



PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:  
 GEORGE W. CHILDS, CHAIRMAN, THOMAS MACKELLAR, WM. V. McKEAN.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

GENTLEMEN.

CHAS. GODFREY LELAND, CHAIRMAN,  
 WILLIAM V. McKEAN,  
 PROF. HENRY COPPÉE,  
 GEORGE H. BOKER,  
 CRAIG BIDDLE,

REV. WM. H. FURNESS,  
 FRANCIS WELLS,  
 R. MEADE BACHE,  
 ASA T. FISH,  
 CEPHAS G. CHILDS.

LADIES.

MRS. ROBERT M. HOOPER,  
 MRS. E. S. RANDOLPH,  
 MRS. WILLIAM M. PHILLIPS,  
 MRS. THOMAS P. JAMES,  
 MRS. PHEBE M. CLAPP,

MISS SARAH F. CUYLER,  
 MISS ANNA M. LEA,  
 MISS GRACE KIERNAN,  
 MISS LAURA HOOPER,  
 MISS DELIMA BLAIS.

No. 3.

PHILADELPHIA, FRIDAY, JUNE 10.

1864.

THE FAIR MOVEMENT IN THE LOYAL STATES.—No. 3.

THE CHICAGO FAIR.—Continued.

IN addition to the sources of supply to the Chicago Fair, as detailed in our previous number, large quantities of ready-cooked food were sent from various parts of the country, notification of the time when it might be expected having been previously mailed to the Committee. Michigan sent immense quantities of the finest fruit, a dozen times as much as was required by the exigencies of the refreshment tables. Grundy county, Illinois, sent game almost exclusively, nicely cooked and carefully packed, and forwarded with such dispatch that it had hardly time to cool before it was delivered by the express. Elgin, Illinois, from her abundant dairies, supplied a large proportion of the milk used during the Fair—her "milkmen" calling regularly at the dinner-hour with overflowing cans. Nor must we omit to mention the generous manner in which Dubuque came to the help of the dining hall.

The Dubuque ladies who visited the Fair during the first week learned that there was a scarcity of poultry pledged for certain days of the week following. They hastened home, and set themselves about making up the deficiency. Two or three of their best "shots" were instantly set off "gunning." A general raid was made on the hen-coops, turkeys were begged or bought by the dozen, and on the

days when they had promised edibles, they sent to Chicago over one hundred turkeys, two hundred ducks, and nearly as many chickens, exquisitely cooked, which were carried, piping hot, from the kitchens to the express car.

There were many incidents at the Chicago Fair full of the tenderest pathos, as illustrating the strength of that sympathy which in this war binds together citizen and soldier, woman and her brave defender. We have room here for only one of these thrilling scenes.

It had been determined to give a grand dinner on the last day of the Fair to the soldiers. There were about six hundred, in all, able to be present, and many others, too feeble for the excitement, who remained behind. Public announcement of this intention having been made, donations of refreshments of the most exquisite character—rare fruits, ices, jellies, game and ornaments for the table—were sent to the Hall in great profusion. Such a furore of preparation as that morning witnessed! Fresh, spotless table linen was sent for—ladies ran hither and thither, rifling hot-houses of their flowers, plate-chests of their silver, and hunting and devising patriotic ornaments—the best Band in the city was summoned—the Hall was redecorated, and made more attractive than ever—the pretty waiter girls made their toilets anew, and took their places behind the chairs, each as radiant as Hebe.

At twelve o'clock, precisely, all being in readiness, the doors were opened, and the dear guests of the day marched into the hall—

a bronzed, scarred, emaciated, halt, blind, deaf, crippled, skeleton corps, some without arms, some without legs, some swinging themselves painfully on crutches, and some leaning feebly on those stronger than themselves, all bearing with them touching evidences that they had suffered for their country. "Brave boys are they!" crashed the band; ladies waved flags and handkerchiefs, and, according to the programme they had marked out for themselves, essayed a cheer, which was drowned in sobs, as they beheld the poor boys who were their guests. After dinner, when they had sung all their songs, "Let us not forget our dead," said the Chaplain; "they who went out with us to the conflict, but whose slumbers on the battle-field shall not again be broken until the *reveille* of the resurrection morn shall awake them."

And all stood in solemn silence, with uncovered heads, while the band wailed forth a dirge for those to whom God had granted a discharge from the conflict, and promoted to the ranks of the crowned Immortals. A doxology was the fitting close to the hour, and a thousand or more of voices joined in singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," to grand Old Hundred—and then, with swelling hearts, and quivering voices, and tremulous claspings of the hand, and broken words of thanksgiving, the boys slowly took their departure. "Oh, we are not worthy of this," they said; "we have not earned such kindness—but on our next battle-field the memory