

of the city summoning the various processions, or accompanying them to the grand central rendezvous. Bands of music playing patriotic tunes—bands of young men and women, singing patriotic songs, enlivened the streets. Every path-way was jammed up with human bodies, so that it was with extreme difficulty any headway could be made.

It had been originally supposed that, as the ladies had undertaken the management of the Fair, the articles exposed to sale would be principally such as had been hitherto sold on similar occasions. But the men soon became inoculated with the Fair mania, and voluntarily came forward, pledging large donations in money and merchandise.

The mechanics, too, offered their machines, and gave them in, one after another—mowing-machines, reapers, threshing-machines, planters, pumps, fanning-mills—until a new building, a great store-house, had to be erected to receive them. They gave plows, stoves, furnaces, mill-stones, and nails by the hundred kegs; wagons and carriage-springs, plate glass and huge plates of wrought iron—one, the largest ever rolled from any rolling-mill in the world—block tin, enamelled leather, hides, boxes of stationery, cases of boots, cologne by the barrel, native wine in casks, purified coal oil by the thousand gallons, a mountain howitzer, a steel breech-loading cannon, a steam engine, pianos, organs, silver ware, crockery, trunks, pictures, boat-loads of rubble stone, loads of hay, and grain, and vegetables, stalled beeves, horses, colts, oxen, the gross receipts of the labor and business of certain days—in short, whatever they had of goods or treasure.

The principal point of attraction at the Fair appears to have been BRYAN HALL, described as “transformed, for the nonce, into a bazaar rivaling those of the Orient in gorgeousness and bewildering beauty.” Here were collected, in apartments appropriately decorated, all the rich and rare articles of taste and beauty which were to be converted into the means of sending relief to our brave boys.

Nor was there any lack of purchasers. From eight o'clock in the morning until ten at night, and frequently till a later hour, Bryan Hall was densely packed with an eager and interested crowd. The same is true of all other halls in use of the Fair. To judge from the liberality of the crowds of new comers, one would have supposed that each carried the inexhaustible purse which the Fairy gave Fortunatus, for there was no higgling about prices—no backwardness about buying. People were eager to invest in the Fair. If the sales slackened, the fair traders had but to utter the talismanic words, “Buy, for the sake of the soldiers,” and they proved the “Open, Sesame,” to all purses and pockets.

There were various special departments, which have been so successfully imitated in

the Great Fairs held since: a German Department, an Art Gallery, Manufacturers' Hall, a Curiosity Shop, and last but not the least important, a Dining Hall. As the arrangements for conducting this last department were somewhat peculiar and illustrate the whole-souled liberality of the western character, it may be worth while to give a sketch of them.

Lower Bryan Hall was occupied as a dining and refreshment Hall, and the promise of the ladies to dine 1500 people daily with home comfort and elegance, was amply fulfilled. The city was thoroughly canvassed for donations to the Fair, every district being taken by a lady and faithfully visited by her. The names and residences of all who would contribute to the dinner-tables were taken, with the articles they would furnish, and the days when they would furnish them. The canvassing over, a meeting of the canvassers was held, and the aggregate supply for each day ascertained.

SERGEANT MILLER ON THE SANITARY.

NO. I.

HUCKLEBERRY, PA., [On the Merryland Border,] May 10, 18,60,4.

To the *Daily Fare*.

Respectd editor.....Esquare

Wen I returnd last Fall from the WarWhere my rite hand was left, bein droptin consequents of a sudden colision with a very Hard Shel (with a Copper Hed) witch exploded at getysburg.....it seamed to me that life had so menny crosses that I was farely Plaid out.....I had found myself in a suden succeshun of astoundin evence.....like as the mowse remarked wen he walked down The ten Pin aley during a lively Game.....and was as it ware amazed.....Thare was I.....cawled on to play in the grate Gaim of life.....with nary Hand.....and yet had egsited grate antisipations.....like as the Eg Plant observed wen found in the Hen's nest.....ever sence I had been permoted to a Sarjency.

I soon contrived to make the left Hand correspond.....tho I sometimes spel bad yet.....and by Dint of practis.....witch makes perfect, as the widower said who lerned to rite by sineing so many marriage certefkets.....I have lerned to eet my dinner in a way witch may bee regarded as emanently successful and trooly gratifyin.....espheshelly wen tarrapins, sof shels, or rost turkey is the subject mater. But to obtane the aforesed tarrapins and turkey.....Even in this Dutch town of Huckleberry, on the Merryland line, where they abound, takes *Munny*.....and to git my sheer of this moral representertive of soshial valuesI have gon into commerce and open a small stoar suplide with unherd of luxurieslike as the rat trap exclaimed wen they bated it with Limberger.....of witch verietly of cheas fowr ownces is enuff to indoose a

Dutch regement to dessert..... and not stop til they cum to their Lager.

In this stoar.....whare yo kin find all the different aliments of projuce as wel as Poperlation witch abound on the Merryland line..... i have for nearly a yeer dispensed with unsparin Hand the varis bountis of nater in the Form of apel buter, coffy essens, broomes, plows.....makin the uttmost display witch my limeted meens wil admet.....like as the Coon-skin sed, wen itt was stretcht and naled on the barn door.....Thare i sot, day by day.....deelin out sumtimes dry goods to a rum customerand sumtimes Rumm goods to a dry customer.....reedin the city papers alowd to my more ignerent elience.....and passen over in subdewed silents sutch porchens of army information as i judged should *not* be AlowdAs there is a good manny Suthern simpy-thisiers in these plantins i have deamed itt good pollisy to read out.....about twist a day.....fore artikels from every wun paper.....detalein the summery maner in witch sum of ther frends have had a Fall from the Galloesand the wild yels of delite witch ther leeps into attorneyty was haled by mirryad milyuns of grattyfide Patriots.....In extempory composition i am Trooly great.

Such was my course of life until this Spring.....like as the Shadd remarked wen he cum to the hed waters of the Chessy peck..... wen wun mornen i was startled by a cawl from my lively naber miss Betsey Morris..... hoo sudenly leeped throo my stoar winder, tutching me with her foot as she past buy..... I was picken up sumthen from the floar at the time.....and I was farely capized as tho smit by an other bung-shel.....i reely thot that Natur was indulgen in a new getysbug!..... Wen i recovered I found myself seeted in a small ril of molases witch flew frum an upset pint, and wus drawin fur itself a mapp of the potomuck over the bords.....i bein the Situ-ashun.

‘*We gates?* Betsy’ says i.....as the eesiest way to make her mad.....her muther is Dutchi mist fire.

‘Better off than you are just now,’ was her promp reply.....‘Come Mister Sweetness..... Jump up!’

‘The ’lasses is gone! ses i, rather rewfully, surveyin the seen of conflikt.

‘Yes—and the lass is *cum*,’ replied Betsey.....‘Here i am Sarjint.....strate from Funkstown.....with orders to report to you for supplise for the Sannitary Fair.’

‘What sort of fare, whatever on yearth is *that*,.....i replide.....my rath vanishin before her winning way.....as she removed the molases from my cote tale with a wet Towel..... in a maner witch indicated Disintrested Regardlike as my Company wunst remarked wen they was twist detaled to purtect the dwellen of a Secesh who arter closin his howse up put-