

a Monday morning as you ever would wish to see. At eleven the city was alive with a gay crowd to witness a grand military display. General Dix brought out ten thousand men—when has the city seen so brilliant a pageant! And while the crowd looked and admired, the patient women worked and swept and garrisoned and got ready for the evening.

The beauty of the opening evening, the grand tableau which burst even on the fatigued eyes that had seen every detail, the superb music, the great choral anthem, which rose from a hundred throats to swell and die away amid the fluttering banners which draped the arches, the admiring, enthusiastic crowd, these things were felt, but cannot be described.

The Floral Temple, one of the gems of this building, was designed by a Philadelphian, Mr. Edward Potter, son of your excellent Bishop. New York is proud to owe so attractive a feature of its Fair to its sister city. It was Moorish in design, covered with evergreen, and sheltered perhaps as lovely a set of women as ever clustered beneath poor MARI ANTOINETTE'S ornate Dairy at Versailles. I need not mention their names, "the world knows them by heart." If "beauty be its own excuse for being," and being *anywhere*, these fair human flowers had a good excuse for being, day and evening, in the Floral Temple.

Casting your eyes upward from the beauties and the roses, your thoughts mounted to a holier and a sadder plane. There, in *immortelles*, on a dark-green ground, were those eloquent words, "Antietam, Gettysburg, South Mountain, Fredericksburg." There and then we remembered our Dead Heroes,

"And Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To mark the spot where sleeps their clay,"

and the flowers beneath, dedicated as they were to the gaiety and life that throbbed and pulsed there, sent their soft perfumes aloft, like incense wafted before a shrine, and the hearts of tender women and brave men swelled anew as they thought of the nameless graves on whose green turf no loving hand can scatter flowers. But the spring shall deck them with violets, and the country shall watch over them, and, for their sake, shall the whole land be consecrated ground.

Colonel ASPINWALL, of the Twenty-second Regiment, was the host of the Fair. That is, his armory, and the buildings added to it, formed one main building, so, with that hospitality "which speeds the parting guest," he lent us his drummers to beat a Rat-a plan! at ten o'clock, a signal for departure. It proved an excellent reminder, and no disagreeable accidents occurred in the dispersion of so large a crowd.

A long lifetime would be too short in which to write out the things you could see, the things you could do, the things you could say,

and the things you could buy at the Fair. Imagine fifteen thousand people an hour, changing like a kaleidoscope, with all the additions of flowers, music, beautiful objects of interest, and all that subtle intoxication of a gay crowd, and you have human nature under such highly stimulating conditions, that it is impossible to render a fitting account.

The book room was a calm and pleasant retreat; here you bought Mr. JAMES W. GERARD'S "Book of Bubbles," the work of New York wits; there also everything else, from the Harleian Miscellanies to TUPPER'S "Latest Lyric;" there too were many thefts, and some gentlemen with white neckerchiefs were seen going off with choice volumes, under a very clerical cloak, without returning the compliment in greenbacks. Whether the pickpocket disguised himself as a clergyman, or the clergyman disguised his propensity to be a pickpocket, I don't know; certainly these cloaks, like charity, covered a multitude of sins.

The people poured in Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday in an uninterrupted stream. There was movement in the thing; it was a *success*, and here a most singular phenomenon occurred. When the prices were lowered to twenty-five cents a day, it was a Banquet Hall deserted! No one would come.

An American disdains "the shilling day." The same spirit which makes the first class carriages in Europe "sacred to Americans and Princes," affects also the American at home; he is always ready to pay his money, whether he takes his choice or not.

Should my reminiscences interest your readers, they will hear again from ANON.

TRUE AND GOOD.

A surgeon at one of the Beaufort (S. C.) hospitals, relates the case of a soldier who was given over to die; disease and despondency combined had robbed him of all energy and hope. In changing his bed, a Sanitary Commission patchwork quilt was put in place of the ordinary bed spread. It arrested his attention, which for days nothing had been able to excite; there was evidently something familiar in it; he became thoroughly aroused, examined it more carefully, and presently discovered his wife's name neatly written in one corner. His interest in life returned, and he rapidly recovered. The chances that this quilt would be put on the right bed were not one in ten thousand, and the housewife who dedicated, perhaps, one of her treasures to the soldiers, could scarcely have dreamed that it would be the means of restoring her own good man to health. The story seems almost too delightful to be true, yet true it certainly is, on the word of an army surgeon, and anybody who presumes to doubt it shall be fined a dollar (after worthy Jacob Grimm's fashion of punishing unbelievers) and the proceeds added to the Sanitary fund.

[Extract from a letter by Prof. LIEBER.]

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.

NAPOLEON, on one occasion, when speaking of the French Revolution, calls it *notre belle revolution*. I was reminded of this fact when Senator BUTLER, of South Carolina, told me of the following occurrence, in 1835, soon after the excited times of nullification:

Mr. CALHOUN, in a conversation with Senator—then Judge—BUTLER, repeatedly called nullification, a beautiful remedy. The assertion of State sovereignty, against an unconstitutional act of Congress, appeared beautiful in the eyes of Mr. CALHOUN.

"Mr. CALHOUN," replied Judge BUTLER, "I am as determined a nullifier as any one, and I am as ready to go as far in the assertion of State sovereignty as you can possibly be;" (Judge BUTLER and many others had, indeed, preceded Mr. CALHOUN in the open avowal of nullification,) "but, to save my life, I cannot see the beauty of it. Nullification is all right, but as to its being beautiful, that is another thing."

I cannot help thinking you will agree with me that this anecdote is worth preserving for men like ourselves who recollect Mr. CALHOUN, and those times, from personal intercourse and observation; and I suppose you will also agree with me that a man might have replied to Napoleon: "Sire, whatever the French revolution may have effected, leaving aside all discussions of this sort—to save my life, your Majesty, as to the beauty of the guillotine, I have never been able to see that!"

The Jacobins used to call the guillotine, St. Guillotine,* but I doubt whether even the Jacobins presented to themselves this benignant saint, as a heavenly being of Raphaele beauty radiant like a Madonna.

FRANCIS LIEBER.

*Not unlike the Hindoos of whom Bishop HEBER tells us that they worshipped the newly introduced and raging Scarlet Fever as Shiva in a new avatar.

A GEOGRAPHICAL NECESSITY.

Many years ago there lived in Berks county, Pennsylvania, two neighbors—both Germans, of course; the one a hard-working, peaceable man; the other a notorious brute. It came to pass in the course of time that they quarreled about a ten-acre field, and after two or three personal encounters, "worked the case," by the aid of two attorneys, into a lawsuit.

"I always dinked," said a neighbor, "from de way dat land lay, dat dem two fellers was pound to quarrel—specially ven I heard Hans Schmidt swear dat he meant to lick everybody as lived mitin ten miles of him."

We commend this story to the consideration of those who profess to believe that the separation of the North and South was always "a predestined geographical necessity."