

entering, would confer a real favor on the fair attendants. Any one who will watch the puzzled, flurried look on the faces of some of our *belle amateur* shop-keepers when they attempt rendering change to the stranger in the shape of half a dozen small notes of all denominations, will certainly determine to smooth those tinely-wrinkled foreheads, and remove the load of care weighing down, only for a moment though it be, the joyous looks of "such a sweet face." It must have been some thought like this which induced a jolly old bachelor at the Gentlemen's Furnishing Department the other evening, to say to the dark-eyed lady, as he handed her a note in payment for purchases, and saw that she looked grievously puzzled to make change, "Madame, it is my earnest wish that youth and beauty never change." Instantly he departed, according to the Marquis GRENOUILLE's sage maxim—"Leave as soon as you have said a good thing," or, as our friend BROWN improves it—"as soon as you have done one!"

H. P. L.

Visitors to the Post-office are requested to observe that,

"You can't do better  
Than ask for a letter."

Especially one of the gift persuasion—all of which contain either exquisite French *Gants sachets* or perfumed gloves, photographs, or other luxuries of the season. For the benefit of those who are, like Ourselves, "high up in the figures" on morality, and irrepressibly "down on" raffling—and other infinitesimally small vices—we would state that *none* of these letters contain thousand dollar greenbacks—all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. While standing at the "Post Orifice" we commend our readers to buy the "New Book of Nonsense, a Contribution to the Great Central Fair in Aid of the Sanitary Commission," printed by ASHMEAD & EVANS.

To say that this work is good, capital, or any thing else, in one word, is to fall short in praise, our language having been unfortunately "played out" as regards single adjectives, by our friends the reviewers. The pictures have, however, a special dash, and style of humor, which gives the book a strong character, while their excellence, which is almost uniform, is most *admirably* sustained. On opening it, we find that it is in some pictures after the manner of the English Book of Nonsense, while others are in a more varied and piquant style. The first is evidently a hard hit at somebody, representing a fashionable simpleton of the first-class, with the following verse:

A dandy came on from New York,  
As pompous and stiff as a stork;  
When he said "you don't know,  
How to get up a show,"  
They just—raffled this dandy from York.

Very good is the highly æsthetic young lady holding a volume of Plato:

There was a young person of Boston,  
And the vaguest of doubts she was tossed on;  
Of Effect "and of Cause"  
She discoursed without pause  
This remarkable person of Boston.

Perhaps the most ingenious and delicately humorous picture is that of the young lady from Maine, in which the artist has, with rare tact, presented his subject just in that peculiar quarter profile in which any woman, with a fine bust, seems to be beautiful, however homely she may be in reality. Her *taille* and style are "miraculous."

There was a young person in Maine  
Who, although undeniably plait,  
Was possessed of such *chic*, that before she could speak,  
She "did for" the "male sect;" in Maine.

The elderly gentlemen addressing this Maine belle appears to be a portrait of the great exploded celebrity, J. B.; it is, however, a manifest libel on that notorious misogynist, to declare that he was ever "done for" by any lady.

We would say, in conclusion, of this book, that its authors and illustrators have, in all instances, carried out their designs in the true spirit of humor. We *have* seen a work of the same kind, among the many extant, whose writers and artists seemed to have been under the impression that to be *funny* it is simply necessary to be *silly*, and that anything drawn badly is "caricature." From these mistakes the work before us is entirely free.

.....The Floral Exhibition, is very fine indeed; if merit to be the test of luck, 'tis certain to succeed. There all the air is redolent of roses and of pinks, a lovelier show this side of Heav'n was never seen—by Jinks! But we don't believe what somebody told us, somewhere within the hour, that the Floral show folks have obtained the famous Canary flower. Its leaves spring from an egg-like cup, like other flying things, and by and by the thing puts forth a beak and feathery wings. So it goes and grows more like a bird, till, on the appointed day, it spreads its pinions, pipes a tune, and rising flies away.....Please take a look at the Photographs, they deserve it. The labors through which our friends GRAFF & FASSITT passed—their "numerous" hard work and incomparable spirit of would'nt-be-put-down-a-tive-ness (is there any of that word dropped?)—really deserve a first rate notice. ....The annexed is not bad.

#### THE BEWILDERED DEER.

A friend to one of the gay young bucks that a few weeks since had full range of the square, where we now hold the Fair, sends us the following:

(The animal speaks.)  
"I don't know what you men are doing,  
Building all round my private Square;  
For me it is n't Sanitary,  
Although I know you call it "Fair."

The following notes on the Fair have just been handed us:

"John, love, are'nt you afraid some of these

things will go off?" said Mrs. TREMBLE to her good husband in the Arms and Trophies Hall. "Certainly, love, that's what they're put here for—that is on the table where the Gettysburg relics are for sale."

"Miss X., told me," wrote Mr. Z., "that if I would come up to the Fair, I should be shown round. This is to certify that in that circular department, the Restaurant, last evening I was shone round." Signed Z.

It was in the Floral Department, near the fountain, talking with a violet sash and beautiful aid-the-flowers-de-camp, that Mr. STEWEPED was seen for an instant and heard to ask, "If you was to plant a big bee right there in that ere brown earth, what flower would come up?" For the dictionary's sake we are pained to say this answer is, "honey-sucker!" He asked one man and left. It was this: "If I was to put my old man into a barrel of flour what d'you spouse would sprout?" He declared the answer to be: "A White Poppy."

An elderly gentleman, bitterly opposed to waste, expressed his idea that he did'nt see the use of having so many arches in the nave or great Union avenue of the Fair. He intends addressing the following killing line to the architect:

"Insatiate archer would not one suffice?"

....Why don't we have more lady doctors?—read the following from JEAN PAUL:

"If women particularly desire to cure something, I would propose to them, besides souls—for they would be better soul-curers than the soul-curers are—wounds, as in some Spanish provinces women remove the beard, so should they also remove legs and arms; their hands, so gentle, tender and apt, their keener survey of what is actually before them, and their compassionate hearts would certainly as sweetly heal common wounds as they make those of the heart. Many a soldier, if the female surgeon of his regiment were pretty, would boldly expose himself to wounds, were it only to have them bound by her, or suffer his arm to be amputated by her in order to give her his hand. The blood-fearing eye of woman would become sufficiently hardened, though not so flinty, as that of man; as the Parisian fish-women prove by wounds and blows. Moreover, at this present time, the whole world is forming hardening schools for the feelings—I mean wars."

Exactly. The Great Fair has shown that ladies can do "a'most anything." Once they were almost the principal "leeches" known. THE "FANCY BALL" AND THE "SKATING POND."

These are institutions of the Great Fair which excite a great deal of enthusiasm among juvenile visitors. Both shows are gotten up on the same principle. A party of puppets, representing persons in the act of dancing or skating, as the case may be, are set in motion upon a revolving floor by means of a crank. All round the sides of the floor are perpendicular plates of looking-glass, two or three feet in height, and by looking in at these, through peep-holes near the top, the reflection and re-reflection in the mirrors of the moving