

were selected, who, with a similar committee of gentlemen, undertook the general management of the Fair. The details were confided to various committees, each having charge of some special department of industry or art in which to gather contributions in money, or in articles of taste and utility. It was at first designed, as we have seen in our account of the Brooklyn Fair, to embrace not only New York city, but all the populous towns in its immediate neighborhood, as a field of operations. It was found, however, that this was impracticable, principally owing to the necessity of postponing the opening of the Fair beyond the time originally intended.

This necessity arose from the daily increasing proportions of the enterprise which had been undertaken. It soon became apparent that a space sufficiently large for a suitable display of all that the wealth and liberality of New York proposed to do for the soldier had not been selected. In addition to the building in Fourteenth street, two hundred feet square, with a very considerable space in the second story, it became necessary to erect another of large dimensions, on Union Square. Both were over-crowded during the continuance of Fair, with the choicest productions of taste and industry. The various departments resembled very much those we have described at other Fairs, except that in many respects the display was far grander and more imposing than had been seen elsewhere. The Foreign Department was peculiarly attractive. The collection of arms and trophies of all kinds reminded one of the most famous historical museums of Europe, while the Art Gallery brought together a collection of pictures from private cabinets such as has never before been seen in this country.

The striking incidents of the Fair appear to have been very few, the famous sword contest being the only occurrence which ruffled at all the decorous, practical and business-like style in which the whole thing was conducted. But the result, in a pecuniary point of view, was unsurpassed, and worthy in every way of the Empire City. More than a million of dollars have been received as the net proceeds of the enterprise. The expenses were about \$100,000. The loss from counterfeit and mutilated notes was less than three hundred dollars. One feature of the undertaking, well worth remarking, was the very large amount contributed in cash, the Fair being looked upon not only as a place for the exposition and sale of goods, but also an occasion upon which all who could not offer articles of their own manufacture for the relief of the soldier, might accomplish the same object by gifts in money.

We would call attention to the very beautiful album of sketches contributed by some of the most distinguished artistes of New York, Boston and Philadelphia to the Great Central Fair.

ITEMS BY A CAVALRY MAN.

[For Our Daily Fare.]

PAYING FOR AN OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

While at Sparta, Tennessee, with Colonel Harrison's Regiment, (39th Indiana Mounted Infantry), in the beginning of last January, I was detailed by Colonel H. as Provost Marshall, and part of my duty was to administer the oath of allegiance to such of the citizens as would take it voluntarily. One day a rough specimen of the chivalry came into my office and accosted me with "How d'ye, stranger; are you the Provost?" I told him I was. "Wa'al," said he, squirting a mouthful of fluid-weed on the stove, "I reckon I'll take yer oath." I soon had the oath administered in all due form and solemnity, the returning prodigal stumbling slightly at the words "mental reservation or evasion," but being assured that they did not involve the surrender of his "hosses," recovered his ground. I handed him his duplicate, properly signed and witnessed, and asked him a few questions. As he put on his hat to go, he pulled out an old greasy wallet, saying as he opened it: "Wa'al I reckon as how there's suthin' to pay, what mought you charge? Not more'n half a dollar I reckon?" I assured him we were not accustomed to charge a man anything for becoming loyal. "Wa'al, Mister, that's clever naow; they allus used to charge for such at the Squire's up yander," and with a happy smile he went on his way rejoicing.

Not long after, a man whose name sounded very much like Smelfungus, appeared in the doorway, and demanded a 'pass for "hissself and these yer two other ladies" to go out of town. The party resisted the fascinations of the three-legged stool, which was all the furniture my "office" could boast, and fortified with their pass, shortly departed, the "two other ladies" flaunting their scant and aerial calico skirts with quite as much defiant grace as their sisters in Huntsville displayed with their silks and grenadines at the sight of a Yankee soldier.

CHAMP FERGUSON.

I have heard of certain fair ladies who live under the Stars and Stripes and read with the greatest interest the doings of "John Morgan and his gallant band." "It's so like Robin Hood!" lisps Miss Cobra D. Capello. "Oh, I do dote on *guerillas*—such a lovely word, so Spanish, you know—why you can almost see the *sombrero* shading the splendid beard. I wish I lived on the Border." I wish from my soul you did, my dear Miss Capello; then, perhaps, you would have had an opportunity of testing the gallantry and Robinhood-ative-ness of the chivalric Rinaldinis of Tennessee. One of these wretches, the notorious Champ Ferguson, who had made himself obnoxious

by robbing everybody—union men, sutlers, stores on the borders of Kentucky, and hen-roosts within his own Tennessee—nearly fell into our hands last January. Col. Harrison (39th Indiana) came within an ace of capturing him in his own house. As it was, he took to the mountain fastnesses in sight of our party, which arrived at his house in time to capture five horses, in charge of a negro, who was just about to follow Champ. Mrs. Ferguson was pathetic; "hoped the colonel would not take her last horse, as she would then have none to send to mill." "My dear madam," said Col. H., in his quick way, "I would not willingly put you to any inconvenience; but your husband is an excellent business man, and, I have no doubt, can provide you with another horse immediately. Good morning."

Poor Mrs. Champ! Shortly afterwards the Colonel found on her plantation about a thousand dollars worth of goods belonging to a sutler whom her husband's band had killed a few weeks before, on the mountains. They were buried and hidden in straw sacks. Our men carried away what they could, and the remainder was burned, much to Mrs. Champ's chagrin. The people in this region are nearly all secesh, and harbor these murderers. Colonel H. talked to them severely, telling them he was now "throwing turf, but if that would not do he would soon try stones. He expected them to discountenance and rid their neighborhood of these men, and would return soon and see what had been done. He was determined that it should be stopped, and, if necessary, would lay waste the whole Calf-killer Valley."

Riding along that afternoon and discussing the Colonel's oration, which was received with open mouths and witless brains by the promising inhabitants of the valley, we started a couple of wild does, which bounded across the road, tails up, "showing the cotton," as hunters say, and were soon out of sight in the forest. That night half a dozen of us spent with an old hunter on the mountain, and supped on broiled venison, and the next morning breakfasted on wild turkey. The old man, Myers, who is a genuine descendant of the great Boone, so far as habits and mode of life go, said that in two years he had shot thirty deer and two hundred wild turkeys.

Before parting with Champ Ferguson, who has, I am happy to say, since had his last row—with Charon, I may mention one of his most brilliant and characteristic exploits. A member of our regiment was coming into camp alone, and stopped at a farm-house to get breakfast. While there he was amazed by the apparition of Champ, who walked up to him, pistol in hand, and ordered him to surrender. Being entirely unarmed the poor fellow had no alternative, and was immediately marched out into an adjoining woods and shot, in cold blood, by this villain. Our colonel, on hearing of the outrage, sent out a party to scour the