

THE FAIR JOURNAL.

"A POOR MAN SERVED BY THEE, SHALL MAKE THEE RICH."

No. 5.

BALTIMORE, FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1866.

TEN CENTS.

Poetry.

Utopia.

A Dream, in Baltimore, some years ago, but quite as Utopian now.

I dreamed that the world was modeled anew,
And rejoiced in a second youth;
And all that is pleasant, and should be true,
Had suddenly turned into truth.

The City smiled through an atmosphere
Unmired by rain or fogs;
The churches had lost their barn-like air,
And none of the streets were bogs.
The Public Square from the outside plains
To the middle of town were conveyed,
The trees were larger than walking canes,
And some of them cast a shade.

And only the more amusing foils
Were suffered to take the air,
While the middle-headers were returned to the schools
Till they got things through their hair.
Within spacious walls were the Fogies enclosed,
And constantly put through a test,
In which each his fixed idea opposed
To the fixed idea of the rest.
The Ministers' labors did not cease
At the prospect of better pay;
And writers in general held their peace
When they'd nothing special to say.
And every man that wanted a wife
Espoused the girl that he loved,
And no man fretted him out of his life
If the match was not approved.

The retiring poor had ceased to be proud,
The aspiring poor to be vain,
And garrulous females were not allowed
To say things o'er again.
And a Christian who cared for a mint,
And a Christian who cared not for gain,
And there was no lie in the public print,
Nor head-ache in eed champagne.
The art of memory through the land
Was taught with such perfect skill,
That the rich knew their poor relations—and
Remembered them in their will.
And no one kept dark, or feared to express
Whatever he happened to think,
And the devil broke up his business,
And killed himself with drink.

[Written for the Fair Journal.]

A True Tale of a Winter's Night.

"Oh the long and dreary winter
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest—"

"Well, there must be an end to all things, I suppose old fellow," groaned poor Harvey, striving to put the best face he could upon their miserable plight.

"Great consolation truly," grumbled his companion, from under a moustache fringed with tiny icicles. "I say, Harvey, there's a great deal of 'glory' in this soldier life, isn't there? We might go overboard here in a snow drift and get frozen up entirely, for ought any would know and care, except the people at home."

"Come, Hal, these things are not pleasant to contemplate when a fellow sees more than a possibility staring him in the face. One comfort is, we'll be in soon, and then hurrah for supper, and a good warm! If the snow didn't drift so, I might get on faster, I say. Hal, do you feel as if you had any ears left?"

"Hold your tongue, Harvey, the other said, but not ill-naturedly." If you will talk, it's more than I can do to make myself agreeable, in return. Oh! for a sip of heart-warming old French brandy.

Not the most ardent advocate of the temperance cause could have frowned upon the young man's wish, to look at him, spurring his weary horse along through the clinging mire, and treacherous frozen pools, while every flake of the rapidly thickening snow seemed barbed with a tiny sting, as it swept his face.

They were only privates, those two tired boys! Only a part of the noble hosts, who, martyrs and heroes, grand as any whose names ever gilt the page of history, daily passed unhonored to an early grave, in the crowded annals of our second revolution—and mother's darlings though they both were, high bred and gently nu-

tured. Hal and Harvey Clayton struggled back from their out-post duty as solitary and unaided, for as any beggar that ever sank upon a rich man's door step.

But they could not flag now, nor turn aside as the gleam of a farm house fire shot forth an invitation from afar. It was growing dark, and in Harvey's coat pocket was a paper that he knew it was important to deliver to his General, so, although every limb ached, and his whole frame shivered under the boisterous blast, he only wrapped his blanket closer, and encouraged his jaded steed afresh.

"Just think, Hal, of one of aunt Juno's cups of coffee now, and the girls flying round with pipes and slippers!" he burst forth again, unable to retain the sweet home visions that peopled, ah! how sweetly, the gloom about home. "By the way, the Captain told me this morning, he was pretty sure my application for furlough would go through next week.—That's good news, isn't it? You know how good, as you just had yours."

"Jolly Harvey, and I'm glad to hear it. You'll find it something of a change to sit down at your father's table, I'll warrant. No more 'salt horse' and 'putty cakes, to file the teeth on, there."

Harvey sighed.

"I wish Hal, you'd tell me over again, how they looked at home, when you went there. I'm just like a child over a nursery tale."

"Well," his cousin answered, laughing. "It's a little warmer in this patch of pines, and I'll tell you. First, there was your mother, behind the old silver tea service, as pretty and gentle as ever, only a little sorrowful as I sat down in your place, at table. Then your father, with the newspaper as hale and harty a patriarch as one would wish to see. Poor little Sue shook her curls at me for attempting a cousinly salute, and that morning of yours opened her dark eyes at me in the most bewitching welcome. I think if you'll give me leave, my boy, I'll try my luck in that quarter one of these days, after the war. Like that gentleman of the Etheop persuasion.

"I'll save my money and buy me a farm, and take—somebody—for a wife."

She certainly is a stunner for dropping her eye-lashes—oh! I forgot! Well, there was nobody else in particular there, only my sister Jeanie." Nobody else in particular! Dull old Hal! Any but one of those unappreciative brothers would have known better than to go off into a private reverie just at that point. Especially that eighteen long months had elapsed since Harvey had seen her!

However, Harvey thought of a little worn blue velvet case in his breast pocket, and needed not to be told anything of the innocent face whose glad eyes and golden hair were hidden there away, and a thrill running over him, caused him to forget for a moment, even the ghostly ranks of pines, swaying under snow wreaths, through which they passed.

Soon, the oft-felt pang of hunger, added itself to their suffering. Used as they were to the soldier's dire privations, many hours had passed since the last scant mouthful touched their lips, and it was with a joyous shout that Harvey, diving to the bottom of his haversack, brought out a remnant of stale ginger-bread, one of a batch captured in a raid upon Yankee sutler-trains. This despatched, and the glow of satisfaction subsided, they recommenced in silence their weary plodding march.

At last, for as Harvey says, all things must have an end, the welcome camp is neared. But in lieu of the quiet they had expected, all evidenced the too fatal preparation for a move. The young men's hearts sank, but they said nothing, until they struck the road leading up into the heart of the cavalry encampment. There Harvey diverged to the right. "Good bye for the present, Hal. Hurry and warm yourself, I shant be long in following you."

"Hallow! What's that for? Oh! those blessed (I am afraid the chronicle does not here give the exact adjective) dispatches! It's too bad, Harvey. Well, go as hard as you can—perhaps this stir means nothing after all, and we'll have a nap yet, by the camp fire."

Never in his life had Harvey felt so strong a distaste for the service, as when freezing and desolate, he heard Hal ride

off and resumed his own painful way. Never so faint! Never so weak and hopeless! He would have given a year of his life almost for the few hours rest craved by his aching body. But withal, the young heart was nerved by the keenest, ever-present sense of duty, both military and christian, and not a murmur escaped his lips. Not very far on were the headquarters, and dismounting before the little farm house, Harvey could scarcely muster strength to push into the General's presence. Fumbling with chill hands for his paper, he delivered it, and stood lingering at a distance, while the functionary perused its contents before a crackling fire.

"What is your regiment, young man?" asked one of the lounging aids.

Harvey gave it to him.

"Well, if you're just off picket, you have a hard time before you. The regiment is ordered ten miles further down to-night, under Col. ———, to hunt up a party of the enemy. I doubt if you can catch up with them now, but you had better hurry. The General won't need you again."

Harvey bowed politely, and then withdrew. As the door closed after him, it seemed like the door to life! Poor fellow! He was thoroughly broken down!

When Harvey reached the camp, he found himself just in time, as was echoed by the voices of a dozen comrades. He might, it is true, have procured an excuse on plea of sickness, but preferring, like many another patriot before him, to be game to the last, was fortunate enough to exchange horses with one of the remaining, and seizing eagerly some of the hard ration biscuit allotted to them, cast himself again upon the saddle.

"You are not strong enough for this, up old fellow!" Hal said regretfully, riding beside him. "I'm afraid you'll be knocked up in consequence. Here's a drop of bad Disgusting enough, but I won't serve to keep soul and body together."

Nectar it was to his suffering cousin; and somewhat refreshed, Harvey kept up with the dreary midnight train. At last however, the strength too long overtaxed gave way, and he felt that he could bear it no longer.

Truly alarmed, Hal rode on, and asked permission to accompany his comrade to some dwelling near by, but when the officer's assent came Harvey demurred.

"If it must be, it must," he sighed. "I will turn back. There is a light in some house that does not seem distant." "No, Dick, I know you don't like to shirk duty. Good-bye, dear old boy, I'll ride up after you to-morrow. I'll be all right soon, never fear."

Striking across a field, Harvey made directly as he could for the light that wooed him onward. The fall of snow had stopped and was succeeded by an intense, numbing cold. Out of the woods, the very stars seemed to glitter mockingly, as the poor boy labored on.

"It will soon be over," he thought, "and some kind Samaritan will give me a fireside corner. Ah! if it could be my own!"

And tears that were hot enough, rushed to his eyes as a mother's face rose up at his call—a mother's touch lingered above his brow. He could almost feel the hallowing hand as it threaded the locks of his hair—hear the whispered prayer—feel the kiss upon his lips. How sacred—how dear was every memory!

And his little Jeanie! Even now, it might be, her pure petitions were going up for him to the Throne of grace, and pity. What a tender heart the little maiden had, and how it would bleed to know what he suffered there!

One by one, these sweet dream companions glided by, to cheer the lonely soldier. Warmer, fairer, more exquisite in contrast with his stern reality of life! Much further than Harvey imagined, was the distant shining light, and soon the hands that clasped his rein dropped nerveless. His brain swam, and all, even the cruel mocking stars, grew black before him. Oh! would the end never come.—God help him—was he to perish there? Oh! thought of agony!

The horse stopped. It was a white palfrey that obstructed the way, and starting, Harvey caught a glimpse of light—the light—steady and strong beyond. With a wild effort he reached the ground, and crawled rather than walked through the

snow. His insufficient covering became entangled and was torn away by some obstacle, he knew not what, nor paused to search for it. It was the frenzy of desperation that nerved his limbs to resist that creeping torpor.

On—on—a few steps and he will be saved. God be praised, he can make them—the porch is gained—a doorway. Father have mercy—his hands refuse, and tongue, to do their office. There is music within, and the sound of thronging feet. Is there not one to save ere he perish!

The fatal sleep is nearing—nearing—and the wearied eyelids close.

And the stars that have watched unmoved upon so much misery, shine chilly down upon a frozen form.

* * * * *

At last the revel disbands, and the first gay dancer comes forth to depart. A gush of melody—of light, and warmth, and song.

And they float out across the soldier lying dead upon the threshold.

Wail wretched mother—weep little Jeanie with the golden hair. For to your warm hearts as well has this winter's wind been fatal.

Virginia. C. C.

Another Green Letter.

Mr. Green's Observations at the Fair.

MR. BARNUM'S HOTEL.

April 5, 1866.

MR. EDITOR:—I swon I be so obstinately this morning with all the things what I saw at the Fair last night that I kin hardly hold my pen inter my hand—and this paper seems a dancing before my eyes with all the colors of the rainbow. My ole women says it's all wrong—and our minister has been a preaching agin em for some time—but I swon to man Mr Editor—if a sight of all those fair to buy—aint enough to make a man a morman—and offer to marry all of them.—But I will try to bring my ideas inter some sort of order.—As soon as I had writ my last letter to you—I goes down too the bank and draws out fifty dollars—and fifty dollars I used to think was a sight of money—but sheer—it aint nottink at this Fair—why you cant hardly get a doll-baby for less than twenty five dollars apiece. Well we and the ole woman and Joe starts off for the Fair—but just as we got down opposite them iron buildings what they print the sun paper—I seed such a crowd of people around a door that I thot it must be the Institute—but Joe said it was only a store whar you gets ten dollars worth of somethink for twenty five cents.—When the ole woman heard this nothink would do but she must go in an buy somethink—but Joe tole her it was a sorter gambling concern—which scared her off from a doin of it.—When we gets to the Fair—I finds that they sells you a through ticket—to last as long as the Fair—for one dollar a piece—which is a blamed sight too cheap I think.—After a pushing thro the crowd we at last got inter the room—and for a while I just stood stock still with my mouth wide open—a-gazing at that pretty sight—till Joe said that every body round was a-laffing at me—so we starts up the room—but hadnt gone far—before one of the puttiest ladies I ever saw—calls out to Joe "Oh Mr Green wont you take a chance in our candid fruit basket?" Well she looked so candid and putty herself that I just took three chances right off—such loads of candy I never did see—and axed Joe how they made itall—but he just said "Its Dunn-in-fans" and then laughed.—Joe is always making what he calls puns; when he was a small boy he come to his mother one day with his hand on his face—a-saying it ached him so bad—and when his mother had got all sorts of things for it he burst out a-laffin and said why dont you see its only a Joe-ake. Well we went along slowly till we comes to tables 39 and 41—which Joe says he is goin to bet on—for it is bound to win—and one of the firm is a Shippin goods away all the time—but their ex-Pences is very sharp. Well after I had took a chance in a big steamboat at this table from a lady who seemed to be pretty well Posted we passed on until Joe axed me if I wanted to see the Floral Temple—says I—in course I wants to see her—for I have always been proud of the little brown mare—but when I gets to the table—I sees flowers and a garden

with a saw mill and a grist mill a-driven by real water—all as natural as life—but no move, so I says to the lady what was thar—whar's the mare? What mare says she? Why Flora Temple says I—aint this the place shes kept. Well you never did hear such a laugh in all your life as she set up—but Joe says she was mighty good to all of our poor boys when they was sick in Richmond—and that she nursed him like a sister—so I just took five chances for a silver water she had to raffle—and axed her the name of the mill—she said she did not know—but I would bring some corn, to be ground, would be tolled—but Joe said she had Hooked that joke—but I am so tarna sleepy that I must stop—so no more for the present—

Yours truly,
JOSEPH GREEN,
To the "Editor of the Fair Journal."

Reflections of a Waitress.

I don't think I had a first customer. They came at me all at once, with a rush. I don't know whether they popped up through the floor from the butcher's stalls in the market below, or dropped in a plentiful shower, from the galleries above. Down, up, they came—carnivorous, grainivorous, omnivorous, beef-eaters, salad consumers. Hungrierians of all descriptions. Here, a country family, father, mother, maiden aunt, and six young Browns, all come to do the Fair. A neophyte behind the table, offers cold ham, chickens, eggs. Dear me! to a country man! one of our most valuable constituents sent us yesterday twenty hams, and six barrels of eggs. Coals to Newcastle! No indeed.—Oysters, fried, roasted, stewed! Oysters, sir, oysters! Best Lynhaven Bay, fresh from Norfolk, at the Harbor table—best oysters at the Fair! My shot has struck; how the farmers eyes glisten! The nine Browns, sometimes do the plates of the luxury, fried, pickled, stewed, then exeunt oumes, bathed in the light of our smiles. Well could we pardon the nine knives left in the butter-plate; for in the friendly departing grasp of the strong brown hand, we felt within our own a twenty-dollar greenback!

The gentlemen preponderate. The lords of creation like the good things of this life, and expect their lady-waiters to do double duty as entertainers; and to serve up "the dish they do despise," my "lady Tongue," as a *bonne bouche*, to every mouthful that passes their bearded lips. Bang! Boom! go the trumpets and drums overhead, how can we dispense our bon-mots with our dishes, while the crash of the cymbals, drowns our lively sally, and creates in us an insane desire to seize the disciple of Epicurus, and like the child in the fairy-tale, whose magic shoes compelled her to dance over hill and moor, dash with him in a mad waltz over tables and chairs, gaudelabra and rounds of beef, winding up finally somewhere in the regions above, where the banners and wreaths are floating. Surely, gentlemen, you who have emerged from the Malestrom without, must yield us your patronage as a just tribute for the comfortable seat and tempting viands we have provided for you while here, as in a haven of rest, you sip your dainty coffee, and listen to the Babel outside. Young dandy! fearful of ruffling your perfumed curls and reversing the nap of your new spring beaver, leave the crushing crowd—come to our wide-spread board. No plebeian fare shall offend your critical nostrils—coffee, fragrant as the spices of India shall tempt the violet kids from your delicate fingers—salads fresh and green as cresces from the brook, shall be your dainty fare. Toil worn clerks! leave your stool at the high desk, refresh your tired brain with wholesome bodily food, rich turkey in sweet white flakes, crabs in their scarlet-scalloped cradles, shall drive away the arithmetical demons that dance a frantic round within your brain. Stalwart farmer! fresh from the open field and sunny meadow, come see what we have made your raw material do, and renew with us the remembrance of your own hospitable board, whose abundance we have so often shared. And in the doing, cast one thought on those, the thousands, who perhaps may never share in such a meal, beside whose never share in gaunt, grim figure, whose name is famine, and whose mission is death.

THE FAIR JOURNAL:

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Distributed, as this paper will be, every day, among the thousands who visit the Fair, it will afford a rare opportunity for profitable advertising, which should not be neglected.

All advertisements must be pre-paid, and at the rate of \$5 per square—for the whole period of the publication of the paper.

Persons desirous of inserting advertisements, must leave them with JAS. M. ANDERSON & SON, No. 148 Baltimore Street, near Calvert Street.

Contributions, both of original articles and selections from other papers and private scrap books, are solicited from those who may feel an interest in our success. They may be left at the office of Messrs. BUCHANAN & KERR, No. 6 St. Paul Street, between the hours of 9 and 3 o'clock every day.

Contributions to the Fair.

Mr. T. C. DeLeon, well known throughout the Southern country, by his clever literary productions, and, more recently, through the "Cosmopolite," the monthly magazine which he is publishing in Baltimore, has presented to the Fair, a number of copies of his "Southern War Songs," just issued from the press of Blelock & Co., of New York. His advertisements will be found in our columns.

Miss Juliet Birkhead received from Orange, New Jersey, four hundred and twenty dollars; also, one Handsome Chair, valued at \$200, a present from Miss Pillot—to be raffled at Mrs. Glenn's table, No. 48. Mr. James Birkhead received from Sanford, Harroun & Co., of New York, a present to the Fair of 1,000 Memoranda Tablets, a very useful little article, for sale at table No. 43.

Messrs. Kessler & Sutro have donated to Mrs. Charles Howard, Mrs. J. H. B. Latrobe and Mrs. Thomas Murdoch—tables Nos. 47 and 49—a fine assortment of Real Laces, Fans, Linen Sets, and many other useful articles, to the value of \$545, partly their own contribution and partly articles received at their solicitation from New York and elsewhere.

Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co., have donated to the Fair a magnificent Piano, valued at \$850, which is now on exhibition in the Hall, and is to be raffled at \$5 a chance. Miss Sallie M. H. Fulton is receiving the subscriptions for this raffle.

Mr. Charles M. Stieff, 103 Franklin Street, has also presented to the Fair, a very handsome and valuable Piano.

It is said there are those who have never so wisely, and if this community has not profited by the sermons we have preached on charity, it must be the "stiff-necked and rebellious generation" indicated in the text. We are happy to state however, that the ladies inform us their tables have all been liberally patronized, and though the supply is still equal to the demand, an immense business has been transacted in all sorts of articles, from Camel's hair shawls to babies' night-caps, while the countless joint stock enterprises for raffling wax dolls and stalled oxen, are represented, (as they say of railroad and petroleum companies,) as being in a very paying condition. For charity's sake, fair women and brave men vie with each other in the consumption of ice creams, which they devour with a *sang froid* only rivalled by the coolness of the article in question, which is washed down by copious draughts of the limpid beverage of "Jacobs' Well," while in the lunch department, the way oysters, terrapins and other good things disappear, would have terrified that gourmand Brillat Savarin, the author of *Philosophie du Gout*. But, jesting apart, we cannot too fully or too often express our joy at the success attending this noble enterprise undertaken to help and comfort the distressed people of the South. We who live quietly here can have no conception of the miseries that have been endured by those unhappy beings upon whom, for four long years, grim visaged war has spent his deadliest force. There is scarcely a man in the whole South who has not suffered in some way, and, as in that terrible plague of old, there is not a house but has had one dead. Their fields have been laid waste, their ports shut up, their houses burned over their heads. Many of their best and bravest lie unburied, where they fell, and desolation and terror have filled the land. They have borne their sufferings with a calm fortitude that commands the respect of the world, and excites sym-

pathy, and appeals for aid, far more powerfully than the loudest lamentation or the most clamorous petition. Actuated by the noblest motives, the women of this State have united in an effort to raise funds for relieving as far as they can, the distress they know exists in the South, and call upon all to assist them. Nor have they called in vain; from all directions liberal contributions of money and material have been poured in, and they will have the satisfaction of being able to feed and clothe many who sorely need their help. We are confident the remaining days of the Fair will be as prosperous as those that have passed, and we deem it unnecessary to make any further appeals to the charity of our people. We may say to each one who has given, as well as to each one of the fair laborers in the work:

"Think not, the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all; 'the poor, the prisoner,
'The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
'Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
'Shall cry aloud to Heaven and pull a blessing
on thee."

[COMMUNICATED.]

MR. EDITOR:—I have, with all the world and every body besides, been spending the last few days and all my money at the Fair—and upon the principle that "time is money," it amounts altogether to quite a fortune,—and now I flatter myself that perhaps you and the numerous readers of your valuable Journal will be interested in an account of my experiences. In the first place, I must state that I belong to the class of "unprotected females," about whom you wrote the other day: indeed I should have thought you meant me all the time, only I didn't get the steer. I wish I had I'm sure; but I always take the wrong number,—and as such, I suppose I must expect to be knocked about; but I do think, and I am sure Mr. Editor, you will agree with me, that the big man in the thick coat need not have pushed me quite so hard, and that the little man need not have put his elbows quite in my eye, besides nearly spoiling my new bonnet; for though I am small, I've got feelings, I'd like him to know, and that is more than he has. However, if I suffered, it was in a good cause, and so I said to myself, when I lost my *ice-cream*, which a beautiful young lady at the end of the hall gave me, over my silk dress, which was my mother's, and can't be matched in town. But I enjoyed myself very much, and bought a nice plough, only like the Vicar of Wakefield's picture, it won't get into the house, but I thought it was well to have such things; for I might, you know, sometime marry a farmer, and then it would be convenient. And now Mr. Editor, I must close. I shall walk past the office of the "Fair Journal" to-morrow morning, and if you are going to print my letter, just give me a nod, and I'll understand, and if you know what will take the stain out of mother's dress, or if you find any of my things, or would like me to write again, just call at our house—you can't miss it—it's the first one with a green door—green always was my favorite color; 'tis the emblem of hope; and Mr. Editor, I'm always hoping, or with Mr. Micawber; "waiting for something to turn up"—and ask for me. I forgot to say I lost a twenty-five cent treasury note, but let them put that to the Southern Relief Fund.

Yours with respect,
AMANDA.

An Incident of the Late War.

A lady relates that she had in her possession a flower-pot, containing a fine specimen of that peculiarly household plant, the "Rose Geranium." A Southern lady, still young, but pale with sorrow, and her head white with untimely snow, brought it one day to be placed under her care, and she was not a little touched by the account she gave. Her lot in life, even previous to the last four years, had been one of peculiar trials, though she had been born and reared in unusual luxury, in Georgia. Still amid all her changes and removals, she had managed to preserve this Geranium, raised originally in her far off home. Around it clustered many of her happiest recollections, and now it was the only remnant left of her old joys, and pleasures, and possessions; and she nurtured it with jealous care, as if it was the embodiment of the spirit of her youth, a lingering spark of the light of her life. Amid the smouldering ruins of her devastated home, during the last raid, she found it uninjured, and brought it away with her when she bade farewell forever to the sunny South. Now, however, her fate

was to be that of a wanderer in strange lands, and she gave to my care the long cherished flower. "Take it," said she, "I have no longer a refuge for it. Oh! you don't know what a treasure this plant has been to me. I brought it from my childhood's home years ago, and ever since it has been a source of real consolation. One look at its cheerful leaves could carry me back to be again with the loved and lost—again on the knee of my father, or by the side of my sainted mother. I twined its fragrant leaves in my hair when I was married; and when our boy was brought home, shot to death, I clasped a spray in his cold fingers. Now I part with it for I cannot help it," and her tears wet the leaves like drops of summer rain.

Our Sphinx.

"Profit still—if bird or Devil!"

OUR DEVIL is the most wonderful imp it has ever been the misfortune of a Fair Journal to have around it. He is directly descended from the respectable old female whose head heads this corner; and whose photograph—in stone—is one of the most conspicuous objects of the collection of our enterprising neighbors—PHAROAH AND MEMNON.

[N. B.—This is not wrote sarcastical, nor is it a puff; but that young firm have gotten some wonderful effects out of sunrise, and their lithographs on the Rock of Ages have been much prized by fashionable Egyptians for several thousand years.] Our Devil makes a suggestion to our readers, which is, that they shall read the following

CHARADE.

"Oh, take my first!" fair Constance cried—
(She was a leech of skill)
As knelt she down, my whole beside—
For thou art very ill.

"O'er many a burning desert sand,
Thy sandaled foot shall tread,
Ere yet again this reverent hand
Shall cool thy holy head!"

He seemed to feel the pains she took—
A most prodigious bore,
But never dared my second look,
That ladye faire before.

After reading it, they can find out the answer for themselves; or can get it at "Fortune's Bower" for the moderate sum of TEN CENTS.

The sum thus collected will go to the devil—our devil, we mean—who is a Southern devil entirely. That is, he left the town to five in Lynn. But he found business entirely ruined, and he "has lost everything by the war!"

P. S.—HIGHLY IMPORTANT!

The above charade was written while O. D. was standing on his head. On regaining his equilibrium, his ideas became somewhat addled, and he got off

CHARADE, No. 2.

If ever my second my first should lose,
It wouldn't be I that would stand in his shoes,
For any consideration;
But in that event he'd have perfect right,
To lean on my whole in any flight—
Except of imagination.

This is no puzzle whatever to a quick guesser; but O. D. vainly hopes that somebody will pay our fair sybils for the answer.

If he is right, and doesn't run away with Dan Rice's circus, or get raffled off at somebody's table, we may hear from him again.

STEALING ON CREDIT.—A farmer in this State was once greatly puzzled by the sudden disappearance of his sheep. One after another was missed from his flock without any solution of the mystery, until at last his suspicions rested on one of his neighbors. Accordingly, as the sheep disappeared, each one was entered on the book against the suspected man, and the price carried out. At the end of the year the bill was sent to him, and without making any words on the subject he prudently paid it. Another year passed, and the absence of a greater number of sheep had added numerous items to a new bill, which was presented as on the previous year. This time, however, the lover of the mutton demurred, and insisted on its being reduced, protesting that he had not taken an eighth part of the number charged to him. But the creditor insisted on every farthing. "Well," said sheepy, "if I must pay, I suppose I must; but the fact is, some scamp has been stealing on my credit."

SPEAKING of the French language, Madame de Staël says: "There are, in fact, many phrases in our language, by which we may speak, without saying any thing, by which we may give hopes, without promising, and promise without binding. So we find that Goethe in his romance of Wilhelm Meister, makes a German woman say, that she perceives her lover wishes to abandon her, because he writes to her in French.

The Noses of Wax.

A PARISIAN ANECDOTE.

Have I the honor of addressing the celebrated manufacturer of patent noses?

I am that person, at your service, sir. Ah, sir, what a sublime discovery you have made! Your fortune is as good as made—Why sir, the ancients would have you put into their mythology, and erected alters to you.

You flatter, sir. To what however, am I indebted to the pleasure of this visit?

Sir, I am a butcher. What is more, I am an amateur player. Before irrevocably deciding to adopt the dramatic profession, I am practicing in society; and in the quality of butcher, am preparing to enact the tyrants of melo-dramas. I make my debut this evening in the character of Nero.

I cannot doubt of your success. But I am deficient in a very essential particular. To represent worthily the indignity of a Roman emperor, one should have an aquiline nose, and mine unfortunately is by no means of the imperial dimensions that the laws of the stage require. For you see, sir, I am very attentive to fidelity of costume, and historical accuracy.

O, I comprehend. You are desirous of a supplement.

Exactly, my friends have thought it would be for my interest, and that of the profession, to procure a nose from your establishment, for I learn that you have a large assortment of them.

I have them, sir, of all sizes and prices. I don't stand for the price.

Very well, sir. We will commence the operation immediately.

The operation. What do you mean? Our operation, to be sure. It is necessary to cut away your own nose altogether, before I can furnish you with one of mine.

A false nose! The devil! But who will warrant that you will succeed in the operation, and not leave me with merely a stump to my face.

Be quiet, and don't trouble yourself.—I will just show you a model in wax.—Look here—only see what a fine condition it is in. What a finished design! The real Grecian cut!

Well, certainly, this is a most beautiful nose. I like it much. Faith, I'll take it for the evening to try—and if it suits me, I shall get you to make one of flesh and bone, just like it.

I will return them. Good bye!
(After the representation, re-enters in a great fury.)

Oh! I am dead, I can't survive it! The devil!

Well, my good sir, how are you pleased with your nose?

Go to the devil; you and your noses! Why, what's the matter?

You have exposed me to general ridicule.

Explain yourself?

I came on the stage, in the midst of unbounded applause.

I see no great harm in that.

I recited several verses with skill and judgment, and was again applauded.

Better and better.

Encouraged by public approbation, I became warmed; in the passionate scenes, my playing was rapid, enthusiastic; I spoke with fire—but alas! the heat which was developed in my acting, joined with that of the atmosphere, and the footlights, proved fatal to me. For at the very moment, when falling on my knees before the princess, I laid my crown and my fortune at her feet, I left my nose there too!

(Laughing.) Really a very pleasant adventure!

You laugh?—I am bursting with rage! It puts me in mind of the verse—

The mask falls off—the man is there,
The hero faded into air!

If you had only asked my advice the accident would never have happened. I'll not run any father risk. I will keep the nose I inherited from my father; I would rather have a nose but an inch long, than be left without any!

ACCOMMODATING DEAFNESS.—Mr. Garrow, in examining a witness who happened to be deaf, and whose deafness it was Mr. Garrow's part to make appear pretended, said to him in a low tone, "So you have the misfortune to be deaf, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have great difficulty in hearing?"

"Yes, sir, very."

"And it was not till I raised my voice thus (lowering it still more) that you could hear what I said at all?"

"No, sir."

MADAME SEVIGNE gives a good reason for the love that ladies have of frequent confession. They like, she tells us, "to talk of themselves, and would rather talk ill of themselves, than not at all."

To a Lady.

Disfigure not thy placid brow
With fashions, French or German,
But keep thy head as pure as now,
Entirely free from vermin.

If all the rats and mice on earth,
Were twisted in thy hair,
They could not add one charm to thee,
Or make thee look more fair.

If on thy alabaster neck,
Niagara's cataract
Were leaping in fantastic form,
And tumbling down thy back,

No one would stop to look or gaze,
In wonder or surprise,
But bow in reverence beneath
The heaven of thy bright eyes.

A Receipt for Courtship.

Two or three dears, and two or three sweets,
Two or three balls and two or three treats,
Two or three serenades given as a lure,
Two or three oaths, how much they endure,
Two or three tickets for two or three times,
Two or three love letters writ all in rhymes,
Two or three times led out from the play,
Two or three speeches, made by the way,
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules
Can never fail making a Couple of Fools.

To R. D.

How could you a poor little Woman accuse?
Of calling aloud on the favorite muse,
The praise of her sex to portray,
When poets of far greater power and might
Have raised her from earth to an Angel of light—
What more could a poetess say!

PICTURE OF A DRUNKARD.—A letter from a gentleman of the old school to a friend addicted to the vice of intemperance, contained the following fascinating picture of a drunkard.

"Had you the intellect of an angel, this crime would reduce them to those of a monkey or an ass: could I paint, in their native colors, all the indecencies: the little mean, apish tricks; the broken thoughts, the senseless harangues; the abrupt impertinences;—could I show to the life the swimming eye; the stagger gait, by which this debaser of humanity has sometimes exposed to ridicule and contempt, persons of the most finchish politeness and decorum, you would forgive my friendly zeal. We pity an idiot that is such by nature, but an idiot, made, we cannot but despise; far beneath the idiot, he sinks into the brute."

THERE is a beautiful old legend or parable given us by Geoffry Chaucer, called

"The Flower and the Leaf."

A gentleman, seated in an arbor, beholds a great company of ladies and knights in a dance on the grass; which being ended, they all kneel down, and do honor to the daisy. Some to the flower, and some to the leaf; and the meaning thereof is this: They who honor the flower, a thing fading with every blast, are such as look after beauty, and worldly pleasure; but they who honor the leaf, which abideth with the root, notwithstanding the frosts and winter storms, are they who follow virtue and during qualities, without regard of worldly respects.

In one of Balzac's stories, the advice given by a lady to the hero, bids him not be too brilliant, and never amuse the company too palably. "Que votre superiorite soit Leonine," said she. And never was better advice to those, who, superior to their neighbors, yet wish to escape their censures.

What is slang? The idiocy of one, and the vulgarity of many.

W. M. KNABE & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FIRST PREMIUM GOLD MEDAL,
GRAND SQUARE AND UPRIGHT
PIANOS.

These Instruments having been before the public for the past thirty years, have, upon their excellence alone, attained an UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE that pronounces them unequalled. Their TONE

combines great power, richness, sweetness, and fine singing quality, as well as great purity of intonation and harmoniousness throughout the entire scale. Their TOUCH

is pliant and elastic, and is entirely free from the stiffness found in so many pianos, which causes the performer to so easily tire. In WORKMANSHIP,

they cannot be excelled. Their action is constructed with a care and attention to every part therein that characterizes the finest mechanism.—None but the best seasoned material is used in their manufacture, and they will accept the hard usages of the concert-room with that of the parlor upon an equality—unaffected in their melody; in fact, they are constructed

"NOT FOR A YEAR—BUT FOR EVER."

All our Square Pianos have our new improved Grand Scale and the Agraffe Treble.

Every Piano fully warranted for FIVE YEARS.

Wholesale Agency for the State of Maryland for the unrivalled Cabart & Needham PARLOR ORGANS.

Warerooms—No. 350 W. Baltimore street.
W. M. KNABE & CO.

Fair Directory

At the first table to the right, Nos. 1 and 2, will be found Mrs. J. Hunter, Mrs. William Benthall, Mrs. Captain Lowry and Mrs. Brown. They offer confectionery of most excellent quality, and will be happy to see all their friends.

At Nos. 3 and 4 there is Mrs. James D. Armstrong, Miss Mary Long, Mrs. Frank Dunnington, Mrs. Chilton, Mrs. Alexander Kelley, Mrs. A. P. Crane and Miss Mary Woods. This is a refreshment table, laden with everything which is really good. They have, at this stand, a small tree brought from the battle-field of Spotsylvania Court House, which is almost entirely cut to pieces by Minnie balls.

At 5 and 6 there is Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Decatur Miller, Miss Garrett, Mrs. G. B. Hoffman, Mrs. Richard Tyson, Mrs. J. S. Nicholas, Mrs. Ellen Gilmore and Mrs. James Howard. Their Goods are Variety and Fancy, and the display is elegant indeed. There are two oil paintings at this stand, one representing the scene between Herbert and Arthur in Shakespeare's King John. This is a very valuable picture, and cost \$400 five years ago. It was presented by Messrs. Tatnell & Jackson, of Philadelphia. The other is a picture of a Newfoundland Dog, carrying a basket, the work of Mr. Joseph Evans, of Philadelphia, and presented to this table by Mr. Jack Savage, of the same city.

At 7 and 8 there is Mrs. Dr. Miltenberger, Mrs. Allen Dorsey, Mrs. Ed. J. Church, Miss Clara Henson, Baltimore, Miss Rose Rosolow, Chicago, Miss Henrietta Bogart, North Carolina, Miss Georgia Neal, Baltimore, Miss Flora Garrettson, Miss Ella Holt, Miss Emma Holt, Miss Bell Jenkins, Miss Natty Jenkins, Miss Mary Slingluff, Miss Alice Slingluff, Miss Rigness, Miss Jane Porter, Mrs. Dr. Balderston, Mrs. Col. Lay, of Alabama, Mrs. J. D. Smith, Mrs. Gen. Gorgas, Miss Jenny Renses, Mrs. W. H. Blass, Mrs. Rob't H. Bussey, and Mrs. Dr. Richardson. They offer fancy articles, and of such an endless variety that it would weary the most patient to read a list of them. The wax fruit is perfectly beautiful. They have also confectionery.

At No. 9 there is Mrs. Wm. G. Read, Mrs. S. C. Read, Mrs. T. Parkin Scott, Mrs. C. C. Harper, Mrs. A. H. Carroll, Mrs. W. C. Pennington, Miss Lilly Howard, Miss Sophie Howard, Mrs. J. Arrell Brown, Miss Rebecca Young and Miss Wigfall. This is another fancy goods table, rivaling any of them in beauty.

No. 10.—Mrs. H. Huntington, of Dover, Delaware; Miss Julia Jefferson, Miss Sue Spotswood, and Miss Virginia Spotswood, of New Castle, Delaware. They offer fancy goods and refreshments, and their table is a wonder of beauty, and speaks volumes for the generous impulses which have prompted these ladies to come so far to add their strength to this noble charity.

Nos. 11 and 12.—Mrs. Wm. Lawrason, Mrs. John A. Hambleton, Mrs. Laurence Bayne, Mrs. P. M. Snowden, Miss Sallie Cook, Miss Annie Herring, Miss Mollie Watkins, the Misses Bayne, Misses Annie, Jane and Elizabeth West, Miss Laura Williams, Misses Kate and Lottie Fields, Mrs. L. Rogers, Mrs. Emma Barshore, Miss Ella Lockwood, Misses Annie, Hannah and Alice Lawrason, Misses Annie and Eliza Willard, Miss Huntis Rust, Miss Octavia Howling and Miss Sophia Stansberry. This is the Franklin Square table. They have every variety of fancy goods, such as excellence and variety that any person can be pleased. They have also books and stationery.

At Nos. 13 and 14 there is Mrs. D. P. Parr, Mrs. Frank Elder, Mrs. Joseph Myers, Mrs. Charles Chase, Mrs. Chas. W. McCoy, Miss Bell Devries, Miss Anna Ford and Mrs. Mary Martin. Fancy goods, vases and a splendid set of cut-glass.

Nos. 15 and 16.—Mrs. Louisa Cannon, Miss Louisa Hoffman, Mrs. James M. Anderson, Mrs. Dr. Carr, Mrs. Robert Carr, Mrs. Edward Israel, Mrs. Dr. McSherry, Mrs. Wm. Schley, Mrs. Woodville, Mrs. A. P. Taylor, Mrs. Eben Faxton, Miss S. Spencer, Mrs. Penn, Mrs. Benj. Lancaster, Mrs. Clifford Anderson, Mrs. Sof. Hillen and Miss Henrietta Hoffman. This is a magnificent table, with almost an endless variety of it.

Nos. 17 and 18.—Mrs. Dr. J. H. Thomas, Mrs. G. W. Lurman, Mrs. S. W. Smith, Mrs. W. F. Frick, Mrs. Alex. Brown, Mrs. Charles Baker and Mrs. Robt. Smith. Refreshments and fancy articles—a most elegant table.

Nos. 19 and 20.—There is Mrs. Robert Barry, Miss M. Wade, Mrs. Ross, Miss Wier, Mrs. M. J. Hollins, Miss Cordelia Hollins, Mrs. Jane Nicholas, Miss R. Passano and Miss M. J. Golder. Fancy Goods. At this stand there is an elegant mirror, the property of Mrs. Zenos Barnum, which was brought for the purpose of decorating the stall, and as the workmen were removing it from the wagon at the front of the hall, a stone, whether thrown in malice or by accident, is not yet known, struck it near the top and broke the glass. The mirror is not entirely lost, although very seriously damaged.

No. 21.—There is Mrs. Emily Weightman, Mrs. Benjamin Brown, Mrs. William Stevenson, Mrs. Dr. Buckler Jones, Mrs. P. Warrington, the Misses Cromlines, of Carroll county; Misses Jennie and Alice Myers, Miss Mollie Honeywell, Miss Emma Gault, Misses Anna and Clara Monsarrat, Mrs. Susan Sterling, Miss Delia Murdock and Miss Mary Allen. This stand is beautifully adorned by photographs, most of which are contributions from Israel, the artist.

No. 22.—Mrs. B. B. Swayne, Mrs. Dr. Mills, Miss Ruth Forbes, Miss C. F. Miner, and Miss Cora Crampton. Fancy articles of exquisite design and unsurpassed beauty.

Nos. 23 and 24 are Washington and Baltimore county stands. The former represented by Mrs. T. Robinson, President; Miss Martha Lawrence, Vice President; Miss Bettie Lawrence, Secretary. The latter county by Mrs. John Merryman, President; Mrs. William McDonald, Vice President; Miss Perine, Treasurer. These ladies fairly represent the generous sentiment of their respective counties, and their tables are crowded with beautiful and useful articles, which we will take occasion to mention particularly hereafter.

Nos. 25 and 26.—There are Mrs. William Kimmel, Mrs. Dr. C. Johnston, Mrs. Clay Dallam, Mrs. Dr. N. R. Smith, Mrs. T. P. Cheffole, Mrs. Sallie Dallam, Mrs. Theobald, Miss R. E. Bennett, Miss Dresel, Misses Mackall, Miss Kate Davis, Mrs. England, Misses Theobald, Miss Owens, Miss Goldsborough, Misses Schmidt, Miss White, Miss Cliffe, Miss King. Fancy articles and confectionery, displaying much taste and liberality.

No. 27.—Mrs. Caroline Hudson, Mrs. Mary E. Darrington, Mrs. Francis Wilson, Miss Mary E. German, Mrs. Caroline Martin, Miss Sallie Hudson, Miss Hannah Farquharson, Mrs. Lydia Elsey, Mrs. Bell Fountain, Mrs. Sallie Turner and Miss Clara Coneklin. Fancy goods of all kinds, and many articles of curiosity which will command much attention.

No. 28.—Mrs. Hester Groover, Mrs. M. Robins, Mrs. Elizabeth Strominger, Mrs. Sarah Cook, Mrs. Mary Haring, Mrs. Catharine Kines, Mrs. S. Myers, Mrs. Mary Wright, Mrs. Linkenfelter. This is the South Baltimore table, and the ladies

determined that their table should vie with any in the hall. They have succeeded in their design.

Nos. 29 and 30.—These tables present a most attractive appearance. The ladies connected with it are Mrs. Dr. Honck, Mrs. J. H. Young, Miss M. Morrison, Miss M. Diefendaffer, Mrs. Cowan and daughter, Misses Annie, Fanny and Margaret Lightner, Miss E. Demist, Miss Fanny Todd, Mrs. Summerville, Miss Emma Landis, Mrs. Turner, Miss E. Jones, Miss Emma Staubahn, Mrs. Everson, Mrs. Joseph Vansant, Misses Susan and Georgie Diefendaffer, Mrs. Fanny Price, Mrs. Thomas Ruskell. Fruits, cakes, (many of which is a very magnificent affair, and will be raffled,) real Havana cigars, and daily this table will be in receipt of fresh flowers.

Nos. 31 and 32.—This is the German table, at which are the following ladies: Mrs. F. Raine, Mrs. Dr. Morawetz, Mrs. W. Holtzman, Mrs. Chr. Ripplemeyer, Mrs. A. Weiller, Mrs. A. G. Meyer, Mrs. H. Schultz, Miss Peters, Miss M. Rinehart, Miss E. Sultro, Mrs. F. Kloman, Miss Schaubel and others. There is a magnificent affghan, peculiar for its elegant combination of colors. Also, a wax doll, several feet high, most elegantly attired, and looking perfectly life-like; a large number of embroidered pieces, proving the excellent workmanship of the German ladies in this line.

No. 33.—There will be found Mrs. G. Corner, Mrs. S. R. Golibart, Mrs. Dr. J. A. Reid, Miss S. Slicer, Miss M. Bailey, Mrs. James C. Rodgers, Misses Tripp, Miss Whitman, Miss C. Abrahams, Miss L. Ramsey, Miss Groves, Miss Fitzsimmons, (at Jacob's Well, one of the novelties of the Fair,) Miss Mitchell, Miss Sweeney. Confectionery.—Jacob's Well will attract, but the young lady in charge will be still more attractive.

No. 34.—Mrs. Andrew J. George, Mrs. Isaac J. George, Miss B. Mohler, Miss Agnes E. German, Mrs. Wm. Craft, Mrs. G. C. Neal, Mrs. John Mann, Mrs. Mary Burgess, Miss Lizzie Bishop, Miss Georgia Crow, Mrs. Norton, Miss Mary Davidson, Miss Mary Sellers, Miss Mary E. George, Mrs. James H. Bond, Mrs. Mary Gauden. The principal display here is glass ware, and if a young gentleman, who a few years since traveled through, under the name of "Renfrew," was making his trip at this time, he would certainly fall in love with the elegant ware displayed.

No. 35.—Miss Lou Purvis, Miss Susie Bouldin, Miss B. Rusk, Miss Bettie Belgiano, Mrs. Edw. Mitchell, Miss Ella Mitchell, Miss Martha Galway, Mrs. Augusta Bouldin, Mrs. John Lucas, Miss Emma Hazlett, Miss Maggie Allen, Miss Maggie Russell, Miss Helen Frazier. A splendid table.

No. 36.—Mrs. Laval Cawles, Mrs. Dr. Krozier, Mrs. H. A. Elliott, Mrs. J. W. Zimmerman, Mrs. W. P. Webb, Mrs. H. R. Hoffman, Miss Jennie Bard, Mrs. and Miss Brannan. Children's clothing is the principal thing offered at this stand, among which is some of the most delicate work on exhibition.

No. 37.—Mrs. Dr. Keedy, Mrs. Sarah and Miss Laura Darley, Misses Merryman, Mrs. Mary Wolfberger. At this stand there is a splendid lot of laces, which are a donation from Otto Sutor. They are really elegant and beautiful.

At No. 38 there is Mrs. E. F. Carter, Mrs. Wm. H. Carter, Miss V. M. Carter and Miss M. Carter. These ladies have been peculiarly fortunate in raising contributions. Among the many beautiful things is a collection of fancy articles, the work of the Sisters of Charity, attached to the Academy of the Mother Superior, which in point of elegance, taste and finish, rival the finest Parisian productions, and command universal admiration. There has been a special place at this table assigned for the exhibition of these unique goods.

BOYER.—Miss Eliza Hamtrassack, Miss Julia De Courcy, Misses Cannon, Misses Mathias. This Boyer is arranged with the greatest taste, and the young ladies in charge are too good and beautiful to bear compliment. They will tell fortunes, and no doubt many will seek their offices. It is certain that what they say will be true, for their tongues would not utter anything else. Let those who are in pursuit of happiness visit this Boyer, and their destinies will be given with as much truthfulness as any fortune teller can divine.

Nos. 39 and 41.—Mrs. W. T. Winn, Mrs. Thos. Poultery, Mrs. Charles Ridgely and Mrs. Shippen. Fancy articles of all kinds.

No. 40.—There are Mrs. William P. Smith, Miss Kate Beckett, Miss Fanny Lightner, Mrs. J. T. Stoddard, Miss Mowbray, Miss M. Welsh, Mrs. William P. Coover, Mrs. P. Mansby and Mrs. Demson. Fancy goods, comprising a general variety of very pretty light work, displayed with most admirable taste.

No. 42.—Mrs. Joshua Vansant, C. M. Storm, Mrs. C. Y. Dust, Miss Kate M. Kelley, Miss Mary Clarkson, Miss L. Bailey, Miss Michael and Miss Williams. This is also a beautiful table, and where everything has been gotten up with such taste and care, it is impossible to discriminate, and therefore we shall have to cease our attempts at description, and merely give the names of the ladies connected with the different tables.

No. 43.—Mrs. John S. Gittings, Miss Emily Harper, Mrs. Dr. Buchner, Mrs. Dr. Tyson, Mrs. Wm. H. Brune, Miss M. Irvine. Fancy articles, pictures, needle work, &c., all very excellent.

No. 44.—Mrs. G. Ristean Amoss, Mrs. William E. Hodges, Mrs. Dr. Dulin, Mrs. J. J. Barnard, Mrs. E. P. Keech, Mrs. Colville Terrett, Miss Sallie Phillips, Mrs. J. V. D. Stewart, Miss Mary Gough, Misses Dulin, Miss Mollie Morton, Miss Augusta Thompson. At this stand is a chair formerly the property of George Washington, and was used by him when he was living in Alexandria. It is the mate of the one which is on exhibition in the Patent Office. It was presented to Lord Colville, and is now the property of Mrs. Terrett.

No. 45.—Mrs. Charles J. Baker, Mrs. William Woodward, Miss Parthenia Passano, Mrs. A. Wilson, Misses Hopkins, Misses Graves, Misses Jones, Misses Woodward, Miss Neodham, Miss Whitley, and the Misses Davidson. A table crowded with the finest fancy articles.

No. 46.—Miss Alice E. Calquhoun, Mrs. H. Goldsborough, Mrs. Edward Lloyd, Miss L. Buchanan, Mrs. Rich'd Hollyday, Miss Fanny Thomas, Miss E. Robinson and Mrs. Skinner. At this table there is a pin-cushion made out of a pair of breeches of George Washington. It is of velvet, and will be raffled.

Nos. 47 and 49.—Mrs. Charles Howard, Mrs. J. H. B. Latrobe, Mrs. Thos. Murdock, Mrs. Von Kapff, Mrs. J. J. Wight, Mrs. Mrs. Thos. D. Johnston, Jr., Mrs. James G. Wilson, Miss Carson, Misses Snowden, Miss Dora Hoffman, Miss R. Murdock, Miss Y. Thompson, Miss Alice Howard, Miss Emily McKinn, Misses Tyson, Miss Hobart, Miss Stockton, Misses Blunt, Miss King, Misses Latrobe, Misses Stump, Miss Worthenspoon. This table is not surpassed by any in the hall. Some of the rarest articles can be found here.

No. 48.—Mrs. E. Barney, Mrs. Samuel Hough, Mrs. George W. Dobbin. Fancy goods.

No. 50.—Mrs. Harman Brown, Mrs. Peyton Harrison, Mrs. A. D. Egerton, Mrs. Chas. E. Waters. Fancy articles.

No. 51.—Mrs. J. P. Hartman, Mrs. J. W. McElroy, Miss Helen Child, Misses Thomas, Miss Kate Dunigan, and Miss Sallie Bowles. There is a cake at this table which excels anything of the kind ever exhibited in this city, and is one of the most attractive things in the Fair. It is a contribution from a gentleman in New York. It has been photographed.

No. 52.—This table contains a portion of the contributions of Howard and Kent counties, and is under the charge of the Misses Williams.

The lunch room is thoroughly fitted up, and the tables for Baltimore city are superintended by Mrs. Rob't Carr, Mrs. Harman Brown, Mrs. D. Egerton, Mrs. James M. Anderson, and Mrs. Charles Baker, Those for Carroll county, Mrs. George Patterson; Howard county, Mrs. Merrick; Harford, Miss Williams. This department is managed well, and is not a mere fiction, as lunch rooms generally are at Fairs.

Advertisements of the Fair.

TICKET DEPARTMENT.

LADIES' SOUTHERN RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Board of Auxiliary Managers, held this evening, it was unanimously resolved that on and after WEDNESDAY, 4th inst., the price of Season Tickets be advanced to *Two Dollars*; Single Admission Tickets for Adults, *Fifty Cents*, and Children, under twelve years, *Twenty-five Cents*.

Parties holding Season Tickets for sale will return such as are unsold or sell them at the price now fixed. LAWRENCE SANGSTON, Chairman.

HANDSOME DONATION

TO TABLE No. 36.

A beautiful inlaid and engraved life, (valued at \$200,) donated by P. P. Pendleton, which was manufactured and exhibited at the Maryland Institute Fair by McComas. It is thought to be one of the handsomest in the city. It will be raffled at one dollar per chance.

ARCTIC SODA.

Visitors to the Fair will find cool sparkling soda in the gallery, at the entrance.

We would call notice to a very fine Lace Shawl, presented to Mrs. Parkin Scott by Mrs. Ann Gordon Broadbent; and also, to two fine gold lockets, containing locks of General Lee's hair; and a fine time piece, valued at \$80, from Messrs. Webb & Co., jewelers, Baltimore street. At the same table will be found a variety of very handsome articles.

FOUND!

A small Sun Umbrella, apply at Table No. 48.

BALTO. COUNTY TABLE—No. 23.

At this table we observed one of the most exquisite pieces of work in the Fair. It is a fantastic mosaic table, supported by a French gilt cupid. It was purchased in Europe, and presented to the Fair. It is well worthy the attention of connoisseurs. It will be raffled, the chances are \$2 each. There is also at this table a swinging cradle, entirely equipped and being a very delicate and beautiful taste on the part of the lady who presented it. It is the most tasteful thing of the sort we have ever seen. It is valued at \$75. Those who have value sacred relics, will find here two some beads from Mount Olivet. One of the prettiest things on the table and just in season, is a palmetto hat, for a girl, made by a lady of this city. In fact, the table is full of useful and beautiful things, for the ladies of the county seem to have vied with each other in the beauty of their contributions.

DELAWARE TABLE.

The ladies of the Delaware Table have for sale a number of useful articles that they have not room to exhibit. Gentlemen's shirts, boots, slippers, boys' wear, pants, jackets and caps of all kinds, pencils, French candles, by the pound or retail, a very fine sewing machine, wax flowers, &c., &c. Please call and buy at our table; we came voluntarily to aid in this great and noble work of Christian charity. We do not claim any gratitude for our offerings, or to have made any sacrifice. Some of the ladies of this table being opposed to raffling, we offer our goods at very moderate prices.

TABLE No. 4.

The ladies of this table acknowledge the donation of a Palmetto Hat from Miss Stewart, of Alexandria, Va., made by a South Carolina lady, and also many other useful and beautiful articles. They also have on their table an elegant fruit cake, made by a Virginia lady, which has gold ring in it, and is being sold at one dollar a chance. They earnestly invite their friends, and visitors to the Fair generally, to extend them a liberal patronage for the good cause.

TABLES 15-16

Letter from Gen. George Washington to Lord Fairfax, dated Valley Forge, April 21st, 1778. A note from Mrs. Washington to Mrs. Fairfax. Gen. Washington's account book with the United States, commencing June, 1775, and ending June, 1783—comprising a space of eight years.

NOTICE.

A magnificent saddle-cover to be given by vote, to General Robert E. Lee, or General Joseph E. Johnson, at one dollar per vote. It is embroidered upon cloth, in *real gold* bullion, and elegantly ornamented in the corners with the suitable inscription of *Honor to the brave*. Mrs. Dr. J. S. Richardson will take pleasure in showing it at Tables 7 and 8, it having been gotten up by that lady herself, and shows *great taste and artistic talent*.

GRAND OPENING!

Gents' Furnishing Goods at Table No. 36 by Mrs. James M. Brannan.

TALLY HO! TALLY HO!!

A Fine Full Grown RED FOX will be raffled for at the BALTIMORE COUNTY TABLE. Twenty-five chances, one dollar each, apply at the table.

RAFFLES!

Floral Temple—An Elegant Waiter, warranted Silver, to be raffled at this table, value \$150, at \$1.00 per chance.

Tables No. 5 and 6—Two fishing rods, valued at \$50, were drawn by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Pitt. Box containing \$20 in Silver was drawn by Mr.

Robert Gilmore. One Worked Handkerchief, sent by Mr. Mason from England, was drawn by Mrs. Mactier. Embroidered Sofa Cushion was drawn by Mr. Larabee.

Tables Nos. 19 and 20.—The Plated Waiter was drawn by Mr. John Garrett. The Affghan was drawn by a gentleman from Richmond. The Carved Walnut Chair was drawn, but there is some doubt as to who is the fortunate winner—it rests between Anna Taylor, of Baltimore County, and Mr. Belzebub. They are requested to call at the table and decide by lot who is the rightful owner.

Table No. 13.—Rifle, valued at \$12, won by E. L. Rogers, Jr. Jewel Stand, worth \$8, won by Richard Price. Jewel Stand, worth \$7, won by Thomas Pratt.

Table No. 22.—Wax Cross won by L. S. White. Table No. 37.—Tete-a-Tete Set, valued at \$25, was drawn by Miss M. Kellogg, Gilmore Head.

Tables Nos. 39 and 41.—Gilt Table, head top, won by Barnes. Silk Quilt, very handsome, was won by Mrs. Sam. Taggart. Banner Screen was won by H. R. Dulaney, Esq.

Table No. 44.—Handsome Chair was won by P. P. Levering, Esq. Handsome Shawl was by E. Fernandis, Esq. Chess Table was drawn by Miss A. Todhunter.

Tables Nos. 47 and 49.—Beautiful Lamp Shade drawn by Mrs. Israel Cohen. Field Glass, very handsome, won by E. Law Rogers, Esq.

Table No. 43.—The Rifle was drawn by C. E. Webb, Esq.

The Large Doll House, which has attracted so much attention, was drawn yesterday morning by Mrs. Ruth MacKenzie, ticket No. 257. Bead Worked Table drawn by Mrs. Alfred Hutchins.

Ivory-bound Photograph Album drawn by Miss E. M. Hewitt.

Pair of Statues drawn by Thomas W. Martin. Set of Pearls raffled at Baltimore County Table, won by Jno. T. Johns, of Balto. Co. Pearl Painted Table, raffled at same place, won by J. Roman Buchanan.

Table No. 47.—Beautiful French Doll won by Mr. Sullivan. Splendid Glove Box, filled with Gentlemen's Parisian Gloves, won by Jno. Hanan.

Table 51.—A Mound of Wax Water Lillies won by Master Gittings.

Table No. 35.—Sofa Cushion drawn by A. Henderson.

Table 39 and 41.—Silver Pitcher, presented by Mrs. Jno. Ridgely, of Hampton, won by Mrs. Bernard Curtin.

Table No. 21.—A Handsome Gothic Chair, tomorrow evening, April 6th. Mrs. Wightman's table.

Table No. 48.—Large Walnut Chair, embroidered seat, presented by a Lady of Orange Co., New Jersey. \$2 per chance. Also, Paniting of Interlachen. \$2 per chance.

Table 52.—The Agricultural Wreath was won by Mr. J. M. Kerr, from table 52.

Table No. 4.—Pound Cake, value \$10, was won by Miss Sallie Ward.

Tables Nos. 5 and 6.—Two very fine Oil Paintings; a Ladies' Black Silk Paletot, extremely handsome, value \$125; also, two more Antique Dresses, valued at \$100 each, and one large Dressing Table, to be raffled. For sale a White *La ma Lace* Mantle.

Table No. 44.—First Raffle: Bead Table, \$75; Bead Bracket, \$50; Traveling Bag, \$25; Sofa Cushion, \$20; 2 Burr Frames, \$30; Porcelain Vase, \$25; Small Affghan, \$15; Shell Picture, \$5; Shopping Bag, \$5; Card Receiver, \$8; Smoking Cap, \$5; Chair Cover, \$15; Velvet Monchoir, \$15; Breakfast Shawl, \$9; Velvet Glove Case, \$7, and other articles. Grand Raffle, 25 Prizes, 500 Chances.

Table No. 43.—A Splendid Bead Table. The Rug will be raffled this evening, at 8 o'clock.

Table No. 21.—A Mound of Wax Flowers won by Miss Mollie Honeywell. Two Vases Wax Flowers won by Mr. Jacob Pearce. Handsome Wax Doll won by Miss Emma Gould. One Ink stand won by Mr. James Stokes. One Inkstand won by Mr. Jacob Pearce.

Tables Nos. 15 and 16.—An Infants' Propelling Wagon, Affghan and Doll, Miss McConkey's Raffle, drawn by Jennie Henderson. 60 chances. A Large Doll, Miss McConkey's Raffle, drawn by Mrs. Lancaster. 50 chances. Mrs. Dr. Carr's Raffle of Castors and Egg Stand, drawn by Emily Laroque. 75 chances.

Table No. 45.—A raffle in which there were 50 chance, at \$1 each, and 3 prizes, was drawn on Thursday Evening, resulting as follows: Beadwork Table, won by Miss Mary Cooke; Vase of Skeleton Leaves, won by Mr. Joshua B. Williams; Quilt, won by Miss Lizzie Hoffman.

Table No. 53.—Two Embroidered Chairs, won by Mr. James Cortlan and Mr. W. G. Broadbent.

Table No. 23.—Vase Wax Flowers, won by T. Davis; Marble Vase, won by H. Sisson; Pin-cushion, won by Miss Elinore; Lady Cake, won by Miss B. Talbot; Pound Cake, won by Walter D. Lyon, Esq.; Wax Flowers, won by D. Scathanan; Pin-cushion, won by Mrs. Spencer; Table, won by J. R. Buchanan, Esq.; Set of Pearls, won by J. T. Johns, Esq.

Table No. 46.—Doll and Bedstead, won by Mrs. W. E. Miller.

Table No. 35.—Beautiful Tufted Chair, \$75, won by Mr. Curtin; Shell Monument, won by Mr. J. Thomas; Beautiful Saddle, won by Mr. Sleeback, of Harford County.

Table No. 38.—Wax Flowers, won by Miss McNeal; Fruit Cake, won by Mr. McNeal.

Tables Nos. 5 and 6.—Dressing Table, won by Mr. Cortlan; two Cushions, won by Mr. J. Riggs and Mr. Gemell; Amethyst Necklace, won by Mr. Ritchie; an Opera Seat, won by Dr. George; Foot Stool, won by Mr. Geo. Mahone; Smoking Cap, won by Mr. C. Harrison; Splendid Rug, won by Mrs. Gorter.

Tables Nos. 19 and 20.—Screen, won by A. Reiman, Esq.; Affghan, won by Wm. Allen, Esq., of Richmond; Doll, won by Mrs. Harding.

Table No. 21.—Affghan, won by Miss M. J. Jenkins; Music Box, won by a Mr. W., St. Paul St.; two Vases, won by Mr. Ramsey.

Tables Nos. 27 and 28.—Sofa Cushion, won by Mrs. Hudson's Coachman.

Tables Nos. 39 and 41.—Beautiful Tapestry Screen to be raffled. Come and see it.

Tables Nos. 40 and 42.—Handsome Chair to be raffled, value \$50. The Infants' Basket was won by Dr. Stevenson; Vase of Flowers was won by Mr. Fisher; and the Gun was drawn by Dr. Tyson. A Very Beautiful Book, "Sights and Shadows," was presented to this table by Messrs. Appleton & Co., New York.

Table No. 21.—A Magnificent Mantle Glass, valued at \$1,000, is to be raffled at this table—200 chances at \$5 per chance.

Tables Nos. 25 and 26.—A Splendid Rifle, value \$200, to be raffled. Donated by Mr. Peter Pendleton.

Table No. 46.—Large Doll House to be raffled on Saturday Morning.

Tables Nos. 47 and 49.—Large Doll raffled this morning was won by C. F. Barnes.

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