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RECORD

OF

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR

IN AID OF THE

United States Sanitary Commission,

HELD AT NEW YORK,

IN APRIL, 1864.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.



NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HURD AND HOUGHTON.

1867.

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Riverside Press :
PRINTED BY H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.
CAMBRIDGE.

TO THE
BENEFICENT LADIES OF NEW YORK
THIS ACCOUNT
OF THEIR GREAT CHARITY
IS INSCRIBED.



PREFATORY NOTE.

SOME apology is due to the public for the lateness of day at which this account of the Metropolitan Fair is printed. Those who most properly should have written its story were prevented by other more pressing duties. Finally, after nearly two years had elapsed, and after various unsuccessful attempts, the material, such as it was, was placed in the hands of the present writers, on whom the task had unexpectedly devolved. At a distance so far removed from the actual occurrence, the particulars of many things which had not been reduced to writing had passed from memory, many papers had been mislaid or lost, and the work was one of extreme difficulty. The writers, therefore, hope that they may be pardoned for many errors and slips of detail, in the hope that they have given a tolerably faithful picture of the general features of the Fair. They owe many thanks to the many persons who have assisted them in their work by conversation, by letters, and by papers.

J. S. F.
E. S.

NEW YORK, *February 13, 1867.*

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THE RECORD

OF

The Metropolitan Fair.

THE
RECORD OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

IN the Autumn of 1863 it came to be felt that no more effectual way of raising money for the needs of the Sanitary Commission could be devised than by holding Fairs. Chicago by this means was enabled to give sixty thousand dollars at once to the beneficent fund which previously had been supplied by small contributions. Not that the aggregate of contributions was small; the streams of benevolence that flowed into the common reservoir of the Sanitary Commission were countless and never dry, but they were mere rills when compared with this Chicago flood of bounty. So it was not long before Boston, a city which readily catches a new idea, followed with another bazaar, and from it realized one hundred and forty thousand dollars. The success of the new idea, one grand gift in place of numberless small ones, was now, of course, fully established. The name "Sanitary Fair" was coined, and applied to each of that splendid series of bazaars, whose number and magnificence made a memorable feature of the winter of 1863-4 in the loyal North.

In New York the project was early broached of holding a fair that should be worthy of the position of the Metropolitan city. The following extract from a paper by the President of the Sanitary Commission, dated November 18, 1863, shows the high ideal that

animated generous minds, and that, before a single step had been taken, insured the success of the future enterprise. To be *Metropolitan*, the Fair "must be, 1. On a *National* scale — its magnitude and results worthy of the occasion, the place, and the necessity.

"2. It must, to that end, be *universal*; enlisting all sympathies from the highest to the lowest, — democratic, without being vulgar; elegant, without being exclusive; fashionable, without being frivolous; popular, without being mediocre. In short, it must be inspired from the higher classes, but animate, include, and win the sympathies and interest of all classes.

"To accomplish this, it must be diversified, various, many-sided; with something for everybody to do, something for everybody to buy; something to gratify the sober and please the gay, to meet the views and approbation of the serious and utilitarian, while catching the eyes, the tastes, and the proclivities of the young, the light-hearted, the thoughtless, and the frivolous. It must have the support of our good people, our rich people, our fashionable people, our politicians, our civic fathers, our clergy, Chamber of Commerce, police, fire department, trades-unions, and all the great industrial establishments."

This was part of a paper called by its author "Rough Hints" concerning the proposed Fair. Generous and genial in every point, these first suggestions were accepted to their full extent. A meeting of ladies was held at the Union League Club House, on the morning of November 21, to which fifty or sixty ladies came through a pouring rain. They were addressed by the President of the Sanitary Commission, Dr. Bellows, who recounted the beneficent labors of Chicago ladies in their bazaar, and urged upon his audience to begin a similar work in New York, upon the noble scale indicated in the words above quoted. Fortunately those to

whom he spoke were already inspired with patriotic zeal, and needed no other incentive to action than was afforded by their own kind hearts and quick brains. They adopted the speaker's suggestions in all their liberality, and then and there set to work toward carrying them out. A committee of five ladies was appointed with power "to select twenty-five ladies from New York and Brooklyn, who should constitute an Executive Board, and should organize and appoint all other committees necessary to carry on the great work thus commenced." Not long afterward, the ladies of Brooklyn determined to have a fair of their own, and accordingly their representatives withdrew from this New York Committee, but not until they had exhibited the energy which afterward insured success in their own peculiar field. Then the gentlemen were enlisted in the work. On the evening of the 11th of December, a number of gentlemen met in the small chapel of the New York University to organize in aid of the proposed *Metropolitan Fair*.¹ (It will be noticed that the ladies had already fixed on the name to be given to the enterprise. They also determined that the various committees, etc., should act under the name of the Metropolitan Fair Association.) From this time the work went on vigorously. At first, the 22d of February was appointed for the opening day, but it was soon changed to the 28th of March,—and even then the time was found too short for the work that was to be done. There were committees and sub-committees to be appointed, appeals to

¹ The help given by the gentlemen did not make the Fair any less a ladies' fair. In the Constitution adopted at the outset by the Ladies' Executive Committee, the first article is as follows:—

"The 'Metropolitan Fair' shall be governed by an Executive Board, consisting of twenty-five ladies. These ladies will act in connection with an *Advisory Committee* of twenty-five gentlemen, appointed by the Sanitary Committee."

Observe the use of "shall" and "will" in this rule. The italics are our own.

be made, letters to be written, a site to be chosen, assistants to be engaged, no end of running to and fro, visitings and consultations, estimates to be made and revised, carpenters, builders, and decorators to be seen and overseen, places and labors to be distributed, clashing interests to be reconciled, schemes that would not work to be altered, obstacles to be surmounted, discouragements to be forgotten, energy, tact, patience, and strength to be tried to the utmost, and often in a dozen different ways at once. No wonder that a second postponement was finally found necessary, though it is wonderful that order was reduced out of the chaos, even by the fourth of April. By the way, that last week's delay was happy in more than one respect. The rains fell and the winds blew during nearly the whole seven days; it was very bad weather for fair-going, though as good weather as could be wished for purposes of arrangement and decoration within doors.

But to return to the beginning. A prospectus was issued, embodying the "Rough Hints" spoken of already, and exhibiting the scope and plan of the Fair. The following extract shows what was the ideal to be realized. "Such a universal end as this," (the absorbing of all classes, characters, and interests in the proposed work,) "can only be reached by a fair which, forsaking the modern notion, returns to the original one, which was a temporary market for merchandise and produce of all kinds, at which commercial ends were reached through vast gatherings of people, and consequent social festivity. We cannot, and need not go back into the Middle Ages, in the fairs of which there was much that we have neither the means nor the desire of imitating. But we can have, for a fortnight, a great market at which shall be exposed for sale every kind of product which our soil or our factories afford, every kind of goods which our merchants import, and which shall be made

the occasion of an unusual display in all the departments of art, — the whole being animated and hallowed by the same humane and patriotic purpose. Nothing will be declined, however substantial or however perishable, however grand or however trivial. All in the great city, and all within the wide-spreading circle of its influence, are to be afforded an opportunity of contributing in kind, through this Fair, to the glory and honor of their country, and the health and comfort of their fellow-citizens who are suffering the privations of the camp, and exposed to the dangers of the battle-field.”

After still further unfolding the purpose of the managers, the Fair is commended to all merchants, manufacturers and artisans, to all farmers, all painters and sculptors, picture-dealers and owners, all publishers, book-sellers, musicians and traders in musical wares, theatrical managers, public schools and institutions, the fire department and police, literary and professional men, bibliophiles, virtuosi, dilettanti, to all people of every calling, all of whom are invited to help in the work of charity. Thus it was aimed to prevent this enterprise from falling into the hands of any circle or class of people, and to make it an affair of the people, an index of the patriotism of the *whole* city of New York. If any one is in doubt as to the manner in which this purpose was carried out, a very slight examination of the record of accomplishment as given in these pages, will show a fullness of realization rarely attained.

Contributions to the Fair, according to the prospectus, were to be sent to the Receiving Depot, No. 2 Great Jones Street. They were to be marked with the name of the contributor and with a memorandum of their value. The appeal was closed with the following regulations, some of which, viewed in the light of after events, may prove entertaining if not instructive.

“1. Every application by note for contributions shall be

upon paper bearing the symbol of the Fair, and signed in writing by a member of the Executive Committee; and every member of a Special Committee shall be provided with a similar certificate of authority.

"2. It is earnestly requested that all contributions in money be sent to the Treasurer, to whose order all checks should be made payable.

"3. At the Fair every article shall be sold at its current market value, when that is determinable.

"4. In all raffles the number of tickets sold shall not exceed the original valuation of the articles raffled for.

"5. No person shall be importuned to buy articles or tickets for raffles.

"6. In every department a cashier shall be appointed to receive money and make change.

"7. No punch shall be sold."

Of course, one of the first things to be settled was a site for the Fair. One of the first propositions had been to hire the Academy of Music and Irving Hall, but the belief in the magnitude of their project was, even at the beginning, sufficient to induce the committees to seek more room than these buildings could afford. There was talk too, of using the building then unfinished, bounded by Broadway, Sixth Avenue, and Thirty Fifth and Thirty Sixth Streets, in conjunction with the State Arsenal, Seventh Avenue and Thirty Fifth Street, some vacant lots in Thirty Fourth Street, and the house at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty Fourth Street, last used by the Spingler Institute. A hundred reasons might combine against a plan so diffused. At all events, it was not long before the offer of the use of the Twenty Second Regiment Armory was accepted. There were grounds adjoining, once occupied as the Palace Garden; free use of these was granted, and the city agreed to erect upon them buildings, which might, after the Fair should have passed away, be used for drilling purposes by the Regi-

ment. The Armory was a brick building about two hundred feet long, and with the additions built by the city made a parallelogram of that length with nearly an equal breadth. Afterward, when the real needs of the Fair came to be better understood, other buildings were put up, of which we shall have occasion to speak in another place.

Before this site had been selected, committees had been appointed to collect contributions from, and represent, nearly every trade and interest in the city. All the callings represented in the prospectus were invited, not only through circulars and advertisements, but by letter and personal application, to take part in the great bazaar. At first there was in some quarters a slowness to respond to these appeals,—business men did not at once comprehend what manner of work was going on among them. They could not see such a future as the ladies were promising themselves. They had been used to fairs, and had learned to regard them with easy contempt, as places where young ladies forgot their reserve and became importunate, and where the other features were punch, worsted-work, and a post-office. They perhaps feared that the present enterprise was an attempt to raise an endurable bore into a grand and intolerable nuisance. However that may have been, there was no standing out long against such enthusiasm as was in the Ladies' Committee. That leaven of spirit spread and strengthened until it pervaded every class to which appeal had been made, and reached abroad over the land and beyond the seas, wherever loyal Americans were to be found.

It may have been forgotten by many what foundation there was for these last words. But they will seem cool and reserved enough when one recollects how large a part of the world was really represented at the Metropolitan Fair. There was a sort of contagion of kindness spreading from the eastern shores of the Baltic and the Mediterranean to the Bay of San Francisco. It affected, for

the most part, Americans wherever they were, and some generous hearts to whom all nations are kin, and no noble feeling foreign. To such this Fair afforded their readiest means for expressing the sympathy they felt in the cause of the North. It was not merely charity to wounded soldiers, it was an offering to freedom; it was the "God-speed" which their governments would not utter, and for which they themselves had previously lacked an opportunity. The gifts of these friends, foreigners only in name, added one crowning grace to the Fair, making it an expression of the world-wideness of humanity in its best sense, caring not only for the sick and maimed but for the down-trodden of the earth.

That we have not overstated the interest felt in the New York Fair, our narrative as it advances will show. While the labors of committees at home were waxing greater, meetings were being held in Berlin and Genoa, in Frankfort and Florence, at some of which the ladies passed friendly resolutions, while all of them ended in more tangible expressions of sympathy. Societies tributary to the Sanitary Commission had been formed in London and Paris, and we shall have hereafter to notice the gifts that were sent from those cities, from St. Petersburg and Smyrna, from Copenhagen and Geneva, from Hamburg and Lisbon, and from Rio Janeiro. We shall find Newcastle of her superfluity sending a vessel loaded with coals, — Rome filling a department with mosaics and photographs, engravings and paintings, — queens and Italian patriots sending their autographs, — authors and artists in England, Germany, France, and Italy, writing and painting for this one object. Such was the interest which the zealous ladies in New York succeeded in awakening in loyal hearts abroad. In America the interest was even more general, though so many places were straining every nerve to make their own fairs figure as largely as possible in the list of that season, that

they had little beside their friendly interest to contribute to the New York charity. Still it was a matter of generous pride and solicitude that the great city's success should be worthy of her rank. The kindly zeal reached people in distant farm-houses and villages, too drowsy to be roused to much action by the benevolent mania, and their contributions, naturally enough, came to New York. In this way every State in the Union, even to California, came to be represented in the Fair by something curious or precious.

But in New York City there were no side channels to divert the stream of charity from the one course. At first the movement was small and slow. But it was the story over again of the tiny outlet made by some idlers for a mountain lake; the little channel gradually widened until the rill became a brook, and the brook turned into a fearful torrent that swept along rocks and woods in its course, and overwhelmed the villages in the plain below. At first the work crept along without notice from the outside world. In January the papers began to talk about the coming Fair. From time to time a paragraph among the news items stimulated interest, and their growing frequency may be taken as an index of the growing popularity of their subject. Finally it seemed as if the whole city were engaged in one pursuit. Everybody was doing something for the Sanitary Fair; if nothing more, they at least advanced its interests by talking about it. When once it had attained this dangerous height of favor, it held its position as the leading, the absorbing interest of the day, until its doors were finally closed, and our charity was only known by its fruits.

Of course this success was attained only by great labor. We fear that we cannot adequately show how great and unceasing were the pains taken that the work should not discredit the ideal which was at its foundation. For example, there was the matter of correspondence. In order

that American residents abroad might be engaged, letters were written to every American Minister and every Consulate of any importance in Europe, and almost every single appeal of this kind entailed more or less of correspondence. Then in collecting materials for the Curiosity Shop, or for the Floral Temple, what epistolary efforts were involved, let those tell who can. To get together the Arms and Trophies Museum, demanded more than a thousand letters, and yet this was only the beginning of labors. Besides the collection of materials, there was also the taking care and keeping account of them, which was no trifling matter. For in a given department, beside the outright gifts, there would be found at once goods loaned for exhibition, goods to be sold on commission, goods, the proceeds of which were to be divided between two or three objects, goods subject to all manner of conditions. Then there was the work of selection, arrangement, and decoration, the whole getting up of the place of sale or exhibition. Often there was as much difficulty in procuring a suitable place or space for a department, as in fitting up after it was gained, for, as we have before said, the needs of the Fair were fast outgrowing the provision for them, and there was a great deal of crowding and struggling before the demand for more room was granted. Over and above all these things were the countless and unceasing calls for attention from details, — calls in themselves trifling, but in their aggregate haunting, harassing, and often overpowering. Only those who have engaged in such a work know the weight of the little duties.

Of course head-quarters were necessary for the various committees, as well as for the storage of gifts. These were found in the house then standing at the corner of Great Jones Street and Broadway. This house was put, by its owner, at the service of the Executive Board, and was the scene of the various labors we have indicated as pertaining to the Fair. Were we a people who stopped to mark

our memorable places, this spot must come in for honor. It was the starting-point for a crusade against sickness and suffering and death,—a crusade of the gentle kind which is the glory of this time. Other days than ours have seen men fighting for principles, but their zeal has been very seldom accompanied by humanity. And as it is perhaps this very element that will finally distinguish our great conflict from those that have gone before it, we may live to see the song-writer and the architect celebrating these gentle victories of kindness along with the sterner victories of right. Then such places as were graced by our charity will deserve their tribute of remembrance.

We have stopped to mention this one scene thus particularly, because it has passed away. No. 2 Great Jones Street was one of two solid, old-fashioned, granite houses, that have since given place to the more thrifty splendors of red brick and white paint. They were built when the glories of Bond and Great Jones streets were as yet untarnished, and had kept their dignity until the time was come when they must either be torn down, or must harbor the modiste or the tailor. Perhaps it was well that the former lot was theirs. No. 2, at least, ended its existence with becoming state—its last uses were thoroughly noble.

We have said that the plan of the Fair grew upon its projectors until it refused to be bounded by the limits assigned. The demands for room became more and more urgent, until the Building Committee was forced to yield before them. The original square of two hundred feet was added to as follows: in front of the Armory a temporary structure was extended out over the sidewalk. This was done by permission of the City Government, and was for the accommodation of the Indian Department, and the Arms and Trophies Museum. The street front of the Fair was extended about one hundred feet, by inclusion of a building occupied by a livery-stable, and by a building

covering three vacant lots, and destined for the Fair Restaurant. A Machinery Department was put up on Fifteenth Street, which left room only for the passage of a single carriage between it and the north sidewalk. There was also added on Fifteenth Street a house, a shop, and three lots, which were variously filled.

Still there was a cry for more space; but this time the Building Committee did not yield. The temporary buildings in Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets had already cost over sixty thousand dollars, and the Committee, with a future all unknown before it, did not think that a further expenditure in this way would be justifiable. So some ladies, and more especially one, who had at heart the interests of children, and their right to a part in the Fair, determined to go ahead, and themselves supply the needed accommodation. The Sanitary Commission, sympathizing with these ladies, agreed to be responsible for the additional buildings, and on the same day the lady, whom we have instanced as especially forward in this work, had gained permission from the city authorities to use a part of Union Square for her purposes, and was in consultation with an architect, and with the movers for new departments. The Union Square building rose very swiftly, and afforded space for four of the most important divisions of the Fair,—the International and Children's Departments, the Knickerbocker Kitchen, and the Music Hall. If, in Fourteenth Street, the Fair seemed the result of rare energy, purpose, and generosity, in Union Square it seemed an inspiration. The wonderful zeal of her who secured the existence of this portion animated all who were concerned in carrying out her plan. An accomplished architect not only submitted drawings, which were at once approved, but gave up all his time until the buildings were finished; and then, in another way, during the three weeks of the Fair, another

architect arranged the Knickerbocker Kitchen, a third gave time, taste, and money in the decorations of the other departments. The masons and carpenters performed their work at half the usual rates; the roofers, plumbers, and gas-fitters also made generous terms. Moreover, all was well and quickly done. Begun at noon on the 14th day of March, the structure was finished on Saturday evening, the 2d of April, just sixteen and a half working days from the time that the first stone was laid. This, too, despite a week of almost incessant rain, the same that was so profitable to the decorators and arrangers in Fourteenth Street,—the “ill wind,” that divided its effects with the usual impartiality. Moreover, the Union Square buildings, unlike those in Fourteenth Street, were not an aggregate of smaller buildings, put together as the needs arose, but a symmetrical whole, the fruit of a well-digested plan. As a consequence, though so much more modest in dimensions, and in the number of attractions offered, the Union Square division was able to hold its own, and share the admiration with its older and larger sister. It consisted of two main buildings, one on Broadway, one on Fourth Avenue, each sixty by ninety feet, and united by a narrower structure, one hundred and sixty-five feet long by fifty-five feet wide. The whole cost about seventeen thousand dollars.

The history of this addition to the original plan induces us to mention one thing, which, above all others, made our charity preëminently the ladies', rather than the gentlemen's Fair. Men took deep interest in the work, and aided it by every effort, but it was the faith of woman which made it what it was,—the noblest gift of humanity, love, and devotion, that the sufferers in our war received. The men of New York, with few exceptions, doubted the success of the enterprise,—at least doubted its having any such success

as the ladies hoped for. To use the language of the time, business men thought that the Fair would do the best possible if it should realize a hundred thousand dollars. So they would naturally, if the matter had been in their hands, have limited the scope of the undertaking; and as it was, the tendency of their counsels was generally toward economy, toward lowering enthusiasm, and cutting down the plans of the ladies. But they could not change the belief of woman in the support which their largest benevolence would receive from a loyal city, and from the friends of the city everywhere. So the ladies had sometimes to carry out their faith over the head of unbelief, as in the case of the Union Square department; and, so far as we know, the result invariably justified their larger action. Not that the ladies were not indebted to the men for coöperation, for help in a hundred ways where their own strength would have been insufficient. We would merely say, that without the belief of the ladies in the possibilities of their effort, the Metropolitan Fair would have been a much smaller and much less successful enterprise. Perhaps it would be most nearly just to say that it was the union of woman's faith with man's experience, and the energy and constancy of both, that insured the fortunate result.

There were some things, such as the debates upon the question of raffling, which belonged, in fact, to the history of the Fair previous to its opening, and which we have included in the main part of our narrative. We have now sufficiently indicated of what kind, and how great were the labors that led up to the ceremonies of the first day,—Monday, the fourth of April, 1864. We have mentioned no names, for the list of the deserving is too large for us to give even the most prominent, without doing injustice to some. We have, therefore, put a list of officers and committees in an appen-

dix. Those who were concerned in the progress of the Fair will know to whom credit is largely due, and will not fail to render a tribute of reverence to their self-denying labor. For ourselves, we know that to the real, though unnamed, heroes and heroines of this book, the consciousness of their own deeds is their own sufficient reward, and they will appreciate the respect which makes us silent as to their share in the work.

It only remains, then, for us to emulate the example of weightier and older historians, and give a view of the state of the world at the time of the opening of our story. We shall, perhaps, shed some light upon our subject, which is a better excuse for our course than the plea of the practice of others.

Look back over the daily papers about the end of March, 1864. Schleswig Holstein is a bone of contention in Europe, and nobody knows which is the right side of the difficulty. England is in a querulous and puzzled state of mind. Between questions of neutrality toward Denmark and America, the government is fidgetty, and, more cautious than usual of giving offense, it contents itself with giving plenty of virtuous, motherly advice. The Archduke Maximilian, with the Archduchess, *en route* for Mexico, are in London, whence they will depart cheered and strengthened to encounter the uncertain bliss of imperial dignity. The small literary men of England are squabbling to keep out all who are greater than themselves from any share in the management of the Shakspeare Tercentenary. This last is not pleasant, it is, indeed, scarcely creditable to the literary men; but we are gratified by contemplating anew the course of the Ministry, which sets a beautiful example of peace-keeping to these uneasy spirits. At home we find a contrast to this picture of virtuous repose. The war has entered upon its fourth year, but General Grant has been appointed commander-in-chief,

and the nation begins to hope that the end is not far off. Still, the *Alabama* and *Florida* roam the sea unharmed, and on land, though the Potomac army has not yet learned the art of moving so early in the spring, skirmishes in the Southwest enliven the military outlook. In New York city, the effects of the war are various and interesting, but they are often hard to discover among the striking evidences of prosperity, just as they may prove hard to find among the following items. It is pleasant spring weather, and the city is very full,—hotels and boarding-houses are overcrowded. The opera, after two weeks of silence, opens with *Faust*, and promise of a revival of *Robert le Diable*. Gold is at \$1.70; it has not as yet reached its highest, but speculation is busy, perhaps even anxious. Mingled with such items are a daily increasing number relating to the coming Sanitary Fair. It is evident that the Fair is the event of the time. In one paper is an account of a proposed Cockloft Hall, filled with souvenirs of the authors of *Salmagundi*. In another, a notice of several books published for the benefit of the Fair, and a suggestion that, as the hotels are over-crowded, loyal people should let out their spare rooms to strangers, and hand over the proceeds to the same cause. (!) Again, it is said that a number of beautiful gifts from Hamburg have arrived by the *Germania*, which suggests the comforting reflection that Hamburg is not all engrossed by the war in Holstein. Then, the proprietors of the different omnibus lines are considering what they, as a body, shall contribute. The Police Department have already given handsomely, and the Fire Department is furnishing a division in the Fourteenth Street buildings which promises to be one of the most attractive features of the Fair. On Saturday evening a concert will be given by the Philharmonic Society in aid of the favorite charity. The theatres all promise benefits to

the same object. The Hippotheatron even proposes to devote to the Commission a percentage of all its earnings during the continuance of the Fair. Barnum will give a week's proceeds. The children of the Public Schools, not to be behindhand, will "follow suit" with a whole series of concerts. Then there are advertisements from various committees to dealers in musical instruments, in shoes and leather, in canes and umbrellas, in cotton, wool, and raw materials, to manufacturers and machinists, to people out of town, inviting all to send their contributions to the 22d Regiment Armory buildings, Fourteenth Street, near Sixth Avenue. The Fair was to have opened on the 28th of March, but there is so much to be arranged that, hurry as they will, the managers are obliged to postpone the opening for one week, until the 4th of April. We find a little later that even this delay might have been lengthened, for there remained a good deal to be done after the opening. Contributions from Europe were yet on their way, and the buildings in Union Square were not yet completed. Still, when Monday, the fourth of April, came, there was no sufficient reason for waiting any longer. That is, there was no delay in fact; but in our history we must stop, before chronicling the pomps and festivities of the commencement day, in order to give a brief account of the scene of the Fair. This will be of service to us hereafter.

It would, perhaps, have been more correct had we written the *scenes* of the Fair; it would have been at least more literal, for our charity opened its doors both in Union Square and in Fourteenth Street. It rejoiced in space and a double presence—it overwhelmed you with vastness and profusion in Fourteenth Street, in Union Square it charmed you with a few selected attractions. The Fourteenth Street building consisted of the brick Armory buildings near Sixth Avenue, with

wooden structures added thereto, affording a front of more than two hundred feet, and not only extending through from Fourteenth to Fifteenth streets, but including the north sidewalk on the lower street, and on the upper leaving room for the passage of only a single carriage. The building in Union Square, though divided into but four departments, was two hundred and eighty-five feet long, and consisted of two main buildings, each sixty by ninety feet, connected by a narrower one of one hundred and sixty-five feet in length and fifty-five feet wide. If the recital of these dimensions is found uninteresting by anybody, by you, for example, fair or unfair reader, who seeks to brighten your memory over these pages, we beg you to skip the catalogue of departments, which we here copy from that pleasant little chronicler, "The Spirit of the Fair." We shall resume our narrative at page 21.

The main entrance is on Fourteenth Street, through the temporary building erected in front of the Armory of the 22d New York State National Guards.

On the right of the main entrance is the Indian Department; on the left is the Department of Arms and Trophies.

On entering the main building by the central door, the following is the order of departments and tables:—

SOUTH SIDE. — RIGHT OF MAIN ENTRANCE.

Jacob's Well.

Room No. 3. — Hardware and Furnishing Goods.

Room No. 2. — Treasurer's Department.

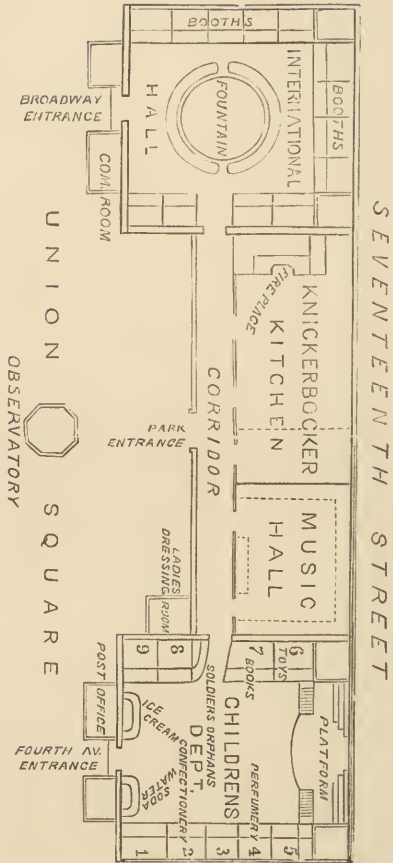
Stall. — Children's Clothing.

Room No. 1. — Lingeries and Trimmings.

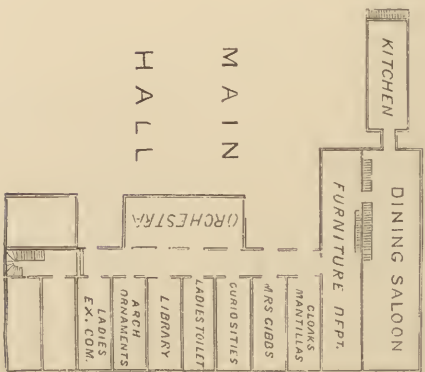
SAME SIDE, LEFT OF MAIN ENTRANCE.

Stall for the sale of the "Spirit of the Fair" newspaper.

THE UNION SQUARE BUILDING.



SECOND FLOOR (FOURTEENTH STREET).



Room No. 4. — Stationery.

Room No. 5. — Sewing-Machines.

Stall. — Soda Fountain.

Executive Committee Room.

WEST SIDE OF MAIN BUILDING.

1st Stall. — Thread, Needles, and small wares.

2d Stall. — Toys.

3d Stall. — Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

4th to 10th Stall. — New Jersey Department.

Washington Irving Temple.

NORTH SIDE. — FIFTEENTH STREET.

(*Beginning at west end.*)

1st entrance to Machinery and Shipbuilders' Department.

Stall. — Boots and Shoes.

Stall. — Harness, Bridles, and Leather Goods.

2d entrance to Machinery Department.

Stall. — Dry Goods.

Stall. — India-Rubber Goods.

3d entrance to Machinery Department.

Clothes-wringing machine.

EAST WALL.

(*Beginning at north end.*)

New York Fire Department, extending half the length of the wall.

Stall. — Roman Department.

Entrance to Carriage and Agricultural Department, and Mathematical Instruments.

Stall. — Jewelry and Fancy Goods.

Entrance to Wholesale Departments of Tobacco and Liquors, Drugs and Perfumeries, Soaps and Candles, and Groceries. These conduct to the Restaurant, from which two flights of stairs lead to the Dining Saloon.

The centre of the main building is occupied by the Floral Temple and Flower Department.

LIST OF TABLES ON MAIN FLOOR.

- No. 1. — German Turnverein.
2. — Furs, Hats, and Caps.
3. — Porcelain and Glass.
4. — Lutheran Society.
5. — Baptist Society.
6. — Buffalo Table.
7. — Ohio Table.
8. — New Bedford Table.
9. — Police.
10. — Oswego Table.
11. — Staten Island Table.
12. — Dobbs' Ferry and Hastings.
13. — Norwalk Table.
14. — Welsh Church.
15. — Westchester. Forts Schuyler and Hamilton.
16. — Harlem Table.
17. — Methodist Table.
18. — Wholesale Jewelers.
19. — Rev. Mr. Gantz's Church.
20. — Retail Perfumery and Wax Flowers.
21. — Miscellaneous.
22. — Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed.
23. — Children's Clothing.
24. — Fancy Goods.

The Picture Gallery extends along the west end of the main building. The entrance is from Fourteenth Street, the most westerly door. At one end is the Gallery of Photographs and Engravings.

The second story, main building, is reached by the staircase near the Picture Gallery, and is divided into the following Departments:—

Room No. 11. — Ladies' Executive Committee Room.

Room No. 10. — Architectural Ornaments, Stained Glass, and Tapestries.

Room No. 9. — Library and Bookstore.

Rooms No. 7 and 8. — Old Curiosity Shop.

Room No. 6. — Dress-making.

Rooms beyond. — Furniture and Upholstery Department, Ladies' Hair-Dressing Articles, Dress Patterns, and Lithographic Press.

The floor above is occupied by the Photographic Department.

PLAN OF THE UNION SQUARE BUILDING.

The main entrances are on the south side of the two wings, adjoining the Park.

The east wing is occupied by the Children's Department.

The central division consists of the Musical Instrument Department, and the Knickerbocker Kitchen.

The west wing contains the International Department, containing contributions from various quarters of the world. In the centre of this building is a fountain.

The Cattle Show connected with the Fair is situated in Fifteenth Street, near Seventh Avenue. Among the contributions of stock will be found a White Ox, from Livingston County, weighing 3602 pounds, an Alderney Cow, a Durham Bull, Sheep, Shetland Ponies, and Horses.

There — that is as faithful an account of the arrangement of the Fair as words can give. There are a great many people who cannot gain any notion of the interior of a house from an architect's diagram, and yet no simpler or more exact way of exhibiting construction has ever been devised. This that we have transcribed from the "Spirit of the Fair," is an architect's plan in words, and we can imagine no shorter or more complete description; and we hope that all those who may examine it will find their memories refreshed, and so agree with us.

As for the picturesque view, that we shall attempt to give with the opening of the Fair, and during the subsequent visits which we shall make. This little history is written from the stand-point of one of the myriads of casual visitors to the great Bazaar. So, like any one of the interested public, we shall tell how the stalls and how the ladies looked, and our impressions of the *coup d'œil*, when we may be supposed to have seen them—that is, after we have been admitted on opening night, along with the rest of the world. What has been already told of the interior arrangements of the buildings might as well have been gathered by anybody from the columns of the “New York Herald,” which published as much, and a great deal more, on the morning of the opening day, so that when the first song was swelling out under that timbered roof, people three hundred miles away were better informed than many were who heard the music, what was going on there, and what were the surroundings of that brilliant throng.

And now came the day of opening. Mayor Gunther, to the great delight of clerks and school-children, had issued a proclamation¹ recommending that the day be kept as a holiday. Major-General Dix, in command of the Department of the East, had made arrangements for

1 “PROCLAMATION.

“I deem it a duty to call the attention of my fellow-citizens to the fact, that during the continuance of the unhappy strife in which our once peaceful States are involved, there has arisen a host of good Samaritans, whose sole business is “to allay the pain and draw out the irritation” of the unfortunate participants therein.

“The Sanitary Fairs throughout the country are to culminate in the gigantic enterprise of the benevolent ladies of this metropolis, which is to be inaugurated on Monday next, with appropriate military and civic ceremonies. In view of the importance of the occasion, and the praiseworthy associations connected with this labor of love, I recommend to my fellow-citizens to observe the 4th day of April as a holiday, and that all business, except works of charity and necessity, be suspended.

“C. GODFREY GUNTHER, Mayor.

“NEW YORK, April 2, 1864.”

a military display. There were to be the regular troops, from the various forts about the city, under command of General Stannard, and the militia under General Sandford. These were to take up their line of march at two o'clock from Fourteenth Street, passing down Second Avenue, through Stuyvesant Place and Astor Place, to Broadway. They were to proceed to the City Hall, to be reviewed by His Excellency the Mayor. After that they were to be at liberty to return to their several places of starting. Hard work for the troops, but pleasant enough for the populace which flocks untiringly to parades, and contentedly hangs over the curbstone, squeezed and red in the face, so long as it can see its beloved blue-coats pass by, or catch the retreating notes of a band. In the evening, at eight o'clock, the Fair was to be opened with music, and, of course, speeches. For the greater comfort of all concerned, two dollars were fixed as the price of admission to this ceremony, and the number of tickets limited to six thousand.

So much for the promise of the day. The public had been made fully acquainted with it through numerous advertisements and the friendly gossiping newspaper reporters. So lively was the interest of people that the "Herald" was constrained to publish the orders of various colonels to their regiments, one advising his men to appear in white gloves without overcoats, another calling not only for white gloves but for overcoats also, while a third contented himself with allowing overcoats in case the weather demanded them. It was evident that public curiosity in some quarters had become too greedy to be nice, and so it was well that the day was near when curiosity should be allayed by sight.

Monday was a bright and lovely day. We mean, of course, Monday, the 4th of April, 1864. Broadway lay white and brilliant under the spring sun, the sharp sky line of the roofs and the crimson stripes of the countless

flags seeming to deepen the blue that hung over all. There were flags everywhere, from windows, suspended from ropes across the street, crowning roofs and church-spires even, and all stirred into rich and lazy folds by a breeze that came blowing over the bay heavy with the promise of budding trees and flowers.

It is about twelve o'clock, and we who have been observing Broadway all this while, find that the windows below Eighth Street are filling up with ladies, and that parasols are appearing here and there upon the roofs. We accordingly make our way towards Fourteenth Street. It is not yet very crowded when we reach there. People are standing or lounging in knots with a look of not knowing very well where they are going, or what they are about. But crowds gather in a mysterious way. We have been thinking that we were on the ground too early, and suddenly the street is full. We did not see that the multitude came from any particular direction, nor did they even seem to come all together; yet here they are, and every flight of door-steps is one solid inclined plane of heads and parasols. The rights of householders make castles of their homes, — such is, by law, the inviolable nature of every domestic retreat; but the irrepressible people have here made each house a fortress not only to the outer world but to the owner himself. These are beleaguered strongholds, and the very prince can only find ingress or egress through the modern *posteru* gate known as the area door. The entrance to the *Maison Dorée* is kept open by two policemen at the gate, and *Delmonico's* is saved partly by a policeman, but mainly by reason of its affording no "coigne of vantage" to the sight-seeing public, — and now the curbstone is surmounted by a dark, close, living wall, a struggling elbowing wall, that will stretch out into the street, and though mainly a very good-natured wall, will swear here and there. The waiting throng is willing to be amused,

and rough contests of wit occur between the *gamins* of neighboring branches or railings, which are received with great good nature by their audience. The laughter is not always fairly proportioned to the wit, but often answers with greatest warmth the slightest sallies; indeed, the mirth becomes quite uncontrollable when a branch breaks under its burden of boys, and it is seen that nobody is hurt. The populace is making the most in its own way of the opening of the Metropolitan Fair. Not one in a hundred of these people will be present during the speeches in the evening; a great number of them perhaps would not care for that ceremony, but they are fond of soldiers, or rather of uniforms and of band music. They are of that class which flocks to any military display no matter what it celebrates. They are hundreds of thousands in number, and they indicate the whole line of the march by one continuous, dense, dark mass. They are interesting to the moralist, the philanthropist, the economist, and to themselves; but in these pages we have only to do with them as they form so prominent a feature of the day,—and what thoughtful eye disregards the spectators of any pageant?

And all this while a melodious clashing of bands is heard from several directions, and companies of soldiers are continually marching through the lines of people, and taking position along the middle of Fourteenth Street. There is great bustle; great galloping back and forth of aids with important faces, and hurried consultations between officers; but at last, through much tribulation, every thing is arranged—a double line of bayonets glistens in the sun from Sixth to Second Avenue. An air of determination has gradually settled down upon the faces of the militia, composure has come upon the officers; and at length, at three o'clock—we regret to record that it is an hour later than the time set—the word of command is given, and the line of march is taken up. The people

shout as their favorite regiments go by, and now and then a cry of recognition passes from one friend on the sidewalk to another in the lines. So it was as with many other processions — blue sky above, brightened with the crimson and white of many flags, and beneath a dark mass with a long stripe of blue through it; the glistening of bayonets; the regular tramp, tramp, falling like muffled hammer-strokes upon the pavement; a cry of multitudes far and near, mingled with the clash of advancing and receding bands, the roll of drums and, now and then, the melodious thunder of a distant cannon. The peculiar feature of this procession, distinguishing it from all that had marched before, was the presence of a large number of regular soldiers, provoking comparison with the city regiments. It is a pleasant thing to record a verdict then rendered, that the militia or volunteers, favorites of the city, did not suffer by the comparison. Then, too, it was the largest military display ever seen in New York — the only great procession that had been made up entirely of soldiery. The daily papers, for the benefit of the arithmetical class of their readers, put the display into figures, and told us that the procession was two miles in length, including eight thousand men, and was gazed at, along its line of march, by half a million people. The Prince of Wales' reception, heretofore regarded as affording the most august spectacle possible to New York, found its glory pale before that of this occasion. New York last year, 1865, saw yet greater sights — a procession of rejoicing, a triumph for the victory of truth and faith conducted by patience over wrong and blindness urged on by passion, where the spectators were more than a million and the parade stretched over seven long miles; and another, a sad array with shrouded banners and funeral music escorting a car with black plumes along streets heavily draped and through crowds with sober eyes and heads uncovered. There was no

need of counting on that day;—the whole city took part in that sad ceremonial, walking with heads bent down, or gazing in reverent silence. But the procession in honor of the opening of the Sanitary Fair, yet may take rank with these two. The three are emblematical of three phases of our great struggle: the earlier one indicating the Christian purpose which carried us through four years of war, the latter two representing, one the joy of our triumph, the other our grief over our losses.

At last the display was over, and the side streets, which had for awhile been almost as deserted as “Baker Street, or Tadmor in the wilderness,” wore again their usual homelike air. The street cars had been stopped, until on each side of Fourteenth Street they had accumulated in lines like an endless series in some one of Doré’s pictures, but now these perspectives were broken up, and the city gradually settled back to its usual look.

We cannot linger long over the opening. A strict report of its ceremonies would be little more than a transcription of two speeches, and much as we should like to give these, we should transgress our limits in so doing. Then, too, to get at its real charm, a speech must be received through the ear, rather than through the eye. An essay read before an audience is generally tedious: it was not meant to please in that way; and a speech, divorced from its personal magnetism of voice and presence and occasion, fails of much of its effect. It is like a symphony—a musician may read it from the score, but what is that to one who hears it fitly interpreted in the concert room? And so it is perhaps as well that our space forbids our doing much more than allude to these addresses. Everybody who heard them remembers how good, how interesting and satisfactory they were; and we cannot, then, very much regret, so long as we can at least touch upon a memory so pleasant.

Contenting ourselves, then, with a mere gossiping

chronicle of the evening, we may begin very properly outside of the Fair buildings. Fourteenth Street, at this point, was unusually light, by reason of a number of gas-lamps posted along in front of the entrances. It was fairly brilliant outside the buildings, and the opposite curbstone was crowned by a row of gazers, such as gathers about the Academy of Music on occasion of the Arion Ball. They stood silent, while carriage after carriage rolled out from the twilight into the full glare, and perhaps they felt something of the picturesqueness of such a scene; the "tumultuous grandeur" about the blazing entrances, the strong light thrown upon faces, dresses and buildings, the deep masses of shadow, and the contrasting stillness of the starlit sky, always make a striking picture.

But those who are going in will not linger long at the door. There is a little crush at the entrance, a confusion of color, a low sweeping sound of silk breaking through the level hum of voices, and we are borne, apparently between two high board-fences, into the great hall of the Fair. Most persons, perhaps, experience very much the same feeling on going for the first time into a great bazaar,—such a multitude of objects press at once upon the senses that for a time nothing is seen or felt distinctly. One is dazed, and comes back to the usual state of self-possession as if waking out of sleep. Ladies will grasp the arm of a companion a little more tightly, and sometimes may be seen with heightened color and quick breath gazing around, in a wild, wondering way that betrays their feeling. The same thing may be detected in men, by an extraordinary aptitude for stepping on dresses, and for being where they are not wanted. But we do not see all this at once; it dawns upon us gradually. The first impression is that this whirl of people, and gas-lights, flags, garlands, and lacing-timbers has no end. We seem to make no way through it,

but, wherever we turn or go, it stretches to the same unlimited distance, and is just so big and bewildering. But order settles out of confusion, and little by little we learn to distinguish the parts which go to make up the whole.

Let us resume now the past tense, and try to recall as much of the arrangement and appearance of the great hall as one might be supposed to gather while waiting for the opening ceremonies to begin. It is probably not far from the truth, to say that the first thing that struck one beginning to observe, was the real simplicity of means by which decoration was attained. This great hall was a temporary building, and its roof, with a great mass of timber work, was all exposed, quite unrelieved in its plainness, even by such adornment as a coat of paint might have afforded. Only two lines of these timbers, stretching across the middle of the hall, were hung with festoons of evergreen and occasional bunches of verdure. There were, in reality, two roofs, a section of which would have somewhat resembled a broad letter **W** inverted, and these were supported at their joining by eight solid piers of brick, masked by mirrors and drapery of flags. In the centre of the hall was a floral temple — a mass of green, brightened by flowers and inscriptions. Properly speaking, the hall had no other decorations than these, for all the other trophies, devices, and whatever else there was to please the eye, were only the deckings and belongings of the several departments. Perhaps we ought even to exclude the Floral Temple from our short list of general decorations, for it was in reality as much a *booth* as that of the Fire Department; it was included because it had the effect of being a part, the climax or crown of the greenery which pertained to no section, but to the hall at large. Aside from all this the great space was brilliant enough. From one point, high over the heads of the crowd about, you might have seen

the crossed keys and triple crown above the kindly and venerable face of Pio Nono, that could only have marked the Roman department. Further along was a renaissance front, crowned with effigies of firemen, with rows of signal-lanterns, piles of firemen's hats, and an array of burnished trumpets. No New Yorker would need to be told whose generosity had been at work there. Moving on further, you might have discovered, in a distant corner, the Cockloft Summer House, already known through newspaper descriptions, and enticing you to enter by its quaint and genial motto:—

“ In hoc est hoax, cum quis et jokeses,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem, folkses,
Fee, Fau, Fum,”

and just beyond were four fronts bearing emblems of the four seasons; and next to these a light and brilliantly colored structure, pleasantly named the Alhambra, while in every direction one saw rising above the crowd flags and flowers, pictures and innumerable and bewildering patches of color and of light.

So much we will allow that one might have distinguished from the throng of objects calling for attention, before the sound of music brought him as near to the open gallery over the entrance as he could press. It was the “Star Spangled Banner,” swelling out from a great chorus and a military band, that opened the ceremonies of the evening. Then a gray-haired man came forward, and every head was bowed, while a voice went out over the assemblage and up to heaven, beseeching that blessing without which every human work is vain. And afterward arose a solemn chorus, Holmes' “Army Hymn,” the words of which so truly express the spirit that had carried our people thus far through the war, and had even prompted this gathering, that we cannot resist the impulse to give them again in this place:—

“ O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King,
Behold the sacrifice we bring ;
To every arm Thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart.

“ Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires ;
Thy power has made our nation free,
To die for her is serving Thee.

“ Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe ;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

“ God of all nations, Sovereign Lord,
In Thy dread name we draw the sword ;
We lift Thy starry flag on high,
That fills with light our stormy sky.

“ No more its flaming emblems wave
To bar from hope the trembling slave ;
No more its radiant glories shine
To blast with woe one child of Thine.

“ From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guide Thou its folds till peace shall reign ;
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join the loud anthem, Praise to Thee ! ”

Then General Dix was brought forward and introduced to the multitude. It was known, from a hundred sources of information, that General Dix was to speak in behalf of the Gentlemen's Executive Committee, and from them make over the Fair into the hands of the ladies. It was not a long speech, and it sustained throughout that tone of dignified and reverent praise with which every heart had become already penetrated. He spoke of the object of the gathering, and showed how it grew naturally out of that lofty devotion to the country which had moved the North throughout the whole contest—a devotion

which had inspired unflinching courage, endurance, purpose, generosity, hope, and confidence. And then he ended: "To your hands, ladies, we commit these contributions from both hemispheres, to be disposed of under your auspices. And you may rest assured that the sources of consolation and comfort which you are opening for others, will be poured out in kindred currents of gratitude to you, to bless you with the highest and purest of all gratifications, — that of alleviating the condition of those who are suffering for a cause involving in its issue every element of civilization and of social order."

It is needless to say what hearty and long-continued applause followed such an utterance of the thoughts that were uppermost in the minds of all who were present. It had not died away when the "Hallelujah Chorus" — Handel's ever fresh thanksgiving — arose and seemed to perfect the utterances which had just ceased.

The next speech was, of course, in behalf of the Ladies' Committee. Mr. Joseph H. Choate came forward and accepted for the ladies the trust which had been proffered them. With a nice feeling of propriety, he did not attempt to keep his audience at the point to which they had been brought, but spoke with a genial humor that soon melted the thoughtful faces around him into smiles. And soon that sea of heads was shaking with laughter. But by and by it settled again to quiet, as the orator grew graver and more earnest. He was paying the just tribute to those who had made this great gift to their country's needs, and especially to the artists who had given not money alone, not time only, but the best thought of their brains, the best work of their hands. "And when the record of this Fair is written, and the grand result is known, as our gallant armies shall march forth to strike another gigantic blow, which will, we hope, send this foul rebellion reeling to its last retreat, it shall bear to them the glad tidings that they carry with them the hearts and

the hopes of more than twenty million loyal Americans ; *and that for as many as faint and fall by the way, all the strong arms in the land shall be held out to save them, and all its fair hands to heal their wounds or soothe their dying hours !*” And then all the voices in that throng joined in “ Old Hundred,” after which the crowd melted and poured itself through the Picture Gallery, the Arms and Trophies Room, the Indian Department, the Curiosity Shop, the Restaurant. Everywhere was light, everywhere the hum of conversation, and bright-faced strollers, and much more happiness than sight-seeing — that can be left for other days. This crowd was busy in meeting friends. The air of the place was that of some great social gathering ; in spite of the vastness of the building and of the throng, there was something of coziness present, and so the Fair was fitly inaugurated, not only as a charity, but as a festival.

And now, after giving so much of an account of this day, we will here pause to say that, for the sake of convenience of arrangement and reference, we shall distribute our description of the several more important departments of the Fair over our slight record of the incidents of each day of that memorable three weeks during which the Fair was held. That is, there are eighteen days, each of which has some history of its own. We will give the gossip of the time in the order which it followed, and mingle with it our topography. Our plan leaves a few items to be added to the story of Monday, April 4th. The morning papers of that day tell of the fate of a concert given on the Saturday evening previous, by the Philharmonic Society. The concert was improvised for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, but owing to the fact that it was only advertised at the last moment, and that the music within was aided by the outside accompaniment of lashing rain and wind, it was not a success. A better omen for the success of the Fair may be found

in the papers of the same date. It is recorded that on Saturday evening the members of the various committees met in the Picture Gallery in Fourteenth Street. The gathering was called a reception, although it is difficult to discover from the report that anybody was the receiver. Toward the close of the evening the Indians displayed their savage graces in a rehearsal of their dances in the Wigwam. This heightened the geniality of the evening to something as near fun as people ever reach now-a-days, and so sent the company home pleasantly, and ended the first gathering in the Fair buildings with an air of promise.

On this day, too, the Hippotheatron announced that a liberal percentage of its receipts during the entire continuance of the Fair, would be made over to the Sanitary Commission.

TUESDAY, APRIL 5.

Tuesday was to be merely a day of exhibition, and sales were to begin on Wednesday. Thus far, and in the matter of the price of admission, one dollar, the plan laid down for this day was carried out. In only one respect was the promise of the day not kept. The Union Square buildings were to have been opened to the public on Tuesday evening. But the work of decoration was not quite completed, the tables were not quite filled and arranged; a hundred *contretemps* interposed, and the opening was deferred for one day. The morning papers were full of the parade and the opening ceremonies of the day before. But we have already gone over that ground; so we have really nothing to do but to make our way to Fourteenth Street, and begin our closer survey of that great whole whose outline we have indicated. We will take things in the natural order, and begin with the Department of Arms and Trophies, the door of which was on the left side of the main passage to the large hall. It



perhaps is not wholly fanciful to take this as the natural first division of the Fair, and to strengthen our choice by the old-fashioned country saying, "the left hand is nearer the heart." The Department of Arms and Trophies was, in truth, very near the heart of most visitors to this spot, for it was more intimately, than any other department, connected with the struggle whose needs had raised these buildings, and filled them with so much that was precious and beautiful. There were here relics and spoils of every battle-field, memorials of every name beloved or mourned, and many little objects, mute histories of the devotion, even unto death, of men whose names we had not known, but whose spirit had been shown us in the results of the conflict. Among these monuments of unrecorded heroes, was the remnant of a flag that had been borne by the 30th Regiment New York Volunteers, at the last battle of Bull Run. Its story is simple. Ten men who carried these colors were shot dead upon that field. "Thirty-six balls passed through the stars and stripes, and the staff was shot into splinters." Could more be said as to the heart that must have been in each of those ten men? Of another flag we were told that seventeen of its bearers had received honorable mention, and of many more we had only the story that was eloquently told by their sad discolorations, their rents and splintered staves. It is no wonder that to people who had deep personal interests involved in the war this room was the central attraction of the Fair. But everybody was more or less interested in war then, and so, even on this first day, we found this department constantly thronged. Later, when the interest in the celebrated vote on the army and navy swords was aroused, another motive combined to call people here, and the place was crowded, jammed to suffocation the whole day long. But on this first day the crowd was not so great that one could not get about and carry away in his mind a fair inventory of what was here to be seen.

The room itself was more abundant in decoration than the main hall, because here so much that was to be exhibited was applied so readily and so properly to purposes of ornament. The bare walls and roof were shrouded in soft draperies of crimson, white, and blue — bunting affording the means — and swords, guns, and trophy flags, with the torn banners of our own regiments, could scarcely be disposed in any way that would not add beauty.

The relics chiefly belonged to the four wars of American history — that of the Revolution, that of 1812, that in Mexico, and the war of the Rebellion. The relics of the Revolution were from Washington's Head-quarters at Newburgh, from West Point, from the Patent-Office at Washington, and a number from private sources. Most of these things are too well known to need enumeration, and among those presented for the first time to the public, we do not remember any of sufficient interest to require a separate mention in this place. Among the memorials of 1812, however, there was one contribution so large, so valuable, so new, that we cannot forbear giving some account of it. Nor can we do better than give the very words of the "Spirit of the Fair," which had the merit of pointing out the peculiar value of this contribution.

"Flags in the Department of Arms and Trophies.—Colonel Hawkins, besides the credit of the tasteful arrangement of the articles in the Arms and Trophies Department, is entitled to the greater credit of rescuing from obscurity some seventy flags intimately associated with the history and glory of our country. They are principally flags captured by our navy during the war of 1812. They were found boxed up at the Naval Academy of Newport. How long they had been in that condition we cannot say, but the ravages of the moths which have nearly destroyed some of them, show that they have been long neglected.

"The first captured of these flags is that of the French

frigate *L'Insurgente*, of forty guns, captured by the *Constellation*, under Commodore Truxton, on February 9th, 1799, after an hour's contest, the first serious naval contest after the close of the Revolution. The *Insurgente* subsequently passed into our navy.

“The Tripolitan flag of the *Philadelphia*, reminds us of the accident by which she passed into the hands of the Tripolitans, and the daring manner in which she was captured and burned in the harbor of Tripoli, in February, 1804, by Decatur, who there laid the foundation of the fame he subsequently acquired. Cooper, in his ‘Naval History,’ says of this capture: ‘In whatever light we regard this exploit, it extorts our admiration and praise; the boldness in the conception of the enterprise being even surpassed by the perfect manner in which all its parts were executed.’ This flag was the sole relic preserved of that noble frigate. The flag of the *Alert* marks the opening of the war of 1812, that vessel of twenty guns having been the first vessel of war captured in 1812. She was captured by the *Essex*, under Captain Porter, in the summer of that year. Next in point of time comes the flag and pennant of the *Guerriere*, captured by the *Constitution*, under Hull; then the flag of the *Frolic*, captured by the *Wasp*, under Jones, in the famous contest in which the guns literally touched each other; that of the *Macedonian*, taken by the *United States*, under Decatur; that of the frigate *Java*, prize to the *Constitution*, under Bainbridge; of the *Peacock*, captured by the *Hornet*, under Lawrence, after a brief contest, which left her in a sinking condition; that of the *Boxer*, captured by the *Enterprise*, in the first successful contest our navy had after the loss of the *Chesapeake*.

“Besides these there are the flags of the *Reindeer* and the *Avon*, both captured by the *Wasp*; the *Epervier*, captured by the *Peacock*, which had herself been a prize. The flags of the *Lady Provost*, *Chippewa*, *Little*

Bell, Detroit, Hunter, and Queen Charlotte, remind us of Perry's noble victory on Lake Erie; but this victory is brought before us still more vividly by the flag which hangs between the two posts nearest the entrance, inscribed with the historic words of Lawrence, 'Don't give up the ship.' This is the identical flag which waved on board the flag-ship, the *Lawrence*, during the earlier part of the action, and was carried by Perry, when she became untenable, in a boat to the *Niagara*, and there was again flung to the breeze. Attached to this flag is the belt of the gallant *Lawrence*, taken from him after his fatal wound.

"In like manner the flags of the *Chubb, Beresford, Linnet*, and *Confiance*, carry us back to that day in September, 1814, when on Lake Champlain, in sight of Plattsburgh, McDonough gained his great victory.

"No. 688, the royal standard of Great Britain, captured by Chauncey and Pike, reminds us of the capture of Toronto by our combined forces.

"There are many other flags not less rich in associations. Among them those of the *Cyane* and the *Levant*, captured by the *Constitution*, under Stewart, the noble old veteran who still lingers among us. We hope he may be able to visit this most interesting collection, and see once again the trophies his valor contributed to win.

"Then there are the flags of the *Penguin*, captured by the *Hornet*; those of the *Highflyer*, by the *President*; the Algerine frigate *Meshbo*, by the squadron under Decatur; the French frigate *Berceau*, by the *Boston*; the *Duke of Gloucester*, by the *Julia*; while the flag of the *St. Lawrence*, captured by the privateer *Chasseur*, reminds us of the daring of our 'guerrillas of the sea.'"

That was indeed treasure to lie mouldering and moth-eaten in humble boxes! In our opinion, these relics were inferior in interest only to those of the Rebellion. The war which they illustrate was not so great in its

motives or stake as that of the Revolution, but the flags were absolutely new to the public, and they had the more unquestionable merit of being a more complete memorial of one phase of our history, than either the Washington or the Newburgh relics. We would not be understood as undervaluing these collections, but the field which they illustrate is so great, that no collection in America is sufficient for the purpose. There is need of a great national museum of arms and trophies, and in want of any such thing, we are perhaps safe in saying, that the collection of Revolutionary relics at the New York Fair, was the best that ever has been seen. Indeed, taking this in connection with the relics in the Old Curiosity Shop, and the eighteenth century fireside of the Knickerbocker Kitchen, we think that the Fair gave as perfect an illustration of 1776, as this generation is likely to get, at least in the way of a museum. The peculiar value which we would claim for the naval flags of 1812 is that relating to a comparatively brief period, and to but one side of the action of that period, they recalled so much. It was the era of commodores, of naval captains who are still the pride of the nation, and how many of those heroes are brought to mind by these seventy flags—memorials, too, of the very deeds by which they won their names—Decatur, Hull, Bainbridge, Lawrence, Perry. Couple with such names such other suggestive ones as the *Constitution*, the *Wasp*, the *Hornet*, Lake Erie, and we have before our minds nearly the whole of a brilliant phase in the early life of our Republic.

But interesting as these things were, they were not the main attractions of the Arms and Trophies Room. During these earlier days of the Fair, this place was visited chiefly for the sake of its relics of the Rebellion. And it was principally as illustrating our greatest struggle that this collection had been brought together with a care and earnestness of purpose that seem almost incredible.

It is a sufficient indication of the labor of collection, that in carrying out their plan, the members of the Committee of Arms and Trophies were obliged to write more than a thousand letters. But it was labor well expended, since its results met with the most thorough appreciation from all lovers of monumental history. Then, too, there was the satisfaction that the collection was far more complete than could have been expected at a day when the armies were still in the field, and the greatest captures of the war had not yet been made. Indeed, so far as the part of New York in the war was concerned, this collection was every thing that could be desired. The State had added its relics from the Bureau of Military Statistics to those from other sources, so that there was not a battle of the first three years of the war that was not here represented by some stain or rent upon these banners, or by some grim trophy of the field.

This museum, however, was not to be judged as if it had been a national museum of relics. One naturally falls into a way of treating it as if it were a permanent collection, because it was really more complete than any museum the nation owns, and therefore seems to have claims to be judged critically. But, in fact, its existence was to be so brief as to make it undesirable to attempt an index of our great struggle, — that would only be worth while if the collection could endure long enough for purposes of study. The design of the Committee on Arms and Trophies was to form a collection of *American battle* relics, large enough and rich enough in associations to fill with dignity its place in a Metropolitan Fair. That they more than succeeded in their object, is shown by the fact that, even if the collection had been a permanent instead of a transient one, it might have aspired to consideration not as a complete museum, indeed, but as the best we have ever had in America. To be convinced of this, one has only to look through the catalogue of this depart-

ment and see how it was filled. There were 1022 articles. Note how many sources had sent here their best attractions ; how many regiments, how many battles were here represented; how various were the materials, and illustrating how many of the phases of war ; then, lastly, try to think if any thing was wanting to make the collection better fitted for its purpose, or what other museum could have added to the treasures of this. Perhaps one of the best effects of the Arms and Trophies Room was, that it made one feel the want of a great national historical museum, which never can be commenced more easily than now, while relics of the Rebellion have not as yet been exposed to all the destroying chances of time. But even if this want be doomed to remain unsatisfied, the exhibition at the Metropolitan Fair, at least, revealed to the general public that New York is forming the nucleus of a State Museum in the Bureau of Military Statistics at Albany. Most visitors at the Fair were surprised to learn that more than five hundred articles — arms and flags — had been loaned by a bureau whose very existence had been unknown to them until then. The Metropolitan Fair may count, therefore, among its services, that it helped to bring this State collection into notice. And if, one may cry in the spirit of the popular authoresses, the Fair has been the means of adding one banner, one trophy, however humble, to our State Museum, it has not existed altogether in vain.

But leaving these outside considerations, and confining ourselves to the collection in the Arms and Trophies Room, we find many things which it is pleasant, even at this distant day, to recollect. The war already seems a great way back to those who live in this bright and ever-changing world of New York. But at that time, when even the hopeful were anxious, when the happiest knew not what sadness the next morning's paper might unfold to them, with what an eager, present interest one

viewed these relics. Can any one forget the feeling that was sure to rise at the sight of a guidon of the Second Artillery, Battery M,— a mere rag, that had been carried through *thirty-three* engagements, beginning with the first Bull Run, July 21st, 1861, and ending with the second fight upon that same field, 18th October, 1863? With what a sense of thankfulness, even of affection, did one look into the faces of the Battery company, whose photographs hung below. How we all longed to do something personally for that company! And a little further on, with what respect — the degree and complexion of which can now be only remembered, not reproduced — did one gaze at a group of flags of the 3d New York Infantry, one of which had been through nine battles in Mexico, while the others had seen fourteen of the battles of the Rebellion. On turning to the trophies, one cannot be sure that it was only with a pure sense of humor that one smiled at beholding a Rebel flag emblazoned with the choicest doggerel —

“To Freedom’s battle on we send them;
God of Battles, Thy help lend them.”

“Our cause is just, our duty we know;
In God wet rust; to battle we go.”

People in earnest are not always very considerate; and we fear that many bright patriotic ladies, and some sage men too, might confess to a little exultation, just a little, that the Rebel poetry was so bad. Now that our hearts and minds have become cooled, we cannot judge hardly the little flaws which human nature may show in the noblest of enthusiasms.

A different sort of pleasure was in the contemplation of the other trophies — a pleasure in the promise they afforded of future success to our arms. It was noticeable that the first flag of the Confederacy, the single star and three bars, was very slenderly represented in the collection,

while the devices afterwards used were to be found in abundance. It was a slight thing, but so far as it went it seemed to indicate an increasing balance in favor of Union victories. With that kernel of satisfaction it was a pleasant study to note the various standards that led an already waning hope — the “Palmetto,” the “Stars and Bars,” the “Southern Cross,” a black flag from Manassas. There was elsewhere an India shawl that had been carried as a banner, the sacrifice of a Southern lady to the cause of Secession. What might have been the result had such spirit as this, equal to that of the maids of Saragossa, filled all Southern ladies?

Then there were other trophies of arms, ammunition, buttons, Confederate currency, a Louisiana newspaper printed on the back of wall paper, and a little boat with its bit of history attached. In May, 1862, — so ran the chronicle, — while General Burnside was besieging Fort Macon, North Carolina, some soldiers of the beleaguered garrison made this boat, with the box fastened upon its deck, and waited their opportunity to send it laden with letters across the river to Beaufort. At length one day when the wind was fair, the cargo was shut into the box on deck, the little sails were nicely trimmed, and the boat started for Beaufort as still and lifeless as another Flying Dutchman. But the Flying Dutchman only presaged bad fortune for other people; this silent vessel helplessly drifted to its own destruction. When it was about half way across the river the wind shifted and drove up stream, until the luckless mail-carrier came alongside General Burnside's flag-ship. There it was taken on board and its freight yielded itself with as good grace and with as much profit to the Federal cause as it might to the Confederate had the wind only held in one direction. It is not written how much difference in the fortune of besieged or besiegers this little capture made; so that our field of speculation in regard to that is quite unlimited.

There were other histories in abundance suggested by the personal relics in this room; too many to be indicated. But we think there was no one of them but had its influence in one way — they all helped to show how beyond counting were the unnamed acts of heroism, the unaccredited heroes of our great struggle. They were so many illustrations of that rank-and-file valor which does not make its way into histories, or at least does not figure greatly in the stately records, but whose frequency or scarcity is the real key of the meanness or splendor of a nation's achievements. Here the testimony offered as to the existence of that valor among us was so rich that we cannot write it down. It is well that its being is its own reward.

The Museum had also a collection of arms and ammunition from various armories and manufactories — and a few relics of other battles and other modes of warfare from our own. Some suits of armor, some old foreign weapons, and a few reminders of celebrated European fields. One touching memento from Solferino cast its gleam of poetry over these. It was an embroidered handkerchief with a paper pinned to it containing some German verses—a soldier's farewell to his sweetheart—and on the other side a rude water-color drawing of Gretchen's home. This was the one trace of romantic love that could be found to soften the stern story of battles and sieges — a strain of a guitar heard amid the blare of trumpets and the thunder of guns.

On this first day of the Fair, it could not even be guessed what an interest the contest over the army sword would excite. But as we are going through the Fair now with the advantage we did not then possess, of knowing its future, we will profit by our knowledge to devote a little attention to this object whose success was to be so great. There was also a navy sword; but this cannot claim so much attention from us, as the subscriptions

for it were only as one to forty-four compared with those for the other. Though one could not guess how much more popular one weapon was to be than its fellow, still it was evident, from the catalogue of the Arms and Trophies Department, that from the outset there was a difference in the expectation regarding them. The simplest proof of this may be found by looking back over the passage in the catalogue where they were described.

“The two swords contributed by Tiffany & Co., valued at two thousand dollars, will be disposed of in the following manner:—

‘THE GENERAL’S SWORD,

By subscriptions of one dollar each, for presentation to the General of the Armies of the Union to whom it shall be designated by a plurality of the names of the subscribers.

‘THE NAVY SWORD

To be presented in like manner to the United States Navy Officer designated.’”

The place of honor is without doubt given to the General’s sword in this passage. The same difference is noticeable in the description of the two; but we need not quote that. It is enough to say, that the General’s sword was a straight and slender blade, with a grip of oxidized silver, and inclosed in a scabbard of sterling silver, richly gilt. The grip, the guard and its shell, were ornamented with reliefs—Hercules with the Nemean lion, heads of Medusa and Mars, and a figure of Victory; the whole surmounted with a head of America, after Crawford’s statue, the helmet being set with rubies, diamonds, and sapphires, in representation of the national colors. Upon the scabbard was the inscription—

“Upon your sword sits laurel’d Victory.”

The grip of the navy sword, as well as its scabbard, were of solid silver. The ornamentation was chiefly of naval emblems—a rope and anchor, mingled, however, with oak leaves and acorns. The devices were as appro-

prate and simple as they were graceful. The inscription on the scabbard was —

“Defend thee Heaven and thy Valor.”

And now, having gone through in such fashion as is possible with the Museum of Arms and Trophies, we will end our account of this first day with a few words about the first number of that little serial, “The Spirit of the Fair.” The first intention had been to edit, for the benefit of the Fair, a sheet which should give the telegraphic news “up to time of going to press,” and such other items as go to make up a *newspaper*. But before the first number appeared, it was decided that any attempt to follow the lead of the great daily papers of the city would be worse than useless, and that the “Spirit” should confine itself to items relating to the Fair, and to literary contributions of general interest. No one will doubt the wisdom of this conclusion. As for the spirit which was to animate this paper, we cannot better show it than by quoting its brief

“INTRODUCTORY.

“It is customary, when ushering into notice a new periodical or daily journal, to impress upon the public mind the trite observation that ‘a great literary want exists, which that particular publication alone can supply.

“In presenting to the patrons of the Metropolitan Fair this unpretending little newspaper, we are not aware that any literary vacuum yawns to receive it. It is simply an offspring of that great charity which to-day spreads a magnificent banquet of utility and taste; and its mission will be fulfilled, if, like a page in waiting, it serves the honored guests.

“It is born of charity — hence it does not require to be ‘puffed up.’ Its existence will terminate with the existence of the Fair — hence its ‘youth and inexperience’ should protect it from the assaults of the critic. It is an unpolitical sheet — hence party spirit will not ‘hawk at and tear it.’ It is not weighty with philosophic deductions, nor flippant with untimely jests — hence young and old, grave and gay, may recognize in it that *juste milieu* which offends no tastes, and administers to all.

“Brief, however, as is the number of its days, it will be apparent that there are names among its contributors powerful enough to immortalize

any publication, however humble, that may be touched by the wands of their genius. Under their influence it may be safely asserted that 'The Spirit of the Fair' will never 'wholly die.' Many visitors to the Fair will preserve their copies of this journal as a record and memento of an event of which New York is justly proud; and it is hardly a stretch of imagination to presume that many people yet unborn will turn over these pages with a curiosity and interest equal to our own.

"As an auxiliary, therefore, of the Metropolitan Fair, and in the name of that charity which 'seeketh not her own,' we send forth our little sheet in the confident belief that it will receive at your hands a generous and cordial welcome."

Thus pleasantly did the new paper introduce itself. As for the promise afforded by the contents of the paper, this number contained part of an unpublished manuscript of James Fenimore Cooper upon the growth of New York City. Three sonnets by Mrs. Kemble, and a translation from Metastasio, by William Cullen Bryant. But to those who were most interested in the Fair, perhaps the charm of the number was in a few words that went to show the popular nature of this charity. It was the *People's Fair*. "Every profession, every trade, every business is represented," said the paper. "No contribution, however humble, was declined. The very first gift was a common tin pan, from a poor family that desired to contribute their mite to the Soldier's Fair. The second was a penknife, from a poor woman who keeps a very humble fancy store. Many similar contributions have been gratefully accepted by the committees."

Another item of like nature, and of even greater interest, was headed —

"A BAPTISM FOR THE DEAD.

"Among the relics of the war upon exhibition at the Fair is a mutilated dollar bill which has this touching story. A pastor in an inland town had called upon his congregation to contribute to the Sanitary Commission, and had met a liberal response. The next day a woman, who depends upon her daily work for her own support and that of her children, brought him a dollar bill to be added as her mite to the collection. Her pastor declined to take it, telling her she ought not to give so much,

but the woman insisted, adding, 'We've had it in the house many weeks; we cannot spend it.'

"Seeing that the bill was much torn, and supposing that she had found difficulty in passing it, her pastor said, 'Oh, I'll give you a good bill for it.'

"'No, that's not it. It was in brother Sam's pocket-book when he was wounded. He's dead now, and we have his torn pocket-book; and mother said,' (the mother is a widow, and he was her only son,) 'we will give that dollar to the Sanitary Commission; we cannot spend it.'

"The pastor redeemed the bill for \$2, and now sends it to be disposed of at the Fair. Fifty dollars have already been offered for it, but we feel sure that this gift of two widows, of a ball-marked relic of their son and brother, will yield to the soldier's treasury an hundred fold. No necessity could have compelled them to spend it, but the cause consecrated it as a holy baptism for the dead."

We may end this day by again anticipating time, and recording the fact that this bill did afterwards yield "an hundred fold to the soldier's treasury," and so became doubly precious as a memento of the spirit of 1864.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6.

One opening the morning papers of this day might have found enough items relating to the Fair to show that it was already established as the chief object of the city's attention so long as it should last. Besides the columns of description that were posted in the place of honor, the first page of each journal, there were scattered announcements and notices of tributary amusements whose first claim to notice was that they were really aids to the great central attraction.

At the head of the report of yesterday's success, was the announcement that the receipts of the Fair already amounted to \$150,000. This was perhaps no more than might have been expected, but; considering that no sales had as yet been made, it was gratifying that the receipts were already half as much as had been realized by the greatest of similar efforts hitherto. The impatient public was then advertised that as the doors of the building in

Fourteenth Street did not open until eleven o'clock, it was worse than useless to put them in a state of siege so early as nine. The Union Square building was at last to be opened on this evening. Due descriptions were given of the glory of its several divisions — the International and Children's Departments, the Knickerbocker Kitchen, and the Music Hall. In this last place a concert was promised for every night; the first one, for to-night, by the Liederkrantz Society. Outside of the Fair buildings, but still by their purpose brought within its purlieus, were offered the following entertainments: A billiard tournament, as it was somewhat fancifully called, between the chief players of New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Cincinnati; a vocal and instrumental concert at the Green Street Methodist Church; and a lecture in the Eighteenth Street Methodist Church. At Knoedler's Gallery there was on exhibition Kensett's "October Afternoon on Lake George." On this day it was announced that some of the steamboat lines to New York had consented to give one third of their receipts to the Fair. About this time, too, some thrifty tradesmen — of the opinion, no doubt, that a thing would be none the worse if "contrived a double debt to pay" — began to turn the Fair to their own account, advertising to all its visitors that they should in nowise leave the city before inspecting the unprecedented bagains offered at Brown's Emporium, or at Smith's Palace of Art.

To-day we shall give, in part, to the Indians, whose wigwam was pitched just opposite to the Museum of Arms and Trophies. Expectation had been piqued as to this department by various paragraphs and rumors which had circulated for more than a week previous to the opening day. The red men were from the Rocky Mountains, or from the wilds of Mackerelville, according to the spirit of the narrator; they were the subjects alike of romances and of jokes. But all were interested in them. Most

Americans know in reality so little about the original possessors of their soil, that any insight into the Indian ways and appearances, comes with all the charm of novelty. And this was a genuine spectacle of some of the savage rites. Everybody must have been, certainly ought to have been, satisfied of that, for the gentleman who proposed, and indeed carried out the exhibition, had an undoubted acquaintance with the Indians, and was above suspicion of charlatanry. And most people who visited the Fair, went, we dare say, in this faith—if any doubted, seeing was believing.

The room, popularly called the “Wigwam,” was hung with Indian garments, skins, furs, interspersed with antlered heads and weapons of savage warfare. At one end was a stage with a real wigwam on it, and a painted background, a landscape representatively savage; at all events, bearing no traces of civilization. Upon this stage the Indians went through, six or eight times a day, a series of dances that were more than corybantic in execution—muscular savagery fairly distancing muscular Christianity in their common field.

From the very outset the room was thronged. But we may as well say here that this exhibition was, after all, any thing but satisfactory to the persons chiefly interested. Popular as it was, there was plenty of annoyance behind that painted scene. The Indian Department was in many respects one of those experiments whose use is to show to future adventurers in the same path what to avoid. It was felt that the Wigwam might have brought into the treasury of the Fair twice or three times as much as it did, if only one or two things could have been changed; and it was the daily jarring of those things which were not changed that caused the annoyance we have mentioned as existing behind that fair and savage scene. In the first place, the room was not large enough for the proper display of Indian curiosities and perform-



ances, or for the accommodation of the audience which came. It was crowded and ill-ventilated. More room had been asked for in the beginning; but the success of the Fair was not then assured, and some were faint-hearted, so the request was not granted. Thus, by the fault of no one, and against the better judgment of some, the Wigwam was made a less attractive place of resort than its projectors would have made it. Then again, there was a difficulty about admissions to this department. Of course, to make this place remunerative, as there was nothing here to sell, it was necessary to charge an additional admission fee to see the Indians. The holders of season tickets claimed that their tickets admitted them to all departments of the Fair without extra charge. And these people filled the limited room allotted to sight-seers in the Wigwam, so that little space was left for others. This of course made trouble, and finally the expedient was adopted of admitting holders of season tickets to three or four performances a day, and excluding them from the rest. The difficulty then was that these perverse season ticket-holders would not remember what performances they were entitled to see, and from which they were excluded; and some among them questioned the right of the management to choose for them when they should and when they should not see the Indians. Whichever was the party justly aggrieved, it is certain that the receipts of the Wigwam suffered because of the too loosely defined rights of season ticket-holders. This difficulty was felt elsewhere, and will probably have to be spoken of again. It was one of those troubles necessarily attendant upon an undertaking at once so large and so new. They would not have been felt had the Fair been repeated; and as it was they served as warning lights to the good people of Philadelphia when they followed with their great Central Fair. And so it fell out that even the

mistakes of the New York management were turned to account, and really served to swell the sum of a future contribution to the sick soldier.

The drawbacks to the perfect success of the Indian Department were all the more keenly felt, as it was one of those divisions of the Fair which were maintained at a great and constant expense. At the outset the getting up of the room and stage were costly, and though the twenty Indians who performed here offered their services without mention of compensation, it was thought no more than just to defray the expense they incurred in their labor of good will. This included not only transportation and daily support during the Fair, but maintenance during the week they were kept in New York waiting for the Fair to open. All this was paid out of the daily receipts of the Wigwam, so that, as we have intimated, the free admission of season ticket-holders was felt to be a real grievance. Yet, notwithstanding the continual drain upon its receipts, the small audience which the room allowed, and the large proportion of free admissions, the Indian Department returned to the treasury of the Fair no less a sum than \$1,765.00,—a sum large enough to indicate what might have been gained under a system enlightened by the mistakes of a first attempt.

The story of the vicissitudes undergone by this devoted Wigwam is not yet told. “*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,*” it tended toward its end. We shall develop the catastrophe in due order of time. Meanwhile we may leave the Indian Department for the nonce with a list of its dances, which we will give not only in the vernacular, but in the choice aboriginal, as published in the morning papers of the time. It needs no comment.

Grand feather dance, . . . Osto-ag-o-wa.
 Female dance, Wes-kan-ya.

War dance,	Wa-sa-sa.
Scalp dance,	Oa-na-sa.
Eagle dance,	Ca-na-on-da-da.
Medicine dance,	Da-ya-da-ga-saw.
Thanksgiving dance,	Co-na-o-wo.
Pigeon dance,	Cha-co-wa.
Bear dance,	Wy-wa-e.
Buffalo dance,	Dug-ing-a-go.
Racoon dance,	Chu-a-ga.
Fish dance,	Ken-ja.
Thanksgiving song	O-dong-wac.

Entering the great room of the Fair, you found, immediately at your right, a little embowered nook that answered somewhat fancifully to the name of "Jacob's Well." It might have been taken for a shrine for the lady it encased, — but made good its claim to be entitled a well, from the unlimited lemonade there dispensed. The Well returned to the Fair about \$640, which is a proof of the advantage there might be in filling other wells with lemonade instead of water.

Just beyond was the entrance of the room devoted to hardware and house-furnishing goods ; a room that perhaps did not show to everybody the pains taken to make it a worthy aid to the Fair. In order that it might really be all that its name implied, the ladies of the committee themselves made many articles of household use to stock this room ; and that their labors were judiciously applied is sufficiently shown by their success. This department returned to the Fair, as the result of contributions and sales, \$23,302.93.

Then after passing the Treasurer's room there was the *Lingerie* Department, which filled another of the rooms of the Armory building in an unpretending but useful fashion. The ladies of this committee found but few shops exclusively engaged in the sale of *lingerie* and trimming; so they were thrown more entirely upon their own exertions for furnishing their room than most

of the committees were. Some merchants gave them materials, and the ladies made these up into the garments thought most desirable. They also gave their money, and sent to England and France for new and pretty articles of the needed kinds. And the result was that, after paying all expenses, they gave in to the treasury of the Fair no less than \$11,642.28.

We have taken particular notice of this room and of that filled with house-furnishing goods, because they illustrate so forcibly two points relative to the Fair. The first is the general nature of its support, that it really represented all trades, all classes, all interests of society, and that it appealed not merely to the buyers of fancy goods, but as far as possible sought to have something for every want. So there were groceries, machinery, boots, clothing, dry goods, hoop-skirts and hosiery, cattle and carriages. Every thing found a place under that hospitable roof, for every thing might be turned to the use of the wounded soldier; and it was justly felt that such an effort, to be worthy of its object and of the great city where it was made, should be of no limited scope, but should be an adequate representation of the loyalty and charity of New York. The second point is the efficiency of the aid rendered to the Fair by many of those departments which were so unpretending as to attract little notice from the pleasure-seekers at the time, and call for but slight mention at our hands. The great success of some of the more modest seeming departments is a proof of the value of that principle of universality upon which the Fair was founded. Here were two departments, which belonged to the useful rather than to the ornamental, and so doubtless escaped the notice of a large majority of visitors to the Fourteenth Street building, and yet they brought in to the general treasury nearly \$35,000. As we shall find it barely possible to mention many of these more homely

helps to our great charity, we shall insert in an appendix a statement of the returns made by all the departments, so that their comparative success may be easily seen. Where the returns of any given department seem less than might fairly have been expected, we shall deem it but due to its managers to explain in these pages, as we have done by the Indian Department, the causes of deficiency.

The number of the "Spirit of the Fair" for this day, (Wednesday, April 6th,) is quite bright with graceful verses and *jeux d'esprit*, and contains a few items relative to the Fair. For the greater comfort of visitors there is an account of the ample provision made in case of fire, and also of the precautions taken against this Damocles' sword of all places of amusement. The public are also told that there is on duty in and about the Fair buildings, beside detectives, a police force of one hundred and thirty-five men, — the best friends of the uninformed and of the pilfered. There is also an account of the Russian contributions, which is interesting from the fact that they were all articles of Russian manufacture, and rare or unknown in America.

We may close our account of to-day by recording the quiet beginning of the Sword Vote, which was afterward to be such a source of excitement and of gain to the Fair. At the hour of closing on Monday night, General Grant had received 23 votes, General McClellan 9, and General Butler 2. Commander Rowan of the *New Ironsides* took the lead for the navy sword, closely followed by Admiral Farragut. Tuesday night, General Grant had received 111 votes, and General McClellan 95. This evening Admiral Farragut was somewhat ahead for the naval sword.

At 10½ o'clock a drum corps beat a tattoo, which was the signal for departure of all visitors. When all were gone taps were beaten, the lights were put out, and the great building was left to silence and the night watchmen.

WEDNESDAY EVENING AT UNION SQUARE.

The Union Square building, as has already been stated, consisted of two buildings: one on Broadway, and one on Fourth Avenue, connected by a third containing the Knickerbocker Kitchen and a Music Hall. In the Broadway end was the International Department; on Fourth Avenue was the room set apart for the children. In the last-mentioned place the opening ceremonies of the building were held. It was a pretty room. The ceiling and walls, wherever visible, were painted with the then fashionable *cuir* color, relieved with delicate patterns in blue and maroon. The booths along the walls were elegantly draped, and their divisions marked by gonfalon shaped ensigns, while a stage at one end of the room gave promise of entertainments to beguile the time spent here by children. On this evening, crowded with pleasant faces, brilliantly lighted and really glowing with color, the Children's Department was indeed a beautiful sight. The opening ceremonies consisted of an opening prayer by the Rev. Dr. Dix, speeches by Hon. Samuel B. Ruggles and President King of Columbia College, and music interspersed. It is to be regretted that no good report of these exercises was published in the daily journals of the time, for the speeches contained matter of permanent interest. Mr. Ruggles spoke of the historical character of the ground upon which the Union Square buildings were erected. The present elliptical inclosure of the Park was, in the days of Wouter Van Twiller, nearly bisected by the venerable highway leading from the Bowery to Bloomingdale and Harlem. It was along this road that the ancient originals of the Knickerbocker Kitchen were to be found. It was over this road that the broken-hearted army of Washington, overpowered by an English force, retired into Westchester, and thence into New Jersey. And after seven long years, that army returned by

this same road into the city that had been so long under British control. Such were the lights and shadows of the Bloomingdale Road. It was Gouverneur Morris who selected this spot to become the centre of the metropolis, and stamped indelibly upon our island of Manhattan the large public square now known as Union Place. In 1834 it was laid out in its present form, and at that time it was objected to the elliptical form of the inclosure that it would cut off large spaces at the corners, to be filled in with arid pavement. But the oval shape was adopted upon the earnest assurances of its advocates that in great public exigencies of the country requiring the assemblage of large masses of citizens, the time might come when these open spaces would be needed. The history of the Rebellion has singularly fulfilled the prediction. "Can any man or woman forget the eventful and memorable April of 1861, the sublime and almost instantaneous 'musket meetings' that were congregated in this same square, in these same national spaces? Union Square has fairly won a place in American history, and intends to keep it."

This report of Mr. Ruggles's speech is made up from two others differing greatly in the wording of such parts as they give in common, and both fragmentary in character. One cannot hold the orator responsible in the least for the manner; but we have carefully preserved these facts as showing the great interest already attaching to ground which was rendered still more illustrious by the three weeks whose history we are now writing.

The music of the evening was performed by the Liederkranz Society, assisted by an orchestra of forty members; and the programme was so good as to excite pleasant emotions in reading it over even at this late day.

The booths in the Children's Department were especially calculated to meet the wants of the little folks. There was a bewildering variety of toys, confectionery,

children's books; a miniature skating-pond, offset by a tiny ball-room; soda water and lemonade fountains, and an ice-cream stand, — viewed with unceasing longing by the children, but not so attractive to their guardians and doctors, — a generous "grab-bag," and a wonderful "old-woman-in-a-shoe." The public and private schools, and the public charities, were represented in booths filled by them. And what with the pretty room, the booths and the children's faces, this department was one of the pleasantest in the Fair.

But the mistakes of inexperience were as keenly felt here as in the "Wigwam." Both departments had managers whose plans had in them every element of success, but they were thwarted, of course not maliciously, but merely because the general arrangements made were inadequate to meet the very diverse requirements of some of the divisions of the Fair. The difficulty in regard to season tickets was felt in the Children's Department as in the Wigwam, though the cases were somewhat different. In the children's room there were conflicting needs to be reconciled. Thus, the room was a bazaar, and so it was for its interest to be open freely to everybody who had money to spend. It was also a theatre, where amusements had to be supported at a large cost, and so it demanded for its support at certain hours an extra admission fee. The task of clearing the room of buyers once in, so often, in order to refill it with little pleasure-seekers, who would reimburse Punch and Judy, or the learned dogs for their arduous labors, was too much for the management — would have been too much even had not those persistent season ticket-holders insisted upon their right to be present everywhere without additional charge. This twofold difficulty was one before which the general management of the Fair felt obliged to bow; and, naturally enough, those who had fitted up this attractive place for the little folks, felt all the diffi-

culties of a system which so diminished the value of their contributions. In spite, however, of all drawbacks, the Children's Department continued a popular resort while the Fair lasted, and yielded to the general treasury, over and above all expenses, \$14,647.10.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7.

The papers of this morning devote scarcely less space to the Fair than they did yesterday. There is as much to be described as ever. The headings in one journal are, "THE METROPOLITAN FAIR. *Immense throng of visitors. Opening of the Union Square Building. Inaugural Ceremonies. Receipts of yesterday, \$77,698. Total amount in Treasury, \$400,000.*" It may be noticed here that the "receipts of yesterday" are stated with great apparent exactness, while the total amount in the treasury has a look of being carelessly given in round numbers. Another paper announces more briefly but quite as startlingly: "*The Metropolitan Fair. The increasing interest. Seventy-three thousand dollars received for tickets. Opening of Union Square Building.*" That seventy-three thousand dollars is delightfully vague and sensational. Was it all taken in on Wednesday, leaving four thousand six hundred and ninety-eight dollars the difference between this amount taken for tickets and the receipts of yesterday as given in the other paper, for the amount of Wednesday's sales? That is too unlikely. Does the paper then mean that this is the sum received for tickets up to this date, Thursday, April 7th? Perhaps it does, but in that case it is mistaken. We have looked into this matter somewhat particularly, and find that the sales of tickets at the offices in Fourteenth Street and Union Square, amounted on Wednesday night to \$37,389.75, and that the sales for Wednesday, April 6th, were the largest of any day during the Fair—\$16,848. There are no daily returns from sales of tickets at other places, so that the seventy-

three thousand must either have been made by reversing the order of the first two figures in the real returns, or it was some such mistake as the hurry of the time made common enough.

Among the items relating to the Fair we find that the Sword Vote, at the hour of closing the night before, stood — General McClellan 482, General Grant 435. The vote for the navy sword was pretty evenly divided between Admirals Farragut and Dupont, and Commodore Rowan. Three pickpockets, all women, were arrested, and, with placards about their necks announcing their character, they were marched through the building, escorted by four policemen,—an exhibition so displeasing to the visitors at the Fair, that it was not repeated. We are told by several papers that the police daily found a large number of lost articles, such as porte-monnaies, gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and veils, and that a station was opened where people might reclaim their property. It was stated this morning that the Manhattan Gas Company had agreed to furnish the gas used during the Fair as their contribution to the cause.¹ The outside entertainments in aid of the Fair announced for this evening, are a “dramatic and musical entertainment” by the children of the public schools in the Fourth Ward, and a concert at the Cooper Institute by the children of the schools in the Seventeenth Ward, assisted by Grafulla’s Band.

One of the journals to-day told a little incident that might have been worked up very effectively by a *feuilletoniste*, did artists of this class only exist among us. An Alpine peasant-woman came to our consul at Zurich with a gift for the great Fair, moved not so much by a general sympathy with wounded soldiers as by tenderness for her boy, who had gone to America and was then in the Union

¹ In fact, the Gas Company, on account of the disloyal feeling of certain influential stockholders, rescinded their agreement, and sent in bills for the gas used without the slightest deduction.

army. The poor woman perhaps did not know what fine sentiment is, but she had enough of the real feeling which better educated people torture into sentiment, to choose her gift with great delicacy, — a wooden wine-cup that had once belonged to her son, and a tiny book of pressed Alpine flowers. These things the good old woman brought to the American consul for a tribute to the great American Fair, or, perhaps, with motherly narrowness, she only intended them for the charity which might aid her boy at his need. At all events, she wrought their presentation into as pretty a dramatic scene as she could have performed had she been an opera peasant in a satin bodice, and fluttering with ribbons. She took a bottle of red Switzer wine from her pocket, and filling the cup handed it to the consul, and then drank herself, saying, “Here’s a health and a greeting to America; God bless my boy’s new fatherland.” The consul of course replied, by coupling the old with the new fatherland in the blessing, for which this dramatic old lady thanked him, and went away with real, not scenic tears in her eyes. There is scarcely a wine in Switzerland that rises above the rank of third rate, but does any one believe that the consul was fastidiously critical about the taste of this cupful? At any rate, there was such an impression of simple tenderness and nobility of feeling left by this scene, that a lady who happened to be present was moved to write some tributary verses, which were placed in the cup, and the whole gift was sent to America as helping to tell the story of the sympathy felt everywhere by God’s poor for their fellows.

An impatient public was again notified by the journals of this morning, that there was no use in besieging the doors of the Fourteenth Street building so early as nine o’clock, since they positively must remain unopened to visitors until eleven. The time from eight till eleven, we were informed, was used in arranging the various stands

for the day, getting out valuable goods from the safes where they had been kept over night, getting in fresh supplies of flowers and edibles, and making every station look as if nothing had been removed from it the day before. These three hours of arrangement were held of especial consequence this day, because as the admission was for Thursday and the rest of the week to be reduced to fifty cents, a great crowd was to be expected, and additional preparations made in consequence. But a crowd was a matter of course, and over-punctuality was equally a matter of course, and the annoyances springing from these causes could be easily forgiven as mere penalties of popularity; annoyances, it is true, but still such as brought with them their compensation.

The last room in the Fourteenth Street building to which we gave attention, was that devoted to *lingerie* and trimmings. Just beyond this room was the entrance to the Restaurant, though between the door and the Restaurant intervened another room worthy of more than our passing notice. It contained the departments of Tobacco and Liquors, Drugs and Perfumeries, Soaps and Candles, and Groceries, — names of solid sound, and returning an amount of appropriate solidity to the Fair — no less than \$83,301.30, which may be subdivided and exhibited in a tabular fashion, as follows: —

Drugs and Perfumeries,	\$5,982.75
Oil, Soaps, and Candles.	8,522.06
Wines, Liquors, and Tobacco,	17,736.16
Groceries,	51,060.33
	<hr/>
	\$83,301.30

In addition it may be mentioned, in regard to the last two of these departments, that they were to some extent represented in the sales of the Restaurant and the Knickerbocker Kitchen, and in regard to the first two, it will readily strike any one that it was evidence of good

management that two departments offering nothing that is usually bought at fairs should yet return to the treasury such amounts. It must have been made evident to people that it was desirable to buy at these places, both on account of the quality and prices of the goods sold. And the result is creditable to the policy of the Executive Committee, which at the outset declared that the market value of all goods was to fix their prices at the Fair.

But this room, as we have said before, was a thoroughfare. It was regarded by most people who went into it as an entrance to the Restaurant; and so the crowd thronging through was out of all proportion to the number of buyers. As for the Restaurant itself it was, as it should have been, one of the great attractions of the Fair. It occupied a building ninety-five feet long by seventy-five wide, and was divided into two floors. The lower room had more of the character of a *café*, while the upper room was the restaurant proper and dining-hall. Here from one till three, and from five till six o'clock daily was a *table d'hôte* — at other times meals were served *à la carte*. Both rooms, it was said, would together accommodate a thousand guests, and as for the manner of their entertainment, there were good cooks, poor waiters, and pleasant surroundings. No more cheerful, pretty eating-rooms could be found in New York. They were decorated so nearly in the same manner, that a description of the *café* will serve also for the dining-hall. Please call up, then, in imagination or memory, as the case may demand, a large room whose walls and ceiling are covered with white muslin cloth — the sides of the room being relieved with panels of delicate fawn color surrounded with gilt bands, and yet further with beautiful pictures, lent from a private collection, with large mirrors, and draperies of flags. This room was abundantly airy and light, and especially at night when

a full blaze of gas added its brightness. The *mise en scène* was very brilliant. The centre of the floor was occupied by a round table covered with fruits and wax flowers, while thirteen tables about the corners and sides were devoted to those kinds of edibles which are particularly attractive to children, — children of mature as well as tender years, — cakes, confections, marvels in *pâtisserie*, coffee, tea, chocolate, a maizena stand, and, delightful to young men, a sheltered corner for the dispensing of gaufre cakes, of which more anon. Besides all this the *café* was furnished with fifty small marble-topped tables, where were to be had the various dainties properly appertaining to such a place. And, to crown the whole, these allurements were eked out with a table for the sale of cigarettes, which were bought, however, with the limitation which pertains by law to liquors bought at a grocer's, and were "not to be consumed on the premises."

The only difference which need be noticed in the upper room arose from its being used solely as a dining-hall. It was occupied by long tables for the *table d'hôte*, and by small round tables for parties. It was perhaps more attractive to gentlemen than the lower room, because it only furnished and suggested their one leisurely and social meal. It would seat about four hundred and sixty guests at once. The whole establishment was supplemented by an excellent kitchen. The carving table would have done honor to any hotel. The pastry room, china closets, wash room and store rooms, were made as complete as possible, with the very limited space allotted.

The building was large enough and was well enough arranged for a very generous hospitality, and was indeed generously managed. Perhaps as good and complete report of the Restaurant as could be given is afforded by its *menu*, which, with prices duly set forth, we accordingly append. Comparing the prices with those of any good

Restaurant to-day, one is tempted to repeat the frequent sigh over the costliness of present dinners. If memory serves us, the charges at this Fair Restaurant were, even in the time of them, rather under than over those at most places where meals could be as nicely cooked and served. The attendant wine-list has been swallowed up in that vast reservoir of oblivion to which old papers run so swift a course. It may be remarked, by the way, that a liquor limitation law obtained at the Fair: it was to the effect that wines should be sold only by the bottle, and as the accompaniment of dinners. What has been roughly called the American fashion of "perpendicular drinking," meaning, thereby, the consumption at a bar of the various beverages ordinarily drunk standing, was tabooed; not so much because of the ungracefulness of the fashion as out of regard to its unrespectability. Whether there would have been any disorder or not, if there had been no such rule, is of course out of our power to say; but, at least, the chances of intoxication were reduced to their lowest by removing the opportunity for frequent drinking which a bar affords. But leaving the subject of potables, *revenons à nos moutons*, and to the various solid elements of the dinner.

"BILL OF FARE.

SOUPS.

	\$ Cts.		\$ Cts.
Green turtle.....	50	Chicken.....	30
Mock turtle.....	35	Tomato.....	25
Oyster.....	25	Julien.....	20

OYSTERS.

Stewed, dozen.....	25	Escalloped, dozen.....	30
Fried, dozen.....	40		

BROILED.

	\$ Cts.		\$ Cts.
Porter-house steak.....	.50	Mutton chops with tomato sauce.....	.40
Porter-house steak with truf- fles.....	1.00	Filet de bœuf.....	.50
Porter-house steak with mush- rooms.....	.75	Filet de bœuf with truffles.	1.00
Porter-house steak with to- mato sauce.....	.70	Filet de bœuf with mush- rooms.....	.75
Mutton chops, plain.....	.30	Filet de bœuf with tomato sauce.....	.60
Mutton chops, with truffles.	.75	Veal cutlets, plain.....	.40
Mutton chops with mush- rooms.....	.60	Veal cutlets, breaded.....	.35
		Veal cutlets with peas.....	.50

EGGS.

Boiled.....	.15	Poached.....	.25
With ham.....	.50	Omelet.....	.25
Scrambled.....	.25		

VEGETABLES.

Fried potatoes.....	.10	Green corn.....	.15
Stewed potatoes.....	.10	Peas.....	.25
A la Lyonnaise.....	.15	Lima beans.....	.20
Mashed potatoes.....	.10	Spinach.....	.20
Tomatoes.....	.15	Lettuce.....	.20

COLD DISHES.

Lobster salad.....	.25	Boned chicken.....	.50
Celery salad.....	.25	Beef tongue.....	.30
Chicken salad.....	.50	Ham.....	.30
Boned turkey.....	.50	Chicken (half, .50).....	1.00

PASTRY.

Charlotte russe.....	.25	Cranberry pie.....	.10
Wine jelly.....	.25	Strawberry pie.....	.10
Blanc Mange.....	.25	Jelly tarts.....	.10
Meringues.....	.25	Strawberry tarts.....	.10
Apple pie.....	.10	Jelly cake.....	.10
Mince pie.....	.10	Plum-pudding.....	.25

ICE CREAM.

	\$ Cts.		\$ Cts.
Vanilla15	Lemon15
Strawberry15	Chocolate15

FRUIT, ETC.

Apples10	Coffee15
Oranges15	Black tea15
Raisins15	Green tea15
Almonds10	Chocolate15
Walnuts10		

On and after Tuesday, April 5th, *table d'hôte* will be served from one until three o'clock, and from five until six o'clock. At all other times meals will be served *à la carte* only."

Nor does this bill of fare indicate the full range of the Restaurant. A gentleman might leave an order on his way down-town for a dinner of so many covers at such an hour. Many did do so, and in such cases the *menu* was not bounded by the limits given above. Any dainty suggested could then be provided, and dinners that would not have discredited Delmonico's were eaten in this temporary *salle à manger*. The table appointments were neat, the room pleasant, the wines well chosen, the dishes properly cooked: the service only was not of the best. Beyond this every requisite of a good dinner lay with the eaters; if they were bright, good-natured and suited to each other, there is no reason why Brillat-Savarin himself should not have dined here with pleasure.

Among the side-tables in the lower room there was a "Maizena department," where all the dishes sold were made from that farinaceous dainty. The number of different edibles served up at this stand, was said to be quite wonderful in its way. And then there was the Normandy

table, which was really one of the most attractive spots in the Fair — a corner of the Restaurant where several young ladies, attired as peasant-girls of Normandy, and conspicuous by means of its pretty and picturesque cap, baked and dispensed delicious gauffre cakes to the wise. Those who saw that charming corner, and tasted those cakes, will scarcely need to be reminded of the Normandy table. To the less fortunate it must be explained that gauffre cakes are a sort of waffle of less gross and material formation than the ordinary, and that when taken hot from the griddle they are deftly rolled up and administered by the attendant cigar-wise between the lips of the recipient. When it is considered that the attendants here were young ladies in a peculiarly quaint, picturesque, and becoming costume, and that they seemed heartily to enjoy their novel position, it will be easily believed that they and their cakes were eagerly sought for night after night by the same delighted gentlemen.

The Restaurant, however, was one of those departments, which from a certain point of view were not so very successful. Unfortunately this point of view was the pecuniary; and the Restaurant, satisfactory to the gastronomer and a real credit to the Fair, did not result in a great contribution to the treasury. Not that money was lost here; in fact a good deal of money was made, but not nearly so much as might have been made had matters been otherwise arranged. No blame is to be attached to any one, — perhaps matters could not have been as well arranged otherwise, — but it is due to the Restaurant to show why a department that was so thronged and so popular was not able to make a large return. The reasons were few but sufficient. In the first place, the table furniture of all sorts had to be bought outright, and, of course, to meet the demands of such a place, had to be provided in large quantities. Then there were servants to be hired, both of which

would have to be counted among the ordinary and necessary expenses of such a Restaurant. But this was by no means all: sugars, spices, tea, and other kitchen necessaries were given to the grocers' committee instead of to the Restaurant, and so of wines — the Restaurant was obliged to buy all these things. But that is of the less account, since, had it been otherwise, the grocers' and wine-dealers' committees must have rendered smaller returns. These things were given to the *Fair*, and it is a matter of little importance in which department they were counted. It is scarcely necessary, after saying so much, to add that every thing else for the Restaurant was bought, — meats, eggs, butter, milk, vegetables, — and so the whole story is told. Through want of a proper understanding on the part of people who had these last-mentioned articles to give, they were only contributed in limited quantities. It is a pleasant appendix to this story of hardly satisfied wants, that some gentlemen did supply the Restaurant with abundance of good coffee during the continuance of the Fair; that others gave all the flour and hams that were wanted; and that, despite all the drawbacks we have named, this busy department succeeded so far as to make over to the treasury \$7,256.65. Regarded merely as the profits of a three weeks' business, where the expense of an outfit as well as the regular running expenses were deducted, this is indeed no mean sum. The amount was only to be regretted as it had to bear comparison with the returns of departments where the outlay was little or nothing, and where all receipts were clear gain.

To show what must have been the returns of the Restaurant, had every thing been furnished it as was done to many departments, we have only to say that its gross receipts were \$56,000 from sales. This statement reveals also the magnitude of those expenditures we have enumerated. But small as were the returns when compared

with the receipts, we are bound in justice to the ladies of the Restaurant, to acknowledge that they had two sources of consolation: the things they needed were given to the Fair through some channel or other, and so the amount made up for the Sanitary Commission was not affected by their fortunes; and then, they had the pleasure of knowing that the Restaurant answered perfectly its end of giving satisfaction to its guests. If it had not added one cent to the treasury the Restaurant would still have been indispensable to the attractiveness and completeness of the Fair.

In one of the daily papers of the time, we find the following statistics, which are so impressive from the magnitude of their figures that we have chosen to close with them our account of the Restaurant. The passage reads as if the public had the mouth of Gargantua, added to a fondness for crockery equal to that of the fabled bull who made a china shop the scene of his happiest exploit.

“The kitchen is capable of providing food for from three thousand to ten thousand *per diem*, without inconvenience or confusion, and a further idea of the extensive scale of the arrangements may be gathered from the fact, that among the indispensable accessories which had to be provided for the Restaurant were 82,000 pieces of crockery, and 10,000 pieces of glass, to say nothing of the stores of cutlery, plated-ware, table linen, &c. One hundred and twenty thousand oysters have been consumed in the course of one day in the upper and lower rooms. The wages of the three hundred and forty-two waiters and other servants amount to from \$3,500 to \$3,600 per week, and the total expenditure of the establishment reaches from \$1,900 to \$3,000 per day.”

This paragraph confirms sufficiently our statements regarding the active usefulness of this department to the Fair. A public, which consumed one hundred and twenty thousand oysters, in addition to the rest of its eating and drinking, must have been a contented public; and an establishment which could confer so much good feeling may safely rest upon its laurels without further praise from us.

Opening from the upper room of the Restaurant was a gallery extending along the southern front of the building, and containing several divisions, which we shall begin to examine to-morrow. In the diagram of the buildings these divisions are marked: "*Furniture Department, Cloaks, Mantillas, Curiosities, Ladies' Toilet, Library, Architectural Ornaments, Ladies Executive Committee,*" with a projection marked "*Orchestra,*" in front of their entrances.

FRIDAY, APRIL 8.

From the journals of this morning it appears that the advice given to the multitude to stay away from the Fair until the doors should be opened was no better than thrown away. Two hours before there could be any hope of admission, ladies began to gather about the entrance to the Fourteenth Street buildings, and by eleven o'clock a throng of fifteen hundred persons was in waiting. Thursday was a fifty cent day, and as the sum realized from the sale of single tickets was about that of Wednesday, we are safe in putting the number of visitors on the latter day at double that of the former. The various departments were so crowded that there was no chance for display,—so said the ladies in charge,—and despite the attendance, not nearly so many sales were made as on Wednesday. The Restaurant, indeed, prospered, while the keepers of stalls were harassed and overburdened to no profit; the extremity of one part was the opportunity of another. But the discomfort ruled so that on Friday the former price of admission, one dollar, was resumed. It was also announced, on this morning, that the holders of season tickets were entitled to visit the Arms and Trophies, Indian, and all other departments without additional charge. This was a speedy settlement of a difficulty. All those departments that were galleries of exhibition and not sales-rooms, suffered pecuniarily,

because from this time they were so largely filled by "dead-heads," but the mistake had been made at the outset and there was no alternative but to yield as gracefully as might be.

The Sword Vote on Thursday night stood — General McClellan, 1,113; General Grant, 1,001; General McClellan's majority, 112. It is plain from this that interest was awakening in regard to these swords. The vote of Thursday was greater than that of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday together. Of the votes for the Navy Sword, Admiral Farragut had one hundred and ten, and Commodore Rowan fifty-seven. Already more than the full value of both swords had been returned to the treasury of the Fair. There is a notice given of a concert for this, Friday evening, at Niblo's Saloon. It is by the children of the First Ward schools, and is for the benefit of the Fair. There are also chronicled, as parts of this same omnipresent festive charity, a private concert, and another public-school entertainment by the pupils of Grammar School No. 50, at Tubby Hook, both taking place on Wednesday evening. The entire receipts of Saturday evening at Barnum's Museum, are devoted beforehand to the same beneficent treasury. The last item that we find recorded in the journals of this day, is that the visitors to the Fair, day and evening of Thursday, numbered thirty thousand two hundred and forty-four. We have no means of verifying this statement now, but whether accurate or not, it is at least indication that the crowd on the "fifty-cent day" was something fearful, and is a sufficient justification of the immediate return to a higher price of admission.

Opening out from the upper saloon of the Restaurant was the Furniture Department, and next to that a room devoted to Cloaks and Mantillas. No details relating to these are to be found, so we may hasten on to the Curiosity Shop, which, as was to be expected, was one of the

crowded departments of the Fair. We may as well say at the outset, that as this was one of those rooms which depended somewhat upon the price of admission for support, it suffered along with the Wigwam, etc., from the all penetrating season tickets. But the Curiosity Shop was also a sales-room, and so its sufferings were mitigated, and its receipts respectable. We have spoken twice as if this were a single room. Out of justice we must say that the Curiosity Shop was overflowing full, though spreading itself through two of the chambers of the Armory building. The collection was intended to have a sufficiently varied character. A circular was issued which, had it been perfectly answered, might have filled the vast building with a museum of antiquities. To use the language of its projectors, the Curiosity Shop "will take all waifs and strays which would be out of place in other departments, so that nothing will be lost which can be made in any way interesting, either to the general public or to collectors. It will necessarily embrace a very wide field, and include not only objects valuable from their beauty or variety, but from their connection with particular individuals or periods, and even from grotesqueness, oddity or intense ugliness. Among those which may be enumerated are pieces of antique furniture, articles of dress of quaint and by-gone fashions, tapestry, samplers, &c. ; old books and scrap-books, old paintings and engravings, manuscripts and autographs; pieces of armor and arms of all kinds, saddles, spurs and bridles; relics of old, the Historical and Revolutionary times, and of the Rebellion; Indian curiosities and manufactures peculiar to other barbarous and savage nations; old china and glass, coins and medals; ancient music and old musical instruments of curious make; old-fashioned jewels and personal or household ornaments; minerals and shells, stuffed birds and animals; in short, every

thing, however little its intrinsic value, which will add interest to the Museum or attract the curiosity hunter."

In response to this appeal, a Museum was gathered together more than sufficient, as we have hinted, for the space allotted to it. A catalogue enumerating six hundred and twenty-three lots was published, which one cannot look over without wishing that a collection of such merit, variety and interest might have been preserved as the nucleus of a great Metropolitan Museum. That which we have already said concerning the department of Arms and Trophies might, without violence, be made to apply to the Curiosity Shop. The latter exhibition was less exclusively illustrative of American history than the former; but its wider range of suggestion showed what a true museum should be. And the great wonder is that some shrewd Yankee, observant of the interest excited by this collection, has not yet sought either glory or profit by establishing a permanent Curiosity Shop. But our present mission is that of a chronicler, and we will therefore, without further attempt to show "what were good to be done," resume our account.

Despite the number of subjects illustrated by this collection, American history was not poorly represented. It should be borne in mind that all relics of the flood and field were kept in the Arms and Trophies Room, while nearly all letters and papers were in the Autograph Department; so that the range of the Curiosity Shop was limited in these two directions. Still there were memorials of the social life, and some relating to the public career of our Revolutionary fathers. There were articles of dress that had once belonged to Washington, and a precious tea-service of his. Indeed costumes, many of them associated with historic men and women, were so numerous as to exhibit nearly all the changes in fashion from colonial days to times quite near our own. One



lady exhibited a small collection of old hats, dated severally, 1810, 1824, 1830, two of 1834, and one of a later date; another contributed a lot vaguely set down in the catalogue as "Twenty Costumes of Old Times," illustrating the long period of contracted skirts, between the discarded and the resumed hoop; and many others drew from attic trunks and camphor-scented boxes those stores of satin slippers, robes, court and wedding dresses, which so many provident ladies keep on hand for chance *tableaux* and theatricals. There were also Indian costumes which escaped the foragers for the Wigwam; and, not throwing light upon American history, but still relevant to the matter of costume in hand, a few dresses from England and the Continent, some as old as the sixteenth century.

Relics of the home life of our forefathers were, of course, plenty, though not so many as there would have been had not the Knickerbocker Kitchen demanded an abundant furnishing. One memento of the ancient Dutch house-keeping — the plate once belonging to Governor Stuyvesant, bearing date 1647 — was reserved to the Curiosity Shop; and near by, contrasting in its extreme perishability with the enduring silver, was the civic wreath of laurel, oak, and cypress, presented to General Lafayette at Yorktown, Virginia, just forty years before, on the forty-third anniversary after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. The collection of American relics was made up from the souvenirs of a hundred families, and so presented many articles, such as those instanced above, which would be unlikely ever to see the light of a public museum. There were the old china, and silver, the antique chairs, and all those things which are carefully preserved in quiet homes, but are not yet in this country articles of traffic; the one dealer in "Antiques" that New York can boast, being able at present to display but little that is valuable either for its age, its rarity, or its associations.

We have already said that the curiousness of the Curiosity Shop was not only, nor even prominently, in American relics. We cannot do more than mention some of the elements of that bewildering conglomerate that exhibited 'mankind from China to Peru,' and from Pharaoh to Victor Hugo. The oldest curiosity displayed was a scarabæus bracelet of stone, that belonged only thirty-three centuries ago to Thothmes III. Though most people of to-day have forgotten how great a King Thothmes III. was when Egyptian sculpture was at its best, and new temples were going up in Thebes and Memphis, yet he could still impress people by means of his bracelet, which caused a bronze censer near by, only one thousand years old, to seem a mere thing of yesterday, and made us all ashamed of our two-penny antiquities of the eighteenth century. There were other Egyptian relics, though after Thothmes there is little awe in the mention of Rameses. Still, when one has resigned one's self to the comparative newness of every thing not Egyptian or Etruscan, which indeed one can scarcely help doing, it is not uninteresting to know that this little museum contained not only Greek and Roman coins, vases, and bronzes, but Japanese and Chinese work of many kinds; some, and that of the most interesting too, making no pretence at all to antiquity. The windows were curtained with hangings presented by the Tycoon of Japan to a late American minister, while the Emperor of China was an involuntary contributor to the Fair, being represented by some magnificent robes, plundered from the summer palace at Pekin, when it was sacked by the English and French in 1860. These were of satin, and embroidered with the imperial dragon; and among them was the covering of the state bed. By the way, it may be said apropos of bed-quilts, that the Emperor of China was not the only sovereign represented by this indispensable. A quilt that had once covered the beautiful Mary of Scotland, was here, and one made by

one of the earlier among the American sovereign people — a patchwork quilt of calico — bought during the Revolutionary War, when calico was a dollar and a quarter a yard.

Of course among the Japanese and Chinese articles were many specimens of porcelain, some of them of rarity and great beauty. There were also several pieces of the old China of Sevres and Dresden, and just enough examples of Palissy ware to make one desire all the more a permanent collection of the precious works of the ceramic art. There were a few specimens beside these of the staples of Art museums, — ancient carvings, bronzes, stained glass, Venetian glass, Gobelin tapestry, armor, — and some which were also dignified by association with memorable people. There was china from the once celebrated stores of Fonthill Abbey; a miniature of Mary Queen of Scots, given by herself to one of the Seton family; a portrait of Napoleon, which he gave to one of his aids; a bronze of the same beautiful head, once belonging to Joseph Bonaparte; the dagger of Robert Bruce; a black jack used by Sir Walter Raleigh; a fan painted by Guido; a bronze vase that had been owned successively by Lord Chatham and Sir John Temple; a candle that used to light Anne Hathaway, and which must be held precious, whatever may be thought of Mistress Shakespeare's character, for it doubtless shone also upon her more than royal lover.

Interesting in a very different way were some relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition, found on King William's Land in 1859 by Captain McClintock; — and, finally, there were two "lots" exhibited, valuable from association with two people whose least memento is to be prized, but really precious as an expression of their sympathy with the cause that originated this Fair. The first was a collection of autographs of living Frenchmen, and among them a sketch of an old house with a writing attached, of which this is a translation: —

"In 1836 I happened to be one day at Passy, at the house of M. Raynouard, the author of the tragedy *Les Templiers*. He wore his white hair streaming on his shoulders, and I said to him, —

"You wear your hair as Franklin used, and you look like him."

"He said to me, smiling, 'This may come from the neighborhood;' and he pointed to a house that could be seen from his garden. 'It is there,' said he to me, 'that Franklin lived in 1778.'

"I drew that house, now pulled down. This is the sketch. I believe that this picture of the house of Franklin, at Passy, is the only one in existence. I offer it to the United States Sanitary Commission.

"I am happy that the Sanitary Commission have done me the honor to call upon me, and afford me an opportunity to renew the expression of my heartfelt sympathy for the gallant men who are struggling so gloriously to rid the great American Republic of that sinful system, Slavery.

"VICTOR HUGO.

"HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, 15th March, 1864."

The other lot consisted of three copies of Florence Nightingale's treatise upon nursing, and inscribed in each one, in her own handwriting, was the dedication —

"Of all sick and suffering the faithful servant,

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

"From her sick bed, London, March, 1864."

These gifts, coming at a time when the sympathy of transatlantic friends was looked for sometimes in vain, had a peculiar flavor of kindness about them that made them keenly felt. Not that there were not others who spoke and acted as kindly as these two, but there was so much that came to us sounding so very differently, that we learned to count our friends, and held their good words above price; and when these were alike kind and felicitous, our pleasure was something which it is still delightful to remember.

The Curiosity Shop had one little but mighty aid that cannot be overlooked in this review, — a miniature model of the Burden Horse-shoe machine, — which turned out tiny horse-shoes at the rate of about sixty a minute. These were then nicely gilded, and strung, in clusters of three, upon ribbons of red, white, and blue; and these

little bunches were then sold at five cents each. Mysterious are the laws of popularity ; but however it may have been, these little ornaments, souvenirs, whatever you choose to call them, struck the public fancy, and realized for the Fair no less a sum than \$2,775.

There was also in one of the rooms, under the superintendence of the ladies of the Curiosity Shop, a collection of minerals, metals, and fossils. This contained many rare and beautiful specimens, but did not, of course, aspire to the rank of a scientific museum. With great good judgment its prominent feature was made of small assorted collections, numbering from twenty-five to one hundred examples of characteristic rocks and minerals, intended as foundations for boys' cabinets. These met with ready sale, and this sensible enterprise produced for the general treasury more than one thousand dollars, — \$1,075.25. The net receipts of the Curiosity Shop were \$10,647.05.

There were a number of interesting autographs in the Curiosity Shop, but the autograph department proper was in the Art Gallery. The wares of that table are so tempting to our memory, that we take advantage of the suggestion given by the last item of the treasures in the Curiosity Shop, to turn out of our course, and pay an irregular visit to the Picture Room. The collection of autographs was one of the best, perhaps the very best, ever offered for sale in America. Among autograph hunters, as well as among bibliomaniacs, the price of the article sought does not depend wholly upon the greatness of the author, nor yet upon his antiquity, or the rarity of his work. To attain that height of value which makes a book or an autograph to be hunted and hoarded, and sold only at fabulous prices, it is necessary that the book or signature have an added quality which it is hard to define, — it must be in a technical sense *recherché*. To appreciate the value of such things is so purely a matter of connoisseurship, that he must be an expert who would judge

critically of this collection. But to the general public any memento of a person or era that has engaged its attention is grateful, and the question of technical value is one to which it is utterly indifferent. Specimens of the costume, or table-services of our great-grandmothers, are not rare in well-regulated families, but everybody is interested in them for all that. Therefore, in our sketch of the Curiosity Shop, we gave as much prominence to these things as to the Palissy ware, which is by no means common in America. So in the slight mention we can make of the autographs at the Fair, we shall mention those which we suppose must have been interesting to all people of average cultivation. Doubtless in so doing we shall mention many of those which would be also valuable in the eyes of the collector; and it is quite as certain that we shall omit many that to the contributors were the most precious offered. For there were some people who, in their kind zeal for the cause of the wounded soldier, sent autographs that were precious to them not only as relics, but as mementos of loved and venerated names. As an example of this spirit of sacrifice we quote part of a letter from Hon. George P. Marsh, accompanying a splendid gift of autographs and holographs. It serves to show the sort of spirit that actuated many contributors.

“This collection contains many letters of great historical and private interest, and has been formed at a very considerable pecuniary cost.

“Some of them, that of Garibaldi for instance — I part with it not without sorrow — ought to be handsomely framed and glazed, and I shall be grievously disappointed if they do not bring in a very handsome sum. As to Garibaldi, Manzoni, and Ricasoli, to Mrs. Marsh, they ought to be sold separately.

“The more I think of it, the more I grieve to part with Garibaldi's. If I had a hundred dollars, I would send it to buy it back with. He is *the* hero and saint of our age. Ten golden eagles should be the lowest bid for this golden letter. Manzoni's (from Avezzana,) would bring almost as much in England, and Ricasoli's is a treasure. For their splendid gifts, I must ask a special acknowledgment from the Commission to Dr. Achille Migliavacca and Countess Gigliucci.”

After this letter one cannot do better than show of what nature was the gift of the writer. In the first place there was a small collection of royal and princely signatures, containing, among others, two of Louis XIV. — one a letter, — two of Louis XVI., one of Louis Philippe d'Orleans, (Égalité,) and one of George III. of England. There was quite a number of the Bonaparte family set apart by themselves from contact with the "born princes," — not venturing to mix with the glory of Bourbon and Hanover,—and appendant to these, some of the Marshals and Generals of the Empire. Between Bourbon and Bonaparte came naturally the names that were prominent during the first French revolution and the Republic, including, among others almost equally well known if not equally terrible, that of Robespierre. Then there were some illustrious Italians and Frenchmen, and a few Englishmen, represented. Among the last was a letter from Lord Brougham, written in that characteristic hand so often referred to by those who say that penmanship is an index to the mind of the writer. The contribution of the Count and Countess Gigliucci, was of holograph letters, including some from Charles Dickens, Sir Joseph Paxton, Baron Ricasoli, Vincenzo, Gioberti, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and one from Count Nesselrode to Miss Clara Novello, inclosing a rose. Those from Dr. Achille Migliavacca were nearly all royal letters, of modern royalty for the most part, but not entirely. There was a letter from the great Andrea Doria to Alessandro Bentivoglio, Governor of Milan, dated May 21, 1531; one from the Emperor Charles V. to Francisco Sforza, Duke of Milan, dated October 26, 1534; from Philip IV. of Spain, to Luis de Guzman Ponce de Leon, dated April 20, 1665, the last year of his unfortunate reign. All these with seals; and one of greater antiquity than any of these, and from a man as remarkable, though unenviably so, as any of the others—Louis XI. of France.

When one came to look over the other autographic gifts, one found the familiar English and American names at once assumed a preponderance. The contributions from Germany cannot, however, be passed over. There were half a dozen or more long letters of Humboldt, one to Ary Scheffer, with the autograph of the latter; letters of Goethe, Schiller, Schelling, Niebuhr, Encke, Hegel, Frederick the Great, and of his graceless father, Frederick William; the first draft of a poem by Goethe, full of erasures and interlineations, and looking so that one wondered if the poet himself was ever able to decipher it — we doubt if any one who saw it here ever made out what poem it was; letters from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Von Weber, Meyerbeer, Rossini, and Verdi; a book from Berlin, wherein many of the illustrious of to-day in Germany had inscribed their names, often at the foot of a page, expressing their kindly feelings to the young Republic, and their good wishes for her in her then time of trouble; and a list that cannot be enumerated, of authors, artists, philosophers, statesmen, and warriors of the generous German land. We should not omit to mention the autographs of King Christian IX., and Queen Louisa, of Denmark, written for the Fair; that of the Queen, at least, being unsolicited, and the result of her own kind interest. There were other royal autographs written for the Fair, but we instance these two because at that time the Schleswig-Holstein troubles were at their height, and were supposed to be in themselves sufficiently engrossing for their majesties of Denmark.

To speak of the English autographs in the order of precedence, — at least for a little way, — one should say that the royal family, from George II. down, was very plentifully represented by its heads. There were about a dozen each of George III. and George IV., half as many of William IV. and Victoria. After mentioning these, as we are uncertain just where the Archbishops of York and

Canterbury should come in, we will drop the order of precedence, and, considering that our hint sufficiently indicates the two prelates,—those at present of that dignity,—will give the rest as they happen to come. There was every premier since Canning, and no end of cabinet ministers and political noblemen. And when it came to literary men, there were Thackeray, Tennyson, Charles Reade, Charles Kingsley, the Brownings, Hallam, Samuel Rogers, Wordsworth, and three who were extemporized into a triad by the old lady watching a conflagration — “Dickens, Howitt Burns.” Some of these were represented by very interesting personal letters; Burns by two or three unpublished poems — one of which would not bear publication. Among the letters were several to Washington Irving, that had a charm quite peculiar, as bearing upon the literary and personal relations of men of letters in the earlier half of this century. There were holographs from Allan Cunningham, G. P. R. James, Charles Leslie, Samuel Rogers, Thomas Moore, Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, Sir Robert Peel, William H. Prescott. Those from Moore and Campbell were very characteristic. That from Prescott — originally accompanying the gift of his “Conquest of Mexico” — had also the value of great rarity, Mr. Prescott’s eyesight being a bar upon correspondence; while one of those from Sir Walter Scott to Irving was probably the gem of the collection. This spoke of a review of the “Sketch Book” in “Blackwood,” of Lockhart’s approaching marriage, and of other personal topics, and was strongly pervaded by the fine humor of the writer. It was written in 1800. Then there were letters from Lord Macaulay to Mr. Everett. A curious one of Beau Brummell, written after his exile, describing the passage across the Channel of a monkey which he had purchased for a lady of quality, and an interesting one from Count D’Orsay, relative to a proposed statue of Washington,

accompanied by one from N. P. Willis, of recollections of the attractive artist dandy. The Count's letter, it must be confessed, does little credit to his knowledge of the English language, but perhaps one ought not to expect a Frenchman to be any more certain about his uses of *shall* and *will*, than an Irishman. And now that we come to mingle Frenchmen with our Englishmen, it may be added there was also a love-letter of Lafayette, which we need not say was studied with interest by all who saw it. We take occasion, while speaking of English autographs, to mention one given by Dr. Migliavacca, which we overlooked in its more regular place. It was no less than a letter from King Henry VII., of England, to Giovanni Galeazzo Maria Sforza, Duke of Milan, and was, as far as we know, the only royal English autograph of any claims to antiquity.

In addition to these English letters and autographs of purely literary and historic value, there were some which were sent in the spirit of that one of Victor Hugo, which was copied a little way back. Lord Houghton, Thomas Hughes, John Bright, Cobden, all sent kind, earnest, sympathizing words. The two former also sent contributions for the "Spirit of the Fair." Having spoken of these men we have only now to mention some of the American autographs, and then leave our already crowded page until it shall commence the story of the morrow,—Saturday, April 9th.

There were three of George Washington, and of each of the succeeding Presidents there were a respectable number. So of the fathers of the Republic. Of Colonial governors and worthies there were some that have become as rare as those that have survived the vicissitudes of twice as many centuries. This is probably owing to the avidity with which our collectors catch at every thing that relates to our own history, and, of course, partly to a variety of other causes. But it is chiefly the given

reason which has obtained, making, for example, the signatures of Washington rare, while that of George III. is comparatively easy to be had. There were nearly four times as many of the latter as of the former at the Fair, notwithstanding the fact that there must be a vastly greater number of Washington's autographs in the United States than of George Third's. But at present it is not so much with the rarity of autographs that we have to do; it is their interest that we chiefly regard; and in thinking over these American worthies, it is only an embarrassment of choice. They were all of value to some portion of their countrymen, and of those whose fame is of twenty years' standing, it is hard to say who was not a subject of interest or curiosity to the people at large. There were officers of the Revolution, of the War of 1812, and of the Rebellion—the latter in great force. There were Chief Justices Story and Marshall, Chancellor Kent, John Jay, Alexander Hamilton; many letters of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and Edward Everett; an important historical letter of John Hancock, with three signatures in full; an equally important order from Congress to General Schuyler, dated at Montreal, 1776, and signed by Benjamin Franklin, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and Samuel Chase. There was a letter from Robert Fulton, whose signature has become very rare, accompanied by a copy of the "Evening Post" of 1807, containing an advertisement of *the* steamboat running between New York and Albany. There were manuscripts of Irving and Cooper, of Poe and Hawthorne, and letters and autographs of Percival and John Howard Payne; and of that band of writers who have lived to see their books stand as classics on our shelves, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Bancroft, Motley, there was a full representation. One of Whittier was accompanied with the signature of Barbara Frietchie, the heroine of his stirring poem. Then there was the crowd of lesser

names, though not all who had escaped mention here belong to that humbler host; but no collection that is intended for popular patronage can well be without some of those middle luminaries that can be sold cheap, and who will shine alike in the albums and in the admiring fancies of the people who never saw a live author. These people were well remembered.

The pecuniary success of the Autograph Table, as in the case of geniuses who anticipate their age, and of many things too choicely excellent, was somewhat out of proportion to the pleasure it afforded. Still its gains were not inconsiderable, owing to the rare tact that presided over its sales, and moreover that the autographs it afterwards contributed to the St. Louis and Philadelphia Fairs added largely to the attraction and receipts of those bazaars.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9.

The impatient public had not yet learned to heed the advice of the journals as to the futility of blockading the doors two hours before they could be opened. Notwithstanding that Friday had witnessed the return to the one-dollar admission, that morning found the crowd gathering just as early as if it were only fifty-cent Thursday, and waiting in just as visible impatience. One thing, however, was gained: the throng of Friday, though quite as eager, was not as dense as that of the day before, and was less of an obstruction to comfort and to sales. As to receipts, it was announced in one of the journals that at three o'clock of yesterday, the whole earnings of the Fair amounted to more than half a million of dollars. The first week was not yet over, and the Fair had already realized as much as at the outset, we might more truthfully say, as much as at its inception had been expected from the proposed fortnight's exhibition. Among the gifts chronicled this morning, was a work entitled "Auto-

graph *Leaves of our Country's Authors*," the copyright of which had been secured for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. The book consisted of lithographic fac-similes of some manuscript of each of ninety of our authors. It opened with the "Star Spangled Banner," in the handwriting and with the signature of Key, and closed with "Home, Sweet Home," subscribed by the name of John Howard Payne. Representing so many of our literary men, the book was, of course, of very catholic range. That only gave it a wider interest, and the most exacting purist could not look with indifference upon a volume where he could compare the manuscripts of such men as Irving, Cooper, Prescott, Everett, Percival, Poe, Allston, Channing, Hawthorne, Emerson, Bryant, Willis, Mrs. Stowe, Bancroft, Motley, Longfellow, Holmes, and Whitier. In truth it was a gift to the Commission of still present value. It is not long ago that we saw this same book an object of fresh attention to a circle of elegant and cultivated people, and we doubt not that it will continue to gain such attention as long as we care for such men as are named above.

The tableaux of the previous afternoon in the Children's Department, an entertainment given on Thursday evening by the pupils of the Seventeenth Ward Schools, and which resulted in \$1,200 for the Commission, are the "side-shows" recorded.

The Sword Vote was this morning for the first time dignified by the name of the "Sword Contest," — a name which clung to it during the continuance of the Fair. The vote, which was scarcely so heavy as that of Thursday, stood at closing, on Friday evening, General McClellan, 1,740; General Grant, 1,398; total, 3,138; General McClellan's majority, 342. As to the Navy Sword, there is some error in the report of this day, since Admiral Farragut is represented as having three votes less than at the close of the preceding day, while Commodore

Rowan shows an advance of one vote. The total number of votes cast, however, is put at 223, just twenty-eight ahead of Thursday's sum. We will leave this account to straighten itself on another day.

Resuming our description of the gallery at the point where we left it yesterday, we must begin with the Millinery Room, which was next to the Curiosity Shop. This was attractive enough to the ladies, though its glories were hardly comprehensible to the masculine eye. But there was one thing about the room which could be appreciated by the most ignorant of the coarser sex, even by the inveterate hater of bonnets, — and that was the energy, the tact, that presided over their sale. Later in the Fair, these wonders of silk, velvet and lace, were removed to the main floor of the building for a better chance of exhibition than they had enjoyed in the gallery. But the success of the department was assured before this, and it returned to the general treasury \$4,181.81.

The next room was popularly called the Library, and was one of the pleasantest divisions of the Fair. A carpeted room, nicely lighted, uninvaded by the crowd and bustle, it presented an air of learned calm that was very attractive. There were shelves along the sides of the room, and a table in the centre whereon were displayed the richer volumes — treasures of tinted paper, with broad margins and spaces, and library bindings, full morocco and calf. Books had been liberally given by the publishers of New York, and by some of those of Boston; gentlemen gave from their libraries some rare and curious volumes, and several authors contributed copies of their own writings. We mentioned but just now a work that was published for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. In the Book-Room of the Fair were several such to be found. There was "A Sheaf of Verse for the Fair," by Mr. H. T. Tuckerman; a graceful collection of *vers de société*, entitled "Tribute to the Fair,"

by Mr. Peter Marié ; "Washington and Napoleon," an historic parallel, by Dr. Lieber ; "Philanthropic Results of the War in America," by Mr. Marcellus Hartley ; "Taps," an elegantly printed little book with illustrations, by Mr. C. A. Clinton ; a "Memoir of Lieutenant Edward Lewis Mitchell, who fell at the Battle of Shiloh," and "Chronicles of Yonkers in verse." Whole editions of all these, whether large or small, were given, in some cases by the author alone, in others by the author and publisher, and in one case of an unusually large edition by author, publisher, and binder. We should not forget another book which had a great success at the Fair, and which was not only published for this cause, but was composed of hits at the various topics of the hour — a professed nonsense book, that was intended only to stimulate a laugh and then it might pass away as having done its work. This was the "Book of Bubbles," by F. W. Gerard ; and has now another value from that which induced people to buy it when it was new. It is interesting to look at such a book when the events which supplied its humors are only dimly remembered, because it becomes a sort of history. This one shows us what people were thinking of as well as laughing at in 1864 ; what were the political questions, the fashionable occupations, the mode of dressing the hair — all perennial subjects for satire ; and 1864, when the nation was yet at war, seems so far away from to-day that we look back already as to a great historical period, and are glad to review the humors of that time.

Aside from these complete and unreserved gifts, these holocausts of literary devotion, the shelves were filled after the manner of popular booksellers, with every thing that the public demands. The headings of the catalogue that was published by this department show how wide was the range of that demand. History, Biography, Voyages and Travels, General Literature, Poetry, Fiction,

Law and Politics, Science and Useful Arts, Medical, etc., Theology and Religion, Illustrated Books and Works of Art, Publications of United States Government, Military and Naval Books, Foreign Books. Such are the headings; and when it is considered that all our best publishers contributed their best editions of classic and popular works, the character of the collection will be easily understood. Among those things which are not usually found in bookstores were several entire series of our State Papers, including the State Papers and Public Documents from the accession of Washington to the year 1807, with all the confidential State Papers; the earliest journals of Congress; the Harleian Miscellany, with some rare and curious old books, treasures for bibliophiles, and which, it is to be trusted, made their way into careful and appreciative hands.

One found it hard to leave the Library without any remembrancer of the beautiful books that were such a delight to the eyes of lingerers in this quiet room. We have intimated that it possessed rather the character of a library than a book-shop; there were so many works that had come from collectors rather than from publishers; there were so many of those treasured books of art, that are seldom found in the sales-room, and never in numbers where they do not seem to have been gathered for the pleasure of some art lover, rather than for the quickest possible dispersion, that one was tempted to believe that some gentleman's sanctum had floated away from its moorings, and been stranded upon a strange and busy coast. The effect of peculiar ownership was heightened by the various adornments that found their way into this room — photographs, illuminations, pictures, bronzes. One of these appeals to our remembrance so strongly that we must recall it here. It was a bronze group from the hands of Méné, and sent with other offerings from Paris, in sympathy with the sick and wounded

of our war. There was a horse, a noble animal, standing with muscles relaxed, head drooping, exhausted by the excitement of the chase just finished. Beside him a huntsman holding up the trophy, a dead fox, and several hounds about him eager, watchful, fawning,—the excitement not yet having died out of them or of the man. There are those, doubtless, who will remember this bronze, and others which were scattered through the Fair, the works of some of the most skillful hands in Europe. Many such things which cannot be recalled severally went far to make the Fair what it was—the greatest display of industrial and artistic triumphs that New York has seen since the World's Fair in 1853.

The receipts of the Book-Room, over and above all expenses, are represented by the rather pleasantly monotonous looking figures, \$12,222.22.

Next to the Library was a room, the designated depository of architectural ornaments. This department was formed with a view of collecting contributions from stone-cutters, glass-stainers, turners, and other branches of trade connected with architectural decoration. The room had been painted in fresco in order to render it more attractive,—the painting being a contribution of two patriotic frescoers,—and was filled with specimens of the several tributary crafts. There were vases and fonts of granite, freestone and marble, some of them richly wrought; examples of painted, stained, and enamelled glass, beautiful wood carvings, iron-work, and many gifts from collectors illustrating antique decorative art. The crowning glory of the room was in four large pieces of tapestry representing scenes from Don Quixote, which were invested with all the interest of a romantic history. Only the barest outline of that history was made public; the tapestries were several hundred years old, and had been given by some king of Spain to a noble family in Mexico. The noble family, by a fortune not quite un-

precedented, found its purse grow slimmer as its name grew older, and actuated by very lofty sentiments, it parted with these relics of grandeur to an American gentleman — of course for a consideration. This outline can perhaps be as well filled out by each individual for himself as by a romancing historian; doubtless details were added by many enthusiastic gazers that were quite as good as the real ones. At all events, the chief point about the tapestries was quite independent of story; their antiquity, their workmanship, their rarity, made them intrinsically interesting; and the reverence of cultivated Americans for all art that has been hallowed by time, brought them great numbers of gazers.

This department returned to the general treasury \$10,072.89. The next door to it was a room devoted to the Ladies' Executive Committee, where, as might be expected, many important consultations were held. But as the public had only to do with the results of such deliberations, it left out this room in its survey of the gallery and descended by the stairs just beyond to the main floor of the building.

And here just at the door of the Art Gallery we will leave the Fair for this week. We have had to chronicle an increasing enthusiasm on the part of the public for the great exhibition, a crowd that could not be kept away, and a pecuniary success that surpassed expectation. Everybody had some interest in this object of the popular attention; ladies had opened their drawing-rooms for private concerts, tableaux, charades, plays, all for the benefit of the Fair; schools had given like entertainments for the general public; the theatres had for the most part anticipated the opening of the Fair in their contributions; and all had flocked to the new buildings in Fourteenth Street and Union Square, to gaze upon the treasures of art or antiquity there collected, to mingle in the picturesque and novel scene, to buy with

motives part selfish but chiefly charitable, and to overthrow the daily exhibitions in the Children's and Indian Departments. So far all had been well. 'Tis true that some errors had been discovered in the arrangements made here and there; that envious and malignant and careless tongues were, as they always are, ready to find flaws, to asperse motives, even to make or repeat venomous stories; but such things were to be looked for, and the latter one at least was probably held to be of slight consequence even at the time. The former was unavoidable, and with true philosophy the managers of the Fair did their best to straighten such difficulties as were still at all in their power, and patiently learned the lesson of those that were beyond mending. We have said, or at least intimated, that the ladies of Philadelphia who held the "Great Central Fair" in the ensuing June, profited by the experience of the New York ladies. A committee came from the former city to inquire into the ways and means of the New York managers, and to learn what to follow and what to avoid. For once experience taught something to others than the sufferer, and even the mistakes of the Metropolitan Fair served to help fill the coffers of the Sanitary Commission at a later day.

One sad event must close our account of this week. It will be remembered, without our mention, by the ladies of the Arms and Trophies Room, that on Wednesday, April 6th, they missed from their number one of their most active workers; one whose cheerful zeal, whose generosity and thoughtful gentleness had been to them a very present aid. We scarcely need say that we refer to Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland, for a wide circle of friends has not yet forgotten the graces and the sudden loss of that strong and lovely character. "She was greater than her books, or than any book," it was said at this time, and it was a feeling of affectionate reverence of regret, softened

by hope, that followed her to her last home, and mingled even with the crowding duties of this busy week.

It is not without interest that we recall that the last acts of a life so benignant, were connected with a charity so dear to Mrs. Kirkland as this Fair. She was in the Arms and Trophies Room Tuesday night, cheerful and busy as ever, and the opening hour of Wednesday brought the news of her death.

SECOND WEEK.

MONDAY, APRIL 11.

The journals of this morning had, nearly all of them, some review of the results of the first week of the Fair. The attendance was estimated at from one hundred and twenty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand visitors. The receipts, from half a million to six hundred thousand dollars. The highest praise was accorded by most of the newspapers to the perfection of the arrangements, to the value and magnificence of the display, and to the order maintained. One paper finishes its survey in these words: "And all have been also pleased and gratified at its great success. Nothing unpleasant in the slightest degree has occurred. The general distribution of stands to different parties was made with care, and so as to add to the beauty of the building. The arrangement for the sale and taking of tickets is perfect, and has prevented all confusion. The precautions against fire are complete, and remove all apprehensions, and the police arrangements are so thorough that not a theft has occurred." That is certainly warm praise, and shows at least that the esoteric difficulties to which we have alluded did not have much effect upon the enjoyment of visitors to the Fair.

Some general features of the great show are noticed, which would scarcely call for mention in the descrip-

tion of a given department, but which, taken together, attracted some attention in their day. Almost every stand had, by the end of the first week, come to add to its allurements a little receptacle for modest contributions, — widows' mites, Peter pence, and the like, — where charity, whose visible reward was only a smile from the guardian of the alms-box, might gratify itself. These "man-traps," as they were sometimes profanely called, were generally disguised. In one place it was a tiny old woman knitting stockings by a rustic table, with a basket by her side. Underneath would be inscribed a legend to the effect that the old lady was working hard for the poor soldiers, but, toil as she might, she could not accomplish all that she wished, and so she would thank any one who would help her in her single object. The observer was then notified that the use of the basket was to hold money contributions toward this mutely zealous old lady's gift. Sometimes the figure of a wounded Zouave, or a soldier's widow, attracted one's gaze, and then the figure turned out to be an appeal to one's sympathy for the object represented. Some of these devices proffered their request very successfully. One in the Floral Temple, representing a soldier's home, was found at the close of the Fair to have accumulated no less than seven hundred dollars.

The several stands throughout the buildings seemed to show no emptiness after the week's drain upon their treasures. New goods were still arriving, and there had been from the beginning a reserve stock large enough to keep the display fresh and full for some time to come. It was evident that the Fair was only in its prime at the opening of the second week, and, accordingly, we find that its managers were now renewing their promises to the public. In the Fourteenth Street building, Grafül-la's Band had given a nightly concert, which was now advertised to be repeated every night until further notice.

The concerts in the Union Square Music Hall, and the afternoon performances for children, were also to be continued. On Saturday evening the Oratorio of "Judas Maccabæus" had been successfully given before a large audience, and for Monday evening a promenade concert and "performance" by the children of the Tenth Ward schools was announced. The price of admission was to be kept at one dollar.

The "sword contest" is just beginning to assume that prominence which it held during the latter days of the Fair. At first, people had calmly registered their names, and paid their single dollar for the privilege. But we read that before the close of the week they were registering themselves for five and ten votes each, and in a few cases as high as fifty. These were, of course, only the easily kindled; phlegmatic people still put down their dollar, and, justly enough, deemed that they had done their duty. When the polls were closed on Saturday night, the vote stood,—General McClellan, 2,312, General Grant, 1,880. General McClellan's majority, 432 votes. As to the navy sword, the count as given is, of 224 votes Admiral Farragut had 119, Commodore Rowan, 63, Admiral Dupont, 20, and the rest scattering. It was so evident by this time that the army sword had established itself as the engrossing bone of contention, that we find no further mention of the navy sword in the daily papers, until the final announcement on the day after the close of the Fair.

We may now leave the newspapers of Monday, after taking from them one more item. We have already said, many times over, that everybody—that is, all classes and all employments—contributed to the Fair. It is made evident from the item we just now referred to, that people, as may be often observed in the history of enthusiasms, were already become aggressive in their interest; they were not contented with being liberal and absorbed

themselves, but they demanded that everybody should be as they were. Accordingly, we find in the papers of this morning, a note from the postmaster of the city, replying to the inquiries of officious Paul Prys, as to the contributions of post-office clerks. The note stated a fact that must have been painful to the young men of the post-office, viz. : that their salaries were small ; but added for the benefit of the curious, that despite this drawback, they had contributed seven hundred dollars to the popular charity. About this time the hotels, too, had to be defended against the aspersions of those who had not heard of their generosity, and the public were gratified to learn that not only had money been given from these sources, but the *chefs* of their *cuisines* had given their skill, and had contributed various marvels of their art. We trust that these pieces of information were satisfactory to those who had demanded them.

Our Saturday visit to the Fair ended in the passage leading to the Picture Gallery. Commencing where we left off, then, we find that we have enough to engage us for this day. This exhibition of pictures was one that we have reason long to remember. It was not only a collection of peculiar value in itself, but it marked an epoch in the art history of this country. We find artists and critics in 1866 recognizing, even more fully than in 1864, the importance of the Sanitary Fair Art Gallery, and we doubt not that future years will develop yet more indubitably that importance. Why this is so, will be so easily seen that we need not devote many words here to setting forth the case ; though the plainest history could scarcely tell of the Art Gallery without dwelling somewhat upon its probable bearing upon American art.

When the Fair was opened, the little world of picture-lovers in New York was charmed and delighted with the provision that had been made for its pleasure. There was a large, pleasant room, high and well lighted, and filled

with works bearing, for the most part, the most honored names in American art. Everybody admitted that the pictures were generally well hung, unusually well hung, if we are not mistaken, and the only drawback to seeing them well, was the crowd that constantly filled the Gallery, and made it impossible to see any painting on the line at a greater distance from it than six feet. That, however, is a drawback very easily borne in an exhibition from which any pecuniary return is expected, and in this, at least, it was one which the public accepted without a murmur. People were glad of a chance to see so many pictures, whose fame had become historic, brought out and exhibited side by side with others equally famous or now first shown. Thus, for example, Church's "Niagara," and "Heart of the Andes" which the public had never seen save alone, and set off with surroundings of skillfully hung draperies, were now for the first time brought into proximity and contrast to the works of other artists. The "Heart of the Andes" was set just opposite Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains," and, as both pictures had been before shown under precisely similar circumstances, they were studied with a great deal of curiosity in their relations with each other. The "Niagara" could now be compared with the "Niagaras" of Kensett and Gignoux. And with these were gathered from all manner of sources the best known works of many artists. Especially was the collection rich in pictures that had for years lurked in the seclusion of drawing-rooms and private galleries. Pictures by Huntington, Leutze, Durand, that far back in the twilight of our history had been engraved for the American Art Union; pictures that had been famous before artists now in full repute had ever been heard of; and yet more venerable than these, were some works of Cole, Stuart, West. When one remembers that such a varied collection of American art was supplemented by an almost equally varied one of





modern European pictures, comprising examples of artists so diverse as Achenbach, Gérôme, De la Roche, Meissonier, Willems, Troyon, Winterhalter, E. Frère, Gallait, Brion, Verboeckhoven, Moritz, Retzsch, Karl Hübner, Couture, and Plassan, we can understand the eagerness of delight with which the public flocked to the pleasant Gallery. We should add too that, in addition to such contents as we have indicated, there was a numerous collection of pictures with frames inscribed "Pro Patria," the gifts of the patriotic brotherhood of artists — many of them painted expressly for the Fair ; so that with new and old, foreign, home, and charitable art, the public was complacently sure that it had unusual grounds for being pleased. It was granted on every side that there never had been such an opportunity for studying American art in its present condition, in its advance upon its past efforts, and in its relations to modern European work. The result of their comparison was so satisfactory to most observers, that one constantly heard the most hopeful auguries respecting our artistic future, and the assertion often made before, now came to be commonly believed, that in landscape painting, at least, our National Academicians were in advance of all Europe, to say nothing of the rest of the world.

The American public had, during its previous existence, been accustomed to think humbly of its æsthetical attainments. But now, just as it began to feel the comforts of self-satisfaction, the charge of artistic worthlessness was preferred with a vehemence and license peculiarly irritating to the newly found content. In former times, when we were humble, nobody had insulted our weakness ; but it was very hard when we had at last come to have some pride in our attainments, that the most honored among our Academicians should be assaulted in words that would once have seemed harsh when applied to the weakest. To speak a little more in detail. On Saturday of

the first week of the Fair, one of the leading city journals published a criticism of the works in the Art Gallery, which it followed up by similar articles from week to week during the continuance of the Fair, and the immediately following Academy Exhibition. These were evidently written by some one who had been strongly influenced by Ruskin's "Modern Painters," and perhaps it might be confessed that the truculence which occasionally disfigures the master, was even more prominent in the disciple. Possibly, however, this seemingly uncalled-for savageness, may be still designated as fearlessness; it was, doubtless, intended for that in the beginning, and was followed out in the face of difficulties with a persistence that showed it to be no stranger to the nobler quality. The Academicians had sufficient support and patronage to make it easy for them to bear a good deal of abuse; but there was that in these criticisms which irritated them beyond measure. The critic might have informed them that their drawing and their color were not the best possible, and still have done it in such manner that the painters would have been the first to acknowledge the truth. But tact and gentleness must have informed every line of a criticism which should gain such an end. And when the critic went beyond drawing and color, and said that the Fellows and Associates of the Academy were trained in a school of utterly false principles, that they painted in hopeless and contented ignorance of nature, and that the art of which we were all so proud was dead and a stumbling-block in the way of all real excellence, and said these things not only with evident ability and force, but with an offensiveness quite ingenious, every one understood that such utterances could not fail to produce considerable anger among the people attacked. To crown all, the critic proposed for the admiration of the public, a picture by a man unknown to the world of picture-buyers, — a personal pupil of the great

English critic, and whose little canvas had been the object of more unflattering wonder and laughter than any other in the exhibition, as well as of much delight. To make this the example of what a better training might do for the Academicians, seemed to them the unkindest cut of all.

We have said that the hostile criticisms were marked by ability and force. This is not the place to discuss whether these qualities were rightly directed or not; it is sufficient for our purpose to concede to the critic what the most aggrieved of the Academicians might allow. There was enough of truth mingled with his criticisms to make their vigor formidable, and to justify the anger excited by his savagery or fearlessness, whichever one chooses to call it. The right to be angry was largely used by the artists. In the heat of their wrath they employed language against the critic quite as hard, to say the least of it, as any he had used against them. It was said that personal violence threatened, and even imminently, the obnoxious writer. The genial occupant of Harper's "Easy Chair," remembers a story that one irate N. A. had nearly pulled the wrong nose out of revenge. All the while the public, catalogue in hand, was tranquilly crowding the beautiful new Gallery, and admiring with new transports its old favorites. The artists of the old and new schools were agitated by the first shocks of a battle that is waged to-day with scarcely abated fury.

We should hardly care, however, to chronicle this wordy warfare even so slightly as we have, did we not believe that out of the turmoil will come results important to American art, and that the Gallery of the Metropolitan Fair will be long remembered for its instrumentality in producing such results. Since the opening of hostilities criticism of pictures in all the journals has become noticeably freer and severer. The Academy Exhibition of 1865 called forth many criticisms that were much more careful and impar-

tial, even if they were exacting, than any which appeared before 1864. It is not impossible that fastidiousness may become a fashion, and that art notices will be "nothing unless they be critical," in the harder sense of the word. Such a state of things must needs have its disagreeable side, but American human nature is quick to learn a lesson, and adapt itself to new circumstances. Whatever pangs it may inflict, there is no doubt that rigorous criticism has its good effects. It tends to make a public intelligent in its appreciation of art, and, of course, impatient of careless or bad work. In other words, it increases the demand for good art, and through this means it acts upon the artist. He will do his best for a public that will appreciate every evidence of patience, of study, or of feeling that he may show, and the temptation to slight work will be the least possible to human nature, if he knows that its presence will be quickly detected and condemned. And if critics be hypercritical and facile in abuse, the effect is better upon the artist than if he is secure of his praise and his patronage, no matter how careless or indolent he may be. Lord Bacon somewhere wrote a sentence to the purport that it is the nation which is dissatisfied that makes progress; and with that in mind, the true artist can be thankful if he has fallen upon critical times, or even among hypercritical people. We indeed count it as by no means among the least of the services which the Metropolitan Fair did for the people of New York, that its Art Gallery furnished the text for such severe comment,—harsh comment if you will,—for we can see now that a new period of independent criticism was then begun, and we can hope that it was the dawn of a brighter day than American art has yet seen.

Every one remembers how varied and interesting was the collection whose relations we have just chronicled. We should add that a large contribution of pictures,

sketches, engravings, and photographs, was received from Düsseldorf and Berlin, which came too late for exhibition at the Fair, and were afterwards sold for its benefit at the old Düsseldorf Gallery on Broadway. These were given mostly by the kindly German artists themselves, and in many cases were painted for contribution, and so managed as to show the artists' sympathy with the cause of American liberty. Besides these things of which we have spoken, the Gallery possessed an unusually rich collection of engravings and photographs, including volumes and portfolios of rare sketches and etchings, which after delighting the few who discovered their quiet charm amid the blaze of color and the bustle of the crowd, found their way into numerous libraries, where, no doubt, they are still performing their graceful work of giving pleasure.

The expenses of the Picture Gallery were greater than those of any other department except the Restaurant, — they were more than ten thousand dollars, — yet the outlay was amply returned, and this department paid over to the Fair, after deducting all expenses, \$73,638.58. This included nearly \$2,500 from the exhibition of two private galleries.

The collections thus thrown open to the public were those of Mr. Aspinwall and Mr. Belmont. To say nothing of the gracefulness or the success of the act, the attractiveness of the Fair was enhanced by it in no trifling degree. One of these galleries is very rich in modern French, Flemish, and German works, while the other, as a crown to its beauties, has a Murillo of which New York may well be proud.

Before leaving the Fair for to day, we will go to the southern end of the building once more, and take a look at the one or two rooms which we omitted in our survey of that end of the great hall. When we had "done" the Indian Department we came into the main room, and turning to the right we went by the House-furnishing and

Lingerie Departments to the Restaurant. Had we turned to the left instead, we should first have come upon a stall devoted to the sale of the little newspaper, the "Spirit of the Fair." We have already commemorated some of the earlier numbers of this pleasant serial, and we cannot take a better time than the present for saying what little we have to say in a general manner about its success, pecuniary and otherwise, and first *otherwise*. The "Spirit," as we have said before, was begun upon a wise plan. It left the department of news, telegrams, army correspondence and the like to the regular daily newspapers of the city, and confined itself to chronicles of the daily life and appearance of the Fair, and to general literature. Its editors made known their wants, and graceful contributions in plenty — essays, poems, stories, and *jeux d'esprit* of all kinds — poured in from writers whose names are known throughout the length and breadth of the land. The number which lies open before us — that for this day, Monday, April 11 — will serve as a sample, along with that which we quoted some days ago.

There is first, Hoppin's pretty title-page, whereon an angel with a cup of consolation descends upon a battle-field, which in the true American spirit of mingling the useful with the beautiful, is followed by a page of advertisements. Then comes a page devoted to a guide to the several departments of the Fair, which we have, once for all, transferred bodily to our own chronicle. After this comes "Items and Incidents of the Fair," followed by *causerie* and notices, all filling one page. Among the notices we find some relating to the "Spirit" itself, and one that makes it a matter of history, that the price of the Fair journal, when bought from the newsboys about the building, was ten cents; and that one might have a copy put up in a wrapper, addressed, pre-paid, and mailed from the editorial desk to any designated friend in the country, wherever that may be, for only fifteen cents. The next

page is occupied by a pleasant, gossiping letter, from Thomas Hughes, the historian of Tom Brown, to the editor of the "Spirit." The letter is so genial, so full of interest, that we wish we could transcribe it here. We are sure that if any one can afford time to look back over things laid aside, just for the sake of a simple, quiet pleasure, he will be repaid for hunting the files of the "Spirit of the Fair" for this letter, and for a dozen things preserved there and there alone. Next comes nearly a page and a half, part of a serial story by "Sparrowgrass" Cozzens; and what more is needed to fill out two pages is given by a poem of Bayard Taylor. Then follow two pages of short articles, balanced and mingled like the ingredients in a salad bowl; "A Letter from Mrs. Muddle," whose style betrays her as related to the celebrated Mrs. Nickleby; a never-before-published letter of Leigh Hunt's, from the autograph collection of the Fair; a poem, by Lord Houghton, called "England and America, 1863;" "Vers de Soci  t  ," a notice of a volume mentioned in our account of the Book-Room; "To the First Snowdrop," by Epes Sargent; Charade No. IV.; a translation of Heine's "Lorelei," by "Carl Benson;" and a little tribute to Dr. Lieber's "Washington and Napoleon." Then on the next page we have the installment for the day of the "List of Contributors, and Articles Contributed," not to the "Spirit," but to the Fair; and the whole closes with two outside pages of advertisements. In point of literary excellence, there are better and worse numbers than this one before us, but this will fairly do as a sample. The "Items and Incidents of the Fair" were continued from day to day, and have formed for us an invaluable supplement to the reports in the great journals. We here gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to this source for much that must otherwise have been lost, and will assure any one who wishes to revive the "very form and pressure" of the time, that nowhere else can it be found so perfectly

as in the "Spirit of the Fair." Perhaps the chief value of the little sheet was in the bright paragraphs, epigrams, etc., called forth by current events, for in them may be seen not only the facts, but the opinions and feelings of 1864,—opinions and feelings not disguised by the words which give them utterance, as they might have been had they been put in more formal and stately dress, but in that every-day undress which makes them at once familiar and trustworthy.

Before turning to the other success of the "Spirit" — *id est*, its happy pecuniary balance — we will draw from the "Items" of this day, one or two, which may serve as appendix to our account of the Curiosity Shop. We find here mention of things we are so sorry to have omitted before, that we cannot pass them by again. The first is, the haversack of Charles XII. — a rude leathern bag, with a shoulder-strap fastened by large iron buckles, most soldier-like and unornamental: then we are reminded of a wonderful nugget of gold, weighing 195 lbs., and worth \$40,000, or a little more than \$17.09 per oz. troy; and of a spinet, made in London one hundred years ago. We turn back to mention these things, just as during the Fair we turned back to them and a hundred like, for examination, when we were leaving a room under the comfortable belief that we had thoroughly "done" it. One was constantly tempted to linger there; and now the impulses to tarry are so many and so similar, that, if gratified at all, it must be in the time of a turning about. We hasten, then, to state the last item of interest in regard to the journal of the Fair. The proceeds in money of this enterprise — we will not keep you waiting for them — were just \$2,618.93, which do not seem very large when compared with those of many departments; but one should remember that the expenses of publishing such a paper, were, as they always are, great, — the price paid for a copy, ten cents, not much more than paying

for the cost of paper and printing, and that such undertakings are generally, financially, failures. The paper published at the Fair in Washington, brought the Fair into debt; that at Brooklyn barely paid its expenses; so that the favorable balance of more than twenty-six hundred dollars in the accounts of the "Spirit of the Fair," was, in its way, quite a wonder, as well as a blessing.

Next to this stall was the room occupied by the Committee on Stationery and Printing, — a shop attractively filled with the usual display of paper, pens, ink-stands, writing-desks, paper weights and cutters, and the countless other furnishings of the library table. The walls were hung with pictures, and the room rendered pleasanter by such pretty things as bronzes, vases, carved work, and the like, as were scattered through nearly all departments of the Fair, whatever their specialty might be. Among the contributions to this committee were books, one of Hoe's cylinder printing-presses, a type-distributing, and a type-composing machine. All these things, excepting the books, were exhibited in the Machinery Department. The Printing and Stationery Committee made over to the treasury, at the end of the Fair, \$6.942.36.

The next room was devoted to sewing-machines. The several manufacturers were generous, and set the value of their contribution as high as sixty thousand dollars, but, through one of those mistakes which will come to mar the welfare of the best regulated families and undertakings, this department realized but \$3,303.62. We have said that contributions were liberal enough, and we can hardly believe that the public was taken with any spasmodic distaste for sewing-machines, since at the Brooklyn Fair just preceding there was sold more than thirty thousand dollars worth of them. We are assured, moreover, that the lady in charge of this department was lacking neither in interest nor energy; and we are therefore obliged to assume that the bad management was else-

where. The committee seem to have felt that their claims were disregarded too long, and that the room finally granted to them was so situated as to escape the notice of ninety-nine out of every hundred visiting the Fair. We are inclined to believe that in the pressure of a great diversity of interests such mistakes are only with difficulty avoided, perhaps are not to be wholly avoided by any care, and so we will put to the account of the general fallibility of human nature and human powers the want of success in the Sewing-machine Department.

On each side of the door of this room were two stalls, one for the sale of optical and surgical instruments, the other for a soda fountain. The former realized for the Fair \$1,624.62, and the latter \$1,033.85. Then came the room devoted to the deliberations of the Gentlemen's Executive Committee. Upon that we turn no curious eye, but pass it with the reflection that it is the last room at the southern end of the Fourteenth Street building, and that in reaching it we have finished our survey for Monday, April 11.

TUESDAY, APRIL 12.

We learn from the newspapers of this day, that Monday was a rainy day. Not at all a traditional April day of mingled sunshine and showers, but gray and gusty and cold, with a steady pouring rain all day long. As a consequence, for the first time since the opening of the Fair, there was no crowd waiting two hours for the doors to open. For a little while after opening it seemed likely that for once visitors would have plenty of room for looking about them, but shortly after noon, just as if everybody had determined to take advantage of a rainy day, people began to pour in, and by and by the throng was as dense as ever. There was the usual promenade concert in the evening, and in the Union Square Music Hall another entertainment by the children of the Tenth

Ward Public Schools. This latter was greatly enjoyed, and we find the papers quite eloquent over the choruses that were sung by three hundred fresh young voices, and a Lilliputian drill, in which none of the soldiers were more than twelve years old.

The "sword contest" went on in spite of wind and weather; and at the hour of closing, the vote stood —

General McClellan,	2,962
General Grant,	2,335
Scattering,	35
	<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/>
Total,	5,332

giving to General McClellan a majority of 627 votes.

We find it recorded that with the beginning of this week a detective system was applied to holders of season tickets, in some cases with strange effect. It had been learned that many people, who were more generous than just towards their friends, had made their season tickets serve the wants of quite a number of their acquaintances. Sometimes the same ticket had done duty for a dozen. It was vexatious to find that there were people so mean as to be capable of cheating a charity — it was even a curiosity of human meanness. But seeing it once was enough, and an ingenious device was adopted to prevent its continuance. All persons offering season tickets at the Fair entrances were requested to inscribe their names in a book. If the signature in the book and the name on the ticket agreed the person was allowed to pass. They did not always agree, and such disagreements resulted unpleasantly for those offering the tickets. We do not hear that anybody considered himself hardly treated, but many acknowledged themselves outwitted. Some, of suspicious temperaments, refused to sign their names in the book. Their virtuous indignation secured their entrance to the Fair for that time, but their tickets were marked so that they would be known if presented again.

This expedient, if it did not materially advance public morality, at least protected the Fair against a deal of sharp practice.

We find for the first time this morning traces of the temporary nature of the Fair. It had been going on as if people could buy there and be amused there forever. But this morning we read that the Buffalo ladies had sold out every thing at their table but some Indian goods, bead-work, baskets, etc., and that they had transferred these to the booth of the Fair Department, where there was already a large reserved stock, sufficient to supply any drain that might be made on them. At the jewelry stall, too, nearly all the large pieces of silver had been sold, though many of these were to remain on exhibition.

One of the leading morning papers had to-day an editorial calling upon the managers of the Fair for a half-price day, or for such days in every week, when the poorer classes might enjoy what their well-to-do neighbors had thus far had to themselves, and might have a chance to give, in their smaller way, to an object that was dear to all classes and conditions alike.

Another paper, among the headings of its reports concerning the Fair, announces that the total receipts thus far are over six hundred thousand dollars. On turning over the leaves of this paper we find that it also has its editorial, more than a column in length, about the Fair. But it asks for no changes, finds nothing that is not to be commended, and is only remarkable as a full expression of the feeling of the time as to the value of the charity which was showing itself so nobly.

Yesterday was chiefly given to the Picture Gallery. Opening out of this was a room devoted to the ship and boat builder's art, — a fair starting-point for to-day. Here the walls were ornamented with naval insignia, drawings and models of famous vessels, and, of course, the national

colors. Among the models was one of a steamer made of wood from the old frigate *Constitution*. The body of the room was filled chiefly with boats, from wherries and shells, famous in college regattas, to life-boats. There were also some beautiful models, and many curious and interesting things belonging to the working of ships. There was not much here for sale; this was for the most part a department for exhibition, and valuable as adding to the attractiveness of the Fair. Yet the Ship-builders' Committee represented a liberal trade, and so was able to make over to the treasury as the result of their labors, \$20,105.72.

The next room was a very busy looking place. It was filled with machinery, and, as a supplement, with curious people. One might have heard here, at any hour when visitors were present, plenty of admiring comment upon "this wonderful mechanical age." As a great deal of this comment came from the ladies, we have no doubt that it was warranted by the display around them. The gentlemen who had undertaken the furnishing of this department, had felt that they worked under a disadvantage. By reason of some oversight, theirs had been the last committee formed, and the time at their disposal was so short that they found themselves unable to represent the mechanical contrivances as fully as they wished. Even after lowering their standard of attainment, they were obliged to finish their department after the Fair had opened. But they must have been gratified when they saw how completely the show they had provided satisfied the public; how pleased we all were with the machine that turned out little wooden cups as fast as they could drop; with the sewing-machine run by steam that turned in a hem, and put in two thousand stitches a minute; with the patent oscillating engine, and the type-setting machine. Perhaps they thought that our standard of what such a department should be was not

very lofty; but they must have been pleased for all that, that their labors gave so much entertainment; and if they did feel that the general public, even in a mechanical age, had much to learn about machinery, they must have felt also a compensating pleasure in the reflection that this very exhibition went some way to enlighten our darkness. We will confess that we were on the side of the ladies, and thought that this was an interesting and instructive show; and looking back to it at this distance of time, we think that it was one of the real attractions of the Fair to most thoughtful visitors. Its results in money were \$18,744.16, made up partly from sales, and partly from contributions, as was the case with nearly all departments. The contributions here were particularly noticeable, because they came in good measure from the workmen in the various foundries and machine-shops of the city.

We may mention also that this department received from many of these workmen contributions which could not appear in the money results, and which consequently were not easily seen by the public at large. There were those who gave time and labor towards setting up the machinery, and getting the room into order. It was in such uncounted and unseen gifts that the Metropolitan Fair was rich, and we cannot but feel, as we have before expressed, that it was just that self-forgetfulness of sympathy, that kindly union of all classes and interests, that makes the Fair precious to us as a work of the war. We find its final charm in the fact that it was a beautiful crystallization of the sentiment of its time, and that in it might be seen not only the charity and devotion, but even, shall we say it, the griefs, the prejudices, and the vanities that made up a united loyal North. These last traits we do not mean to dwell on; but their existence may occasionally be detected along with the devotion in the pages of our simple chronicle; and we repeat, that

to us it is because it was a microcosm of a time of great events, a time strong in disliking as well as in loving, but stronger in zeal than in prejudice, that we find the real greatness of the enterprise we commemorate.

We may believe, however, that any one who studies the Fair will not be slow to see these things, and so we need not hesitate to resume our narrative. Coming out the Machinery Room in the main hall, one found ranged along its northern side a row of four stalls, devoted severally to boots and shoes, saddlery, india rubber, and dry goods. The Boot and Shoe Stall was the first, and was evidently gotten up by some one who knew the dignity of the "gentle craft." It had a Gothic front, all crimson and blue, with a pediment of many-pointed gables adorned with crockets and finials. In the central gable was a picture of the good Saints Crispin and Crispian at work, with gilded glories around their heads, and an inscription in proper Old English on the red border — *Soissons, A. D. 287. St. Crispin, St. Crispian, Shoemaker Martyrs.* On the frieze below the pediment were the names of four other worthies who likewise graced this craft: Jacob Boehme, Hans Sachs, George Fox, and Roger Sherman. A tablet also hung from the frieze with the lines from Shakspeare's "Henry V." —

"And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered."

On the right of the two saints was emblazoned the escutcheon of Nicolas Lestage — a boot with a crown between two fleur-de-lis, gold on a blue ground. The right to bear this shield was won from Louis XIV., by an invention of a seamless boot. Doubtless the grand monarch knew what it was to suffer from pinched feet. On the left was the shield of some mediæval corporation of cordwainers — a gold measure on a green ground; while

upon the angles of the pediment, and down the supporting pillars, was a brave display of heraldry. Or and argent upon fields sable, azure, gules and vert, varied by devices of gules and azure upon metallic fields. There was the resplendent shield of Les Cordonniers de Lamballe — five golden shoes on a scarlet ground; the modest and rather sombre arms of Les Cordonniers de Guise — two silver knives crossed on a black ground; and so on through a goodly number of the shoe-making guilds of feudal France; Les Cordonniers de Royers, de Bourgen-Bresse, de Poitiers, de Metz, and the corporations of some other towns, some of which have declined from their ancient glory, and are now scarcely known outside of their *départements*. The antiquity and the dignity of the shoemaker's trade was sufficiently set forth by these memorials of its guilds, which, indeed, might have afforded to Dr. Doran material for another chapter in his "Habits and Men." We could only wish that she who had fitted up a stall so rich in historic suggestiveness, had added two more escutcheons: that of the shoemakers of Scotland, who carry in their arms St. Crispin, relieved and supported by a shoe-knife and a king's crown, and that of the cobblers of Flanders — an imperial crown upon a boot, which might have recalled the pleasant old story about Charles V. and the cobbler. How the Emperor, who used to love disguises like the good Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, one night in Brussels carried out his own boot to be mended. How the cobbler, whom he found drinking beer in a jolly company, refused to do any work that night, because it was St. Crispin's, but so entertained the Emperor with good nature and plain speaking, that Charles sent next day for the cobbler, and instead of taking off his head for some personalities of the night before about the Emperor's long nose, gave him leave, for his frankness and heartiness, to ask any favor. The cobbler's petition was, that his trade might bear the arms

indicated above, and might take precedence of the shoemakers in all processions; and, of course, to make the story complete, if for no other reason, the requests were granted.

But with these passing tributes to the unrepresented guild, and the forgotten legend, we must grant that the Boot and Shoe Stall exhibited both taste and research, and, moreover, that its contents were admirably arranged. Many a child will remember the "Puss in Boots," which drew little people to this spot, and was subject of frequent comment among them.

This department returned to the treasury, \$8,092.83.

The next stall was devoted to saddlery and harness. The usual decorations of bunting were here skillfully disposed so as to act as relief to the prevailing russet tones of the articles displayed. Here was every thing used about the horse. Beautiful saddles,—one of great magnificence, sold by subscription, and given to General Grant,—bridles, riding-whips, blankets, and carriage robes, and, by an inclusiveness allowable to a fair, some very tempting trunks and valises. Many of these things had been made expressly for the Fair, and were finished with extraordinary care. One trunk, presented by the workmen of one of the trunk shops, had a parrot worked on the inside of the cover in feathers, and was otherwise so decorated as to call forth considerable attention and admiration. Here, also, were sold some rubber horse-shoes, which were benevolently intended to carry horses in safety over Broadway pavement. We wish that now, two years after their exhibition, we could record their general use.

This booth realized \$2,202.24.

The Dry Goods Stall was, as might have been expected, a splendid show. But dress goods, however skillfully arranged, do not call for a description after they are dispersed. This booth was particularly remarkable as re-

turning a larger sum to the treasury of the Fair than any department except that of tickets. Its committee appealed to a large and wealthy part of the community, and the response was noble. The wholesale firms generally gave freely, manufacturers sent in goods, willing hands aided everywhere, and the result for the Fair was \$137,066.31, about seven thousand of which came from sales. If the Dry Goods Department cannot make a large figure on our page, it has done much better than that upon the Treasurer's Report, where it tells a noble story of the generosity of a wealthy class.

As for the India Rubber Stall, we think we cannot do better than to insert here what was told of it by the "Spirit of the Fair":—

"At Stall No. 39," says that veracious chronicle, "may be found a most curious and interesting collection, exhibiting some of the many uses to which india rubber may be applied. Not satisfied with the merely utilitarian position it once occupied, the genius of caoutchouc aspires to an alliance with the most delicate mechanism, and to the regions of the ornamental. The reasonableness of this aspiration the articles shown at this table give ample witness to. The most striking exemplification of what may be done with 'hard rubber,' is given in the elegant watch and chain, the first — but, we opine, not the last, — made of this universal material. It has all the beauty of the finest enamel. The watch was sold for \$150. Among the useful things — not the least, by any means, in these war times — is the soldier's filter, a slender india rubber tube, having at one end a filter of composition. It is only necessary to place the filter in the nearest 'mud-puddle,' and a draught of pure water may be obtained to refresh the thirsty soldier. Every one who has a friend in the army should send him one of these, which he may easily carry in his pocket. A suction knob, for opening refractory drawers, is a most useful article 'to have in the house.' A writing-table of india rubber, coated with emery, is an excellent unbreakable substitute for the ordinary fragile 'slate.' A strap with handles for exercising the chest has received little attention, but is worthy of it, especially from people of narrow, consumptive chests. We are informed, by the highest authority, that 'the merciful man is merciful to his beast;' we should say, then, that all who drive horses on Broadway, who want to be thought of that gentle class, should provide their steeds with rubber-padded shoes, which prevent slipping on the smoothest pavements. One of these is exhibited, which has

been in use for four weeks, and gave great satisfaction. A number of very handsome piano covers, red, green, and maroon, with straw-colored borders, and valued at fifteen dollars, and a traveling bathing-tub, which may be folded into very small space, and inflated to a good sized tub at pleasure, are also exhibited. A large assortment of smaller articles, such as pen and pencil cases, ladies' combs, brushes, hand-glass frames, &c., &c., all very cheap and pretty, make this an attractive table for those who want a lasting *souvenir* of the great Fair, but cannot afford very expensive investments."

The ladies in charge felt that they might have made even greater display had they only been granted more space. But that was a want which nearly every department felt, and so was remediless. But these ladies wanted this stall to present as grand a show as the india rubber booth in the Crystal Palace at London or Sydenham, we forget which, had done. There the hangings were of india rubber tapestry, and within those water-proof walls were gathered furnishings for every household want. Here the bulkier conveniences were excluded, but their fame was here in their stead, and perhaps they shone as great in the light of rumor, as they could have done in their very presence. "*Omne ignotum pro magifico,*" we are told. There was hung up in this booth a portrait of Mr. Goodyear, painted on hardened rubber. They said that the room which this portrait had previously adorned, and whence it was brought to the Fair, was "entirely furnished with india rubber chairs, tables, and even a beautiful secretary, all looking like ebony, and of most beautiful workmanship." Doubtless the ladies would have liked to put similar furniture in this booth, but for consolation they may know that that india rubber set still lingers in many an imagination, invested with all the glories of a *terra incognita*. But this romance could not have survived the exhibition of the furniture, no matter how grand it might be.

The returns of this department were \$8,621.43.

In the "Spirit" for Tuesday, April 12th, we find an-

nouncement that St. Louis is to follow in the train of the other cities which have held fairs, and that her enterprise, which will be called the "Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair," will open on the 17th of May. Baltimore is to begin a similar work on the 17th of April. One more item, which shows how new people were two years ago to high prices for provisions, we copy for the close of this day's review : —

" Among the relics in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, is an extra copy of the 'New York Gazette,' dated August, 1763, containing an ordinance of the city fathers, which possesses a melancholy interest to us who have fallen upon these 'evil times.' It runneth thus : 'Forasmuch as through the Avarice of those who usually supply this City with Provisions, the Prices of all Manner of Victuals, daily brought to Market for the Sustentation of its Inhabitants, are grown excessively great, and not only ruinous to Families of the poorer Sort, but intolerable even to People of better Estate. In order, therefore, to remedy this great and growing Evil, and to fix and establish between Buyer and Seller reasonable Prices of Victuals hereafter to be brought to Market, and to regulate the Sale thereof,' &c., certain stringent rules were ordained which, if enforced, must have filled the bosoms of our worthy granddams with delight. Beef, the worthy burghers decreed — with an 'eye single' to the public good and their own inward comfort, which hath ever characterized the race, should not exceed three-pence a pound in winter, and four-pence in summer, which is as if one should order in Fulton Market a delicious sirloin for dinner at about six or eight cents a pound. Pork and mutton were fixed at three-pence ha'-penny to four-pence ha'-penny, and lamb at sixpence. Butter — stand aghast, O extortioners, who demand six shillings for a pound of 'prime!' — was established at from nine to twelve pence, according to season. Those were truly 'good old times,' when the tender sensibilities of merciless speculators were not too sacred to be sternly dealt with '*pro bono publico.*'"

We doubt not that many people will to-day look back with something of curiosity to the feeling then betrayed in presence of prices to which they have long since become inured. It was also about this time that the omnibus lines raised their fare to ten cents, and, for awhile, except upon rainy days, the stages were running nearly empty, while the street cars were, as they have been ever

since, more than full. A little after the cars added one cent to their fare, and how much indignation was wasted! Who to-day minds the extra one or four cents?

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13.

The price of admission was to-day lowered to fifty cents, and was not raised again during the Fair. It was still further reduced for the last two days to twenty-five cents, and, as Mr. Anthony Trollope, indifferent to repetitions would say, it was not raised again. We learn from the morning papers that despite of continued rainy weather, the people still thronged the halls of their favorite charity, and still voted for the sword, as the following figures will show:—

Total number of votes cast at Fourteenth Street building,	7,004
“ “ “ “ “ Union Square “	71
	7,075
Of this number General McClellan received,	3,597
General Grant,	3,438
Scattering,	40
General McClellan was therefore 159 ahead.	

We read, also, that people elsewhere were becoming interested in the “sword contest.” A desire had been reported on the part of soldiers in the army, as well as excitable folks in civil life, to vote for the disposition of this sword. Receivers of moneys and votes from abroad were therefore appointed, and advertisements apprised the world of the fact. One journal, however, this morning published an editorial condemning the extension of suffrage. “The contest was innocent and entertaining enough for folks hereabouts; but it could do nothing but harm to get up discussion and squabbling in the army as to who was the greatest general. General McClellan himself had once issued an order to repress the heated disputes among

his troops, the evils of which were then very apparent ; and a late order from Washington had censured the act of presenting swords or any gifts to officers from their soldiers. Besides this, the money raised at the Fair was for the benefit of the army, and it was not just to lessen hard-earned wages by such a 'dodge' as this." We are not sure that the objection was not well founded, but it was not thought to apply with any very great force to a contest that must be so short lived. At least we do not learn that the agency for proxy voting was given up. One thing may be inferred from our statement for to-day regarding the contest. The Arms and Trophies Room was getting too closely packed by eager partisans, and branch polls were established in Union Square.

The signature book which was introduced on Monday into the ticket office, was not without effect on Tuesday. Many people, ladies and gentlemen in our free American language, refused to sign their names, and indignantly left the Fair. The not unnatural query raised was, "Were they borrowers of season tickets?"

In the Union Square Music Hall, a concert was given on Tuesday evening by the Arion Society, with an orchestra of forty performers. For this evening, one of Heller's *mélanges*, — music, jugglery, ventriloquism, was promised. One knew beforehand what success would attend that so long as the little folk had free access to the show. The troublesome question of the terms upon which people might enter the departments of exhibition, was to-day settled by the Music Hall for itself, upon very equitable principles. They might not charge an extra fee to the season ticket-holders, and as they determined that those who had only single tickets had just as good a moral right to see all departments as the others, they decided to throw open their doors to all comers alike. This arrangement was not in itself pecuniarily profitable, but it was equitable, and it avoided some inconveniences.

To-day we shall turn to the west side of the main hall, and shall find plenty to hold our attention in the New Jersey Department, with its Irving Cockloft, its Four Seasons, and its Alhambra. At first sight it struck the eye pleasantly. High up on the wall, over all the booths, was the inscription in red, white, and blue letters, running over a great arc of a circle, "New Jersey." This was broken by an eagle with the national shield surrounded by a glory, the rays of which were American flags. There were also the arms of the State, and shields bearing the names of the contributing counties, and surmounting and mingling with all these, slender draperies and festoons of the three dominant colors. The stalls below were very gay and pretty. At the southern end of the line was a light structure, which, for want of any exactly fitting name, was called the Alhambra. It had carved columns, painted blue, red, and white, and a canopy, blue on the inside, and studded with golden stars. Then came four stalls, dedicated to the four seasons, and adorned with the proper emblems. Spring was brilliant with flowers, Summer was decked with wheat and corn, Autumn with melons, pumpkins, apples, and grapes, and Winter with leafless boughs, covered with mimic snow and icicles. Between Summer and Autumn was an army tent, stained and battered, brought from Roanoke Island, and decorated for the Fair with flags and flowers. In front of its entrance stood two bronze figures, men in armor, devoted to the peaceful work of bearing gas-lights. At the end of this line, next the Machinery Room, was a quaint little building, a facsimile of the summer-house celebrated by Irving and Paulding in "Salmagundi." A tiny garden, edged with a fence of pickets, and filled with plants from the garden where stands the original "Cockloft," with ivy from "Sunnyside," and presided over by an owl, perched on a branch by the roof, inclosed the moss-patched walls. Under the eaves was the motto from "Salmagundi" —

“In hoc est hoax, cum quis et jokeses,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folkses;
Fee, faw, fum.”

Inside, the single room was carefully copied after the original. Even a window that could not be reproduced, had its space marked out, and filled in with a painting of the view which the real window commands in that garden on the peaceful Passaic. There were gathered here many memorials of a writer whom Americans love to honor — portraits of Irving, pictures of scenes that he haunted or made memorable by his pen. These included drawings and paintings by Darley, Huntington, Inman, Schaffer, Vanderlyn, Jarvis, Leslie, Martin, and some others. There were two pictures, views in Sleepy Hollow, one by Miller, one by Inness; “Sunnyside” from all sides, and under all lights and seasons; Inman’s “Rip Van Winkle,” and Huntington’s “Katrina Van Tassel” and “Ichabod Crane.” Then there was a table at which Irving used to write, a case of portions of his manuscripts, including the original title-page to the “Sketch Book,” beautiful editions of his works, with some early editions, the first both of the “Sketch Book” and of “Salmagundi” among the number, and plenty of card photographs for sale, — copies of every portrait for which this gentle humorist ever sat. There were also some things in this room not connected with Irving, but we can resist the temptation to enumerate them, all but the swords from the battle of Lexington, a scarf which Rose Standish wore in 1620, and a bit of the cherry-tree that George Washington cut with his hatchet. That last is enough to make one loquacious, but we forbear.

The other divisions of this department were abundantly supplied and gorgeous with those wonders in silk and worsted which form the staple of most fairs. The modern Ulysses was away at the war, and the modern Penelope’s web was an afghan for the Fair. Sometimes



she made it up into a sofa cushion. The result as it affected the New Jersey Department was, that under the starry canopy of the Alhambra, and the canopies flowery, cereal, fruity, and icy, of the four seasons, there glowed such wealth of color as would have made Tyrian dyers envious. Yet this is scarcely enough to say of these stalls, and we will add a word for each separately. The Alhambra was divided between ladies from Rahway and ladies from Elizabeth City. Children's clothing came from Elizabeth. Every thing that could be embroidered, or tucked and frilled for babies, was furnished here in bewildering confusion. Rahway shone in phantom bouquets. The Alhambra also had a collection of autographs, mostly of men of to-day, such as Lamartine, Laboulaye, Comte de Gasparin, Monod, Lord Brougham, Kinglake, and three photographs, with autographs, of Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Laboulaye, such as formed so attractive a feature of the Autograph Department.

As for the seasons, Spring was under the care of ladies from Orange. There seemed to be a sort of symbolism about these booths; whether it was intentional or not we cannot say, but when we found amid the confusion of afghans, tidies, mouchoir cases, and the like, that the Spring Stall yet had a specialty, and that that was in things adapted to the budding time of life, we naturally concluded that a familiar allegory had here been called into play. We saw such baby-houses, and doll's furniture, toy-ships and infant adornments, as made us sure that our analogy between childhood and Spring was not fancifully applied.

Hoboken took care of Summer, just as she used to do when New York sought the shades of the Elysian Fields for coolness and repose. The allegory was not so prominent, however, in the contents of the booth. To be sure there were things light and graceful for ladies' wear, and perhaps the pretty French "articles of bigotry

and virtue," as the old lady called them, which were here displayed were particularly adapted to that period of youth which is sometimes called the summer of life. "Delicately embroidered slippers, charming little humming-birds for the hair, gloves, exquisite cameos, formed by the action of the waters at Vichy." Life is surely not "in the sere and yellow leaf," when these things are demanded; so that after all the character of the contents was appropriate enough, though we confess that we were puzzled when we found here some fine bronzes; how we should relate them to Summer rather than to any other season, we leave the problem to be solved by the curious.

"Paterson and other towns" (delightful vagueness) presided over Autumn, and represented the melancholy days in pine-cone picture-frames, and rustic frames made of strips of rough bark, collections of autumnal leaves, and baskets and boxes of cones, nuts, and knots. These for the sober side of the falling days! One might fairly take the splendid hues of the afghans and sofa pillows, present here as elsewhere, for their pomp and glory. The colors of Berlin and Shetland wool, split and double zephyr, glowed in rivalry of the days when

"The trees are Indian princes."

And when the said trees had "turned to ghosts," we find the same worsted splendor glowing more richly than ever under the icicles of Winter. But afghans and carriage rugs had a natural connection with frost and snow which needed no comment; and as for sofa cushions and embroidered chairs, when do their attractions make themselves more felt than when a blazing fire heightens the contrast of all these things with the outer cold? Morris-town and Madison were here the presiding powers, though receiving countenance and support from Newark.

The tent was without any special character; it was merely a fair booth of the ordinary variety of display.

We find instanced as part of the attractions for buyers, "a very elegant glove box, a wine case, a silver tea-set, a large stock of gentlemen's furnishing goods, slippers, smoking-caps, tidies, etc.," up to a "beautiful model, about two feet and a half long, of the great twenty inch Rodman gun, all mounted and ready for action," to be sold by subscription, and given to an ex-mayor of Jersey City. To make the variety still wider, there were here a very costly and beautiful monograph on *Algæ*, a collection of engraved portraits, with autographs, handsomely bound, and the flag of Commodore John Paul Jones' famous privateer, the *Bon Homme Richard* — a truly catholic display, but when supplemented by paintings, bronzes, and a thousand unnamed treasures, it has such a distracting effect on the mind, and so defies all attempts at classification, that one turns to the general list of articles contributed to the Fair, and is restored to satisfaction by contemplating the greater anarchy there prevailing. One finds there within a space of three inches long, jumbled inextricably together, cosmetics, horse shoe nails, oil paintings, galvanized pails, a royal ermine muff, an ox weighing 3,618 pounds, books, glass ware, a patent burial case, fancy buttons, false hair, and an artificial leg. These are only specimens, but they show a diversity that makes any stall seem almost monotonous.

We may take leave of the New Jersey Department in giving the last evidence of its good management and attractiveness. It yielded to the treasury of the Fair \$38,285.99.

On the west side of the hall beyond the New Jersey Department were three stalls — Toys, Thread and Needle, and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, all useful and busy. They presented a fair show too, being decorated with great skill. A long and graceful draped canopy overhung the tables, and above this the wall was hung with

flags disposed about guns and drums in an unusually effective manner. The returns of the three stalls, in the order in which they have been named, were, respectively, \$1,851.45; \$3,465.05; and \$3,936.15.

While the Fair had been riding all this time upon the high tide of popular favor, its course had once or twice ran athwart two crossing currents of public opinion. Though, if we care to speak exact truth we shall have to drop this metaphor, and say that before the opening of the Fair the question of raffling had been debated with some vigor. Other fairs had made a great deal of money out of raffles. We remember how that ancient and respectable city of Albany was given up to a perfect *furor* over the chances of the lot so long as there was any thing left at their fair of sufficient value to be divided into shares. But Albany is not a large city, and by this means a great many things were disposed of that must have remained unsold by ordinary means. In New York, however, the question was raised anew at the outset, and was treated from every point of view. It spread from committees to the newspapers, and so became subject of frequent comment. Some objected to raffles merely as nuisances; the habit of importuning strangers to take shares in things for which they probably care nothing, was condemned as ungracious, vexing to visitors, and making canvassing young ladies appear forward and hoydenish. Others said that raffling was unnecessary in New York; in Albany it might be a useful aid, but New York was a city where the costliest gifts would find a market. Still others said that raffling was illegal and not respectable; of course they did not judge the conduct of other cities, but New York should be above having recourse to questionable means of raising money. These were but quasi-moralists resting upon expediency; their view was transcended by the real moralists, many of them, in truth, among the best men in the

city, who said that the principle involved was bad, and that a great charity should not wink at any evil even if it should prove immediately profitable. There was no lack of talking on the other side, and the opposing views wavered on the edge of a compromise, when a protest against raffling from the Standing Committee of the Sanitary Commission was sent to the managers of the Fair. As this protest was quite celebrated in its day, and proved the weight which turned the scale against raffles, and even against all compromises, we give it entire : —

UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION,
823 Broadway, New York, *June 27th*, 1864.

“ TO THE GENTLEMEN MANAGERS OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR : —

“ Gentlemen :— The Standing Committee of the United States Sanitary Commission, having had the subject of “ Raffling ” brought before them, in connection with the Metropolitan Fair, desire to say very respectfully to your Committee, and to the Ladies’ Committee, that they are deliberately opposed to any resort to this questionable means of disposing of any of the articles on sale.

“ They are opposed to it on these grounds : —

“ 1. It is illegal ; and an institution like the Sanitary Commission, designed to minister to the wants of those who suffer in maintaining the cause of Law and Right in our National conflict ought not, directly or indirectly, to give the least countenance to any illegal proceeding, even if winked at by the authorities, or authorized by custom.

“ 2. Without debating the principle involved, the actual influence of an appeal to the LOT has been found so perilous to the social and moral interests of society, that its disuse is precisely proportioned to the advance of law, order, and moral and Christian culture. As public money-lotteries have yielded to the rise of moral sentiment in this community, is it not time that all other kinds should follow them ; and is not the present moment a good one to strike at the root of the custom of raffling at fairs, which has survived most other forms of this evil ?

“ 3. The Sanitary Commission, owing whatever pecuniary or other support it has received to the confidence reposed in its law-abiding and moral character, feels that no increase in the pecuniary results of the proposed Fair, accruing from the use of any means subject to just question on either ground, could repay it for the loss of confidence, which it must suffer from such support.

“ It cheerfully accepts any deduction from the probable returns from

the Fair, occasioned by adherence to the highest principles in the conduct of it.

“Understanding that the Ladies’ Committee, inspired by high moral considerations, have already adopted rules restraining the more obvious evils of raffling, we cannot doubt that they will rejoice to perfect their good work by abolishing the custom. They have hesitated to do this probably only from fears of surrendering the pecuniary interests of the Fair. They will no longer hesitate, we trust, when we express our full readiness to run all the risk of this loss.

“Respectfully yours,

HENRY W. BELLOWS,
C. R. AGNEW,
W. H. VAN BUREN,
GEORGE STRONG,
WOLCOTT GIBBS,

Standing Committee of the U. S. Sanitary Commission.”

As we have before said, all raffling was now forbidden, and the vanquished side had only the liberty of holding and expressing their opinion left to them. The second week of the Fair matters took a turn which revived this subject, and the combat of opinions was renewed, perhaps with none the less vigor because no result was to be accomplished. The immediate cause of this fresh outbreak was this. In the Art Gallery were two splendid albums filled with sketches and studies by all our best known artists. These had subscription lists attached, and there being some uncertainty about their final disposition, a suspicion arose that the subscription was only a raffle under another name, and so the sale was stopped, and the moneys received were ordered to be returned. It was shown, however, that the subscription was no ruse, that the albums were intended as gifts to some persons not yet determined upon, and the matter was left as it was before. Only the artists were not quite satisfied; the sale of the albums had been hindered, suspicion had been cast upon the mode of disposition, and it might be that they would not be able to retrieve their lost position. Naturally enough among those who sympathized with the artists, the

principle which had caused their annoyance came in for its share of abuse. Upon this very day, too, Wednesday, there appeared in the "Spirit of the Fair," a champion of the raffle, who wielded his weapon with so much of grace that we must give him here the liberty of representing the cause he espoused. The sale of the albums had evidently not yet been interfered with when this lance was poised against the conservators of public virtue, and the reader will see that the doughty knight himself believed that the two subscription lists were no better than lottery chances.

"GEMS FROM THE NEW AND ADMIRER OPERA OF RAFFLELETTA.

[*The music of the Overture expresses chaos and universal woe. The exulting shouts of demons are heard engaged in "debauching the public conscience, and corrupting the public virtue." The voices of the head d-vils are recognized as those of Mrs. —, Miss —, and — — and — —, Esquires. A few faint puffs of expiring virtue are indicated by the cornet-à-piston.*]

Time. — *The day on which the celebrated Protest appears.*

Enter DEACON AMINIDABINO SLEEKINI, coming from the B-ok-rs Board, and reading the morning paper.

RECITATIVO.

"Che! Lottery! Gambling! Chances at a Charity! O Cielo! Jingo! But ye streets of William and of Wall, paths of honor, honesty, and law, never shall the gold or greenbacks eke I find in you be stained by such vile uses. Chances! Lotteries! O precious Erie! Harlem coy! and thou, most steady Central; whither tends the time? (*Reads.*) Thanks, gentle Reverends! 'Gainst the serious sins how gladly doth this heart see ye arrayed! (*Enter a poor woman asking for a penny to feed "six small children."*) Go to the D-vil! (*Reads.*) Alas! A Grab-bag! O Infamy! A Fishing Pond! "Chances" to help the sick and dying soldiers! Nay, nay. By heaven, never; so keep me, Genius of the B-ok-rs Board!

"Some sins are venial, so the Doctors say,
But this debauching Raffle, — well-a-day!
The Fair is foul; I will not be its prey.

ARIA BASSO, *clericalmente e nasaloso.*

"What a pity 'tis tainted with sin!
What a pity it leads to the Pit!

'T is here that corruption comes in,
 And virtue falls dead in a fit —
 In a fit, fit, fit,
 Ri-too-ral-loo ;
 And virtue falls dead in a fit.

Scene changes. Drawing-room at No. — Twenty — Street.

ENRICO and CLARA.

ARIA TENORE, *con hatinhando*.

“ Come fly with me, dearest girl,
 Take my arm to the wonderful Fair ;
 'T is all a no end of a whirl
 In Fourteenth Street and sweet Union Square.

SOPRANO, *longing to go home*.

“ Enrico ! how great is your power !
 But I cannot consent to such sin !
 The Fair may be bright as a flower,
 But oh, there 's a serpent within —
 Within-in-in,
 Fol-de-rol-lol-la,
 But oh, there 's a serpent within.

ARIA TENORE, *solemcholico*.

“ Clara ! ne'er shall you be so shocked or
 Pained ; so free your heart from doubt,
 For a Seventy-reverend-Doctor
 Power has pulled the serpent out.

DUETTINO, *giocosamente*.

“ Let virtue shout,
 Tittery-tee !
 The demon rout,
 Behold it flee.
 And we are free,
 Both you and I,
 And Sleekini,
 To go and buy
 Rum-ti-iddity,
 Rum-ti-ti !
 Gioia ! Gioia !
 We can buy.

Enter DEACON SLEEKINI.

TRIO.

“Gone the serpent that debauches,
Lo! corruption disappears,
Let us wave triumphal torches.
Let us wag victorious ears.

Enrico. Long ears!

Clara. Dear ears!

Deacon Sleekini. Our ears.

Tutti. Let us wag victorious ears.

[*They go in.* Tableau. *They buy subscription tickets to the Artists' Album. Triumphal March.*

“Jacky shall have a new ribbon
And Jacky shall go the Fair.”

[*Scene closes.*

It is evident, however, that the discontent of the vanquished party was not wholly vented in this utterance. There was, not long after, given us by the same means and from the same hand, “Thomas and Edward; an Eclogue of the Fair,” wherein the writer shows plainly his light consideration of the principle which had been so gravely enunciated by the mouth-piece of the “Seventy-reverend-Doctor power;” he says:—

THOMAS.

“A raffle is naughty: oh my!
We never would do so, no, never!
Yet, Ned, change an *a* to an *i*,
And cut off an *f*, — did you ever?

Although for the veriest trifle
To *raffle*, these dear ones refuse,
Their virtuous fingers may *rifle*
Our pockets as much as they choose.”

To which

EDWARD.

“How unfair at a *Fair* of the fair,
And so fairly fair as this is,
To make an affair of the fare,
That you pay for your trip through these blisses.”

The harmonious conclusion of Thomas is not quite relevant to our subject of raffling, yet we give it for the reason assigned by Mother Goose and a more modern rhymester for giving a story — that if you find it very short, it will not hold you long.

THOMAS.

“Dearest ladies, forgive me, I pray;
To my promise to buy hold me tight;
For I swear to go by all the day,
And then to bye-bye all the night.”

All this, of course, does not seriously attack the position taken by the Executive Committee. They are bits of playful fence, but they showed to the would-be-rafflers, as well as a serious encounter could have done, that there was strength and skill on their side. After the battle had been decided, there was no use in wasting strength in a fruitless struggle; but light skirmishes, or, to return to our former metaphor, single passages at arms, might be allowed to show that the spirit of the vanquished was not yet subdued.

It is but just, however, to say that when the resolution against raffling was adopted, it was with the expectation that thereby some pecuniary loss and some annoyance would be caused. Some wonders of domestic art must fail of finding their price, and their vendors, commendably zealous, must yet grow weary in their efforts to get rid of the unsalable, and must naturally get out of patience with a principle which thwarted their pious ardor. These expectations were, of course, sufficiently realized. One or two ladies, when the grievance had become too great to be borne quietly, wrote pathetic and argumentative appeals to the Committee, which were published in the *Spirit*.” Indeed, we are inclined to believe that that journal was of their party, and was guilty of administering “aid and comfort” to these malecontents. However

that might be, the Committee steadily held its way, like any party in power, making no replies, and probably troubling itself but little with appeals or adverse criticism. At the close of the Fair the Executive Committee printed its report, in the course of which we find the latest utterances upon the disputed question. The management had seen no reason to be dissatisfied with their action. They say : —

“Raffling was *not* practised, either openly or covertly, at the Fair. But two instances could be seen where loss was suffered by this course, viz. : in the sale of the art albums, and in musical instruments. These may have made a difference of \$20,000, but the gain in elegance and refinement, to say nothing of morals, was immense. This absence of raffling, and the simple costume adopted by all the ladies serving at tables, made the Fair unique of its kind. All visitors agreed in saying that it was conducted in a most orderly and dignified manner. Some, who regretted the prohibition of raffling, predicted that the Fair, lacking that source of excitement, would be dull ; but the crowd which filled every avenue during every hour, the news-boys with their picturesque costumes and cheerful voices offering at all times the ‘ Spirit of the Fair,’ the music which every morning and evening added its exhilarating tones to the voices of the crowd, the sword voting, conducted with great spirit and constant good feeling, the ever-moving machinery attracting thousands by its activity and ingenuity, the Indians with their characteristic waddances, the Restaurant with its ever-renewed attractions and fluctuating but always numerous devotees, added to the endless catalogue of objects grotesque, beautiful, rare, and attractive, offered for sale, presented a sufficient variety of excitement and pleasures.”

Thus happy was the retrospect of the Executive Committee, and we cannot say that they had not every reason to indulge themselves in it. Following, however, our principle of impartially representing both sides in a difference like this, which calls for no decision on our part, we must chronicle the fact that two letters, published in the “ Spirit of the Fair ” — those appeals of zealous assistants to which we have already referred — disagree with the statement that only two instances were visible where the principle of no raffling wrought pecuniary damage. These

letters we will transcribe, out of pure regard for justice and historic verity, and then each side may be held to have fairly spoken its opinion.

[“ For the ‘ Spirit of the Fair.’]

“ MESSIEURS ET MESSDAMES THE COMMITTEE : —

“ Permit me, as one deeply interested in the success of the *Fair*, and in that of the Sanitary Commission, which God speed in its good work, to call your attention to a matter of some importance.

“ Before the resolutions against raffling were announced, many ladies had made, as their donation to the Fair, rare and beautiful fancy articles, as delicate as they were valuable. These they wished to dispose of at their real value, often amounting to a large sum. Now, let me ask, how can we do this while raffling is rigorously and entirely excluded? With the exception of the more wealthy part of the community, people cannot afford to spend fifty or sixty dollars on a single fancy article, although perfectly willing to acknowledge that it is worth the money; and, where they would gladly take a dollar share, go away without contributing their mite to the treasury.

“ Now, surely, if a man wins an afghan, or a bouquet of wax flowers at a fair-stall, he need not go and ruin his family at a faro-table. Assisting the soldiers to fight our common enemy, is not an act likely to be associated with ‘ fighting the tiger.’ There need be no raffles at the Children’s Department if they are thought likely to lead the youthful mind out of the way it should go; and surely, allowing beautiful articles to go to ruin in the dust, *as they are now doing*, to be finally disposed of at auction for a mere song, is not the best way to roll up a pile of substantial and much needed ‘ greenbacks.’

“ Now do, most courteous, brave, and liberal Signors and Signoras, who have so well sustained your part in this, our effort to aid our Sanitary brethren, yield a little in this respect. Don’t strain at such a gnat as a dollar share in a wax doll, while the tremendous camel of an army of sick and wounded men remains to be disposed of. We are doing our best, but human strength, womanly strength especially, has its limits; and we, who are working at our stalls, feel that our labor will be indeed in vain as regards the more expensive goods, unless either an army of rich old codgers, with purses as long as their rent-rolls, and hearts as large as their incomes, march to our relief, or we are allowed to dispose in a fair and honorable way of those articles which otherwise will remain a dead loss on our hands.

“ Our soldiers have not been unready at that *great lottery, the draft*. Those on whom the lot fell, went gladly and willingly to yield up their

lives and their all in the service of our country. Let us, bearing this in mind, avail ourselves of the readiest means in our power to serve those 'who suffer that we may enjoy,' taking good heed meanwhile to enforce the weightier matters of the law, and be assured we shall be held blameless in this matter also.

"AN ASSISTANT AT THE FAIR.

"NEW YORK, *April 18, 1864.*"

The other appeal is dated the same day, and is even more urgent.

"RAFFLING.

"TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:—

"I am one of those patriotic and persecuted young women who 'assist' at the Fair, in the Fourteenth Street Department.

"I have talked like two auctioneers in one, smiled like Patience on a monument, and dressed like a French costumer day after day, in the desperate endeavor to induce sewed-up pockets to open, and acute triangles of hearts to expand for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission and the Soldiers. I am sure I shall need an Insanitary Commission to look after me if I have to do this much longer; and the sole cause, and 'first principle' of the whole trouble is — *we can't have raffles.*

"Let me give you an instance. I have at my stall a very beautiful bouquet of phantom flowers. Everybody who comes by admires it, and would be happy to negotiate, but the price is, of course, commensurate with the beauty and rarity of the article; and thus, what between the hard-heartedness of some, and the insufficient greenbacks of others, my poor flowers are being ruined by the dust, for want of a customer or — a raffle.

"Your committee have made a very great mistake. Raffling is *not* gambling. A gambler always wants to make money; while not one in fifty who buy chances wants or cares for the article in question. No, indeed; they come to give their mite, and they cannot afford to buy.

"In and on many of the stalls the most expensive things are left, not more than a tenth part of the articles have been sold. Pray, pray, let us have raffles, so different in their nature from gambling, and win the hearty thanks of many and many a poor, tired

"ASSISTANT.

"*April 18, 1864.*"

Very likely this last letter overstates in its eagerness; one can find in it more than one assertion that looks like exaggeration. But still, concurrently with the for-

mer letter, it shows that there were ladies about the Fair who did not look at the non-raffling course through the rose-colored spectacles of the Executive Committee. If we could have found a calm, grave paper like that of the Standing Committee, only in favor of raffling, we should have gladly given it place in these pages. But we have represented the opinion of the time as we found it expressed, and if the objections on one side do not answer to the arguments advanced on the other it probably does not much matter—our aim is historical, not controversial.

There were other questions of policy debated in relation to the Fair. But this one of raffling was the only one which attained a public interest; and the remarkable thing about it is that, after it had been practically settled by the final action of the Executive Committee, discussion still continued, and lasted as long as there was an afghan or a phantom bouquet left to dispose of. Whether the course of succeeding fairs has been influenced by that of the Metropolitan Fair we do not know. Information on this point would perfect the history of the controversy. If it should turn out that people have been raffling ever since whenever church fairs have opened their festive doors, it would seem either that the world is not yet prepared to give up all its bad habits, or that the habit in question is not so very bad, and that prohibition of it is persecution, or at least useless rigor; and so, raising this new dilemma, we leave the matter to the future historian or moralist, and turn ourselves to the items and departments of Thursday, April 14.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14.

The faithful journals tell us that Wednesday was another rainy day, — the third in a dreary succession, — yet the zeal of the public was not quenched. People flocked to the Fair in numbers almost as great as those which graced fine weather days. The “sword contest” was, the papers said, steadily increasing in interest, though the number of votes cast rose and fell in a most unaccountable manner. The votes of Tuesday exceeded those of any former day, running up to 1,743, against 1,140 for Monday, and 643 only for Tuesday. The count thus far, stood as follows: —

General McClellan,	3,934
General Grant,	3,741
Scattering,	43
Total,	<hr style="width: 10%; margin: 0 auto;"/> 7,718

General McClellan over General Grant, 193. The figures look as if there was a lull in this contest. We shall find also that upon Thursday, the day now before us, the vote was scarcely larger; but we cannot now say whether this pause was real, or only apparent. The reporters describe it as having been a time of increasing excitement. The Arms and Trophies Room, they say, was so crowded that it was with difficulty that one got at the desk where votes were registered. Inconsiderate admirers of one general or the other lingered about indulging in audible conjectures, and even bets, as to the political as well as military creed of those who struggled toward the polls. “He’s a Copperhead; I know him by the look.” “V for Grant”; “There goes one for ‘Little Mac’”; “How are *you*, Unconditional Surrender?” and so on, until we find a call in one of the papers to the police to abate a freedom of speech that was become a nuisance.

sance. "Clear the way to the books!" was another cry that drowned the rest. One reporter, whom we suspect of a vivid imagination, told how five and ten dollar bills were rolled into little wads and discharged over the heads of the crowd at the young men in charge of the polls. It may have been that this great interest in the vote was itself the reason why the vote was no larger. The zeal of a crowd is not always according to knowledge, and may here have stood in the way of its own expression. But the point is not capable of debate, and so we turn to the other gossip of the day.

In the Hardware Room, among the ranges offered for sale, was one given by a boy in a Rhode Island cavalry regiment. Such a gift from a common soldier was magnificent in proportion to his means, and doubtless would have attracted attention as an instance of extraordinary generosity, even had there been no romantic story attached, as there was, to add interest to this homely munificence. The giver was a Tennessee boy, at school in Maine when the war broke out. Remittances ceased, and the boy left school and worked his way home, where he found that the last letter in which money had been inclosed to him had been intercepted, and his mother was under arrest on some charge connected with the sending of that letter. The boy himself was suspected of being a spy, so runs the story, and an effort made to hang him, which, happily, he frustrated by making his escape to loyal soil. The chronicle adds, that he brought his mother away with him. Of her we lose sight from that time, but the boy's troubles were by no means ended. In May 1863, he was arrested in Philadelphia, by some mistake, as we are assured; the event was none the less unhappy for being a mistake, since it deprived the boy of the trunk containing his worldly possessions, and lodged him in a Baltimore jail for several months. In this mistake his father suffered as well as he. Upon

being released he made his way, by what means we are not told, to Rhode Island, and there joined the Third Rhode Island Cavalry, and the last we hear of him he was in New Orleans with his regiment. There lie before us now parts of two of his letters that were given to the public, full of boyish determination expressed with all a boy's eloquence,—an eloquence that is apt to lapse into anticlimax, but which produces its effect by means of simple warm feeling. Writing to his brother, under date of January 21, 1864, he says :—

“ I hope you will soon be able to think of me as a soldier with different feelings. How could I bear to have it said of me in the future, that I stood idly by in all the vigor of youth, and saw this great struggle to preserve our country and our government from destruction, and took no part therein. My own children, *should I ever have any*, (‘ oh, restraining prudence ! ’) would not respect me as I wish to be respected, and it is astonishing to me that my brother should be arranging business plans, till this work of suppressing the Rebellion is accomplished.”

Then, under date of February 16, evidently in reply to some question about his return, he says :—

“ My return ; where ? By this accursed Rebellion I have been, at the age of seventeen, thrown upon the world homeless and friendless. My parents have been insulted and robbed. Thank God it is no worse ; my country's flag has been insulted, her property seized, and my countrymen murdered, and for what has all this been done ? *and a thousand times more*. You know that father is a slave-holder, and that I have been with slaves all my life, but I cannot avoid tracing this whole difficulty to that accursed institution, and from henceforth I am opposed to it, and every upholder of this Rebellion I look upon as my mortal foe, and shall treat him as such.

“ I trust the war will be ended in less than three years, but I have enlisted for the war, and shall continue a soldier as long as there is an armed Rebel warring against my country.”

The amusing grammatical slip, which we have italicized in this letter, is only another evidence of the eagerness and hurry with which it was written. Later he sent fifty dollars, with directions how it should be invested for the

Sanitary Fair, and evidently feeling that he might be providing for his own wants in some hospital to which his next chance might carry him. That is the story as it was given to us. We cannot vouch for its truth, but it is at least like hundreds which were true of that time, and is an example of the tales of strange chances and unexpected devotion which then came to us almost daily, and in which our interest never failed.

As for the other gossip of the day, we find that, as might have been expected, Heller had delighted the little people in Union Square, and that they were to-day to be entertained with gymnastics and calisthenics; that a lady in the Jewelry Department had sold some diamonds marked three hundred and fifty dollars for three dollars and a half, which mistake was satisfactorily righted; and that on Saturday a performance of "Cinderella" was to be given, wherein the actors were to be children. As this last event is still held in pleasant remembrance, we shall have more to say of it in due time.

The eastern side of the main hall is the only one which has not yet undergone review. It was occupied by three divisions of no small consequence: one devoted to the Fire Department, one to Roman contributions, and one to jewelry and gold and silver ware. The Fire Department made a brave show; its stand was brilliant and popular, its business prosperous; altogether it furnished one of *the* attractions of the Fair. The stand was seventy-five feet long, and had an architectural front erected, Renaissance in style, that was very beautifully decorated. There was a central pediment surmounting a lofty arch, which was connected by long wings with two lower pediments, and arches at the ends of the stall. Within the middle arch was the arms of the Fire Department, and surmounting the elevations at the ends were statues of firemen, uniformed, and trumpet in hand; between were brilliant rows of signal lanterns,

alternating with shields bearing the names of the principal battles where the Fire Brigade had fought — Antietam, Gettysburg, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, New Orleans, Port Hudson, Vicksburg, Chattanooga. This composition was so nicely put up, that people, especially ambitious reporters, were betrayed into speaking of it as a “façade,” as if it had been built of marble, and were to endure for centuries. It was only, however, a very pretty make-believe front, roofed with soft draperies of flags. High above the stall, among the rafters of the main building, the instruments of the firemen’s work were skillfully arranged so as to complete the brilliant effect of this corner of the hall. Pyramids of firemen’s hats, bearing the number of the companies that had contributed toward getting up this stall, stands of pipes of burnished brass and copper, which mimicked the divergent rays of the rising sun, hooks and ladders, torches, axes, hose, all backed by the canopy of crimson, white, and blue. At night the whole was made yet more resplendent by flaming devices in gas, which hung before the whole. The word “Union,” with the motto “Always Ready,” surmounting the national arms, and below these in great letters, “*New York Fire Department.*” As for the contents of the stall they were so varied and numerous as to defy our poor efforts at classification. There was every thing, from statuary, paintings, and autographs to tidies and needle-books; and business was so brisk that this stall paid into the Fair, over and above its expenses, \$27,500.23. One thing more we will mention here, because it will lead us to something which we have omitted too long: the ladies in the Fire Department Booth wore pretty badges in token of their position — the arms of the department in silver on a black ground surrounded by a wreath of gold. This some way reminds us that we have not spoken of the general uniform which was adopted by the ladies “assisting” at the Fair. In a let-

ter we quoted concerning the subject of raffles, the lady writer asserted that she had "dressed like a French costumer day after day," and now we think of it, we must regard her expression as calculated to mislead. We are not quite sure what a "French costumer" is like, but to our imagination it presents itself vaguely as something brilliantly splendid and changeable as a chameleon; and if this idea is correct we ought surely to have said before, the dress prescribed and generally adopted was of black silk varied only by a sash of the national colors worn over one shoulder, and by such charms of face and manner as the ladies were able individually to add. No lady will need to be reminded that two years ago sleeves were small, that waterfalls were just making their appearance, and that "rats" were doing their best to disfigure the hair. When a gentleman is told of these things he can easily call up an accurate image of any "Fair assistant" whom he may choose to picture to himself.

We cannot better take leave of this stall than by inserting a letter showing what another Fire Department did.

"OFFICE CHIEF ENGINEER,
BINGHAMPTON, April 4, 1864.

"WM. H. WICKHAM, Esq., *Chairman San. Com. N. Y. F. D.* : —

"Dear Sir, — In accordance with a circular received from you some time since, we hereby transmit a draft for \$2,125.56, being the avails of a Fair and Festival held by the Binghampton Fire Department in aid of the *Metropolitan Fair*, now being held in your city, for the benefit of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. Please present the inclosed draft, with the best wishes of the Binghampton Fire Department.

"Respectfully yours,

"F. A. MORGAN, *Chairman San. Com. B. F. D.*

M. CLAY PRESTON, *Treasurer San. Com. B. F. D.*"

The decorations of the next stall sufficiently proclaimed its character. High up against the wall was a shield upon which sat an eagle, and which bore the letters familiar to every school-boy — S. P. Q. R. Under that was the triple crown and the crossed keys of St. Peter, and

still lower the kindly and venerable face of Pio Nono. All these were surrounded with prettily hung draperies, among which were flags of the Papal States; and the Roman Table stood confessed without any need of asking questions. When one came to look closer, the story told by these decorations was confirmed. There were statues of saints and shrines, and an altar to the blessed Virgin Mary; and the secular contents of the stall were no less characteristic. There were paintings, *contadini*, *pifferari*, *campagna* views; temples, arches, aqueducts; Capri, Terracina, Tivoli; Pasquicia, a lovely Roman model, in oils and in water colors, as well as in crayon and marble. Copies after the Italian painters were things of course. We do not know how many times Beatrice Cenci, the Mater Dolorosa, the Cumæan Sibyl, or the Madonna della Sedia were repeated. They were each and all to be found on ivory, on silk, on porcelain, or on metals, as well as on canvas. And besides these there were copies after many pictures that were not so very familiar, and one original that was as startlingly distinguished from its surroundings as a moss-covered boulder would be in a drawing-room. This was a view in the Adirondacks. The contrast with scenes whose natural grace had been heightened by so many centuries of cultivation, exaggerated the roughness and loneliness of the American landscape, and naturally set one to thinking a great many wise thoughts about the countries of the past and the future. But such thoughts could not last long at the Fair, and at present cannot keep us from other things which call for attention to this stall. There were no more Adirondack pictures, but there were busts and bas-reliefs, Christian and Pagan, mingled with an impartiality which only the Holy City knows. A faun cheek by jowl with a Madonna, or St. Catharine confronting Antinous. Of such things as travelers bring away for souvenirs, there were, of course, plenty. Cameos, mosaics, jewelry from Castellani's, bronzes, with

any number of photographs and engravings. Photographs of all sizes, from the immense views of architectural subjects that have since been becoming more common in New York — thanks, we believe, to the Roman Table at the Fair — down to stereoscopic views, and even the *carte de visite* size, and many valuable books of engravings, including that volume of Canova's works which every one who visited the Fair will remember, — the huge folio sent by Miss Cushman for the School of Design at the Cooper Institute. It is needless to say that the Roman Table was popular, for if there is a land in the world over which Americans are sentimental, that land is Italy. So this table was thickly surrounded during all the brief time that it exercised its fascinations. It was not furnished until Monday, the eleventh of April. The way from Rome to New York is a long one, and the vessel could not sail any faster because it was late for the Fair. But the delay worked no harm. By Thursday, the day of which we now write, the Roman Table was cleared of every thing except a few pictures, busts, and photographs, and had realized, in its three days of sales, about five thousand dollars. When it rendered its final account, it gave into the general treasury, \$7,871.80.

We have already mentioned, in regard to the Jewelry and Silver-ware Department, that nearly all the larger articles were sold during the first week. Many of these things were, however, left on exhibition, so that the booth remained about as brilliant as ever. As for the booth itself, it was conspicuous all over the main hall, owing to the background it had set up — an elevation half Moorish and somewhat *bizarre* in style. But we will turn at once from the decorations of the stall to its contents, and there it is scarcely a joke to say that we shall find the Jewelry Department shining. It seemed as if the contributors had striven not only to give liberally, but that

their gifts should all be of the best possible design and workmanship, and should be valuable as much from their beauty as from their material. There were silver vases that had once graced the last Paris *Exposition Universelle*; *épergues*, candelabra, tea-services, every thing that is made of silver, all of the most delicate design; clocks and mantel ornaments,—bronze, china, and Bohemian glass; watches, incrustated in jewels and plain; bracelets, pins, and fans; every thing that can be imagined as suitable to such a place, and nothing that need be described. Yet we trust that we have said enough to show that this department presented a splendid display, and there now only remains to add that it made a worthy contribution to the treasury. The Jewelry Stall returned \$19,764.84, to which should be added the results of a table of fancy goods of the same kinds that we have just indicated, which was also under the control of the same committee that presided over the jewelry. This auxiliary increased the sum returned by \$15,879.72. We may also remind the reader that the swords in the Arms and Trophies Room, whose daily gains we chronicle, were also the gifts of jewelers, and so may justly swell the tale of their benefactions.

With this review of the Jewelry Department, we have gone quite around the borders of the great hall. The floor was occupied by the "Floral Temple," and by twenty-four oval counters, for the most part furnished by church societies and associations of ladies. Here the Genius of fancy fairs established for this time his nondescript kingdom. It was a realm of bewildering profusion, where one was smothered with afghans and sofa pillows, buried amid pincushions, tidies, and glove-boxes, and triumphed over by wax-dolls and fate-ladies. It was a true region of the indescribable, and those who went in to spy out the land, if they came back at all, came with no report. We shall therefore not venture again to give the topography of this

kingdom, but shall content ourselves by recording from day to day such items concerning it as appeared in the journals of the time. The beginning of that task, however, we defer till the morrow, and end our gossip of Thursday with an article from the "Spirit" of this date, bearing upon one of the incidents that made talk for people at the Fair. It was startlingly headed,—

"THE GHOSTS AT UNION SQUARE.

"It is a curious fact that one of the most remarkable objects of interest connected with the *Metropolitan Fair*, has thus far attracted but little notice. The phenomena lately introduced in our city theatres, and called 'Ghosts,' are nightly reproduced in the fountain of Union Square. A person standing on the south side of the fountain, and looking north, will behold, sometimes one and sometimes a whole procession of male and female ghosts rising from the centre of the fountain, and walking to the edge of the basin, where they disappear. Sometimes he will see one or more ghosts returning and again plunging into the jet whence comes the water.

"The ghosts do not walk upon the water, but wade through it, and the female ghosts appear to do so with great difficulty. Hence these ghosts have all the appearance of mermaids and mermen, or, perhaps, they may be the veritable ghosts of mermaids and mermen, which, of course, gives them a double interest.

"The explanation is as follows:—There is on exhibition at the Fair buildings, one of Dr. Smith's 'air-lights,' which is directed upon the fountain every night by means of a parabolical silver reflector, four feet in diameter. The light is produced by the combustion of lime by the concentrated jets of several blow-pipes, in which common gas and air only are used. This light, by the way, has been generously loaned and maintained at considerable expense by the Smith Air-Light Company.

"The spray of the fountain is so brilliantly illuminated, that every object or person passing between it and the light casts a shadow on the cloud of spray, which is seen only on the opposite side, the person meanwhile being invisible.

"If a man walks from the building towards the fountain, his head is first seen, and his body gradually rises from the water until he reaches the basin. He must then turn either to the right or the left to pass around it, when, of course, his shadow passes to the edge of the basin and disappears. The reason why the ghosts appear to be wading is, that the mound of earth around the fountain intercepts the shadow of the lower part of the body.

“The effect is altogether unintentional, and was discovered on Thursday night by an official connected with the Fair.

“On Saturday night a most astounding apparition appeared. A ghost, armed with a mighty sword, (a veritable Excalibur,) rose up, beckoned to the crowd to come to him in the water; but as they would not approach, he threatened them, but tried in vain to advance. He gave vent to his rage by a pantomimic display of how he would cut every one to pieces, if successful in catching them. Many other remarkable spectres appeared, but we have not room to describe them.

“No extra charge is made for seeing the ghosts, and visitors may return to the buildings (also without extra charge,) after having satisfied their curiosity.”

This article brought the ghosts into public notice, and their succeeding performances were uniformly well attended.

We said that this item about the ghosts should end the gossip of Thursday; but in the next column of the “Spirit” we find a note that we must introduce into a postscript. It reminds one of one of the drawbacks to pleasure at the Fair, which merely showed that infallibility was not among the attributes of those who planned the great show. As is not uncommon, the appeal for a remedy, which is headed “A letter to Mr. Bierstadt,” is not addressed to the original offender. But then it will be evident that accuracy is not the strong point of this production. It runs:—

“DEAR MR. BIERSTADT, *admirable painter and true patriot*: Listen! We do so want to hear the Indians, and the wigwams, and the wampum, and the shuffle-dance, and the medicine-jig, and to hear the war-whoop, and to be scalped; would n’t you be so very good as to have the windows opened in your beautiful skin palace, so that we could see and yet live. We will sacrifice our lives, if it be necessary; but, if not, please let in a little oxygen for our sakes.

“ALL THE LADIES OF YOUR ACQUAINTANCE.”

We repeat that the author of this pleasant note is about as accurate in statement as the great Mrs. Nickleby. The “Wigwam” was provided with windows after the

fashion of that cabin in the Norse story, where the carpenters had "forgotten to make them," so that the grievance was almost beyond redress. At the worst, however, this state of things was not to last long, not even so long as the Fair. Fate was preparing an escape from difficulties, different from that contemplated by the fair petitioners, which we shall unfold in its due place among events.

FRIDAY, APRIL 15.

On opening the newspapers of this morning, we found that Thursday had been a bright and lovely day, the first such in the week. As a consequence, the crowd at the Fair was great, one of the greatest that had yet been seen. It was said that there were more than thirty thousand visitors during the day and evening, and not at all to our surprise we find all the possible epithets that can be applied to a jam or crush are in the papers of this date. The "sword vote," however, was not much larger than that of the day before. It somehow did not keep pace with the attendance, nor with the excitement which it is represented as causing. It may have been that the police had not yet restrained that exuberance of interest which we yesterday intimated might have been a hindrance to its own proper expression. However that may have been, this apparent occultation was but temporary, and ceased with Thursday. The figures for that day were —

The number of votes cast was	677
Making the total vote	8,395
Of which General McClellan had received	4,370
General Grant,	3,979
Scattering,	46
	<hr/>
	8,395

General McClellan had therefore 391 votes more than General Grant.

One gentleman wrote in the subscription book, so that it covered a hundred votes, the following extract from McClellan's letter to Halleck, which begged that the order to evacuate the Peninsula might be rescinded, and that he might be allowed another advance on Richmond : —

“MC CLELLAN TO HALLECK.

“HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,)
 Aug. 4, 1862. {

“Clear in my convictions of right, strong in the consciousness that I have ever been and still am actuated solely by the love of my country, knowing that no ambitious or selfish motives have influenced me from the commencement of the war, I do now what I have never done before — I entreat that this order may be rescinded.”

This counted as more than one seventh of all the votes cast during the day, and afforded a precedent which was afterwards followed by many people. Now it serves to remind us how high disputes sometimes ran in 1864, upon the merits of the two men who were the involuntary and unconsulted contestants in this matter of the swords.

In the Cattle Department on Thursday there was an auction sale of a fast trotting mare, Lady Woodruff, who still lives in the memory of admirers of fast horses. The sale brought in eighteen hundred dollars to the Fair, and within ten minutes of its conclusion the buyer of Lady Woodruff resold her for two thousand dollars. Was there in this transaction any of that sharpness that is apt to attend upon dealings in horse-flesh?

At the Children's Department gymnastics had proved abundantly entertaining to the little folk, and for this afternoon they were promised “Punch and Judy” from the Academy of Music, and learned dogs from the Hippotheatron. These shows for children had been subject to so much intrusion from grown-up season ticket-holders, who on occasion had even crowded out the rightful occupants of the seats, that a new arrangement had been carried into effect for one day, and promised to secure

to the children peaceful possession of their own proper ground. The room was to be cleared of loungers and buyers by half-past two o'clock in the afternoon; children, however, might remain in, and were to be admitted after that hour without charge. As to those who could be fairly counted as having passed the bounds of childhood, if accompanied by children they were admitted for twenty-five cents, if not, they had to pay fifty cents, or turn back.

There were announced this morning plenty of outside benefits for the Sanitary Commission. On Friday evening, "Pomp of Cudjo's Cave," at the Old Bowery Theatre; "Cinderella," on Saturday afternoon, at Niblo's Garden; at the same place, in the evening, Edwin Booth in the "Iron Chest," and "Katherine and Petruchio;" and at Niblo's Saloon, on Monday, where the French company was then playing "Tous les Mardis, Jeudis, et Samedis," some *tableaux vivants*, under the direction of the Fair Committee on public amusements. Add to these that the Stereoscopticon at Hope Chapel threw open its doors to holders of season tickets to the Fair,—just as if their liberties needed an extension,—and that the Hippotheatron was all the time laying by a percentage of its receipts, as we have before said, and we are forced to conclude, that this must have been the high tide of success for our charity.

Just as it has reached this pinnacle of favor and ubiquity, we find the announcement that on Thursday morning the Executive Committee held a meeting and decided that the Fair should close on Saturday evening, April 23d. There should be one or two twenty-five cent days before the exhibition should finally shut its doors; there would be also an auction sale of the pictures and works of art, in the Picture Gallery, none of which were to be disposed of at private sale. The total receipts, as far as they could be got at, were announced to be about

\$825,000, or already more than the three greatest fairs previously held had together made. We were once instructed that if the strength of the elephant were to its size in proportion of that of the horn-beetle, it would be able to overturn great masses of rock. We regard these gains of the Fair as great; but if they had been proportioned to the gains of one little stand whose returns were exhibited alongside the grand aggregate in the columns of the "Tribune," the Fair might have sustained without other aid the whole sanitary charity of the war. That little stand was the one already mentioned as such a flourishing department of the Curiosity Shop—the one where the horse-shoe machine turned out the tiny horse-shoes, which were sold, for good luck, at five cents apiece. On Monday of this week, this busy little worker had taken in \$147; on Tuesday \$126; on Wednesday and Thursday like sums. The good genius which is supposed to reside in horse-shoes, and keep away evil from any house that bears the charmed curve, certainly blessed this manufacture.

Following our expressed purpose of chronicling from day to day such items as appeared relative to the tables in the middle of the main hall, we commence as it happens with stand No. 10. The New Bedford Marine Table. We must first stop to explain in regard to these lesser departments, that no distinct character belong to the most of them, that no detailed description of them exists, that no reports of them were made out, and that consequently only the most cursory notice of a few stands is now possible. We do not indeed think that any thing more is to be desired, but if any one holds a contrary opinion we beg to assure him that be our will never so good, it is out of our power to oblige him. The New Bedford Table, however, was one of those which had a character of its own, and we may add, a *grievance* of its own. Not a very great grievance, to be sure, but one

which found its way into print, and so has survived the slips of memory and come down to these latter days. There were three ladies of New Bedford, who generously determined that that old whaling town should be represented at the Metropolitan Fair, and so they set to work collecting materials, and then applied for a place in the great building. And here came in their difficulty. From some cause or other they met nothing but discouragement from those who, says the print referred to, "ought to have rejoiced to aid them." But this want of favor did not last always, and we dare say was forgotten by the patriotic ladies themselves, as soon as they were fairly established in Fourteenth Street. But they had to work to overcome obstacles, and the little story of their perseverance, which only exists, in fewer words than we have given it, in the faithful "Spirit," is the sum and end of their grievance. As for the character of their table, it was revealed in its name — marine. The stores were chiefly of sea shells in great variety; rare and beautiful *Volutas*, and the commoner kinds, singly, in cases, and arranged according to every turn of the nautical fancy. Delicate and tiny shells made up into bouquets with sea-weeds, and encased in shell frames; shell boxes, and vases and cottages, and perhaps even more *marine* in character than these, because redolent of tropical lands from which the sailors bring home such curiosities and *such* stones, exquisite bouquets of birds' feathers, rich and glowing as gems in their hues, and set in the cooler brilliancy of shells. There were other things at this table, but all belonging in some way to the sea. A beautiful little whale-boat, with coils of rope, harpoons, lances, sheath-knife and every thing complete, the work of an old whaler; a bark blanket from the Feejee Islands; bows and poisoned arrows from the New Guinea coast; a bit of Plymouth rock, irreverently styled by some one "New England's

Blarney Stone ;” and so on to marine paintings by a marine artist. Any one who could stop to think amid the hurry and bustle of the Fair, might have found it pleasant to linger over this table, for it was like a breath of cool salt air finding its way into the heat and crowd of city streets, and was likely enough to stimulate a fanciful man into a little revery of ships, and of distant lands, which

“Fortunate countries of the fire-fly,
Swarm with blue diamonds all the sultry night,
And the immortal moon takes turn with them.”

If New Bedford may be esteemed happy in being able to give so unique a contribution, the Fair was happy in the widespread sympathy in its work that was represented by this and other tables on the main floor. There were Buffalo, Owego, Ohio, and Norwalk tables, besides some that were furnished by places nearer to New York: Staten Island, Hastings-on-Hudson, Westchester, Harlem, Dobbs' Ferry and Tarrytown. These stands were like so many helping hands stretched out by friends who felt too kind an interest in our work to stand by and look on its progress in silence and idleness. For their generous and graceful assistance these friends deserved hearty thanks, and doubtless have had them from that best possible source — the soldiers, whose wounds and disease they help to lighten and cure.

The Buffalo Table we spoke of some days ago, as emptied of its wares. Buffalo, as well as New Bedford, had a speciality: while the East sent ocean-shells and seaweeds, the West sent mementos of a people who are fast fading towards the setting sun, but who have left here and there traces of their life. Near Buffalo there is still left a feeble remnant of an Indian tribe, and it was their handiwork which formed the interesting portion of the Buffalo Table. Every visitor to Niagara

remembers the shops of Indian curiosities which invite one's attention at every turn, and how, at least before photography and stereoscopic views were invented, the souvenirs brought away from the great Falls were always the work of those dusky sons of the soil, who hung about Goat Island, and importuned folk to buy twisted canes and horse-hair rings. The Buffalo Table with its baskets and bead-work, its birch-bark and colored quilts, was a reminder of pleasant days at Niagara, and of the race whose latest traces linger in that frontier land between the two lakes, Erie and Ontario. We do not remember that any of the other tables contributed by "out of town" reminded one of any thing but industry and kindness, generosity and taste — that much they all did. At the Westchester Table, however, there was a lace shawl that had its season of notoriety, being bought for a thousand dollars and given back to the Fair to realize again a like sum. And at the Harlem Table, which was in part furnished by the Convent of the Sacred Heart, there were some objects of suggestive interest, such as the exquisite needle-work of the nuns, and some fine jewels that had come to the convent with a Spanish lady who there took the veil, and renounced such vanities.

The stands which we have enumerated were not the only ones which were filled by associations in other cities and villages. The New Jersey Department, as we have already shown, represented many places; and in Union Square there were yet other collections from abroad. Nor can we forget the beautiful collection of minerals which represented the generosity of two localities, and of which we shall soon have more to say. Indeed, the many stalls which were filled by friends at a distance, as well as the individual gifts which came pouring in from the North, the South, the East, and the West, were such an abundant illustration of that widespread in-

terest in the Fair, to which we referred at the beginning of this chronicle, that we cannot help dwelling for a few moments on the agreeable theme offered. Fortunately there are at hand words other than our own for this purpose. There was a committee on contributions from without the city, and the report of its labors and achievements, now before us, furnishes a pleasant confirmation of our tale. It was mainly through the exertions of this committee that New Jersey decided to take part in the Metropolitan Fair. Pennsylvania was almost persuaded to follow in the wake of New Jersey, when the decision was formed to hold a great central fair of her own. As it was, the Quaker State had a stall in Union Square. The report then speaks of its labors in other quarters. Most towns of any size had already held or were about to hold, fairs of their own. Buffalo, by the way, had held two in aid of the Sanitary Commission; and so the main part of the New York Fair was the work of New York people. Still others had helped, and that generously; and the report goes on to say: —

“Your committee received contributions from eighty-two persons, churches and societies; and the fact that these came from every loyal State is, more than their value, indicative of the pride the country takes in its metropolis, and of that unity of patriotism which the war has produced throughout the law-abiding portions of the Republic. . . .

“The correspondence of your committee was one of its most agreeable experiences. Little churches would send their humble collection, or their box of toilet articles, with a prayer that God would bless our soldiers. Children sent, now a barrel of moss, now a coop of chickens, now some tatting collars, saying that it was all they had, but the soldiers were welcome to it, and sometimes promising to fight as soon as they were large enough. One old gentleman, who had lost a son in the war, sent some walking-sticks cut by himself where he used to climb to gaze southward, and fancy that he saw the final victory; another sent a little money from the effects of his beloved hero; and another sent some boot-jacks made from the work-bench of his fallen son, saying, that after their sons their all belonged to their country. Sometimes an article would arrive anonymously, being a personal ornament, or a ribbon, made into a pin-cushion or pen-wiper, from the dress of

some modest female. The ladies of Hartford sustained a department by themselves. Rutland sent a pure white block of its finest statuary marble. Massachusetts sent specimens of her sea-shells, and Rhode Island of her fabrics. The Empire State was represented by contributions of every variety, from the Mammoth Ox to the tiniest Shetland, from the mowing-machine to the pin. When letters accompanied any of these contributions, the most enthusiastic vein of patriotism sparkled through them; whilst the general temper of the people, manifested in the grand results of the Metropolitan Fair, the greatest unchartered charity of the world, showed how sincerely they love every one who stands for the country."

Taking this testimony in connection with what we have said before regarding the generosity of "out of town," we believe that those kind friends need from us no further tribute either of praise or description. The memory of their graceful deeds needs little to keep it alive, and we have still to speak of the equal diligence, zeal, and devotion which inspired people and societies at home as well as abroad. In this chaos land, this Shinar plain of the main floor, there were tables furnished by city churches, by societies, and by committees and individuals. The Episcopal Church of the Resurrection had charge of Stand No. 4, while numbers 5 and 6 were respectively cared for by Rev. Mr. Gantz's Church, and by St. Matthew's, Lutheran; No. 7 was Baptist, and so on in friendly oblivion of differences. No. 17 belonged to Welsh Churches; 20 was Methodist; 26 and 27 were Presbyterian, and 28 Reformed Dutch. Besides these tables there were churches which gave money, while all gave help in some way or other. Then there was the table of the New York Turnverein, and of the Seventh Precinct Police, (the policemen had already, before the opening of the Fair, contributed \$4,000 in money,) a table devoted to hats, caps, and furs, one to china and glass, one to perfumery and drugs, one to children's clothing, two to English cloths, and four are marked on the list as given up to "fancy goods." We confess



ourselves puzzled by this last designation. Out of more than thirty tables we should have found it hard to name half a dozen that were *not* covered, loaded down and tyrannized over by fancy goods. What enviable preëminence of fancy may have characterized these four stands we cannot now tell; and in the hope that the exact titles they bore may enable some happier mortal to discriminate between them, and set them apart from the crowd of the less fanciful, we transcribe their proper designation from the "Spirit." No. 21, was "Wholesale Fancy Goods;" No. 24, "Fancy Goods and Wax-work;" No. 29, "Fancy Goods — 'Excelsior;'" No. 31, "Parisian Fancy Goods."

There were things beautiful and costly at all these stands; no one doubts that; and here and there one picks out something that one likes to remember. But we cannot now name more than one such. There was a flower-stand surmounted by a bird-cage, all most curiously framed in rustic fashion from laurel boughs and roots. It was at once intricate and attractive; and upon examination one found that it had a claim upon attention beyond that of its beauty. It was the work of a policeman who had spent upon it the leisure time of a whole year; and when it was finished, he would do nothing with this precious memorial of so many hours but give it to the "unchartered charity." We said a moment ago that we could name but one of the many memorable belongings of this bewildering middle realm. We restricted ourselves too closely; and we wish now to mention, barely, some gifts that showed how patriotism glowed beneath the snows of age. The Wax-work Table, which we just now classed among the most sacred shrines of the fanciful, had two of these gifts. One a silk quilt, representing a flag, made by a lady seventy years old; the other an eagle, carved and gilded by a gentleman whose years were fourscore and

four. At another table was a sheet woven by an old lady of Rhinebeck, who had herself pulled the flax for it thirty-five years before, and had just woven it at the age of eighty-nine years. This old lady must have been born just as the war of the Revolution was breaking out, had passed her youth amid the earliest struggles of the young Republic, and now, in the last year of the Rebellion, was still able to work for the country whose life had been no longer than her own. But the Fair was able to boast the work of at least one older lady, who sent from Bridgeport twenty-four toilet-mats knit in gores of divers colors. This last lady was ninety-one years old, and so far as we hear was the oldest contributor represented. Since we have already transgressed our limits, we will continue our gossip for a few lingering moments. At the Wax-work Table, twice alluded to, was an anchor of hair, made up with considerable latitude of choice from locks of Washington, Scott, Dickinson, Dix, Anderson, Bancroft, Sandford, and Frémont, — (a lady, whose hero worship had already so wide a scope, need not have scrupled to have enlarged her borders so as to include Artemus Ward and even Josh Billings.) But this wonder of eclecticism was eclipsed by the famous "hairy eagle" which hung from one of the heavy piers near the Floral Temple. It was an eagle resting upon a globe, and surmounted by a wreath, all made up of the hair of President Lincoln, Vice-President Hamlin, Secretaries Seward, Chase, Welles, and Usher, and about twenty of the prominent Senators. This eagle was destined for the President, and a subscription book was kept open at a stand just under the eagle. It was so popular that four hundred dollars were subscribed within the first three days of the Fair. After that we miss any accurate statement of the success of this eagle, but frequent allusions to it in the daily prints show that it continued famous.

A rarity at the Lutheran Table was a shawl made of fibres of the century plant. A rough rarity at the Hat, Cap, and Fur Stand was the smallest lion ever exhibited, being but eight inches high and a few hours old. Here were also some very costly sables, and neither costly or rare, but only convenient, here were sold orders on the principal hatters of the city. As all their styles were here represented, one had here the advantage of visiting all their shops at once.

The Floral Temple is now the one remaining stand of the middle realm. That we will leave till to-morrow, with our final notices of the Fourteenth Street building.

As for the receipts of the stands we have just noticed, we have preferred to lump them together, for easy comparison, and to save the too frequent recurrence of dollars and cents among matters of sentiment and recollection. And with these figures we shall close our account of this day.

Table.

No. 1. New York Turnverein.....	\$ 1,039.50
2. Hats, Caps, and Furs.....	10,930.35
3. China and Glass.....	5,265.20
4. Episcopal Church of the Resurrection.....	755.00
5. Rev. Mr. Gantz's Church.....	1,042.29
6. St. Matthew's, Lutheran.....	1,093.20
7. Baptist.....	1,432.60
8. Buffalo.....	500.00
9. Owego.....	1,140.24
10. New Bedford.....	1,000.00
11. Seventh Precinct Police.....	711.00
12. Ohio.....	2,340.20
13. Staten Island.....	3,370.04
14. Dobbs' Ferry and Tarrytown.....	442.00
15. Hastings-on-Hudson.....	665.00
16. Norwalk.....	1,565.00
17. Welsh National Society.....	5,210.05
18. Westchester.....	2,312.00
19. Harlem.....	3,584.11
20. Methodist.....	8,103.41

Table.

No. *	21. Wholesale Fancy Goods.....	\$ 4,918.00
	22. English Cloths.....	4,331.64
†	23. do. do.	131.65
	24. Perfumery and Drugs.....	1,262.00
	25. Fancy Goods and Wax-work.....	1,314.69
‡	26. Presbyterian Church.....	907.00
§	27. do. do.....	917.60
**	28. Reformed Dutch.....	
	29. Fancy Goods — “Excelsior”.....	1,345.00
	30. Children’s Clothing	3,196.53
††	31. Parisian Fancy Goods.....	4,500.00

SATURDAY, APRIL 16.

Yesterday had been a pleasant day, and, naturally enough, the Fair had been crowded. The “sword contest” too had been lively, and had resulted in nearly as many votes as had been registered in the two days preceding. The whole number cast was 1,242, so that the account stood:—

For General McClellan,	5,062
For General Grant,	4,529
Scattering,	46
	<hr/>
Total,	9,637

General McClellan’s majority was therefore 533. We recorded yesterday the casting of a hundred votes by an enthusiastic partisan, who wrote in the books an extract from General McClellan’s letter to Halleck begging for another chance at Richmond; that feat was outdone on Friday by a gentleman of opposite belief, who covered one hundred and sixty votes with these lines:—

* The names of the stalls are taken from the “Spirit,” page 63. The amounts set opposite them are from the Treasurer’s Report, where the tables are in several cases differently named, as:—* Thread and Small Ware. † Swiss. ‡ Church Second Avenue and Fourteenth Street. § Dr. Thompson’s Church. ** Reformed Dutch is somehow absent from the report by name, we suppose being included under some other name. †† Edward Mathews.

“FORT DONELSON, *February 16, 1862.*

“15,000 prisoners, 146 guns, 15,000 stand of arms. Grant to Buckner — I propose to move immediately on your works.”

“VICKSBURG, *July 4, 1862.*

“37,000 prisoners, arms and ammunition for 60,000 men.”

“CHATTANOOGA, *November 24-25, 1863.*

“6,142 prisoners, 5 pieces of artillery, 69 artillery carriages and caissons, 7,000 stand of arms.”

We find by one of the journals of this morning, that we did not give all the credit to “out of town” that it deserved. But it is not too late to rectify that mistake, and refer once again to the Wax-work Table, which seems determined to revenge itself on us for having classed it among the undistinguishable. It turns out that this stand was made up in great measure from contributions of Binghampton ladies. Putting these gifts together with that from the Binghampton Fire Department, and we must confess that to overlook so kind friends had been an unpardonable error. Friends from greater distances were brought to mind to-day by the announcement that some fresh packages had come from Switzerland, and from Huddersfield in Yorkshire, where sympathy with the cause of the North was found enough to make up a gift worth £457. The mention of foreign money reminds us that just at this time gold was violently fluctuating in the market from 165 to 185, and that Congress was debating a bill for keeping it at a regular and reasonable rate. Whether it was the effect of this legislation or not we cannot say, but immediately after the passage of the bill gold went flying up, up, until it finally reached 280. During the Fair, however, this bill was only pending, but still gold was so high that all foreign contributions when converted into American figures wore an air of magnificence, especially if they had been originally valued in pounds sterling, and had to be multiplied by ten instead of by five as in the old times.

It was this morning announced that the children of the Public Schools were to be given an opportunity for seeing the great Fair. During the last week of exhibition a certain portion of each day was to be set apart for the children, who were to be marched through the several departments, and when they had been paraded about for an hour and three quarters they were to be dismissed all together, and the doors opened to the grown-up world. In order to prevent overcrowding, certain wards were allotted to the several days of the week; as, for Monday, the Ninth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth; for Tuesday, the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Sixth and Eighth Wards; and so on through the week. The children of the Public Schools had been generous to the Fair, and have yet to receive a particular tribute at our hands by way of supplement to the occasional mention we have had to make of concerts and shows of all kinds,—the children's benefactions. When we come to speak of these things, we shall have more to say about the children's visits.

In one of the papers we find a call for a twenty-five cent day; but as the Executive Committee had already promised that, and published their promise, there was no need of being urgent in preferring such a request.

This day, Saturday, April 16th, 1864, is memorable in a sad way. The papers of this morning published the first accounts of the massacre at Fort Pillow. We were at that time accustomed to hear of momentous events;—we were so likely to be startled by any new paper that we might take up, and we were so inured to the ordinary chances of war, terrible as they were, that we had learned to reserve our emotion for things that should touch us nearly. Not that we had become indifferent to loss or to pain, but every one will recollect how we had come to bear with a sort of hopeful stoicism the inevitable news of death and disaster, and to be, in a way, chary of our indignation. But the news from

Fort Pillow was too much even for that forbearance which was so noble an element in the strength of the North; the words of wrath *would* be spoken, and even after we had covered it up, we did not at once forget the hurt then dealt to us. We seem to forget now, but on the current Saturday in 1864, we had just heard the horrible story, and many at the Fair that day were saddened, or hard with anger, and between them and the crowd and bustle, the display, and the buying and selling, there came constantly the thought of those wounded men who were killed in their helplessness, and of that hospital, one of the objects for which this brilliant scene was called into existence, where sick men were shot in their beds. It was all hard to think of then, though now we can put it away so easily, and it formed a much more prominent part of the day at the Fair than it can in our narrative. For our present part we have to go back upon our footsteps, and glean in Fourteenth Street. In other words we have made a circuit of the Fair building, but we have left many things unnoticed. It shall be the duty of the day to make up for past omissions, as far as possible, and then give the last week to Union Square, and to matters relating in a general way to the Fair.

And first there is the Floral Temple, the most prominent point in the great hall, the centre around which eddied that busy stream of life, the brightest spot in that wonderful realm of the fanciful, filled with rare and lovely flowers, and attended every evening with self-sacrificing regularity, by a bevy of ladies, universally confessed to be the most beautiful of that higher society of which New York is proud. It was an elliptical structure, about thirty feet long: there were double columns, outer and inner, all around, entwined with evergreens and flowers, and supporting green arches and a frieze bearing the names of battles then celebrated, the letters of *immortelles* standing out brilliantly against the cool,

dark leafage behind. There was Gettysburg in crimson flowers, a "blood-red blossom of war;" Antietam in blue and white; Roanoke in yellow and white, and so on. To give them in the order they stood in, the names ran thus around the Temple:—

	GETTYSBURG,	
FORT DONELSON,		ANTIETAM,
PORT HUDSON,		VICKSBURG,
PORT ROYAL,		NEW ORLEANS,
SHILOH,		ROANOKE,
	CHATTANOOGA.	

The Temple had a smaller temple, a sort of cupola, for a crown, and winding up to it a spiral staircase, completely encased in flowers. And high above the rafters were heavy with fragrant evergreens, while two galleries spanned the hall, running above the Temple, filled with boughs, and draped with festoons and hanging baskets, and bunches of flowers. As for the Temple itself, it was kept full to overflowing with fresh flowers, rare plants, singing-birds, butterflies, and aquaria, and was all the time as brilliant and luxuriant as a tropical thicket. Of course such a display implied constant generosity and some management; but few could know what labor and liberality were employed here unless they had been in some measure behind the scenes. The report of the Floral Department lets us somewhat into the secret, and from it we are able to tell all that now need be known. A circular asking for contributions in flowers was sent some time before the Fair to all owners of green-houses, public or private, within twelve hours of New York, so far as their addresses could be obtained. "Appeals for plants, aquaria, birds, butterflies, and all kinds of rustic stands and hanging baskets were also made, and for seeds, roots, and bulbs, even as far as California, the West Indies, New Orleans, &c." Then a week before the Fair a second series of letters were written to the owners of green-

houses, appointing to each one the days when his flowers were to be sent, so as to secure, as nearly as possible, an equal supply of fresh flowers for each day; and advertisements were published asking for moss, evergreens, and artificial flowers. The city afforded these last in great profusion, while from our cousins in the country there came no end of boxes and barrels packed with every green thing that April woods could yield. As for flowers, during the three weeks of the Fair, they came in daily abundance "from Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Rochester, Hartford, Providence, Bridgeport and Newport, from Troy and Albany, and the green-houses that line the Hudson River, from the towns along the Sound, from Long Island and Staten Island, and, it is believed, from every florist in New York City. Particular mention should be made of New Jersey, whose floral gifts were so liberal that two arches of the Temple were assigned for their contributions, which were waited upon by New Jersey ladies, and it was estimated that from them came one fifth of our receipts." "The Germans also were distinguished for large and tasteful donations in flowers, rustic work, &c." Of course it will be understood that these quotations are from the report referred to, and they serve sufficiently to reveal the kindness and the labor that went to make up that beautiful display. It should also be remembered that the Fair came just at that time in the spring when Nature seems to be taking a rest between the ending of one year's stores and production and the beginning of another. Hot-house flowers were few at this season; they had done their work of enlivening the winter, and the gardens as yet could boast but a sprinkling of hardy crocuses and violets. So the daily profusion of bloom at the Fair was really something wonderful, or was only saved from being that by the consideration of the kind zeal there was everywhere to do something for those who suffered

in defending the cause of our country. The whole Fair is an evidence of such willingness even to make sacrifices for its object, that we cannot wonder at any special manifestation of generosity which it called forth.

Perhaps we should add — at any rate we wish to — that among the beautiful things at the Temple were some Sea Island flowers and plants sent from Beaufort, S. C., and a cocoa-nut palm that was among the famous objects of interest at the Fair. Having said this much, it only remains to tell that the receipts of the Floral Department, after paying all expenses, were \$6,769.61.

Between the Roman and the Jewelry Stalls was an entrance to a passage leading out back of the Restaurant to a building set apart for carriages, farming utensils, and mathematical instruments. This building was so far out of the way that very few visitors got to it. It was, in short, one of the mistakes of the Fair, and seems to have exercised a very depressing influence upon the several committees that were to have occupied it. It was as good as a haunted house for getting rid of its tenants. The Carriage Committee became faint-hearted in view of those quarters. They would not ask for contributions which they could not display, and makers would not send carriages to be visited only by the dust. The workmen of one establishment, however, made a very splendid carriage and sold it at their employers' show-rooms, and another gift of a phaeton was exchanged for \$1,000 in money. But for the most part gifts were withdrawn, and we find no further trace of them. As for the mathematical instruments, they fled the gloomy precincts, and took up their abode with the optical glasses and surgeons' knives in the cheerful bustle of the great hall, while the farming implements seem to have succumbed entirely to the malign influences of obscurity, for we find no trace of them beyond the notice in the "Spirit" that they belonged in the Carriage Department. There is but one

certain good result that has reached us out of this region of darkness, and that is the credit given the Carriage Committee on the treasurer's lists,—\$2,961.10. It is said that this is only a small part of what the credit would have been, if—*if what* we cannot say, for a doubt obscures even the causes of failure in the dim department. So we can only leave the quarter with the knowledge that somehow Fortune could not find her way into that back building, and for consolation we can remember that the uncertain goddess was for once a tolerably reliable friend to most of the departments we have visited, and frequented them with unusual constancy.

Another out-of-the-way building, which, however, fared better than this last, was that appropriated to cattle. It was on Fifteenth Street, near to Seventh Avenue, and its uses were set forth in a huge sign, that could be read half a mile off, "The Cattle Department of the Sanitary Fair." We mentioned yesterday the sale of "Lady Woodruff" which took place here. Her ladyship was the most valuable property of the department, but it had other things worth looking at, some of which were not unknown to fame. There was the great ox, weighing thirty-six hundred pounds, presented by some ladies of Livingston County, and called the "Pride of Livingston." A huge creature, milk-white in color, and six feet four inches in height. Then, while everybody was admiring the vast proportions of this monster, came another, its peer, to share its glory. Tompkins County thought herself not behind any other county in fat cattle, and not to be outdone in generosity any more than in the size of her oxen. She, or her ladies acting in her name, sacrificed her "Pride" on the altar of charity. This second mammoth was not, in truth, quite so large as the first, weighing only thirty-five hundred and forty pounds, but its proportions were thought to be more beautiful. It was of pure Durham lineage, and of a peculiar silver roan color,

which everybody with easy connoisseurship said was a rare excellence in a Durham ox. There were other fine oxen, but these were the lions of the season, and maintained an easy supremacy among the horned kind. There were horses, also, one of them a thorough-bred, captured at Newbern, N. C., and three Shetland ponies. Dogs of various sizes and degrees, from the Newfoundland to the Skye terrier, with another "Secesh" trophy, a bloodhound, taken in a raid of General Sherman's; a dog that had felt the chances of war, and had been wounded in the jaw, nearly severing his tongue, but was now none the worse for wear, unless a touch of docility be counted as derogatory to the character of a bloodhound. Then there were fowls, pigs, rabbits, and sheep, including one with five horns, sent by a great showman.

There was an admission fee of twenty-five cents to this department, and that added \$709 to its receipts. As all the cattle were for sale, we should have said that the policy of treating them as objects for exhibition was a bad one, had it not resulted in such substantial aid to the Fair, as to show that people thought the fat oxen and the five horned sheep were worth the money asked to see them. We will gladly allow that the animals were all fine creatures, — in most cases so fine as to serve as show-samples of their kind, — and for one reason at least we are thankful for that admission fee. It caused the appearance in one of the daily papers of an item which illustrates, as far as it goes, what we have heretofore said about the season ticket nuisance. The item was to the effect that on the day preceding, the admissions to the Cattle Department had brought in about fifteen dollars, besides which some four hundred holders of season tickets had gone in free. Fifteen dollars would represent sixty paying visitors out of four hundred and sixty. If the season ticket-holders were present in any thing like the same proportions in the Indian and Children's Departments, it is no wonder

that it was found difficult to make them pay. But then the cattle-show did not rely upon admission fees for its success; it made sales, and so after paying all its expenses it made over to the treasury \$5,141.20.

Returning once again to the main hall, and mounting the stairway to the gallery at the south end, we find one or two departments that were somehow passed by in our survey of that part of the building. There was a Ladies' Hair-dressing Department, filled with curls, waterfalls, *chignons*, and every thing *postiche*, which brought in to the Fair \$518.27. And going up still another flight of stairs by the dining-saloon, one found a Photographic Gallery, where one might sit for a *carte de visite*, or buy nice stereoscopic views of the Fair. We hope that we make pardonable exception to our rule of not naming people in this little record, when we say that the photographers who fitted up this little gallery, and took pictures here, were Gurney and Son. Our reason for making this exception is, that they also took views of the more striking portions of the Fair, some of which are included in this volume. The Photographic Gallery returned \$456.05.

We may add now, that the Fourteenth Street building had many little stands and shifts for turning honest pennies, that could scarcely be noticed in a survey at this distance of time. There was a Dress-cutting Department, a Fortune-teller, an Umbrella Stand, and many such things, which added each something to the great whole. Many departments were represented in more than one stall, as jewelry and fancy goods, and so it is possible that we have sometimes erred,—either giving to one stand the credit that was due to two, or mentioning two stands separately, which should have been united under the returns of one committee. The one such mistake that we have discovered we will rectify on the spot. We gave the receipts of the Stand, No. 30, of Children's Clothing, as something over three thousand

dollars. So far we were right enough ; but the Clothing Committee had furnished other stands, and had collected a handsome sum of money for the Fair, and we should therefore have stated before that the whole gift of this Committee was \$26,150.49.

With this last day of the second week, we have gone through the last departments of the great building in Fourteenth Street, and we can devote the remaining time to Union Square, and to such generalizations as may insist upon being made. And now as the Saturday night taps are beaten, and the gas is turned down, we fix our reporter's eye upon the maze we have been so long trying to unravel, and, not without a pang of sentimental regret that our search through the labyrinth is over, we notice that it seems vaster, more intricate and splendid than it did when its boundaries were yet unknown to us. As we realize that extent and variety, our attempt at the topography of the Fair seems like an effort to copy all the subtle complications in a Cashmere shawl, and, sentiment to the contrary notwithstanding, we are after all glad that the attempt, such as it is, is behind us rather than before. There are a few threads in the web that will yet have to be taken up and confined to their place, but the work is practically finished, and we turn to that which is left, a lighter and shorter task.

THIRD WEEK.

MONDAY, APRIL 18.

The first thing that met our eyes in the morning papers of this date, was a notice of the "Cinderella" performance on Saturday afternoon. The heartiest praise was showered upon the actors, the costumes, the whole brilliant scene. There was the little queen in a brocade which had been worn at the drawing-room of Washington, in the days of the Republican Court, and a crowd of

tiny fine ladies and gentlemen arrayed in all the glory of the eighteenth century — peach-blossom coats, and powder and patches, for all the world like so many Dresden china figures come to life. Nobody is quite sure that Cinderella did really dress like Madame de Pompadour, but the anachronism, if it can be called such, only made the play the more charming. It was quite as delightful as Garrick playing Julius Cæsar or any other ancient in a tie-wig. The quaint, pretty, old story; the brilliant costumes, all conforming to one period sufficiently antique to give them all the grace of distance, and not old enough to be ridiculous; the bright faces, and free, childish bearing of the little actors, combined to make a great success. Indeed, the play was a series of pictures that would have ravished the heart of Watteau, who would have gone to work at once to paint *fêtes champêtres* of cherubs, and balls and masquerades of urchins and fays. Indeed, we fear that the ball-room scene in "Cinderella," with its two hundred dancers, all so nicely trained by Mr. Dodworth, would be beyond the power of any painter to reproduce; the tiny coach with the Shetland ponies might be attempted, but we do not know who has ever yet succeeded in fixing on canvas any thing like the elaborate yet innocent coquetries, the unsophisticated archness, the untaught grace that had never known awkwardness, of that little court, and of those young heroes and heroines of romance. Of course the theatre was crowded, and of course everybody was delighted, and the results for the Sanitary coffers were nearly three thousand dollars. Perhaps the best tribute to the brilliancy of this performance, was the repetition of "Cinderella" a year later, upon the broader scene of the Opera House. We believe, indeed, that the play will prove popular so long as the love of children and of beauty remains in the world, and that any dramatic author may be happy who has such sure elements of success put into his hands.

In addition to all the other announcements of outside aids, we find this morning an advertisement of a concert that was to be given on Wednesday evening by the united church choirs of the city. The music promised was from the Oratorios of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Rossini. In the Children's Department on Saturday, there had been a juvenile performance of "Box and Cox," Mrs. Bouncer being rendered, as she would have been on Shakespeare's stage at the Globe Theatre, by a fair and blooming boy. After "Box and Cox," the trained dogs were both wonderful and amusing, and we dare say the little people were happy. The new arrangement by which grown-up folk paid for seats at this entertainment, was said to work well.

After amusement comes business, in our unconventional arrangement; and the first business we have to deal with now, is one that is often at the end both of work and play, viz. — Auctions. On Saturday evening an auction was held in the Roman Department, which had been nearly emptied of its wares in the regular course of sales. As this closing up was not the result of adversity, it was oppressed by no failing fortune, and every thing, we are told, brought fair prices. With the first evening of the new week, auctions were to begin in the Art Gallery, and the usual admission fee was to be doubled for these occasions.

So it is with indications of the approaching end of the Fair, that we enter upon this week. It will doubtless be observed how fast these indications increase in number and significance. The departments to be commemorated are even fewer than the days, and so it may reasonably be expected that our visits will be short, and our days succeed each other with swiftness. The nearest duty to our hand, therefore, is to enter the west wing of the Union Square building, and begin our survey.

It is the International Department that lies before us.

A beautiful room, ninety feet long, with an open roof, exposed with all the lacing timbers that supported it. The walls and roof are colored a pleasing natural tint, against which the brilliant decorations are finely relieved. Flags of every nation hang out from the walls on each side, the lines broken here and there by the beloved stars and stripes. The upper windows are filled with painted screens bearing the arms of the nations whose flags hang around. The height, the distance, the subdued background flaming out into a blaze of color that breaks into a hundred confused shapes, are the first things that strike the eye. Seen at its best, when the afternoon sun, streaming in at the upper windows, brightens every hue, and makes the timbered roof seem full of floating reflections of color, while casting a milder radiance upon the gay wares and the crowd below, this hall, if not quite a scene of enchantment, as some newspapers say it is, at least presents a brilliant example of a kind of beauty peculiar to our time—a beauty such as modern resources and cultivation can throw around temporary works. The Crystal Palaces of London, of Paris, and New York, were the greatest efforts of this kind; it may be hard to say whereabouts in a scale of excellence the Metropolitan Fair would be found. Without caring, however, to settle that point, we believe it merits a rank, artistically speaking merely, among the most beautiful works of the kind and time. They cannot be classed under one name — industrial exhibitions, bazaars, fairs, or what not, but they are often beautiful, and possess almost always a moral significance that places them far ahead of jousts, tournaments, and a great many shows that have made great figure in history and romance these many hundred years. But we will not institute comparisons which may be odious to ages that are past defending themselves. The beauty of the International Department, which we will now speak of in the past tense, as easier and shortly inevitable, was one of the

noticeable things at the Fair, and that is saying enough for it. We may add, topographically, one more element of that beauty: the centre of the hall was occupied by a fountain falling into a basin edged with lovely plants and flowers. About this was a circular table for the sale of bouquets, shrubs, aquaria,—it was the Floral Department of Union Square, and points yet more forcibly what we said about the generosity of flower-givers at a time when flowers were scarce.

The first booth in this hall was filled with contributions from Switzerland, presided over by Swiss residents of New York. It was overhung by the flags and arms of different cantons; within sat a peasant-girl at an old-fashioned spinning-wheel,—the girl wearing the dress of a different canton each day,—and all about were souvenirs of the mountain land: watches, cuckoo-clocks, wood carvings, photographs of the wonderful scenery. The generous Swiss people showed here alike their love of home and their love of liberty: their love of home in their choice of gifts; their love of liberty in the abundance of them. From other countries gifts came chiefly from loyal Americans living abroad; but the Swiss booth was filled largely by the Swiss people, who sent not only of their substance, but added the kindest letters,—some in French, and some in queer, foreign English, but all alike in the good will they expressed. From the watch-making and cheese-making Canton of Neuchatel, and from the Val de St. Imier, came a long list of "*dons en nature*," and such an array of friendly letters! At Chaux de Fonds the ladies would seem to have worked for the Fair just as if they had lived on the Hudson within thirty miles of New York. They knitted lamp-mats and tidies, sofa cushions and purses, and sent their pretty rarities and curiosities with a list of names that showed that young and old had all helped toward the same end. At Zurich, too, they did the same, while help came from many other

places. Moreover, their zeal did not wear out easily. Even after the Fair was over, there came a box of silks from Zurich, and from Geneva another box, containing, among many things, one of those costly and wonderful pieces of mechanism for which the Calvinistic city has some fame — a singing-bird in a box bearing an inscription which set forth that though the bird sang to order, it only did so for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers. We have said that most of these gifts came from the Swiss, and this was true even of Geneva, a town where Americans might be looked for. The Americans, indeed, were there, but part of them had brought from their own sunny South their southern proclivities, and part of them were Northern men with southern opinions; these, too, found Europe a pleasant refuge during the war; and at Geneva the remainder of loyal Americans was small. But the love of good things has not died out of the followers of Calvin and Zwingli; and among the things they cherish is an affectionate sympathy with freedom, even in its struggles. So, while there were among them many Americans who had lost their respect for the principles which made all the greatness of their country, these good Swiss were testifying to the universality and permanence of those principles, and, if such a thing were possible, were shaming the disloyal.

We said that in other European countries the gifts were made up chiefly from Americans living abroad. It is necessary to except Germany from this statement. Not that Americans in Germany did not contribute to the Fair, — so did some in Switzerland, — but a large part of the gifts from these two countries came from those who only knew America in books and in their dreams. Some of the German contributions we have mentioned elsewhere. In the Autograph Department was a book made up of the autographs of modern Prussians of eminence, most of them professors in the great University of Berlin,

many of whom added to their names an expression of their kind feelings toward America, and hope for her future. In the Art Gallery were many pictures from the kind German artists; and now that we come to the International Department, we find that there were many more tokens of remembrance from Frankfort and Hamburg, from Dresden and Berlin, from Vienna, Copenhagen, and Rotterdam, if one may include these with the German places. They were so included in the booth in Union Square, but then that booth represented also Paris and St. Petersburg, Madrid, Lisbon, Madeira, Brazil, and Smyrna. A great many of the Paris goods went to the New Jersey Department and elsewhere, but they were plentiful enough to stock several booths, besides mixing with the miniature International Exhibition of this stall. The articles were mostly characteristic of the places represented — such things as travelers bring home for souvenirs. Perhaps most interest attached to the contributions from St. Petersburg, from Smyrna, and Brazil, as being out of the ordinary line of tourists' visitations. From Russia came gilt bronzes, ornaments representing articles of domestic use or national interest, — snow and water sleds, the Pond or Russian pound weight, the great bell of Moscow, — vases of "Felt," photographs of Russian costumes, the "Russian Sa'nt," such as is found in every palace, cottage, and hovel, and so on through a number of things, all peculiar to Russia, and ending with two table luxuries, one at least of which seems characteristic of those noblemen famed for their rubles and their lavish expenditure. This was some "Flower Tea," such as sometimes sells for seventy-five or a hundred dollars a pound. The other article was some Küml, a liquor which is esteemed in St. Petersburg above Chartreuse or Maraschino, but which rarely makes its way to other countries. The time may not be far distant when Küml shall be no longer rare; and, since tea once sold in England so high as fifty dollars

a pound, the "Flower Tea" may come to be no longer dear, but in the year of grace 1864 they shared attention with the "Russian Saint," and so are ranked with that in this place. From Smyrna came Turkish rugs and dresses, attar of roses, and almost equally fragrant tobacco, while from Brazil there were humming-birds and wreaths and bouquets of feather flowers. Hamburg and Smyrna were among the untiring givers; they not only gave generously in the beginning, but both sent other contributions which came after the Fair was over.

There was also a booth filled by gifts from loyal Americans in England, — mostly from Liverpool. It was distinguished by the usual intertwining of national flags, and by the arms of England and the banner of the city of Liverpool, and was filled with examples of English industry and art, from knives and scissors to statuary and water-color drawings. One of these last was of Mr. John Bright's house, and as his name was then in the mouths of many people here, and as he had really endeared himself to loyal men at the North, there was great rivalry for the possession of this picture, as, in some sort, a memento of the man. It was finally sold with the pictures in the Art Gallery. The gifts of our English friends were not included in this stall. We have several times alluded to such gifts; they were found at the Dry Goods Booth, at various stands throughout the main hall in Fourteenth Street, in the Autograph Department, and now we wish to mention one which was not on exhibition at all, but which was one of the largest and most famous contributions that the Fair received. This was the gift, by an English gentleman, of one thousand tons of coal, which were delivered on shipboard at Liverpool free of all expense. This was already noble, and it was the means of calling forth a second act of generosity worthy of the more praise in that it received the less mention. When the coal reached New York the freight charges amounted to ex-

actly £886 15s. 11d., which, at the price of gold at the time, was not far from \$8,000. This was paid by a New York gentleman, and the coals were afterward sold for more than \$13,000.

This payment of freight reminds us that liberality in that way toward the Fair was not uncommon. All the gifts of loyal Americans in England were sent through one or two houses free of cost. All German contributions went to Hamburg, and the Steamship Company there remitted all charges upon goods consigned to the Fair; and where companies were insensible to the claims of this charity, there was generally some one who stepped forward and was generous in their stead. Our consuls in Europe especially, distinguished themselves in this way, which is greatly to be commended in them, as is every act of the kind in men from whom their country expects a great deal of service for nothing, or so nearly nothing that the difference is not worth considering. We may also say of our consuls and our ministers, that they were generally the agents of the Sanitary Commission abroad. They solicited people in its behalf, they called meetings, corresponded, and took charge of contributions. Whether Americans or Europeans responded to the appeals, it was usually the resident minister or consul who made the call and was the representative of our charity. We believe that in no case did a letter to any American living abroad fail to bring a kind and sympathizing answer, and there were few who did not add their earnest efforts, and procure some material aid for the Fair. The results we have indicated; not only the booths we have just described in the International Department, but there were in Fourteenth Street the Roman Table, the many foreign pictures in the Art Gallery, autographs, photographs, engravings, not only in their respective departments, but scattered through all departments, and finally a great number of individual gifts of all kinds that cannot be enumerated.



There is no need of dwelling upon the praise of these things, especially as there are home gifts that await recognition. The International would have been an exclusively European Department, if it had not bettered its claim to its name by including several American stalls. There was one fitted by the Pennsylvania Relief Association, representing a generosity that would not be confined even to the wide scope offered it by the coming great Central Fair at Philadelphia. In this booth, beside its regular attractions, was a side show — admittance one dime — where was revealed to the wondering eyes of little folk a miniature ball-room with tiny dancers. Then there was the Ulster County booth, that came to the Seventeenth Street building in order to be near the Knickerbocker Kitchen, in which the venerable county had also a share; and the Hartford booth, with State and City banners, and the beautiful old motto of Connecticut, “*Qui transtulit sustinet.*” Here was a piano made of the Charter Oak, whose wood seems likely to prove as inexhaustible as that of Shakespeare’s mulberry-tree. The piano was sold by subscription and given to Governor Buckingham. Here were also specimens of the industry and thrift that have made Hartford so famous — the rifles and revolvers, willow furniture, foulard silks and belt ribbons, that were just then of especial interest in consequence of the talk there had been among ladies about wearing home goods and so keeping gold in the country. There were also daily supplies of election cake, which every one who has lived in either of the capitals of Connecticut will remember, and, finally, as souvenirs perhaps of ancient ingenuity, there were nutmeg bracelets for sale here. The Park Barracks Association had also a booth, for which the ladies of the Association made some fancy articles. But the staple of the booth was in comforts that were to go directly to the army hospitals — stockings and warm under-clothing. These things were

sent in from various churches and societies in town and country, while many were given by city servants, and people who had no time for afghans and tidies, and who were only able to give plain things that went straight to the need that was to be supplied.

Beside these booths, there was in one corner of this hall a wrought iron summer-house, presented by a Broadway dealer in such things, which was made to serve as an ice-cream stall. Coming to this point, we have made the tour of the International Department.

It only remains to speak of the pecuniary success of these stalls. That cannot be done accurately, for the Treasurer's Report only gives the returns of the several divisions of the Union Square buildings in gross, and from the aggregate subtracts the sum of expenses, while the only other report we can find gives but partial returns. But as nearly as we can state the matter, the receipts of the International Department were, without deductions of any kind, \$50,791.52. This amount is taken from the report of the Treasurer of the Fair, which gives no details of returns. From the report of the Managers of the International Department, however, we gather partial receipts of the several stalls, which we give as showing, if nothing more, at least their relative gains.

From the large Booth containing gifts from France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, Spain, Portugal, and Brazil	\$16,491.88
From the Swiss Booth	7,696.67
From the English Booth	4,936.75
From the Stall of the Pennsylvania Relief Asso- ciation	2,600.03
From the Ulster County Booth	1,948.18
From the Hartford Booth	6,500.00
From the Booth of the Park Barracks Association	1,842.25
From the Flower Stands	1,775.05
	<hr/>
Making a total of	\$43,790.81

The receipts from the sale of ice cream are not mentioned in this report, yet we cannot believe that that omission would by itself account for the difference between the sum as set down above, and the nett receipts as given in the report from which we have taken these items. There the total is given \$48,188.72. It is not unlikely that this amount represents the sum paid in to the general treasury by the International Department, after deducting its expenses; and hazarding this conjecture, we will consign this money question to the only possible rest that remains for it,—the oblivion that attaches to its want of consequence.

TUESDAY, APRIL 19.

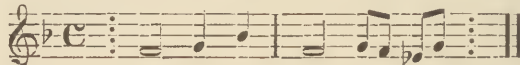
In the morning papers of this day, we find, with the news from Europe, that the powers interested in the Schleswig-Holstein troubles are again trying to find a way by diplomacy out of the battle-smoke in which they have enveloped themselves; that the English Parliament are still helplessly bewildered among the difficulties of neutrality; that new doubts are perplexing the Mexican question, making it uncertain if after all the Archduke Maximilian will assume the purple; with these things, and the driblets of news from the theatre of our own conflict, we do not get much positive final information from our journals. But there are the paragraphs relating to the Fair; there at least we find no perplexities, and if there is little told, it is merely because every thing went on satisfactorily. Monday was a bright day, and the crowd had been very great, especially in the evening. The “sword contest” at the close of the day stood as follows:—

Number of votes for General McClellan,	5,560
“ “ General Grant,	5,207
Scattering,	109
	<hr/>
Total number of votes,	10,876

General McClellan was therefore 353 votes in advance of General Grant.

When we come to look at our "Spirit of the Fair" for this day, we find preserved in it that music of the Indians which had been fascinating so many people at the Wigwam in Fourteenth Street. Little boys had caught the savage notes, and echoed them, as boys will, in places where they lacked the crowning merit of fitness; but here they were silently imprisoned, and saved to memory not only as a relic of the aboriginal life of America, but as a souvenir of the Fair. The "Spirit" gives them with a few words of comment.

"At the exhibition of the Indians at the Metropolitan Fair, the strangely weird vocal melodies used, in part, as accompaniment to their dances, are really noteworthy. These monotonous melodies are usually comprised within the first four steps of the diatonic scale. They are sung to the accompaniment of a little drum and a few rattles, while the feet are kept in motion by those accompanying, à *L'Africaine*. The following snatch is a specimen. This is repeated *ad infinitum*: —



"Occasionally a melody is introduced where the octave is heard, although this is usually covered by a shriek or howl, which is considered a relief to the otherwise nasal and dreamy mode of singing. Here is such a specimen, viz.: —



"The mark > indicates the shriek."

A peculiar feature of many of the fairs that were held this year, was the attempted reproduction of something of the early life of their several localities. In Brooklyn they had a New-England Kitchen, where the surroundings of the settlers of the City of Churches were faithfully copied. Elsewhere in New York State, where the Dutch had founded colonies, this resurrection of a bygone day wore another air. As a matter of course the most successful Dutch revival was made in New York — the

New Amsterdam of the ancients. The civilization of that halcyon reign of Wouter Van Twiller, as described by the veracious historian of the Nieuw Nederlandts, was reproduced in the Knickerbocker Kitchen of the Metropolitan Fair. Perhaps at first glance the learned Diedrich might have thought that his pictures had been somewhat idealized in this copy, for here was not only the solid comfort of the burgomaster, but something of gubernatorial splendor was superadded. But no one would have seen more quickly than that sagacious observer, that the people and the scenes he drew could not have been united in one view with more skill and truth than was here displayed. There was the broad, low room, with overhead the ponderous beams garnished with festoons of dried apples, rows of dip-candles, seed-corn, and bright red peppers; the deep window-seats, and windows with little panes; the generous fire-place with a fire of blazing logs, — real comfort for cool spring evenings; the crane with the boiling pot; the mantel-shelf with its brass candlesticks and kettles, and store of burnished pewter; above these a long gun,— the identical Van Tassel gun, which is said to have frightened terribly the crew of the British sloop-of-war *Vulture*. In the chimney-corner sat Chloe and Cæsar, respectable people of color, the one busy with knitting, the other “on hospitable cares intent,” scraped his fiddle for the beguilement of visitors. Sometimes, for more boisterous amusement, there came in a real Virginia darky, all ebony and ivory, who could dance a “breakdown” with all the vigor and splendor of embellishment of an age that is passing away. But this was only upon festive occasions. The regular ornaments of that fireside were Cæsar and Chloe, and one or two pickaninnies that played upon the hearth. The air of easy comfort they gave to the spot was tempered by the presence of the spinning-wheel, and the bustle of preparation for the continual lunches and teas. Indeed, on looking a little further, it

was evident that these meals were the pride of the Knickerbocker Kitchen. There was the deal dresser and cupboard lined with muslin laid on with brass-headed tacks; the stores of old-fashioned china, besides the majestic delft tea-pots, dear to the historian of the Dutch dynasty, — “ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, — with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies;” while the centre of the room was filled with tables surrounded by high, broad-backed chairs, and set out with steel knives and forks and old-fashioned china, in expectation of the guests who were never wanting. All these things belonged to the business of the room. There were, however, articles for leisure and display. There were old mirrors with bevel edges and peacock feathers stuck about the top, — one mirror that had belonged to Governor Stuyvesant, brought over, it is said, in the same vessel that bore the Governor to his faithful colony. There were Dordrecht Bibles with brazen clasps and wonderful pictures, such as two centuries ago were given to every young married couple by their parents. In the parlor, which was cut off from one end of the kitchen, were some of the more stately pieces of antique furniture and a collection of portraits, which was not confined to the worthies of the Dutch rule, but included some faces that became known in the later times of English occupation. There were Governor Stuyvesant, Admiral Van Tromp, Peter Clopper, Egbert Benson, in friendly proximity to Chief Justice Jay, Brockholst Livingston, and Lieutenant-Governor Colden.

The presiding geniuses of this realm of old-fashioned and homely enjoyment, were certain ladies whose ancestors figured in the chronicles of the Nieuw Nederlandts, and who held to the traditions of their fathers as far, at least, as it is possible to hold to any thing in this changing world of New York. Dressed in the robes of their great-



grandmothers, they ruled the array of sable waiting-women, and sat at the heads of tables where were dispensed the Dutch dainties that now are hardly known otherwise than historically. There lies before us now a photograph, — the modern art preserves many old things from fading out of existence, — a picture of a lady in the wedding-gown that was brought from Holland two hundred years ago for a bride of her family. The silk of which this robe is made might still stand alone in its stiffness, though its original white has been mellowed by time into a soft and creamy tint, and the great brocaded vine that straggles over the fabric presents the hues of antique tapestry in place of the vivid colors it wore in the days of Peter the Headstrong. It was in something such guise that stately dames in the Knickerbocker Kitchen sat at tables where were set forth such viands as would have delighted their ancestors. The bill of fare was simple; not quite so limited as that which the historian describes as common to the reign of Wouter Van Twiller, but nearer to that than to the complexities of the modern *cuisine*. There were two meals: lunch at eleven o'clock in the morning, tea at five in the afternoon, with long opportunities between and after for stragglers. There was one table where a little circle all of true Dutch descent, loved daily to gather, and indulge in old-fashioned sociability over ham and head cheese, spiced beef and veal, rullichies, waffles, (not the French *gauffre*, by any means,) olykoeks, krullers, and the many preserves and pickles that are so nearly lost to our present civilization. Such mince and apple pies were to be had here as the whole city elsewhere could not afford, and such good humor prevailed as is not yet forgotten by those who took lunches and teas at the Knickerbocker Kitchen. Dinners were not in this place — that was a private meal in the golden days of the Dutch dynasty, and was not to be made public here; but teas were so solidly furnished as to satisfy the cravings of

the degenerate modern appetite, even when they usurped the dinner hour; so what with the abundant fare, the good humor, and above all the associations clustering around the Kitchen, — *play kitchen* as it was,—it was continually thronged, and excited a gentle enthusiasm different from any feeling called up by any other department of the Fair. We called it a *play kitchen*; but it entailed serious work upon those who insured its success. We think at this moment of two ladies whose strength gave way under the burden of unremitting attendance and toils. One was dangerously ill for weeks after the Fair; one is an invalid to this day. But their labors were labors of love, of happy enthusiasm, and, as a consequence, there was a sort of genial influence about the place that amounted to fascination. Not only did this affect those whose early recollections were tinged by lingering Dutch customs and traditions, but all who had learned to love that simple, generous people, through the pages of their historian, the veracious Diedrich Knickerbocker. His spirit was present to many, and a cordiality that was near to jollity was not without its effect upon many more. One leading journal that accorded one notice to the Curiosity Shop, and two or three each to the Arms and Trophies Room and the Art Gallery, gave mention of the Knickerbocker Kitchen on eleven out of the seventeen or eighteen days of the Fair. What better proof of its popularity could be wanted? The only complaint recorded against it is that it was not large enough to accommodate the crowd which flocked there; but then that difficulty was the unavoidable attendant upon popularity. We have had to speak of it in relation to other departments, and have generally found that such a trouble has so many compensations, that we dislike to treat it as a real grievance.

The receipts of the Knickerbocker Kitchen, without any deduction for expenses, were \$12,493.21. We shall

hereafter give the returns of the several divisions of the Union Square building, together with the sum of their expenses, and that will be our last and only remaining mention of the Knickerbocker Kitchen,— a place that in its day was pleasant to linger in, and still exists as a pleasant memory.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20.

The newspapers tell us that upon Tuesday the attendance at the Fair was during the day somewhat less than it had been, but that in the evening the crowd was as great as ever. This fact may be counted among the indications that the end was near. The Fair had drawn from ten thousand to upwards of thirty thousand visitors a day for more than two weeks, and even now that auction-sales had begun, and signs of dissolution were apparent in many places, the attendance continued about as full as ever. This we know from the returns of the Ticket Department, where we find that on no day of this last week did so few as ten thousand people visit the Fair. Still, the fact that reporters began to fancy a falling off in the number of visitors may be counted as a foreshadowing of the end. It may have been true that the holders of season tickets, who for the most part had bought their tickets during the first week, had begun to feel sated and to stay at home ; that would go a great way toward thinning out the crowds, but the number of *single admissions* during the last week was quite up to that for the second week, and even greater than that of the brilliant and bustling first week.

This statement tempts us to a little digression concerning the Ticket Department, which offers us a few suggestive facts. The returns of this department, after paying all its expenses, were \$178,715.14. The number of season tickets sold was eighteen thousand and twenty-four, which, at five dollars each, amounted to a little more than ninety

thousand dollars, or about half the receipts for admissions. The greater part of these were, of course, sold during the first week of the Fair; there was the more to be had out of them by getting them early, and as they admitted the holders to all departments, they were by far the cheapest way of visiting the exhibition, especially when a mere single entrance fee was a dollar. It is a curious fact that on the day when the price of admission was fixed for the rest of the Fair at fifty cents, the sale of season tickets immediately dropped to less than one third of what it had been the day before. During the third week there were a few who bought season tickets, but they did it at a pecuniary sacrifice which is delightful to contemplate. On the day of which we write, there were sixteen such magnificent outlays, and on the next day, Thursday, there were three, which especially deserve commemoration, for on the days after that to the end of the Fair season ticket-holders were requested to stay at home, or else pay their way like other folk. We will not speculate as to the possibility of these three being not so much generous as ignorant, for that would be a needless spoiling of our tribute to their magnificence. At all events, there were no more season tickets sold. So at the beginning the Fair was visited by those people who were able to pay a dollar for a single entrance, besides about twice as much more for the exhibitions, which we have spoken of as having so much trouble in levying their fees;—later the larger class who have less money to spend upon pleasures had their turn. They came as generously as their richer neighbors; more so, in truth, for, as we have before said, the single admissions of the last cheap days were greater in number than those of the dear beginning. If the crowds were not so great it was because the eighteen thousand who had free ingress at all times and to all places, had finally become tired of exercising their privilege. We mention this fact as further confirmation of a

statement we have repeatedly made — that the Fair was furnished and supported by all classes alike, and was the *people's* contribution to the charity it served.

And here we pause to do an act of justice. We have often spoken of the rights of season ticket-holders as a source of great annoyance; we wish now to add that those rights were undoubted, and it was not the *exercise* of them, but the *granting* them that was in fault. The season tickets were made to include too much, and the blame of all the troubles springing from the use of them belongs to the “management” of the Fair. But one can scarcely be harsh toward a want of foresight of which those guilty reaped all the bitterest fruits, and are ready enough to cry “*mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*” We only record the error for the sake of truth, and for the benefit of other fairs.

The “sword vote” of Tuesday is remarkable as breaking the long line of McClellan majorities. The total number of votes up to the close of the Fair on that evening was 12,771; of these

General Grant had received	6,366
General McClellan had	6,288
There were scattering votes to the number of . . .	117
	78
General Grant's majority was therefore . . .	78

We find in the “Herald” of this morning an announcement that after two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and until eight of that evening, only subscriptions in sealed envelopes would be received for the swords; at eight o'clock all voting was to end. Ballot boxes were to be placed at convenient points, and so the crush and excitement that would naturally attend the close of such a conflict were to be avoided.

There is a great deal in the papers of this day about the auction sales which had begun in the Picture Gallery and at the Fire Department Stall the evening before, and

which were to be a prominent feature of the remaining days of the Fair. The sale of books was to begin on this evening at the Cockloft Summer-house, and the Book Room was to retain only single copies for ordinary daylight buyers. At the picture sale, from which a double admittance fee kept away a crowd of lookers-on, there still was little room to spare. As for the prices realized, we give a few, taken at random from the newspaper lists, in order that any one who is curious may compare them with those of to-day. It should be remembered that during the spring of 1864 there had been an unusual number of collections thrown upon the market, and that picture-buying had been a sort of rage that was now on the decline — after having satisfied itself with French and German *genre* pieces. An “*Ecce Homo*” by Vandyck, presented to the Fair by one of the best known of New York collectors, brought five hundred dollars. The sale about this time of part of the Jarvis Collection showed conclusively, even if the price of this Vandyck as compared with the prices of other pictures sold that evening did not, the feeling that picture-buyers in New York have for the art of other times. A “Spanish Girl,” by Hall, was sold for two hundred dollars; “Florence Nightingale at Scutari,” by E. Leutze, three hundred and ten dollars; “The Young Sweep,” by Eastman Johnson, two hundred and seventy-five dollars; “America in 1862,” by H. P. Gray, one hundred and fifty-five dollars; “A Coast Scene,” by Kensett, six hundred and sixty dollars; and a portrait of “Richard Cobden,” by Fagnani, which was started at three hundred, was quickly run up to and sold at one thousand dollars. The evening’s receipts for pictures were \$8,367, and for frames \$1,086; which amounts are included in the returns of the Art Gallery as already given.

We have next before us the Music Hall, and the Musical Department. The hall was a pleasant place to visit,

having for ceiling a canopy of crimson and white bunting, the rich color radiating from the centre to the walls where it was formed into a pretty cornice above the portraits and busts of musicians, *maestri*, and composers. Here were pianos and violins, melodeons and house organs, banjos and sheet music for sale; informal piano concerts at every hour of the day, and promenade concerts and various elaborate entertainments distributed over the evenings. The true account of the Music Hall, however, means only the story of the achievements of its Committee — a story of zeal and generosity, commonplace enough among the many such that lay at the foundations of the success of the Fair, but honestly illustrative of the spirit of the time we chronicle, and only having claims to special narration as it seems more intimately connected than usual with the account of its results.

In the first place then, while the Committee were laboring during many weeks previous to the Fair to arrange their material for the great display, they were receiving constant contributions of a kind that has as yet made no show in these pages. If we have not directly stated the fact, we have yet made it easy to be inferred how committees went about and collected moneys within the bounds set to them, and how they were everywhere met by a noble generosity. The Music Committee collected gifts both of money and merchandise—that was as a matter of course; perhaps, considering that the department was music, it was equally a matter of course that ladies should turn their talents and acquirements to pecuniary account in its support. At all events they did so. There were eight private concerts given, all of them made brilliant by the most beautiful music of voice and instrument, by *amateur* and *professional*, that New York could furnish, and by audiences such as one might look for under the circumstances. There were other private performances which will be spoken of under another head,

— performances which eclipsed in splendor these brilliant concerts, but none which could lessen the praise due to them. As a matter of course, where achievement was so excellent praise was not wanting. It only remains for us to add that, as usual, the unseen and unaccredited generosity went hand in hand with the evident and lauded generosity. Not only did artists volunteer their services so abundantly that many offers had to be declined, but furniture and decorations were often supplied without charge, while there were gentlemen always ready to pay every bill presented, in order that the receipts might go without diminution into the treasury of the Fair. And so it was in regard to other works done by this Committee. Under its auspices a *matinée dansante* was given at Delmonico's, which yielded nearly as much money as the Cinderella *matinée*, and toward which (we hope that we are not transgressing the proprieties, for we are breaking our rule of silence as to personal doings) Mr. Delmonico gave not only the use of rooms but a royal feast beside. Then there were the public concerts, — some of these we have mentioned according to their time; we must now add to the list an organ concert at the Twenty-fifth Street Baptist Church, and performances by Bryant's and by Wood's Minstrels. As to the entertainments given during the Fair at the Union Square Music Hall, they were varied enough. A mere mention of them will show how active was the Committee, how ready and generous the musicians. There were vocal concerts by the German Liederkrantz and by the Arion Society, the Oratorio of "Judas Maccabæus" rendered by the Harmonic Society, promenade concerts by the Orchestra, a concert by the children of the Tenth Ward Public Schools, an exhibition of gymnastics by the German Turner-Verein; *Photographiana* by Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, and feats of jugglery by Mr. Robert Heller. These last three were in-

terspersed with music, while all were gifts to the Fair, free and entire, only one society presenting any bill for the expenses incurred in the kindly offices. It should be remembered that these entertainments were not a source of revenue; they were kept up solely as enhancing the attractions of the exhibition. Not that such was the original intention. On the other hand the Music Hall was arranged with a view to its returns to the common treasury, just like the Indian Department, the Curiosity Shop, or any other room for entertainment only. But after the very first night's concert, when the conflicting views of the equally indignant Musical Committee and season ticket-holders caused great confusion, the Music Hall was thrown open to all free of charge. This course was both generous and just, though, as was estimated, it made a difference of about ten thousand dollars in the returns of the Department.

In addition to getting up the concerts in Union Square, the Music Committee had to supply the military bands for other parts of the Fair. There was in the Fourteenth Street building the Seventh Regiment Band of about fifty members, while half that number from Dodworth's Band stimulated gayety in the International Department. It may not be uninteresting to any one who has known the troubles of theatre and opera managers since the spring of 1864, to learn that the price of a musician for the Fair was twenty dollars a week, and that the leaders, in consideration of twice that amount, were expected to furnish all the music that might be required.

Every evening, from first to last, the halls of the great charity were thronged. The music, no doubt, brought a great part of the crowd together, and kept the loiterers bright and happy while it lasted. At half-past ten the Drum Corps of the Seventh Regiment beat

a tattoo, and at eleven o'clock the gas was turned out, and the buildings were left to silence. So the tide of attendance each day swelled slowly from morning till evening, and kept its height during three hours of gas-light and music, and finally sunk away so suddenly as to astonish one who had watched its gradual rise. Those crowded evenings when the main hall with its thousand intricacies of form and color seemed one boundless saloon, everywhere covered and surrounded yet nowhere limited; filled everywhere with people always moving yet never passing away, everywhere flooded, glittering with light and constantly resounding with music, will never be forgotten by those who appreciated their magical influence in their time. As for the labor of the Music Committee in supplying that which made the evening better and more attractive than the day, why, it was simply immense. Varying and overseeing the concerts in Music Hall, was, in itself, no light work. Add to this the promenade music given in the Main Hall and in the International Department, and then throw in the supervision of other public and private concerts, the collection of gifts in money and merchandise, and the daily sales, and we have the suggestion at least of a task sufficient for any one committee. Not that this Committee did all the work that was done, or did more than many another, but the amount of its labor is easily made apparent, and so we use this case as an instance. It serves to show that devotion was no lighter to wear in 1864 than it ever was before, and that even when its fruit was a festivity, its processes were as slow and painful as those of a nun's cell, or a chemist's laboratory.

We cannot better end this day than by recounting some of the humors of the Fair suggested by our own mention of its crowds and brilliancy. The lively "Spirit" had its daily record of the passing fun, its corners filled

with *bon-mots*, the half of which, were we to transcribe them, would furnish out a new Joe Miller. But we remember that the dreariness of jest-books has passed into a truism, and so restrict ourselves to mere samples; without so much, at least, our picture of the Fair would be incomplete. Here are some old (proverbial) friends with new faces:—

“There is honor among Aldermen.”

“When the Legislature falls out honest men come by their own.”

“Set an Editor on horseback and he ’ll ride to Washington.”

“Needs must when Jeff. Davis drives.”

“Money makes the Mayor and Corporation go.”

“[And they make it go too. *Printer’s Devil*].”

“There will soon be no ‘fugitives from labor’ in this country, except office-seekers.”

“TO A DISCONTENTED BACHELOR.

“To change your boarding-house is vain :

You change the place but keep the pain.

You ’ll learn at length, from one of Eve’s fair daughters,

A *better half* alone gives better *quarters*.”

There were recorded a good many blunders like that of the young lady in the “Potiphar Papers,” who thought it funny that Mr. Düsseldorf should have painted all those pictures; but one or two will do as well as ten for our purpose. “An old gentleman,” we are told, “was passing by Cockloft Hall, and perceived the inscription — ‘Smokem, toastem, roastem,’ etc. ‘Oh, here is something good to eat,’ he exclaimed, ‘let’s go in;’ and in he went.”—“A youth is said to have retired from that cosy summer-house disgusted with the collection of living autographs, because there was no trace of Rip Van Winkle’s pen among them.”

Among the gossip of the Fair we find chronicled a feat of potation, which certainly deserves to be classed among jokes:—

“The Soda-water Stand has up a placard, ‘No change given.’ A gentleman drank his glass of soda-water and tendered a two dollar bill; no change being given him, he drank out the balance.”

“[IN THE BOOK STORE. — Comfortable old lady from the country with a leather bag].

“*Old Lady*. — ‘Got any books for children? which I wants one for my grand-darter.’

“*Pretty Young Lady* [selling]. — ‘Oh, yes! here is one quite celebrated; all the children cry for it.’

“[*Old Lady* takes it, examines the outside, and pays for it].

“*Young Lady* [sweetly]. — ‘Would you like an autograph with it?’

“*Old Lady* [looking annoyed and puzzled]. — ‘Well, no; it’s heavy enough without one.’

“[*Young Lady* is convinced that *Old Lady* thought ‘an autograph’ was a large pincushion on which her hand was resting; but the author of the book, who had been standing close by, stalks off flaming with rage, and immensely disgusted at the back-handed compliment.]”

“’T is said that Poe indulged in wine,
And critics harsh have striven to show it.
To contradict the charge be mine —
A little tea made Poe a Poet.”

Is it enough? If there be still thirst for more, a search through the pages of the “*Spirit*” will reveal not only such humors as we have transcribed, but longer ones which would have transgressed our modest bounds, and perhaps the reader may think, better ones than we have chosen. We shall be content to bear such a judgment if only the searcher and judge will enjoy his discoveries.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21.

The newspaper reporters do not always agree, even in a statement of facts. Without seeking for other illustrations of this proposition, we will merely give the one which called out our generalization. Three most prominent among the morning papers of New York give such different accounts of the Wednesday’s attendance at the Fair, that we pause for a moment in

wonder that so simple a matter of fact can wear such contrary faces. One journal says: "The crowd yesterday was as great as on any day since the opening of the Fair, *from the time the doors were opened in the morning till they were closed at night.* The building was kept perfectly jammed;" — and so on through a whole paragraph. Another, with less apparent enthusiasm and more apparent candor, says: "There was a large falling off in the number of visitors at the Fair during yesterday morning and afternoon, but as soon as the gas was lighted, the crowd began to increase, and by eight o'clock in the evening both the Fourteenth Street and Union Square buildings were so thronged with people that at times it was impossible to move about from place to place with any degree of comfort." A third journal, with a touch of slang which we must pardon just now, says: "The attendance at the Fair yesterday showed very little falling off, except in the season ticket-holders, who have evidently got a surfeit of the exhibition, and remain at home to the great comfort of transient visitors, who formerly used to stand no chance at all in the jam of the five-dollar seasonites. After eight o'clock last night, the crowd at the Fourteenth Street building seemed as large as on any previous occasion; but the faces were nearly all new ones, and the more welcome for that reason." After an appeal to the daily returns of the Ticket Department, we are convinced that the third journal is correct in its statement, except as regards that rash and slangy fling at the people who stayed away, so much to the satisfaction of the reporter. We really cannot see why a "transient visitor" has not quite as good a chance of making his way through a jam as a "five-dollar seasonite," but we will not be hypercritical. The sentence reveals to us that the season ticket-holders, along with their excess of privilege, received that common penalty of greatness,—invidious com-

ment. As for the first quotation from the papers, we fancy it will be appreciated by people who have been surprised at finding the opera audience of the evening before, which they remembered as unusually thin, described as overflowing the house from floor to dome. A few such surprises suffice to teach most of us that reporters are good-natured and imaginative, rather than omnipresent, as we at first take them to be. But it is an evil consequence of such an ordering of things that it lessens the value of such reports for all needs of history. To pick the truth out of the testimony of half a dozen eye-witnesses is not so very easy a matter, when the accounts often differ even more than those three which we just quoted. But such an example will serve us quite as well as a homily. It is quite as suggestive, and does not lead us away from our subject.

Turning, then, at once to the "sword contest," we find that on Wednesday night

The whole vote was	14,114
Of which General Grant had	7,007
And General McClellan	6,989
There were also scattering votes	118

General Grant was therefore eighteen votes ahead in this race;—the second time since the first Tuesday of the Fair that he had enjoyed that distinction. The papers show that rivalry was becoming serious among enthusiastic partisans of the two generals, but we leave the consideration of that until to-morrow.

Auctions had been continued in the Picture Gallery and in the Curiosity Shop; the Executive Committee had been obliged to forbid them elsewhere for fear the Fair should be swept clean before Friday, and should leave an exhibition where there would be nothing to be exhibited. The Wednesday evening sales in the Picture

Gallery brought better prices than that of the previous evening. Nearly twenty-two thousand dollars was realized, which made the returns of the two evenings over thirty thousand dollars. The two Albums of Sketches that had given so much trouble to the conservators of public morals were now disposed of. One of them brought twenty-six hundred, and the other three thousand dollars. This is something more than half as much as they might have realized by *subscription*, but as we have already shown, the management of the Fair cheerfully accepted the loss that was incurred in the maintenance of principle. As for the newspapers, even the recalcitrant ones, they had so far forgotten their quarrel over these same albums that they spoke as if they had never known albums or dispute: "Two black walnut caskets, containing collections of sketches, were sold respectively for"——etc. This was not the end expected by the kindly artists, and the

"Nescia mens hominum fati *sortisque* futurae,"

which might be very freely translated, the mind of man which foresees neither the chance of fate nor the fate of chance, but it does sometimes happen, as in this case, that the blanks fall to him who sits at the wheel.

So much indeed might one have gathered from the newspapers of Thursday morning, April 21st, 1864. On entering the Fourteenth Street building that morning one encountered tidings quite as interesting as any given in the papers; nothing less in fact, than that the Indian Department was closed forever. We have already told of some troubles that oppressed the Wigwam in common with some other departments, and, unless memory fails us, we hinted at coming ills and a catastrophe. The time has now come when we may lift the veil and disclose the little drama that was played out upon that stage; or rather, we might say, disclose so much as is

necessary to do an act of simple justice to those who did not defend themselves, and to the faithful telling of our story of the Fair. We should have liked better to draw our picture, since it is of real, present life, without any shades,—you know that is always the inclination of portrait painters, to make serene and flawless beauties of us all,—but as our shadow is really not very great, and we have somewhat to serve, too, in giving it, we will be truthful, and draw our Cromwell with all his deformities. The object which we serve in doing this is the vindication of the Indians against a charge which they incurred at the time of which we write. The Wigwam never had been so successful as during this last week of the Fair; and now when the doors were found to be closed, and the promised representations denied without a word of explanation—on whom could one cast the blame of so plain a disregard of the obligations of civilized life but on the Indians? It must have been thus that many reasoned, for we find in one of the morning papers of the time a statement that the Indians had gone “on the rampage,” and had left their pale-faced admirers forever in the lurch. To be sure this account had nothing but its apparent reasonableness for a foundation, but then few stories have even so good a basis as that, and so the happy invention came to be believed. Not that everybody believed, but only enough to make it right that we should offer some explanation of the difficulty. This we shall best do by going back a little in our story, and so we advise all those who wish that writers never would do such things as indulge in genealogies, retrospects, and such-like hindrances, that we put this review beyond the reach of their fault-finding, by begging them not to read it. The story is briefly this:—

A party of Iroquois Indians were engaged to exhibit their ancient manners, customs, and rites at the Fair

during a period of two weeks, beginning on Monday the twenty-eighth day of March, the time first set for the opening of the Fair. The terms of engagement promised the Indians transportation and board and lodging while they remained in town, which was all that they asked. They presented themselves punctually to their *impresario*, and were told that the Fair was put off for one week, and so the first week of their engagement was passed, let us hope in enjoyment, since harder times were coming so soon. It has been whispered that this week was any thing but a resting time to the manager of this dusky force, who, it is said, was kept continually upon the *trail* — through the waste places of city grog-shops, and who by the next Monday was so worn down, by a series of pursuits and captures, that he found his after-toils but play in comparison.

We cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but if it is founded on fact it is merely of a piece with the truth which stern history often obliges us to tell of loftier heroes. At any rate the Indians had their week of leisure, and the Indian Department paid for it. But at last the Fair was opened, and the dance, the song, the rite were duly given thrice a day to crowded houses. The grief of this second week — how the season ticket-holders would fill up the seats without paying for them, to the financial embarrassment of the manager — we have already told. With the close of this week came the close of the Indians' engagement. But the public had not begun to have enough of them, and so the manager went to his troupe and begged them to stay another week, and give daily three or four extra performances from which season ticket-holders should be excluded. That was asking a good deal, especially as the original contract had included only three performances a day, but the Indians consented to remain one more week on the same terms as before, and were as-

sured, for their greater content, that the Fair would end upon the coming Saturday; and so a new engagement was entered on, and the Indians performed such feats of dancing, howling, droning, and scalping as were never heard of before. So hot was the succession of performances, so eager were the people, that it almost seemed as if there were a friendly contest between red and pale faces as to whether performance or appreciation should be most prominent. The rivalry grew higher, until it became matter of wonder that the Indians should be able to go through such fatigue one day and live to repeat them the next. A sympathetic writer inserted a letter of complaint as from one of the Indians in a weekly paper. The poor savage was made to say among other things:—

“I have had a very hard time of it. The first night I thought it very fine. I had a good place to see the pale-faces who crowded around me, and above them I could see the lights more dazzling than the stars and almost as numerous. Beautiful squaws stood before me, and showed their white teeth when I danced higher and howled louder than usual. . . . I say this was very nice. I danced and howled with all my might to please the pretty squaws. This is what I did the first night. I rolled myself in my blanket, feeling quite tired, but with an Indian’s determination to do what I could the next day for the Great Father and his pale face warriors.

“The next day my services were in greater demand than ever. More than that, I was called on earlier than the day before, and had to keep it up until long after the sun had set. Before dusk I grew hoarse and tired. I sighed for my old hunting-ground, where I could rest when I pleased. And how do you think I feel now, after nearly two weeks of such hard labor? Every muscle in my body aches. My voice is clean gone; indeed I have not enough left to frighten a deer. No longer can I sing the war-song of my fathers, nor shout the war-whoop of my tribe, nor am I able to join in the dance with my brother warriors. Indeed, what am I without the use of voice or limbs?”

And so the complaint goes on until it becomes dithyrambic, and breaks into verse:—

“I've come to a land they call afghan,
In the realm of Hulla-ba-loo,
Where they think it fine to yell and screech
And be scalped the whole day through.”

And so on through four and twenty lines of less merit than these, but of growing vehemence. Enough has been given, at any rate, to show what kind of labor these generous Indians underwent in their voluntary service of the Sanitary Commission. The picture is not overdrawn, and indeed is so far from it that we may reasonably fear that it does not represent enough, but even as it stands it is sufficient to show the spirit that was in these dusky benefactors. We shall need to remember how they fulfilled the first contracts, before we judge them in regard to the last.

During this second week of the Fair, the third since the Indians had left their homes, it was announced that the exhibition would continue through three weeks, instead of two, as at first proposed. This determination made difficulties in the Wigwam. A second engagement was ended, and the Indians were anxious to be away. The time of the planting of corn was now at hand, and the remains of strength were wanted in “fresh woods and pastures new.” So when on Monday morning, April 18th, the manager presented himself before the Indians and urged their staying still another week, he had hard work to gain his point. And when at last he was victorious, it was owing to the new terms which he was empowered by the Executive Committee to offer, as much as to the force with which he urged those terms. The Indians were to be paid for this last week of service, and season ticket-holders were to be admitted only as other people were, on paying the extra fee. The matter was settled upon these conditions, and the performances of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were the most successful that the Wigwam had known. It seemed as if the day of trouble was past,

when suddenly it arose again darker than ever. On Thursday morning the posters and bills of announcements about the luckless little theatre were all gone, the doors remained obstinately closed to sight-seers, and before long it was known that the Indians had suddenly left town, and were making all haste to those fields which had invited them vainly three days before. Then it was that people remembered that the Indian had ever been perfidious, a breaker of contracts both by nature and by teaching; it was only wonderful that he had been trusted so long. Probably few said so much, but the joke that the Indians had gone upon the rampage was current, and was quite as damaging as a condemnation. The matter has never been publicly explained, and in the hurry of city life has been forgotten by all save the few most interested. It is therefore unnecessary to make any further explanation than just so much as may suffice for purposes of justice.

The departure of the Indians was owing to a misunderstanding. They went away supposing that the contract with them had been disowned by the Executive Committee, and that, consequently, the time they could not afford to lose was being thrown away. It matters not now how such a misunderstanding arose. The Indians had been acting generously and in good faith, and they incurred the odium of breaking their engagement when in reality they went away feeling that they were a defrauded and injured people, and that their engagement was broken not by them, but by others to whom they looked up for better things. This feeling was shared by those who engaged the Indians, and is held by them to this day. As for ourselves, we cannot declare that the Executive Committee was any more to blame than the Indians. It is an old trouble, and is not worth the while to bring it to judgment. We have mentioned these few facts with hesitation, and only because we deemed it necessary to show

that the Indians who were the real sufferers by the matter did not deserve the bad repute which came to them along with their other difficulties. As for the rest, we can afford to consign it to forgetfulness, or remember it as one more illustration of the story of the two knights who fought about the double-faced shield.

It will put a pleasanter face on our sketch of this day if we take our finishing touches from the "Spirit of the Fair," which affords the means of supplementing our former slight account of the Children's Department, with some of those details of generous interest such as added the final charm to almost every department of the Fair. We give the words of the kindly "Spirit:"—

"One of the most interesting, on some accounts, of the stalls in the Fair, is that devoted to Charitable Institutions. It is in the Children's Department, and is furnished by the inmates of the various charitable institutions and asylums for the unfortunates, whose welfare is felt to be a public care. The frequent use of the hall for musical and other entertainments, has a tendency to prevent the sale of articles at the various stands in this department. Patronage is, in consequence, in a great measure diverted to other parts of the building. For many reasons this is unfortunate, and particularly in the case of the stand under consideration.

"The articles for sale here represent, probably, a greater devotion than in almost any other department of the Fair. The donors, in some cases, have exhausted all their means to set forth the display of this stand. The little children of the Home for the Friendless have given every penny—three hundred in all—that they have received since Christmas, with the exception of one a piece: a nest-egg, we are sure, for future accumulations, that will be as freely given whenever a worthy object shall present itself. But perhaps the most touching of all is a collection of amulets, or lamp-lighters, of colored paper, made by the smallest of them. They could do no more, but this mite of theirs is one of the most suggestive and noble of the many gifts collected at the Fair. These lamp-lighters are put up in five-cent bundles, and there are \$18 worth of them. With the humble offering came the following letter:—

'HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS, 32 East 30th Street.

'The children of the Home for the Friendless take great pleasure in donating their free-will offering to the Fair for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. They feel a deep interest in the welfare of our suffering soldiers, inas-

much as over sixty of their boys are now engaged in this conflict for freedom and the Union. They therefore give their three hundred pennies with their best wishes for the success of the Metropolitan Fair, and speedy restoration of peace to our beloved country.

‘ They also send twelve boxes containing thirty packs of lamp-lighters, made by their own hands, to give light to all who buy them. Sent by vote of the Home children.

‘ MRS. R. P. RENFIELD,
‘ *Children’s Secretary.*’

“ The institutions that have contributed to furnish the stand, are the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Blind Asylum, State Lunatic Asylum, Bloomingdale, Hebrew, and Colored Orphan Asylum, New York; Wilson Industrial School, and the Home for the Friendless. Five little girls belonging to the Brick Church Mission School, prepared a doll with a complete set of dresses, which is for sale for \$10. We have mentioned this stand particularly, because of the nature of the donors, and the character of the gifts. Probably not one of all the stands at the Fair, however magnificent, unique, or costly its furniture, is watched with such eager interest by the donors, as the one referred to. For the sake of the self-sacrificing givers, and the honor of charity itself, we bespeak a full sale for all the goods.”

There was a sort of supplement to the Children’s Department which must not be forgotten. The inclosure in Union Square was shut to everybody who did not enter it from the Fair buildings, and was fitted up especially for the amusement of little folks, though it did not fail to attract children of all sizes and ages. All day long there were the fresh green grass and budding trees, with flowers, swings, and children’s games, and when the day was sunny, better than all the rest, there were the children themselves with their frolics and happy noise. In the evening there were ghosts in the fountains, and many lights among the trees, and snatches of music from the brilliant building at the end of the walk. One of the morning papers remarked that Union Square Park had never been so fashionable as it was now that people had to pay fifty cents to get into it. Perhaps there was some truth there; we all know the difference between the Fifth Avenue and the Central Park skating ponds, but then, who will say that the difference is not something

more than the mere matter of an admission fee? In this case the difference was quiet, security, enjoyment; and when these were added to the other attractions of the place, what wonder that fashion was ready to appropriate the good?

Having now taken the last topographical glance at the Union Square buildings, we may end this day with a short statement of the returns of the several departments, as we find them set down in the Treasurer's Report. We are obliged to give these figures together, because we can find no distribution of the expenses of the Union Square building among its departments, and therefore we do not know what net receipts to assign to any one of them.

UNION SQUARE.

Sundry sales	\$554.01
Donations	1,063.00
Children's Department	17,523.32
International Department	50,791.52
Music Hall and Committee	14,360.49
Knickerbocker Kitchen	12,493.21
	<hr/>
	96,785.55
Deduct expenses	11,211.61
	<hr/>
	\$85,573.94

That, brief as it is, is the whole statement, and if the amount is not large compared with the million and a quarter from Fourteenth Street, it will, at least, make a very fair show in comparison with the returns of any four departments in the larger building. And, which is of more consequence than that, we may safely assert, that, small as it was, the Union Square building throughout the Fair held its own in popularity and beauty against its greater sister in Fourteenth Street, and that, considering its isolation and its comparative want of support from the rich trades and societies, its receipts are a sufficient indication of the high esteem in which it was held.

FRIDAY, APRIL 22.

The journals of this day devote nearly all the space given to the Fair to the "sword contest," which had been gradually assuming a foremost importance among the topics of the day. True, we are told that the yesterday's attendance was every thing that could be wished, that the weather was beautiful, and so on in a scale of diminishing interest. But as much space is given to the swords, or rather to the army sword, as a few days before was granted to a half dozen departments. The polls had been so besieged for several days back as to call forth a remonstrance from some of the newspapers. Remarks as to the destination of votes about to be deposited were freely bandied about by the crowd, and, more than all, a political significance seemed to be attached to the issue of the vote by many more zealous than wise people. McClellan's name had stood at the head of the lists on every morning except two since the second day of the Fair, yet his adherents had repeatedly shown a strange uneasiness as to the final result. It was openly said in at least one of the leading dailies, that there was really no hope for McClellan in the "sword contest," as the polls were exclusively under the control of people devoted to Grant, who would not suffer their hero to be defeated. The language in which this was couched contained an insinuation too ridiculous to deserve a serious defense; but it was not until the heat of disappointment had caused the same daily to utter still more loudly the cry of *corruption*, that such enthusiasts saw how worthless was the charge so lightly made. The arrangements made to secure order in the final voting were violently abused as a cover to dishonesty, but, of course, no one, not even the fault-finders, for a moment put any belief in such talk. The voting at the polls was mostly done by ladies, but the end showed that all the while the lords of creation were getting more and more

interested, and were only preserving a strategic inactivity. They withheld their forces for the sealed ballot of Saturday, which every one began to see was to be larger than any that had yet been polled, though how much larger was little guessed by the uninitiated public.

Having come now to the next to the last day of our chronicle, we may as well give the vote of the last three days together. There is no object in keeping back the result, for every one remembers it, and we wish to have Saturday for a general review, unclogged by any business of the day. On Thursday, then, the vote stood

For McClellan	8,209
For Grant,	7,824
Scattering,	123
	16,156

McClellan's majority was therefore, out of 2,042 votes cast that day, 385. On Friday night the books stood —

For McClellan,	10,062
For Grant,	8,442
Scattering,	137
	18,641

The vote of the day was 2,485, and McClellan's majority 1,620. Large as was this vote, and this majority, it failed to prepare people for the vote and majority of Saturday. At the closing of the polls the final vote stood —

For McClellan,	14,509
For Grant,	30,291
Scattering,	163
	44,963

The vote of the day was 26,322, and Grant's majority 15,782. The number of votes cast on Saturday for General Grant was therefore 21,849.

It need scarcely be told that the excitement following

the announcement of the issue of this contest was intense. It had been feared that under the original method of voting, the closing hours might be marred by a struggle on the part of the friends of one of the candidates to gain exclusive possession of the books ; and the greatest care was taken that no disturbance should check either voting or counting under the system of sealed ballots. There were several rough-looking fellows about the stand during the evening, who talked loudly and boisterously, and announced that they were there to see fair play for ——, which of the candidates we will not say. But a force of twenty-five policemen who were summoned at this emergency, took the question of fair play into their own hands, and treated it as successfully, if not as noisily, as those self-constituted champions of purity of the ballot. When the result was announced, there was great cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, mingled with hisses and groans from some of the disappointed. Indeed, the feeling seemed to run so high that the gas was partially turned off, and the buildings emptied as soon as possible to avert any possible collision. That end was gained, but, if it be not too late to express the feeling, we should have thought it more consonant with the dignity of the occasion, that the Metropolitan Fair should have closed its doors to the sound of a hymn of thanksgiving, — that it might have ended as it began, with a recognition of its humane and Christian significance. However, that is only question of outward form ; the real dignity of the work did not fail of appreciation, and the few errors and shortcomings did not weigh against the great beneficence and beauty — at least they did not with any whose perception was one whit clearer than that of the cobbler who only saw in the Belvedere Apollo a foot that he would not care to fit for a shoe.

It was at Union Square that the largest votes were deposited during the last hours of hurry. The crowd was

in Fourteenth Street, and very heavy voting was done there, several envelopes containing five hundred dollars each being found in the boxes; but in the box from Union Square were found such votes as these — “Loyal Men of New York, Grant, \$2,097;” “Loyal New-Englander, Grant, \$3,000;” “Loyal Men of New York, Grant, \$1,000;” “Sundry persons, Grant, \$1,000;” “Loyal Men of New York, Grant, \$10,000.” When the largest vote upon the other side was not more than four hundred dollars, what wonder that the contest was finally lost to those who had quietly submitted to a daily defeat for more than a fortnight, but had reserved such strength for the end of the battle?

The voting was for the most part conducted in excellent spirit. The slight acrimony that touched the overzeal of some, one can easily afford to forget; and the bitter charges and hard words of disappointment, one can as easily afford to forgive. The sum brought by the two swords to the treasury of the Fair was \$45,885. Of this, the navy sword contributed nine hundred and twenty-two dollars, thus made up —

For Commodore Farragut,	332 votes.
For Commander Rowan,	462 “
Scattering,	128 “
	—
Total,	922 votes.

Commander Rowan’s majority was therefore 130 votes.

The Arms and Trophies Committee made over to the general treasury of the Fair, after all expenses were paid, \$62,499.29, which sum includes the amount realized by the two swords, together with the receipts of their museum, from admissions, sales, and gifts.

We have frequently mentioned the exhibitions given by Public Schools in aid of the Fair, yet we have by no means indicated the great assistance rendered from this source. There lies before us at this moment a list of the

results of these entertainments. Every ward in the city, excepting the Second — in that stronghold of trade we believe there is no public school — is represented in this record of generosity. The sum raised by the Public Schools was \$23,706.69, and after the inevitable deductions had been made, the contribution figures in the Treasurer's columns as \$23,605.39. The largest gift was from the schools of the Twenty-second Ward, \$2,400.12. In one ward a single "Colored School" gave more than all the other schools of the ward. We mention the fact not as making against the schools which were distanced in the kindly race, for circumstances beyond our knowledge might serve to explain away the defeat, but rather as showing the generous zeal in behalf of our charity felt by a people who are poor and untrained, and of whom so many of us are ready to believe worse things. Indeed, the Colored Schools in several instances made a creditable show alongside the other schools of the wards. If we knew better the material of which other schools were made, no doubt we should find many to be worthy of special remark; or, which is quite as likely, we might be in doubt as to where to stop our roll of honor short of naming all alike. We have found, however, among the papers relating to the Fair which have been put into our hands, a tribute to the work of the Public Schools which has not yet been printed, but which tells a pleasant story of cheerful devotion that may be applied to all. We are glad to give this paper entire, premising only that it is from the hand of a gentleman whose position as a Commissioner of Public Schools, entitles him to speak *ex cathedra*: —

“ In the absence of any detailed report of the School Committee, it is not well to let the great Fair pass away without a few words respecting the contributions of the Public Schools. When I visited the office where the ladies met in making preparations for the Fair, and suggested to one of the managers an appeal to the Public Schools in behalf of the Fair, she seemed very doubtful. She thought the result of the appeal would

be trifling, but that perhaps, if the children could all be assembled in the Academy of Music, the public might be induced to pay a dollar admission fee to see them. I left the office much discouraged; convinced that after the 60,000 school children in average daily attendance were comfortably seated in the Academy of Music, there would be little room for the public at any price."

[The next sentence embodies a mistake—a committee was afterwards formed which worked with the teachers of the schools].

"Meanwhile, however, the schools had taken the matter into their own charge, and nowhere else were found warmer hearts or busier hands, while the supervision of the trained and accomplished teachers gave to this inexhaustible youthful energy, a most efficient and practical direction.

"Contributions were volunteered by the children, many a little fellow going without his lunch in order to give to the Fair the few pennies constituting his entire income for the day. Remember that these offerings, so far from being forced, were given with such an entire appreciation of the object that it would have wounded the feelings of the little donors to refuse them. Exhibitions were given, consisting of recitations, dialogues, calisthenics, singing, and other school exercises often admirably executed, and always attractive to those whose spirits are not so worn and jaded as to be insensible to the natural grace and fresh young voices of little children. It was found that the patrons and friends of a single department of two or three hundred children were sufficiently numerous to crowd the Academy of Music, or the Hall of the Cooper Union. Many articles of wearing apparel as well as fancy articles were made in the schools, and placed on some of the various tables of the Fair, and a large quantity were sold at the Public School Table by a few of the pupils of one of the Departments. A play was acted by some of the pupils of a Male Grammar-School, and altogether I think that the public, whose notions have been somewhat aristocratic and utterly vague in regard to our schools, have been pleasantly introduced to the great unknown power growing up silently among us to support with new columns the superstructure of the Republic.

"As a slight return for all their labor the schools were admitted free to the Fair, and thousands passed through without accident or disorder, assisted in the most kindly manner by the police, who expressed their own surprise at this new evidence of the effect of discipline. These scholars are the children of all classes in this community,—the wealthier as well as the poorer. — but by far the larger portion are in very moder-

ate or needy circumstances ; and when I read in your list of contributions the condensed single line —

‘ Public School Committee, \$23,706.69,’

I feel that the report though incomplete remains a monument honorable to the Public School System, which might truly bear the inscription —

‘ In memory of the Love and Labor of the People’s Children.’ ”

Beside this noble gift from the Public School children, there was also a contribution of \$1,129.15 from some of the Private Schools of the city — and this reminds us to mention a few of those contributions that made no show at booths, and so have escaped mention in this chronicle. We have already recorded some of them, — as the gifts of coal, and flags, the gifts from the clerks in the Post-Office, from the Metropolitan Police, etc. On looking down the columns of the Treasurer’s report we come across many that we will now set down just as they are there written, satisfied that the names representing so many different interests, and the figures set opposite the names, will be sufficiently eloquent as to the common concern which all New Yorkers had in the Soldiers’ Fair. —

Public Conveyances	\$8,280.80
Trades and Associations	3,224.48
Foreign Contributions (not included in any we } have mentioned) }	5,255.77
Hide and Leather Committee	6,770.00
Light Gymnastics	745.55
Interest on United States Loans	1,451.09
Express Companies’ Committee	20,000.00
Out-of-Town Contributors	3,081.12
Hartford	1,005.00
Produce and Commission Committee	5,750.00
Insurance	943.83
Newspaper Donations	1,245.04
Dentists’ Committee	2,913.50
7th Regiment N. Y. S. N. G.	8,583.50
Cotton and Raw Goods Committee	8,475.00

There is one more Committee whose work must be recorded. The Drama was, as we have often enough said, a very present help to the Fair, but we have left it till the end of our work to show what and how much was the aid rendered from this source. The Committee on Public Amusements was formed early in December of 1865. The managers of the city theatres were soon interested, and during the winter several plays were given for the benefit of the coming Fair. The first of these was "Rosedale," at that time running its wonderful course of popularity at Wallack's. The other theatres followed, until nearly all had contributed their share. Barnum's, the circuses, and a billiard tournament, gave also through the Dramatic Committee. Many of these entertainments we have spoken of during the course of our chronicle. Some—we hope they were few—resulted in a loss to the givers, and so were not represented in the returns of any committee—even the kind motive that got them up could not win the favor of Fortune, and so like other greater and less failures they quietly slipped away into oblivion. Some entertainments there were, too, whose receipts figure in the returns of various committees and booths. There is no record of half the performances that were given in aid of the Metropolitan Fair, but the most successful were under the supervision of the Dramatic Committee, and their number and returns were as follows:—

Wallack's Theatre	\$954.25
Winter Garden	606.50
Howe's Circus	22.30
Olympic Theatre	627.50
Barnum's Museum	296.95
Hippotheatron	136.37
Billiard Tournament	211.00
Dramatic Reading (private)	500.00
Cinderella	2,705.50
Niblo's	940.50

Old Bowery	350.00
New Bowery	321.00
Private performances at Mr. Jerome's Theatre . .	6,365.70

The sum of these receipts is \$14,037.57

Though it only appears in the Treasurer's report as \$13,829.72, and has to suffer a final deduction which leaves \$13,593.44 as the actual and serviceable contribution of the Dramatic Committee. But it is not alone from the pecuniary point of view that the labors and gifts of this committee are pleasing. To any kind-hearted lover of amusements what can be more gratifying than to see pleasure ministering to duty;—or, to put the case again tropically, who loves not to see the Old World muses, Melpomene and Thalia, turned Christian, and waiting on the footsteps of mild-eyed Charity? Such a spectacle has been often granted to us in these latter days, and the Sanitary Commission was, during its short but wonderful career, many times blessed with the rewards of such good service. There are many New Yorkers who remember a performance of "Macbeth" at the Academy of Music,—one of a series of benefits given by Miss Charlotte Cushman to the Sanitary Commission. There was Miss Cushman and Edwin Booth; and the glittering house was packed to the roof with patriotic play-goers. How much a thing of memory that evening is—there is no repeating it. The great actress was not only making a noble gift to the cause of her country, but was bidding farewell to both stage and native land. The scene of her action has passed away; the object for which she played has finished its work and no longer exists. But though three years have worked such a change, they have not destroyed the memory of that occasion. It was perhaps the most memorable of all the public performances given to the Sanitary Commission—the place, the combination of two such

actors, the circumstances, all help to lift it into pre-eminence. Perhaps an old play-goer, here and there, remembered that it was in "Macbeth" that Miss Cushman won her first success a quarter of a century ago; and then he thought over the long line of triumphs "unto this last." The actors, the spectators, the times suggested by such a retrospect, could not fail to come into curious contrast with the present occasion; but we must turn our backs upon the tempting theme to consider one equally seductive, which may be found in our arid-looking list of the returns of the Dramatic Committee. At the very end of the list there is set the legend —

"Private performances at Mr. Jerome's Theatre, \$6,365.70."

And it is of six brilliant evenings that it now becomes our pleasant task to write.

It was a cosy theatre; pretty and well lighted. A stage not so large but that its drawing-rooms might seem adapted to human conveniences, while an ordinary conversational tone might be heard from one side of its boudoirs to the other. Its actors did not have to play at being ladies and gentlemen, and its audience were not obliged to be warmed into interest through dispiriting, cold and dreary first acts. Greenroom and parterre were connected by other than artistic ties. Ladies and gentlemen of the same society were before and behind the curtain. On one side rows of ladies in the freshest and most exquisite *toilettes*; delicate silks and laces and tissues, with here and there the diamonds of a dowager. "Waterfalls" and "rats" were then comparatively new and strange, and their unaccustomed effects went far to stimulate the wit of those occasions, though among the black-garbed and white-gloved men there were many whose wit was keen enough without such stimulus. Behind the curtain was Fairy-land. Zerlina was there, and Pierrotto; Lady Teazle and the choleric

uncle who uses East Indian oaths, all curry and chili, and blesses the young people at the end. Not that we are indicating the plays that were really acted; but it is all the same thing; they were the same people under different names, it was the same world that we all love, and any one of its inhabitants brings before us the whole realm. The fact that there was an unusually close connection between the two sides of the glittering boundary line of foot-lights, added interest for those who surveyed the double scene. When Phillis appeared in her charming rôle of waiting-maid, with jaunty cap and apron, were there not many who looked to see whether Damætas or Menalcas in the audience led the *claqueurs*, and if Amaryllis were watchful of the stage or only of Damætas? Did Madame La Marquise bestow her coquetries upon the powdered and gold-laced gentlemen around her, or did she intend them to reach some heart beyond the foot-lights? Who can tell what were the complications of those six evenings? Ordinarily the dress-circle has its romance, and the stage has its own also, and they may chance to be connected with each other at rare points, but for the most part they are separate. Here, however, they were so mingled that none could thoroughly unravel the tangle. So rich was the history that it cannot be written. Yet that which would have struck the eye of any observer was memorable. The acting of ladies and gentlemen has about it a charm that the every-night stage cannot boast. There is less to be assumed when they (the ladies and gentlemen) take upon themselves the characters of the drama, and in place of the stock conventionalisms they give us freshness and nature. Such, at least, was the case in these entertainments; the acting was of a kind that is rarely seen in public, and, moreover, it was evenly excellent. There were no two or three whose preëminence dwarfed their surroundings into insignificance. The com-

bination of *Stars* for every part, which we have given over sighing for in the real theatre, and have relegated to the province of dreams, was here made actual for six evenings. Everywhere intelligence, everywhere grace, everywhere excellence; and, then, such costumes, such gems, and brocades; such achievements by Virfolet! The ladies seemed determined to show that they could utterly eclipse the dressing of star actresses whenever they were so minded. More than all, there was the singing. Do not those strains from *Linda* linger yet? Does any one forget those grand *scenas* from *Ernani*? When his music was so sung did not Verdi seem for the time a master equal to Mozart? And what mountains of flowers there were to testify to the admiration of listeners! Surely no *prima donna* was ever so loaded with floral offerings before. Camellias were like buttercups in profusion, and, though it was April, roses were as common as dandelions in a May meadow. But then every thing connected with these entertainments was liberal and splendid. Besides the excellence of the parts we have named, there was a truly fine orchestra, and even to the least details, every thing was perfect. The tickets of admission were beautifully engraved cards, and the programmes could not have been more elegantly printed had they come from the Riverside or Caxton presses. So what with unexceptionable appointments, the pretty and gayly lighted theatre, the brilliant audience, the fine music, the fine acting, and the fine dresses, what wonder that comment was enthusiastic, and was in the correspondence of the day chiefly expressed by underscored superlatives and exclamation points? Indeed, the sober judgment of two years later confirms the admiration of the time, and asserts that no private theatricals ever given in New York were at all comparable with these in splendor or in enjoyment.¹

¹ In order to show the character of these performances we append two of the programmes.

METROPOLITAN FAIR.

 FIRST AMATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION,

AT MR. LEONARD W. JEROME'S PRIVATE THEATRE,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 6, 1864.

 PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. PETER MARIÈ, will be spoken by Mrs. JOHN RODGERS,
after which will be presented the Comedietta, in one Act, of

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES,

Translated for these performances from "L'Invitation à la Valse" of
M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Madame d' Ivry,	Mrs. Charles E. Strong.
Mathilde,	Miss Young.
Rose,	Miss Anna Young.
De Sor,	Mr. William H. J. Graham.
Maurice,	Capt. Charles G. Hutton.
Peter,	Mr. Charles D. Gambrell.
John,	Mr. Constant.
Piano-Tuner,	Mr. Charles Post.
Clock-Maker,	Mr. William J. Hoppin.

To be followed by a Grand *Scena* from Donizetti's Opera of

LINDA DI CHAMOUNI,

Under the direction of Sig'r ABELLA and Mr. THEODORE THOMAS,
who have kindly volunteered their valuable services.

Linda,	Mrs. P. Lorillard Ronalds.
Pierotto,	M'de d'Angri.
Carlo,	Sig'r Mongiardini.
Antonio,	Mr. Horace M. Barry.

In consequence of severe indisposition, Miss Stelling will be unable to appear in the character of Pierotto, and M'de d'Angri has, on short notice, very kindly volunteered to take the part.

To conclude with the Farce, in one Act, of

THE TWO BUZZARDS.

Miss Lucretia Buzzard, Mrs. Charles Blake.
 Sally, Miss Meert.
 Benjamin Buzzard, Major Charles T. Dix.
 John Small, Mr. William P. Talboys.
 Glimmer, Mr. William B. Rice.

Stage Manager, Mr. JOHN LESTER WALLACK.

METROPOLITAN FAIR.



FIFTH AMATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION,

AT MR. LEONARD W. JEROME'S PRIVATE THEATRE,

Under the direction of Mr. JOHN LESTER WALLACK.



MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 25, 1864,

Will be presented the 3 act Comedy, of

THE LADIES' BATTLE.

Countess d'Autreval, Mrs. John Rodgers.
 Leonie de la Villegontier, Miss Constant.
 Baron de Montrichard, Mr. Charles D. Gambrell.
 Henri de Flavigneul, Mr. Charles T. Fearing.
 Gustave de Grignon, Mr. A. R. Macdonough.
 Brigadier, Mr. E. Constant.

Capt. Pell, who was to have played Henri de Flavigneul, having re-joined the army, Mr. Charles T. Fearing has kindly consented, at short notice, to undertake the part.



The performance will conclude with two grand *scenas* from the first and fourth acts of Verdi's Opera of

ERNANI,

Under the direction of Sig'r ABELLA and Mr. THEODORE THOMAS, who have kindly volunteered their valuable services.

Elvira, Mrs. P. Lorillard Ronalds.
 Ernani, Sig'r Mongiardini.
 Carlo, Mr. Horace M. Barry.
 Silva, Mr. R. L. Cutting.

As these entertainments are the last gift to the Fair that we shall have to record, we will say at once that the sum of all gifts and receipts was \$1,340,050.37. One million dollars was paid over to the Sanitary Commission within a few days after the closing of the Fair, leaving about \$175,000 for a later gift after paying all expenses. A complete view of the pecuniary results of our great Bazaar may be found in the Appendix to this volume.

All goods remaining at the close were either sold at auction, or sent as gifts to other fairs at St. Louis and Philadelphia, as the chiefs of the departments in which they had been determined.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23.

And now we write the date of the last day of that brilliant and festal charity whose course we have been tracing. We have examined the last booth, we have detailed the labors of the last committee, we have recounted item and incident, transcribed figures and bound the whole together in a chain of days until the end is here, and we may pause for one last swift glance at all that we have gone over, — to try for once to realize the whole, the picture and its influence, before drawing the curtain and turning to other concerns.

We have at the outset recognized the fact that the Fair, whose story we have been telling, was one in a series of similar undertakings. We have not claimed that the devotion, the energy, the wisdom, the humanity that went to building up and adorning this Fair were peculiarly its own. We have failed in speaking our mind if we have not seemed to regard these happy three weeks as an expression of that which was tender and beautiful in the spirit of 1864. A flower of our American chivalry, —

“A blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire,”

only it was not blood-red with hate, but with love, and

the heart of fire was the strong purpose that burned steadily in the nation till its great work was done. In the matter of these two great and essential things,—the love that prompted, the strong purpose that carried through,—the story of the New York Fair was that of all the rest. So far, then, as we have spoken of energy and devotion, we might have been speaking in relation to Philadelphia, or Boston, or St. Louis; it is only by accidents of time, place, and circumstance that we have distinguished our charity from its kindred. Happy for New York that her noble feeling was shared by all the fair sisterhood of cities whose children suffered in army hospitals; for sympathy refines devotion, and though it puts all who share it upon a level, it lifts all together to a height that, unassisted, none could reach. So that if New York cannot boast herself above Brooklyn or Philadelphia in respect of strength or purity of motive, she has something better to look back upon than the mere glory of such excellence; the memory of her pious fervor is brightened throughout by the generous courtesy and helpful kindness of her sister cities, and her real glory is greater as contributing to that effulgence of charity that held a five years' noonday in these Northern States, than it could have been had she only held up her single torch amid a general darkness.

As to those outside and picturesque aspects of the Fair by which we have managed to tell our story, we have not troubled ourselves to inquire how they compared with the similar aspects of other fairs. We have seen an attempt to establish an order of precedence in beauty among the several exhibitions of the time. We have also been told repeatedly that if the receipts of this and that fair were not absolutely so great as those at New York, they were at least relatively greater when the population of the cities represented was taken into consideration. We leave such matters to the curious.

At the same time we must allow, though this is not the first time that we have made the admission, that the management of the Metropolitan Fair was not so nearly perfect as might be wished. No one, however, is more ready to confess this than those who sustained the chief responsibility among the heads of committees and departments. They say without hesitation, We might as easily have made two millions as one, if we had known only how to manage better. But, in truth, it was only by making mistakes that committees learned wisdom, just as generals and the nation at large were learning by the same costly method. That saying of Coleridge, wherein he compares experience to the stern lights of a ship, that light the path that has been gone over, forbids us to judge the errors of those whose way lacked such illumination. It sometimes happens, from this retrospective character, no doubt, that nobody profits by a given experience; but in the present case we have the comfort of knowing that all the mistakes taught wisdom, not only to the New York Committees who did not so much need it since it came too late to prompt action, but to the people of Philadelphia, who learned what to avoid in their coming Central Fair. When we consider this we easily make up our minds that it would be as vain to regret as to blame those not fruitless errors, just as it would be foolish to regret the seed that perished in the ground, when enough lived to produce the harvest that waves in happy luxuriance before our eyes.

It would be strange if mis-steps, and the multitude of counsels, did not sometimes breed dissensions, even between good and kind people. Happily these were few, considering the excellent opportunities that were constantly afforded for quarrels. The general temper was too hearty and kindly to be easily broken. In a charming letter that lies before us we are told —

“The ladies for once forgot social cliques, religious differences, political antipathies, and even the more solid insult of prettier bonnets. An occasional flash from the artillery of wit, a sort of birthday salute, would happen now and then ; but it passed, and the work went on.

“One lady refused to bow to another. The party who was *cut* said, mildly, ‘ You must forgive me if I forget and bow to you hereafter. I assure you it will be only the *force of habit.*’ No. 1 bowed after that.”

Such was the spirit that animated workers and kept strife at a distance. Every one was eager and busy, every one was generous and kindly. Time was given up, ease was sacrificed, and for the beloved object ladies worked until strength gave out ; and often long after they should have taken to their beds, and long after they would have yielded had the spirit been a little less resolute. They toiled as no maid-of-all-work to an overgrown family ever did. Indeed, in the month of March, each day saw some lady drop from her place, until it was remarked that the Fair had become a monster living upon human flesh. “It (the monster) demanded,” said the observer quoted a moment ago, “a lady a day, and a very well-dressed lady at that ; but as we had a thousand ladies, and there were only thirty days in the month, we had him at a disadvantage ; so one after another fell ill, disappeared, but the great work went on.” There were first, meetings for organization, meetings for consultation, for appointments, and settlements of claims, followed by no end of letter-writing, visiting, rummaging, and collecting. Then there were meetings over contributions, clashing interests to be reconciled, work to be distributed, carpenters, painters, and all manner of assistants to be looked after, perhaps struggled with, grumblers were to be appeased, the too aspiring to be repressed, the meek were not to be forgotten but to be duly brought forward, and, above all, the ever-recurring puzzle, — whose business is it to attend to this present complication ? until the whirl became almost maddening, and it seemed as if everybody were engulfed in

a perfect maelstrom of affairs. Then came the opening day, and to the ordinary eye all was splendor and success. We have, in the course of our narrative, revealed a few of the skeletons that were barely concealed behind the birch-bark of the Wigwam, and the crimson and white draperies of the Music Hall, that lurked among the fresh cherubs of the Children's Department, "*ab ovo usque ad mala*" in the Restaurant, and between the carven lids of the artist albums. But everywhere there was present an evil power that was more dreadful than these skeletons; he would not be forgotten, but even at the beginning of the Fair he always came before night, and appeared especially to those who waited in booths and changed money at tables. Later in the course of things he grew bolder and came morning and night. He followed stricken ladies to their homes, sat by their pillows all night, and dogged their steps in the morning when they went anew to their duties. He was not to be escaped, not to be resisted, not to be yielded to; he was just to be *borne* — and his name, for we hate little mysteries — was *fatigue*. Indeed, he seemed to exercise a sort of fascination over his victims, for many, very many of them wilfully encouraged familiarity with him. They counted it glory to get tired out in the service of the Sanitary Commission. Who does not remember the sort of spirit that was on so many ladies in 1864? Why should they sit at ease when young manhood was winning laurel crowns on fields empurpled with his own blood? Were they too weak for martyrdom? Were they grown selfish and unworthy to serve at the altar of their country? Was it wonderful that they welcomed fatigue, and, with the zeal of saints in other days, thought with suffering to express the love that was in them? We think that no words can do justice to the pure spirit of American women during the Rebellion. When love could yield its dearest to the chance of death, it could scarcely be

appalled at any lesser sacrifice. It is of spirit such as that that we have been speaking; even our few words seem like treading with careless feet too near to holy ground, and we withdraw to themes that our light mention cannot profane.

The shadow of fatigue, which looks slightly like *ennui*, fell tenderly upon the young men, frequenters of the Fair (and worshipers of the same, they would have said with good grace but little wit) in these last days of its existence. The Fair was not only popular, but fashionable, and the dress-circle of the opera was thinned of its clusters of *la jeunesse dorée*, while the absent ones might have been found about the Normandy Table radiantly expectant of gauffre cakes, or lounging through the ways where the attractions of that far-away time were gathered. We said that at last a shadow, if no more, of fatigue fell upon these young men; but then every thing sits lightly on them, and they wore even their look which seemed in the slang of that day to say, "Is n't this about played out?" almost like a grace. One observer said that he counted no less than four and twenty of these youth sitting upon a table, the prosperity of which had emptied it of its wares, all silent, all swinging their dangling feet, and sucking hard on the heads of their canes, as if that somehow yielded food for their minds. We think it possible that this picture is a little overdrawn, and can pick out the features that might bear reduction without harming their air of probability, but we leave that to others, and doubt not that even as a caricature the portrait will prove recognizable, and so bring up a part of the period and the scene that will help to perfect the whole.

It is not strange that here and there the great Fair found detractors. The Sanitary Commission itself suffered from slanderous tongues, and as for the Fair, the

existence of people who could cheat its officers with borrowed season-tickets, shows that even a noble object fortified by fashion and every social influence could not shame base people out of base dealing, nor, of course, out of evil speaking. We can recall now the feeling, we will not give it a name, with which we heard a woman, member of a Christian church, professedly loyal, proud of her piety and good works, insinuate that it was possible that some whose names are synonymes for gentleness and beneficence, had used the Metropolitan Fair as treasure-box from which to fill their own purses! There were people who could say such things, but it was never worth the while to convince them of wrong. They drop too easily from grace, and are best, for the peace of society, in oblivion.

But there was malice that did not content itself with evil speaking. One morning near the day of opening, the Superintendent of the Receiving Department found that a clerk had given a receipt for some shells and torpedoes upon the understanding that they were not loaded. An examination, however, showed they were not so harmless as they had been taken to be: they were loaded, and only waited for an occasion to fulfill their terrible mission of destruction and death. Without a word of explanation, the Superintendent ordered the treacherous gifts to be carried out to the North River and dropped into the water, and, as nothing is known to the contrary, there they are presumed to be at this day. Nothing was said about this occurrence at the time, for fear of alarming that large class of people which is never so scared as when the danger is past, and it might never have seen the light of print had it not accidentally come to the knowledge of the present writer, who could not forbear mentioning an event of so much importance among those whose story he has been

telling. If he were so minded he might from these materials work up a "sensation" chapter for his simple tale. The darkness of an attempted crime, the mystery that still conceals its perpetrators, would form strong contrast with the tender-hearted zeal and plain every-day prosperity that have been his theme all along. But the facts are too few, even if inclination were not wanting, to make it worth while to "improve the subject." It is certain that a crime was attempted whose consequences might have been terrible; but that is as much as we know. Who the criminals were we can only guess. They may have been only thieves, who hoped to get plunder out of the treasures gathered together in the Fourteenth Street building. The suspicions of most persons will perhaps point another way. We all know who were the only people who could hate the Christian object of the Fair, and we know that their hateful ingenuity afterward found expression in the hotel burning plot, in the attempt to introduce malignant disease through our ports, and in assassination. When those who hated the Fair numbered some notoriously ready with every base, cowardly and murderous scheme, is it strange that our minds should connect this kindred attempt with those already fastened to their authors? But we will charge no man, nor set of men, upon mere suspicion of a crime so great. Surely those whom we suspect have already enough to answer for. The ghastly array of their misdeeds has already secured them a place in history, down below the least of all names, pilloried forever for the contempt even more than for the indignation of mankind.

We have no more to say of troubles, of evil speakers or of evil doers; we have, perhaps, said too much of them, seeing how small was their importance, but we have at last left ourselves free to speak only of the brill-

iant success. Our words may well be few on this side of our topic, for every page we have written has borne such testimony as to make a summing up well-nigh useless. We have shown how the whole city was engaged in the one work; how it gave the people amusement during three weeks, and was a channel for their love or, if you will, *charity* for the sick and wounded soldier; how it led men to forego their money-getting labors, and made women forget ease and pleasure for awhile; how it brought all classes together in friendly oblivion of differences, and through knowledge of each other taught respect for each other; how villages were brought into closer relations with the city, and cities with each other by sympathy; and how the same sweet power took this occasion to bind the loyal States together by one more bond; and how the aid given by gentle people in all civilized lands showed how a noble object is strong even as a touch of nature to "make the world kin." These things, as much as the noble sum raised for the Sanitary Commission by their means, were the success of the Fair; and so far as they live, either in themselves or in their effects and influence, does the Metropolitan Fair still live and continue to bless alike its aiders, and those who have forgotten it; perhaps, even, some of those who in its day were strangers to that chivalry of which it was the "bright consummate flower."

When a day was first set for the opening of the Fair, it was intended that the close should come upon the ninth of April. But it fell out, through one cause and another, that the end came upon the twenty-third of April, a day when all the world was doing honor to the immortal poet who, three hundred years ago on that day, entered the world with none to do him reverence. If that wise and gentle soul had then been sur-

veying this earth, could he, even among remembrances of himself, have found a fairer and more pleasing sight, than would have been given him by the happy coincidence that on this day was brought to an end our victory of peace, earnest as it was of a future time when "peace to earth, good-will to men," shall be the song of all mortals as it was once of angels.

APPENDIX.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

To the Executive Committee of the Metropolitan Fair, in aid of the
United States Sanitary Commission.

THE TREASURER RESPECTFULLY REPORTS,

That the whole amount received by the Treasury of the Fair up to the date of this Report is One Million Three Hundred and Forty Thousand and Fifty Dollars and Thirty-seven Cents (\$1,340,050.37), and the amount paid out for expenses, One Hundred and Sixty-three Thousand Three Hundred and Seventy-eight Dollars and Forty-seven Cents (\$163,378.47), leaving as the net proceeds of the Fair the sum of One Million One Hundred and Seventy-six Thousand and Six Hundred and Seventy-one Dollars and Ninety Cents (\$1,176,671.90).

The Treasurer begs leave to congratulate the Committee on its success in securing for the aid and relief of our National Soldiers an amount believed to be larger than has ever been raised by a similiar undertaking here or abroad.

As contributions of money continue to be received, and further consignments of goods are expected, and many articles remain still unsold, the accounts of the Treasurer cannot yet be closed.

A final statement will be made hereafter, which will, it is believed, show a large addition to the sum already received.

Of this sum, one million dollars was paid to the Treasurer of the United States Sanitary Commission, on the 17th day of May, 1864, by order of the Executive Committee.

Of the balance,* there is loaned to the United States Government on ten days' call, at six per cent.,	\$170,520.00
On deposit in the Bank of America,	5,718.74
In Safe,	433.16

\$176,671.90

The Treasurer desires to express her obligations to John H. Gourlie, Esq., Chairman of the Finance Committee, for the energy and ability with which that department was superintended by him, and Messrs. Hamilton Wills and George Tuthill for their valuable services as her assistants.

An account of the receipts and disbursements in a consolidated form is annexed, showing the receipts of the various departments and stations.

* The balance remaining on hand was subsequently paid to the Treasurer of the United States Sanitary Commission.

Dr.

NO.	COMMITTEE.	DONATIONS.	SALES.	TOTAL.
	Private Contributions	\$39,463 22		\$39,463 22
60	Grocers' Committee	44,043 00	\$7,168 43	51,211 43
	Presbyterian Church	55 40		55 40
20	Methodist Church	4,242 37	3,861 04	8,103 41
	Reformed Dutch Church	16 20		16 20
	Roman Catholic Church	20 00		20 00
	Universalist Churches of N. Y. City	7,890 63		7,890 63
	Jewish Churches	3,162 18		3,162 18
4 & 7	Episcopal Churches	226 00	1,622 20	1,848 20
6 & 43	Baptist Churches		1,432 60	1,432 60
27	Church 2d Avenue and 14th St.		907 00	907 00
28	Mr. Thompson's Church		917 60	917 60
5	Mr. Gantz's Church		1,042 29	1,042 29
	Sundry Churches	672 97		672 97
70	Book Committee	2,135 00	10,289 02	12,424 02
	Tobacco Committee	25 00		25 00
	Dramatic Committee	13,829 72		13,829 72
63	Machinery Committee	10,081 25	9,537 82	19,619 07
26	Fancy Goods Committee	14,059 72	2,412 79	16,472 51
58	Druggists' Committee	4,440 00	1,662 27	6,102 27
	Public Conveyances Committee	8,280 80		8,280 80
54	Hardware Committee	16,905 00	6,443 55	23,348 55
50	Sewing-Machine Committee	524 75	2,778 87	3,303 62
33	Thread and Needle Committee	5 00	3,561 60	3,566 60
	Trades' and Associations' Com.	3,224 48		3,224 48
38	Dry Goods Committee	130,022 02	7,600 98	137,623 00
	Finance Committee	63,840 00		63,840 00
79	Stoves and Gas Fitting	10 00	101 75	111 75
67	Arms and Trophies	1,308 00	65,792 48	67,100 48
	Foreign Contributions	5,255 77		5,255 77
64	Ships and Shipping	19,963 22	152 50	20,115 72
	Metropolitan Police	4,034 25		4,034 25
	Window Glass Committee	100 00		100 00
75	Furniture Committee	25 00	8,812 33	8,837 33
	Private Schools Committee	1,129 15		1,129 15
	Hide and Leather Committee	6,770 00		6,770 00
	Gas, Coal, and Flag Committee	12,680 00	13,513 50	26,193 50
78	Carriage Committee	1,136 10	2,000 00	3,136 10
	Public School Committee	23,706 69		23,706 69
	Light Gymnastics, Mrs. Plumb Interest	745 55		745 55
	Express Companies	20,000 00		20,000 00
54	Printing and Stationery Com.*	1,892 00	5,050 36	6,942 36
	Out of Town Contributions Com.	3,081 12		3,081 12
62	Agricultural Committee	110 50	5,470 12	5,580 62
	Hartford Committee	1,005 00		1,005 00
57	Wines and Liquors Committee	3,550 00	14,300 06	17,850 06
72	Millinery Committee	2,980 00	1,225 80	4,205 80
69	Architectural Committee	6,777 60	3,330 97	10,108 57
	Ticket Department		181,382 10	181,382 10
	Produce and Corn Exchange Committee	5,750 00		5,750 00
	Carried forward			\$852,995 78

* The above does not include the sums received from the sale of the newspaper at the various departments of the Fair.

Dr.

NO.	COMMITTEE.	DONATIONS.	SALES.	TOTAL.
	Brought forward			\$852,995 78
39	India Rubber Committee	\$100 00	\$8,521 43	8,621 43
35	New Jersey Committee	1,539 80	36,746 19	38,285 99
	Insurance			943 83
	New York Post-Office	700 00		700 00
	Public Press	1,245 04		1,245 04
65	Art Committee	3,130 18	80,538 44	83,668 62
2	Hats, Caps, and Fur Committee	8,932 50	1,997 85	10,930 35
37	Boots and Shoes Committee	4,990 00	3,148 23	8,138 23
3	China and Glass Committee	2,310 00	3,058 25	5,368 25
	Exchange and Discounts			25 72
	Dentists' Committee	2,913 50		2,913 50
30 & 44	Clothing Committee	22,955 26	3,733 08	26,688 34
	New York Fire Department		30,250 00	30,250 00
	Seventh Regiment N. Y. S. N. G.	8,583 50		8,583 50
74	Hair Dressers' Committee	100 00	433 30	533 30
59	Oils, Soap, and Candles Com.	3,933 70	4,702 26	8,635 96
	Sundry Sales		344 21	344 21
	Cotton and Raw Goods Com.	8,475 00		8,475 00
42	Jewelry Committee	2,594 00	17,366 56	19,960 56
	Union Square Department	1,063 00	95,722 55	96,785 55
61	Restaurant Department	15,385 36	2,097 80	17,483 16
1	Turnverein Table		1,039 50	1,039 50
8	Buffalo Table		500 00	500 00
9	Oswego Table		1,140 24	1,140 24
10	New Bedford Table		1,000 00	1,000 00
11	7th Precinct Police Table		711 00	711 00
12	Ohio Table		2,340 20	2,340 20
13	Staten Island Table		3,370 04	3,370 04
14	Dobbs Ferry and Tarrytown Ta- ble		442 00	442 00
15	Hastings Table		665 00	665 00
16	Norwalk Table		1,565 00	1,565 00
17	Welsh National Society Table		5,210 05	5,210 05
18	Westchester Table		2,312 00	2,312 00
19	Harlem Table		3,584 11	3,584 11
21	Thread and Small Ware Table		4,918 00	4,918 00
22	English Cloth Table		4,331 64	4,331 64
23	Foreign Goods		131 65	131 65
24	Perfumery Table		1,262 00	1,262 00
25	Wax Flowers Table		1,314 69	1,314 69
29	Excelsior Society Table		1,345 00	1,345 00
31	Mr. E. Mathews's Table		4,500 00	4,500 00
32	Toys		1,851 45	1,851 45
34	Gents' Furnishing Goods Table		3,936 15	3,936 15
36	Saddlery and Harness Table		2,755 30	2,755 30
41	Roman Department		7,896 30	7,896 30
45	Jacob's Well		640 19	640 19
46	Spirit of the Fair		7,173 73	7,173 73
47	Surgical and Optical Instruments		1,624 62	1,624 62
48	Soda Water Table		1,200 85	1,200 85
49	Floral Temple		7,391 53	7,391 53
52	Indian Department		1,765 00	1,765 00
56	Lingerie Department		12,186 30	12,186 30
71	Curiosity Shop		11,237 02	11,237 02
73	Mineral Department		1,174 02	1,174 02
	Carried forward			\$1,334,090 90

Dr.

NO.	COMMITTEE.	DONATIONS.	SALES.	TOTAL.
	Brought forward			\$1,334,090 90
77	Photographic Gallery		\$456 05	456 05
70½	Ladies' Goods		2,233 00	2,233 00
82	Auction Sales (Sundry Goods)		2,700 19	2,700 19
83	Fortune Teller		80 75	80 75
84	English Goods		310 50	310 50
87 & 88	Fancy Goods		192 81	102 81
90	Copper Mine		5 20	5 20
91	Dress-Making		30 17	30 17
45	Lemonade		32 00	32 00
84	Umbrella Stand		8 80	8 80
Aug. 1st.	To Balance		\$176,671 90	\$1,340,050 37

Cr.

By Advertising	\$5,077 23
Stationery	507 42
Printing	6,177 81
Postage	658 00
Gas and other Lights	2,829 27
Donations to other Fairs	3,736 82
English Consignment Hosiery and Tea	6,421 73
Stoves and Fuel	1,160 72
Painting	483 07
Table Furniture	8,548 31
Labor	2,786 12
Sundry Departments	34,090 65
Rents	4,060 00
Furniture	1,696 23
Buildings	48,565 17
Music	5,885 00
Gas Fitting and Plumbing	6,072 89
Salaries	2,546 27
Receiving Department	919 83
Foreign Freights	1,183 35
Insurance	4,438 83
Shipping Charges	635 29
Counterfeit Money	307 35
Discounts	138 94
Delivery of Purchases at Fair	824 40
Decorations	4,236 81
Subsistence of Police	3,200 50
Ticket Department	2,394 50
Fire Police	2,356 37
United States Sanitary Commission	1,939 59
	163,378 47
United States Sanitary Commission	1,000,000 00
	1,163,378 47
Balance	176,671 90
	\$1,340,050 37

All which is respectfully submitted,

ELLEN R. STRONG.

Dated, August 1st, 1864.

OFFICERS.



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<i>First Vice-President,</i>	" DAVID LANE.
<i>Second Vice-President,</i>	" A. V. STOUT.
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<i>Secretary,</i>	" JOHN SHERWOOD.
<i>Assistant Secretary,</i>	MISS CATHERINE NASH.

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HON. C. GODFREY GUNTHER,	" WILLIAM SCHARFENBERG,
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" NATHANIEL P. HOSACK,	" CHARLES TRACY,
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MR. CHRISTIAN E. DETMOLD, *Chairman.*

MR. MARSHALL O. ROBERTS,	GEN. WILLIAM HALL,
" WILLIAM T. BLODGETT,	MR. JAMES A. ROOSEVELT,
" LLOYD ASPINWALL,	" WILLIAM R. STEWART,
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“ Edward I. Woolsey, Jr.	“ G. Van Nostrand,
“ William Gibson,	“ William H. Gedney,
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“ Robert C. Fisher,	“ Matthew Kane,
“ John M. Dodd,	“ Alfred H. Hoe,
“ H. Sinclair,	“ Alfred Little, Newburg, N. Y.,
“ F. H. Gross,	“ John T. Conover,
“ John R. Voorhis,	“ G. A. Conover,
“ William E. Berrien,	“ J. E. Hoagland,
“ E. F. Rogers,	“ Henry H. Keeler,
“ John Sniffin,	“ Charles W. Moores,
“ John Nicholson,	“ Charles Whitlock.

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“ Edward Tatum,	“ Ed. Warren,
“ C. T. Bunting,	“ J. W. Cochrane.
“ Sidney Ashmore,	—————
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“ Vanderheyte,	“ William H. Schieffelin,
	Mr. William Hegeman.

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“ August Belmont,	“ Richard M. Hunt,
“ John Jay,	“ F. D'Oremieulx,
Miss Perry.	“ Alfred W. Craven,
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Mr. John Austin Stevens, Jr.,	Capt. John Ericsson,
“ John A. C. Gray,	Col. J. Frederick Pierson,
“ Smith Ely, Jr.,	Mr. J. Butler Wright,
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“ William H. Osborn,	“ E. Leutze,
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Miss Edith Cook.	“ Launt Thompson,
	“ M. Knoedler,
Mr. Richard M. Hunt,	“ James F. Ruggles,
“ Thomas Hicks,	“ Lewis M. Rutherford,
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“ Eastman Johnson,	“ Edward Anthony,
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_____	“ John White,
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“ Nathan Smith,	“ William A. Fritz.
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Children's Department of the Metropolitan Fair.

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“ T. McCready,	“ Denton Smith,
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Miss Ellen Tileston,	

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“ George T. Strong,	_____
“ George Bliss,	Mr. Leonard W. Jerome,
“ J. C. Peters,	“ John Lester Wallack,
“ J. C. Frémont,	“ John Corlies White,
“ Charles E. Strong,	“ William Graham,
“ McVickar,	“ William J. Hoppin.
“ Blake,	

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“ C. Goff,	“ James M. Constable.
“ M. E. Hyer,	“ W. H. Lee,
“ Edward Clark,	“ Charles H. Ludington,
“ William Bloodgood,	“ William G. Lambert,
“ R. Ray,	“ Alexander T. Stewart,
“ A. Fitzgerald.	“ Adrian Iselin,
	“ John M. Davis,
Mr. George Bliss,	“ Gustave Kütter,
“ E. S. Jaffray,	“ Theron R. Butler,
“ Henry F. Spaulding,	“ William A. Haines,
“ N. Sullivan,	“ William A. Budd,
“ M. W. Cooper,	“ Hewlett Scudder.

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“ A. F. Smith,	“ Benjamin Nathan,
“ Edward Matthews,	“ Demorest.

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	Mr. John A. Pullen.

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“ Richard Church,	“ E. H. Kimball,
“ Thomas H. Faile,	“ R. L. Allen.

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“ Henry R. Winthrop,	“ H. A. Johnson,
“ James C. Carter,	“ Sheppard Gandy,
“ A. Goldsborough Jones,	“ Edmund M. Young,
“ Charles P. Kirkland,	“ J. C. Bancroft Davis,
“ Henry F. Vail,	“ Francis Skiddy,
“ Henry A. Stone,	“ J. M. Fiske,
“ Henry A. Oakley,	“ Thomas B. Coddington,
“ E. A. Stansbury,	“ O. D. F. Grant,

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“ Smith Clift,	“ James L. Graham, Jr.,
“ E. Judson Hawley,	Dr. Timothy M. Cheesman,
Dr. Alonzo Clark,	“ Gurdon Buck,
Mr. M. K. Jesup.	

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“ James L. Miller,	“ Josiah Hedden,
Hon. C. Godfrey Gunther,	“ William M. Randall,
“ Sylvanus J. Macy,	“ John Gracie,
Mr. Alonzo Slote,	“ John Decker,
“ John R. Platt,	“ Robert McGinness,
“ Charles McDougal,	“ E. D. Garesché,
“ Francis H. Macy,	“ George T. Hope,
“ George W. Lane,	“ James T. Wenman,
Mr. Z. H. Jarman.	

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Mrs. R. Howland,	—————
“ Robert Colby,	Mr. George Griswold Gray,
“ Buchanan,	“ Lydig Suydam,
“ Albert Gallatin, Jr.,	“ Edward Potter,
Mr. Isaac Buchanan.	

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Mrs. Courtney.

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Mrs. F. Garretson,	“ Thomas C. M. Paton,
“ J. L. Sutherland,	“ Henry Iden,
“ George D. Phelps,	“ Robert M. Taylor,
Miss Willett.	“ Warren Ward,
—————	“ John W. Southack,
Mr. Christian Schwartzwaelder,	“ Peter Bonner,
“ B. W. Merriam,	“ Cyrus Gill,
“ Charles Whittimore,	“ William P. Stymus,
“ John Sloane,	“ George E. L. Hyatt,
“ J. C. Brauensdorf,	“ Joseph A. Dean.

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“ W. L. Shoyer,	“ John T. Waring,
“ King.	“ F. Frederick Gunther,
—————	“ Louis J. Phillips,
Mr. Martin Bates,	“ C. A. Lighthipe,
	Mr. William Prentice.

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“ Lloyd Aspinwall.	“ R. B. Minturn, Jr.,
—————	“ Edward L. Hedden,
Mr. John E. Wylie,	“ J. Bowers Lee,
“ James Scott,	“ James Otis,
“ J. L. McKeever,	“ D. Edwin Hawley,
“ Benjamin B. Sherman,	“ Charles F. Park.

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Mr. Albert Bierstadt.

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Some errors may have crept into the foregoing list of committees, but it is as perfect as can now be made. — [EDS.]

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