

**A SONG OF THE FLY SEASON.**

Oh! the whisking, frisking,  
Bobbing about one's nose and off again;  
Think, whenever you drink, one lies,  
Sung in the jug, to make you cough again;  
Busy about us all the day,  
Making us leer at beer suspiciously,  
Buzzing at night in a worrying way,  
And waking us up in the morning viciously.  
Oh! the tiresome, teasing flies,  
Whisk them off and back they come again,  
Vain the hope of the man who tries,  
By flippers and flappers, to stop their hum again.

Settling down on each sugary knob,  
Blackening milk with their hairy bodies all,  
Into our tea they at breakfast bob,  
Flip them forth and an impudent nod is all;  
Over the butter one crawls and sprawls,  
Lift him out and the grateful beggar see,  
Breathing his last, on your toast he falls,  
And leaves you his legs as a friendly legacy.  
Oh! the tiresome, teasing things,  
Of life's small troubles the living images,  
Waifs and strays of legs and wings  
Are all the spoils of constant scrimmages.

Photograph wanted—there's a pose!  
Features freed from all severity;  
Stop! there pops a fly on your nose,  
And your face screwed up goes down to posterity.  
Thinner, through dinner being never obtained,  
From taking a morsel these torments prevent all men,  
Banting himself might the fly-world have trained,  
To lessen the waistcoats of corpulent gentlemen.  
Tickling, tiresome, teasing flies,  
If they need blessings, there's plenty of mine for 'em;  
Fidgeting round our nose and eyes,  
Deuce a bit can we write a line for 'em!

**THE RHINE MAIDEN.**

BY MRS. AMELIA EDWARDS.

'Twas in the sunny Rhineland,  
As the golden day was ending,  
The ripe grapes in the vineyard  
Were in purple clusters bending;  
The ruined tower on the height  
Was glowing in the crimson light  
The western sun was lending,  
I saw her then—I see her yet—  
It was the first time that we met  
In the sunny Rhineland!  
I saw her standing all alone—  
The chapel bells were ringing,  
And mingling with the organ's tone,  
I heard her gently singing.  
The river ran beside her feet,  
And oh! her voice so clear and sweet  
Seemed like the lark's upspringing.  
I saw her thus at close of day,  
I gazed, and gazed my heart away,  
In the sunny Rhineland!  
Upon her image in the stream,  
All broken midst the reeds,  
She gazes in a happy dream,  
And smiles, and sighs, and blushes.  
She takes the arrow from her hair,  
And down her shoulders fair  
The golden shower gushes!  
I watch'd her as I stood apart—  
That silver arrow pierced my heart,  
In the sunny Rhineland!

—The following paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer is a gem for its sentimentousness and fidelity to the original:

O Heavenly Father hear our prayer:  
Thy name be hallowed every where;  
Thy Kingdom come! Thy perfect will  
In earth, as heaven, let all fulfill.  
Give this day's bread that we may live;  
Forgive our sins as we forgive;  
Help us temptation to withstand;  
From evil shield us by thy hand;  
Now and forever unto Thee  
Thy kingdom, power, and glory be.

**THE PRINCE OF WALES' BABY.**

As loyalty to the throne is the first of British virtues, the loyal subjects of the crown must now be in ecstasies over the joyful news that the Princess Alexandra has presented her husband, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, with a second son and heir. The important event took place on the 3d of June, at 1:16 A. M. It came a little before its time, August being assigned by the wise women as the period when the "rose and expectancy of the fair State" was to be born. The Princess was at a concert and dinner party the day before. Should the seven months' old survive his premature appearance, the "nose" of all the brothers and sisters of the Prince royal will be "put out of joint." Prince Alfred Albert, Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert may prepare for the lot of younger royal brothers which, luckily in England, is to be supported by the people. The Princess Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, wife of the Prince of Prussia, may content herself with the thought that her future greatness is to be German. The Princess Alice Maria Mary, wife of Prince Louis, of Hesse, may be quieted by similar consolation. The Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, the Princess Louisa Carolina Alberta, and the Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore, may each content herself with such alliance as the Royal Marriage Act will permit. The chances that they or theirs will succeed to the throne of Great Britain, are very remote. Queen Victoria has now a full supply of grand-children, with more in expectancy. Long may she reign to hail the advent of the fresh buds upon the Royal tree! She is a good woman, and has been to Great Britain a blessed Sovereign, whilst in this country we owe her gratitude, because, in accordance with the sentiments of her late husband, she has been personally favorable throughout our Rebellion to the United States.

**GIVING CREDIT.**

It was our purpose to give a full list of the aids in the Fair, but after commencing the work became discouraged—the number being so great that it would be impossible to name them all. It is but due to the truth of history to remark that so large a number of lovely women were never assembled in any city in the world, and they are as patriotic as pretty. God bless these noble ladies one and all. How untiring in their labors! How modest in their deportment! How devoted to the cause of humanity! Chicago and the nation are proud of you.

**"BURNETT'S FLORAL HAND BOOK."**

It is very seldom that any work gotten up as an advertisement is of any value to the public generally except as a medium of information concerning the article advertised, not *always* the most reliable at that.

"Burnett's Floral Hand Book and Ladies Calendar," is an exception to this general rule and will find an abiding place in every family for its intrinsic worth, aside from what is said of his celebrated preparations. It has become an agreeable and interesting feature at the Fair, and can be obtained gratis. Burnett's standard preparations and cooking extracts are for sale at the different booths. Such excellent preparations of their kind are seldom met with.

**SIGNS.**—We have an eye for signs, but of all the signs which we have seen or read of in history, not excepting "the sign of the Prophet Jonas," the sign which looked to the westward from the New England Farm House is the queerest and jolliest thing out.

This characteristic attraction was painted and presented by the Chicago Practical Painting Co. corner of LaSalle and Lake streets, up stairs. It was valued at \$27. The "Farm House" desires us to return thanks for the same.

**CORRECTION.**

The following, which appeared in our report of the exhibition in the "west wing" of the Fair building, is republished with important corrections:

**WESTERN KNIFE COMPANY.**

The next department is occupied by Johnson, Spencer & Co., No. 95 Norfolk St., -heffield, and 44 Lake Street, Chicago, manufacturers. They show a magnificent lot of cutlery of all kinds, and in addition thereto a collection of guns, pistols, shelf hardware, plated goods, fishing tackle and sporting articles of all kinds. This company have made a princely donation, for in addition to a contribution of \$300 in money, they are giving all the proceeds of sales made in this department, which amount to \$150 or \$200 each day. A splendid donation to be seen in this stall is a beautiful case of cutlery, from the great factory of Lamson & Goodnow, Shelburn Falls, Mass. The case is a rosewood one, and contains twenty-nine pieces of table cutlery, consisting of meat and game carvers and forks, a steel, twelve dinner and twelve dessert knives, the whole made of beautifully finished silver steel, with fine carved ivory handles. This beautiful case is marked at the manufacturers price, \$125, and could not be purchased anywhere else for the money.

**DONATIONS ACKNOWLEDGED.**

The Chairman of the Episcopal Department wishes to acknowledge the receipt of a box of articles from the ladies of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Beloit, Wisconsin. Also, a box of articles from Mary O. McClelland, Calumet, Ohio. Also, \$20.00 in currency from St. Paul's Church, Beloit. Also, a box of articles valued at \$114.00.

**FLOWERS DONATED.**

Mrs. E. D. L. Swett, one basket fine flowers; Miss Bailey, Hyde Park; Brickton School, twenty-eight fine bouquets; Mrs. Hoyne, Chicago, cut flowers; John Blair, Rockford, fine flowers; School, Bloomfield, Walworth Co., Wis.  
A. H. HOVEY, Chairman.

**PRESBYTERIAN DEPARTMENT.**—A maul and wedge have just been received at this booth, made of solid mahogany and banded with solid silver. This was made by Joseph French, Silver City, Nevada, and was intended as a present to Mr. Lincoln on the day of his inauguration, but being delayed it was donated to this department by Mrs. Lincoln. It is a beautiful piece of work. Who will secure it?

**MUSIC.**—Mr. B. Shroffe has sent to the Spiritualist Department "Yankee Doodle," with variations. It comes too late for publishing, however. Two hundred dollars in cash also received from Boston in this department.

**PHILADELPHIA LEMONADE.**—We have omitted to speak of the excellent lemonade furnished by A. H. Davis and W. P. Waldron, at the Philadelphia Department. It is due them to say that they have thereby made about \$400 for the Fair.

**CHILDREN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.**

By some mistake, Mr. J. M. Harvey has not received the credit due him in connection with this part of the Fair. He has labored with his wife and family during the entire Fair, besides donating nearly \$400 worth of goods. We are pleased to set the matter right, and give our patriotic friend due credit.

**STRAWBERRIES.**—Mr. I. S. Platt donates some luscious strawberries, grown by Samuel Jackson, St. Joseph, Mich. They are wonderful in size and admirable in flavor.

**PETROLEUM GAS IN THE FAIR.**

We would call especial attention to the following Circular. Messrs. Field, Hainsworth & Co. have donated a machine to the Sanitary Fair worth \$300, and have contributed largely for the last two weeks to the light of the west wing by their beautiful Petroleum Gas:

**OFFICE OF THE PETROLEUM GAS COMPANY,**  
118 Franklin St., Chicago, June 17, 1865.  
Messrs. Editors:—Allow us to call your attention to the economy and convenience of using Petroleum Gas as now introduced and manufactured by this Company.

It is presumed that among the thousands who have lately witnessed the operation of our machines at the great Sanitary Fair, few, if any, call it inferior to city or coal gas, although the process and expense of making it is so simple and cheap.

The machines manufacture it when it is consumed, and in just the quantities required, whether for private families or public use. They are not complicated, and when once put in operation can be run by any body, and will last a lifetime with ordinary care. The Patents for which have just been issued, and differ materially from anything heretofore known.

No Gas is produced by the combination of atmospheric air with the vapor of naphtha (or gasoline), which is a distillation of Petroleum oil.

No heat is used in its manufacture, and it is considered by Insurance Companies safe as any gas, and much safer than oil lamps or any portable light.

The machines are graduated in price, in proportion to the number of lights desired, from \$100 upwards.

The gas costs from two-thirds to three-fourths less than city or coal gas, and is cheaper than any other light heretofore used.

Several large establishments and private dwellings in the city and country are now using the machines, and consider them a great economy and a perfect success.

**FIELD, HAINSWORTH & CO.,**  
Patentees and Proprietors.

**MOTHERS.**

Who can tell how man's being is blessed, and shape is given to the life by the early influence of the mother! Her spirit gives tone to man and womanhood.

"Mothers hold the key to their children's souls."

Their hand may open the doors of the childhood's inmost being that the golden light of goodness and of truth may pour in upon the soul, or close up those avenues, so that darkness and gloom may brood within. Mothers can never be forgotten, so that the traits of character they may possess, be they good or bad, make impressions never to be effaced.

Said an army chaplain, "Ah, mother, you are first thought of when the soldier feels the pang of pain. It is your name he calls, your form he sees in the midst of delirium, and your voice he hears in every gentle word that is spoken to him. He knows whose touch will be tenderest through the sympathy of suffering; he knows who has borne the most for him; and on the tented field the holy name of mother receives a fresh mantle of love and beauty."

Then, should not a mother's life be pure and earnest! And ought she not with word and deed, with admonition and with prayer, with love and tenderness, to guide the opening germs of thought, to find, and feed upon the truth, and to love, and trust, the gracious Saviour!

"Then say to mothers, what a holy charge  
Is theirs; with what a kingly power their love  
Might rule the fountains of the new born mind.  
Warn them to wake at early dawn and sow  
Good seed before the world has sown its tares."

**HUMOR AND SENTIMENT.**

—A toast at an Irish Society's festival, at Cincinnati: "Here's to the President of the Society, Patrick O'Raferty, an' may he live to ate the hen that scratches over his grave."

—People in Philadelphia are cutting down their ornamental trees in order to be rid of the worms. This is like the negro who cut off his foot to get rid of his corns.

—At a recent catechising held in Paris, the rector asked a little girl: "How many sacraments are there?" "There are none now." "What—none?" "No, none; for cousin Francois died Saturday and ma' told me they gave him the last."

—The readiness with which the Chinese learn our language is illustrated by the following remarks of a long-tailed tailor addressed to a chivalric artisan of Como, Nevada, who asked further time on a bill: "Me shabby you, long time; you no pay, heep talkum lie; dum fu-kiti-lum-aha alle same one dam bummer, y-lo, no goot." Chivalry assumed the offensive, when John pitched in and licked him.

—A Frenchman of thirty years, single, neither poor nor idle, nor in love, hung himself the other day because he had tastes that his condition in life would not allow him to gratify, and prevented him from making a suitable marriage.

—There is now at Skilos, in Hungary, a "religious sect called the Nazarenes." Their principle is, says my correspondent, "Il non pagare à una virtu," in other words, "Debt is salvation." "It is very odd," naively observes a friend, "how many persons are joining this religious movement." The American people are believers in this principle.

—Several parents contemplate procuring an indictment against Messrs. Ticknor & Fields to prevent the publication in "Our Young Folks' Magazine" of rebuses, enigmas and arithmetical questions, which tax the brains of parents more than they do the heads of the children. Confound that lead pencil question in the last issue.

—"Gentlemen," said a respectable tallow chandler at one of the dinners of trade, "as there is time for only a single toast, I beg leave to give you 'The Queen,' coupled with success to the tallow trade."

—The Chinese tailors work much at night, and their mode of supplying the right light is worth knowing. A small light only is used, but the rays

are completely reflected down upon the table and cannot reach the worker's eyes—indeed the room looks half in darkness, while the work on which each man is engaged is strongly illuminated.

—A lady in Paris recently gave a concert at her house. "Do you like Rossini?" said she to one of her guests. "Rossini!" he replied, "indeed I do; he is my favorite composer." "Are you familiar with his Barber?" (of Seville) "Oh dear no. I always shave myself!"

—At a concert in a country town, a couple of very inferior tallow-candles having been brought in requisition, a lady jocosely asked if they were spermacetti. "Oh, no," replied Nick, "they are veritable sperm-o'-country."

—A judge suspected of bribery chided his clerk for having a dirty face. "I plead guilty, my lord," replied the clerk, "but my hands are clean."

—A French bishop said lately in a sermon: "Let women remember, while putting on profuse and expensive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

—A shrewd little fellow, who had just begun to read Latin, astonished the master by the following translations: "Vir, a man; gin, a trap—Virgin, a man-trap."

—It is a vulgar error to suppose that there are no Irish characters in Shakspeare. Does not Hamlet exclaim, "Now could I not do it Pat, while he is praying?" to say nothing of O'Thello, Cory O'Lannus, and the lady O'Phelia.

—A gentleman being asked "What was the price of ducks?" confessed that he could not tell; for he had been out that very day with his wife, and she had purchased no less than three ducks. First, there was "a duck" of a dress; secondly, "a duck" of a parasol; and thirdly, "a duck" of a bonnet.

—A lecturer was dilating upon the powers of the magnet, defying any one to show or name any thing surpassing its power. A hearer demurred, and instanced a young lady, who used to attract him thirteen miles every Sunday.

—The difficulty of acquiring our language which a foreigner must experience is illustrated by the following question: "Did you ever see a person pare an apple or a pear with a pair of scissors?"

—An idle fellow complained bitterly of his hard lot, and said that he was born on the last day of the year, the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and he had always been behind-hand. He believed it would have been a hundred pounds in his pocket if he had not been born at all.

**ANECDOTE OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.**

A thousand and one stories are told of Douglas Jerrold; but many a witty saying has been wrongly fathered upon him, in the same manner as many a joke has been falsely attributed to Joe Miller or Rowland Hill. I happen, however, to know a genuine "good thing" of Douglas's, which, as I do not think it has ever appeared in print, I shall give as a part of this random paper.

Mr. John A. Heraud, the present dramatic critic of the London Athenæum, published some few years since a sacred epic poem, under the rather startling title of "The Descent into Hell." If he intended to rival the great production of one John Milton, as some people said he did, he failed miserably, but such was not *his* opinion.

Now, after the publication of the poem, it was Mr. Heraud's custom to pounce on every literary friend he met, and ask what his opinion was of his book—a rather awkward question, such as is often evaded, and seldom candidly answered. But Jerrold was not the man to soft-soap anybody, as will presently be seen.

One morning as Douglas was walking down the Strand, he met Heraud just opposite Somerset House. The poet "buttoned" him, and Jerrold had no opportunity of escaping the "weak, washy, everlasting flood" of transcendental nonsense poured forth by Heraud, who was deeply imbued with German mysti-Kantianism, and other foggy "isms" of a similar character. He had a notion, too, that he talked like Coleridge, which was a slight mistake on his part. No wonder that his auditor grew weary and savage.

At length came the question. Said Heraud, "Have you seen my 'Descent into Hell?'"

"No; but I should very much like to," was Jerrold's savage reply.

**THE PRESIDENT AND AN OHIO BOY.**

A Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, describing the throng of visitors who crowd President Johnson's office, says:

Among those favored with an interview was high private G. Van Zant of the 79th Ohio, thirteen years old, a clean-faced and bright-eyed youth, who has made the entire campaign from Atlanta with the regiment, acting part of the time as drummer boy, and part as orderly to Gen. Ward. "Well, my son," said the President, "what do you want? A brevet, I suppose. Brevet corporal? How will that do?" "No, sir, I don't care for rank, I have a pony brought all the way through, and they are going to take him from me, and I want to take him home and keep him." "You shall have him"—and writing an order for transportation directed the officers to let him have the pony. "Now I am all right again," and with a "thank you" he left the President.