

sel, W. T. Richards, H. G. Hirne, T. Roberts, J. H. Mole, S. J. Ferris, J. D. Harding, Thos. Faed, J. E. Buckley, J. A. Houston, H. Jutsum, J. Marony, Eastman Johnson, and scores more whom we cannot here enumerate.

In the Art Gallery there is a number of fine pieces of sculpture and of moulding in clay. Among the statuary is an infant "Bacchus," by Trechell, which is the property of Joseph Harrison, Jr., Esq., and an exquisite *Agnus Dei*, by Steinhauser, which was presented to the Fair by Miss S. Stevens, of Princeton, N. J.

Vanderlyn's "Ariadne," which has become the property of Mr. Harrison, is made the subject of a special exhibition at the Fair. To praise this exquisite gem to those who have seen it, is like painting the lily and gilding refined gold. Mr. Harrison has also thrown open his splendid picture gallery in his mansion, Eighteenth street, below Walnut, for the benefit of the Fair fund.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

BY A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

The Dramatic Committee, like the Constitution of the United States, was destined to a more important work than its original framers imagined. It was constituted to draw into the insatiate maw of the Fair all of those things represented by the term "Public Amusements." Private theatricals were at first deemed rather impossible, in so immense a society as that of New York, made up, too, of such different elements. Mr. Wallack, as the veteran of the drama, was first approached, and readily responded with "Rosedale," which brought the Committee in \$904, and the check for the same was given at a private supper the same evening. The other theatres, such as Mrs. John Wood's and others, responded most generously. Mrs. General Fremont (one of the members of the Committee, and whose ability is immeasurable) got up an opera of "Cinderella" at Niblo's. The troupe was composed of her own children and those of her friends, with a little girl to play *Cinderella* whose right to beauty and genius is hereditary. It was a perfect performance, and Mrs. Fremont gave the Committee no care in the matter except that of receiving a check for the neat sum of \$3,000.

But it was as the patron of six private performances that the committee won its undying laurels. The laurel has other qualities than that of forming wreaths. It is said to be a poison, deadly and certain. Whether the wrinkled brows of the committee suffered from this quality of the "plant of immortality" I know not, perhaps an occasional headache must always be the price of fame. Mr. Jerome was just then beginning his beautiful theatre, on Twenty-sixth street. He offered it to the ladies

of the committee, for the month of March, if they chose to get up some private plays. It was, of course, accepted. I am told the first rehearsals in a theatre not yet half-finished were dreary and dusty. Be that as it may, Mr. Jerome has but to rub his ring, and frescoes start out of the wall. The rehearsals and the painters—Art and the Drama—flourished together. The committee were so fortunate as to have Mr. Lester Wallack among their number, and he had the great kindness to take out of his busy life, time enough to attend all the rehearsals, and to instruct a party of amateurs in the exceedingly difficult art of dramatic representation.

The stage is such an artificial atmosphere, the perspective is so different from that of every-day life, that an *expert* can alone tell how to walk it, to speak on it, and above all to leave it. "You leave your character behind you," more certainly when you make your exit as an actor, "R. H. E." than in any other position of life, see that you leave it gracefully. The Committee committed many mistakes, but it made the golden maxim, one that should be written on every private theatre, it was:

*'The Stage Manager should be Absolute.'*  
No throwing up of parts without his will; no denying his authority; no acting on "one's own hook." So it came about that these plays which, thanks to Mr. Wallack's skill, patience, knowledge, and authority, were carefully rehearsed and diligently criticised, came to be played with a propriety and finish which astonished every one.

It was the great good fortune of the Committee to have so well-bred a troupe of ladies and gentlemen that there were but few of those quarrels which seem to form the inside element of almost every private dramatic corps. Two or three served "to point a moral and adorn a tale," and at one crisis it was currently reported that the Dramatic Committee met, and voted Life a Failure, but an excellent lunch, prepared by their hostess, restored them to hope and renewed exertion.

But the stories which were told of them,  
Who shall number the waves of the sea?

Let him alone who dares such an arithmetical profanity attempt to number the stories which were told of this Committee! At first they attempted to deny some of them, but gave it up in despair, and determined to "Live it Down." Obligated to shut the doors of their committee room and of the theatre to the outside world, they were obliged, like all great bodies who "sit in secret," to be condemned openly; but the time came when the too-much injured public acknowledged that their work was good, and their cash account is now among the things which are to be respected.

After numerous discouragements, the first performance came off on the 6th of April. It was the play of "Circumstances alter Cases,"

translated from the French by Mr. W. J. Hopkin. It may not be improper to say that one of the "Queens of Society" played the pretty and capricious "Madame D'Long" in her own winning and elegant manner. That the part of "Mathilde" fell into the hands of a young lady, who won not only laurels, but roses, praises and smiles. That Mr. W. H. L. Graham rendered the difficult part of "De Sol," lawyer and favored lover, in a very neat and finished manner. The moral of the piece was considered perfect by the legal lights, as it gave the pretty woman to the lawyer. How the rest of mankind view this is a matter for future meditation.

The great *prima donna* of society, after this play, threw herself into the most passionate scene of "Linda," with all the lyric and dramatic talent for which she is so famous. She was ably supported by Madame D'Angri and Mr. Barry and Signor Mougiardine, so that the operatic performance was surpassingly good. The farce of the "Buzzards" finished this most successful evening.

The Dramatic Committee breathed freer and deeper. The five-dollar ticket buyers considered themselves "saved." The theatre was just as beautiful as it could be, the women were more so, and the toilettes—words fail here. *Virfolet! magicienne* that you are, from the "fair and sunny land of France," how can you make such pretty dresses? To be sure, the men call you "fearful" when they look at your bills, but one must suffer that thousands may enjoy!

The second evening opened with "the Ladies' Battle," famous for the excellent rendering of "De Grignon" by Mr. A. Rodney Macdonough, followed by a scena from "Hernani." This piece was much admired, and very carefully and well played in all its parts.

The third evening was filled by the "Follies of a Night" and the roaring farce of "A Dead Shot."

"The Follies of a Night," is the most charming of all plays for private representations. Its costly costumes, its dramatic situations, its continuous interests make it almost play itself; so this evening may, from these accidents, be considered (except the last,) the most successful night of the season. Mr. Edward Henry Anderson, who played the "Duc de Chartres" was very much the "Grand Seigneur" in dress, appearance and acting. This gentleman has historical, as well as histrionic right to talent, as he is the grand-son of the author of the Libretto of "Don Giovanni," Lorenzo da Ponte. Mr. Charles Fearing played "Pierre Paillet" admirably, showing much humorous talent. The "Duchesse" and her "Lady in Waiting," were most charmingly dressed and played like perfect ladies, than which I know no higher praise. Mr. Emmet, played "Dr. Druggendraft" very well. In the "Dead Shot," Mr. W. P. Talboys