

was a Refreshment Hall, and it was supplied in lavish abundance with every variety of edible, from every place in the neighborhood. The city and its vicinity was divided into districts, and each district covered the tables with cooked dishes of all kinds on a particular day assigned to it—coffee, oysters, turkeys, ducks, chickens, hams, tongues, beefsteaks, cakes, fruits—and a hundred ladies waited on the guests. There was a Ladies' Bazaar, in which almost every thing that ladies can either devise or manufacture, or that they or gentlemen are at all likely to require, was exposed for sale.

There is hardly any art or manufacture that was not represented at it, and hardly any department of industry in the West which did not contribute to it. And though last, not least, there was an Art Gallery, containing all the most valuable pictures to be found in Cincinnati or its neighborhood, lent by their owners for the occasion. It must not be forgotten, too, that, as we remarked in our last, Cincinnati, young as it is, possesses a collection of pictures and engravings such as only one or two other cities in the Union can boast.

The proceeds of the Fair were \$230,000. This was a large advance on that of Boston, and a still larger on that of Chicago, and was doubtless due to the experience gained by the example of these cities, as well as to the growth of the enthusiasm which the success of the earlier efforts in this direction inspired.

#### LOVE AT THE FAIR.

The following letter, supposed to have dropped from the ridicule (we beg pardon) the *reticule* of a young lady from the country, was picked up yesterday in the picture gallery of the Fair. There being no address upon it, we print it for the benefit of "the concerned."—  
EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, June —, 1864.

Dearest Amelia Ann:—I had not the slightest idea of writing you so soon, at least not until I had heard from you dearest, but I've had such an adventure; you cant think how interesting, and ma's in such a flurry about it, you dont know how she embarasses me by her constant allusions to him,—for you must know he's *perfectly charming*. Of course you feel an interest in all that concerns me, and will know from your own experience in *affairs of the heart* how terribly *absorbing* such things are, particularly to one who like me never before felt what our dear Byron calls the "strong necessity of loving." But I'm anticipating. Well dearest you know we left in the 11 o'clock train, pa and ma, and aunt Slocum and cousin Bob,—in such great spirits you know. I felt bad enough, though after we started, thinking of you all, and you in particular, my best and dearest friend.

O how little did I think when I kissed you at the depot, and you complimented me on my

new bonnet and said I should catch a Philadelphia beau at the Fair, that your words were *so prophetic!* Do you know we didn't get to the city 'till ever so much after dark, owing to a delay on the up train, which broke down or something of that sort;—no, it run into a freight train—I remember now, Pa said it was that, but to tell you the truth Amelia Dunn, I don't distinctly remember anything about the journey down, *his image* has so completely crossed every other impression. O, how freely I talk to you my friend; but you know how dearly I love you, and that I can never keep a secret from you and that all my thoughts are yours and always will be—I mean, always have been, but after a certain event, I don't know whether it will be right then, for I shall have another to share my confidence. (For heaven's sake, dear, *tear this letter up, or burn it as soon as read.*) Well, let me see, how far have I got? O, I remember, got to town, and here we are at the "Continental Hotel," way up—I dont know how many stairs, and we go up and down *by steam* in a box like a thing with a chair in it.

I must reserve, however, all these *common-place* things for another letter, and come at once to *my* affair. Do you know we all went to the Fair, the first day, and *it's splendid*. But I can't write about that this time, I've so much to say to you. Well, we went to the Fair, pa and ma, and I and aunt Slocum, and cousin Bob. There was a great crowd, and, somehow or other, aunt Slocum and I got separated from the rest, and I found myself standing before a picture of the Rocky Mountains, by *Bierstadt*, and I said to aunt Slocum, "Did you ever see anything half so lovely?" Immediately, a deep, *rich, manly voice*, at my side, answered, "O yes, Miss, far more lovely, for I behold you." I looked up, in amazement, and there stood a perfect stranger, in the shape of a splendid fellow, with liquid, hazel eyes (ma says they're brown, but I say they're hazel), and whiskers black as coal, and the loveliest mustache, and *such* an expression of countenance!

I was of course very indignant and all that, but he apologized so sweetly and really seemed to feel so badly at having broken the rules of etiquette, &c., that my heart pitied him, although I didn't let him see it. "Pa: don me Miss," he went on to say,—“but really I fancied your question was addressed to me, and I could not avoid replying to a voice that sounded so sweetly in my ear.” I looked around for Aunt Slocum, and do you know I couldn't find her!—the crowd had separated us, and I stood there alone! What a position, and what could I do? I had to tell the gentleman that I missed the lady who was with me—I was very much frightened. Then you should have seen his countenance light up!—he insisted upon my taking his arm, “only long enough to protect me from the crowd and to find my Aunt.” So

finding it utterly impossible to adopt any other course, for what could I do, Amelia, *but* to take it—I *took it*, and we went together on our search for Aunt Slocum. But the cunning man! what do you think, instead of going where I thought most naturally she would be in the room near where we had been, he insisted on going the opposite direction, assuring me that in all probability, my party would not stop to look for me, but take it for granted that I was safe, and had gone on to inspect the Fair. “Well on we went.”

I think it must have been for hours, although it seemed but minutes to me, so entertaining and agreeable was my companion. He told me all about himself and managed the conversation so cleverly that long before we found Pa and Ma and Aunt Slocum I had reciprocated his confidence and told him all about myself. He was very polite to pa and ma, and apologized again and again, and gave pa his business card and promised to call next day at the hotel to make our acquaintance. Pa was a little stern at first, but became quite favorably impressed with my companion at last and cordially invited him to tea with us the next evening. Well, you may depend upon it he came and proved very agreeable to *all* of us, and after tea he sat with me in a corner of the ladies' parlor and talked so delightfully, and with such an expressive manner, that I do assure you that it was after eleven o'clock before he left. He said he did not think it was more than eight o'clock, so rapidly had the time passed. Ma was horrified to see us going on so “after so slight an acquaintance,” but ended by admitting “that young folks must be young folks, and that *she* went through the same thing when she was a girl.” I must tell you the name of my admirer. His name is Phoenix Featherby, (is'nt it a lovely name?) and he belongs to the great firm of Ketchum, Contract & Ketchum, of St. Louis, and altogether, as Aunt Slocum says, “it will be a very desirable thing, if the young gentleman's antecedents are all right, as no doubt they are.” Antecedents! to be sure! why, of course, they are.

Aunt Slocum never will forget that her grandfather's half cousin was an ancestor of the Duke of Wellington, which Bob says is “so snobbish.” However, Aunt means well, no doubt. Bob is ever so fond of Phoenix—I mean Mr. Featherby—one must be particular *in writing*, my dear. You know although he call me Fan, and I call him Phoenix—Bob and Phoenix go to dine every day, and Phoenix—I mean Mr. Featherby dines and takes tea regularly with us, so it's all arranged, and it's so nice—you don't know. Well, dear, this letter is long enough, so I'll close by promising you all the particulars very soon. Do write to me, my darling Amelia Ann, and tell me how my good news impresses you. Ever dearest, your eternal friend,  
FANNY.