

of the Fair, without a word of tribute to Strickland Kneass, Esq., the distinguished civil engineer, to whom we owe the plan of the buildings, and to the wonderful energy and system which has characterized the operations of Mr. Shedaker, the superintendent of their erection. To these gentlemen, we owe it that the intense desire which, a little more than a month ago, existed only as a fond dream in the imagination of the founders of the enterprize, that the demonstration to be made in Philadelphia for the relief of the soldier should be presented in a building of grand proportions and imposing architectural effect, has to-day become a noble reality.

THE NEW JERSEY DEPARTMENT.

(For Our Daily Fare.)

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR: Though you *do* say That "poetry" comes by the ton every day, And though you return a most chilling reply To each fledgling who offers his pinions to try, Yet I beg you will soften your rigorous laws, And admit me *this once*, for the sake of *my cause*. While varying plaudits all round us are rung, Why should not the claims of New Jersey be sung? For *some* of her people, at least, have proved true, And wreathed with fresh laurels the old "Jersey Blue."

See how richly she piles up her offerings to-day! Let me act cicerone, and show you the way, And first, as we enter, she offers you here A tempting array of most excellent cheer; And, let me assure you, her strawberry cream Might furnish the stuff for an epicure's dream. But the dishes stand empty, just now to our view, With buyer and seller alike looking blue— So bear your privation as well as you're able, And cross with me o'er to the opposite table. And here what a wealth of attractions will meet you! Bright wares on the stalls, and bright faces to greet you. Examine this worked back and seat for a chair— Did you ever see work that with *that* could compare? And this wax fruit, some say, is the best in the Fair. Pass on, now, by many a tempting display; But linger a moment, "if linger you may," To look at these relics in curious array. Here's a Bible, I think, of Fifteen fifty-three, With a singular text, as you'll presently see— Curiosities, too, of all kinds by the score; You *must* come in again, this recess to explore.

But now, look at those banners and flags as they fall In heavy festooning, from ceiling and wall; Do you see how the bunting is shredded and worn, By gunpowder blackened, by rifle-ball torn? Do you guess what may mean those dark stains that they bear?

Do you think on the brave blood poured over them there! How, as man after man was cut down at his stand, The colors were snatched from his quivering hand, And a comrade stood ready, his life-blood to yield Before those loved colors should trail on the field?— For they pressed through walled bayonets, glittering bright

Who planted the standard on Wagner that night.

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You are weary of walking? Well, as you're a *man*, You can go in and rest in the Turkish Divan Where it's cool and refreshing; but, if you were *not* You'd accept, *comme de coutume* your womanly lot; And if your tired limbs threatened o'er to give way After walking, or standing at tables all day You would brace them with thoughts of the cause that's in view, And trust your brave spirit to carry you through.

So good-bye for the present, but do not forget That New Jersey has treasures to offer you yet; And when you give in your report of the Fair Pray see that her claims have their merited share; For you'd search every State of the Union through For a loyaller type than the "old Jersey Blue." P. M. C.

JUNE 15th, 1864.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

BY A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

I have not noticed many very meritorious actors; neither have I recorded some incidents not creditable to the good breeding of some who were connected with our dramatic enterprize. It is enough to say that it was a "success", affording brilliant proof of the talent which lies *perdu* in so many people, but which, like every other talent, must be cultivated and trained.

I have not mentioned that the play of the "Buzzards" was made excellent by a son and daughter of our excellent President and commanding General. A name which is a synonym of talent, worth and wit, need I be afraid to say Dix? Particularly not as the *lady* no longer bears it.

The kindness and talent of a lady who took the role of "Sally," in the "Buzzards," making it inexpressibly funny, must also be noticed.

Put in a foot-note, as it were, that these parts, and the "Prologue," spoken first and mentioned last, were not by any means last in the praises of the audience. After all, I don't know but those who didn't play had the greatest success! If a man, how easy seems to you the role of "Claude Melnotte," how delicately, how fervently would you make love!—how manly your bearing, how becoming your blouse! If a woman, how you *would* play Lady Teazle! what no end of a brocade you would have! and those brocades which are never made, are always so becoming! How well you would have played that delicious part in which Sheridan has so ably shadowed forth the woman of to-day. How, when you were through, would the sweet words "you have made a success," be spoken by the voice most potent to praise! Is there any way in which a man or woman can invest talent, grace or beauty to better advantage than by "acting well his part? or hers?"

And yet how full of disappointment might the reality have been! At best, an amateur audience is a cold thing. The *claqueur* must be warned beforehand in order to start even uncontrollable enthusiasm, therefore let those who did *not* act console themselves with ecstatic visions of audiences never cold, of blouses and brocades never unbecoming, of friends never false, and of a hidden dramatic talent to which that of Garrick or Rachel was but the dancing of the chorus before Taglioni appeared!

The Dramatic Committee are under great obligation to Mr. Jerome. His exquisite theatre was always lighted and at their disposition, for rehearsals as well as performances. His generosity was equal to any demand upon it.

Mr. W. H. L. Graham was exceedingly useful in arranging the orchestra, and, in every department as actor or as committee man, acquitted himself most creditably.

To Mr. Lester Wallack, the gratitude of the Committee is more easily felt than described, and in fact, to every one of the gentlemen and ladies who composed this Committee, I do not doubt that the two heads who had assumed this great responsibility, felt the greatest gratitude. They were never tired of expressing their sense of their good fortune in having culled from the vast circles of New York, fourteen such agreeable, faithful and intelligent co-workers. It will always be one of the most brilliant memories of the Fair—the history, rise and culmination of the "Dramatic Committee." ANON.

REFLECTIONS.

[On the Geological Formation of Pennsylvania, supposed to be by SIR CHARLES LYELL.]

As my illustrious Prince has seen fit to contribute a moving poem to the worthy Sanitary Fair, of Philadelphia, I think it a not ignoble use of my pen to furnish a few "reflections" to the same. My travels in the Keystone State a few years since have enlightened me on certain subjects of which my countrymen are ignorant.

For instance, I learned, to my surprise, that Philadelphia is not in the State of Harrisburg, nor Pennsylvania a small town on the Hudson. I learned that all Northerners are not stump speakers, nor all women of the two classes exclusively cultivated by Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit, *i. e.* Mrs. Jefferson Brick, and the Strong-Minded Woman. On the contrary, though there are not, as with Englishmen, many hundred thousand descended from as many distinct ancestors, who were, each one, the most distinguished warrior at the battle of Hastings, still there are some who play the role of ladies, and, as I hear, men are even nurses and Samaritans.

That there was anything for an Englishman to learn was of course unexpected, but I endeavored to accommodate myself to the unprecedented circumstance, and felt that I was rewarded. I have been still further enlightened since I returned to England, and the present attitude of the American people causes me to refer to my notes and readjust my mind to new conclusions. While at Mauch Chunk and Pittsburg, I could hardly help referring the grimy appearance of nature, animate and inanimate to the smutty character of American partisan politics, but I have come to hope that the dark reproach is beginning to be removed,