the children at the other. The central table shows all kinds of articles of use and beauty. We noticed some handsome book-marks, and a great number of watch-chains, which are the work of the school-boys and deserve special mention for their neatness. There are also quite a number of dolls of different sizes, shapes and styles of dress. A very curious cross, jointed of small pieces of wood, deserves notice, but it has been already purchased and presented to a blind soldier—one who lost his sight while rescuing his companions from a burning hospital. There is an engraving here—"The First Prayer in Congress"—which should be spoken of, not on account of its worth, but because of the spirit which prompted the gift. It was evidently a much-prized possession of the donor, and would have been given for no other purpose than the purpose of this Fair. It is valued at \$5. The real value, of course, is less; but will not some one feel moved to take it at that price, thereby helping another to help the soldiers?

SEWING MACHINES.

This department has been well fitted up and ornamented by the different companies that have presented machines to the Fair, and here

the rival machines dwell in peace and harmony. Grover & Baker donated three fine machines, which are here for sale. Wheeler & Wilson also three. Our attention was particularly called to one of Wilcox & Gibbs, and the gentleman in charge, with his customary attention, gave us all the information in his power. This machine possesses many advantages. In the first place, the thread can be used directly from the spool, and any number can be used. Then, it is almost entirely noiseless, and it seems to be impossible to set the needle wrongly. An ingenious arrangement of a rubber ball, set in the frame within which the wheel revolves, prevents its turning the wrong way. Three of these machines also, have been donated, and are for sale at prices ranging from \$43 to \$57. We saw some of their hemming and gathering, and can safely speak of their excellence. The stitch is a twisted lock-stitch, less heavy than Grover & Baker's, and seems to be equally strong. Singer donated two fine machines of his manufacture. Aiken's knitting machine next claimed our attention. By this a pair of socks can be knit in fifteen minutes. The stitch is the same as by hand knitting. The cost is \$30. Silk and cotton can be knit with it as well as woolen. Its operation is very curious, and it is very easily worked. A large afghan, which has been knit by this, hangs at the back of the department.

VISIT TO THE YANKEE KITCHEN.

We dropped in at the Yankee Kitchen for supper, Tuesday evening, and found the tables, as usual, well filled. Grandma Brown was present, and as happy as usual—though she has a very large family to provide for since she "set up housekeepin'" in her new place. 'Twouldn't do for her to practice her usual hospitality, in "keepin' folks all night," as every one who calls to see her and the "wimmin' folks" wants to "take their things off" and stay awhile—some too long. At both dinner and tea the guest is furnished with "real down-east victuals," all of it home-made—"not a mite on't boughten," Jerusha says. You will there find pork and beans, rye and Indian bread, nut-cakes, apple-sauce, pumpkin pies, besides all the very best that they have anywhere else, in great variety. It is worth twice the price of a meal to see the genuine and truthful representations of the fashions of the dear old by-gone days, and to hear the homely words of fun, and welcome, and good-cheer, from the New England mothers and aunts. 'Tother night they had a quiltin', which was well attended, and the quilt finished. As "a good many of the girls was to home," Grandma concluded she "would give 'em an apple-pairin'." We were invited to stay, which we did, of course. After they had gathered in, and got set down to work and talk, we got a glimpse of all on 'em. Of the wimmin' folks, there were Grandma Brown, Mrs. Dr. Emerson, Deacon Twitchell's wife, Aunt Libby Makepeace, New England Blue-stockin', Huldah Dolly-Ann, Mrs.

Mehitable, Aunt Polly Jerusha, Mrs. Priscy, Abigail, Aunt Nabby, Dorcas, Grandma Dexter, Dorothy, Penelope Ann, Aunt Joanna, and Patience, and two old ladies dropped in, whose names we didn't hear. As they had a good many "chores" to do, and are kept so "pesky busy" about the Fair building, only a few of the "men folks" come, but they "had their Sunday clothes on." There was the Deacon, the Village Doctor, the Schoolmaster, the pedler, blacksmith, farmer, and Ezekiel, the fisherman, besides several crude Yankees, with their queer hats, swallow-tail coats, ruffled shirts and short breeches. They were all seated around a very large table, paring apples in earnest. Two of the grandmas were knitting. Grandma Dexter, a direct descendant of the famous Lord Timothy Dexter, undertook to tell a story about "her relations," but the people crowded in so, that she was too much interrupted. Some of the men-folks, she complained, "kejt stickin' in their pesky talk," which "wasn't good manners when Grandma was talkin'." There was considerable "carryin' on" among the folks who were lookin' on—they "kejt laughin' rite out," and "hadn't a mite of respect for the company they were in."

We understand from Grandma Brown that as long as the girls are all at home, most of them "old enough to keep company," there will be gatherin's of some kind every evening, as "it's been quite a spell since we were all together before, and we don't know when we'll meet again." All who want a good dinner, "a dish of green or Bohea tea," or to have a sociable set-down in the evening, are invited to come to the Yankee Kitchen, where Grandma Brown still means to maintain the good old style, dignity and ceremony which always accompany genuine good-breeding.

Remember the nut-cracking to-day, round the fire, in the evening.

THE IN-TER-NAL REVENUE.

NEW VERSES TO AN OLD SONG.

*** When Abraham spends without measure,
Sending armies and navies afar,
Who fills up the chests of his treasure?
Who braces the sinews of war?

Undaunted by danger or omen,
'Tis the *In-ter-nal Revenue*,
That flings in the face of our foemen
The flag of the *Red, White and Blue*.

Each stamp breaks a link in our fetters!
Snaps chains that drew tight round our necks!

Hurrah for the red on our letters!
Hurrah for the blue on our checks!

Like the crimson blood of our bravest
Who are tracking the snow-wastes through:
Like the foam and the wave of our navies:
Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue!

E. E. H.

When was Bethoven most like Valerian
While he was *composing*.

TO NELLIE GRANT.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN THAT LIVED IN A SHOE.

Little Nellie in the shoe,
What a love we have for you!
Thousand dollies dressed so neat,
Calling children to your feet,
Bringing smiles and eyes more bright
Than the twinkling stars of night;
Little Nellie in the shoe,
What a love we have for you!

As we see you sitting there,
Face demure and gentle air.
Grand ma'am's cap, and glasses too
Little old woman that lived in a shoe
Little Nellie, little you
Know, how great our love for you!

'Tis because your father's care,
Watches o'er our brothers, where
Cannon's roar and bullets call
A requiem make for those who fall.
Little Nellie, little you
Think how great our love for you!

For our hearts are kin of kin,
You in ours and ours in him,
In his life we too shall live;
For his life we ours would give.
Little Nellie in the shoe,
This is cause of love for you.

Little Nellie, Heaven bless you!
Keep you safe from every harm,
Grant your father glorious victory,
Send him quickly, safely home.
Little Nellie in the shoe
Now you know our love for you.

AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN HANCOCK

I send to the Fair a revolutionary commission, issued to "James Wesson, Esq." It reads: "We, reposing especial trust and confidence in your patriotism, valor, conduct and fidelity, do by these presents constitute and appoint you to be Lieutenant Colonel of the twenty-sixth regiment of foot, commanded by Colonel Loammi Baldwin, in the army of the United Colonies, raised for the defense of American liberty."

This commission was issued "by order of Congress," and is attested by the autographs of Charles Thompson, the Secretary, and John Hancock, President. They are great names in the history of the country, and dear and venerable; and for their patriotism and fidelity, their memories will ever be precious to the friends of American liberty.

The stroke of Hancock is as open, bold and manly as that which stands at the head of the roll of the immortals on the parchment of the Declaration; and it well symbolizes the frankness with which he threw himself into the cause of his country and won the honor of the proscription by George the Third. He sought no discharge in that war, until American Liberty was fixed on firm foundations. Hence the name beams electrical.

Thus may it be in the present historic hour. The voice of the hero age of our land would

seem to be for the sons to perpetuate the American Liberty which the Fathers won. In the mighty work that duty demands, the old name of *Hancock* is shining with fresh lustre in deeds that combine the revolutionary qualities of patriotism, valor, conduct and fidelity.

This genuine relic of the past would make a worthy addition to any autograph collection. Who will secure it?

I send you, also, a veteran in the shape of a fifty dollar revolutionary greenback. It is dated September 26, 1778. It is nearer square than the modern bank bills are, and encircled with a border, on the top and bottom of which is printed "Continental Currency;" and on the sides, "The United States." On the face, where the promise is written, is a circle, and within, is the figure of a pyramid, over the apex of which stands "Perennis." So this pledge says: By a public faith as lasting as the pyramids, "this bill entitles the bearer to receive fifty Spanish milled dollars, or the value thereof, in gold or silver, according to a resolution passed by Congress, September 26, 1778." The autographs of "C. Young," written in red ink, and "Jno. Read," in black ink, attest this pledge. The bill is in good preservation, has a famous device on the back of it, and it is worth now in gold, as a keepsake, at least fifty times as much as it could once be bought for. It fell, in spite of the pyramid, to over a thousand dollars for one.

Boston, Massachusetts.

[There is also a piece of Massachusetts money, worth nine-pence, and bearing date 1776. These are all for sale at the Book Department.—ED.]

NETHERLAND CRADLE SONG

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

'Tis dark now, my Rosie,
Give over thy play;
Thy eyes are so drowsy,
Enough for to-day.
Lie down in thy cradle.
So warm and so light,
God keep thee from danger—
My darling, good night!

My all, there thou liest
In peaceful repose;
Thy sweet lips are silent.
Thy little eyes close.
But see how the angel
Smiles dreams in his flight:
God keep thee from danger,
My darling, good night.

My all, there thou liest
In innocent rest;
The world smiles around thee,
Thy heaven is my breast—
Thy passions yet slumber,
Nor know their dread might—
God keep thee from danger,
My darling, good night!

O, happy, my Rosie,
Who slumber like thee!

For aye may thy slumbers
So innocent be!
The love of a mother
Still has thee in sight;
God keep thee from danger,
My darling, good night!

C. T. B.

AN AFTERNOON DRIVE IN CALCUTTA.

"Have you seen Mullick's house on Chitpore Road?" was the answer to our question, "Where shall we go next?" We had not seen it, and lay in wait for the first pleasant day, a rare thing in the rainy season. It came at last, as do all things to him who waits for them; but others had been waiting, too, for Chitpore Road was crowded with natives, carrying an idol in procession.

We caught only glimpses of the flags and richly ornamented car of the idol, but the strange and varied groups all about us afforded us amusement enough to make one rejoice at our slow progress.

Tight-closed gherries (a four-wheeled carriage, somewhat resembling our carryalls,) were plenty; these were doubtless filled with women of rank in Indian society; one was detained beside us by the press, and through a crevice in the blind, held up by a slender, henna-stained finger, I caught a sparkle of jewelry, and a soft large black eye, evidently bent on a thorough study of the occupants of our carriage. It is not often that one gets a long view of the eye alone, and I fell to wondering what manner of face formed its setting; doubtless that perfect oval, clear olive in tint, with the straight nose and full lips, which freely exhibited, would often put to shame the irregular features and sharp angles of our Western beauties.

The low-caste native woman, like those of most other races, are commonly stunted, or prematurely grown, and altogether disagreeable to look at, but from two or three glimpses into these closed "gherries," which, after all are not impenetrable, I conceived rather a lofty idea of Indian beauty. In one of the narrowest passages, we were hemmed in by a dense crowd all looking up to a balcony, where stood, looking down, the former prime minister of the King of Oude, and the young Prince beside him. His betel-stained hands rested negligently on the railing; he wore a turban, tunic and trowsers of white satin, embroidered with gold thread; his handsome dark face showed no interest in the brilliant tide below, which had stopped an instant to look at him.

All nations and shades of color mingled about us; long robed Arabs and Persians stalked beside naked coolies; groups of bright turbans looked like a bed of tulips swayed by the wind; Chinese women, differing so little in feature and air from their lords, that I at first supposed them men, dressed in female garments, and children without number, filled up the interstices in a crowd, through which, none but a coachman "to the manner born," could have guided his horses.

Among the walkers were occasional palanquins, containing one or two native women, draped (one cannot say dressed, when the material is merely wound about the figure from head to foot) in bright colored silks and loaded with jewelry. They seemed to enjoy airing their charms, as well as their western sisters. I mentioned these to Carlo, a grey headed servant who is my oracle in affairs Indian, and he said, with a contemptuous toss of his old head "They are dancing girls, not good women, good women let nobody see them;" whereat I pondered how uncomfortable a thing it may be, to be good. I suppose Mrs. Grundy is omnipotent here as in St. Louis, though I have not heard her synonyme in Hindoostanee.

The procession turned off at last, and the heaps of humanity thinned a little just as we passed a gherri open on all sides and filled with little children, who might have been the family of some rich Baboo or merchant. A young man of intelligent air and light color sat in one corner, and I counted eight little imps with shining eyes and teeth, who clambered over him or sat on his shoulders in a free and easy way pleasant to see. One little girl with curly black hair, and sporting a crimson dress, was a decided beauty and evidently knew it; she had framed herself in a window, and laughed saucily at the kisses we threw to her. Her eyes were black as only Eastern eyes can be, and they had been stained underneath with the "cohel," a black juice which added to their wildness and depth.

[To be concluded.]

[The following lines which accompanied one of the prize shirts, have been sent to us for publication.]

EAST UNTO WEST.

INSCRIBED TO THE ST. LOUIS SANITARY FAIR.

Fair southern sky, true northern land,
Chorus of winter, Eden of flowers;
Lake, forest, river, broad, noble and grand.—
Consider, O, West! they are yours, they are
ours!

Here by our thresholds the rivulets run
Singing forever a story sublime,
Of tyranny baffled and liberty won
By deeds that are yours and are ours for all
time.

Peril and battle, the halter and grave—
Where were the terrors of sacrifice then?
Where was the spirit supine as the slave,
When the guerden of freedom was offered to
men?

We by our homes beneath hillock and tree
Live in the legend that hallows the day
When the name of a people ennobled and free
Was bequeathed to our land forever and aye.

And now, when the beauty of liberty beams,
A new benediction of Freedom to you,—
We turn with new love to your ocean-like
streams,
Thanking God that the dream of the Pilgrim
is true. A. M. I.
Taunton, Mass., May 2d, 1864.

THE "YANKEE SPIRIT" OF THE WAR.

No Christian doubts that the time will come when we shall know why the sufferings and bereavements of this war were allowed, and be thankful to have lived in times like these; and it is every one's duty to strengthen his own and others' hands, and at the same time hasten on that good time of thankfulness, by spreading abroad, as widely as possible, every instance of self-sacrifice and development which the war brings forth. This, it is to be hoped, is sufficient excuse for making a public example of a modest man, who is quietly doing his good work in his own place; and the same spirit which makes that work worthy to be told to all who can be held to listen, will make the worker forgive a breach of confidence.

Somewhere in the State of New York there is a knitting mill for making soldiers' shirts, a thoroughly thrifty, well-managed factory, but claiming of the public no more consideration than others also thrifty and well managed. But as, in society, all men of equal address stand on equal ground, while in their homes their characters are found to differ as widely as distinct races, so will a curious stranger, on being admitted to a nearer view, find that this mill stands alone, and that its proprietor is making for himself, with every entry in its books, an imperishable record.

On approaching the building the eye is caught by a singular sign, which proves upon nearer inspection to be a white board, bearing in black letters this inscription—"Services from 11½ to 12; all are invited to attend;" which places the stranger in a little perplexity as to its nature. An attractive, benevolent-looking man, with a beaming blue eye and full, light beard, receives you with a cordial welcome, and answers, with the most graceful candor, even the closest business questions. Every plan and working of the establishment is freely explained, and not even are the books shut against a possible rival. Still farther, one book is shown with peculiar pride, containing a record which justifies the feeling, and gives at the same time the interpretation of the writing on the wall. It runs thus:

"Monday, Feb. 29th—Very pleasant. Services conducted by Rev. Mr. —. Attendance 40. Length of service thirty-two minutes.

"Tuesday, March 1st—Cloudy and cold. Services conducted by Rev. Mr. —. Attendance 35. Length of service thirty minutes."

And so for sixteen months does this record run back, not one day omitted, and at the end of each month the average attendance (about forty) is footed up. This, in a busy factory village, where the operatives are paid by the piece, and where neighboring mills are also represented, speaks loudly of some good influence at work. Weekly religious newspapers are also distributed gratuitously among the hands, and the garments which leave the factory carry, concealed in an inner pocket, tracts, which are thus, as it were, smuggled

into distant corners of the United States, and are often traced by letters of thanks or curiosity.

This is only the driving in of the nail, however: and many another such nail is being driven in all the world over, which is thought to be sufficient to make the building of the heavenly house secure; while the clinching is so much a matter of indifference that people have grown to suspect inconsistency, and even to look for dishonesty under such a cover. But see how the nail is clinched in this case. It cannot be better described than in the very words of a stranger, a visitor to the mill.

After examining everything with the greatest care and pleasure, and receiving the fullest and freest answers to all my questions, I said:

"Mr. M., you cannot possibly afford to make these shirts at the price for which you are filling your contract with the Government. They are a much better article than other contractors are furnishing for the same money, and you should be at least doubling your present profit."

"I know it," was the noble answer; "but the case is just this: I am living quietly at home, while these soldiers are fighting and suffering. If I can send them a warm, thick shirt, which shall keep them dry, and protect them from the ground, it is my share in the work, and I have not the heart to make an inferior article, though I know much less will be accepted, and that my sample shirt now in Government hands is not so good as these I am making to-day."

Soldiers, be braver still; struggle more manfully against your temptations, and believe more and more in the holiness of your cause, when you think how men are caring for you; and we at home, who cannot fight, be inspired by such an example to feel that we cannot too faithfully fill your own place. Every obscure act of honesty or self-sacrifice has a value in such times as these, and helps to ennoble the nation.

CHARADE.

BY ANON.

* All men own my potent sway,
Where'er I reign, all must obey.
I dwelt in Rome, in Titus' day,
And England saw me with dismay.
Approach her shores, while o'er the water,
King Charlie's heart began to falter.

My syllables! I count but one,
And think not that tis jest or fun,
When from me you two letters take,
Two syllables I then will make.
Yes, many a *Sucker* knows full well
How oft he's trembled 'neath my spell.

[For the Countersign.]

The young lady up town who "burst into tears" the other day, has been put together again, and is now wearing hoops to prevent a recurrence of the accident:

Why does a provision dealer, in selling meat to a customer, always trust him for it?
Because he has to weigh't (wait) for his pay.

UP HILL AND DOWN.

It is well known to pedestrians, that in ascending a long hill, the weary traveller when he pauses for rest, turns always to view the scene behind him, and his eye kindles with gladness as he recognizes here and there along the path he has travelled, some familiar object, some beautiful tree or quaint old rock which pleased him so much when he passed it. These things were lovely then, but now, enhanced with the charm of association they seem like streams of golden light across his path.

But when the summit is reached and passed, and he begins to descend upon the other side, then his whole mind is attracted to the scene before him, the beautiful city, lying so calmly in the distance with its graceful domes, its lofty turrets, its painted spires all beckoning him on to his journey's end; he no longer turns to gaze with vain longings upon the way behind, but keeps steadily on with eyes fixed on that haven where rest and friends await him.

And so it is in the Journey of Life. How many times do we look back over the years we have lived, and feel our hearts swell with joy at the happy hours so thickly strewn like roses along the way; we did not notice them when under our feet, but now, in the vista of the past they bloom in all their splendor, and the redolence they exhale, even at this distance, delights our senses. But what is that which flashes along the path like the glorious Aurora light, shedding its rich refulgence over every thing! Ah! This is the lambent flame which imparts such gorgeous tints to our childhood days. *It is Father's and Mother's love.* And as we look back upon it with solemn thoughts, we see those loved forms distinct to our eyes in their duality, and yet so blended together in our hearts that we cannot tell which loved us the most, or which we loved the best. But while we gaze, our eyes grow dim with tears and the breath comes short and quick; our anguish finds voice in the words of Tennyson:

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Father and Mother, two words so often on our lips when children, spoken in gleeful tones; so often on our lips in manhood, spoken with aching hearts, for the names are all that are left us!

But the Journey of Life is not always ascending, we must some day reach the summit and commence the descent upon the other side. Then our weary hearts are gladdened at the scene now spread before us; a few more rugged places only and the Eternal city will be gained, and we leap with joy at the thoughts of the loved ones who have gone before and await us there.

"There, fast are Death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream forever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows."

Nearer and nearer we approach it every hour, never looking back; it is the *future* which now awakens us, the Past, comely as it is, grows pale before the dazzling magnificence of the Promised Land. But a little longer and

those pearly gates will open for our coming, and our feet will tread the golden streets and we shall stand around the "great white throne" together with the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets and the noble Army of Martyrs singing Hallelujahs.

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

Charlestown, Mass., May 1, 1864.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

Put him gently away;
Shed no tear o'er his bed;
Bring no chaplain to pray,
Though this soldier lies dead.

When he died, none can tell;
If the struggle were brief;
Did his heart throb and swell
Ere it found this relief?

Oh, friends of that dead,
Your mourning is vain;
Since no flag drapes his bed,
Let your cheeks wear the stain.

Hopeless grief is your lot,
For no future lies bright,
Where your brave, unforgotten
Turns your faith into sight.

For his *body* still lives,
'Tis the *soul* which lies here;
To his country he gives
But the traitor's cold sneer.

BALL'S WASHINGTON.

The equestrian statue of Washington, just completed in Boston by Ball, is worthy of his genius and patriotism. It has grown up in this great historic hour, and the spirit of the time—the grand enthusiasm for country—may be supposed to have contributed something to its calm majesty and kindling glory. The Father of his country appears on a life-like steed, moving along with easy motion. In one hand is a sword, which gracefully rests on the arm of the hand that holds the reins. The figure has the true soldier's air, and the countenance has a benignant and yet majestic cast. The whole has the repose that characterizes greatness.

Both sides, in this struggle for the national life, recognize Washington as their exemplar of duty and patriotism. His whole life—his mighty character—seems to say to this question: "Play the man for the priceless country which the common efforts and sufferings won. Return, wandering stars, to your normal place in the American firmament; receive them, gallant defenders of the Union, as the natural parts of one country; stand by the nationality which gave the American name all that the pride of patriotism could ask. The preservation of the sacred fire of Liberty and the destiny of the republican model of government, are staked on the experiment entrusted to the hands of the American people. Divine Prov-

idence ordained that you should be one people as a nation. E PLURIBUS UNUM—the several States all joined in one solid compact—was the thought of our time; and this sublime conception was the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night that bore up, up and on."

Time must come, sooner or later, for the sacred ministry of the national memories. Then may his pure spirit come and take possession of the American heart, and impress it with the lesson of his immaculate life; that the American Union is in the nature of a Divine law, established by the will of God. "*Every step,*" are Washington's Inaugural words, "*by which the United States have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of an overruling Providence.*" Let it be perpetuated at whatever cost!

THE TEN FORTIES.

TAKE THE LOAN,

Come freemen of the land
And meet the great demand,
True heart and open hand,
Take the loan!
For the hopes the prophets saw,
For the swords your brother draw,
For liberty and law,
Take the loan!

Ye ladies of the land,
As ye love the gallant band,
Who have drawn a soldier's brand,
Take the loan!
Who would bring them what she could,
Who would give the soldier food,
Who would staunch her brother's blood,—
Take the loan!

All who saw our hosts pass by,
All who joined the parting cry,
When we bade them do or die,
Take the loan!
As ye wished their triumph then,
As ye hope to meet again,
And to meet their gaze like men,
Take the loan!

Who would press the great appeal
Of our ranks of serried steel,
Put your shoulders to the wheel!
Take the loan!
That our prayers in truth may rise,
Which we press with streaming eyes,
On the Lord of earth and skies,
Take the loan!

E. E. H.

LETTERS.

R. W. EMERSON.

Every day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word;
Well for those who have no fear
Looking seaward, well assured,
That the word the vessel brings,
Is the word they wish to hear.
The author's copy is for sale at this office.

THE BAKER'S REPLY TO THE NEEDLE PEDLER.

I need not your needles: they're needless to me,
For kneading of needles were needless, you
see:

But did my neat trousers but need to be kneaded,
I then should have need of your needles, indeed!

OUT DOOR SPORTS.

Being chased by a mad ox, or collecting
bills for printers.

What disease has existed in the army, during
the war, which medicinae will not cure?
A long and severe campaign. (camp pain.)

With what kind of rations were our army
supplied before the last battle?

Moderation, co-operation, penetration and
concentration.

LETTERS

In the Post-office, Fair Building.

Ladies' List.

Anderson, miss Belle
Anderson, miss Laura
Arnot, miss Belle
Ators, miss Lue
Adams, miss H A
Blow, miss Stacie
Blow, miss Alice
Brotherton, miss Lizzie
Bridg, miss Emma
Bailey, miss Nida
Brammer, Miss V
Barret, miss Leah
Blakesly, miss Annie
Bogy, miss Josephine
Crow, miss Isabella
Clapp, miss Alfred
Cutter, miss Lizzie
Cutter, miss Katie
Cubit, miss J C
Chamberlin, miss Julia
Chapman, miss Florence
Clark miss Nellie C
Cuno, miss Mary L
Chauvenet, miss Mary
Carter, miss Mary
Drake, miss Ella
Delano, miss Lou
Dutton, miss Bell
Dean, miss Rebecca
Dean, miss Eliza
Dick, miss F A
D'Ench, Frances Minerva
D'Ench, Francis Annie
D'Ench, Fran Wm M
Eggers, miss Chas
Erskine, miss A
Eugar, miss Emma
Eudy, miss Sophie
Eatou, miss Capt
Edwards, miss Mattie
Filley, miss Chauncey I
Filley, miss Edward
Filley, miss Ellen
Fintham, miss Mary
Frazier, miss Mary
Greeley, miss Erie J
Goodwin, miss Lizzie
Gernett, miss Mary
Graham, miss Lucy
Gale, miss Ella
Green, miss Mary Eliza
Glover, miss Eliza
Godfrey, miss Alice
Good, Annie
Hubbard, miss A
Hart, miss Mollie
Hort, miss T

Gentlemen's List.

Angeloth, A
Anderson, Mr Wm
Benecke, Henry
Bunn, Oliver
Beauvais, Jul
Becker, Otto
Beck, John A
Bush, Ch L
Bergesch, Fred Jr
Bradley, Dr W H

Curtis, Col Sam
Crane, Mr E
Crow, Mr
Chapman, J F
Clark, Lt
Cadin, Theo
Clark, A J
Cline, R S
Clark, E Albert
Clark, Charles
Chapman, E D
Caldender, W H Esq
Dreyer, Rudolph
Davis, John T
Dangert, Charles
Dwight, Major
Delafield, Mr
Drouillard, Capt
Durker, Dwight
Drake, C D
Dusenbury, Mr
Davidson, Gen J W
Ems, Capt
Eliot, Thomas L
Edgar, T B
Euselmann, Geo
Ewing, Genl
Eaton, Capt L
Flagg, Judd A
Flint, Westor
Frost, Mr George H
Filley, G F
Franklin, R H
Frisler, George
Fitch, R H
Fenby, Richard
Fisher, J W
Freudenan, Wm
Feverborn, Wm
Greep, C S
Goodwin, Frank
Graham, Henry B
Gardner, N S
Gaylord, A J
Gantt, T T
Guddard, George
Gray, John B
Hildenbrandt, Theo
Holden, Ed S

Hort, C W
Krum, Chester
Ehrman, Statius
Kricke, Henry R
Kerner, M
Kastelhubn, D
Kaufman, I
Kellogg, Samuel E
Kelliey, Will
Leonard, Robbie
Ladd, Mr
Mitchell, James
Merrill, Col
Morgan, G W
Mc Kee, James
Meier, M
McKenny, Albert
Northrup, A K
Newell, E H
Oxley, Mr
Oliphant, Dr
O'Reilly, Dr
Phelan, Lieut
Pulsifer, Capt
Pretorius, Emil
Rosecrans, Genl
Rich, Saml
Rawlings, C C
Rice, Ed P
Strauss, Artist
Stietz, A
Smith, John P
Stone, Charles H
Shapleigh, Frank
Swatzer, A
Svare, C M
Tilison, Capt Chas
Troxel, Frank
Thomas, Capt E J
Thompson, Almon
Thompson, John
Van Nostrand, Mr
Vinton, Biss
Waters, James S
Woods, Capt S L
Wood, Gov
Wolfe, Ch
Witte, Ernst
Whitmore, Charles E

THE SWORD VOTE is steadily increasing.
Listen:

Hancock.....434
McClellan.....357
Butler.....198
Grant.....178
Sherman.....27
Blair.....19
Fremont.....7
And scattering.

THE articles published in *The Countersign* are, most of them, written expressly for its columns, and none of them have ever before appeared in print.

SKATING PARK!—Prices of admission reduced!!! Only 10 cents to see the 1001 skaters!!!

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.—Facsimiles of the President's Emancipation Proclamation are being sold by Mr. L. Field, one-half for the benefit of the Fair, the remainder for the Soldier's Home of Chicago. That city being a great railroad center, thousands of soldiers are there cared for at the Soldier's Home and Soldier's Rest, and every State in the West has an interest in those patriotic institutions. Those who would secure a copy of this remarkable document should apply soon, as none will be for sale in the city after the close of the Fair, we understand.

The attendance at the Fair appears to be daily increasing, and the receipts from sales and donations average from ten to twelve thousand dollars per day. Glorious news for the sick and wounded soldiers.

THE OPERA OF MARTHA will be repeated on Friday P. M., at 2 o'clock, St. Louis Theatre. Grand matinee. Use of theatre free.

HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS can be accommodated with special notices in the *Countersign* on any day, by sending such notices to No. 20, addressed to the Editor, before 8 o'clock on the preceding evening.

Back numbers of the *Countersign* always for sale at our office, No. 20 Fair Building. The whole issue will be found well worth preserving, not only as a history of the Fair, but also for its original matter. St. Louis papers please copy.

Why is it extravagant to keep hens at the present high price of corn?

Because they take a peck at a time.

L. B. Holland.

E. P. Freeman.

LACLEDE OIL WORKS.

HOLLAND & FREEMAN,

Manufacturers of

Illuminating and Lubricating

CARBON OILS,

BENZOLE, AXLE GREASE, &c., &c.

Office, 35 Olive st., bet. Second and Third sts.,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Orders solicited and promptly filled. Visitors will please call and look at our samples in the Dag Spring apartment of this building.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PRIZES DRAWN THURSDAY—Silver-plated tea-set, 6 pieces, worth \$75, by Miss Helen Albright, Kirkwood.

Large gilt frame, French plate mirror, drawn by Mr. Hatch, of the Planters' House.

Silver-plated, marble-top Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine, Mrs. T. G. Comstock.

Large Travelling trunk, \$100, S. Sides.

Handsome hearth-rug, Miss Leimberger.

Elegant dressing-gown, \$40, F. C. Lipkin.

THE Refreshment Committee acknowledge a DONATION of \$200 from the ladies of Shelbyville, Ills.

SECRETARIES of different Departments will please send to *The Countersign*, No. 20, as promptly as possible, a list of their Committees, as they stand now. We desire to print them for future reference before we close up our issue.

THE voting for the beautifully embroidered FLAG, at No. 20, goes on. The Tenth Kansas has 194 votes, the Sixth Missouri 5, and a few scattering. 'Pears like the Tenth Kansas will get it.

MESSRS. TURNER & BRO. have very kindly donated to the Cafe Laclede a fine Cooking Range, which is for sale.

THE crying and moveable DOLL at the Private School Table was drawn by Miss Lottie Rogers, No. 69.

THE RETAIL SALES at the Soap and Candles amounted, in one evening, to \$150. Some of the soap here is the most beautiful we have ever seen, and looks good enough to eat.

WAR CLAIMS
Adjusted and Collected.

OFFICE REMOVED TO
No. 63 Washington Avenue,
Two doors east of the Quartermaster's Department.

JOHN P. CAMP

Will give his attention to the adjustment and collection of Vouchers and other claims against the United States Government in all its Departments.

Accounts and bills against the Government made out in proper form, and Vouchers therefor obtained and the amounts collected.

Merchants having vouchers for small amounts, can save themselves time and trouble by placing them in his hands for collection.

REFERENCES.

Hon. D. Davis, Bloomington, Ill.; Hon. Joseph Holt, Washington, D. C.; Hon. H. Campbell, St. Louis, Mo.; Samuel T. Glover, St. Louis, Mo.; J. R. Shepley, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; late Commissioners and Sounselors on War Claims for the Department of the West

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE finest and best assortment of custom made **BOOTS AND SHOES** in this city, may be found at **SAMUEL HALE'S,** 35 North Fourth st., opposite Planters' House.

O'FALLON

White Lead and Oil Company,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

LINSEED OIL, CASTOR OIL,
WHITE LEAD, ZINC PAINTS,

Colors, Varnishes, Japan, Putty, &c., &c.
Store, 108 Second street,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Cash paid for Flaxseed and Castor Beans.

GEO. W. BANKER, President.
FRANCIS BROWN, Treasurer.
CHAS. C. FULLER, Secretary.

D. A. BIGGERS,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCER,

No. 110 Market street, between Fourth and Fifth,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Goods sent to any part of the city free of charge.

COAL OIL LAMPS, COAL OIL,

AND

GAS FIXTURES,

BRONZES, FRENCH CLOCKS, &c.

J. CRAWSHAW & SON,

HAVE just received and are now opening the largest and best stock of

Lamps and Gas Fixtures,

Ever seen in the United States, which they offer low,

For Cash Only,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

No. 75 North Fifth street

ST. LOUIS.

A. S. W. Goodwin Robt. Anderson Peter Behr,

GOODWIN, ANDERSON & CO.,

Manufacturers of

LARD OIL, SOAP AND CANDLES,

FANCY AND TOILET SOAPS,

No. 10 Pine street, between Main and Second.

Factory---Poplar, South end of Adolph st..

ST. LOUIS, MO.

What is Life Insurance?

IT is, by its adoption or neglect, a FORTUNE gained or lost to a family at a man's death.

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.

Has paid to heirs of deceased members, over

\$3,200,000,

And its accumulation now exceeds

\$5,500,000.

EDWIN POWLER, State Agent,
No. 34 Olive street.

A. Johnson. F. O. Sawyer.

JOHNSON & SAWYER,

Wholesale Dealers in

Book, News & Wrapping Paper,

N. E. corner Second and Locust streets.

ST. LOUIS.

Papers of any size and weight made to order.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

Stereoscopes & Pictures,

Craig's Microscopes, Games & Stationery,

At No. 9 South Fifth street.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOSITORY.

J. W. MCINTYRE.

WESTERN AGRICULTURAL DEPOT AND SEED STORE.

Blunden, Koenig & Co.,

No. 56 North Second street.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

A FULL assortment of Farm Implements and Farm and Garden Seeds constantly on hand.

Outley's Palace of Art,

No. 39 Fourth street, opposite the Planters' House.

J. J. OUTLEY, the oldest established Artist in St. Louis, offers his services to all persons desiring a perfect picture of any kind, from the smallest locket to life size. Unusual inducements are offered to those wishing portraits of themselves or of deceased friends, requiring only a small picture of them, no matter how faded, from which to paint a perfect likeness. Call at the rooms and examine the portraits on exhibition.

M. S. HOLMES,

NO. 28 NORTH SECOND STREET,

Dealer in every description of

PAPER, BY THE REAM OR CASE.

100 ton of Rags wanted for cash.

THE CONNECTICUT

Mutual Life Insurance Company

OF HARTFORD.

ACCUMULATED Capital, over \$6,000,000. Number of Policies issued in 1863, 5,635! Fifty per cent. dividends declared annually. One-half of premiums received in notes, which notes are cancelled by dividends.

HENRY STAGG, Agent.

No. 40 Third street, corner Pine.

Mutual Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK.

FRED'K S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

Accumulated Cash Assets, 1st Feb., 1864, \$10,300,000.

THE safest and strongest Life Insurance Company in the United States. **SAM'L COPP, JR., Agent,** N. W. corner Main and Second sts.

KING, DOAN & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

No. 105 Main Street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

AUCTIONS.

BY J. H. OSGOOD & SON,

147 Congress street, Boston.

REGULAR Catalogue sales of Dry Goods, Tuesdays and Fridays. Received in Public Warehouse on storage, Wool, Cotton and Merchandise generally, for which Legal Bond Warehouse receipts will be given by **J. H. OSGOOD, Public Warehouseman.** Liberal cash advances made on consignments.

The Best is the Cheapest.

G. W. CURTISS & CO.,

No. 7 South Fifth street,

KEEP the best Coal Oil and Lamps, the best crystal flint Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, &c. Agents for Fisk's Cooking Lamp, for family use. Gives entire satisfaction. No family should be without one. All kinds Coal Oil and Lamp goods sold wholesale and retail.

LEWIS & GROSHON,

58 North Fourth street,

KEEP the latest styles of Gentlemen's Dress Hats, Felt Hats of every description for Men and Boys; Cloth Hats, Military Hats, Straw Hats, Cloth Caps, Fancy Caps for Children, elegantly trimmed; Leghorn and Straw Hats for Ladies, Misses and Children; Traveling Bags, Umbrellas, &c., and Furs in their season.

WILLIAM H. GRAY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,

No. 75 & 77 South Second street, opposite Pacific Railroad Depot.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY,

108 Main street, 108

Direct Importer and Dealer in

CHINA, GLASS & QUEENSWARE,

HAS, according to returns made by all the Queensware Dealers, the largest stock in the city.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath by all the Queensware Dealers, more stock than any two houses on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath as above, over two hundred per cent. more stock than any Queensware house on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Keeps a full assortment of staple and fancy China-Glass, Queensware, Coal Oil Lamps, Looking Glasses, Britannia Ware, Silver Plated Ware, Trays, Waiters, Table Cutlery, Water Coolers, Fruit Jars, Toiletware, etc.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Is the only direct importer in the city, of Leddle Elliotts & Sons' White Granite and Parian Wares and Decorated Vases and Toilet Wares, which received the great prize medals at the World's Fairs in London, Paris and New York, a variety of which they have liberally donated to the M. V. S. Fair.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Will receive monthly new goods direct from manufacturers

D. A. WINTER & CO.,
CLOCK & WATCHMAKERS,
 And Jewelry Manufactory.
 No. 201 F. & C. Ave. cor. Olive St. St. Louis, Mo.
 Repairing work in the latest execution.

GROVER & BAKER
SEWING MACHINE CO.
 SALES ROOMS.
 No. 124 North Fourth street,
 (Vine and Row)
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

HARKINSON & WINNEY,
 113 N. FOURTH ST., COR. VINE,
 ST. LOUIS.

Carpets,
Oil Cloths,
Window Shades,
Hearth Rugs,
Straw Matting,
&c., &c., &c.

A. SUMNER
 AGENT FOR
WHEELER & WILSON'S



SEWING MACHINES,
 No. 59 North Fifth street,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

UNION LINE.
Union Transportation & Insurance Co.
 FAST FREIGHT LINE EAST AND WEST VIA
 THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
TIME AND RATES GUARANTEED.
 N. STEVENS Agent
 No. 49 Olive street ST. LOUIS

HOWE & CAPEN'S
 NEW YORK FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE AGENCY.

BEHOLD THE LIST:
Columbia Fire Insurance Co.
 OF NEW YORK
 Capital—\$1,000,000
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$500,000; Assets, \$1,000,000.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Vessels, and their cargoes, and all other risks against loss or damage by fire. The insured pay 75 per cent of net profits without incurring any liability.
 TIMOTHY G. CHURCHILL Pres't
 EDWARD KEMEYS, Sr.

Home Insurance Company,
 OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$70,226.12; Assets, \$570,396.12.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Leases, and other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire. Dealers receive 75 per cent of net profits, on Dwellings and Merchandise risks.
 CHAS. WILSON, Sec'y. D. R. SATTERLEE, Pres't.
 SAM'L L. TALCOTT, Gen'l. Ag't and Adm't.

Lamar Fire Insurance Company
 OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
 Capital paid up in cash, \$300,000; Surplus, January 1, 1864, \$59,375.27; Assets, \$359,375.27.
 ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, Sec'y. EDWARD ANTHONY, Pres't.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
Metropolitan Insurance Comp'y,
 103 Broadway, New York
 Cash Capital, \$300,000; Assets, Jan. 1, 1864, \$642,541.85.
 Insured in 1864, \$1,200,000,000.

THIS Company insures, at customary rates of premium, against loss or damage by fire, also, against theft and land navigation, and war risks on cargo in freight. The assured receive 75 per cent of the net profits, with out incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.
 JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, Pres't.
 ROBT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice Pres't.
 EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Vice Pres't.
 JOHN C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.
 WESTERN BASCOM, General Agent.

STOCK COMPANY—INCORPORATED 1821.
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
 NEW YORK
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$272,916.33; Assets, \$772,916.33.
 WM. PITT PALMER, President.
 ANDREW J. SMITH, Secretary.

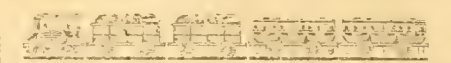
INSURES Buildings, Merchandise and other property against loss or damage by fire, at rates as low as other first class companies. Particular attention given to the insured, over Farm property, isolated Dwellings and their Furniture, for one, three or five years. Losses adjusted and promptly paid in cash at this Agency.

Phoenix Insurance Company,
 BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 Office—No. 4 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; No. 139 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, March 1, 1864, \$222,219.20; Assets, \$722,219.20.
 INSURANCE against loss by fire, Marine, Lake, Canal and inland transportation.
 STEPHEN CROWELL, President.
 EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice Pres't.
 PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.
Washington Insurance Comp'y,
 172 Broadway, (cor. Maiden Lane), N. Y.
 Cash Capital, \$400,000; Assets, Feb. 1, 1864, \$582,000.
 Scrip dividend, 1861, 60 per cent; Scrip dividend, 1862, 60 per cent; Scrip dividend, 1863, 60 per cent.

THE Policies entitled to participate receive 75 per cent of net profits. Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Rents, Leases, against loss or damage by fire, and marine risks on lakes, rivers and canals.
 GEO. C. SATTERLEE, President.
 HENRY WESTON, Vice President.
 WM. K. LOTHROP, Secretary,
 WM. A. SCOTT, Ass't Sec'y.

North Missouri Railroad.



QUINCY, KEOKUK,
 ST. JOSEPH,
 ATCHISON,
 WESTON,
 LEAVENWORTH,
 KANSAS CITY,
 COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA,
 NEBRASKA CITY,
 QUINCY AND HANNIBAL.

Certain and Close Connections

Arranged with the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad, Chicago, Burlington and Iowa Railroad, and the Western Union.

On and after Sunday, November 15th, 1863, St. Joseph Express leaves St. Louis at 1:15 A. M. Mail and Accommodation Train at 3:30 P. M.
Fare as Low as by any other Route.

Commodious Passenger Rooms have been fitted up at the Depot corner of North Market street and Levee, with every arrangement for the comfort of passengers.

TRICKETS FOR SALE AT
No. 40 Under Planters' House,
 AND
FOOT OF NORTH MARKET STREET.
 Where reliable information can be obtained relative to routes in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.
 Be certain that your ticket reads: "Via North Missouri Railroad."
 I. B. STURGEON, Superintendent.
 J. H. CONCANNON, General Ticket Agent.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.



On and after Monday, December 7th 1863, trains will leave St. Louis, as follows:
 Mail Train—Daily at 8:20 A. M., stopping at all stations and running through to Knobnoster, (208 miles.)
 Franklin Accommodation—Daily except Sunday, at 5:00 P. M.

Stages—Leave Dresden for Warrensburg, Lexington, Pleasant Hill, Independence and Kansas City, daily on arrival of train. Leave Sedalia for Springfield, Boonville and Warsaw, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings on arrival of train; Leave Tipton every evening for Boonville.

Passengers taking the 8:20 A. M. train from St. Louis, connect at Franklin with train daily for Rolla and intermediate stations. Stages leave Rolla every morning for Springfield.

Through tickets may be obtained at the Passenger Depot, corner of Seventh and Poplar streets, or at the Company's Through Ticket Office, No. 42 Fourth street, under the Planters' House. T. McKESSOCK, Sup't.
 E. W. WALLACE, General Ticket Agent.

St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad.



Spring Arrangement, commencing April 4, 1864.

PASSENGER Trains will leave Plum street Depot, daily as follows:
 For Pilot Knob, Potosi, and all stations, at 6:15 A. M.
 For Desoto at 6:15 A. M. and 4 P. M.

Returning—Will leave
 Pilot Knob at 3:00 P. M.
 Potosi at 3:50 P. M.
 DeSoto at 6:00 A. M. and 5:35 P. M.

Coronadet Accommodation Trains.
 For Coronadet at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M.;
 2:00, 4:00, 6:25, 7:30, 9:00 and 11:30 P. M.
 For Docks at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M., 2:00 and 4:00 P. M.
 For Jefferson Barracks and Quarantine at 6:15, 11:30 A. M., and 4:00 P. M.

Returning—Will leave
 Quarantine at 7:30 A. M.; 1:00 and 7:50 P. M.
 Jefferson Barracks at 7:40 A. M.; 1:05 and 7:55 P. M.
 Docks at 7:54, 9:15, 10:33, A. M.; 1:17, 3:07, 5:45 P. M.
 Coronadet at 5:30, 6:20, 8:00, 9:20, 10:40, A. M.; 1:20, 3:10, 5:48, 7:00, 8:10, 10:45 P. M.
 S. D. BARLOW, Pres't & Sup't.
 ISIDOR BUSH, General Agent.

The Daily Countersign.

PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR.

"POSSUNT QUIA POSSE VIDENTUR."

No. 10.

St. Louis, May 28, 1864.

Price 10 Cents.

The Daily Countersign.

MANAGERS. { MRS. E. W. CLARK,
 { MRS. S. A. RANLETT.
EDITOR. ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Saturday, May 28, 1864.

THE FAIR.

Reduced Rates of Admission, on and after Friday Morning, May 20th.

ADMISSION.....60 cts.
CHILDREN.....Half Price.

Doors open at eleven o'clock, A. M. Exhibition and sales close promptly at ten o'clock, P. M.
MAJ. GEN. ROSECRANS, President.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE
OF THE MISS. VAL. SAN. FAIR.
FAIR BUILDING,
ST. LOUIS, May 19, 1864.

To the Cashiers of the

Several Departments:

The "Central Finance Committee" have in the Building a *Fire and Burglar Proof Safe*, and are prepared to receive your deposits of money daily, at any hour of the day up to ten (10) o'clock, P. M. S. W. ELY, Esq., Assistant Secretary, will receipt for the same, and your Department will be duly credited.

Very respectfully,

Your obt' servant,

E. W. FOX,

Chairman Cen. Fin. Com.

M. J. LIPPMAN, Sec'y.

The Finance Committee have their Head Quarters near the Floral Department.

THE FAIR.

In spite of the fashion, beauty and loveliness everywhere bewildering the beholder, the Fine Art Hall must be regarded as one of the most attractive and fascinating features of the Fair. The arrangement of the pictures was made under the immediate supervision of Colonel F. T. L. Boyle, the well-known portrait painter of this city, and the hanging was done by Mr. James Spore, of the Artists' Emporium, on Fifth street. The hall itself is admirably lighted, and reflects great credit upon those who contrived its arrangement, there being no picture in the hall upon which the light does not fall in the proper direction during some portion of the day. The top border of the walls is ingeniously and beautifully formed of one hundred small pictures, in square frames, many of which are donations

to the Fair, and are for sale. The whole number of pictures approaches 220, of which number more than 60 have been donated, the rest being but for exhibition. A catalogue, which has been published under the care of S. A. Ranlett, the attentive Secretary of this department, is now ready for sale in the hall, and will add materially to the pleasure of a visit. From this catalogue may be collected that the pictures have been mainly presented by Messrs. Wayman Crow, C. Belcher, E. Richards, J. R. Shepley, O. D. Filley, J. M. Krum, G. M. Harding, James E. Yeatman, E. Cushman, S. A. Ranlett, J. Kremmer, L. Eaton, G. Partridge, Achenbach, Conant, T. L. Eliot, and Col. Boyle; Mrs. H. T. Blow, Mrs. Hitchcock, Mrs. A. S. Dean, Miss Skeele and Miss J. Glover. Undoubtedly the most splendid picture of all is the world-renowned production by Rossiter and Mignon, entitled "The Home of Washington." This picture did not arrive in time for the commencement of the Fair, but is now in its proper place. It is worth \$10,000. It is a very large picture, and represents six figures, the chief of which is that of Washington himself, who appears standing on the verandah in front of the Mt. Vernon mansion. The noble Lafayette leans quietly and gracefully against a column, and appears to listen attentively to his companion. Near by, at a table, are seated Martha Washington and another lady, while upon the lawn two children, one white, the other black, are sporting, and in the distance gleam the pleasant waters of the Potomac. This picture is worthy of a great deal of study and careful examination. Another very prominent and very remarkable picture is that of "The Crucifixion." It is quite an old work, painted by W. Franquet, and valued very highly by its donor. It is believed to have come from Mexico, though the fact is not definitely known. We were informed that before the commencement of the enterprise of a Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair, the picture was presented by Mr. Sol. Smith, of this city, to the Cincinnati Fair, where it was raffled for, and realized a large sum. The winner donated it to our Fair, where it will be again raffled for. Two beautiful landscapes, by Van Starckenburg, ought to engage the attention of every one.

We must especially call the attention of all to the paintings of Charles Wimar, both because he has exercised so vast an influence on Western Art—which he might have brought to the highest perfection, had not an untimely death blasted his own high hopes and those of his many friends—and because of the richness and beauty of his coloring. Those two beau-

tiful views of the Missouri river, which are so familiar to most persons in St. Louis, were furnished to this collection by Judge R. E. Rombauer, and are for sale. They give a vivid idea of the striking character of his coloring. A portrait of the Indian chief, "Bear Rile," sketched from life, and said to be Wimar's last work, is also highly illustrative of his peculiar genius. "The Dying Buffalo," "The Grizzly and the Dead Elk," "Buffaloes Drinking," and a photograph of another fine picture entitled "Indians on the War Path," are easily recognized as the works of this artist. As the space allotted us will not suffer us to enter into the elaborate description many of the pieces deserve, we shall content ourselves, for the present, with a brief notice of the most prominent pictures, for the benefit of visitors, hoping at a future day to refer again to this Hall:

"Falls of Terne," and several other landscapes, are by Achenbach.

Two "Anoras"—the one by Guido, the other by Guercino—guard either side of the entrance.

A medallion head of Mrs. Eliot, the mother of Rev. Dr. W. G. Eliot, of this city, is skillfully executed.

Amongst other fine "Magdalen," is one by Carlo Dolci.

An excellent portrait of Gen. Rosecrans, by Mr. J. F. Wilkins, is much visited. The beautiful frame in which it is set, is the gift of E. W. Morgan, and is surrounded with a fine wreath of laurel.

Another portrait of Gen. Rosecrans is deserving of mention, as being the work of a young lady, Miss Dolly Barnett, daughter of the well-known architect. It was painted expressly for donation, and was framed by Pettes & Leathe.

Portraits of many of the notables of St. Louis and other places, are on exhibition, some of them for sale. Some of these portraits are those of Hon. Edward Bates, Dr. W. G. Eliot, Gen. Fremont, by Harding; one of Gen. Grant, donated by J. A. Stelbert; one of Gen. McNeil, in water colors; also one of Sol. Smith, Esq., in the same style; those of Gov. Gamble, Col. Benton, Col. O Fallon and Gen. Eaton, of Revolutionary fame, and father of Lucien Eaton, Esq., of this city.

Amongst landscape paintings the following are *chefs d'oeuvres*:

Valley of Shenandoah, by Sontag; Scene in the Alps, by Lewis; Falls of Chaudiere, by Kummer; Headwaters of the Missouri, by Schuetze; and Tintern Abbey, by Collins.

Col. Boyle has provided several beautiful portraits of his painting.

Three pieces, a cat and kitten, Market woman, and a game piece, evincing high skill in execution, were contributed by Miss H. B. Skeele, of this city, who is rapidly rising into enviable reputation as an artist.

"A Shipwreck," painted by Vernet in 1770, is a striking scene.

A portrait of Mrs. Lincoln, by Emil Hertzinger, of St. Louis, is intended to be presented to the President.

Several choice pieces, in water colors, by Pearson, are in his happiest style.

Mrs W. G. Eliot sends a real Raphael. It is his "John the Baptist," and was taken from a panel of an old altar at Padua. It is for sale for the benefit of the Fair, at two hundred dollars. This picture was brought to St. Louis fifty years ago, by Mr. Phillipson.

Some ingenious lady has worked for the Fair a perfect landscape entirely of moss. We had almost forgotten one of the most beautiful pictures of the Gallery. The charming brilliancy of the colors will not fail to delight every one. It was painted by Terry, and is owned by W. Crow, Esq.

Several beautiful articles of statuary have also been donated. Photographs, lithographs, drawings of all kinds are for sale. The Piano to be raffled for at the same time with the Smizer Farm is deposited here. Dr. William Tod Helmuth, the well known physician, has got up an elegant little book, which aims to "show to what extent the Arts exist in St. Louis, and to point out a few of those artistic performances to which St. Louis may lay especial claim." It gives interesting accounts of several artists and their works, taking C. F. Wimar as the representative of the Art of Painting; Miss Hosmer, of that of Sculpture; C. Long, of Photography; A. McLean, of Lithography; and R. D. Studley & Co., of Printing. This book is here for sale for benefit of the Fair.

Our passion for the beautiful being gratified by the beauties of the Fine Arts Hall, we wended our way to its opposite compartment, where the grosser appetites are satisfied. For we are firm believers of the *sana mens* being only in *sano corpore*. The entire transept, under the charge of Mrs. Alfred Clapp, is devoted to this sole purpose of feeding the hungry multitudes. The establishment is styled the Café Laclede. It is neatly and appropriately decorated, displays the names of Generals Hancock and Thomas, and is furnished with more than forty tables of various sizes. Each table is attended by several charming young ladies, and these fair Hebes will supply you with everything that can gratify the epicurean desires; meats of every description, salads, sandwiches, strawberries and peaches, (preserved,) ice-creams, cakes, coffee, tea, &c. The abundance of provisions with which this department is supplied comes from the various congregations of the city, the members of which have kept their stoves at red heat for some week past for this purpose. The following is the order in which the several churches engaged to undertake this good work, and so far, every engagement has been kept:

Thursday, May 19.—First Presbyterian Church, Dr. T. A. Nelson.

Friday, May 20.—Central Presbyterian Church, Dr. S. T. P. Sanderson.

Saturday, May 21.—Church of Messiah, Dr. W. G. Eliot.

Monday, May 23.—No stated Church.

Tuesday, May 24.—Second Presbyterian Church, Rev. James Brooks; Third Baptist Church, Rev. J. M. Schofield.

Wednesday, May 25.—Christ Church, Dr. M. Schuyler.

Thursday, May 26.—Union Methodist Church, Dr. H. Cox.

Friday, May 27.—Second Baptist Church, Rev. G. Anderson.

Saturday, May 28.—No stated Church.

Contributions to this department for Monday, May 29, and Tuesday, May 30, are earnestly solicited. While Mrs. Clapp retains the general supervision of this department, upon each day certain persons from the church providing eatables, take charge of the tables and waiters for the day.

Having been raised to the coziest complacency by a *taste-ty* meal in this department, we pushed back from the table and indulged in day-dreaming as follows: "If the gastrie juice is not the universal solvent sought for in the smoke of many laboratories, it is at least the most excellent of any. Now, here have we been devouring *sand*, which is you know, a silicate, and *pison* (pies and) things; yet we never felt better in our lives. We now think a great deal better of Cardinal Wolsey, whom Shakespeare describes as a man of "unbounded stomach," and are inclined to pardon the late Lord Oxford in his expectation that his stomach would survive the rest of his person." Like a panorama of an exhibition of the "Stereoseopticon," (which no one should neglect to visit,) there passed before us the many dishes with which men have gratified their palate. The Maltese cranes, peacocks, and nightingales, those luxuries of the Augustan age, stalked by with injured air. The dish of birds taught by Esop, the tragic actor, with infinite pain and trouble, either to sing or speak, stood before us, each bird trilling its rich notes, or dipping its beak into the flagon of wine close by, whose flavor Esop had attempted to improve by a solution of pearls. Again the reverend Roman Senate gravely consulted on the best method of dressing a turbot of unusual size, which had been presented to the Emperor Domitian. Fricassee puppies, snails, bird nests, &c., were beginning to tumble about in endless confusion before us, when we were aroused from our reverie by a voice, which said: "Are these the fried oysters which *you* ordered, sir?" "No," said we. "Well, you might as well take *these*, sir: they are *just as fried* as the others, sir." We explained that we did not want any oysters at all. Immediately the same voice—we mean its owner—charged upon us with a bill of fare, saying, "Here's the *programme*, sir: what *will* you have?" Enraged at being thus rudely aroused, we rushed down to the end of the room, where the Hebes were disappearing and re-appearing like a swarm of bees at the

aperture of what resembled a tent formed of red, white and blue muslin. By the kindness of a lady attending a table near by, we obtained an entrance, and were well repaid for our visit. A "fiery furnace" glowing in one corner, cast a lurid glow over the faces of the busy cooks, two long tables were surrounded by many assistants, some of whom cut hams, some were preparing salads, some exclusively occupied in making sandwiches; many were overwhelmed with the amount of china to be washed, while two persons were allowed no rest, from 9 in the morning till 10 at night, from wiping silver.

Separated by a partition from this room, is a smaller one, called the "store room," where boxes of lemons, cans of preserves, piles of hams, and what not, are neatly and conveniently arranged. We tore ourselves away at last, thinking, in the bitter irony of the poet: "We eat, and drink, and sleep; what then?"

We eat, and drink, and sleep again?"

THE NATION'S NEWER LIFE.

I could not thrum my cithern while the cannon roared around,
When the Nation, like a giant strong, started from sleep profound,
And armed against its treacherous foes, leapt upward with a bound.

Yet history's page has never glowed with theme of grander height
Than this Great War that rages now between the Day and Night,
And swords are drawn for equal laws, for brotherhood, for right.

The sun has never shown upon a cause more just, more high;
No martyr fires were ever lit, where truer men might die;
No nobler lives e'er offered up beneath the encircling sky.

Our tears fall for the youths who leave our hearths and march afar;
Who dare the fiery charge, or watch beneath the midnight star;
Who drop, like flowers of the field, beneath the scythe of war.

They march, that we may rest—our land free from the slave Lord's rod;
They fall, that juster laws may flower from out their blood-stained sod;
They die, that we may live a life more true to man and God.

To cleanse the country from its long malaria of sin,
To strike the fetters from the slave, and let God's sunshine in,
To crush the life of lies, and see a newer life begin;

To tell the nations who insult our throes, that we are worth
This struggle—justifying thus the promise of our birth,
Holding our charter yet unsoiled—the free of the earth.

This is the battle that we wage. Let kings,
let traitors cower,
While we assert that Right is might—that Lib-
erty is Power.
So shall we bloom from sea to sea—the wide
world's fairest flower.

C. P. CRANCH.
New York, March, 1864.

LIVING OR DEAD.

It is to be presumed that our nation—that every nation, if it be alive—hides, somewhere within itself, a warm, beating heart, and if we probe its superficial machinery, we shall find it sending out vitalizing currents throughout the entire national system. We shall find it throbbing there beneath overlying strata of bone and muscle, vein and artery. What is any mere form or constitution of government but a lifeless skeleton? and what are gigantic organisms and institutions, what are art, science, manufacture, agriculture, but outgrowths of this central heart, and indirect contributors to its support? Commerce is but a vast arterial net-work, and steamboat, railway and telegraph but different senses communicating with and aiding each other and the whole system.

But this national *heart* is truth, is honor, purity, patriotism. It is love to God and man; that true morality which bears the impress of Divinity, and lifts a nation up into that wondrous circle in which God himself moves. Sometimes it beats tumultuously, and its throbs tingle to the very utmost fibre and nerve of this compound human system. Thus it was three years ago, when the first shock of war trembled along the land, and men found the patriotic blood leaping like fire along their chilled veins; and thus it always is when any great tide-wave of emotion rolls over a nation. But in times of peace and quiet, the vital current gushes out softly, and, perhaps, unheeded, in those great metropolitan centres, where is the constant jar, and rush, and whirl of great movements, the high-pressure system of life, the dizzying revolution of incident, of trade, of social existence and of popular sympathies. Here moral disease makes terrible headway; here fevers rage and corruptions fester; here meet the wide extremes of genius, thrift and enterprise, and the utter darkness of mental and moral death; and *here* one can seldom pronounce calm, truthful judgment upon the health or disease of a nation.

But in the thousands of rural districts, scattered over the land—in the God-made country, over which He watches with special love and care—crime dares not walk with so free a step. He shivers in the pure, fresh air; he shrinks from the open expanse of light above; he hates and shuns the elevating harmonies of nature. And if the intellect and the ambition of man make less gigantic strides, there is compensation in the greater simplicity of life, the quiet growth of pure principles and of sweet virtues. Here every Sabbath comes as a fresh benediction from Heaven, and morning and evening are fragrant with the incense of praise, rising up from grateful hearts. Here is the true pulse of the nation. Can we but accu-

ately gauge the temperature of this life-current, note its rise and fall, mark when the poison of society distils here its deadly drops, we may, with professional accuracy, say whether the death-angel is about to lay his hand upon us, or whether, only weakened by this fever of war which now burns in our veins, we shall at length arise with better, purer life.

If a nation is diseased, and almost ready for burial, (as some appear to think is our case,) what are the *signs* of it? For destruction does not come unannounced. True, vengeance often "comes with leaden feet," but the hearing ear will note its approach. The sun never falls at once from mid-heaven to the horizon, and the sun of nations never sets at noon. Is this a sign, that the highest honors of our land are to be bought and sold, and that integrity in the Cabinet and legislative halls is so rare a treasure that Diogenes with his lantern could scarce discover it? Is it that a fearful war convulses the land as in a death-throe? Is it that extravagance and lust seem to be on the increase? Admitting these for the moment, would any one assert that the great mass of the people are corrupt, lustful, extravagant, with an insane greed for wealth and power? If we turn to the history of those ancient nations whose downfall was so notorious, we shall find that their foundations were rotted away; the *heart* of the nation had become corrupt; the masses were wholly diseased. Under wicked governments, administered by heathen tyrants, through desolating wars, and notwithstanding the bribery and corruption in high life, nations lived, yes, and grew, till the festering leprosy of crime spread to every home; till honor and purity lay soiled and trampled in the dust; till the voice of conscience was silenced by the universal indulgence in, and dominion of the blackest sins. *Therefore* the light of Rome was put out in thick darkness; and therefore the smoke of Sodom rolled its sulphurous waves along the plain.

Why fell Babylon? Why the beautiful cities of Asia Minor? And last, or *first* of all, why did a deluge swallow up the human race almost entire, but that it was wholly corrupt, even to "every thought of every heart?" Now turn the eye homeward again. Are we preparing our funeral car? Is disease fastened upon our vitals, and universal society become corrupt? Thousands of voices from thousands of pure homes send back an indignant "No." Things, "pure, lovely and of good repute," are cherished in millions of hearts. The breath of God's purifying, renovating spirit comes whispering along the army ranks, and we hear its triumphant denial.

This very day, one and another who have spent much time in two great divisions of our army, tell us that the papers convey no true idea of the good work going on there. Would He thus cause his goodness to pass before us, if his design was not a blessing? If He were utterly angry, would He come with gifts in his right hand? And whence comes this general,—this unusual acknowledgment from those highest in civil and military authority, of God as the sovereign arbiter of nations,

except from the giving way of pride and self-confidence to an humble reliance upon the Supreme Power? What better sign for our country than this? "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad;" but we seem to be growing clearer-sighted, day by day. The sweet, pure air of hill and valley is no more tainted by the poisonous breath of sin than in the years past. We are not startled by fresh revelations of crime, nor discouraged by a gradual lapse into degradation. Christian churches and Christian schools still perform their noble work, and benevolent enterprises flourish as before. From our great centres, too, of wealth and trade, still flow out generous streams which bear upon their broad bosom life and wealth, civilization and religion to other lands than ours. Are these signs of death? Was a nation ever destroyed while struggling bravely against national error, pollution and crime, when striving to save from ruin the noblest fabric the world ever looked upon; when its homes were pure, and rendered doubly sacred by their precious sacrifices freely offered upon their country's altars? Such a nation are we, and this is just what we are doing. And were there space, we might most significantly urge that we are yet in the full flush and strength of youth, as to learning, art, science, material prosperity, republican liberty and christianization.

"But this present state of things is dreadful," says one, "and we never shall be as we were!" God forbid! We do not pray to be as we were, any more than our Fathers prayed to be as they had been. If we are worthy to be a nation in this grand era of the world's history, when empires and kingdoms are undergoing forced changes, ever verging toward constitutions and republics, toward an acknowledgment of the liberty and equality of the human race; when they are eying each other with jealousy and fear, lest they be swallowed up by one vast sovereignty; or, again, sympathizing in common terror of republican institutions, which threaten to spread over the whole European continent; if, I say, we are worthy to live now, we shall rejoice, though impoverished, and wounded in our hands and our feet, and in our dearest affections; rejoice to have strength left to raise up the torn banner of Freedom. So shall feeble threatened republics, now watching us in mute expectation, see their life in ours, and send up a triumphant shout that shall cause the most absolute monarch to tremble for his sceptre; yes, and Italy shall raise her drooping head to catch the echo, and shall bear it on to Hungary's war-trampled field; and Siberia's exiles shall warm into life and hope, and exchange their groans for shouts of joy. The world's desert of oppression and slavery shall "blossom as the rose," for behold, Freedom "is not dead but sleepeth!"

Why are the ladies of the St. Louis Fair supposed to be acquainted with military tactics?

Because their *aim* is good, they make a *gal-lant charge*, and hope to get their *Price*.

THE SOUTHLAND.

DEDICATED TO MRS. GEN. DODGE.

Come to me, friend, let me clasp your small fingers.

Stand by my side at the casement to-night;
Let your eyes wander away o'er the landscape.

Purely baptized in the moon's silvery light,
How the heart swells with the beauty that greets us;

All that is lovely in Nature is here.
Oh, can it be that the land's full of faction,
Hearts heavy with misery, tortured with fear!

First comes the lawn with its evergreen odors,
The village lit up by a thousand red gleams;
Beyond them, the hills with snowy tents covered—

Between and around them, two beautiful streams.

The background is grand, with its dusky brown mountains—

Star-jewelled and crowned by the blue winter's sky;

And the sturdy old trees with fire-belts encircled,

Blazing anon when the breeze wanders by.

See how the rains of red sparks flitter downward—

There! up goes a rocket as bright as a star!
The soldiers are merry to-night, heaven bless them!—

Few sports drift to them on the hot tide of war.

How quiet it seems, though! quiet and steady,
Where hundreds are gathered in wait for the foe.

And can you believe that this is the season
Which covers the earth with a mantle of snow?

Stand here when the West's rosy red in the evening—

See the spires glow 'neath the kiss of the sun—

See the beams twisting themselves in the smoke-clouds.

Crimson and purple and golden in one,
Violet mists o'er the distant hills gather,
Inwoven with sunbeams, glorious to see.

And sweet toned church-bells chime a sweet invitation

"Come hither to worship, brave sons of the Free,"

The nights are as calm and as fair as an infant,
slumbering

Sweet on a fond mother's breast;

The days as superb as an Orient beauty, blazing

With jewels, in royal robes dressed.

Sweet birds will twitter "good night" from the branches.

And fold up their tiny untiring wing;
You almost might fancy, instead of midwinter
Unfolding around you, the glories of Spring.

Grand and yet desolate—oh, beautiful Southland—

Wounded, alas! by thine own reckless child!

Trampled and blood-stained—filled with deep anguish—

Kindred wide scattered, homesteads defiled!
Strangers will sit by your hearth-stones at evening—

Strange voices echo within your own walls:
Strangers will sleep where your buried are sleeping:

Strange footsteps ring on the floor of your halls!

So shall it be, till Rebellion is conquered,
And Justice with Mercy unite evermore!
The demon must die—we declare—will maintain it—

Liberty, Unity, Peace to restore!

Then gladly we'll gather our loved to our fire-sides,

Dropping a tear for the brave that are slain,
Praying the while, dear Love may dwell with us,

Ne'er to be banished our nation again.

BELLE Z. SPENCER.

Headquarters, Palaski, Tenn., Feb., 1864.

THE FIR-TREE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, AND CONTRIBUTED FOR THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.

[This forms one of a series of tales entitled "What the Greenwood Talks About," which come from the same generous hand.]

"What made the Fir-tree creak so, when the Ox-eye Daisy said the Winter was wicked and could not endure the Flowers?" asked the Lindero.

"Because he was vexed," replied the Oak. "When he is vexed, he creaks. Didst thou never hear him before? When the Wind comes roaring through the wood, he calls out to us thus: "Bend!" but the Fir-tree says, "Stand fast!" and if the trees of the forest are afraid and make their obeisance to the Wind, the Fir-tree always keeps standing stiff, draws himself up disapprovingly and creaks, because he is vexed."

"What has that to do with the Winter and the Ox-eye Daisy?" said the Linden.

"Ask him, then—ask him, then!" babbled the poplar; then you will hear what he says. He often gives sharp answers." But the Linden was still curious. Who can blame it? If one stands on the same spot year in, year out, one does not willingly let a story escape for fear of receiving a sharp answer. If it is too sharp, we shake it off, and the trees can do so too. But the Linden was wise and bethought itself of a proper beginning.

"Fir-tree," said she, how comes it that you always wear the same clothes in Winter as in Summer—in cold as in warm days?"

"Because I am not vain and always having to have something new, like you," replied the Fir-tree.

"There, thou hast it, put up with it," said the poplar.

But the Fir-tree was wrong; that was not the reason, for in the end he could do nothing contrary to his nature. But men do no better, and impute to themselves as wonderful virtues what lies in their dispositions. He who

has no desire for ornaments, scorns the vain; yes, there are people who scoff at poetry because they have no feeling for it, and they are yet more in the wrong than the Fir-tree. The Linden would have taken the answer very ill, and said no more to the Fir-tree, but that it was too curious for that, and that was well, for one side sulking did no good, and on the other, she had not heard the story of the Winter, nor we neither. The Linden murmured something to herself, and then she turned again to her unfriendly neighbor and said:

"You might easily tell us something about the Winter. You know him, and as they say, love him. We others, we know nothing of him; for we are asleep when he comes, but thou art awake and talkest with him for a long, long time."

The Fir-tree was silent a while, and all the trees listened, curious to see what would come of it. Only the Willows said, "Linden, thou art bold—give up with that!" At last the Fir-tree replied.

"Leave me in peace, and if you wish to know anything of the winter, keep awake. He who wishes to know anything must not sleep at the season."

The undertaking would have been ended if the Oak had not interpose. That stood greatly in esteem among the forest trees, because she was the oldest and strongest. Who knowest whether the first would have gained him respect if the last had not been a dead.

"Fir-tree," said she, "thou seemest an unfriendly fellow, but art not so bad, only thou always showest thy rough side. I know thee better; for I saw thee when thou wert scarcely a year old and had just put out one green shoot. But why art thou so gruff to thy companions? Did not one soil produce us? Do not our roots embrace below, as our boughs above? Do we not despise dangers when united that we could not withstand alone? It is not well to quarrel, especially about so small a thing. Because those are covered with leaves and thou with needles, because thy bark is rougher than that of the beech, wilt thou therefore withdraw thyself, appear unfriendly, which thou art not? Come then, talk to thy comrades; be kind to them now in prosperous days, since thou must hold with them in dangerous times."

These were earnest words. The Fir-tree took them to heart, and many others might do the same. The Fir-tree thought for a moment, and then spoke as follows:

"You wish to hear about the Winter. Very well, then. Lay aside your prejudices against him, for I know you cannot endure him. Do not think me partizan, because he is my friend. I am only true, because I know him. But to business! When God, the Lord, had created the World—when the flowers were splendid in the field and the trees in the forest—He called to himself the Seasons, and said:

"See my World, how fair it is! I give it up to you. Share the trees and flowers among you, but love and cherish them also."

Then the Seasons were very happy, and revelled with the children of nature. A little time passed thus, but then, here and there discord began to arise between them. The boy

unsteady Spring could not bear with the slow, thoughtful Summer. The glowing Summer found the Autumn phlegmatic. The Autumn blame! the Spring for delaying the flowers. In short, the strife grew hotter, and flowers and trees were coming off badly. Then said the Autumn, "This can last no longer; we cannot get along together; come here and let us divide." And so it happened. The Seasons divided the Earth. At the two poles, Winter built his house; Summer embraced the middle of the earth, and between them Spring and Autumn created their kingdoms. That they did not quite keep to this arrangement, you will learn by-and-by; but still it is about the same, and the Winter still lives in his old house."

"How dost thou know that, then?" asked the Linden.

"My cousin, who once visited him there, has told me about it."

"Take heed, he is telling falsehoods," whispered the Poplar to its neighbor.

"How could thy cousin visit him?" asked the Linden. "Is he not obliged to stand still, like us?"

"It happened in this way," replied the Fir-tree. "There once came some bold, enterprising men, who sought wood to build a ship. My cousin, a tall, slender Fir-tree, stood very proudly among the other forest trees. As soon as they saw it, they felled it and made it into a mast. Now, it went to sea. The sailors gave my cousin a large sail, and said, 'hold it fast!' On his peak they put a many-colored, wide-floating flag. My cousin was very merry on the voyage, and did his duty well; and if the Wind came and wished to take away his sail, he did not bend; therefore the mariners honored him above all the wood of the ship. The voyage went always northward, and lo! all at once they came to the house of Winter. The house looked very simple but strong; and when the ship knocked, out came the Winter, quite surprised at the strange visit. But then it occurred to him that he is often received unkindly when he comes, and he felt himself but little moved to friendly hospitality, and shook his head, so that the snow-flakes were scattered around. Then he perceived my cousin, and as he is always kind to us Fir-trees, he became quite friendly, and they fell into conversation. Then he wished to know how it went with each one of his brothers, and when the Mast had told everything, he also began to relate very wonderful stories, and what I have just told you is one of them.

These stories were endless, and the old gentleman was so happy in his recollections, all of which he now rummaged out, that he would not let the ship go again, and embraced it with strong arms. My cousin cannot say enough of the beauty of it all; but the better it was for him, the worse it was for the crew. One morning he heard them advising together.

"Our wood is burnt, our provisions are nearly gone," said the Steersman; "and if the ice does not soon melt, we shall come to grief; let us hew down the mast and burn it; that will keep us a while, at least."

When my cousin heard that, he besought the Winter to let the vessel go, and the Winter granted, to save his favorite, what he would not have yielded to the desires of the men. He let the ice melt, and the ship came happily back home with its crew."

"That was good!" cried the Trees, with one voice.

"But now let me return to my story," resumed the Fir tree. "The Earth was thus divided, and the Seasons each had his own realm. Well if it had remained so, if the Spring, in his fickle way, had not again called for a change. It did not please him to always stay in one place. He called the Seasons together, and made to them the following proposition:

"Let us make another division," said he; "and since the Earth belongs to us in common, let us not always stay in one place. Each of us shall have a definite time when he shall possess the whole earth when he alone shall rule."

"I am satisfied," said the Summer, "to keep for my own the girdle of the Earth."

OWED.

When friends fall off and foes are wild,
And printer's devils greedy,
What comfort comes to weary souls?
What blessing to the needy?
'Tis then *he* comes, the welcome light,
When skies grow dark and darker,
The sunny smile, the generous hand,
Our ready * * ———.

Clouds clear away before his feet—
The "specials," how he finds them;
And into columns, fast and fleet,
His skilful pencil binds them;
The lowliest place we'd gladly fill—
Yes, be a billiard marker,
The half of all our debt to kill
To liberal N. * ———.

Then lift on high the laurel crown,
For he from all has won it;
And gently, softly lay it down,
Upon the head that's done it!
For his must be a niggard soul,
One worthy of a Carker,
That measured praise should slowly dole
To noble N. H. ———.

[We should have written more, but were afraid we should tell the whole name in the next verse, and this our friend's retiring disposition would not allow; so we stopped just here.—ED.]

Two negro women bring fruit to Petersburg (Virginia) market. One is a tall powerfully-built negress with a stentorian voice; the other, always her companion, is a thin, diminutive creature. The big one roars out, with a peculiar intonation dwelling on the first syllable, "*Huck-elberries!*" the other, as if perfectly satisfied that all the world has heard the announcement, after a moment's pause, meekly chirps, "Me too!"

Why are railroad cars like lovers?
They are attached to each other.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM GRANDMA!

BOSTING, Into March, 1863.

Well, Jerushy, if you was to see how I spend the days out, go sleighrides, and have culls, and parties and dinners! I always stand up for St. Louis. Though the folks have *gone on from here*, they seem to think the folks west are wild-like. We'll beat Bosting yet! We've got land, and here the chimneys are ticking up like brush, just where the ships used to be. I went to a big jam-up party, and such tricks you never heard tell. The ladies had rats and mice in their hair, and a girl came in to the barber's to get two rats, two mice and a waterfall on her head. I thought she was going crazy, but no, 'tis all the fashion. Well, that aint all; the old ladies, like me, wear low neck-dresses, and have false necks; they call them gutty-perchy, and ivory plumpers to fill out their cheeks; now, Jerushy, false eyes and false teeth is according to natur, but folks don't seem to know what not to do these times. They put shiny dust all over their heads; one girl got *pisoned*, (it served her right;) she was waltzing like mad, and got sweaty, and the shiny copper dust got into her skin; one woman's hair turned green. Some of the women wear birds' nests top of their heads, and have springs and wires to let the birds fly round on the flowers. Tell Hetty to get a setting hen, eggs and all, and put it top of her head when she goes to a party. I would not mislead the young thing about the fashions for the world! I forgot to tell you about the thieves. As sure as I live, the first day I went shopping some one stole my gloves, right by me, and my brother got robbed too; so that brass writing man was right after all. The streets are so full of people, it looks like church is just out all the time. I never saw the like. Excuse me if I seem confounded; I forget something and then keep adding on, but I believe I am done now, though I could tell you pages more. I shall be glad to get back, though I have such a good time everywhere. Yours, affec. &c.,

GRANDMA.

We have received a copy of "The Journal," a folio sheet precisely *six inches square*, published by C. W. Goodin & Co., Minneola, Kan. Its motto is "Fearless and Free," and it hoists Abe Lincoln's name as its candidate for the Presidency. It contains news of the war, and general items. As it seems to feel rather hurt that the larger papers will not exchange, we reply that we place it at once on our list of exchanges. It is the best joke we have seen for a long time.

News.—Any person arriving with important news will oblige us very much.

Why is the name of a great French author like a small French coin? Because it is a sou. (Sue.)

Why is an admired British author like an approved watch? It is a Lever.

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ADMISSION REDUCED!!!

ONLY TEN CENTS!!!

TO SEE 1097 SKATERS!!!

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Mr. J. J. Outley, 2 dozen each of several Major Generals.

A. J. Fox, 100 Photographs of General Rosecrans.

Joseph A. White, Framingham, Fifty Dollars.

Dr. Phillip Weigle, Drawings by Conrad Diehl.

Mrs. E. C. Cushman, 14 large Photographs of Roman Scenes.

H. D. Wilson, 1 Bust of Daniel Webster, 2 Dolphins.

Unknown, 1 Bust of Prescott, from Boston.

Maximillian Rindler, Map of the Seat of War.

F. A. Tucker, 1 Engraving.

Theo. Shroeder, 1 Engraving.

Julius McIntyre, 1 Engraving, President Lincoln.

Hoelke & Bennecke, lot of Photographs of Generals.

Wm. H. Tilford, 20 dozen Cards.

E. H. & T. Anthony, New York, 114 Photographs and Engravings, large lot of Cards de Visites, &c.

Jacob Egger, 20 Colored Views of Switzerland.

Miss Peale, 25 Photographs of Father Matthew.

Mrs. James Lawrence and her little son Best, Twenty Dollars and Fifty Cents.

Charles Williams, 1 fine Marble Jewel Box.

Franklin Peale, (through Mrs. Lord,) 9 Medals.

L. Prang & Co., 505 Album Cards.

M. Hubert, U. S. Coast Survey Chart.

Jas. Fortune, N. Y., 50 copies Musical Host.

W. S. Mosely, Jefferson City, 6 Engravings.

A. C. Nichols, Leavenworth, 108 Cartes de Visites; 22 large do.

L. Schoen, 1 Accordion.

Mr. Mitchell, Photograph Steam Engine and Frame.

J. W. Skinner, 6 Photographs of Battle of Bunker Hill.

F. W. Hoffman, 1 Violin.

S. Brainard & Co., Cleveland Ohio, 50 copies Sanitary Fair March.

S. A. RANLETT, Sec'y Art. Comm.

Conversation at the Children's Department.

"Say, Jim, is that Gen. Grant's daughter in the shoe?" "Yes, of course." "Why I didn't know he was a shoe maker." "Well he isn't, but that is his shoe." "No wonder the rebels run, when he puts his foot down then. Does she stay there always I wonder?" Our reporter at this point was jostled away by the crowd.

Why are the western prairies unlike the Southern States?

They do not have any treason (trees on) there.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Lieut. Gov. Anderson, of Ohio, will address the people, at the center of the Fair Building, this (Saturday) afternoon at 4 o'clock.

We are request to state that little NELLIE GRANT, the "old lady of the shoe," has received the beautiful \$20 doll, so generously subscribed for her by many persons.

The Springfield Republican, which keeps up a steady fire on IMPORTED LUXURIES, says that the best dressed woman in Springfield does not wear a single article not made in America—American grown and American made.

THE FAIR NEXT WEEK will be open from 6 to 10 P. M. Come and bring all your friends during the third week of the Fair.

Beautiful stand of wax flowers, of the value of \$100, donated by Geo. D. Capen, to the Floral Department, was raffled for last evening and drawn by No. 16, Geo. R. Wilson.

The prisoners of the Missouri Penitentiary, have made and donated 177 useful and ornamental articles to the Fair, valued at \$347.25. One *liberty* the prisoners enjoy, at least—that of contributing to the success of the great Sanitary Fair.

Have you seen the machine at the Fair that chews up tin and spits out HORSE SHOES!

LUCKY LIST.—The following named prizes were drawn since our last report:

A large case of birds—a beautiful collection, valued at \$150—drawn by No. 112—Thos. T. Woodruff.

The universally admired "Daughter of the Regiment," from Taunton, Mass.—\$15—by No. 11—Georgia Tower.

The Stag's-horn Ottoman—\$31—by No. 27—W. H. Pulsifer.

The Peasant Girl, in Turkish Costume—by No. 22—Mrs. Leslie.

Handsome Fur Robe—\$100—No. 28—Jas. B. Patrick.

The "Declaration of Independence"—a large Worsted Work Picture, in Department No. 12, by No. 34—Alfred W. Fleming.

Magic Lantern—\$20—by No. 85—Wm. Collett.

PREMIUMS AWARDED BY THE BED QUILT COMMITTEE.—\$40 to Mrs. Sappinger and daughter for the best knitted quilt, Highland, Illinois.

\$30 to First Congregational Church, St. Louis, for best worsted patch Work quilt, quilting donated by Wheeler & Wilson.

\$25 to Mrs. Robert Holmes, for handsomest pair pillow-cases and bolster-case.

\$15 to Mrs. R. Barth, for handsomest cradle quilt.

\$10 to First Congregational Church, St. Louis, for best cradle pillow and pair of covers to fit.

All the money awarded has been returned to the Fair except in one instance.

The best cotton patch-work quilt did not arrive until three days after the premiums were awarded.

ADDITIONAL DONATIONS.—The patriotic and benevolent citizens of New Orleans, (through Capt. Stephen Hoyt, acting Mayor,) send us twenty-two hundred dollars, accompanied with a letter brim-full of good wishes.

SECRETARIES of different Departments will please send to *The Countersign*, No. 20, as promptly as possible, a list of their Committees, as they stand now. We desire to print them for future reference before we close up our issue.

THE RETAIL SALES at the Soap and Candles amounted, in one evening, to \$150. Some of the soap here is the most beautiful we have ever seen, and looks good enough to eat.

L. B. Holland.

E. P. Freeman.

LACLEDE OIL WORKS.

HOLLAND & FREEMAN,

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Accounts and bills against the Government made out in proper form, and Vouchers therefor obtained and the amounts collected.

Merchants having vouchers for small amounts, can save themselves time and trouble by placing them in his hands for collection.

REFERENCES:

Hon. D. Davis, Bloomington, Ill.; Hon. Joseph Holt, Washington, D. C.; Hon. H. Campbell, St. Louis, Mo.; Samuel T. Glover, St. Louis, Mo.; J. R. Shepley, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; late Commissioners and Counselors on War Claims for the Department of the West

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 &c., &c., &c.

A. SUMNER,
 AGENT FOR
WHEELER & WILSON'S



SEWING MACHINES,
 No. 80 North Fifth street,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

UNION LINE.
Union Transportation & Insurance Co.
 FAST FREIGHT LINE EAST AND WEST VIA
 THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
 TIME AND RATES GUARANTEED.
 N. STEVENSON, Agent.
 No. 49 Olive street, ST. LOUIS.

HOWE & CAPEN'S North Missouri Railroad.
 NEW YORK FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE AGENCY.

BEHOLD THE LIST:
Columbia Fire Insurance Co.
 OF NEW YORK.
 Office—N. 161 Broadway.
 Cash Capital \$5,000,000; Surplus \$68,493; Assets \$ 65,493.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Vessels at port, and their Cargoes, and other insurable property against loss or damage by fire. The insured receive 75 per cent of net profits without incurring any liability.
 TIMOTHY G. CHURCHILL, Pres't.
 EDWARD KEMEYS, Sec.

Home Insurance Company,
 OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$70,396 12; Assets, \$570,396 12.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Leases, and other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire. Dealers receive 75 per cent of net profits, on Dwellings and Merchandise risks.
 CHAS. WILSON, Sec. D. R. SATTERLEE, Pres't.
 SAM'L L. TALCOTT, Gen'l Ag't and Adjuster

Lamar Fire Insurance Company
 OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
 Capital, all paid up in cash, \$300,000; Surplus, January 1, 1864, \$99,375 27; Assets, \$389,375 27.
 ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, Sec. EDW'D ANTHONY, Pres't.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
Metropolitan Insurance Comp'y,
 108 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$300,000; Assets, Jan. 1, 1864, \$612,541 85. Semi-annual dividend declared Jan. 12, 1864, 35 per cent.

THIS Company insures, at customary rates of premium, against loss or damage by fire; also, against all marine and land navigation, and war risks on cargo or freight. The assured receive 75 per cent of the net profits without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option a liberal discount upon the premium.
 JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, Pres't.
 ROBT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice Pres't.
 EDW'D A. STANSBURY, 2d Vice Pres't.
 JOHN C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.
 WESTERN BASS'COM General Agent.

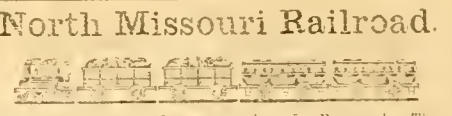
STOCK COMPANY—INCORPORATED IN 21.
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
 NEW YORK
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$272,936 33; Assets, \$772,936 33.
 WM. PITT PALMER, President.
 ANDREW J. SMITH, Secretary.

INSURES Buildings, Merchandise and other property, against loss or damage by fire, at rates as low as other first class companies. Particular attention given to the insurance of Farm property, isolated Dwellings and their Furniture, for one, three or five years. Losses allowed as promptly paid in cash at this Agency.

Phoenix Insurance Company,
 BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 Office—N. 1 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; No. 139 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, March 1, 1864, \$222,219 20; Assets, \$722,219 20.
 INSURANCE against loss by fire, Marine, Lake Canal and Inland transportation.
 STEPHEN CROWELL, President.
 EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice Pres't.
 PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.
Washington Insurance Comp'y,
 172 Broadway, (near Maiden Lane) N. Y.
 Cash Capital, \$1,000,000; Assets, Feb. 1, 1864, \$552,000. Scrip dividend, 1861, 60 per cent; Scrip dividend 1862, 60 per cent; Scrip dividend, 1863, 60 per cent.

THE Policies entitled to participate receive 75 per cent of net profits. INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Rents, Leases against loss or damage by fire and marine risks on lakes, rivers and canals.
 GEO. C. SATTERLEE, President.
 HENRY WESTON, Vice President.
 WM. K. LOthrop, Secretary,
 WM. A. SCOTT, Ass't Sec'y.

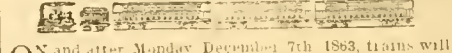


In Callao, Lima, Huancayo, and St. J. Railroad, the S. West and Qui Rest Route.
QUINCY, KEOKUK,
ST. JOSEPH,
ATCHISON,
WESTON,
LEAVENWORTH,
KANSAS CITY,
COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA,
NEBRASKA CITY,
QUINCY AND HANNIBAL.

Certain and Close Connections
 Are made with the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad, Chicago, Burlington and Iowa Railroad, and all the Railroads of Iowa.
 On and after Sunday, November 15th, 1863, St. Joseph Express leaves St. Louis at 1:15 A. M. Mail and Acc. immediately thereat at 3:30 P. M.
Fare as Low as by any other Route.
 Commodious Passenger Rooms have been fitted up at the Depot, corner of North Market street and Levee, with every arrangement for the comfort of passengers.

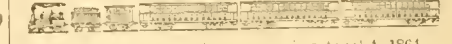
TICKETS FOR SALE AT
No. 40 Under Planters' House,
 AND
FOOT OF NORTH MARKET STREET,
 Where reliable information can be obtained relative to routes in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.
 Be certain that your ticket reads: "Via North Missouri Railroad."
 I. H. STURGEON, Superintendent.
 J. H. CONCANNON, General Ticket Agent.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.



ON and after Monday December 7th 1863, trains will leave St. Louis, as follows:
 Mail Train—Daily at 8:20 A. M., stopping at all stations and running through to Knobnoster (208 miles.)
 Franklin Accommodation—Daily except Sunday, at 5:00 P. M.
 Stages—Leave Dresden for Warrensburg, Lexington, Pleasant Hill, Independence and Kansas City, daily on arrival of train. Leave Sedalia for Springfield, Belvoir and Warsaw, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings on arrival of train; Leave Tipton every evening for Booneville.
 Passengers taking the 8:20 A. M. train from St. Louis, connect at Franklin with train daily for Rolla and intermediate stations. Stage leave Rolla every morning for Springfield.
 Through tickets may be obtained at the Passenger Depot, corner of Seventh and Pop at streets or at the Company's Through Ticket Office, No. 42 Fourth street, under the Planters' House.
 T. McKISSOCK, Supt.
 E. W. WALLACE, General Ticket Agent.

St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad.



Spring Arrangement, commencing April 4, 1864
PASSENGER TRAINS will leave Platte street Depot, daily, as follows:
 For Pilot Knob, Potosi, and all stations at 6:15 A. M.
 For Desoto at 6:15, 7:10, 8:15 A. M. and 1 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Pilot Knob at 3:00 P. M.
 Potosi at 3:50 P. M.
 Desoto at 6:00 A. M. and 6:35 P. M.

Carried out Accommodating Trains.
 For Carondelet at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M.; 2:00, 4:00, 6:25, 7:30, 9:00, and 11:30 P. M.
 For Docks at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 2:00 and 4:00 P. M.
 For Jefferson Barracks and Quarantine at 6:15, 11:30 A. M. and 4:00 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Quarantine at 7:30 A. M.; 1:00 and 7:50 P. M.
 Jefferson Barracks at 7:40 A. M.; 1:05 and 7:55 P. M.
 Docks at 7:54, 9:15, 10:33 A. M.; 1:17, 3:07, 5:45 P. M.
 Carondelet at 5:30, 6:20, 8:00, 9:00, 10:40, A. M.; 1:20, 3:10, 5:48, 7:00, 8:10, 10:45 P. M.
 S. D. EARLOW, Pres't & Supt.
 ISIDOR BUSH, General Agent.

The Daily Countersign.

PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR.

"POSSUNT QUIA POSSE VIDENTUR."

No. 11.

St. Louis, May 30, 1864.

Price 10 Cents.

The Daily Countersign.

MANAGERS, { MRS. E. W. CLARK,
MRS. S. A. RANLETT.
EDITOR, ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Monday, May 30, 1864.

THE FAIR.

Reduced Rates of Admission, on and after Friday Morning, May 20th.

ADMISSION.....60 cts.
CHILDREN.....Half Price.
Doors open from 6 P. M. to 11 P. M. Exhibition and sales close promptly at 11 o'clock, P. M.
MAJ. GEN. ROSECRANS, President.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE
OF THE MISS. VAL. SAN. FAIR.
FAIR BUILDING,
ST. LOUIS, May 19, 1864.

To the Cashiers of the

Several Departments.

The "Central Finance Committee" have in the Building a *Fire and Burglar Proof Safe*, and are prepared to receive your deposits of money daily, at any hour of the day up to ten (10) o'clock, P. M. S. W. ELY, Esq., Assistant Secretary, will receipt for the same, and your Department will be duly credited.

Very respectfully,

Your obt's servant,

E. W. Fox,

Chairman Cen. Fin. Com.

M. J. LIPPMAN, Sec'y.

The Finance Committee have their Head Quarters near the Floral Department.

THE FAIR.

THE NEW BEDFORD TABLE.

From the shore of the great ocean, from the coast of the old Bay State, where the home-returning ships come laden with spoil from the monsters of the deep, and the wharves are fragrant with oil, (or were till kerosene rusted the harpoons, and threatened to hang them up forever) come to the great West, strangers with their hands and hearts full of good things for the Western Sanitary Commission. They brought with them articles which are very rare and curious, articles which are delicate and beautiful. They furnished with their contributions one table to overflowing, and were obliged to transfer part of their goods to another, which they hold in common with the Mission Schools, New Bedford holding the north end and the schools the south of the ta-

ble just south of the Fairbanks Scales. They had a great number of rare and beautiful shells, most of which have been sold. Two very large ones were purchased by a gentleman of Illinois, to ornament his garden. Some baskets of shells, arranged with taste, are still left. They are arranged like baskets of sea-mosses, and show a great variety of coloring and shape. There is one large one with a frame of shells, which is especially noteworthy. They remind us of the sea, so far away, with its tumbling billows lashed to foam as they strike the rock-bound shore, or smoothly gliding up the beach and dying in a ripple at your feet, while the pleasant murmur of the receding sand and pebbles on the beach was almost audible as we looked, and we fancied we could smell the salt air, which is, in spite of all contradictions, so *fresh* and invigorating. The New Bedford table abounds in photographs of all kinds, New Bedford being a famous place for their production. One can there find views of scenery in many parts of the world, for stereoscopes or for pictures simply, and copies of favorite artists. But the things which perhaps would most interest Western people are those at the table north of the Floral Department. Here we found the genuine whalebone, just as it is taken from the mouth of the whale, and the sword of the sword-fish, which makes him so dangerous a customer. These sword-fish are caught, or rather harpooned, in quite large numbers, at the proper season and times, off the islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. Their flesh is firm, somewhat pinkish in color. It is broiled in steaks, and forms a most hearty and excellent meal. Then we have here clubs and paddles from the South Sea Islands, made of fine, dark wood, and minutely carved. Some of the clubs are made formidable by the sharks' teeth, which are thickly fastened around them, and which would render them anything but an agreeable surprise when they struck. Then there is an idol from the same far-away islands, not particularly prepossessing in appearance to us, but doubtless considered exquisite by the natives. On the whole, we suppose people desire their idols to be strong rather than beautiful.

Mr. Allen, who has the charge of this department, is a Massachusetts teacher, and among other curiosities, brings from his boys a collection of birds' eggs, nicely arranged, and a case of butterflies, both of which are their own work. We had nearly forgotten the whale's teeth and the statuary of sperm-ceti, which make one think of moulds of blanc-mange, in their whiteness and apparent softness.

Returning to the other table, we find some beautiful autumn leaves, both real and painted, and a great variety of elegant fancy-work.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen have made many warm friends during their sojourn in the city, or rather in the Fair, for they have devoted their whole time to the arrangement and care of the goods intrusted to them; and not the least thing the Sanitary Commission will have to thank New Bedford, Massachusetts, for will be the presence and genial influence of her representatives.

TURNVERMIN.

We are unable to speak of this table in its first arrangement, and therefore may possibly do it some little injustice. It stands just north-west of the Floral Temple, and among its decorations above, has three shields, on which we read, in German letters, the words "Stark," "Frei," "Treu." It shows several Chinese lanterns, which are the only ones we have noticed in the building, and has a variety of worsted work.

NEW YORK DEPARTMENT.

This occupies a large, enclosed space, just south of the New England Kitchen. The articles here were exhibited at the New York Fair, and not having been sold, were donated to this one. Here we find a great variety of articles, from hardware and furniture to books and apothecaries' stores, "for beautifying the complexion." A large French mirror, worth \$200, was raffled here the other day. A dressing-table, also, which, in its profuseness of ornament, is decidedly New York-ish, was also disposed of.

Our account of this department must necessarily be somewhat wandering, as it embraces so many different things.

A curious hardware arrangement for cleaning knives may be found here. If effectual, it would be quite desirable. There are a number of copies of a book, which purports to be an account of the "Philanthropic Results of the War in America." An exquisite opera-cloak and a set of laces are exhibited on the east side, from a St. Louis merchant.

From the department of Arms and Trophies, in New York, they have a number of curious old guns and swords, all of which have been captured during the present war, some of the latter having been found in rebel houses, and bearing indubitable evidence of great age. It is supposed some of them date back to the time of De Soto. These are all for sale. Then a Hungarian coat demands attention. It is of white woolen material, and embroidered with worsted in a style wonderful

to behold. There are some gold and silver-plated pistols, with ivory handles, which we suppose are considered very fine, but if any of our numerous (?) friends desire to present us with a pistol, (which, by the way, we want more than anything else just at present, except a sniff of sea air) we desire that they will not give us one of that style. Choose a genuine Colt's six-shooter, with none of your gold and silver, but plain steel, with a dark handle, in a mahogany box, with plenty of balls and powder. So now, you know exactly the style. Just remember.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

This department has been furnished from many different sources. We mention them as the names hang on the wall, surrounded by green wreaths: Mission Free School, Girls' Industrial Home, Orphans' Home, Protestant Orphan Asylum, House of Refuge, Home of the Friendless, Institution for the Blind, several Catholic Institutions, and the Work House. They have had a great variety of articles, many of them very beautiful. Some doll's sofas, made by hand, are worthy of mention as being the work of some aged women. An Odd Fellows' Regalia also ornaments the wall. Here is a great variety of pin-cushions, worsted work of all descriptions, and children's clothing. Two solid silver goblets, presented by the St. Vincent's Insane Asylum, attract attention, as also several large bouquets of artificial flowers. This department, as has already been said, holds half of the table just south of the great scales; and at this place are several rare and beautiful things, some of which, concealed from the vulgar gaze, we have been permitted to see. They are some beautiful head-dresses from Fayal, made of the fibres of the aloe tree, and they resemble exquisite lace; also some "loves" of baskets of the same material. Then there is a box full of ladies' neckties, just from Paris. They are, of course, something entirely new, and very beautiful. Through the kindness of Eastern friends, prominent among whom must be mentioned Mrs. Thomas Lamb, of Boston, this table has been supplied with the rarest and most delicate articles. Work-baskets of many patterns have been abundant here, but found a rapid sale. Some exquisite paper-folders, made of the whitest wood, and painted in water colors, with blue violets, and all kinds of lovely wild flowers, are beyond all praise. There are also some beautifully painted fans, each bearing a bunch of autumn leaves. The children of the Mission Schools have done good work for many weeks in different ways for the soldiers, as the result shows. There are some curious feather flowers, which should not be passed over in silence; and an elephant all caparisoned with rider, &c., still waits to find an owner.

HOLLAND KITCHEN.

Query: Do the Germans always eat, standing up? We found it rather uncomfortable last night, taking tea there, more especially as the waffles were so nice that we wanted to enjoy them more at our ease. But it was no

use. We either had to stand up, and we were too tired for that, or to sit down with our chocolate about on a level with our foreheads—which was not so agreeable. But then we don't mean to complain. We suppose it was all right, only we don't know whether it is always so in Holland-land. This kitchen, prettily ornamented, and occupying the northeast corner of the building, is continually filled with a hungry multitude. A semi-circular counter separates the waitresses, with their jaunty dresses, from those whom they serve so willingly, and with such fascinating German accent. As we happen to have been behind the scenes here, we can safely speak of the neatness and despatch with which the cooking is carried on, of the nicely prepared chocolate, and the patient cooks, who even in the hottest days of the Fair, complained not of the heat or the fatigue—which must of course be great.

NEW ENGLAND KITCHEN.

This has been visited by everybody, so that it is almost superfluous to describe it; and yet we must speak of the ample fire-place, with its hooks and andirons, the old-fashioned brick oven, the apples drying on a string over head, the corn hanging, and the long tables where people make great efforts to eat from blue-edged crockery, with two-tined forks, and wonder how to do it. Grandma Brown has had so large a family that she has not always been able to preserve order; but aided by Mrs. Deacon Twitchell, who knits a stocking long enough for a whole regiment at once, she gets along as comfortably as could be expected.

SODA FOUNTAINS.

Of these there are several, but the two principal ones are that from New Bedford, and Lippincott's, just north of the Floral Temple. You can find his place of business corner of Eighth and St. Charles; and if he always there keeps his fountain as bright and his soda as cold and refreshing, it may be worth your while to "call round" or "drop in" some hot day. The table is of the same shape as the Fairbanks Scales' Department, adorned with flags and festooned with wreaths, and looks always neat, and clean and bright. There are plenty of tenders and plenty of soda, for that fountain never runs dry, especially in summer.

THE NEW BEDFORD SODA FOUNTAIN

has attracted much attention, from its being one of a new patent, which, with Tufts' patent, was last year disputing for the favor of the Eastern people. The arrangement is of marble, and it reminds one of Anderson, the Wizard, for all kinds of syrups seem to flow from the same reservoir. Along the two sides silver eagles, just ready to take flight, poise their wings, and, by unpoising them for a minute, the syrups flow. Then the drink is rendered cool,—no, "cool" don't express it—cold, by ground ice, which is combined with the soda. Half of the net proceeds of sales here are given to the Fair. The fountain is Dow's patent.

HORSE-SHOES VERSUS WITCHES.

How often in our childish days we have seen an old shoe securely nailed to a barn or house in New England, and on asking what it was for, have been told that it kept off the witches. It is always considered a lucky omen to pick one up in the road, though what magical virtue inheres in them we were never able to discover. But he may well consider himself lucky who picks up for 25 cents a bunch of them, as manufactured in the main aisle of the Fair building. The small machine is a miniature representation of the great one in Troy, N. Y., the patentee being H. Burton, Esq. This little machine devours block tin, but the large one eats just as easily, red-hot iron. A feeder draws in the metal, scissors cut it off of the required length, a relentless hand seizes it, bends it into shape, and hands it to a die, which impresses it with the nail holes, and casts it off, and it drops out, a finished shoe. This same little machine was on exhibition at New York, and they sold \$2,700 worth of shoes during the continuance of the Fair.

OFFERINGS.

In ages gone by a building was made,
According to Heaven's command;
(The Lord works by means,) and to render
their aid,
Came with offerings a liberal band.

They came with their ear-rings, their bracelets
and rings,
Their tablets—all jewels of gold—
Blue, purple, and scarlet, fine linen and skins,
Brought these liberal people of old.

The rulers forgot not their offerings to bring,
Of oils and spices and stones;
They knew all they had was from Israel's King
And they would not be misers or drones.

Gold, silver and brass were willingly brought,
Nor to spin did wise women refuse;
They gave till the workmen had more than
they sought,
Nor refrained as if fearing to lose.

But there was one offering I would not pass by,
An offering in modern times rare,
And tell me, with daughters of Jacob to vie,
Would you try it, ye fashionable fair?

Their mirrors—their *mirrors*—some good women
gave,
Though perchance they were needy as you;
Yet to forward the work they'd not even save
Their glasses so constant and true.

And now, candid reader—man, woman or
child,
Of whatever age or degree—
Where'er thou art, hath not Providence smiled,
And poured down its blessings on thee?

Then haste with a willing heart—haste to the
Fair,
If aught for our land you would do,
And attain, if you can, their beneficence rare.
Whose example we've held up to view.

A DRIVE IN CALCUTTA.

[CONCLUDED.]

We turned suddenly into a lane with a suspicious looking ditch on each side of it, and so narrow that we could only hold our breath and pray that no carriage might be coming the other way.

Boards thrown across these miniature Styxes led to booths where all sorts of merchandise, from glass beads to grain and muslin, were offered for sale. The place swarmed with children of all sizes, clad in that convenient brown skin with which nature had furnished them. Most of them had a key tied around the waist by a string. What purpose this key serves, or what hidden treasures it is supposed to unlock, is a mystery that I know nothing of; but certain it is, that in these "back-slums" of heathendom, a string with a key tied to it around the waist, and nothing else, is looked upon as full dress for children.

The lane seemed to wax narrower, and the thought of that possible carriage coming the other way, was enough to make one's hair stand on end, when we suddenly emerged from "durance vile" in front of a great house, a palace in extent, set in a large green yard, dotted with statues, where strange birds, tall and graceful, dipped their crimson heads in the fountains, and stalked about after the manner of all long-legged creatures. It was a startling antithesis to the filth and closeness of the bazaar.

Calcutta has been well called the "City of Palaces," and the "City of the Ditch." In no other, can these extremes so habitually meet.

The place is one of many belonging to Sham Churn Mullick, a rich Baboo who gets rid of some of his money in works of art, though said to be incapable of appreciating the beauty of his possessions. The house is built around a square, if one may say so, having a fountain in the center. Here the Baboo receives and entertains his guests when he gives one of the great "Nautches," or dances, common among the wealthy natives. The great room which we entered first, occupied one whole side of the house, and was nearly filled with pictures, statues and vases. I was deeply intent on a piece of bronze, when an unmistakable cackle met my ear; and on the floor at the other end of the room, was a wire cage, containing a white hen and her brood of chicks, white as herself. This motherly old hen was the very counterpart of her who cackles in many a New England farm-yard, and seemed to enjoy her new position immensely. Round her were parrots and cockatoos, with their food thrown carelessly on the floor—the same antithesis of luxury and dirt, always visible in Calcutta.

The drawing-rooms up stairs held many beautiful things, but so huddled together that there was little pleasure in looking at them. The East Indian cannot understand that essential element of beauty and taste which Willis calls "just enoughness."

Part of the grounds are taken up with rare animals in cages. I looked longest at a white jackal, the first that I had seen alive—and stuffed animals, like pressed flowers, are worse

than none.) This one was of a dead white color, smooth and sleek, and in his face an expression of low cunning I have never seen equalled in man or beast. His faded yellow eyes and white lashes proved suggestive, and we christened him "Uriah Heep" on the spot. The bite of a jackal is said to be deadly poison. Every man's hand is against them, and great numbers have been shot about the city; but they still muster largely on the bank of the river, and howl dismally o' nights over their prey, till one almost believes it a human victim whose shrieks one hears.

The fast gathering clouds warned us of our presumption in trusting to pleasant weather in the rainy season, but we lingered a moment by the fountain, and threw bread to the crimson-crested birds, then threaded again the labyrinth of bazaars, came out into broad English streets, met all the world hurrying home from its sunset drive, and regained our house in time to watch the first torrent of rain, which descended wrathfully as if in revenge for our respite of a few hours.

[Of course this comes all the way from the hub of the universe.]

OLD FANEUIL HALL.

I.

Come, soldiers, join a Yankee song,
And cheer us as we march along,
With Yankee voices, full and strong.

Join in chorus all;

Our Yankee notions here we bring,
Our Yankee chorus here we sing,
So make the Dixie forest ring,

With "OLD FANEUIL HALL!"

II.

When first our fathers made us free,
When old King George first taxed the tea,
They swore they would not bend the knee,
But armed them one and all!

In days like those the chosen spot
To keep the hissing water hot,
To pour the tea leaves in the pot,

On OLD FANEUIL HALL!

III.

So when, to steal our tea and toast,
At Sumter first the rebel host
Prepared to march along the coast,

At Jeff. Davis' call;

He stood on Sumter's tattered flag,
To cheer them with the game of brag,
And bade them fly his rebel rag

Was OLD FANEUIL HALL.

IV.

But war's a game that two can play;
They waked us up that very day,
And bade the Yankees come away

Down South—at Abram's call!

And so I learned my facings right,
And so I packed my knapsack tight,
And then I spent the parting night

In OLD FANEUIL HALL!

V.

And on that day which draws so nigh,
When rebel ranks our steel shall try—
When sounds at last the closing cry—

"Charge bayonets all!"

The Yankee shout from far and near,
Which broken ranks in flying hear,
Shall be a rousing Northern cheer

From OLD FANEUIL HALL!

E. E. H.

THE FIR-TREE.

[CONCLUDED.]

"And I my Poles," said the Winter. The fickle Spring agreed to everything, so he could gain his own object; and the Autumn hoped to indemnify himself in some other way. So the bargain was concluded, and the Spring wished to enter on his rule, when the thoughtful Winter said, "But that one may not appropriate all the beauties of Earth, let us divide them."

"Good!" said the Spring; "I take [the buds!]"

"To me belong the flowers!" said Summer. "The fruits are mine," cried the covetous Autumn, "and the Winter may keep the leaves of the trees."

The Winter had nothing against that; the bargain was concluded and the Spring began his reign. He kissed out the buds on the trees and flowers, and everything laughed around him. When the buds were bursting, and a thousand colors shone out on leaf and blossom, Summer ascended the throne of the Earth. But then the order began to waver; for the Autumn, who was always on the lookout for his share, concluded a distinct bargain with the Summer. Summer must leave him some flowers; he gave her fruits in exchange; yet, as they say, he was no loser by it, and has kept the best for himself. Now he came to the sole power, and collected the fruits with busy hands; but that he had a right to do. But something else had occurred whereby the poor Winter was greatly deceived. You remember that in the division, the leaves of the trees fell to Winter. But in the glowing season of love, when above, leaf hung on leaf, and below in the grass the flowers shone and coquettishly displayed their thousand hues, there began a courtship between the leaves and the flowers. As is often the case, this love began with all kinds of raillery. When the warm, gleaming sun wished to shine upon the flowers, the leaves of the trees interposed; but before the blossoms expected it, they bent, so that the sunbeams suddenly fell down and blinded the little ones. The flowers shut their eyes and the leaves tittered above on the twigs. And when a quickening rain came, the leaves intercepted the drops, and when the flowers thought it was all over, they let them fall, so that the blossoms were frightened and shook their heads. What was only fun at first, soon became a service of love; for the sun grew hotter and hotter, and the poor, tender flowers would all have been withered if the leaves had not received, like a shield, the fiery arrows of his rays. After this deeper earnest of liking, fun was no longer sufficient for them, and they sought a means of union. Yet, there hung the leaves above and the flowers shone in the grass. Love always knows how to find a way. Leaves and blos-

soms had soon chosen a messenger to bear up and down their sighs and vows,—the Ivy. He grew up among the flowers and twined himself, a verdant wreath, up to the leaves of the trees, pressed on to leaf after leaf, the ladder of sweet vows, a silent chain of love. Who does not recognize this grateful calling at the first glance—who does not feel blowing upon him from the evergreen boughs a breath like the silent sighs of enthusiastic young love? And the leaves and flowers were delighted with this messenger. Then the Autumn's kingdom came to an end, and he wished to pluck the last flowers upon the meadows. The leaves grew pale with longing, and besought the Autumn with earnest entreaties, to let them fall, only once, to their perishing loved ones. And the Autumn harkened to their prayers, although it had no right to, and it was encroaching on the Winter, to whom alone belonged power over the leaves. The Autumn shook the trees, and the free leaves fluttered down to the earth. Now there was indeed a mad life of love. The Autumn, who was delighted with it, played in a wild way; it blew the leaves in a whirling dance around the flowers, until heavy and tired, they bowed their heads, and the leaves, at the last song that the Autumn roared, sank into eternal slumber. Then the Winter came on. Cold and barren the field and wood received him. Nothing green met him, except us, poor Firs; for no little blossom had desired to attempt loving play with our needles, and the Ivy crept from tree to tree as if it wished to adorn a triumphal arch for the Winter, and from branch to branch, as if it would hide the faithlessness of the leaves, and lend one grace to the trees for their lost, withered foliage.

The Winter saw it with emotion, and while he angrily chased and hunted over ice and snow the lost leaves, left against their wills, and hanging lonely here and there upon the twigs, he said gaily to the ivy-leaves, "I will protect you; I will preserve you for the friendly service that you have chosen; he and remain love's messengers; bear silent greetings from leaf to flower, from Autumn to Spring; form an eternal bridge from season to season. Your vocation is to embrace and to unite: you, evergreen *souvenirs* of fields and forests, you yourselves shall break the force of Winter."

So spake the Winter to the Ivy; but to us Fir-trees he gave his heartiest liking, and prepared for us honors of which you other trees were not partakers.

"And what were they?" asked the other trees, with injured tones.

"The Winter is the season of soul," continued the Fir-tree; therefore he recognized and honored it in the Ivy. Men know it; for at no time do they draw nearer to each other than in the winter. So, also, he brings with him the tender, holy, mysterious Christmas festival; so you see in his train that most friendly spirit, Santa Klaus, that is, the love of parents and friends. But that is not true. When he practices his magic, it is all over with men. Day and night the mother plans in the early winter, but only because Santa

Klaus whispers in her ear; and he who goes out on Christmas Eve to purchase, always brings home more than he meant; always lightens his purse more than he intended. It is not that the lovely things charm him; it is Santa Klaus, who beckons and whispers over them all, and inclines him to open his hand; and so, again and again, until he has made ready the most abundant Christmas-joy. We Fir-trees, we know it, for we always stand in the midst of it; we are the Christmas-trees, and the good Santa Klaus puts us in the very midst of the Christmas rejoicings. We are never lacking, whether in castle or cottage. If the parents are ever so poor, they hang a pair of little candles on our green boughs, for the little children. Gold and silver are hung upon us; we bear glittering fruits, and the children clap their hands before us; for when everything else is so beautiful, the Christmas-tree is still the fairest. Santa Klaus has hidden in it his own most especial, most wonderful magic. Perhaps the children love the Christmas-tree so well because it is, itself, like a rich child's soul. Upon the green twigs of Hope they hang all kinds of brilliant images; there it stands, rich and golden, mysterious and inexplicable. But one glittering image after another falls; the gold was dust; the hopes fade; the secret is disclosed. With the last spangle which is removed, the marvel vanishes, and there is nothing left but a withered Fir-tree. In the mind of the child, one golden dream vanishes after another; one secret after another, in which it veils itself, is disclosed; and life is elsewhere as it is in the soul of the child.

"When all the spangles fall, is thy glory over?" asked the Aspen.

"Then they put the tree into the fire-place," said the Fir, "and then it often hears many a lovely story, which men relate as they look into the glow. It listens well, but if anything happens which displeases it, it snaps, so that the sparks fly out, and men draw together about the chimney; and if the golden apples too are consumed, the children look sorrowfully out of their corner, when the Christmas-tree is consumed.

"That, you see, is the history of the Winter and the Fir-trees. Sometime I will tell you a story that a Christmas-tree heard in the chimney corner; for men also know very beautiful stories.

"Yes, sometime!"

A friend sends us the following. We give it entire:

THE SKATING PARK.

What is it? Where is it? Can you skate on it? and *How much* is it? are questions asked minutely—hourly—sometimes quite weekly. To pass from interrogatories to exclamations is but the work of a moment. Time annihilates Space, and as there is plenty of both, there is no danger of either being used up very soon, (except with "we," Editors); even if they were "Kilkenny khats, it would be extremely difficult to determine which had the longest tail. Our "khat's" tail was bitten off

early in the contest, so, there is *no end* to it now—and the problem is reduced to;—The length of throat required for the other khat! Will some of our Mathematicians dissolve it? Where are you, IKE?

(Note to Editor—Typical crescendo). But in the language of the foin' tho' Artistic artemus—our peace is Skatin' Park, and we will per so de tu busnia. Where is it? There! right by the man who is selling tickets for the Stereo—stop! ah! tycoon—that's it,—the invention of a celebrated Japanese dignitary, who, having completed his apparatus, to the entire satisfaction of his numerous friends and many others, was challenged by an envious rival—he accepted—and the "consequence was" he died of Harum Scarum—he never recovered, and did not live long enough to know it—the inevitable fate of Genius. The one on exhibition at the Fair is the only *live* one in the West. You should see it—and as you pass out, turn to the right and visit the Skating Park. Remember Davy Crockett—"Be sure you're *right*, then go ahead." Now *there* comes a man, who pokes his head in at the ticket orifice—rather unceremoniously too—goak!! "Where's yer ice? Where's yer skates! Can't see it!"—we don't ask him to buy a ticket—but let him have his ill-humor all to himself, and turn to make change for the good-natured countenance that wants—"six—two for us and four for them." They *do* look a little sold as their vision rests on the bare walls of the apartment, but it is for a moment only; it is a real study to note the change of countenance as they approach the brilliant scene—the harsh lines of disappointment that disfigure the mouth and brow, round off into the smoother one of delight,—eyes trinkle, and the bright faces of the little ones are alive with merriment. "Oh! Pa, can't we buy it?" "Aint they going it?" they exclaim. Father looks at mother and both are as well pleased as the children.—That cavalry chap who is looking intently at the "Gal with the yeller dress on," soon discovers she is flirting with an officer. "Oh! here, now—I guess *not*, shoulderstraps!" Cavalry chap No. 2 thinks, by the way he "slings on the style," he belongs to the 12th, and so they continue. All are delighted, if we may judge by the expression of words and countenance. Now—what is the Skating Park? We can only say—go and see! Go and see! The price of admission is only ten cents—don't fail to go and take the children, too.

Remember! it is in the corner near the Japanese Stereo—Stop!

TYCOON.

DIALOGUE OVERHEARD.

Capri-cious Young Lady—"Dear me, Mr. Smith, have you seen that lovely picture in the Art Gallery where the purple in the sky melts into the blue so exquisitely?"

Man in a hurry—"Yes, of course. They have to keep a refrigerator under it all the time, to prevent it from doing so."

THE ALABAMA AND THE
GEORGE GRISWOLD.

[The George Griswold was the vessel in which food was sent to the starving English operatives from New England.]

Go forth! said the men of England,
And scour the Western seas;
Ravage the wave with your leaden hail,
Burn and destroy each Northern sail
That fills with the blowing breeze.

And go! said the men of the North,
Let the West wind favoring rise;
Go drive the ravening wolf from the door:
Go feed the hungry, go aid the poor,
Where the starving laborer dies.

And again came the voice from England—
Bid your deep toned wolves of war
Tell to the world how we love the right;
Show that honor and freedom are our delight
In the cannon's echoing roar.

But bark! said the men of the North,
To the calls of want and woe;
Fill up the hold with the golden grain
That waved on the summer's Western plain,
Ere the sickle laid it low.

God speed! said the men of England;
Our thirst for red gold is strong:
If others suffer while rich are we,
What is it to us who is bond or free—
Whether right shall conquer or wrong?

God speed! said the men of the North,
That the sea-girt isle may see,
Though our brother's blood is shed like rain,
Though our country swoons in her mortal pain,
That we live for humanity.

So go forth! said the men of England,
And scour the Western seas;
Ravage the wave with your leaden hail:
Burn and destroy each Northern sail
That fills with the blowing breeze.

And go! said the men of the North,
Let the West wind favoring rise;
Go drive the ravening wolf from the door:
Go feed the hungry, go aid the poor,
Where the starving laborer dies.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

The gentleman who has taken a share in everything, called at No. 20, last evening, with the indignant remark that we had not yet had any notice in our paper of the thing he had drawn.

What can we do about it?

Why is No. 11 one of the most liberal Departments of our Fair? Because its supplies all the Krums (crumbs) for the fishing pond.

What is the difference between a boy who has been whipped, and one with a severe head cold?

One blows his nose, another knows his blows.

A MORNING CALL.

It may not be generally known, yet any one may assure himself by experiment, that the spinal marrow is an exceedingly delicate part of the human organization, and that its rupture, which would be caused by the dislocation of the first vertebra, will assuredly cause the death of the unhappy person, a victim either to cruel chance or rash experiment. In adults, this part is stronger than in children; yet in none will it endure much tampering with.

It was ignorance of this little fact, which I thus generously communicate to you, free of all charge except your attention, which stained my hands with human blood, and rendered me an object of hatred and aversion to my fellow-men. Ere that time, I was an innocent, prattling lad; I am now morose and prematurely old. I was then the pride and hope of my family, and at once the adoration and envy of my friends; but now my career is blighted, and I am loathed by all. This was the turning point of my career, which I propose to describe, although my powers are hardly capable of doing the subject justice.

It was a pleasant morning in June when I left my happy home to visit a married lady, a cousin of mine, who lived not far off. Her name, for obvious reasons, I will call Smith. She was of course young, lovely and accomplished, according to the obituary notices—(but why do I anticipate?)—and I calculated on enjoying my visit, without a doubt. Her husband, whose name, for more obvious reasons, I will call Smith, was a well-to-do merchant, devoted to his wife and only son, a smart little boy of about four summers. Such was the family I was about to visit.

I reached the house without accident, rang the bell with precision, was ushered in, and calmly awaited my cousin's entrance. It is unnecessary to repeat our whole conversation. Those who are interested to a sufficient extent, may have their curiosity gratified by turning to any fashionable novel. I believe it was about the weather, the opera, etc., but we were interrupted by little Eddie, (the boy of four summers,) who rushed into the room, asking his mother to give him two cents with which to buy some candy. Eddie was so talented and witty a child that he used to be a principal contributor to that quarter of the Editor's Drawer of Harper's Magazine which contains the utterances of our little one or two year olds.

His mother adored the boy, praised his smartness much to his harm, and was in the habit of making him show off before company—an exceedingly pernicious habit, as the sequel showed. She bade Eddie repeat a few passages of Paradise Lost, which he did with an eloquence and grace which the writer of this history in vain aspires to. He was inimitable in his representation of Satan. When he had finished, I thought it but proper to say something complimentary to the little fellow, and thus gratify his mother. I did so, and flattered her still more by making him recite the whole of the third book. After that, I was not satisfied with mere verbal approval, but

the wild idea seized me of fondling him. I had done enough, but I would do more. I would swing him up in the air, an exercise in which he as well as most of his age delighted. I put one hand under his little chin, the other on the back of his neck, in my own wild, careless way, and raised him from the floor. I heard a strange click, and noticed a peculiar convulsive start, for he shook his body a little, and then hung perfectly limp. I saw immediately what was the matter. The dislocation of the first vertebra had ruptured the spinal marrow. His neck was broken. He was dead. I felt immediately the horror of what I had done, and began to wonder what I had best do now. I had about decided to lay the boy down in the chair as if nothing had happened, avert his mother's attention for a few moments by earnest conversation, and then, without taking any further notice of what had occurred, go away, leaving her to find out the truth at her leisure. I had decided on this, I say, but one glance from her, full of mixed sorrow and vexation, showed me how utterly futile would be any attempt at deception, for she had seen it all. I did what I think any gentleman would have done under the circumstances. I turned towards her and offered ample apologies for my conduct, asking her to excuse my unfortunate awkwardness. She received my explanation with visible coldness, though at that I hardly felt hurt, but said, as she was in duty bound, that it was not of the slightest consequence, begged I would not mention it, etc. But her whole manner was constrained. I felt awkwardly, and was about to leave, for I had some more calls to make and it was growing late, when suddenly she became a gibbering idiot. Here was a new complication. Her sole idea was to break my neck. She leaped at me like a tigress on her prey, and with her nails driven nearly through my metallic collar, detained me there for one hour and twenty-five minutes. The fact that my collar was of iron, alone saved my life. It was a memorable position to be in—the child with his neck, and the mother with her heart, broken. I endured that, and the wrench of her maniac hands, as I said, for one hour and twenty-five minutes, when the door slowly opened, and the bereaved husband and father appeared. One look disclosed the whole truth to him. He did not wait any time in useless recrimination, but spurning my attempts to draw him into conversation on the leading topics of the day, said that he had no more to live for now, and that he forgave me. He said no more, but with a paper-cutter which lay near him on the table, cut his throat from ear to ear. He rapidly expired. At that last sight, I tore myself from my cousin's grasp, leaving my metallic collar in her hands. (notwithstanding the assurances of the shop-keeper, who had told me the day before that it would last me two years when I bought it,) and rushed from the house. Brain fever racked me for eighteen months. I arose from my bed and was carried to the court-room. I was there tried for "Justifiable Infanticide in the second degree," (the child was my second cousin,) and was acquitted. My story is told, Claudite. X.

TO THE YOUNG LADY READERS OF THE
COUNTERSIGN.

Come, all of ye maidens that long for a farm,
Behold, what a chance is presented;
Perhaps for a dollar the fates you might charm,
And win what would make you contented.

Just think of yourself with a farm unsurpassed
For beautiful meadows so blooming,
I surely will be your dear friend to the last,
If you will not regard me presuming.
St. Louis, May 24th, 1864. L. F. T.

CHARADE.

BY ANON.

My first is the name of a beautiful tree
That boasts no prouder pedigree,
Than being allied to the lordly land
Of a Patriot, Hero, Statesman grand.
Make me plural; oh! what a change
Comes o'er me, 'tis both true and strange.
My life departs, while spark after spark,
Burns brightly the while, then all is dark,
And all that remains of the beautiful tree,
Is what you and I and all shall be.

Why is a good mirror thoughtful?
It reflects well.

DONATIONS

To the Art Gallery.

- G. Andrews & Co., Philadelphia—Large lot of Assorted Music.
C. A. Zebisch & Sons, New York—One fine Guitar.
Endres & Compton—100 copies Mississippi Valley Sanitary March.
Balmer & Weber—50 copies Sanitary Fair Polka; 1 fine Nun & Clark's Piano.
Ubsdell, Barr, Duncan & Co.—1 splendid pearl inlaid and pearl keyed Piano-forte.
Dr. Wm. Tod Helmuth—63 copies illuminated "Arts in St. Louis."
James Harkness—Set of paintings of Commodore Perry's Expedition to Japan.
M. Kreismann, Secretary of Legation at Berlin—24 Photographs of American Ministers of Foreign Courts.
Mr. Salsbury—5 Rogers' Statuettes. "Refugees," "Picket Guard," "Town Pump," "Camp Fire," "Card Players."
Whitney's Gallery, St. Paul, by Mr. Mallinerodt—600 Cartes de Visites of scenes in the Northwest.
Dr. Green, of Boston—12 Photographs.
J. A. Leibert—72 Carte de Visites.
Wm. H. Maurice—14 Photographs.
Thos. L. Eliot—1 Stereoscope and Views.
E. C. Green, Norwich, Conn.—Picture of Autumn Leaves.
Mrs. John M. Barbard—9 Florentine Photographs—rare.
Old Curiosity Shop—Medallions of Calvin, Napoleon, Declaration of Independence, 1st Consul Josephine, &c.
Brown's Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans—Biographical Sketches and fac similes of Original Letters, &c.
Unknown—Oaks White Mountain Scenery; Outlines and Sketches by Washington Irving.
A. J. Fox—101 photographs (large size) of General Rosecrans.
W. H. Titcomb—1 oil painting Landscape.
Mrs. Thomas Lamb—17 large photographs of Wm. Lowell Putnam, who was the first Massachusetts officer killed in the war.
Miss La Pierre, Cambridge, Mass.—1 Oil Painting Private Bacon, of 13th Massachusetts Infantry—Wreck at Sea, in oil painted and donated by him.
Mrs. Otis Ager, LeSueur, Ill.—1 Oil Painting.

A. J. Conant—A large portrait of Rev. Mrs. Brooks, framed by S. Spencer.

Charitable Department, through Mrs. Partridge—1 oil painting Fruit, by Howarth, and 2 pencil drawings on Porcelain.

Master Wm. A. Schnyler, 9 years old—2 Pencil Drawings.

Bortin—200 engravings of "The Mower;" 1 colored engraving, Flowers.

L. D. Thedericks—Cartes de Visites and photographs of the Bust of Prosopine, by Powers, and belonging to L. T. Hyde, New York.

R. W. Burnet, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio—1 large oil painting of the Crucifixion.

Miss E. H. T. Anthony, New York—Large lot of Cartes de Visites and Photographs.

Mrs. Eliza M. Pfau, 302 Franklin avenue—1 case Hair Work, made of the hair of the President and some members of Congress.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ABOUT SHIRTS.—The following prizes were drawn in the Premium Shirt Department, Saturday, each number drawing three shirts:
No. 18, B. F. Troxell; No. 37, J. A. Roberts; No. 28, William Palm; No. 32, Albert Pohl; No. 36, M. J. Lippmann; No. 47, J. P. Fisk; No. 20, C. H. Jacques; No. 17, C. J. Richardson; No. 99, T. O. Meyer; No. 123, D. F. Card; No. 92, W. H. Finkbine; No. 141, T. S. Allen; No. 116, E. K. Woodward; No. 32, Oliver Wilson.

The awards made by the Committee of the "Warne & Cheever Shirt Premiums," on Saturday evening, were as follows: 1st premium, for shirt No. 72, Miss Emma Fitch, Belleville, Ill.—a rich solid silver tea set. 2d premium, for shirt No. 62, Mrs. G. W. Scollay—a set of silver-plated cutlery. The purchaser of the 1st premium shirt—Mr. Geo. K. Eaton, received the handsome dressing-case. The purchaser of 2d premium shirt—Mr. Edward Wyman, a set of fine silver-steel razors.

PROSPECTIVE DRAWINGS.—The tickets in the great Furniture Raffle are all sold, and the drawing will take place Tuesday evening. The Grand Combination Raffle at the New Department, will probably come off at the same time. A second one is now ready in this department, every ticket drawing a prize. The boat "Beauty," presented by the Memphis Packet Company, will be raffled off at \$2 per ticket for three hundred tickets. Tickets in the great \$50,000 scheme; of which the "Smizer Farm" is the leading prize, go off rapidly, 40,000 having already been sold. There will be rare chances for investment at the Fair this week.

VISIT OF THE CHILDREN OF THE CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.—Five hundred and fifty-six children, belonging to the various charitable institutions, visited the Fair Saturday morning. The following schools were represented: St. Joseph's Male Orphan Asylum; St. Mary's Female Orphan Asylum; St. Bridget's Orphan and Deaf and Dumb Asylum; Orphan's Home and Protestant Orphan Asylum. After visiting the Fair, they were invited into the Stereoscopic Exhibition, by the manager, and witnessed it free of charge. They had a very pleasant time.

THE SWORD VOTE.—The polls closed Saturday night as follows: Hancock, 691; McClellan, 568; Butler, 268; Grant, 278; Blair, 25; Sherman, 382. E. C. Pike got one vote, commenced by ten members of the E. M. M., who donated ten cents apiece for the purpose. Whole number of votes cast, 2,314.

An elegant Fayal Shawl or BRIDAL VEIL, made from the fibres of the aloe tree, is to be raffled Tuesday evening, at the Public School Department. It is wonderfully delicate and beautiful.

General Eaton, of revolutionary fame, was not father of Lucien Eaton, as stated, but of our old fellow-citizen Captain N. J. Eaton, himself for many years in the service of his country.

Notice the GLOVE of General Bragg at the Curiosity Shop.

"Bragg, of most inglorious fame,
Ever faithful to his name
This poor gauntlet mildly threw,
While his rebel hordes withdrew.

Charles P. Moehl DRAWS one large Pyramid, \$100, at Confectionery table.

We understand that there is to be an EXHIBITION for the benefit of the Fair, on Tuesday night, at the Mercantile Library Hall, to be given by the pupils of the Primary Department of Mr. Bonham's well known Female Seminary. This department is under the charge of Miss Bertie Malloy; and all who were delighted by the former exhibition, given some three weeks ago by this school, and especially by the beautiful Calisthenic exercises performed by the pupils under Miss Malloy's charge, will not fail to attend these "Children's Fairy-Tale Tableaux." Here the children may see the realization of their ideas of Cinderella and the Prince in a silver suit. Goodey Two Shoes and other pleasant tales will be enacted. Be sure to go and take your families.

The Springfield Republican, which keeps up a steady fire on IMPORTED LUXURIES, says that the best dressed woman in Springfield does not wear a single article not made in America—American grown and American made.

SECRETARIES of different Departments will please send to *The Countersign*, No. 20, as promptly as possible, a list of their Committees, as they stand now. We desire to print them for future reference before we close up our issue.

L. B. Holland.

E. F. Freeman.

LACLEDE OIL WORKS.

HOLLAND & FREEMAN,
Manufacturers of

Illuminating and Lubricating

CARBON OILS,

BENZOLE, AXLE GREASE, &c., &c.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

Orders solicited and promptly filled. Visitors will please call and look at our samples in the Dag Spring apartment of this building.

WAR CLAIMS
Adjusted and Collected.

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No. 63 Washington Avenue,

Two doors east of the Quartermaster's Department

JOHN P. CAMP

Will give his attention to the adjustment and collection of Vouchers and other claims against the United States Government in all its Departments.

Accounts and bills against the Government made out in proper form, and Vouchers therefor obtained and the amounts collected.

Merchants having vouchers for small amounts, can save themselves time and trouble by placing them in his hands for collection.

REFERENCES:

Hon. D. Davis, Bloomington, Ill.; Hon. Joseph Holt, Washington, D. C.; Hon. H. Campbell, St. Louis, Mo.; Samuel T. Glover, St. Louis, Mo.; J. R. Shepley, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; late Commissioners and Sounselors on War Claims for the Department of the West

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE finest and best assortment of custom made **BOOTS AND SHOES** in this city, may be found at **SAMUEL HALE'S,** 35 North Fourth st., opposite Planters' House.

O'FALLON

White Lead and Oil Company,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

LINSEED OIL, CASTOR OIL,
WHITE LEAD, ZINC PAINTS,

Colors, Varnishes, Japan, Putty, &c., &c.
Store, 108 Second street,
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Cash paid for Flaxseed and Castor Beans.

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No. 110 Market street, between Fourth and Fifth,
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Goods sent to any part of the city free of charge.

COAL OIL LAMPS, COAL OIL,

AND

GAS FIXTURES,

BRONZES, FRENCH CLOCKS, &c.

J. CRAWSHAW & SON,

HAVE just received and are now opening the largest and best stock of

Lamps and Gas Fixtures,

Ever seen in the United States, which they offer low,

For Cash Only,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

No. 78 North Fifth street.

ST. LOUIS.

A. S. W. Goodwin. Rob't Anderson. Peter Behr.

GOODWIN, ANDERSON & CO.,

Manufacturers of

LARD OIL, SOAP AND CANDLES,

FANCY AND TOILET SOAPS,

No. 10 Pine street, between Main and Second.

Factory---Poplar, South end of Adolph st..

ST. LOUIS, MO.

What is Life Insurance?

IT is, by its adoption or neglect, a **FORTUNE** gained or lost to a family at a man's death.

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.

Has paid to heirs of deceased members, over

\$3,200,000,

And its accumulation now exceeds

\$5,500,000.

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No. 34 Olive street.

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Papers of any size and weight made to order.

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J. W. McINTYRE.

WESTERN AGRICULTURAL DEPOT AND SEED STORE.

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No. 56 North Second street,

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A FULL assortment of Farm Implements and Farm and Garden Seeds constantly on hand.

Outley's Palace of Art,

No. 39 Fourth street, opposite the Planters' House.

J. J. OUTLEY, the oldest established Artist in St. Louis, offers his services to all persons desiring a perfect picture of any kind, from the smallest locket to life size. Unusual inducements are offered to those wishing portraits of themselves or of deceased friends, requiring only a small picture of them, no matter how faded, from which to paint a perfect likeness. Call at the rooms and examine the portraits on exhibition.

M. S. HOLMES,

NO. 28 NORTH SECOND STREET,

Dealer in every description of

PAPER, BY THE REAM OR CASE.

100 ton of Rags wanted for cash

THE CONNECTICUT

Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF HARTFORD.

ACCUMULATED Capital over \$6,000,000. Number of A Policies issued in 1863, 5,685. Fifty per cent. dividends declared annually. One-half of premiums received in notes which notes are cancelled by dividends.
HENRY STAGG, Agent.
No. 40 Third street, corner Pine.

Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK.

FRED'K S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

Accumulated cash Assets, 1st Feb. 1864, \$10,300,000.

THE safest and strongest Life Insurance Company in the United States. **SAM'L COPP, JR.,** Agent. N. W. corner Main and Second st's

KING, DOAN & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

No. 105 Main Street

ST. LOUIS, MO.

AUCTIONS.

BY J. H. OSGOOD & SON,

147 Congress street, Boston.

REGULAR Catalogue sales of Dry Goods, Tuesdays and Fridays. Received in Public Warehouse on storage, Wool, Cotton and Merchandise generally, for which Legal Bond Warehouse receipts will be given by **J. H. OSGOOD,** Public Warehouseman.

Liberal cash advances made on consignments.

The Best is the Cheapest.

G. W. CURTISS & CO.,

No. 7 South Fifth street,

KEEP the best Coal Oil and Lamps, the best crystal tint Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, &c. Agents for Fisk's Cooking Lamp, for family use. Gives entire satisfaction. No family should be without one. All kinds Coal Oil and Lamp goods sold wholesale and retail.

LEWIS & GROSHON,

58 North Fourth street,

KEEP the latest styles of Gentlemen's Dress Hats, Felt Hats of every description for Men and Boys; Cloth Hats, Military Hats, Straw Hats, Cloth Caps, Fancy Caps for Children, elegantly trimmed; Leghorn and Straw Hats for Ladies, Misses and Children; Traveling Bags, Umbrellas, &c., and Furs in their season.

WILLIAM H. GRAY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,

Nos. 75 & 77 South Second street, opposite Pacific Railroad Depot.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY,

108 Main street, 108

Direct Importer and Dealer in

CHINA, GLASS & QUEENSWARE,

HAS, according to returns made by all the Queens-ware Dealers, the largest stock in the city.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath by all the Queens-ware Dealers, more stock than any two houses on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath as above, over two hundred per cent. more stock than any Queens-ware house on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Keeps a full assortment of staple and fancy China-Glass, Queensware, Coal Oil Lamps, Looking Glasses, Britannia Ware, Silver-Plated Ware, Trays, Waiters, Table Cutlery, Water Coolers, Fruit Jars, Toiletware, etc.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Is the only direct importer in the city, of Liddle Elliotts & Sons' White Granite and Parian Wares and Decorated Vases and Toilet Wares, which received the great prize medals at the World's Fairs in London, Paris and New York, a variety of which they have liberally donated to the M. V. S. Fair.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Will receive monthly new goods direct from manufactur-
tures

D. A. Winter H. Wicke
D. A. WINTER & CO,
CLOCK & WATCHMAKERS,
 And Jewelry Manufactory.
 No. 204 Franklin Avenue, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth sts.,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.
 Repairing warranted and accurately executed.

GROVER & BAKER
SEWING MACHINE CO.
 SALES ROOMS,
 No. 124 North Fourth street,
 (Verandah Row.)
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

HAFKEMEYER & FINNEY,
 113 N. FOURTH ST., COR. VINE,
ST. LOUIS.

Carpets,
Oil Cloths,
Window Shades,
Hearth Rugs,
Straw Matting.
&c., &c., &c.

A. SUMNER,
 AGENT FOR
WHEELER & WILSON'S



SEWING MACHINES,
 No. 80 North Fifth street,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

UNION LINE.
Union Transportation & Insurance Co.
 FAST FREIGHT LINE EAST AND WEST, VIA
THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
TIME AND RATES GUARANTEED.
 N. STEVENS, Agent,
 No. 19 Olive street, ST. LOUIS.

HOWE & CAPEN'S
 NEW YORK FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE AGENCY.

BEHOLD THE LIST:
Columbia Fire Insurance Co.
 OF NEW YORK
 Office—No. 161 Broadway.
 Cash Capital, \$570,000; Surplus, \$68,493; Assets, \$1,65,193.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Vessels in port and their Cargoes, and other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire. The insured receive 75 per cent. of net profits without incurring any liability.
 TIMOTHY G. CHURCHILL, Pres't.
 EDWARD KEMEYS, Sec.

Home Insurance Company,
 OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$70,396 12; Assets, \$570,396 12.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Leases, and other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire. Dealers receive 75 per cent. of net profits, on Dwellings and Merchandise risks.
 CHAS. WILSON, Sec. D. R. SATTERLEE, Pres't
 SAM'L L. TALCOTT, Gen'l Ag't and Adjuster.

Lamar Fire Insurance Company
 OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
 Capital, all paid up in cash, \$300,000; Surplus, January 1, 1864, \$89,375 27; Assets, \$389,375 27.
 ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, Sec. EDW'D ANTHONY, Pres't.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
Metropolitan Insurance Comp'y,
 108 Broadway, New York.

Cash Capital, \$300,000; Assets, Jan. 1, 1864, \$642,541 65
 Scrip dividend declared Jan. 12, 1864, 35 per cent
THIS Company insures, at customary rates of premium, against loss or damage by fire; also, against all marine and land navigation, and war risks on cargo or freight. The assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits, without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.
 JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, Pres't
 ROBT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice Pres't.
 EDW'D A. STANBURY, 2d Vice Pres't
 JOHN C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.
 WESTERN BASCOM, General Agent

STOCK COMPANY—INCORPORATED 1821.
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
 NEW YORK
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$272,916 33; Assets, \$772,916 33.
 WM. PITT PALMER, President
 ANDREW J. SMITH, Secretary.

INSURES Buildings, Merchandise and other property, against loss or damage by fire, at rates as low as other first class companies. Particular attention given to the insurance of Farm property, isolated Dwellings and their Furniture, for one, three or five years. Losses adjusted and promptly paid in cash at this Agency.

Phoenix Insurance Company,
 BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 Office.—No. 1 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; No. 139 Broadway, New York.

Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, March 1, 1864, \$222,219 20; Assets, \$722,219 20.
 INSURANCE against loss by fire, Marine, Lake, Canal and Island transportation.
 STEPHEN CROWELL, President
 EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice Pres't.
 PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.
Washington Insurance Comp'y,
 172 Broadway. (cor. Maiden Lane.) N. Y.

Cash Capital, \$100,000; Assets, Feb. 1, 1864, \$582,000.
 Scrip dividend, 1861, 60 per cent; Scrip dividend, 1862, 60 per cent; Scrip dividend, 1863, 60 per cent.

THE Policies entitled to participate, receive 75 per cent. of net profits. Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Rents, Leases, against loss or damage by fire, and marine risks on lakes, rivers and canals.
 GEO. C. SATTERLEE, President.
 HENRY WESTON, Vice President.
 WM. K. LOTHROP, Secretary.
 WM. A. SCOTT, Ass't Sec'y.

North Missouri Railroad.



In connection with Hannibal and St. Jo. Railroad. The Shortest and Quickest Route to

QUINCY, KEOKUK,
 ST. JOSEPH,
 ATCHISON,
 WESTON,
 LEAVENWORTH,
 KANSAS CITY,
 COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA,
 NEBRASKA CITY,
 QUINCY AND HANNIBAL.

Certain and Close Connections

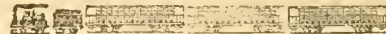
Are made with the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad, Chicago, Burlington and Iowa Railroad, and all the Railroads of Iowa.

On and after Sunday, November 15th, 1863,
 St. Joseph Express leaves St. Louis at.....1:15 A. M.
 Mail and Accommodation Train at.....3:30 P. M.
Fare as Low as by any other Route.

Commodious Passenger Rooms have been fitted up at the Depot, corner of North Market street and Levee, with every arrangement for the comfort of passengers.

TICKETS FOR SALE AT
No. 40 Under Planters' House,
 AND
FOOT OF NORTH MARKET STREET,
 Where reliable information can be obtained relative to routes in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.
 Be certain that your ticket reads: "Via North Missouri Railroad."
 I. H. STURGEON, Superintendent.
 J. H. CONCANNON, General Ticket Agent.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.



On and after Monday, December 7th, 1863, trains will leave St. Louis, as follows:

Mail Train—Daily at 8:20 A. M., stopping at all stations and running through to Knobnoster, (208 miles.)
 Franklin Accommodation—Daily except Sunday, at 5:00 P. M.

Stages—Leave Dresden for Warrensburg, Lexington, Pleasant Hill, Independence and Kansas City, daily on arrival of train. Leave Sedalia for Springfield, Bolivar and Warsaw, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings on arrival of train; Leave Tipton every evening for Booneville.

Passengers taking the 8:20 A. M. train from St. Louis, connect at Franklin with train daily for Rolla and intermediate stations. Stages leave Rolla every morning for Springfield.

Through tickets may be obtained at the Passenger Depot, corner of Seventh and Poplar streets, or at the Company's Through Ticket Office No. 42 Fourth street, under the Planters' House. T. McKISSOCK, Sup't.
 E. W. WALLACE, General Ticket Agent.

St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad.



Spring Arrangement, commencing April 4, 1864.

PASSENGER Trains will leave Plum street Depot, daily, as follows:
 For Pilot Knob, Potosi, and all stations, at 6:15 A. M.
 For Desoto at.....6:15 A. M. and 4 P. M.

Returning—Will leave
 Pilot Knob at.....3:00 P. M.
 Potosi at.....3:50 P. M.
 DeSoto at.....6:00 A. M. and 5:35 P. M.

Carondelet Accommodation Trains.
 For Carondelet at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M.;
 2:00, 4:00, 6:25, 7:30, 9:00 and 11:30 P. M.
 For Docks at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M.; 2:00 and 4:00 P. M.
 For Jefferson Barracks and Quarantine at 6:15, 11:30 A. M., and 4:00 P. M.

Returning—Will leave
 Quarantine at 7:30 A. M.; 1:00 and 7:50 P. M.
 Jefferson Barracks at 7:40 A. M.; 1:05 and 7:55 P. M.
 Docks at 7:54, 9:15, 10:33, A. M.; 1:17, 3:07, 5:45 P. M.
 Carondelet at 6:30, 6:20, 8:00, 9:30, 10:40, A. M.; 1:20, 3:10, 5:45, 7:00, 8:10, 10:45 P. M.

S. D. BARLOW, Pres't & Snp't.
 IRIDOR BUSH, General Agent.

The Daily Countersign.

PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR.

"POSSUNT QUIA POSSE VIDENTUR."

No. 12.

St. Louis, May 31, 1864.

Price 10 Cents.

The Daily Countersign.

MANAGERS, { MRS. E. W. CLARK,
MRS. S. A. RANLETT.
EDITOR, ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Tuesday, May 31, 1864.

THE FAIR.

Reduced Rates of Admission, on and after Friday Morning, May 20th.

ADMISSION.....50 cts.
CHILDREN.....Half Price.
Doors open from 6 P. M. to 11 P. M. Exhibition and sales close promptly at 11 o'clock, P. M.

MAJ. GEN. ROSECRANS, President.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE
OF THE MISS. VAL. SAN. FAIR.
FAIR BUILDING,
ST. LOUIS, May 19, 1864,

To the Cashiers of the

Several Departments:

The "Central Finance Committee" have in the Building a *Fire and Burglar Proof Safe*, and are prepared to receive your deposits of money daily, at any hour of the day up to ten (10) o'clock, P. M. S. W. ELY, Esq., Assistant Secretary, will receipt for the same, and your Department will be duly credited.

Very respectfully,

Your obt' servant,

E. W. Fox,

Chairman Cen. Fin. Com.

M. J. LIPPMAN, Sec'y.

The Finance Committee have their Head Quarters near the Floral Department.

VALEDICTORY.

We take up our pen with something of the same feeling which the novelist has when his two long separated and bewildered, but ever-faithful lovers, have finally been united, and are dismissed to a life of double-blessedness, which, of course, will have no incidents worth recording. We feel that we are taking leave of many with whom we have been in communication for a time. The correspondence comes to an end; the letters are laid away, and read only at long intervals, till finally we forget we had the friend at all. So it is not wholly a pleasant sensation to reflect that to-morrow there will be no *Countersign*, that many familiar faces which were before strange, are destined to become so once more. It is a good thing for us all that we have been brought together in the cause of

humanity. The shadow of the suffering of our brothers in the hospitals has fallen on us, but it has brought us the blessing of a great opportunity. Let us be thankful that we live in these times of peril, that such calls are made on us, such golden opportunities offered.

We have learned to recognize the heroism which might otherwise have been unknown. We have found generous, self-sacrificing hearts all around us, and we shall part, better for the meeting and recognition.

We believe no distinct department of the Fair has been left unnoticed in our columns. We have striven to render impartial justice to all. Errors have been made, but we asked your kind consideration before we set out on our endeavor to serve you, and we claim it now.

To our friend, Mr. James S. Waters, of Washington University, who has rendered efficient and always prompt service in reporting departments of which we were not competent to judge, we return our most sincere thanks. It is but justice to him to say that the editorials on alternate days are the product of his pen.

To the Secretary of the Fair, Major Alfred Mackay, we would also return our thanks for telegraphic messages which he has taken the pains to send us.

And last, but by no means least, we call to mind, or, rather, we bear in mind, our experienced and always generous friend of the *Chicago Tribune*, Nathan H. Parker, to whom we are indebted for "aid and comfort" at sundry times. May his shadow never be less!

The managers desire here to return their thanks to those who have so liberally patronized the paper, and thereby testified appreciation of their endeavors, and to others, who have kindly aided them in different ways in this, to them, novel enterprise. Neither managers nor editor can fail to return their acknowledgments to Mr. Wm. McKee, of the *Democrat*, for his advice and the constant and unvarying courtesy which they have received at his hands. We may be permitted to add that all the business consequent upon this undertaking has been carried on entirely by the lady managers.

As for ourselves, we are sorry to say we shall never enjoy reading a morning, or, indeed, any daily paper again. Between our eyes and the headings where so many great things are spoken of which we can never find in the columns below, will rise visions of types and galleys, of rulers and forms, of "weary and worn," yet always courteous compositors. We shall see as we read the most

interesting items "the shadow faint and dim" beside them of the uncorrected proofs. Through the musical flow of obituary poems will sound the clicking of steam power presses, while the paper will shake in our hand as with the tremor of the machinery.

We have had a new experience, but we have lost an old pleasure. Which weighs the most?

But we weary your patience, and we have not yet spoken of those who of their fancies and thoughts have contributed to enrich our columns. We thank them, one and all.

One valuable suggestion we wish to make. If, to-morrow, you should be unceremoniously stopped by the sworded guard at the door, or if, at any future time or place, a sentry should challenge you with the words, "Advance and give the countersign," we assure you that you will be certain of telling the truth, and so relieving yourself of any farther annoyance, if you answer promptly and firmly, "It is, going—going—gone!"

THE FAIR.

PREMIUM SHIRTS.

When the enterprise of the M. V. S. F. was first started, and many persons were casting about to see how they might promote this noble work, the patriotic firm of Warne, Cheever & Co. conceived the idea of offering a premium to the person who should donate the best made shirt to the Fair; also one to the person donating the second best. These shirts were to be sold for the benefit of the Fair; and, in order to secure their ready sale, the same firm further offered a premium to the gentleman who should, unawares, purchase the finest. Advertisements, sent far and wide, succeeded in bringing in about three hundred shirts. The premiums were awarded by a committee of ladies outside of the city of St. Louis. A handsome tea set of silver-ware constituted the first premium, and an elegant silver set of dessert ware, the second. The prize to be obtained by the lucky purchaser was a splendid toilet case, containing every useful article of a gentleman's toilet, each of the finest quality. Under the efficient management of Mrs. J. E. D. Couzins, all of the shirts have been disposed of, and the premiums awarded.

KNIVES, TINWARE, &c.

The great number of articles contributed to this department give it a somewhat crowded appearance, but the courteous gentleman in attendance will soon reduce to a cosmos, the chaos in the mind of the beholder. These articles are of the greatest variety—from the

huge house-heating furnace to the tiniest tin bucket; stoves of every size and pattern; tinware for kitchen use, cans for preserving purposes, plumbers' supplies, gas-fixtures, &c. Of the last mentioned article, J. Crawshaw & Son have contributed largely; as it was this firm by whom the numerous gas-pipes and burners that are so arranged and run throughout the whole Fair Buildings were put up gratuitously. This was a most liberal contribution, as some of the proposals for this job reached as high as two thousand dollars. The firms of Giles F. Filley, Bridge, Beach, & Co., and Buck & Co., have donated very largely in stoves. The fine grates, with their richly plated bars, are the contribution of B. Horton and Hull & Cozzens. The indispensable cooking range now in use in the Refreshment Department, is a counterpart of the one on exhibition at the stand. It is manufactured by Turner & Bro., and will be found a very commodious article for private families, though styled the "Hotel Cooking Range." There are also left a few more of Stewart's Parlor and Cooking Stoves, manufactured by A. K. Fassett. One of these has already done its share for the Fair, having been in the service in the New England Kitchen since the opening. All who have enjoyed the hospitalities of that place will not fail to recommend it. The firms of C. G. Hussey & Co. and Park, McCurdy & Co., have sent from Pittsburg a valuable lot of brass preserving-kettles and copper bottoms. A superb range from Sweeney & Schneider, and two furnaces from Hart & Harvey, and Anderson & Phillips, complete the heavy articles. Let the curious take note of a fine plated tea urn, made entirely by hand, and presented by Charles Wetzell & Co. Its value is \$30. The other donations are from Lynch & Bro., Kotsieper, Hemp & Bro., Renz & Bro., Kuhlman, Hoffman; Collins, Comstock & Co., of Quincy, Lightner; Wetzell & Son, Kerosene Heating Co., Bell, and many others, in all amounting to at least \$7,000.

SOAP AND CANDLES.

Adjoining the department just described is that of Soap and Candles, which is filled, or, rather, was filled, (for all articles at this stand meet with a ready sale,) with more than twenty-five different kinds of soap and several kinds of sperm and adamantine candles. The soap is in every conceivable variety of size and shape, from neat little cakes for pocket convenience, to a huge rectangular bar, made and donated by Purtscher & Haessel. This was disposed of by raffle. We cannot refrain from speaking of some beautiful bars of soap from Goodwin & Anderson. These bars were smooth as alabaster, beautifully grained in red and white stripes, and emitted a most grateful odor of mingled sassafras and checkerberry. We could not prevent ourselves from purchasing a bar. The largest donations to this establishment were from N. Schaeffer & Co., Goodwin & Anderson, Purtscher & Haessel, Anheuser & Co., J. G. Haass, and W. Walker. Moser & Wild, of Quincy, and Mr. Ring, and one or two others, who send oil, are among the contribu-

tors. A beautiful pyramid of candles forms the frontispiece of this stand. It was donated by Goodwin & Anderson, and disposed of by raffle. As we examined this and other choice candles we thought of

"The Isles of Grease, the Isles of Grease,"

and did not wonder that Sappho was "burning." Mr. Goodwin is the committee-man in charge, and is always at his post. A more skillful and energetic set of saleswomen is not to be found in the building. It is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to escape from their persuasions to spend. In a word, they are the best hands at "soft soap" we have met with for some time. The result is, that the sales at this stand have been among the heaviest at the Fair.

WINE AND BEER HALL.

This institution is doing a thriving business in Lucas Market. The southern market house has been fitted up with neat counters and long tables. All the lager beer dealers and the various wine companies of St. Louis, together with many persons abroad, have liberally contributed. Where all have done so well, it is invidious to make mention of any particular parties. We noticed, however, that the walls were hung with various eulogies to the grape; such as:

"Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake," and "Come, come; good wine is a good creature if it be well used; exclaim no more against it."

A new feature of attraction has been lately added to this department in the shape of a musical entertainment, twice a day. A grand piano has been placed in the house, and at intervals a quartette from Boehm's City Post Band entertains the company very agreeably.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

Though we cannot appreciate the feelings of the masticaters of that—

"Indian weed

Which from the devil did proceed,"

yet we can assert that at this department you will certainly get your money's worth, or to use a more technical term, you will surely get your *quid pro quo*. All the principal manufacturers of this city, besides some from other parts of the State, have contributed liberally, and each house has sent of its very best stock. Tobacco—fine-cut and plug, of every known brand—and cigars of an infinite variety of qualities, are included in the stock of No. 33. The former varies in value from eighty cents to four dollars per pound; while cigars are sold worth from ten to fifty cents apiece; the latter are pure and rare old Havanas. The finest chewing tobacco is a natural leaf brand, (a new one,) from J. L. Brickey & Co., of Hannibal, Mo. This sells very rapidly, those who buy, being inclined to chew and come again.

Christian Peper, of St. Louis, sends a very fine donation. James Roddy's cigars and tobacco, and D. Catlin's smoking tobacco are of the best brand, and are hard to get. Liggett & Dausman, Ed. Simons & Co., are large contributors. One of the largest dona-

tions is from the firm of M. S. Mepham & Bro. This firm is now engaged in the manufacture of tobacco. Their factory is the largest of the kind in the West. It is located in the lower part of town, and is a three-story building, eighty feet by one hundred and fourteen. A miniature mountain of fine-cut chewing tobacco, as manufactured by M. S. Mepham & Bro., forms the centre piece of this stand. Mr. Mepham is manager of this department.

We heard several persons remark that the proceeds of this department would have been much greater, had a small "smoking room" been provided for the use of the inveterate users of the weed. There are many gentlemen who bring their families in the evening, and, while they are strolling about, the gents themselves would gladly indulge in a smoke. To slightly vary the words of "Byron's Jack Buntin":

"They know not what to do, and so they smoke."

THE POLICE.

The excellent order in which all proceedings at the Fair have hitherto been conducted, and the skill with which all suspicious characters have been "spotted," is owing to the large detachment of police, which, under the admirable management of Major Cozzens and Captain Lee, is stationed throughout the building.

True to our motto of giving "honor to whom honor is due," we wish to say that, in speaking of the Boot and Shoe Stand, we neglected to mention the useful services of Mr. Fiske, of Fiske, Knight & Co. This firm has been interested very greatly, both in giving and procuring donations.

The following letter from one who was a short time ago a slave, may prove interesting. It is very correctly written:

LAWRENCE, KAN., April 2, 1864.

Mr. W. S. Elliot—Dear Sir: Allow me to offer you the sincere thanks of our Day and Sabbath School for your liberal contributions to our Superintendent, S. N. Simpson, while in St. Louis.

He has supplied nearly every colored person in Lawrence with a spelling-book, Testament, or some other good book. They are learning to read and write rapidly. Three-fourths of these people, one year ago, were slaves in the States of Arkansas and Missouri, but they are free now, and are making good use of every moment. They have surpassed the expectation of the most sanguine of their friends. I was a slave one year ago, but have made rapid improvements in my studies since then.

Please accept the thanks of our people.

Your obt' serv't,

B. H. BRUCE.

When is an egg like Lee's army since its last defeat?

When it has been well beaten.

Why is a tree like a well ordered person about to depart on a journey?

It has its trunk in good condition before it leaves.

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES ANDERSON.

The announcement that Lieut. Gov. Anderson, of Ohio, would address the people at the Fair, brought together a large number of persons about the Music stand, from which he spoke, on Saturday afternoon. He is an able speaker, a brave and unflinching patriot, a thorough-going Union man, and an accomplished gentleman, who, when he speaks of the horrors of the war, as experienced upon the battle-field or in rebel prisons, can speak from his own experience. Gov. Anderson was introduced to the eager throng by Edw. Wyman, Esq., and spoke substantially as follows:

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: I appear before you this evening at the instance of your committee to make a few remarks natural to the occasion and deserving to yourselves. This vast exhibition which has drawn you together, needs no encomiums from me. Perhaps if we could see ourselves at a sufficient distance and take a full view of the motives which are actuating this age and this generation at this time, we might deduce some stupendous conclusions from the events which are now passing around us. I know as we grow old we acquire a love for the past, but let us do justice to the present. And now it occurs to me, inspired by what I see around me, this is an age of miracles. I believe one of our best poets describes—"Annis Mirabilis"—the year of wonders, and surely these last three years have been years of wonder, if not of miracles. One great miracle was this rebellion—a miracle of crime and folly—of crime without justification, and folly beyond measure. That miracle was followed by the stupendous fact, unparalleled in all history, of a million of freemen freely rising as one man to fight the battles of freedom. [Applause.] Where else, my friends, upon the face of the earth did such a fact ever occur before? Men have often been massed to meet in life or death, but never freely to fight in the cause of human freedom, of their own accord before. But this does not close the compliment due to this age of war. Not only our people poured forth themselves—this vast multitude of men from every avocation in life, willing to throw away their precious lives as old clothes, but that was followed by a miracle commensurate with their numbers and their great work. Only think of the miracle of which this is a part—of fathers, brothers, sons, aye, and far above them, of mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives at home—of what they have done and sacrificed, and suffered in this holiest of all wars, and noblest of all causes. Think as a single example of the Sanitary Fair at Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, New York, and now to crown all, St. Louis. [Cheers.] Look around you. Had you been told but a few years ago, that these events could pass and that this event here could transpire, you would have thought the prophet who elicited these things was fitted only for some lunatic asylum. The story of Aladdin's lamp does not equal the wondrous beauty of this creation around you now, if you look at it with eyes of truth and simplicity. I know not how others feel on the subject, but I, who have less local prejudice than most men, who love my whole country more than any of its parts, still as a Western man, am proud that St. Louis has thus borne the bell of all these populous cities. [Applause.] It seems to me, my friends, only meet and fit that the Queen City, enthroned here on the Father of Waters in this great throbbing central heart of the Continent and of the Republic, should be first and foremost in this great cause which signalizes the most distinguished effort of the whole country. And it seems to me if the whole Mississippi itself was conscious—if every wave

passing by us had ear to hear, eye to see or tongue to tell, all the good, great and wondrous things they had beheld in the laps of past ages, they could tell no tale in the ear of slumberous old ocean, of wonder and of grandeur equal to this which makes up our occasion now. [Cheers.] I believe, if the sun, or each star in the blue heavens around us, could see and tell the story of nations, or the history of mankind in the past, even this would not surpass the grandeur of this story of your free voluntary, heart-given tribute to the soldiers of this the vastest and noblest army of the earth. [Cheers.] It is an occasion, therefore, to bring me from my distant home here to these scenes in which I passed such pleasant, happy days, long, long ago, and to congratulate you, my friends and fellow-countrymen, not amid the denseness of the forest through which I then strayed, but amid the population of this immense thronging, happy and glorious city, provided you restore the country of which it is the heart: to congratulate you here and now upon a scene so beauteous and glorious as this. Think, my friends, lovely as it is, large as it is, various as it is, in all its forms, colors and arrangements, making almost painting to grow faint on canvas in the comparison of its beauty, and poetry to fail in its praises. That after all, my friends, these things are little to the holy truth of which they are the emblem.

Having thus spoken of the great cause which introduced this occasion—having paid the tribute which is your due, and bestowed the meed of praise belonging to you—I take my leave, with thanks for your attention, and hopes that we shall soon pass the necessity of beholding those bright, beautiful, but terrible engines of war, and that we may pass our days in quiet, honest, free happiness to the latest generations of mankind; [cheers;] when the Mississippi river—gathering its first infant drops in the far Rocky Mountains—shall flow through a continent blessed by its moisture, and redeemed, far and wide, by the blood of its citizens, to every branch of its tributaries, far beyond the Rocky Mountains of the West, to the Atlantic of the East, as far as God's sun shines on the United States of America.

From their expressions and the cheerful manner in which his remarks were received, one would think the people would not soon tire of him; and those present were gratified with a second opportunity to hear Mr. Anderson a few moments later, when he responded to a call to address the brave boys of the 7th Illinois—part of Grierson's famous raiders. Gov. Anderson paid a just tribute to the fallen, and a well merited compliment to the bravery of those who were before him—a veteran war-worn remnant of one of the best regiments in the service. At the close of his eloquent and well-timed remarks, the citizens gave three cheers for the brave boys in blue; the gallant 7th gave three for "the Soldier's Fair, the Union, and Liberty or Death," closing with three rousing cheers from soldiers and people for the speaker.

NELLIE GRANT.

I heard of the woman who lived in a shoe,
But thought her a myth, that no one could
view;

Yet, to my surprise, of late at the Fair,
The real old woman most truly was there.
The shoe was capacious, giving her room
For her and her children, her dishes and
broom.

But where was her bed, I could not divine—
Her toilet and glass, and things in that line?

But there on a seat, at the door of her home,
She pleasantly smiled on those that might
come;

Her cap and her specs would make her quite
old,

But smoothness of cheek another tale told.

Her dimples and smiles were witchingly
pretty,

Quite roguish her eye, her tongue truly
witty;

Most perfect in form and lovely in feature,

Seldom you see so entrancing a creature;

Made from a rainbow or sent from the skies,

Her sweet fascination charmed all our eyes.

But, "What is her name?" you curiously
ask;

To call it to mind is scarcely a task—

'Tis heard through the land in orators' speech,

And wreathed with a glory that few ever
reach;

Victorious war loud heralds it out;

By millions of freemen 'tis hailed with a shout;

U. S. is the field of its action and fame;

U. S. precedes it, and Grant is the name.

The child of a hero, who bids fair to prove

The nation's new father, and gain its deep
love.

He's urging our hosts most fiercely to fight,
For God and our Country, for Freedom and
Right;

While his child so young, of beauty so rare,

Is striving to swell the gains of the Fair.

Whene'er the war-cloud has sped away far,

And skies, calm and blue, show Freedom's
bright star,

No image more pleasing shall memory haunt

Than that of the lovely and sweet Nellie
Grant.

PATRIOT.

THANKS OF THE REFRESHMENT COMMITTEE.

The Refreshment Committee of the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair desire to thank all the donors at home and abroad for the generous contributions to this Department.

To the following churches of our city:

1st Presbyterian, Congregational Church, Central Presbyterian, Church of the Messiah, 2d Presbyterian, Christ Church, 3d Baptist, Union Methodist and 2d Baptist Church, they especially tender their hearty thanks for the bounteous gifts which have been so cheerfully laid upon the tables from day to day. We would gladly particularize the donors and their gifts, but it requires too much space for enumeration.

The donations in cash have been otherwise acknowledged.

Valuable contributions have also been received from Quincy, Illinois; Shiloh, Alton, Rosemond, Brighton, Greggsville, Shelbyville, Miles and Ashbury Station; also, Rolla and Medora, Missouri.

How nobly and generously our friends have responded to the calls of this Department, the crowds that were daily refreshed at the Cafe Laclede, can well testify.

MRS. ALFRED CLAPP, Chairman.
MISS H. A. ADAMS, Secretary.

PUBLIC SCHOOL RAFFLE.

THIRTY-THREE PRIZES, VALUED AT \$352.

These prizes range in value from \$60 to \$2 50, all of which have been put in at the lowest cash prices, rates having been reduced from 10 to 25 per cent below original valuation. Tickets \$1. Come before all the tickets are sold.

WORKERS.

It has been thought that it would be pleasant to have, as a memento of the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair, a collection of the names of the *working men and women* who have, by their efforts, so successfully brought the *affair* through from its first inception. We have therefore been at considerable trouble in different ways to obtain correct information on this point. It is undeniably true that during the progress of the Fair, many persons who, before, were almost entirely ignorant of each other, have been brought into quite frequent communication. New friendships have been formed, and it will be agreeable, we trust, to all, to have a record of the names of those with whom they have been associated for so long. It may be, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, that some errors will be found in our lists. We aim to give the list of the *workers* in the several Departments. Where originally one person stood on more than one Committee, the department in which he has *worked*, claims him. No name on special committees is given for mere form's sake. The lists are given as furnished by the various Chairmen. A request for these lists was made of the Secretaries through all the daily papers, and in our own columns.

Officers of the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair.

Major General W. S. Rosecrans, President.
Gov. Willard P. Hall, 1st Vice President; ex-Mayor Chauncey I. Filley, 2d Vice President; Brig. Gen. Clinton R. Fisk, 3d Vice President; Mayor Jas. S. Thomas, 4th Vice President; Brig. Gen. J. W. Davidson, 5th Vice President.

Samuel Copp, Jr., Treasurer.
Major Alfred Mackey, Corresponding Secretary.

Honorary Members.

His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.
Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Vice President of the United States.
The Honorable the Governors of the several loyal States.
Lieutenant General U. S. Grant, Commanding, &c,

Standing Committee.

(Members of Western Sanitary Commission.)

James E Yeatman, George Partridge,
Wm G Eliot, Carlos S Greeley,
John B Johnson.

Executive Committee.

James E Yeatman, Chair'n. Charles Speck,
J H Lightner, Wm Mitchell,
E W Fox, Wm Adriance,
Samuel Copp, Jr. George E Leighton,
George D Hall, M L Linton,
S R Filley, Wm H Eenton,
Charles B Hubbard, Jr. Dwight Durkee,
James Blackman, Amadee Valle,
Wm D Oenich, Wyllys King,
Wm Patrick, George P Plant,
J C Pierce, Morris Collins,
Gustavus W Dreyer, J C Cabot,
Henry A Homeyer, N C Chapman,
D R Bonner, John D Perry,
Adolphus Meier, S H Lattin,
James Ward.

Executive Committee of Ladies.

Mrs. Chauncey I. Filley, President.
Miss Anna M. Debenham, Recording Secretary.
Mrs. Gen. V. P. Van Antwerp, Corresponding Sec'y.
Miss Phoebe W. Couzens, Corresponding Secretary.
Mrs. Samuel Copp Jr., Treasurer.

Mrs Robert Anderson, Mrs Charles Eggers,
" George Partridge, " Dr O'Reilly,
" J E D Couzens, " S B Kellogg,
" E M Weber, " A S Dean,
" Truman Woodruff, " Ronbauer,
" Clinton B Fisk, " Dr Haussler,
" F A Dick, " Adolphus Abeles,
" Alfred Clapp, " F F Blair,
" Dr E Hale, " Elizabeth W Clarke,
" A S W Goodwin, " H Dreyer,
" H T Blow, " John Wolff,
" Amelia Reihl, " Ulrich Busch,
" N C Chapman, " John J Hoppe,
" Washington King, " Wm D Oenich,
" S A Ranlett, " Adolphus Meier,
" T R Edgar, " R H Morton,
" C S Greeley, " E W Fox,
" W T Hazard, " John C Vogel,
" Chas D Drake, " R Rarth,
" Wm McKee, " H C Gempp,
" Samuel C Davis, " O D Filley,
" Gen W S Rosecrans, " Henry Stagg.

Agricultural Implements and Machinery.

Isaac L Garrison, Benj Phillibert,
Wm M Plant, D K Ferguson,
Samuel Gatey, Wm D Marshall,
Chas Crownehold, Theo. Kraushel,
O B Filley, H M Woodward,
Chas J McCord.

Arms and Trophies.

General Allen C Fuller, Adjutant General of Illinois,
General N B Baker, Adjutant General of Iowa,
General Aug Gardner, Adjutant General of Wisconsin,
Colonel Oscar Malcomb, Adjutant General of Minnesota,
Colonel Guilt rd Dudley, Adjutant General of Kansas,
Colonel F D Callender, Commanding St. Louis Arsenal,
Col Wm Meyers, Geo A Maguire,
John Knapp, H E Danick,
William McKee, Henry Folsom,
Theo Oshansen, W A Albright,
Charles G Ramsey, J W King,
E H E Jameson, Com Hull,
J O Broadhead, S B Shaw,
Wm K Strong.

Bed Linen and Quilts.

Mrs T B Edgar Mrs F Haekemeyer,
" Jas S Thomas, " O H Platt,
" H J Moore, " S M Edgell,
" Robert Holmes, " J H Fisse,
" J O Perce, " Dr Stevens,
" J B Sickle, " H Starkweather,
" J G Copelin, " Wm Morrison,
" Edward Morrison, Miss Alice Valle,
" Edward P Rice, Misses Pulliam,
" M W Warne, Miss Mary Gale,
" Samuel W Eager " A S Forbes,
" Chauncey Johnson Mrs H C Moore,

Books.

H Crittenden, J D Leonard,
Richard Emnis, " G P Strons,
E K Woodward, " J C Maginnis,
David Keith, Miss Mary Beedy,
J R Williams, " Kate Post,
Major C C Bailey, " Laila Morean,
H B Graham, " Lou Woodward,
E C Aikeu, " Lydia M Luney,
M S Holmes, " Henrietta Capen,
J McIntire, " Mary Frisbee,
Thomas Howard, " Mary H Fales,
Major Wm S Pope, " Phila Cozens,
Mrs W T Hazard, " Nida Bailey,
" C S Pennell, Mrs E P Freeman,
" S Rich, " L Brawner,
" H Cunningham, Miss Annie M Murray,
" G S Blake, " S L Goddard,
" P Fales, " Virginia Brawner,
" Frank Childs, " Alice Godfrey,
" E O Goodman, " C E Moore,
" Lida Rich,

Boots and Shoes.

James Blackman, D B Thayer,
Hon John How, C R Stinde,
Wm B Haseltine, Geo F Ditman,
James P Fiske, E Krepper,
B Schroeder, George Caspers,
Wm Downing, S D Davenport,
S Hale, Edwin Brown,
H F Breed, W F Anderson,
M P Hanthorn, Wm B May,
B Christian, John E Henn,
Daniel B Clark, Peter Meyer,
John A Allen, Otto Oeters

Carriages and Harnesses.

Wesley Fallon, L Deming,
Lewis Espenschied, J B Sickle, Jacob Kern,
Geo L Stansbury, E A Corbet,
Henry F Clark, Jo Murphy,
Henry A Hildebrand, Ira Stansbury,
John Kolley, T Salorgne,
R B Edgar, James Dougherty,
John Young, Nathan Card,
Casper Gestring, David Chandler,
John Cook, E J Sterling,
John Wilson, J Woodburn,
N T Hanthorn, Charles Burger,
Casper Krnde, P J Peters,
Joseph Orndorff, Henry Linstroth,
Jacob Scher, F Hackman.

Charitable Institutions.

Mrs Geo Partridge, Mrs Geo K Bidd,
" Barton Able, " John S Thomson,
" M J Hartnett, Miss P Delano,
" A Fales, Mrs N Hauer,
" J O Pierce, " F F Malthy,
" H S W Gleason, " Lucien Eaton.

Children's Department.

Mrs Saml W Cupp, Mrs R H Stone,
" Dr A S Barnes, " D Catline,
" H C Barnard, " H Stagg,
" Ober, " Beckenridge,
Miss Susie Williams, " J C Moody,
" Bertie Molloy, " Sacc,
" Catharine Sloan, " J Massey,
" Marion Thompson, " Anson Moore,
Mrs A S Stoddard, " T T Moore,
" Dr McGintie, (Fish Pond.)
" Pearse, Mrs J H Krum.

China and Glass.

Mrs E M Weber, Miss Julia Christopher,
" Maltby, " Lizzie Goodwin,
" Bramble, " Gones,
" Partridge, " Lydia McCluney,
Miss Tillie Weber, " Lizzie McCluney,
" Dora Andrews, " Lizzie Eames,
" Mollie Evill, " Sophie Jacoby,
" Maggie Johnson, " Koruick,
Miss Ada Tuttle.

Confectionery.—(No Report.)

Curiosity Shop.

Samuel W Eager, Mrs Robert Anderson,
John A Hodgman, " Wyllys King,
F A Leonard, " H B Parsons,
John M Wherry, " Wm Wightman,
George H Morgan, " George Partridge,
N Wolfe, " Dr Shumard,
John Holmes, Miss Mary Scollay,
H A True, " Tullie Couzens,
John Sayres, " Bettie Broadhead,
Adolphus Meier, Jr., " Mattie Edwards,
Tilden Richards, " Howie Thompson,
G D Oenich, " Lizzie Shapleigh,
S C Dutro, " Helen Budd,
Charles E King, " Laura Anderson,
C C Bailey, " Julia Roberts,
E T Merrick, " Mary Johnson,
G True, " Belle Holmes,
H P Wyman, " Chamberlaine,
T D Reed, " Ediza Humphrey,
John A Collier, " Ellen Filley,
Geo Godfrey, " Annie M Murray,
Rudolph Dreyer, " Susie Blow,
Theo Heman, " Emma Blaine,
Eden Richards, Jr., " Ella Drake,
Wyllys King, " Sue Benton,
" Annie S Hoyt,

Dry Goods and Clothing.

Mr Sleith, Miss Eleonora Taussig,
" Speers, " Mary Ann Schild,
Mrs H C Gempp, " Lizzie Laumeier,
Miss Lizzie Haussler, " Luca Haussler,
Mrs Saml C Lawrence, " Eva Fisher,
" Dr Haussler, " Miller,
" Dr I Forbes, " Eversoll,
" Gus Finklenburg, " Mary Kuster,
" Gus Hauschien, " Hulda Schanberg,
" Gones, " Adelheid Schanburg,
" Moon, " Emma Smith,
" Wolfe, " Haunoh.

Decorations.

John A Beck, Miss Hattie Jones,
H R Whitmore, " Sue Benton,
Anson Brown, " Emma Edgar,
T T Richards, " Emma Blaine,
— Hibbert, " Florence Chapman,
Emile Hertzinger, " Beckie Whittaker,
Clifford Woodruff, " Mary Treat,
John M Wherry, " Maria Filley,
W Constock, " Jennie Filley,
Geo H Morgan, " Mollie Evill,
L H Brockway, " Mary Scollay,
W M Fisher, " Mary McNair,
Charles Kimball, Mrs Barton Able,
Theron Cathin, " Danl Cathin,
Jacob Vogdes, Miss Belle Holmes,
Stanley Woodruff, " Alice Partridge,
H H Morgan, " Ella Drake,
E P Crane, " Lydia McCluney,
Chas F Holmes, " Clara Post,
Jos A Wherry, " Lilla Lawd,
H C Morgan, " Ellen Filley,
John H King, " Annie McMurray,
John Edwards, " Julia Roberts,
Wm A Albright, " Alice Valle,
Messrs Moon, Degg & others " Maggie Johnson,
Mrs Chapman, " D'Oenich,
" Lucien Eaton, " Lelia Morean,
" Cheever, Mrs E P Rice,
" Enos Clark, " L H Brockway.

Drugs and Medicines.

Eno Sanders, Mrs Robert Bath,
Eugene L Massott, " U Bush,
M W Alexander, " HoReimer,
F W Sennewald, " Gorton,
E Randall, " Friede,
Wm B Parker, Miss B Anderson,
Charles Bang, " L Biekan,
Theodore Kalb, " Coleman,
H B Bults, " J Spronle,
W H Collins, " A Spronle,
J Macuire, " M Harris,
J W Frances, " L Harris,
Charles Schuh, " VanAntwerp,
Miss D'Oenich.

Fancy Hand Work.

Mrs R H Morton, Miss Jennie Glover,
" Truman Woodruff, " Lucy Graham,
" Eggers, " Edza Humphreys,
" Edwin Brown, " Nellie Hunt,
" James Blackman, " Carrie Haslam,
" James Brawner, " Hoofstetter,
" Brock, " Georgia Jenks,
" Enos Clark, " Hattie Jones,
" Henry M Dumpee, " Mattie Kaufman,
" Joseph Dana, " Krache,
" George D Humphreys, " Jessie Little,
" N M Harris, " Lowry,

Mrs Chauncey Johnson, Miss Carrie Morris,
 " K M Ryder, " M Moore,
 " " Rowe, " McConister,
 " C H Withington, " McKee,
 " Henry P Wymann, " McNeely,
 Miss Emily Bush, " Kate Post,
 " Annie Bush, " Lina Schmidt,
 " Eben, " Anna Smith,
 " Susan Beeson, " Patsy Tuttle,
 " Julia Chamberlain, " Tausig,
 " Frances Clark, " Tammy,
 " Anne D'Oench, " Josephine Weigle,
 " Mary Evil, " Laina Wiggins,
 " Fitzpatrick, " Kate Gore,
 " Froelich, " Fannie Holmes,
 " Foderow, " Ellen Holmes,
 " Rebecca Fomby, " Clara Leigh,
 " Lina French, " Lizzie Moore,
 " Susan Gar Iner, " Enza Sater.

Fine Arts.

F T I, Boyle, (assigned) Mrs A S Dean,
 H T Blow, " Frank P Blair,
 C G Bingham, " H T Blow,
 Isador Bush, " Jas W Brown,
 J Sidney Brown, " Wayman Crow,
 T W Blackman, " S A Collier,
 A J Conant, " Hugh Campbell,
 M J De-Franca, " E Cushman,
 A J Fox, " Wm G Elliot,
 Henry Hitchcock, " T T Gantt,
 G M Harding, " John How,
 Dr W Tod Helmuth, " Henry Hitchcock,
 H E Helcke, " Judge Lord,
 E Herzinger, " Geo E Leighton,
 Theo Kaufman, " John M Krum,
 Julius Kummer, " P R McCreery,
 P Kieholz, " T M Post,
 E Long, " M Schuyler,
 John G Nichols, " S Ridgley,
 Henry Pettes, " John M Taylor,
 S A Ranlett, " E Y Ware,
 R C Roubauer, Miss D Barner,
 John R Shepley, " Ellen Filley,
 Sol Smith, " Jennie Glover,
 J G Scholten, " Peale,
 W H Tilford, " Alice Partridge,
 B F Troxell, " H B Skeele,
 Dr Philip Weigle,

Floral Department.

Wm H Maurice, Mrs A Hibbard,
 N J Coleman, " Wm F Cozzens,
 Henry Shaw, " D P Hull,
 John S McCune, " Josiah Fogg,
 Dr B F Edwards, " B R Bonner,
 Thomas L Salisbury, " Edward Chase,
 James Taussig, " H Crittenden,
 H A Bomeyer, " Dr C W Stevens,
 Henry Wesseley, Miss Hattie E Eaton,
 John Withnell, " Ella Drake,
 Gert Goebel, " Mary Mack,
 John Goode, Mrs Wm Grazer,
 Henry T Mudd, " Dr Alexander,
 Wm D'Oench, " Edwin Tinknor,
 E R Mason, " J C Barlow,
 Dr L D Morse, " H W Leflingwell,
 Maj J F How, " Wm Patrick,
 Lucius J Perry, " E W Fox,
 Chas L Dean, " Col T J Haines,
 John H Tice, " John D Perry,
 G Mattison, " Geo H Rea,
 Henry Michel, " A Barry, Alton, Ill.,
 Ferdinand W Michel, " H N Kendall, Alton, Ill.,
 Chas H Havens, " Wm Rumbold,
 Dr G Englemaun, " F A Quinette,
 Wm Schray, " Gao L Stansbury,
 Capt N Mulliken, " Ben Stickney,
 Maj H S Turner, " D R Garrison,
 Henry Reindheish, " T L Salisbury,
 F Moench, Fomme Osage, " Chas Boswell,
 Col G Husmann, Herman, " Isadore Bush,
 A Bryant, sr Princeton, Ill, " James Patrick,
 Wm Hadley, Collinsville, Ill, " Wm Michel,
 Dr V Schenck, " G Goebel,
 Chas McGuffey, " H Kennedy,
 Ben J Chase, Miss Belle Holmes,
 M G Kern, Alton, Ill, " Susie Benton,
 A Barry, " Aspinwall,
 Geo Booth, " Minnie Oelesby,
 Dr E S Hull, " Sallie Wilson,
 W C Flagg, Mrs Benj Horton,
 H N Kendall, " Jno J Roe,
 H Goedeckin, Belleville, Ill, " Francis Minor,
 Anton Schott, " Samuel Cupples,
 H Schroder, Bloomington, Ill, " Jno A Allen,
 F K Phoenix, " Jno Goode,
 C R Overman, " E R Mason,
 K H Fell, " G N Stevens,
 J Huggins, Woodburn, Ill, " A B Tschorpe,
 Frank H Stevens, Miss Hattie Jones,
 Oliver Russell, " Helen D'Oench,
 Chas L Bush, " S B Pulliam,
 Mrs Henry T Blow, " Neppie Allen,
 " Wm H Maurice, " Susie E Blow,
 " L C Dnuley, " Ella Fox,
 " Jno Withnell, " Albright,
 " Beverly Allen, " Anna C Sneed,
 " Loretta Eaton, " George E Jenks,
 " I H Sturgeon, " Francis L Tuttle,
 " Adolphus Meier, Mrs Wm H Smith, Alton, Ill,
 " Robert Barth, Miss Sarah Smith,
 " Emil Ulrich, " Julia R Luggdon,
 " C A Cuno, " Lillie Irwine,

Mrs Jonathan Jones, Miss Matie Treat,
 " H Paddelford, " Josephine Oglesby,
 " Jno F Hume, " Eliza Wilson.

Freedmen and Refugees.

Rev H A Nelson, Miss Coledge,
 Rev Wm G Elliott, " D Hopper,
 Rev G Anderson, " O B Paul,
 Wyllys King, " Miss A M Debinham,
 Jas E Yeatman, Mrs Wm Perrick,
 Hon F A Dirk, Miss S F McCrecken,
 J H Parker, Mrs Dr M Murray,
 Rev Henry Cox, " John M Lean,
 Rev T M Post, " S Rich,
 Rev W H Cuthill, " Matilda Austin,
 A J Conant, " S Treadway,
 Lucien Eaton, " R S Arritt,
 W C Wilcox, " Nathan D Terrill,
 Brig Gen W A Pile, Miss Mary Thomas,
 Mrs Clinton B Fisk, Miss Almon P Thompson,
 " Lucien Eaton, " Henry Levin,
 " Henry Johnson, " Col Cavender,
 " C C Bailey, " Col Spencer,
 " H A Nelson, Miss Mary E Howe, Cam-
 " H Kennedy, bridge, Massachusetts,
 " A S Forbes, Miss Eliza Freeborn,
 " Dr Hauesler, " Emah Carl,
 " J Crawshaw, " Ellen My,
 " J H Parker, " Ellen M Kee,
 " S Wells, " Rachel Austin,
 " Washington King, " M one McLean,
 " W T Hazard, " Pat Dutcher,
 " Enos Clark, " Crawshaw,
 " Truman Woodruff, " Maggie Alvord,
 Miss L P Allen, " Meta Moyer,
 Mrs Wm McKee, " Laura Smith,
 " L Brawner, Mrs S R Weed,
 " N Stevens, " E Rowe,
 " J S Thomas, Miss Sallie A Morgan,
 Miss Matilda M F Morgan,

Furniture.—(No Report.)

Hardward, Saddlery and Horse Furnishing.

Alfred Lee, G Bremmann,
 John C Rust, G A Rubelmann,
 A F Shapleigh, Hainis Kelmman,
 E G Pratt, Wm Baxter,
 M N Burchard, F E Schrieding,
 Thos D Ford, F W Cronenbold,
 Samuel Cople, H Tiebenbrann,
 Jacob Tamm, Herman H Meier,
 H Raschco, Bent Carr,
 Julius Morisse,

Iron and Steel.—(No Report.)

Hardware.

Wm H Waters, E J Sterling,
 David Chandler, John A Wilson,
 Charles H Jaques.

Jewelry and Plate.

Mrs Wm Doroming, Miss Helen Albright,
 " John Marsey, " Athale Pease,
 " J A Allen, " Helen M Burtet,
 " Dwight Durkee, " Julia Juvet,
 " Judae Moody, " Emily Juvet,
 " Edward Warne, " Maria Davis,
 Miss Lizzie Albright, " Clara Skeele,
 Miss Ella P Fox,

Holland Kitchen.

G W Dreyer, Mrs Dr F Hausler,
 Mrs Bertha Roubauer, " A Ables,
 " G W Dreyer, " John Worff,
 " John Hoppe, " Wm D'Oench.

New England Kitchen.

Mr Fogg, Mrs Haywood and daughter
 " J S Williams, " Bradley,
 " Kellogg, " Skinkle,
 " Wolf, " Worf,
 " Pratt, " Hyde,
 " May, " J S Williams,
 " F Cosford, Chicago, Ill, " F S Williams,
 " Fassett, " Wallace,
 " Thomas, Miss Wallace,
 " S G George, Mrs Roberts,
 " H Glover, " Chapman,
 " B Gannett, " Whedon,
 " H Gibson, " Sweet,
 " Currier, " Cooper,
 " A Strong, " Blood,
 " Benson, " I T Green,
 " Wheeler, Miss Barnhurst,
 " J Libby, Mrs Thomson,
 Mrs G A Gannett, " Rainer,
 " S Rich and daughter, " Hall,
 " Coolede, " Welock,
 " S Bonner and sister, " Mathews,
 " C R George, " Dwan,
 " Catlin, " R D Foster,
 " Currier and sons, " Pennington,
 " G F Tower, " Greenwood,
 " R E Tower, " Finney,
 " White, " Keith,
 " L B Clark, Miss P Barnhurst,
 " J Libby, " Tower,
 " W M Brook, " Abbe Tower,
 " M E Cummins, " Betts,
 " H B Manford, Mrs McElraine,
 " Pearce, Miss Billings,
 " Morgan, (B T C) Mrs Roberts,

PERSONS IN COSTUMES.

Grandpa and Grandma Brown,
 Housekeeper,
 Aunt Nabby,
 Aunt Bobby Makepeace,
 Aunt Ruth and Tabatha, Quakeresses,
 Aunt Mahitable, Mrs. Dr. Emerson,
 New England Blue Stocking,
 Mrs. Deacon Twitchelo,
 Miss Prissy, the Village Dressmaker,
 Coz Dorothy,
 Abigail, } Penelope Ann, Country Cousin.
 Huldah, }
 Jerushy,
 Miss Dorcas,
 Country School Marm,
 Fisherman Zekiel, the Deacon, the Doctor,
 County School Teacher, the Farmer,
 Yankee Pedlar, Brother Jonathan,
 The Blacksmith,
 Two Yankees from Way Down East.

Ladies' Furnishing.

Mrs Washington King, Mrs McMurray,
 " S Porter, " Poid,
 " McKee, " Shaw,
 " Nelson, " Scarritt,
 " Treadway, " Jacob Hamr,
 " C wender, " Abrams,
 " Rowe, Miss L...
 " Pulsifer, " Ch...opher,
 " Littell, " John Christopher,
 " Maurice, " Anne Mari,
 " Ware, " Pulsifer,
 " Rutter, " Aodie Tuttle,
 Miss Lucy Grenell.

Millinery.

Mrs A S W Goodwin, Mrs A E Newmark,
 Miss Lizzie Constable, Miss Mary A Johnson,
 Mrs E O Stannard, " Kate C Fisk,
 " J Woodburn, " Maggie Pritchard,
 " Dr Barnes, " Lizzie Hawkins,
 " Henry Barnard, " Ann E Harvey,
 " Wm Horton, " Mary J Goodwin,
 " S E Cummings,

New Bedford.

Mr T P Allen, Mrs Hathaway.

New York.

E G Pratt, Capt F J Dean.

Post Office.

Capt J K Arnold, Miss S Benton,
 Maj P S Bond, " E B Blaine,
 Col N Cole, " E Bridge,
 Lieut W T Clarke, " C Copp,
 R Chauvenet, " P Cozzens,
 G Cutter, " P Cozzens,
 J P Collier, " F Chapman,
 Col J V Dubois, " H Eaton,
 Capt J P Drouillard, " M J Filley,
 " F Eno, " K C Fisk,
 " R S Elliott, " M J Goodwin,
 C Ellis, " A Godfrey,
 T L Elliot, " A Hgt,
 H W Elliot, " C S King,
 A Fleming, " M Kauffman,
 Maj O D Greene, " H Jones,
 A Godfrey, " L B Irwin,
 Lieut W S Halleck, " M Mack,
 " J J Hunt, " C Post,
 Capt G A Holloway, " A Partridge,
 John H King, " L Ridgway,
 A Meier, " C Ridgway,
 Maj W S Pope, " C S Rawson,
 H M Post, " K Slawson,
 A Schuenberg, " K Swerney,
 Capt R S L T Thoms, " C Skeele,
 A B Thomson, " J Stagk,
 G W Ware, " E Schutz,
 H R Whitmore, " L Schirmer,
 J S Waters, " M Treat,
 " E Tittman,
 " H E Wells,

Private Schools.

Edward Wyman, M Plate,
 L L Bonham, Mrs E W Clark,
 C S Pennell, Mrs M J Cranz,
 Wm Chauvenet, " A S U Bailey,
 L L Tafel, " M E Brooks,
 W C Wilcox, Mrs. L Boggs,
 P Pales, Miss C A Settle.

Police.

Wm Patrick, Hon. John How,
 John Brigham, Mayor J S Thomas
 Major Cozzens.

Public Schools.

Horace H Morgan, Mrs A L Harrington,
 Ira Duvoll, Miss Hannah B Stark,
 James A Martling, " Kate Wilson,
 Carlos W Mills, " Lizzie J Rountree,
 Wm T Harris, " Lizzie S Childs,
 Mrs C S Greeley, " Sarah A Clark,
 Miss Anna C Brackett,

Refreshments.

Mrs Alfred Clapp, Mrs J Boldeman,
 " Wm A Dean, " Van Noyes,
 Miss H A Adams, " B Dougherty,
 Mrs Robert Eagle, " Yagel,
 " S B Kellogg, " Hodge,

Mrs Geo K Budd,
" S Ridgely,
" G W Hathaway,
" Otis West,
" S Wells,
" Wm Patrick,
" Wm Clark,
" J N Davis,
" M Bramble,
" A F Shapleigh,
" R Scarritt,
" M Collins,
" Wm A Doan,
" C C Drake,
Miss Bell,
Mrs Coleman,
" S L Prameo,
" J A Smithers,
" Shady,
" Chas H Peck,
" Uilery,
Miss Young,
" Hope,
Mrs Giles,
" Shaw,

Sewing Machines.

Mrs N C Chapman, Ch'm'n, Miss Mary Thomas,
" Geo K Budd, " Mary Magwire,
" Dr E Hale, " Bessie Whittaker,
" Joseph Crawshaw, " Kitty Whittaker,
" Col Bonteen, " Mary B Treat,
" W B Garrett, " Eliza Stoddard,
" Barton Able, " Florence Chapman,
" Josiah Anderson,
R Wheeler, agent Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Co.,
A Sumner, " Wheeler & Wilson " " "
" Dean, " Singer's " " "
J S Short, " Wilcox & Gibbs' " " "
L Broad, " Aiken's Knitting Machine,
Barton Able, Geo Cutter,
Geo A Magwire, J Gilbert Chapman.

Shirts.

Mrs T C Davis, Mrs Fride,
Miss Phoebe Couzins, " Dr Haessler,
Mrs M E Demmick, Miss C Ledergerber,
" J E D Couzins, " Sallie Morrison,
" John How, Mrs M E Demmick,
" H T Durrab, " Geo W Curtis,
" Dr McMurrey, " Fletcher,
" Wm Pond, Miss V Hinton,
" M Moody, Mrs Michel,
" Chapman, Miss Anna Hora,
" Z Wetzel, " Lizzie Haessler.

Skating Park.

Miss Jennie B Glover, Geo W Ware,
Lyman O Dana.

Stoves, Tinware, Ranges, Gas Fittings, &c.

Jno H Lightner, Fred G Neidringhaus,
G F Filley, A K Farrett,
Jno H Beach, Chas F Whorf,
Dwight Turner, Chas Galacob,
Wm H Couzins, Andrew Geisel,
Benj Horton, J Crawshaw, Jr

Soda.

S Lippincott

Swords.

Henry Folsom, David Folsom,
S B Shaw.

Tobacco and Cigars.

J W Booth, W J Lewis,
D Catlin, C C Mengel,
S Peltz, M S Mopham.

Turnverein.

Hugo Griaum, John Paul,
Max A Krug, Gust Schurtz.

Wines and Liquors.

(No report)

Donations to the White Lead, Oil, Color and Varnish Department of the M. V. S. Fair.

Collier White Lead and Oil Co., Thos. Richeson, President, goods sold for.....	\$500 00
O'Fallon White Lead and Oil Co., G. W. Banker, President, goods sold for.....	500 00
Banker & Carpenter, Boston, goods sold for...	500 00
Hall, Bradley & Co., New York, goods sold for...	320 00
St. Louis Shot Tower Co., G. W. Chadbourne, President, cash.....	250 00
George P. Whitelaw, cash.....	250 00
Holland & Freeman, Carbon Oil, sold for.....	202 20
J. R. Finlay, Carbon Oil, &c., sold for.....	201 15
E. S. Wheaton, Carbon Oil, sold for.....	46 40
Valentine & Co., Boston, goods sold for.....	126 56
Baineman & Negbauer, New York, goods sold for	50 00
T. Parrott & Son, Dayton, Ohio, goods sold for..	34 00
Queen City Varnish Co., Cincinnati, received through the Drug Department, goods sold for..	50 25
	\$3,039 56

GEO. W. BANKER, Chairman.
ST. LOUIS, May 30, 1864.

The only smile we have seen on the face of the foreman for two weeks, we saw this morning when we handed him our valedictory! Complimentary. wasn't it?

Inscribed to the St. Louis Sanitary Fair.
THE SHIRT MAKERS' SONG.

Sharp as our needles, the bayonets bright,
Borne by the soldiers who charge for the
right;
Quick as our needles those bayonets keen,
They gleam—and the foemen are no more
seen;
Falling back, they scatter, and quit the field,
To the power of manhood and truth they
yield;
A few more fights—and the work is done,
And the severed chain more firmly one.
We think, as the glittering needles speed,
Of the brave who are serving their country's
need;
By their camp fires reminders of firesides they
see—
While the fighters they—be the workers we!
Straight as our needles, the barrels blue,
Of the rifles and carbines, sound and true;
Well ordered and strong as our stitches, the
bands,
That march to recover our stolen lands,
Till again the Flag of the Union wave
O'er the hallowed ground of the ancient
brave,
Till Carolina is free from shame,
And Virginia remembers her noblest name.
We think, &c.

Bright as our needles, what eyes will beam,
And dance, over "band and gusset and seam!"
Bright with the thoughts of home, and mother,
Bright as the vision of sister to brother,
Bright as the dream of "weans and wife"
To the soldier asleep on the field of strife;
Bright as the tear that a manly heart
Giveth leave from the home turned eye to
start.
We think, as the glittering needles speed,
Of the brave who are serving their country's
need;
By their camp fires reminders of firesides they
see—
While the fighters they—be the workers we
T. P. RODMAN.
Tunton, Massachusetts.

THE "BANNER REGIMENT."

All who visited the Fair during the first two weeks will testify to the faithfulness and industry of the colored soldiers about the Fair Building—68th U. S. Infantry, A. D. For several weeks past they have worked earnestly in every capacity where hard work and drudgery was to be done, and have received from the Executive Committee a moderate compensation for their services. The money thus received, together with a very considerable addition taken from their scanty monthly pay, has been donated to the Fair. The following letter with accompanying check was received yesterday:
HEADQUARTERS 68TH U. S. I. C., }
BENTON BARRACKS, Mo., May 30, 1864. }
Brigadier General Wm. A. Pile: I have the honor to forward to you twelve hundred and sixty dollars and seventy-five cents, for the Freedmen's Department of the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair, it being the contribu-

tion of the 68th United States Infantry (colored.) for that object, and would here say that the men have received but one payment since being in the service, which amounted to but *eight dollars* to a man, averaging the number paid. One hundred are absent sick, and one hundred have received no pay, thus leaving but seven hundred contributors.

I have the honor to be your ob't servant,
J. H. D. CLENDENING,
Lieutenant Colonel Commanding.

Brigadier General Pile forwarded the above letter, with the amount, to the Treasurer, with the following endorsement:

"This communication, with accompanying donation, is respectfully forwarded to the Treasurer of the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair. Colonel Clendening, and all the officers of this regiment, have been earnest and active in laboring for the Fair. Under the circumstances, I think they are the banner regiment, as to contributions to the Fair.

WM. A. PILE,
Brigadier General.

The General says if he gets the Smizer Farm, he shall prefix his own name to it, and call it "The general desolate home for depraved soldiers." He is incorrigible.

LAZINESS.

I lay in my hammock under the tree,
Swinging lazily two and fro,
And the great blue fly and the honeyed bee,
Singing a song of sleep to me,
Over my head would come and go,
Dreamily, dreamily.

A little way off, from tree to tree
A silvery thread—a spider had spun it—
Rose and fell in the warm sunshine,
And I sleepily watched its waving line,
But when a bird broke it, first knew I had
done it,
Dreamily, dreamily.

I felt the warm light melting into my blood,
Felt it quickening the trees around,
The grass drank the sunshine through holes
in the shade,
And made itself golden in each little blade,
As I lay swinging 'twixt sky and ground,
Dreamily, dreamily.

From the hay-fields came faintly the sharpening of scythes,
Faintly the fall of a far-off stream;
Faintly the rustle of wind through the corn,
I think there were children at play on the
lawn,
For a sound like a laugh floated into my dream,
Dreamily, dreamily.

L. B. Holland. E. P. Freeman.

LACLEDE OIL WORKS.
HOLLAND & FREEMAN,
Manufacturers of
Illuminating and Lubricating
CARBON OILS,
BENZOLE, AXLE GREASE, &c., &c.
Office, 35 Olive st., bet. Second and Third sts.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Orders solicited and promptly filled. Visitors will please call and look at our samples in the Dag Spring apartment of this building.

**WAR CLAIMS
Adjusted and Collected.**

OFFICE REMOVED TO

No. 63 Washington Avenue,

Two doors east of the Quartermaster's Department.

JOHN P. CAMP

Will give his attention to the adjustment and collection of Vouchers and other claims against the United States Government in all its Departments.

Accounts and bills against the Government made out in proper form, and Vouchers therefor obtained and the amounts collected.

Merchants having vouchers for small amounts, can save themselves time and trouble by placing them in his hands for collection.

REFERENCES:

Hon. D. Davis, Bloomington, Ill.; Hon. Joseph Holt, Washington, D. C.; Hon. H. Campbell, St. Louis, Mo.; Samuel T. Glover, St. Louis, Mo.; J. R. Shepley, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.; late Commissioners and Counsellors on War Claims for the Department of the West

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE finest and best assortment of custom made BOOTS AND SHOES in this city, may be found at SAMUEL HALE'S, 35 North Fourth st., opposite Planters' House.

O'FALLON

White Lead and Oil Company, Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

LINSEED OIL, CASTOR OIL,

WHITE LEAD, ZINC PAINTS,

Colors, Varnishes, Japan, Putty, &c., &c.

Store, 108 Second street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Cash paid for Flaxseed and Castor Beans.

GEO. W. BANKER, President.
FRANCIS BROWN, Treasurer.
CHAS. C. FULLER, Secretary.

D. A. BIGGERS,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCER,

No. 110 Market street, between Fourth and Fifth,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Goods sent to any part of the city free of charge.

COAL OIL LAMPS, COAL OIL,

AND

GAS FIXTURES,

BRONZES, FRENCH CLOCKS, &c.

J. CRAWSHAW & SON,

HAVE just received and are now opening the largest and best stock of

Lamps and Gas Fixtures,

Ever seen in the United States, which they offer low,

For Cash Only.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

No. 78 North Fifth street,

ST. LOUIS.

A. S. W. Goodwin. Rob't Anderson. Peter Bohr,

GOODWIN, ANDERSON & CO.,

Manufacturers of

LARD OIL, SOAP AND CANDLES,

FANCY AND TOILET SOAPS,

No. 10 Pine street, between Main and Second.

Factory--Poplar, South end of Adolph st.,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

What is Life Insurance?

IT is, by its adoption or neglect, a FORTUNE gained or lost to a family at a man's death.

The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.

Has paid to heirs of deceased members over

\$3,200,000.

And its accumulation now exceeds

\$5,500,000.

EDWIN FOWLER, State Agent,
No. 34 Olive street.

A. Johnson. F. O. Sawyer.

JOHNSON & SAWYER,

Wholesale Dealers in

Book, News & Wrapping Paper,

N. E. corner Second and Locust streets.

ST. LOUIS.

Papers of any size and weight made to order.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,

Stereoscopes & Pictures,

Craig's Microscopes, Games & Stationery,

At No. 9 South Fifth street.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOSITORY.

J. W. McINTYRE.

WESTERN AGRICULTURAL DEPOT AND SEED STORE.

Blunden, Koenig & Co.,

No. 56 North Second street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

A FULL assortment of Farm Implements and Farm and Garden Seeds constantly on hand.

Outley's Palace of Art,

No. 39 Fourth street, opposite the Planters' House.

J. J. OUTLEY, the oldest established Artist in St. Louis, offers his services to all persons desiring a perfect picture of any kind, from the smallest locket to life size. Unusual inducements are offered to those wishing portraits of themselves or of deceased friends, requiring only a small picture of them, no matter how faded, from which to paint a perfect likeness. Call at the rooms and examine the portraits on exhibition.

M. S. HOLMES,

NO. 28 NORTH SECOND STREET,

Dealer in every description of

PAPER, BY THE REAM OR CASE.

100 ton of Rags wanted for cash.

THE CONNECTICUT

**Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF HARTFORD.**

ACCUMULATED Capital, over \$6,000,000. Number of Policies issued in 1863, 5,655! Fifty per cent dividends declared annually. One-half of premiums received in notes, which notes are cancelled by dividends.
HENRY STAGG, Agent,
No. 40 Third street, corner Pine.

**Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK.**

FRED'K S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

Accumulated cash Assets, 1st Feb., 1864, \$10,300,000.

THE safest and strongest Life Insurance Company in the United States. SAM'L COPP, Jr., Agent,
N. W. corner Main and Second sts.

KING, DOAN & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

No. 105 Main Street,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

AUCTIONS.

BY J. H. OSGOOD & SON,

147 Congress street, Boston.

REGULAR Catalogue sales of Dry Goods Tuesdays and Fridays. Received in Public Warehouse on storage Wool Cotton and Merchandise generally, for which Legal Bond Warehouse receipts will be given by J. H. OSGOOD Public Warehouseman.
Liberal cash advances made on consignments.

The Best is the Cheapest.

G. W. CURTISS & CO.,

No. 7 South Fifth street,

KEEP the best Coal Oil and Lamps, the best crystal Kint Chimneys, Globes, Wicks, &c. Agents for Fisk's Cooking Lamp, for family use. Gives entire satisfaction. No family should be without one. All kinds Coal Oil and Lamp goods sold wholesale and retail.

LEWIS & GROSHON,

58 North Fourth street,

KEEP the latest styles of Gentlemen's Dress Hats, K Felt Hats of every description for Men and Boys; Cloth Hats, Military Hats, Straw Hats, Cloth Caps, Fancy Caps for Children, elegantly trimmed; Leghorn and Straw Hats for Ladies, Misses and Children; Traveling Bags, Umbrellas, &c., and Fans in their season.

WILLIAM H. GRAY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,

Nos. 75 & 77 South Second street, opposite Pacific Railroad Depot.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY,

108 Main street, 108

Direct Importer and Dealer in

CHINA, GLASS & QUEENSWARE,

HAS, according to returns made by all the Queensware Dealers, the largest stock in the city.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath by all the Queensware Dealers, more stock than any two houses on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Has, according to returns made under oath as above, over two hundred per cent. more stock than any Queensware house on Main street.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Keeps a full assortment of staple and fancy China-Glass, Queensware, Coal Oil Lamps, Looking Glasses, Britannia Ware, Silver Plated Ware, Trays, Wafers, Table Cutlery, Water Coolers, Fruit Jars, Toiletware, etc.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Is the only direct importer in the city of L. & Co. Elliotts & Sons' White Glass and Plate Ware, and Decorated Vases and Toilet Ware, which received the first prize medals at the World's Fair in London, Paris and New York a variety of which they have liberally lent to the M. V. S. Fair.

CHAUNCEY I. FILLEY

Will receive orders for Queensware direct from manufacturers.

D. A. Winter. H. Wicke.
D. A. WINTER & CO.,
CLOCK & WATCHMAKERS,
 And Jewelry Manufactory,
 No. 204 Franklin avenue, bet. Eleventh and Twelfth sts.,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.
 Repairing warranted and accurately executed.

GROVER & BAKER
SEWING MACHINE CO.
 SALES ROOMS,
 No. 124 North Fourth street,
 (Verandah Row.)
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

HAFKEMEYER & FINNEY,
 113 N. FOURTH ST., COR. VINE,
 ST. LOUIS.

Carpets,
 Oil Cloths,
 Window Shades,
 Hearth Rugs,
 Straw Matting,
 &c., &c., &c.

A. SUMNER,
 AGENT FOR
WHEELER & WILSON'S



SEWING MACHINES,
 No. 50 North Fifth street
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

UNION LINE.
Union Transportation & Insurance Co.
 FAST FREIGHT LINE EAST AND WEST VIA
THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
TIME AND RATES GUARANTEED.
 N. STEVENS, Agent.
 No. 49 Olive street ST. LOUIS.

HOWE & CAPEN'S North Missouri Railroad.
 NEW YORK FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE AGENCY.

BEHOLD THE LIST:
Columbia Fire Insurance Co.
 OF NEW YORK.
 Office—No. 161 Broadway.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$68,493; Assets, \$168,493.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Vessels in port and their Cargoes, and other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire. The insured receive 75 per cent. of net profits without incurring any liability.
 TIMOTHY G. CHURCHILL, Pres't.
 EDWARD KEMEYS, Sec.

Home Insurance Company,
 OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, \$70,396 12; Assets, \$570,396 12.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise, Household Furniture, Rents, Leases, and other insurable property, against loss or damage by fire. Dealers receive 75 per cent. of net profits, on Dwellings and Merchandise risks.
 CHAS WILSON, Sec. D. R. SATTERLEE, Pres't.
 SAM'L L. TALCOTT, Gen'l Ag't and Adjuster.

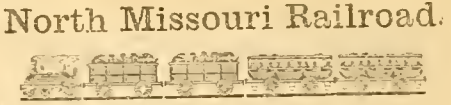
Lamar Fire Insurance Company
 OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
 Capital, all paid up in cash, \$300,000; Surplus, January 1, 1864, \$89,375 27; Assets, \$389,375 27.
 ISAAC R. ST. JOHN, Sec. EDW'D ANTHONY, Pres't.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
Metropolitan Insurance Comp'y,
 105 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$300,000; Assets, Jan. 1, 1864, \$612,541 85. Scrip dividend declared Jan. 12, 1864, 35 per cent.
 THIS Company insures, at customary rates of premium, against loss or damage by fire; also, against all marine and land navigation, and war risks on cargo or freight. The assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits, without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.
 JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, Pres't.
 ROBT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice Pres't.
 EDW'D A. STANSBURY, 2d Vice Pres't.
 JOHN C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.
 WESTERN BASCOM, General Agent.

STOCK COMPANY—INCORPORATED 1821.
Manhattan Fire Insurance Co.,
 NEW YORK.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, March 1, 1864, \$272,916 33; Assets, \$772,916 33.
 WM. PITT PALMER, President.
 ANDREW J. SMITH, Secretary.
 INSURES Buildings, Merchandise and other property, against loss or damage by fire, at rates as low as other first class companies. Particular attention given to the insurance of Farm property, isolated Dwellings and their Furniture, for one, three or five years. Losses adjusted and promptly paid in cash at this Agency.

Phoenix Insurance Company,
 BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 Offices—No. 1 Court street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; No. 139 Broadway, New York.
 Cash Capital, \$500,000; Surplus, March 1, 1864, \$222,219 20; Assets, \$722,219 20.
 INSURANCE against loss by fire, Marine, Lake, Canal and Inland transportation.
 STEPHEN CROWELL, President.
 EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice Pres't.
 PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.
Washington Insurance Comp'y,
 172 Broadway, (cor. Maiden Lane,) N. Y.
 Cash Capital, \$400,000; Assets, Feb. 1, 1864 \$582,000. Scrip dividend, 1861, 60 per cent.; Scrip dividend, 1862, 60 per cent.; Scrip dividend, 1863, 60 per cent.
 THE Policies entitled to participate, receive 75 per cent. of net profits. Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Rents, Leases, against loss or damage by fire, and marine risks on lakes, rivers and canals.
 360 C. SATTERLEE, President.
 HENRY WESTON, Vice President.
 WM. K. LOTHROP, Secretary.
 WM. A. SCOTT, Ass't Sec'y.



In connection with Hannibal and St. Jo. Railroad. The Shortest and Quickest Route to
 QUINCY, KEOKUK,
 ST. JOSEPH,
 ATCHISON,
 WESTON,
 LEAVENWORTH,
 KANSAS CITY,
 COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA,
 NEBRASKA CITY,
 QUINCY AND HANNIBAL.

Certain and Close Connections
 Are made with the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad, Chicago, Burlington and Iowa Railroad, and all the Railroads of Iowa.
 On and after Sunday, November 15th, 1863,
 St. Joseph Express leaves St. Louis at.....1:15 A. M.
 Mail and Accommodation Train at.....3:30 P. M.
Fare as Low as by any other Route.
 Commodious Passenger Rooms have been fitted up at the Depot, corner of North Market street and Levee, with every arrangement for the comfort of passengers.

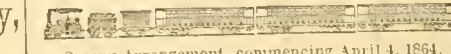
TICKETS FOR SALE AT
No. 40 Under Planters' House,
 AND
FOOT OF NORTH MARKET STREET,
 Where reliable information can be obtained relative to routes in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska.
 Be certain that your ticket reads: "Via North Missouri Railroad."
 J. H. STURGEON, Superintendent.
 J. H. CONCANNON, General Ticket Agent.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.



On and after Monday, December 7th, 1863, trains will leave St. Louis, as follows:
 Mail Train—Daily at 8:20 A. M., stopping at all stations and running through to Knobnoster, (208 miles.)
 Franklin Accommodation—Daily except Sunday, at 5:00 P. M.
 Stages—Leave Dresden for Warrensburg, Lexington, Pleasant Hill, Independence and Kansas City, daily on arrival of train. Leave Sedalia for Springfield, Bolivar and Warsaw, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings on arrival of train; Leave Tipton every evening for Booneville.
 Passengers taking the 8:20 A. M. train from St. Louis, connect at Franklin with train daily for Rolla and intermediate stations. Stages leave Rolla every morning for Springfield.
 Through tickets may be obtained at the Passenger Depot, corner of Seventh and Poplar streets, or at the Company's Through Ticket Office, No. 42 Fourth street, under the Planters' House. T. McKISSOCK, Sup't.
 E. W. WALLACE, General Ticket Agent.

St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad.




Spring Arrangement, commencing April 4, 1864.
 PASSENGER Trains will leave Plum street Depot, daily, as follows:
 For Pilot Knob, Potosi, and all stations, at.....6:15 A. M.
 For Desoto at.....6:15 A. M. and 4 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Pilot Knob at.....3:00 P. M.
 Potosi at.....3:50 P. M.
 Desoto at.....6:00 A. M. and 5:35 P. M.

Carondelet Accommodation Trains.
 For Carondelet at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M.; 2:00, 4:00, 6:25, 7:30, 9:00 and 11:30 P. M.
 For Docks at 6:15, 7:10, 8:40, 10:00, 11:30, A. M., 2:00 and 4:00 P. M.
 For Jefferson Barracks and Quarantine at 6:15, 11:30 A. M., and 4:00 P. M.
 Returning—Will leave
 Quarantine at 7:30 A. M.; 1:00 and 7:50 P. M.
 Jefferson Barracks at 7:40 A. M.; 1:05 and 7:55 P. M.
 Docks at 7:54, 9:15, 10:33, A. M.; 1:17, 3:07, 5:45 P. M.
 Carondelet at 5:30, 6:20, 8:00, 9:20, 10:40, A. M.; 1:20, 3:10, 6:48, 7:00, 8:10, 10:15 P. M.
 S. D. BARLOW, Pres't & Sup't.
 ISIDOR BUSH, General Agent.

J & A. GARDINER,
WATCHMAKERS.
 And Importers of
Watches, Jewelry, Silverware,
 AND FANCY GOODS
 No. 93 Fifth street

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DR. ISAAH FORBES,
DENTIST,
 HAS removed from his old stand, to
 No. 85 Olive, (one square further
 West,) three doors west of Fifth street.



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Equitable Life Assurance Society
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S. A. RANLETT, Special Agent.
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BALDWIN & DODD,
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 BONNETS, MILLINERY GOODS, &c.,
 98 Main st., corner of Locust,
 ST. LOUIS, MO.

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WHERE may be found all kinds of refined and clarified Sugars, in barrels, half barrels, sacks or hogsheads. Also, Golden Syrups, Syrup Molasses and Sugarhouse Molasses in barrels, half barrels and kegs, and in quantities to suit, from twenty-five barrels and upwards, at the card price when delivered. A box for orders will be found on the Northwest corner Second and Olive streets. Cash on delivery. No charge for packages or drayage. **GEORGE PARTRIDGE, President.**
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Composed of the following splendid Steamers, one of
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The Daily Countersign.

PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR.

"POSSUNT QUIA POSSE VIDENTUR."

No. 13.

St. Louis, June 4, 1864.

Price 10 Cents.

The Daily Countersign.

MANAGERS, { MRS. E. W. CLARK,
 { MRS. S. A. RANLETT.
EDITOR, ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Saturday, June 4, 1864.

THE FAIR.

Reduced Rates of Admission, on and after Friday Morning, May 20th.

ADMISSION.....50 cts.
CHILDREN.....Half Price.

Doors open from 6 P. M. to 11 P. M. Exhibition and sales close promptly at 11 o'clock, P. M.

MAJ. GEN. ROSECRANS, President.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE
OF THE MISS. VAL. SAN. FAIR.
FAIR BUILDING,
ST. LOUIS, May 19, 1864.

To the Cashiers of the

Several Departments:

The "Central Finance Committee" have in the Building a *Fire and Burglar Proof Safe*, and are prepared to receive your deposits of money daily, at any hour of the day up to ten (10) o'clock, P. M. S. W. ELY, Esq., Assistant Secretary, will receipt for the same, and your Department will be duly credited.

Very respectfully,

Your obt' servant,

E. W. FOX,

Chairman Cen. Fin. Com.

M. J. LIPPMAN, Sec'y.

The Finance Committee have their Head Quarters near the Floral Department.

APOLOGETIC.

"Yet once more O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and
crude."

How very appropriate, all but the laurels! We thought we had stopped, but we hadn't, much to our wonderment. The printers thought we had stopped, but we hadn't, much to their sorrow. The public thought we had stopped, but we hadn't, probably (?) much to their delight. The fact is a singular one, and shows how much vitality there was in our paper. It was not to be kept down. It would reassert its existence, even though by a last convulsive effort, which this is. It was like a restless ghost—it would not be laid.

The Fair still goes on and we go on, while the goals go off. It was of no use to close the

doors against the expectant multitude. How much longer it will last, let no one venture to predict. We never knew of but one Fair that did not come to an end, but the fact is, this is the one. The silver bricks have arrived, and are daily looked at with wondering eyes. Raffles are on the increase. The New England kitchen still holds its own, and feeds its visitors with strawberry shortcake. One arrangement, however, shows some little confusion in that department. The refrigerator stands in the fire-place. That strikes us as rather peculiar, but we are not sure but that Grandma Brown is right about it, and we are wrong, and that it is the general custom. In fact we don't feel sure about anything.

The Boot and Shoe Department has closed up, but Mr. Fiske says boots and shoes are always "closed up," so that is nothing remarkable after all. Yes, we are sure of one thing, and that is that when the compositor on our last edition set up the Committee on Hardware, (who, by the way, don't need any setting up,) he stopped to eat his dinner in the middle thereof, and thereby made a very peculiar arrangement of the names, throwing in the Iron and Steel gratuitously into the middle, and then beginning again as innocently as if he had never seen the word "Hardware" before.

And this brings us to our subject, which is that of committees, though perhaps we have not made it apparent. In spite of all efforts, errors were made in our lists, and by some unaccountable vagary, one or two committees were not noticed at all. Now our motto is, "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall," and they did come pretty near falling on our devoted head last Tuesday evening in consequence of the omission, so we thought the time had surely come to have justice done; accordingly we called in our pickets, rallied our exhausted forces, and lead them in person once more most gallantly to the *Fair-ful* field. We give you once more the Countersign for fear you should forget it. We publish once more the lists of committees. We don't expect it is right. We should be sorry to find it was, for we should suppose the earth was surely going to stop revolving if so wonderful a thing should happen.

Sir Walter Scott says in the preface to one of his novels that if the reader finds anything in the book which seems to him stupid, he may be sure it was intended to be so. So we say, whatever errors you find to-day, you may be sure they are just what were intended by the Committee of Arrangements.

The Committee will excuse us. An experienced editor told us some time ago that our

paper would be "flat, stale and unprofitable," if we did not "pitch into" somebody, so we thought we would begin now.

We have cut off our advertisements for this extra. We give you some literary matter, but more notices of the Fair. We give you also some wit, most of it home-made. We beg your pardon for detaining you so long, and hope our apology will be considered sufficient to excuse us for again intruding ourselves on your notice. We promise "never to do so any more." And now it is "our royal pleasure" to stop.

MAY SONG

FROM THE GERMAN, BY HÖLTZ.

Now, in festal, bridal hours.

Lovely Nature smiles, a queen,
Fanned by zephyrs, waving flowers,
Red and yellow, deck the green.

All the boughs with music shaking,
Choirs of warblers welcome May;
Ocean's chilly deep forsaking,
In the sunshine fishes play.

In the garden-lake reposes
Heavenly blue, 'mid green and gold;
White as lilies, red as roses,

Trees their blossoms there behold,
Through the blossoms, o'er the flowers,
Up the hill and down the dell,
Hums the bee, the sunny hours,
Gathering nectar for his cell.

Round the lips of shepherd lasses
Smiles of love, like roses, play;
Shepherdess with shepherd passes
All the golden hours of day.
There they sit and watch the glistening
Of the cascade in the vale,
To the pebbly music listening,
And the liquid nightingale.

Whispering dusk reveals and covers
Chat, and kiss, and tender talk.
Where, by hill and dale, the lovers
Through the beechen labyrinth walk.
Evening winds are wafting, shaking
Kisses down from every bough;
Giving kisses—kisses taking
Is the world's employment now.

C. T. B.

DONATIONS STILL COMING.

The citizens of Ironton, Pilot Knob and Arcadia have added still further to their generous acts by sending last evening \$756 00 to the Fair.

[For the Countersign.]

TO THE OLDER CLASSES,
IN THE
Schools of St. Louis, Mo.

QUINCY, MASS., May 17th, 1864.

My Young Friends: While you and your friends are now engaged in working and giving for those who are wounded in defence of their country—for the freedmen, too, those who, through much tribulation, are now to be admitted to the privilege of working for themselves—the sympathy and respect of all true and just men is with you. We honor and reverence you. Our hearts bid you God-speed. Your Fair is for the two noblest purposes that mortals are allowed to work for. With one hand to relieve and nourish those who for their country suffer and die, while with the other you “bid the oppressed go free,” it is indeed a God-like act.

“This mercy is above all sceptred sway;
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest
God’s.”

The people of the United States now stand before the world as liberators. Where I write, in the distance rises Bunker Hill’s Monument, with its cloud-capped shaft. Around me are the speaking mural marbles of those who in patriotism dared all for their country’s good, and that of their fellow-man. So that your present occupation, the times we live in, the scenes around me, the hourly telegraphic despatches from Grant’s battle-fields, with their jubilant yet solemn voices, crowd my mind and thoughts.

These all, while they urge me to write, yet hold me in awe, spell-bound. Yet remembering my promise to you, I begin. St. Louis is the seat of the earliest of our Western settlements, so Quincy, Mass., is, beside Plymouth, among the earliest among the Eastern. Here, in 1625, but five years after the first foot pressed the rock of Massachusetts, commenced the settlements of the place. Every place has its heroes or great men: but Quincy may well claim to have furnished its full quota to the favored names of our common country. Among the works of men, as of men themselves, this town has been foremost. Here were the first iron works, the first glass works, the first railroad of the country. Here was built the largest ship (at that period) in the States.

Now let us take a position here upon this high land, midway between the granite quarries and the seashore. See, yonder at the base of the hill the ruins of a cellar. Well, in the house was born John Hancock, President of the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, afterwards a delegate to, and President of the National Congress that adopted and promulgated the Declaration of Independence. He was its first and boldest signer. He it was who, when Washington was advising the Legislature of Massachusetts upon the expediency of bombarding Boston in order to dislodge the British army entrenched therein, who advised and urged it to be done at once if it would benefit the public cause, although nearly

all his great wealth was in buildings there. He also was honored by being one of the two whom the King of England would not forgive in his offers of amnesty and pardon.

Yonder, with its old-fashioned roof, is the house where was born John Adams, the orator of the Revolution. He whose voice was always, as it was the first, to support and advocate the Declaration, Vice President under Washington, and second President of the U. S. A. (See his memoir and works, recently published by his grandson.) If we enter this granite temple at the foot of the hill, we shall find his monument, surmounted by his bust, elegantly filling the space upon one side of the pulpit. The other side is appropriated to a similar monument of John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the Republic. He died, as you know, at Washington, in the hall of the representatives of the nation. The more fitting place, as he had been in her service from early life.

In the burial place directly in front of the church you will find the tomb of Josiah Quincy, Jr., the patriot of the Revolution—a name still borne and honored among us, in our councils, in our colleges, in our armies.

Here around us, as all over the land are the mementoes of more whom

The applause of listening Senates to command,

The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
To scatter plenty o’er a smiling land,

And read their history in a nation’s eyes,
Their lot forbade.

In writing of men like Hancock, the Adams, the Quineys, one must be arbitrarily brief, or else go into volumes. Under the present circumstances I must choose the former, although the matter does so crowd upon me as to make me somewhat incoherent in form.

Allow me to thank you for the privilege of our correspondence, and to indulge in the hope that I may sometime look into your eyes.

In the meantime I must be permitted to congratulate you and all true lovers of the Union upon the present success of our armies and the auspicious opening of this year’s campaign. With the ardent hope it is the last of the war, and a successful one, as of course no other than that can be the last, I am truly your friend,
B.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the Illinois shore

Voices are whispering, “Come!”
Labor and care, be still!

That is the word from home.
Hark! how it whispereth, low evermore,
From the Illinois shore.

Up over the Illinois shore,
See, how the new sun springs!
Comfort and blessing he bears
In the flash of his radiant wings;
For he lighted the friends I love, before
The Illinois shore.

Over the Illinois shore,
Bloweth the east-wind free;

Ah! but you cannot hear
Half that it bringeth to me.
When it comes freshly, all love-laden o’er,
From the Illinois shore.

Over the Illinois shore.
Steady, and strong, and great,
She holds out her motherly arms—
God bless her! the old Bay State;
Steady and strong, as in days of yore.
Over the Illinois shore.

Oh! beautiful Illinois shore!
Beckoning me all the day long;
Out of my heart-echoes, take it,
This simple little song.
Yes, I am coming; Oh! welcome me o’er,
Dear Illinois shore!

A. E.

CEDARCROFT, KENNETT SQUARE, PENN.,
May 30, 1864.

Dear Madam: I am really ashamed of myself for having so long neglected to acknowledge your letter—so long that I fear even this unsatisfactory reply will not make good my shortcoming. But the fact is, there are a dozen similar applications upon my table, and I am distracted between the desire of complying with all of them, and the great difficulty of finding the requisite time and material. Having an important literary task on hand, it requires an especial effort to detach the natural concentration of my thoughts from their object, and take up other themes with any chance of satisfying myself. I have never been able to write *on demand*, even where, as in the present case, I should be heartily glad if it were possible. But you will readily understand that one’s moral and mental faculties have their own separate laws, and that each is governed by its own distinct and peculiar conscience.

I have been writing for various Sanitary Fairs since last October, and am completely drained of photographs, and such original fragments as I happened to have. I have searched my papers in vain for something worth sending, and my mind, pre-occupied as it is, is stubborn to suggest something which would be appropriate to your paper.

I have forwarded an autograph poem to Mr. Cist, which will at least represent me at your Fair, and am sincerely sorry that I cannot do more. Your letter, being sent to New York, was not immediately forwarded to me, and thus happened to arrive in the midst of a press of private business, which, for two or three weeks, absorbed all my time.

I am very glad to see by the papers that your Fair has opened under such good auspices of success. I know the West, and recognize that it holds the chief promise of our future strength and stability as a nation. I know what its loyal men and women are, and what they have done during these three years of trial; and I should like to have been able to say this in a form which my literary conscience would have approved. But the subtle spirits will not always come from the vasty deep, no matter how loudly you call.

THE DAILY COUNTERSIGN.

I send you a manuscript page of Thackeray's lecture on "Charity and Humor," as an additional contribution, which, I hope, will more than compensate for my own failure. Thackeray wrote two distinct kinds of hand, and this page gives both—the MS. in his rapid, careless style, and the corrections in his more compact and elegant chirography.

With my best wishes for the success of the *Countersign*, I remain,

Very truly yours,
BAYARD TAYLOR.

IN BEHALF OF THE LADIES OF THE N. E. KITCHEN.

We desire to return thanks for mercies received. This comes greeting society in general, and every one in particular, who has donated money and food to our N. E. Kitchen, all along back from the 1st of May, and our article must necessarily be long. It has been impossible for us to acknowledge all the kindnesses and cakes sent to us. We could not, in the haste of our immense business, remember where they all came from; for, after they once began to arrive, the old proverb verified itself, "it never rained but it poured."

Everybody's "apple crop" must have been good the last year, for during two days every other box or bag contained dried apples. I have sent quantities to the soldiers, and shall see that our surplus stores reach those for whom they are intended. We acknowledge sacks and bottles of wine wrapped in the apples for safety; also, beans, pork and potatoes, which thousands of our friends can testify are the very best they ever ate; "splendid" flour, "beautiful" cornmeal, "elegant" preserves, lots of everything, and eggs. We shall have a very large bill to pay out of our receipts, for we have done an immense amount of cooking, and it must be remembered that we have fed from sixty to eighty men per day, detailed upon duty at the Fair, our white and black soldiers, our daily police, for whom no provision has been made, and for which we receive no compensation. This we have done with delight so long as our provisions lasted. Our labor being for the good of our soldiers, we do not desire any consideration for these meals from our Executive Committee. Several orders have been sent by hungry ticket agents, to charge the meals to the Finance Committee. We deem it unnecessary to note them: the working people must be fed. We, who understand the machinery by which the Fair is sustained, know that if it is not fed and oiled, "the thing" won't run; so, in our wisdom, and upon reflection, we run the risk of giving away too much. While I say this, let it be remembered we have consulted honesty and economy with generosity, from first to last, as all can testify who have served in our department. We would remember our daily donors who have served us with such promptness.

I have had no time to acknowledge individual contributions, and have had several rebukes because I have not provided daily publications. I could not do so, and this is now intended to make up for all apparent deficiencies in gratitude.

Among the many cakes donated were two very handsome ones from Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Brice. Mrs. Ann Smith donated \$50; Mrs. Sweet collected \$17 and much provision.

We are sure that our Committee and friends have worked willingly, without feeling anxious to record their names.

Now, I personally return thanks to all my dear daughters and granddaughters, who have behaved so beautifully and worked as faithfully as bees—the nice things would have been useless without such willing hands to turn them to account.

This is getting to be a very long article, but we must omit no one. Miller & Sons donated all my "elegant chany;" Messrs. O. D. and G. F. Filley, our tins and ironware; basket- and wooden ware from Cupples & Marston; also, from T. Ford, much in his line; also, Warne & Cheever; E. K. Wilson, knives and two-tine forks, which have created such a *furor*; many cords of wood from different sources.

Last, not least, and never to be forgotten, our mammoth stove, the use of which and the time of Stewart's agents, Mr. Hasford, of Chicago, and Mr. Fassett, of St. Louis, have all been donated to us in the most liberal and gentlemanly manner. The capacity of this stove in a given space cannot be surpassed. We have cooked for from five hundred to eight hundred per day, with perfect success, not forgetting the supply of hot water provided by a tank, with pipes; thus leaving the whole surface of the stove for cooking utensils. To these gentlemen we owe our great success in cooking our immense dinners. They will accept our *internal* and *eternal* thanks.

To Mr. Williams we are indebted for an immense fire-place, and Mr. ——— for the quaint style furniture, which has elicited unbounded admiration, and roused reminiscences in the hearts of our visitors—just like my grandfather's! just like my old home! Also an immense oven, about which there were sundry quakings and misgivings, but all of these vanished as this receptacle brought forth beans and peas in numbers untold. So we are bound to give three cheers for Mr. Williams and our efficient housekeeper, who *would have* the oven. The labor has devolved so intensely upon our ladies, that their strength is subsiding, and we have changed our programme, doing the best we can, without curtailing our hospitality. We return our thanks to our Providing Committee—Mr. Hatch, Mr. Fogr, Mr. Thompson, Mr. T. S. Williams; to our Cashier Committee, Mr. Blood; Mr. Hays, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Gannett, Mr. Cuvnier, Strong and George, at the ticket office and tables; to our Working Committee, Mr. Hasford, Mr. Fassett, Mr. Whipple and Mr. Williams. Our colored friends also have donated each some free labor; and desire to have their names recorded: Eliza Butler, Eliza Wedley, Julia Jackson, Henrietta Taylor, Jemima Amory, Mary Lee, Alfred and wife, Isaac and wife, Lafayette Belt, William Clark. We hope we have omitted no one in our enumerations who are entitled to our gratitude. Our Boston friends have not been overlooked, nor the thousand and one located in the West,

who have remembered the New England Kitchen, kept by Grandma Brown.

MRS. GANNETT,
Chairman of New England Kitchen.

CHARADE,

BY A YOUNG LADY AT SCHOOL.

My first, to Eden's blessed hours,
Added another blessing,
When God entrusted those fair bowers,
To man for care, and dressing,
And there while truly seeing Him
Whose love is richest treasure,
Our happy parents, found its name,
Sweet synonyme of pleasure.

But since they left the joys God gave,
For joys of their own choosing;
And angels barred those sacred gates,
All entrance there, refusing;
My first alas! as bitter cause
On all their race reposes,
And now men prune ungrateful thorns,
Instead of Eden's rose.

In ancient castles, formal ground
My second oft surprises;
Cut into form of bird or tower,
Or other mimic guises,
But we prefer that nature should
Her simple laws fulfilling,
In sturdy tree, or border's edge,
Prove her own gracious calling.

And once it chanced, when graceful knight,
At Sovereign's feet was bending
My second with unqueenly force
Upon his head descending,
Drove from the royal presence one
Whose saddest end convinces,
How true are those inspired words,
"Put not your trust in Princes."

My whole, by lady's side is found;
And all the earth seems trying
To centre there, most precious things,
Its varied wants supplying,
For sunny treasures of the south
Clasp northern finest sending;
And gold, or silver fitly formed
Its graceful aid is lending.

The steady bee, with careful toil,
His offering has moulded,
And patient silk-worm's dying robe
For it was smoothly folded,
Huge elephants from torrid plains
Have sent their contribution,
And gift from deepest earth lies near,
To gift from deepest ocean.

Then wonder not to feeble rhymes
My whole gave inspiration
For in this troubled hour it finds
A sacred ministration,
And suffering soldier from his couch
Will bless the skilful using,
Of what to us has simply proved
A quiet hour's amusing.

Officers of the Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair.

Major General W. S. Rosecrans, President.
 Gov. Willard P. Hall, 1st Vice President; ex-Mayor
 Chauncey I. Filley, 2d Vice President; Brig. Gen. Clun-
 ton B. Fisk, 3d Vice President; Mayor Jas. S. Thomas,
 4th Vice President; Brig. Gen. J. W. Davidson, 5th Vice
 President.

Samuel Copp, Jr., Treasurer.
 Major Alfred Mackey, Corresponding Secretary.

Honorary Members.

His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln, President of the
 United States.
 Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Vice President of the United
 States.
 The Honorable the Governors of the several loyal
 States.
 Lieutenant General U. S. Grant, Commanding, &c.

Standing Committee.

(Members of Western Sanitary Commission.)
 James E Yeatman, George Partridge,
 Wm G Elliot, Carlos S Greeley,
 John B Johnson.

Executive Committee.

James E Yeatman, Chair'n. Charles Speck,
 J H Lightner, Wm Mitchell,
 E W Fox, Wm Adriance,
 Samuel Copp, Jr. George E Leighton,
 George D Hall, M L Linton,
 S R Filley, Wm H Benton,
 Charles B Hubbard, Jr. Dwight Durkee,
 James Blackman, Amadee Valle,
 Wm D'Oench, Wyllys King,
 Wm Patrick, George P Plant,
 J C Pierce, Morris Collins,
 Gustavus W Dreyer, J C Cabot,
 H A Homeyer, N C Chapman,
 D R Bonner, John D Perry,
 Adolphus Meier, S H Ladin,
 James Ward.

Executive Committee of Ladies.

Mrs. Chauncey I. Filley, President.
 Miss Anna M. Debenham, Recording Secretary.
 Mrs. Gen. V. P. Van Antwerp, Corresponding Sec'y.
 Miss Phoebe W. Couzens, Corresponding Secretary.
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" George Partridge,	" Dr O'Reilly,
" J E D Couzens,	" S B Kellogg,
" E M Weber,	" A S Dean,
" Truman Woodruff,	" Rombauer,
" Clinton B Fisk,	" Dr Haeussler,
" F A Dick,	" Adolphus Abeles,
" Alfred Clapp,	" F P Blair,
" Dr E Hale,	" Elizabeth W Clarke,
" A S W Goodwin,	" H Dreyer,
" H T Blow,	" John Wolff,
" Amelia Reihl,	" Ulrich Busch,
" N C Chapman,	" John J Hoppe,
" Washington King,	" Wm D'Oench,
" S A Ranlett,	" Adolphus Meier,
" T B Edgar,	" R H Morton,
" C S Greeley,	" E W Fox,
" W T Hazard,	" John C Vogel,
" Chas D Drake,	" R Barth,
" Wm McKee,	" H C Gempp,
" Samuel C Davis,	" O D Filley,
" Gen W S Rosecrans,	" Henry Stagg.

Agricultural Implements and Machinery.

Isaac L Garrison,	Benj Phillibert,
Wm M Plant,	D K Ferguson,
Samuel Gatey,	Wm D Marshall,
Chas. Crownbold,	Theo. Krausch,
O B Filley,	H M Woodward,
	Chas J McCord,

Arms and Trophies.

General Allen C Fuller, Adjutant General of Illinois,
 General N R Baker, Adjutant General of Iowa,
 General Aug Gaylord, Adjutant General of Wisconsin,
 Colonel Oscar Malncros, Adjutant General of Minnesota,
 Colonel Guilford Dudley, Adjutant General of Kansas,
 Colonel F D Callender, Commanding St. Louis Arsenal,
 Col Wm Meyers, Geo A Maguire,
 John Knapp, H E Dumick,
 William McKee, Henry Folsom,
 Theo Olshausen, W A Albright,
 Charles G Ramsey, J W King,
 E H E Jameson, Com Hull,
 J O Broadhead, S B Shaw,
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Bed Linen and Quilts.

Mrs T B Ewfar,	Mrs F Hafkeneyer,
" Jas S Thomas,	" O H Platt,
" H J Moore,	" S M Edgell,

Mr. Robert Holmes,
 " J O Pierce,
 " J B Sickles,
 " J G Copelin,
 " Edward Morrison,
 " Edward P Rice,
 " M W Warne,
 " Samuel W Eager
 " Chauncey Johnson

Mr. J H Fisse,
 " Dr Stevens,
 " H Starkwether,
 " Wm Morrison,
 " Miss Alice Valle,
 " Misses Pulliam,
 " Miss Mary Gale,
 " A S Forbes,
 " Mrs H C Moore,

Books.

H Crittenden,	" J D Leonard,
Richard Ennis,	" G P Strong,
E K Woodward,	" J C Maginnis,
David Keith,	Miss Mary Beedy,
J R Williams,	" Kate Post,
Major C C Bailey,	" Lalla Morean,
H B Graham,	" Lou Woodward,
E C Aiken,	" Lydia M Luney,
M S Holmes,	" Henrietta Capen,
J McInture,	" Mary Frisbee,
Thomas Howard,	" Mary H Fales,
Major Wm S Pope,	" Pula Cozzens,
Mrs W T Hazard,	" Nida Bailey,
" C S Pennell,	Mrs E P Freeman,
" S Rich,	" L Brawner,
" H Cunningham,	Miss Annie M Murray,
" G S Blake,	" S L Goddard,
" P Fales,	" Virginia Brawner,
" Frank Childs,	" Alice Godfrey,
" E O Goodman,	" C E Moore,
" Lida Rich,	

Boots and Shoes.

James Blackman,	D B Thayer,
Hon John How,	C R Stinde,
Wm B Haseltine,	Geo E Ditman,
James P Fiske,	E Krepper,
B Schroeder,	George Caspers,
Wm Downing,	S D Davenport,
S Hale,	Edwin Brown,
H F Breed,	W F Anderson,
M P Hanthorn,	Wm B May,
B Christman,	John E Benn,
Daniel B Clark,	Ferd. Meyer,
John A Allen,	Otto Oeters

Carriages, Harnesses and Saddlery Hardware.

Wesley Fallon,	L Deming,
Lewis Espenschied,	J B Sickles,
Geo L Stansbury,	Jacob Kern,
Henry F Clark,	E A Corbet,
Henry A Hildebrand,	Jo Murphy,
John Kolley,	Ira Stansbury,
T B Edgar,	T Salorgne,
John Young,	James Dougherty,
Casper Gestring,	Nathan Card,
John Cook,	David Chandler,
John Wilson,	E J Sterling,
N T Hanthorn,	J Woodburn,
Casper Klute,	Charles Burger,
Joseph Orndorff,	P J Peters,
Jacob Scher,	Henry Linstroth,
	F Hackman.

Central Finance Committee.

E. W. Fox, Chairman.
 M. J. Lippman, Secretary.
 S. W. Ely, Ass't Secretary and Treasurer.

Hon James S Thomas,	Samuel Copp, Jr.,
S R Filley,	Jno P Camp,
J C Cabot,	P A Ladne,
Samuel McCartney,	C J Richardson,
J Rosenfeld, Jr.,	James Richardson,
Charles Speck,	Truman Woodruff,
James Archer,	Adolphus Bush,
Chas M Elleard,	Morris Collins,
Chas F Meyer,	E O Standard,
Jno H Fisse,	Ed Wider,
E D Jones,	H Creveling,
Wm H Maurice,	Jno J Roe,
Wm M Morrison,	S H Ladin,
Wm A Hagardine,	Aug Benecke,
E C Pike,	Chas Stern,
Theophile Papin,	Major E C Creamer.
Geo W Ford,	

Charitable Institutions.

Mrs Geo Partridge,	Mrs Geo K Budd,
" Barton Able,	" John S Thomson,
" M J Hartnett,	Miss P Delano,
" A Fales,	Mrs N Hauer,
" J O Pierce,	" F F Maltby,
" H S W Geason,	" Lucien Eaton.

Children's Department.

Mrs Saml W Copp,	Mrs R H Stone,
" Dr A S Barnes,	" E W Fox,
" H C Barnard,	" D Catline,
" Ober,	" H Stagg,
Miss Susie Williams,	" Breckenridge,
" Bertie Molloy,	" J C Moody,
" Catharine Sloan,	" Sace,
" Marion Thompson,	" J Massey,
Mrs A S Stoddard,	" Anson Moore,
" Dr McGintie,	" T T Moore,
" Pearse,	Mrs J H Krum.

China and Glass.

Mrs E M Weber,	Miss Julia Christopher,
" Maltby,	" Lizzie Goodwin,
" Brauble,	" Gomee,
" Partridge,	" Lydia McCluney,
Miss Tillie Weber,	" Lizzie McCluney,
" Dora Andrews,	" Lizzie Bames,
" Mollie Ewall,	" Sophie Jacoby,
" Maggie Johnson,	" Kornick,
	Miss Ada Tuttle.

Curiosity Shop.

Samuel W Eager,	Mrs Robert Anderson,
Jonn A Hodgman,	" Wyllys King,
F. A Leonard,	" H B Parsons,
John M Wherry,	" Wm Wightman,
George H Morgan,	" George Partridge,
N Wolfe,	" Dr Shumard,
John Holmes,	Miss Mary Scollay,
H A True,	" Tillie Couzens,
John Sayres,	" Bettie Broadhead,
Adolphus Meier, Jr.,	" Mattie Edwards,
Tilden Richards,	" Howie Thompson,
G D'Ench,	" Lizzie Shapleigh,
D J Cist,	" Helen Budd,
S C Dutro,	" Laura Anderson,
Charles E King,	" Julia Roberts,
C C Bailey,	" Mary Johnson,
E T Merrick,	" Belle Holmes,
G True,	" Chamberlaine,
H P Wyman,	" Eliza Humphrey,
T D Heed,	" Ellen Filley,
John A Colher,	" Annie M Murray,
Geo Godfrey,	" Susie Blow,
Rudolph Dreyer,	" Emma Blaine,
Theo Heman,	" Ella Drake,
Eben Richards, Jr.,	" Sue Benton,
Wyllys King,	" Annie S Hoyt,

Dry Goods and Clothing.

Mr Sleith,	Miss Eleonora Taussig,
" Speers,	" Mary Ann Schild,
Mrs H C Gempp,	" Lizzie Laumeier,
Miss Lizzie Haeussler,	" Lena Haeussler,
Mrs Saml C Lawrence,	" Eva Fisher,
" Dr Haeussler,	" Miller,
" Dr I Forbes,	" Eversoll,
" Gus Pinkenlburg,	" Mary Kuster,
" Gus Haenschchen,	" Hulda Schannberg,
" Gomee,	" Adelhaid Schauburg,
" Moon,	" Emma Smith,
" Wolle,	" Hannah.

Decorations.

John A Beck,	Miss Hattie Jones,
H R Whitmore,	" Sue Benton,
Anson Brown,	" Emma Edgar,
T T Richards,	" Emma Blaine,
" Hibbert,	" Florence Chapman,
Emile Hertinzer,	" Beckie Whittaker,
Clifford Woodrooff,	" Mary Treat,
John M Wherry,	" Maria Filley,
W Comstock,	" Jennie Filley,
Geo H Morgan,	" Mollie Ewall,
L H Brockway,	" Mary Scollay,
W M Fisher,	" Mary McNair,
Charles Kimball,	Mrs Barton Able,
Theron Catlin,	" Dani Catlin,
Jacob Vogdes,	Miss Belle Holmes,
Stanley Woodruff,	" Alice Partridge,
H H Morgan,	" Ella Drake,
F P Crane,	" Lydia McCluney,
Chas F Holmes,	" Clara Post,
Jos A Wherry,	" Lillie Irwin,
H C Morgan,	" Ellen Filley,
John H King,	" Annie McMurray,
John Edwards,	" Julia Roberts,
Wm A Albright,	" Alice Valle,
Messrs Moon, Degg & others	" Maggie Johnson,
Mrs Chapman,	" D'Oench,
" Lucien Eaton,	" Lelia Morean,
" Cbeever,	Miss E P Rice,
" Enos Clark,	" L H Brockway.

Drugs and Medicines.

James Richardson,	Mrs Robert Barth,
Eno Sanders,	" U Bush,
Eugene L Massott,	" Hofkeimer,
M W Alexander,	" Gorton,
F W Sennewald,	" Friede,
E Randalls,	Miss B Anderson,
Wm B Parker,	" L Blickan,
Charles Bang,	" Coleman,
Theodore Kalb,	" J Spruile,
H B Butts,	" A Spruile,
W H Collins,	" M Harris,
J Maguire,	" L Harris,
J W Frances,	" VanAntwerp,
Charles Schuh,	" Miss D'Ench.

Fancy Hand Work.

Mrs R H Morton,	Miss Jennie Glover,
" Truman Woodruff,	" Lucy Graham,
" Eggers,	" Eliza Humphreys,
" Edwin Brown,	" Nellie Hunt,
" James Blackman,	" Carrie Haslam,
" James Brawner,	" Hooffstetter,
" Brock,	" Georgina Jenks,
" Enos Clark,	" Hattie Jones,
" Henry M Dimphee,	" Mattie Kaufman,
" Joseph Dana,	" Krache,
" George D Humphreys,	" Jessie Little,
" N M Harris,	" Lowry,

Mrs Chauncey Johnson,
 " K M Ryder,
 " Rowe,
 " C H Withington,
 " Henry P Wyman,
 Miss Emily Bush,
 " Minnie Bush,
 " Bohn,
 " Susan Beeson,
 " Julia Chamberlain,
 " Frances Clark,
 " Annie D Oenich,
 " Mary Evil,
 " Fitzpatrick,
 " Freeborn,
 " Federow,
 " Rebecca Femby,
 " Lina French,
 " Susan Gardner,

Floral Department.

Wm H Maurice,
 N J Coleman,
 Henry Shaw,
 John S McCune,
 Dr B F Edwards,
 Thomas L Salisbury,
 James Taussig,
 H A Homeyer,
 Henry Wessley,
 John Withnell,
 Gert Goebel,
 John Goode,
 Henry T Mudd,
 Wm D Oenich,
 E R Mason,
 Dr L D Morse,
 Maj J F How,
 Lucius J Perry,
 Chas L Dean,
 John H Tice,
 G Mattison,
 Henry Michel,
 Ferdinand W Michel,
 Chas H Havens,
 Dr G Englemann,
 Wm Schray,
 Capt N Mulliken,
 Maj H S Turner,
 Henry Reindteish,
 F Muench, Femme Osage,
 Col G Husmann, Herman,
 A Bryant, sr Princeton, Ill,
 Wm Hadley, Collinsville, Ill,
 Dr V Schenck,
 Chas McGuffey,
 Ben J Chase,
 M G Kern, Alton, Ill,
 A Barry,
 Geo Booth,
 Dr E S Hull,
 W C Flagg,
 H N Kendall,
 H Goedeke, Belleville, Ill,
 Anton Schott,
 H Schroder, Bloomington, Ill,
 F K Phoenix,
 C R Overman,
 K H Fell,
 J Huggins, Woodburn, Ill,
 Frank H Stevens,
 Oliver Russell,
 Chas L Bush,
 Mrs Henry T Blow,
 " Wm H Maurice,
 " L C Dudley,
 " Jno Withnell,
 " Beverly Allen,
 " Lucien Eaton,
 " I H Sturgeon,
 " Adolphus Meier,
 " Robert Barth,
 " Emil Ulrich,
 " C A Cuno,
 Mrs Jonathan Jones,
 " H Paddelford,
 " Jno F Hume,

Fine Arts.

F T L Boyle, (resigned)
 H T Blow,
 C G Bingham,
 Isidor Bush,
 J Sidney Brown,
 T W Blackman,
 A J Conant,
 M J DeFranca,
 A J Fox,
 Henry Hitchcock,
 G M Harding,
 Dr W Tod Helmuth,
 H E Boetke,
 E Herzinger,
 Theo Kaufman,
 Julius Kummer,
 P Kieholz,
 E Long,
 John G Nichols,
 Henry Pettes,
 S A Ranlett,
 E C Rombauer,
 John R Shepley,

Mrs A S Dean,
 " Frank P Blair,
 " H T Blow,
 " Jas W Brown,
 " Wayman Crow,
 " S A Collier,
 " Hugh Campbell,
 " E Cushman,
 " Wm G Elliot,
 " T T Gantt,
 " John Row,
 " Henry Hitchcock,
 " Judge Lord,
 " Geo E Leighton,
 " John M Krum,
 " P R McCreery,
 " T M Post,
 " M Schuyler,
 " S Ridgley,
 " John M Taylor,
 " E Y Ware,
 Miss D Barnett,
 " Ellen Filley

Sol Smith,
 J G Scholten,
 W H Tilford,
 B F Troehl,
 Dr Phillip Weigle,

Freemson and Refugees.

Rev H A Nelson,
 Rev Wm G Elliot,
 Rev G Amerson,
 Wyllys King,
 Jas E Yeatman,
 Hon F A Dyck,
 J H Parker,
 Rev Henry Cox,
 Rev T M Post,
 Rev W H Corkhill,
 A J Conant,
 Lucien Eaton,
 W C Wilcox,
 Brig Gen W A Pile,
 Mrs Clinton B Fisk,
 " Lucien Eaton,
 " Henry Johnson,
 " C C Bailey,
 " H A Nelson,
 " H Kennedy,
 " A S Forbes,
 " Dr Hauesler,
 " J Crawshaw,
 " J H Parker,
 " S Wells,
 " Washington King,
 " W T Hazard,
 " Emos Clark,
 " Truman Woodruff,
 Miss L P Allen,
 Mrs Wm M Kee,
 " L Brawner,
 " N Stevens,
 " J S Thomas,
 Miss Matilda M F Morgan,
 " Jennie Glover,
 " Peale,
 " Alice Partridge,
 " H B Skeele,
 " Mrs Cochde,
 " Dr Hunter,
 " O H Platt,
 Miss A M Debenham,
 Mrs Wm Patrick,
 Miss S F McCracken,
 Mrs Dr McMurray,
 " John McLean,
 " S Rich,
 " Matilda Austin,
 " S Treadway,
 " R Sarritt,
 " Nathan D Terrill,
 Miss Mary Thomas,
 M Almon P Thompson,
 " Henry Levin,
 Mrs Col Cavender,
 " Col Spencer,
 Miss Mary E Howe, Cam-
 bridge, Massachusetts,
 Miss Eliza Freeborn,
 " Emile Vail,
 " Ellen May,
 " Ellen McKee,
 " Rachel Austin,
 " Moira McLean,
 " Pet Dutcher,
 " Crawshaw,
 " Maggie Alvord,
 " Meta Meyer,
 " Laura Smith,
 Mrs S B Weed,
 " E Rowe,
 Miss Sallie A Morgan,
 " Wm Lindsay,
 Chas Hafkemeyer,
 Wm Hafkemeyer,
 Chas Harland.

Furniture.

Wm Mitchell,
 Jno D Finny,
 H H Curtis,
 Russell Sarritt,
 B R M Parsons,

Government Employees.

E F Eaton, Q M Department,
 Jno E Davidson, Commissary Department,
 Jno Proctor Smith, } Ass't Treasury U. S.
 H H Wernse,
 Wm H Mezquier, } Office of Col Wm Myers, Chief Q M,
 T P Perkins,
 Wm L Giese, office Capt E Wuerpel, A Q M,
 Jas S Yarnall, office Capt Jno L Woods, Jr, A Q M,
 George J Cochran, office Capt R S Hart, A Q M,
 Wm Albright, office E D Chapman, A Q M,
 Lewis Coryell, office Capt Hugham Coryell, A Q M,
 L W Hill, office Lieut B E Fish, A Q M,
 J C Scott Jr, office Capt Geo H Smith, A Q M,
 Marshall Smith, }
 E J Cooke, } Post Office,
 Fred Volmer, }
 S D Hooton, }
 W E Bacon, }
 Chas B Wilson, }
 C J Richardson, } Office Capt Geo W Fild, A Q M.
 W S Linn, }
 G O Kabb, }
 A B M Thompson, } Custom House,
 Ellsworth Miller, }
 Henry Brentanno, }
 F E Odell, } Office Internal Revenue,
 George P Glaser, }
 A B Thompson, office Ass't Treasury U. S.,
 D H Naylor, office T J Haines, Chief Com Subs,
 G W Ballou, office Medical Purveyor,
 Thad S Smith, Mustering and Disbursing Officer,
 P Mulrennan, Ordnance Department,
 Otto Becker, Pay Department (Mo)
 Jas W Fisher, Pay Department (Miss)
 Jno B Mears, Military Prisons,
 Wm K Patrick, office Provost Marshal.

Hardware, Cutlery, Saddlery and House Furnishing Goods.

Alfred Lee, Chairman,
 Wm H Waters,
 John C Rust,
 A F Shapleigh,
 E G Pratt,
 M N Burchard,
 Thos D Ford,
 H Rascoe,
 G Bremermann,
 David Chandler,
 G A Rydelmann,
 Chas Hume,
 Status Kehrman,
 Wm Baxter,
 F E Schmueding,
 Alex Peterson,
 F W Cronenbold,
 H Tiefenbrunn,
 Herman H Meier,
 Samuel Cupples,
 Jacob Tamm,
 Bent Carr,
 Julius Morrisse,
 E J Sterling,
 John A Wilson,
 Sherry C Hunt,
 Charles H Jaques, Manager

Iron and Steel.

Geo D Hill, Chairman,
 James Archer,
 James M Corbett,
 Morris J Lippman,
 F W Cronenbold,
 Gerard B Aiken,
 Jules Vail,
 O D Filley,
 Giles F Filley,
 Wm Colcord,
 Henry Bakewell,
 Jno C Hogan,
 J. S Thompson

Jewelry and Plate.

Mrs E W Fox,
 " Wm Downing,
 " John Marsey,
 " J A Allen,
 " Dwight Durkee,
 " Judge Moody,
 " Edward Warner,
 Miss Lizzie Albright,
 Mrs Helen Albright,
 " Athalie Pease,
 " Helen M Buttet,
 " Julia Juvet,
 " Emily Juvet,
 " Maria Davis,
 " Clara Skeele,
 " Ella P Fox,

Ladies' Furnishing.

Mrs Washington King,
 " S Porter,
 " McKee,
 " Nelson,
 " Treadway,
 " Cavender,
 " Rowse,
 " Pulsifer,
 " Littell,
 " Maurice,
 " Ware,
 " Rutter,
 Mrs M Murray,
 " Pond,
 " Shaw,
 " Sarritt,
 " James Haur,
 " Abrams,
 Miss Lewis,
 " Christopher,
 " Julia Christopher,
 " Anne Marr,
 " Pulsifer,
 " Addie Tuttle,
 Miss Lucy Grenell.

Millinery.

Mrs A S W Goodwin,
 Miss Lizzie Constable,
 Mrs E O Stannard,
 " J Woodburn,
 " Dr Barnes,
 " Henry Barnard,
 " Wm Gorton,
 " S E Cummings,
 Mrs A E Newmark,
 Miss Mary A Johnson,
 " Kate C Fisk,
 " Maggie Pritchard,
 " Lizzie Hawkins,
 " Ann E Harvey,
 " Mary J Goodwin,

New Bedford.

Mr T P Allen,
 Mrs T P Allen,
 Mrs Hathaway,
 Mrs R M Hobbs.

New York.

E G Pratt,
 S C Mansur,
 Capt F J Dean.

Post Office.

Capt J K Arnold,
 Maj F S Bond,
 Col N Cole,
 Lieut W T Clarke,
 E Chauvenet,
 G Cutter,
 J P Collier,
 Col J V Dubois,
 Capt J P Drouillard,
 " F Eno,
 " R S Elliott,
 C Ellis,
 T L Eliot,
 H W Elbot,
 A Fleming,
 Maj O D Greene,
 A Godfrey,
 Lieut W S Halleck,
 " J J Hunt,
 Capt G A Holloway,
 John H King,
 A Meier,
 Maj W S Pope,
 H M Post,
 A Schulerberg,
 Capt R S L T Thoms,
 A B Thomson,
 G W Ware,
 H R Whitmore,
 J S Waters,
 Miss S Benton,
 " E B Blaine,
 " E Bridge,
 " C Copp,
 " P Cozzins,
 " P Cozzens,
 " F Chapman,
 " H Eaton,
 " M J Filley,
 " K C Fisk,
 " M J Goodwin,
 " A Godfrey,
 " A Hoyt,
 " C S King,
 " M Kauffman,
 " H Jones,
 " L B Irwin,
 " M Mack,
 " C Post,
 " A Partridge,
 " L Ridgway,
 " C Ridgway,
 " K Slawson,
 " K Swerney,
 " C Skeele,
 " J Starg,
 " E Schutz,
 " L Schirmer,
 " E Treat,
 " E Tritman,
 " H E Wells,

Private Schools.

Edward Wyman,
 L L Bonham,
 C S Pennell,
 Wm Chauvenet,
 R L Tarel,
 W C Wilcox,
 P Fales,
 M Plate,
 Mrs E W Clark,
 Miss M J Crazin,
 " A S W S Bailey,
 " M E Brooks,
 Miss I Boggs,
 Miss C A Little

Police.

Wm Patrick,
 John Brigham,
 Hon. John How,
 Mayor J S Thomas,
 Major Cozens.

Public Amusements.

Charles Balmer,
 G W Parker,
 F Ringling,
 Judge J H Krum,
 Judge Lord,
 Mr Folsom,
 Mr Chas Taussig,
 Miss Judge Lord,
 " Ringling,
 " Dick,
 " Lowe,
 " Cheever,
 Miss Dean.

Public Schools.

Horace H Morgan,
 Ira Divoll,
 James A Martling,
 Carlos W Mills,
 Wm T Harris,
 Mrs C S Greeley,
 Miss A L Harrington,
 Miss Hannah B Stark,
 " Kate Wilson,
 " Lizzie J Rountree,
 " Lizzie S Childs,
 " Sarah A Clark,
 Miss Anna C Brackett,

Refreshment Department,

Embracing Cafe Laclède, Holland Kitchen, New England Kitchen, Confectionery, Lippincott's Soda Fountain, O'Brien's Soda Fountain and Robinson's Cream Mead Fountain

CAFE LACLEDE

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Mr Josiah Fogg, | Miss Bell, |
| " Wm A Doan, | Mrs Coleman, |
| " H M Thompson, | " M Collins, |
| " David Nicholson, | " C C Drake, |
| " A S Merritt, | " S L Pinneo, |
| " Melville Sawyer, | " J A Smathers, |
| " J H Andrews, | " Sudy, |
| " C R Anderson, | " Chas H Peck, |
| " Philip Kreiger, | " Uhery, |
| " Robert Charles, | Miss Youngs, |
| " Hugh Menown, | " Hope, |
| " C B Lake, | Mrs Giles, |
| " E S Lippincott, | " Shaw, |
| " John O'Brien, | Miss Belle Graham, |
| " J. Keane, | Mrs Bryson, |
| Mrs Alfred Clapp, | " Miller, |
| " Wm A Doan, | " C. J. Fletcher, |
| Mrs H A Adams, | " M. Linn, |
| Mrs Robert Eagle, | " Hicks, |
| " S B Kellg, | " Wm M. Kee, |
| Mrs J Hodgecoun, | " O D Filley, |
| " Van Noyse, | " Dr O'Reilly, |
| " R D Dougherty, | " J E D Couzins, |
| " Vogel, | " Crandall, |
| " Hobbs, | " J. Anderson, |
| Mr Geo K Bodd, | " R S Hart, |
| " S Roke, | " W T Cozzens, |
| " G W Hathaway, | " Stannard, |
| " Otis West, | Miss Sue Benson, |
| " S Wells, | Mrs Dr Boutz, |
| " Wm Patrick, | " John Campbell, |
| " Wm Clark, | " Chas Ely, |
| " J N Davis, | " M E. Wain, |
| " M Brande, | " Palmer, |
| " A F Sinspugh, | " Jas Patrick, |
| " R S. aritt, | " Tre way, |

HOLLAND KITCHEN.

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| G W Dreyer, | Mrs Dr F Houser, |
| John Ledy, | " A Abeles, |
| Gustavus Heber, | " John W. Rf, |
| Mrs Bertha Rombauer, | " Wm D'ouch, |
| " G W Dreyer, | " John H ppe, |

NEW ENGLAND KITCHEN.

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| ST Hatch, | Mrs Haywood and daughter |
| Geo B Kellg, | " Bradley, |
| Chas Whorf, | " Skinkle, |
| J S Williams, | " Parker, |
| Henry Blood, | " Hyde, |
| E Hestford, Chicago, Ill. | " J S Williams, |
| Mr Pratt, | " F S Williams, |
| " May, | " Wallace, |
| " Fassett, | Miss Wallace, |
| " S G George, | " Chapman, |
| " B Gannett, | " Whedon, |
| " H Gibbs n, | " Sweet, |
| " Currier, | " Cooper, |
| " A Strong, | " Blood, |
| " Benson, | " I T Green, |
| " Wheeler, | Miss Barnhurst, |
| " J Libby, | Mrs Thompson, |
| Mrs G A Gannett, | " Rainer, |
| " S Rich and daughter, | " Hal, |
| " Cudodge, | " Welock, |
| " S Bonner and sister, | " Matthews, |
| " C R George, | " Dean, |
| " Catlin, | " R D Foster, |
| " Currier and sons, | " Pennington, |
| " G F Tower, | " Greenwood, |
| " R E Tower, | " Finney, |
| " White, | " Ketch, |
| " L B Clark, | Miss P Barnhurst, |
| " J Libby, | " Tower, |
| " W M Reek, | " Abbe Tower, |
| " M E Cummins, | " Betts, |
| " H B Mansford, | Mrs McEranne, |
| " Howard, | Miss Billings, |
| " Pearce, | Mrs Roberts, |
| " Morgan, (B T C) | |

PERSONS IN COSTUMES.

- Grandpa and Grandma Brown.
 Housekeeper.
 Aunt Nabby.
 Aunt Debby Makepeace
 Aunt Ruth and Tabatha, Quakeresses
 Aunt Mahitable, Mrs. Dr. Emers on.
 New England Blue Striking.
 Mrs. Deacon Twitchelle.
 Miss Prissy the Village Dressmaker
 Coz Dorothy
 Abigail, Penelope Ann, Country C onista
 Huldah, Jerushy.
 Miss Dorcas.
 Country School Marm.
 Fisherman Zekeil, the Deacon, the Doctor
 County School Teacher, the Farmer
 Yankee Pedlar, Brother Jonath n.
 The Blacksmith.
 Two Yankees from Way Down East.

CONFECTIONERY.

- | | |
|------------|--------------------|
| A H Blanke | Miss H. M. O'Boine |
| F Walter | " C. A. Lugin |
| W Stacy | " Kate Ober |

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Mrs J G Waters | Miss Lettie Rogers |
| " F H Fletcher | " Mite Tirrel |
| " Carrie Hobbs | " Meredith |
| " Dr Fullerer | " Tauszig |
| " Mary Ry n | " Minnie Shields |
| Miss Anna L Clapp | " Fannie Glover |

Sewing Machines.

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| Mrs N C Chapman, Ch'm'n, | Miss Mary Thomas, |
| " Geo K Bodd, | " Mary Mazwire, |
| " Dr E Hart, | " Bessie Whittaker, |
| " Joseph Crawshaw, | " Kitty Whittaker, |
| " Col Benleen, | " May B Treat, |
| " W B Garrett, | " Eliza Stoddard, |
| " Barton Able, | " Florence Chapman, |
| " Josiah Anderson, | |
- R Wheeler, agent Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Co.,
 A Summer, " Wheeler & Wilson " " "
 —Dean, " Singer's " " "
 J S Short, " Wilcox & Gibbs' " " "
 L Broad, " Aiken's Knitting Machine,
 Barton Able, Geo Cutler,
 Geo A Magwire, J Gilbert Chapman.

Shirts.

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Mrs T C Davis, | Mrs Fridt, |
| Mrs Phoebe Couzins, | " Dr Haussler, |
| Mrs M E Danmick, | Miss C Lebergaber, |
| " J E H Couzins, | " Sannie Morrison, |
| " John How, | Mrs M E Danmick, |
| " H T Darrab, | " Geo W Curtis, |
| " Dr M. Murry, | " Fletcher, |
| " W. Pond, | Miss V Hinton, |
| " M Mody, | Mrs Michel, |
| " Chapman, | Mrs Anna H r n, |
| " Z Wetzel, | " Lizzie Haussler. |

Skating Park.

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------|
| Miss Jennie E G. over, | Ge W Ware, |
| | Lyman O Darr, |

Stoves, Tinware, Ranges, Gas Fittings, &c.

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------|
| Jm H Lichtner, | Fred G Neudingians, |
| G F Filley, | A K Parrett, |
| Jm H Beach, | Chas F Whorf, |
| Jas Beskey, | Chas Cagacob, |
| Dwight Turner, | Andrew Geisel, |
| Wm H Couzins, | J Crawshaw, Jr |
| | Benj Horton. |

Soap, Candles and Oil.

- | | |
|------------------|----------------------|
| A S W Goodwin, | Frank Goodwin, |
| Miss Anna Burke, | Miss Minnie Vaucant, |
| " Sarah Burke, | " Kate Brady. |

Swords.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| Henry Folsom, | David Folsom, |
| | S B Saw. |

Tobacco and Cigars.

- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| J W Booth, | W J Lewis, |
| D Cathin, | C C Meigel, |
| S Peitz, | M S Meigham. |

Turnverein.

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| Hug. Grimm, | John Paul, |
| Max A Krug, | Gust Schurtz. |

Wines and Liquors.

Julius Herter, Chairman
 Balance of working Committee not reported.

Donations to the White Lead, Oil, Color and Varnish Department of the M. V. S. Fair.

Collier White Lead and Oil Co., Thos. Richeson,	President, goods sold for.....	\$500 00
O'Fallon White Lead and Oil Co., G. W. Banker,	President, goods sold for.....	500 00
Banker & Carpenter, Boston, goods sold for...		500 00
Hall, Bradley & Co., New York, goods sold for...		320 00
St. Louis Shot Tower Co., G. W. Chadbourne,	President, cash.....	250 00
George P. Whitelaw, cash.....		250 00
Holland & Freeman, Carbon Oil, sold for.....		202 20
J. R. Finlay, Carbon Oil, &c., sold for.....		201 15
E. S. Wheaton, Carbon Oil, sold for.....		46 40
Valentine & Co., Boston, goods sold for.....		126 56
Haineman & Negbaur, New York, goods sold for...		50 00
T. Parrott & Son, Dayton, Ohio, goods sold for...		34 00
Queen City Varnish Co., Cincinnati, received through the Drug Department, goods sold for...		59 25
		\$3,039 56

GEO. W. BANKER, Chairman.

ST. LOUIS, May 30, 1864.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The ladies and gentlemen who, by donations from their tables, or by invaluable services in the Department itself, contributed so cheerfully and liberally to the success of the Fish Pond, will please accept the warmest thanks of the PROPRIETOR.

OUR BRAVE DEFENDERS.

Wounded to death, they lie,
 Saddened and full of pain,
 Sighing for home voices,
 To greet them once again;
 Watching, with eager eye,
 Listening, with anxious ear,
 For form or voice to bring them
 Comforting words or cheer.
 Give us your surplus gold,
 Give us your one poor mite;
 Both are alike to God.
 Both help the cause that's right.
 Help us to cheer these men,
 To strengthen and to save:
 To cool the fevered lips with fruits
 And food, that sick men crave.
 Help us, with all your might,
 Carry this work right through;
 For as you do it unto these,
 God will do it unto you.

CORA FORBES.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Of the numerous prizes exhibited at the Fair since its opening, what prize has attracted the most attention and universal admiration from visitors? The Ladies' enterprize.

To-day we learn that Mrs. John McConnell, of Springfield, Ill., who was the fortunate winner of the prize for Hospital Drawers, returns the amount, \$20, for the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers. So the good work prospers.

HOW DID THE ST. LOUIS FAIR SUCCEED? is a question that will be asked by every one of the many thousands whose warm hearts have cast their contributions into the common store for the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers. We will reply, in brief, that it has been a grand success. The total receipts will not be less than Five Hundred Thousand Dollars, after paying all necessary expenses. Those who have toiled at home or at the Fair for so many long, weary hours, though at times almost discouraged, will rejoice to know that their time and labor have contributed to this very satisfactory result.

GRANDMA BROWN'S QUILT.—We suppose everybody who visited the New England Kitchen, knew that the girls had "a quilt-in" Well, it was finished in good style, and raffled off at twenty-five dollars—drawn by J. Blackman, Esq., and at once presented to Grandma Brown, who accepted it as a memento of the Yankee Kitchen at the M. V. S. Fair. Neat and appropriate speeches were made by both the donor and recipient, but our space is too limited to report speeches.

THE SWORD VOTE, at the close of the Fair last evening, stood as follows: Hancock, 1,125; McClellan, 846; Sherman, 384; Butler, 303; Grant, 285; Blair, 31; Pike, 6.

TAKE THE FAIR HOME WITH YOU—or at least a shadow of it, which you can procure at the Art Gallery to-day, where Mr. J. A. Scholten's 75 Photographic Views are on exhibition and for sale.

Fair Jokes, Fair Play and Farewell.

DIALOGUE AT No. 20.—Inquiring Gentleman—"Please, ma'am, will you tell me how it happens that half of the advertisements in the *Countersign* to-night are upside down?"

Satisfactory Editor—"Certainly, sir. The printer stood on his head when he set up the types."

The gentleman who set his heart on one of the pistols at the Sword Department has not been able to find it since.

The man who took a share in the stove raffle found it an (a)lly blank.

When do people desire most to see their names in print?

When they have the *type-us* fever.

A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.—*Bona fide* dialogue, in Art Gallery, between the Secretary and a lady visitor, showing the real, though concealed reason of the resignation of the late Chairman. He was so shocked he couldn't stay:

Lady—"Please tell me, sir, who that little boy is with a box on his stomach?"

Secretary—"That, madam, is a chanting cherub, by Raphael."

Lady—"You don't say so! When was he raffled?"

What is the difference between the Chairman and the Secretary of the Art Gallery?

Ans.—One is *efficient*, the other *deficient*. A friend says, one is a functionary, the other a defunctionary.

Keen cuts with a blunt instrument: Gen. Blunt's radical speech at the Fair, Wednesday evening.

In a dilemma—the old bachelor who drew a basket full of infant's clothing.

Who was the better writer, Dickens or Shakspeare?

Dickens, because if Shakspeare wrote well, Dickens wrote Weller.

INTERESTING EXTRACT FROM SENATORIAL DEBATES.—"Mr. Wood remarked that he had no doubt that gentlemen had been here to protect their own interest. He would ask whether the committee had called to their aid retired merchants, who had no dollar and cent interests?"

Why is our little paper like the numerous placards and signs suspended in front of the counters, at several departments? Because it is **THE COUNTERSIGN.**

How did Jones describe the Fair decorations, when he saw Mr. White had drawn the prize he expected? He read "WHITE," and blew. (Whew!)

Boils on the human system are eruptions caused by bad blood. So of the *Boyle* eruption at the Art Gallery.

Why should the managers of the Floral Department, in the Triumphal Arch, command respect and obedience? Because they are *under arms*, and are prepared to give the *blow*.

At the Mineralogical Department are some rare specimens, worth \$10—"rock me gently!"

At a special meeting of the Ladies' Executive Committee, held June 2d, it was unanimously

Resolved, That all the ladies of this Committee, who die of Sanitary Fair, shall be buried with military honors, and all who survive shall wear erape on the left arm for 60 days.

THIS EVENING

Will be the *grand closing up of the Fair*, and everybody will be there. The \$50,000 raffle is to come off—every ticket holder expects the farm, of course, so there will be 49,999 disappointed men and women, as the result of the drawing.

THE RECEIPTS YESTERDAY, at the Cashier's desk in the Fair, amounted to \$9,375. Other sums were received, which will swell the gross receipts to about \$12,000. Well done, for the fifteenth day of the Fair!

DONATIONS.

FROM NORTHEAST MISSOURI.

Capt. Thomas A. Simpson yesterday handed over to the Treasurer of the United States Government Employees Association, for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair, the sum of \$241 contributed for that purpose by citizens of Northeast Missouri.

DONATION FROM CALIFORNIA.

From a private letter to a lady in this city, we learn that the sum of \$8,000 is now on the way, being the net proceeds of a concert in San Francisco given for the benefit of the M. V. S. Fair.

ADDITIONAL DONATIONS.

From the following named persons, on duty at headquarters 2d brigade, 1st division United States colored troops at Vicksburg, the sums set opposite their names have been received by the Treasurer of the Fair:

H. Schofield, Colonel, 47th U. S. colored infantry, \$25; N. H. Horton, Surgeon, \$15; name not given, \$10; J. H. Smith, Lieutenant, 52d U. S. Colored Infantry, and A. A. G. M., \$10; Ed. L. Davenport, Lieutenant, 53d U. S. colored, A. D. C., \$5; R. M. Campbell, Captain of 47th U. S. colored Infantry, A. A. officer, \$10; and others—amounting to \$180.

ARAGO, Nebraska, May 24, 1864.

Finance Committee Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair, St. Louis, Mo.

GENTLEMEN: Messrs. H. Gildehaus & Co. will pay to you \$230, the proceeds of a small Fair held in our town on the 16th of this month, by the Ladies' Aid Society of Arago, Nebraska.

We are sorry that we could not do more, but our town is small and a new settlement; but we can assure you that it comes from true and patriotic hearts; and may it do some good to our great national cause, and be a small help to our national defenders.

Most respectfully,

C. M. RUEDIGER, President.
ELIZABETH WALTHER, Secretary.

REPLY.

HEADQ'RS CENT. FIN. COM.; M. V. S. F.,)
FAIR BUILDINGS,)
ST. LOUIS, MO., June 1, 1864. }
Mrs. C. M. Ruediger, President Ladies' Aid Society, Arago, Nebraska:

MADAME: It is with great pleasure and heartfelt thanks that we acknowledge your

patriotic letter of the 24th ult., enclosing (through Messrs. H. Gildehaus & Co.) your generous donation of \$230 for the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers.

To the Germans especially, this country and nation owe an everlasting debt of gratitude, not only for their alacrity in rising almost spontaneously to the defense of their adopted country, but also for their great liberality and munificence in providing for our brave soldiers and their families.

Our armies are performing a noble work, and will not cease in their heroic task until every vestige of treason is swept from this continent.

Please state to your Society, that through the efforts of the loyal people of these United States, and of the great Northwest particularly, our Fair will be a grand success, and that half a million dollars will be raised for the cause.

With our kindest wishes for the prosperity and happiness of yourself and the kind ladies represented by you, we remain

Your obedient servants,
E. W. FOX, Chairman,
MORRIS J. LIPPMAN, Secretary.

WHAT THE LITTLE FOLKS OF MAINE HAVE DONE FOR THE FAIR.

The following donation of a box of fancy articles, valued at sixty dollars, has been received from the Ladies' Aid Society and the society of "Busy Bees," of Cherryfield, Maine. The following letter accompanies the box:

CHERRYFIELD, ME., May 3, 1864.

The earnest appeal of our Western friends roused the good spirit in the hearts of eight young Sunday School scholars.

Uniting in their efforts, they formed a little circle entitled the "Busy Bees." A lively little hive it has been, and if the summer for their work had been longer than three short weeks, more honey would have been gathered.

May it be one of the many little rivulets that, flowing Westward, will swell the great tide of patriotism surging through our land.

If the work result in the least relief to any poor suffering soldier, it will give the deepest joy to the young hearts that have joyfully worked with that object.

Yours, truly,
Secretary of the Busy Bee Society.

ENGLISH FEELING—LETTER FROM KINGLAKE.

It will be remembered that Kinglake was among the warm advocates of the North in the dispute which occurred on American affairs in the House of Commons some time since. The following letter has been received from him by Miss Debenham, Secretary of the Ladies' Executive Committee:

HOUSE OF COMMONS, April 26, 1864.

Madam: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter. The object contemplated by the Society is one for which we must all wish success; and I cannot refrain from adding that I am touched and interested by observing the proud and generous spirit in which the ladies of the Executive Committee appeal to the good feeling of the "old country."

It would indeed be a blessing if the relations between England and the United States were carried on in the spirit displayed by your kind letter.

I have the honor to be, Madam,
-Very respectfully, yours,
R. W. KINGLAKE.

WHAT MEMPHIS HAS DONE FOR THE FAIR.

A letter was received yesterday by Major Alfred Mackay from Messrs. H. T. Tomlinson, John A. Coolidge and R. A. Tuttle, committee, enclosing \$747 04, the amount collected by them at Memphis for the Fair. The total

amount received from Memphis thus far is about \$1,000. When we consider that urgent calls are made daily for relief upon the citizens of Memphis, and that she, too, has suffered severely from the rebellion, we cannot but say that Memphis has contributed handsomely to the Fair.

DONATIONS TO ART GALLERY.

Wm. Witting and S. J. Orange, of Columbus, Ky., 24 Photographs.

Geo. Eisenmeier—One engraving, 51 heads of "Friends of Freedom."

H. W. Carstens, U. S. Consul, Oldenburg—Lot engravings of Oldenburg, &c.

SALES TO CLOSE ON SATURDAY EVENING.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee held last evening, it was resolved to close the sales of goods on Saturday evening, on which occasion the Smizer Farm will be raffled off. Goods remaining unsold will be packed up and retained until winter.

The building will in all probability be kept open during a part of next week for some kind of entertainments, of the nature of which we are not yet informed.

STEAMBOAT DONATION.

A donation of \$200 was received yesterday from the officers and men of the steamboat Wm. F. Fisher, Captain A. Bruner. This speaks well for the steamboat interest, and especially for the officers and men of this particular boat.

DONATION BY GEO. A. PRINCE, BUFFALO.

A beautiful piano-cased melodeon, valued at \$150, manufactured and donated by Geo. A. Prince, of Buffalo, New York, was received yesterday by Messrs. Balmer & Weber, the proceeds of which are to be given to the M. V. S. Fair.

MORE MONEY FROM CALIFORNIA.

A telegraphic dispatch under date of June 2d, from San Francisco, announces that one thousand dollars have been raised in Nevada Territory for the Sanitary Commission on sale and re-sale of sack of flour won on election bet at Reese's river. The sack of flour and bars of silver will go on steamer June 13.

The premiums offered by Mrs. Chancy I. Filley, for hospital shirts, socks and drawers, were awarded in the Charitable Institutions Department, in the following manner:

SHIRTS.—Ladies' Soldiers' Relief Society, Waterford, Mass., \$50.

SOCKS.—Miss Dorothy Sawyer, Templeton, Mass., \$40.

DRAWERS.—Mrs. John McConnell, Springfield, Ill., \$30.

PRESENTATION.

A very pleasant scene took place at Department No. 29, Headquarters Ladies' Executive Committee, last evening. Mrs. Chauncey I. Filley, who has so ably filled the position of Chairman, after being presented with an elegant mammoth bouquet by Mrs. Henry T. Blow, of the Floral Department, returned to her headquarters, where the members of the Ladies' Executive Committee gathered around her, and Mrs. S. A. Ranlett, in their behalf, presented her with an exquisite silver inkstand, fully furnished, and of elegant workmanship, the whole covered with glass.

Mrs. Filley was taken completely by sur-

prise, but, with her usual readiness, she returned her thanks in a few words, congratulating the ladies on the success of the Fair, for, as she said, it is certainly a very great success, both for the soldiers and the committee.

Mrs. Filley leaves for the East to-morrow, bearing with her the esteem which always follows one who has discharged the duties of so responsible a position with so much tact and ability.

LIST OF PRIZES.

Drawn in the great stove raffle on Wednesday evening:

- No. 275—Range, in use of the refreshment department, valued at \$450.
 No. 1,644—Range, valued at \$100.
 No. 2,436—Charter Oak stove, 80.
 No. 620—Fine parlor grate, \$65.
 No. 395—\$63, Charter Oak stove.
 No. 2,234—\$55 Peerless stove.
 No. 851—\$50, Pitt's Cannon stove.
 No. 623—\$50, Challenge stove.
 No. 438—\$50, New Era stove.
 No. 1,010—\$50, Home stove.
 No. 2,193—\$50, fine mantel grate.
 No. 33—\$45, Charter oak stove.
 No. 1,497—\$40, Superior stove.
 No. 1,007—\$38, Challenge stove.
 No. 2,267—\$36, Eclipse stove.
 No. 457—\$35, Stewart parlor stove.
 No. 2,698—\$34, No. 8 Peerless stove.
 No. 2,555—\$32, Charter Oak stove.
 No. 196—\$30, International coal stove.
 No. 156—\$30, brass coffee urn,
 No. 2,586—\$30, one Superior stove.
 No. 1,493—\$30, one Peerless cook stove.
 No. 496—\$29, one Victory stove.
 No. 1,596—\$26 50, Charter Oak stove.
 No. 2,919—\$25, one Peerless stove.
 No. 2,332—\$25, one DeSoto parlor stove.
 No. \$2,252—\$25, one large milk pan.
 No. 1,334—\$25, one coal parlor stove.
 No. 1,197—\$25, one parlor grate.
 No. 2,953—\$25, one calendar clock.
 No. 1,540—\$25, fine milk can.
 No. 1,362—\$25, parlor grate.
 No. 1,218—\$25, light gas chandelier.
 No. 1,149—\$25, calendar clock.
 No. 1,401—\$25, hall chandelier and glass.
 No. 2,717—\$20, large copper kettle.
 No. 2,862—\$20, plain milk can.
 No. 343—\$20, pair gilt candlesticks.
 No. 2,320—\$20, parlor grate.

PRIZES DRAWN IN THE CARRIAGE AND SADDLERY DEPARTMENT.

- 1st prize, a fine open buggy, valued at \$250, drawn by No. 99, John H. Wilson.
 2d prize, a fine trotting sulkey, valued at \$150, drawn by No. 68, Louis Paris.
 3d prize, lady's saddle, full quilted, valued at \$153, drawn by No. 226, G. C. Manson.
 4th prize, lady's saddle, full quilted, valued at \$100, drawn by Ira Stansberry & Co., No. 1,162.
 5th prize, lady's traveling trunk, valued at \$80; drawn by No. 105, P. L. Cheeney, Jerseyville, Ill.
 6th prize, lady's saddle, quilted seat, valued at \$75, drawn by No. 9 John McDonald, Venice, Ill.
 7th prize, Mexican saddle silver mounted, valued at \$75, drawn by No. 388, W. W. Fisher.
 8th prize, an English saddle, full quilted shafter, valued at \$65, drawn by 317—John S. Peeler.
 9th prize, an express wagon harness, double, valued at \$60—J. V. Hayes.
 10th prize, and English saddle, plain shafter, valued at \$50 drawn by 16—W. H. Maurice.
 11th prize, an officer's shabrack, valued at \$50, drawn by No. 63—R. S. Hart.
 12th prize, a pair of princess' check horse covers, &c., valued at \$50—J. E. D. Couzins, No. 1,165.
 13th prize, a single harness, valued at \$35, No. 396—Captain R. S. Hart.

14th prize, a silver mounted buggy whip, valued at \$15, No. 704—Lieutenant Walker, V. R. C.

15th prize, a black rounded double bridle, valued \$10, drawn by No. 350—Captain R. S. Hart.

16th prize, a russet rounded double bridle, valued at \$10, drawn by No. 399—Mrs. W. Phillip.

PRIZES DRAWN.

At Private School Department one of the finest sets of child's furniture which we have ever seen was drawn by No. 15—Mrs. Geo. Richardson.

Splendid turquoise and gold necklace drawn by Mrs. Abbott.

No. 27, Louis Horton, a splendid shot gun, valued at \$125.

At Public School Department, No. 17, R. Hoyle drew an album worth \$15.

At Department No. 12 a sofa cushion, valued at \$10 was drawn by ticket No. 13—E. J. Ware.

In the same department another sofa cushion valued at \$10 was drawn by ticket No. 10 held by Captain R. S. Hart.

A the Drug and Perfumery Department a large show jar, filled with perfumery, valued at \$20 was drawn by No. 23, Mr. B. Shackelford.

At stand No. 4, by ticket No. 71 Master John Allen of Cincinnati, an embroidered picture valued at \$45.

At Public School Department No. 14, Dr. Thomas Scott drew a doll valued at \$25.

At department No. 2, ticket No. 35, E. Oakly drew a splendid oil painting.

No. 18, Stanley Woodruff, French lace collar, valued at \$9.

No. 24, Pierre Griffin, one Wilcox & Gibbs sewing machine, valued at \$62.

No. 5, Charles A. Stephani, one fine gold chronometer watch, valued at \$400.

No. John Turman, a beautiful afghan or sleigh blanket, valued at \$150.

No. 247, H. J. Bryan, the new and splendid rowboat Beauty, valued at \$600.

No. 1, Jacob Porter, Grover & Baker sewing machine, valued at \$15 50.

No. 71, at table No. 1, Bernard Slevin, one pair of silver goblets, valued at \$50.

No. 12, Mrs. Barton Able, one pair of silver goblets valued at \$50.

At the Curiosity Shop, ticket No. 27, Louis Hartung, a shot gun valued at \$70.

GRAND RAFFLE OF FIRE-ARMS.

The following are the numbers which drew prizes Wednesday evening:

- 1st prize, 1 gold-mounted Henry rifle, 16 shooter, \$100, drawn by No. 596.
 2d prize, 1 pair silver-plated pistols, in case, (Star's patent,) \$100, drawn by No. 77.
 3d prize, 1 gold and silver plated Colt's pistol, in case, \$60, drawn by 483.
 4th prize, 1 silver plated pistol, in case, (Star's patent,) \$50, drawn by No. 480.
 5th prize, 1 double-barrel shot gun, Damascus barrels, drawn by No. 673.
 6th prize, 1 Spencer rifle, 8 shooter, \$40, drawn by No. 520.
 7th prize, 1 silver mounted pistol, in case, (Star's patent,) \$40, drawn by No. 850.
 8th prize, 1 Star Arms Co. rifle, breech-loader, \$35, drawn by No. 194.
 9th prize, 1 Star Arms Co. rifle, breech-loader, \$35, drawn by No. 568.
 10th prize, 1 Star Arms Co. pistol, in case, \$25, drawn by No. 289.
 11th prize, 1 pair miniature French pistols, \$25, drawn by No. 571.
 12th prize, 1 metropolitan navy pistol, in case, \$25, drawn by No. 699.
 13th prize, 1 silver mounted Cadet musket, \$25, drawn by No. 469.
 14th prize, 1 silver mounted metropolitan pistol, in case, \$25, drawn by No. 686.
 15th prize, 1 metropolitan 6½ inch pistol, in case, \$20, drawn by No. 590.
 16th prize, 1 metropolitan 5½ inch pistol, \$20, drawn by No. 698.





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