

COMMENTS.

[Contributed to Our Daily Fare.]

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

[Written at St. Petersburg, Aug. 11, 1862.]

I.

Hear me, oh Fatherland! nor hear unheeding,
When love and fear commingled swell the cry:
In all thy children's wounds thyself art bleeding—
Thou dar'st not die!

Thou turnest, shuddering, from the swamps of slaughter;
Thou dropp'st hot tears upon the mounds of slain;
Thy tens of thousands pour their blood like water,
Oh God! in vain.

And still the pale ones, stricken down with fever,
Pray with weak arms, that once were strong for thee,
That thou, irresolute and half-deceiver,
Thy Saviour be!

The hour has come: on God's eternal dial
The fateful shadow pauses at thy name:
Choose thou to live, redeemed through sorest trial,
Or die in shame!

Choose thou, to be a light among the nations,
Sheathing in justice power they else might dread;
Or hear them mock thy children's lamentations,
That thou art dead!

Choose thou, to win forever Freedom's graces,
In union chaste and pure, that none shall break;
Or vilely stoop, and still to thy embraces
The Harlot take!

Dallying with her, the path thou vainly seekest
To stable peace and honored victory:
Call to thy soul the courage of the weakest
That fights for thee!

Call to thy brow the sternness that o'erpowered
The threats of kings, ere yet thine arm had grown—
That smote the wrongs they wrought: nor be a coward
To thine alone!

The hour has come: turn not away unheeding:
A million voices lift with mine the cry;
From stabs of traitors, North and South, thou'rt bleeding—
Thou dar'st not die!

II.

[Written at Cedarcroft, Penn'a., June 1st, 1864.]

This hot south wind, that, from the Blue Ridge blowing,
Dies here in peaceful Pennsylvanian vales,
Still seems to surge from Battle's ebb and flowing
And burning gales.

But fainter, day by day, the fierce vibrations,
As southward move our armies, closing in
To that last struggle which shall crown our patience,
And crush the sin.

Not vainly have we sighed, not vainly striven;
Our heroes' hearts have not been pierced in vain;
God has upheld our hands, and to them given
His sword again!

The Nation turns no more with spirit pliant,
To court the Evil, on its falling throne:
Free, and for Freedom now, she stands, a giant,
To shield her own.

Her brow is bathed with dew from Heaven's own fountains;
Her lips repeat the ancient rallying cry:
She stands erect, majestic on her mountains—
SHE WILL NOT DIE.

OUR OWN GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

The Inaugural Ceremonies of the First Day—The Speeches Delivered.

LOGAN SQUARE, where our own Great Central Fair is held, has a varied history. When Washington Square grew too far into the heart of the city to be deemed a proper place for a Potter's Field, it was converted first into a cattle market, and then into a city park, and the Potter's Field was removed, some fifty or sixty years ago, to a distant northwestern location, where it was thought the march of improvement would never reach, and where the occupants of nameless graves would be suffered to rest until the last trump should sound.

But the city grew up to and around the new Potter's Field; its surrounding commons became covered with fine houses, and it was a Potter's Field no longer, for, in due time, it was converted into a public square, and the latter was peopled with deer and squirrels, the former being somewhat addicted to going inoffensive citizens, and consequently proving a dear bargain to the city, inasmuch as the public treasurer was not unfrequently mulcted in damages to pay for the little vagaries of the municipal pets.

But great as the change was from a graveyard to a garden, a vastly greater mutation was effected when sympathy with the sufferings of our soldiers in the field prompted good and earnest men and women to do something practical towards aiding the gallant braves of the republic in their great struggle—and lo! the result! A grand Temple of Patriotic Benevolence has been reared, and the vast work accomplished with a celerity and completeness which suggest thoughts of the wand of Prospero, or the fabled lamp of Aladdin. Buildings that are rough in their exterior, to be sure, but, like many of our own people who have rough outsides, full of grace and flaming with patriotism within, arose, and now the ancient Potter's field and whilom city park, is covered with a range of structures which contain as much storied matter as Westminster Abbey, and more wealth of art and property combined than is to be found in any enclosure in the United States.

More evidences of good taste than were ever crowded into a like space, in the same time, and in the history of the world, more tokens of that warm, patriotic, practical benevolence, which "gives by the heartfelt, over and over again, till naught is left to give," than were ever seen gathered together in the experience of humanity are here. But we are engaged in a great war, our sacrifices are great, and it is only proper to show that our resources are equal to the emergency. A great war, great sacrifices, great resources, great responses;

a great country, a great people, and last and not least, a GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

The cuts which we shall publish in an early number of *Our Daily Fare*, will leave but little to be done as regards description of the exterior of the buildings in the Square. How the interior looks, what it contains, and what is done there during the daily process of the Fair, will be described in the future numbers of our journal. We will take the various departments by turns and in detail, and endeavor to do ample justice to all.

The Inaugural Ceremonies Yesterday.

A MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE.

Yesterday beheld the fruition of months of anxious thought and unceasing labor of thousands of earnest patriotic and benevolent men, women, and children. The GREAT CENTRAL FAIR was formally opened and the ceremonies were participated in or witnessed by from ten thousand to fifteen thousand persons. The scene, when the exercises were about to commence, was probably the most imposing ever witnessed in Philadelphia. A stage for the speakers and invited guests was erected near the western end of Union avenue; behind this stage and close against the western end of the building was a platform for the use of the singers engaged for the occasion. Viewed from the speakers' stage, a scene of rare beauty was presented. To the right was the splendid array of articles on the tables of the Committee on Labor, Income and Revenue, with the \$2,500 sword to be given to the General obtaining the largest number of votes from subscribers of one dollar each.

On the left was the grand display of the firemen, with all the insignia of their generous profession; while away down the vista for a distance of five hundred feet to the eastern end of the nave, was a most brilliant and diversified display of costly wares, works of art and articles of *vertu*. Over all was the beautiful, although nude Gothic arch of the avenue with the glorious stars and stripes glittering in every direction, and mingling with groups of arms and military equipments and the banners and escutcheons of the different States of the Union. The light which poured in through the skylights in the roof made a double row of sunshine along the huge mass of people who thronged the avenue and waited with what patience they could muster for the commencement of the ceremonies of inauguration. And what a vast, swaying, ever-varying kaleidoscopic mass! We shall not attempt a description of it; but among it was a full representation of the beauty, the intelligence, the patriotism, the benevolence, and the wealth of Philadelphia, with large and worthy delegations from New Jersey and Delaware.

But the distant sounds of the notes of Hail Columbia strike upon the ear from the eastern