

## ADDITIONAL DONATIONS TO THE DEPARTMENT OF RELICS, CURIOSITIES &amp;c.

Hon. J. B. Bradwell—Chairman of this department, acknowledges the following:

From Henry S. Haas—Consular agent of the Netherlands, an Antique Silver Watch Chain.

From Mrs. Jeremiah Porter—The Flag found in Savannah, Ga., in the hall of the first conclave assembled to plot rebellion against the U. S.

Wm. Ballad—One pair of Rebel Epaulets.

B. F. Rogers—A section of a Palmetto tree, found in Savannah.

Gen. Wm. T. Sherman—The Rebel flag which was on the State House at Columbia, S. C.

J. B. Howell—Rebel pistol.

B. F. Badger—A piece of tree growing in Laurel Grove Cemetery, Spanish map, etc.; a drum captured from the 18th Alabama infantry.

Deacon Daniel Hurd—One Pelican.

From Surgeon H. Root—An instrument for punishing slaves; 30 pieces of calico manufactured, stamped, and worn, by ladies during the revolution. Historical fact—Miss Ruth Hunt, of Concord, Mass., maker of this sample, made herself very useful during the battle of Lexington, Mass., April 14th, 1775, by attentively passing cider to the thirsty soldiers.

From A. Bronson Alcott—Autographs of L. M. Alcott, W. E. Channing, B. F. Sanborn, Geo. L. Stevens, W. H. Furness, E. P. Peabody, R. W. Emerson, W. M. Alcott, Rev. John Weiss.

Mr. John Baily Hamilton, Ill.—An old family bible; also an ancient Law Book.

Hiram Tuttle—An ox-yoke, made by John Brown.

From Barnum Bros.—65 small flags.

From C. Minns—A rebel shoe.

From Howell & Brown—Sword from Savannah, Ga.

From Rev. Dr. Tiffany—Two frames for Autographs.

—46th Ill. Veteran Vol. Infantry—A shot gun; rebel shoe by the same; rebel canteen, spear, and flag.

Tremont House—One flag from Akerly & Tobin, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Robert Anderson, St. Louis—Queen Elizabeth lace, 200 years old; autograph of Charles River Ellett; pieces of Fort Sumpter; 1 Chinese paper.

From Mrs. M. E. Steel—Books used by Gen. Sherman; Silver Spoon used by Sherman at Fort Moultrie; Gen. Sherman's shoulder-strap, (Col's) worn at first battle of Bull Run; photographs of Gen. Sherman's staff at Shiloh; stirrup taken from an officer on the battle-field of Shiloh; autograph letter of Gen. Anderson.

Mrs. E. E. Edwards—9 autographs.

Contribution for "Voice of the Fair," from Love M. Willis—Autograph and photograph; photograph of Hugh McCulloch.

Francis Thomas—8 photographs; 4 photographs of Cyrus Field.

Through C. L. Wilson—Bead from an Egyptian Mummy; 83 copper coins; 4 silver medals; 6 shells; 1 impression seal.

From Surgeon Root—Pamphlets; Carbine; sword, from Major W. Weyss, Fort Sumpter—4 canister shot; 4 hand grenades; 1 sponge head; hard-tack from Fort Pickney; 1 piece telegraph cable from Fort Moultrie; 1 piece gas pipe from Fort Sumpter; also bullets, broken shell, and balls.

Ball and chain, contributed by Tucker, a "Freed man," Charleston, S. C.; rocket, shell, and grape from Fort Moultrie.

1 dozen flags from Vercho Ruling & Co., Chicago.

Crescent Gem, found in Syria, from Dr. Theodore Woolsey.

From C. L. Wilson—6 Chinese umbrellas; 6 knife-trays (Chinese); shield.

From Serg't W. A. Rose, 13th Iowa Vols.—One flag floating over Columbus, S. C.

P. T. Sherlock—16 frames

John Rankin—2 vases straw flowers.

From Blind Asylum—Bead baskets.

Box of relics from Gen. Ord, Richmond, Va.

21 pieces Cedar of Lebanon, from Montrose Ladies' Aid Society; slave manacles; balls and chain.

Slave Shoes from the yard adjoining Libby Prison, brought by Dr. Ryder.

Bamford & Baldwin—1 Latin Book.

Sponge and Bowl from the Treasury department of the Confederacy, Receipts, also, a quantity of business papers—from Dr. Ryder.

Mrs. H. Whitney—5 bills Potomac Company, accredited by Washington, Proclamation by Washington, 1 paper 1770.

A. R. and G. H. Miller—First Canister Shot made for Co. A., Chicago Light Artillery, at the commencement of the war.

Mrs. Col. Spencer—23 Autograph Letters and Poems.

Currency of the Rebellion—from R. Winne. Cobb, Pritchard & Co.—6 Photographic Albums.

Capt. D. W. Whipple, 72d Ill.—Rebel Sword. First Lieut. Henry Squires, 81st N. Y. Vol.—the Sword of Lieut. Latouche, who was the Post Adjutant of Libby Prison.

A Palmetto Flag, from Charleston, S. C., from one of the first batteries that opened on Sumter—presented by Capt. D. W. Wittle.

From C. L. Wilson—A Lock of hair of Richard Cobden.

Milton Fesket—\$5.00.

Bayonet—Relic of St. Clair's defeat, ploughed up 5 years ago on the battle-field—from Dr. James Cooper, through Mrs. J. S. Fuller.

By Judge D. V. Bell—from Council 1183, U. L. A. Leopard Skin Saddle of the Revolution—Relic by J. Monroe Stebbins.

Savannah Paper—from Sergeant Wilver.

Two China Vases—from Mr. McNally.

## ART SKETCHES—NO. 1.

Let no one miss the picture gallery of the Fair. It is situated in the rear of Trophies (Bryan) Hall, the entrance to it through Bryan Hall. Rutherford a happy idea, this arrangement. The turmoil and hurry of the crowd at the great building, the feverish hunger and the so welcome clatter of plates at the New England Kitchen, and the barking of the dogs of war at the Monitor exhibition, all are absent from the vicinity of this inner temple devoted to art.

Bryan Hall, as decorated, has, to say the least, a sombre effect rather soothing in its influence. The dim religious light all from above, the arrangement of funereal canopies, and the prevalence of mourning drapery, give it this cast—very appropriate for the vestibule of a picture gallery, in which should reign a sedate cheerfulness to enable the lover of art to enjoy the works of art in silence.

On entering the Gallery, the first feeling is one of surprise at seeing so many pictures that all the world over would be called good.

## RIENSTADT'S ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The artist in this picture represents a form of landscape so often to be met with in the American Alps as to be characteristic of them—a level park surrounded with the most rugged and wild mountain scenery.

The distances are finely managed, the snow peaks losing themselves in the pure white clouds, intimating, not in all places distinctly tracing a sky-line, reminds one who has wandered through these palaces of nature, of a very common, oft-noticed effect, and recalls again the vision of the land of Beulah which Christian saw through the prospective glass.

Then the middle distance, with its play of light through the gorges of the hills, suggesting the inextricable labyrinths in which the mountain streams run, in their rock-ribbed course, while the high hill-tops, dividing the near and remote middle distances, look to be, as they so frequently are, but screens, behind which, could we only reach with our eyes, are beauties greater than those distinctly visible.

The foreground is characteristic, and is obviously painted from nature. Such an Indian Village, with its heterogeneous assemblage of loose *brillauns*, skins in bundles, dead animals brought in from the recent hunt, prowling half-wolf dogs, chattering half-nude children, the ponies loaded, half loaded or grazing, the tripod of lances, with the medicine skin and the smoky lodges, with the rude hieroglyphic figures painted on them—is often seen, and is as congruous in the picture as the distant snow peaks, or the river so smooth in front, into which the mountain waterfall has poured its affluence.

To look ones fill, to recollect enough of this picture to call it up when far away, to study the wonderful management required to blend such bright colors in harmony, and then to become conscious that the local tints in cloud mountain, water, foliage and plain, are accurate renderings, to notice the touches of nature appealing alike to the cultivated sensibility, and the coarser organization of the uneducated, in matters of art; all these things require time, and have caused us, like a fond lover, to linger in this description.

The same artist has other fine paintings, representing rugged New Hampshire scenery, in the gallery, one of them "Mt. Cheon," particularly noticeable. But we must "move on."

The veritable Lincoln log cabin, built by Lincoln and Hanks, and identified by Governor Oglesby, will be exhibited on the corner of Lake street and Wabash avenue, during the Fair; for the benefit of the general fund.

## ARTEMUS WARD AGAIN HEARD FROM

HE WRITETH AN EPISTLE TO THE "VOICE OF THE FAIR," FROM RICHMOND, VA.

RICHMOND, VA., May—18 & 65.

## OLONZO WARD.

Afore I comments this letter from the late rebil capitol I desire to simply say that I have seen a low and skurrilus noot in the papers from a certain person who sings hisself Olonzo Ward, & sez he is my berruther. I did once have a berruther of that name, but I do not recognise him now. To me he is wus than ded! I took him from collige sum 16 years ago and gave him a good situation as the Bearded Woman in my Show. How did he repay me for this kindness? He basely undertook (one day while in a Backynalian mood on rum & right in sight of the audience in the tent) to stand upon his hed, whareby he betray'd his sex on accounts of his boots & his Beard fallin' off his face, thus rooinin' my prospects in that town, and likewise incurrin' the seris displeasure of the Press, which sed boldly I was triflin' with the feelin's of a intelligent public. I know no such man as Olonzo Ward. I do not ever wish his name breathed in my presents. I do not recognise him. I perfectly disgust him.

RICHMOND.

The old man finds hisself once more in a Sunny climb. I cum here a few days arter the city caterpillertulated.

My naburs seemed surprised & astonisht at this darin' bravery onto the part of a man at my time of life, but our family was never know'd to quale in danger's stormy hour.

My father was a sutler in the Revolootion war. My father once had a intervo with Gin'ral La Fayette.

He asked La Fayette to lend him five dollars, promisin' to pay him in the Fall; but Lafy said "he couldn't see it in those lamps." Lafy was French, and his knowledge of our langwidge was a little shaky.

Immejutly on my 'rival here I perceeded to the Spotswood House, and callin' to my assitans a young man from our town who writes a good runnin' hand, I put my ortograph on the Register, and handin' my umbrella to a bald-headed man behind the counter, who I s'posed was Mr. Spotswood, I said, "Spotsy, how does she run?"

He called a culld purson, and said.

"Show the gent'lman to the cowyard, and giv' him cart number 1."

"Isn't Grant here?" I said. "Perhaps Ulyssis wouldn't mind my turnin' in with him."

"Do you know the Gin'ral?" inquired Mr. Spotswood.

"Wall, no, not 'zactly; but he'll remember me. His brother-in-law's Aunt bought her rye meal of my uncle Levi all one winter. My uncle Levi's rye meal was—"

"Pooh! pooh!" said Spotsy, "don't bother me," and he shuv'd my umbrella onto the floor. Obsarvin' to him not to be so keerless with that wepin, I accompanid the African to my lodgins.

"My brother," I sed, "air you aware that you've bin 'mancipated? Do you realise how glorus it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dreams, or do you realise the great fact in all its livin' and holy magnitood?"

He sed he would take some gin.

I was show'd to the cow-yard and laid down under a one-mule cart. The hotel was orful crowded, and I was sorry I hadn't gone to the Libby Prison. Tho' I should hav' slept com'f'ble enuff if the bed-clothes hadn't bin pulled off me durin' the night, by a scoundrel who cum and hitched a mule to the cart and druv if off. I thus lost my coverin', and my throat feels a little husky this mornin'.

Gin'ral Halleck offers me the hospitality of the city, givin' me my choice of hospitals.

He has also very kindly placed at my disposal a small-pox amboolance.

## UNION SENTIMENT.

There is raly a great deal of Union sentiment in this city. I see it on ev'ry hand.

I met a man to-day—I am not at liberty to tell his name, but he is a old and infloentoial citizen of Richmond, and sez he, "Why! we've bin fightin' agin the Old Flag! Lor' bless me, how sing'lar!" He then borror'd five dollars of me and bust into a flood of tears.

Sed another (a man of standin' and formerly a bitter rebuel,) "Let us at once stop this effo-shun of Blud! The Old Flag is good enuff for me. Sir," he added, "you air from the North! Have you a doughnut or a piece of custard pie about you?"

I told him no, but I knew a man from Vermont who had just organized a sort of restaurant, where he could go and make a very comfortable breakfast on New England rum and cheese. He

borrowed fifty cents of me, and askin' me to send him Wm. Lloyd Garrison's ambrotype as soon as I got home, he walked off.

Said another, "There's bin a tremendous Union feelin' here from the fust. But we was kept down by a rain of terror. Have you a dagerrtype of Wendell Phillips about your person? and will you lend me four dollars for a few days till we air once more a happy and united people?"

JEFF. DAVIS.

Jeff. Davis is not pop'lar here. She is regarded as a Southern sympathiser. & yit I'm told he was kind to his Parents. She ran away from 'em many years ago, and has never bin back. This was showin' 'em a good deal of consideratin when we refleck what his conduck has been. Her captur in female apparel confooses me in regard to his sex, & you see I speak of him as a her as frekent as otherwise, & I guess he feels so hisself.

R. LEE.

Robert Lee is regarded as a noble feller.

He was opposed to the war at the fust, and draw'd his sword very reluctant. In fact, he wouldn't hav' drawd his sword at all, only he had a large stock of military clothes on hand, which he didn't want to waste. He sez the colored man is right, and he will at once go to New York and open a Sabbath School for negro minstrels.

## THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The surrender of R. Lee, J. Johnson and others leaves the Confederat Army in a ruther shattered state. That army now consists of Kirby Smith, four mules and a Bass drum, and is movin' rapidly to'rds Texis.

## A PROUD AND HAWTY SUTHENER.

Feelin' a little peckish, I went into a eatin' house to-day, and encountered a young man with long black hair and slender frame. He didn't wear much clothes, and them as he did wear looked onhealthy. He frowned on me, and sed, kinder scornful, "So, Sir—you come here to taunt us in our hour of trouble, do you?"

"No," said I, "I cum here for hash!"

"Pish-haw!" he sed sneerinly, "I mean you air in this city for the purpuss of gloatin' over a fallen peple. Others may basely succumb, but as for me, I will never yield—never, never!"

"Hav' suthin' to eat!" I pleasantly suggested.

"Tripe and onions!" he sed furcely; then he added, "I eat with you but I hate you. You're a low-lived Yankee!"

To which I pleasantly replied, "How'l you have your tripe?"

"Fried, mudsill! with plenty of ham-fat!"

He et very ravenous. Poor feller! He had lived on odds and ends for several days, eatin' crackers that had bin turned over by revelers in the bread-tray at the bar.

He got full at last, and his hart softened a little to'rds me. "After all," he sed, "you hav sum peple at the North who air not wholly loathsum beasts!"

"Well, yes," I sed, "we hav' now and then a man among us who isn't a cold-bluded scoundril." "Young man, I mildly but gravely sed, this crocil war is over, and you're lick! Its rather necessary for sumbdy to lick in a good square, lively fite, and in this 'ere case it happens to be the United States of America. You fit splendid, but we was too many for you. Then make the best of it, & let us all give in and put the Republic on a firmer basis nor ever."

"I don't gloat over your misfortins, my young fren'. Fur from it. I'm a old man now, & my hart is softer nor it once was. You see my spectacles is misten'd with suthin' very like tears. I'm thinkin' of the sea of good rich Blud that has been spilt on both sides in this dredful war! I'm thinkin' of our widders and orfuns North, and of your'n in the South. I kin cry for both. B'leeve me, my yung fren', I kin place my old hands tenderly on the fair yung hed of the Virginny maid whose lover was laid low in the battle dust by a fed'ral bullet, and say, as fervently and piously as a vener'ble sinner like me kin say anythin', God be good to you, my poor dear, my poor dear!"

I riz up to go, & takin' my yung Southern fren' kindly by the hand, I sed, "Yung man, adoo! You Southern fellers is probly my brothers, tho' you've occasionally had a cussed queer way of showin' it! It's over now. Let us all jine in and make a country on this continent that shall giv' all Europe the cramp in the stummuck ev'ry time they look at us!