

**BRYAN HALL.**

When, after the labor of centuries, the Parthenon loomed up, in all its athenian splendor, Phidias, (who did for Athens what Volk has done for Chicago, viz: brought sculpture into honorable repute,) erected within its walls his golden statue of Minerva, he did it, doubtless, quite as much through a spirit of gallantry as devotion; and in order to perpetuate the fact, that the ancients selected woman as their representative of wisdom. If, however, he had allowed sagacity to remain with the lords of creation undisturbed, and conferred upon the weaker of God's creatures their deserved titles of benevolence and enterprise, he would have transmitted, not a Grecian myth simply, but a christian truth as well. Without the philanthropy of our women, without their unceasing zeal and enterprise, our dying soldiers would have lacked care, and our dead, honorable sepultures. But throughout this war, there has never been

"A lack of woman's nursing, nor a dearth of woman's tears."

Without the women of Chicago, our present mammoth Fair, in fact Sanitary Fairs throughout the country, would be subjects for speculation and experiment; but to-day they loom up as blessed experiences, from which God procured instruments of mercy, for allaying the woes, and lengthening the lives of our soldiers. Hence, with a prestige so exalted, this Fair flings its hopes on the generous impulses of the people, and wafts throughout the land its song, the burden of which is, help, help, for the needy soldier.

Of the many apartments of the Fair, the most attractive and interesting is that under the immediate superintendence of his Honor, Judge Bradwell and his indefatigable and estimable lady. Under their mysterious and skillful touch the arms and trophies of the Republic have given to Bryan Hall an aspect of classic grandeur. Homer himself, standing in the midst of these heroic associations, would eclipse his Iliad, and the twining of his golden words around the deeds of our soldiers, would startle the Trojan dead.

It is impossible to step within the portals of Bryan Hall, and not experience, in some degree, that holy enthusiasm which must have filled the breasts and nerved the arms of our legions, when, like a chosen vengeance, they swept into graves of infamy a traitorous and envenomed enemy. What you see about you are not the embellishments of heroic fancy, by no means. Everything that meets the eye embodies the traditions of our country, in sacred form, and clothes familiar names and places with charms and spells. The cannon is there; and, after, speaking to treason its words of final doom, shows its now harmless and polished throat. The Mortar, whose lungs did "Joves dread thunder counterfeit," the stained sword that in the carnage cleft the foe, the screaming shell that rent the rebel ranks, the rams that battered walls, the lance, the shaft, the arrow, all lie quiet there. The banners, whose crimson folds swayed amid the strife, and whose present waive might "awe the world," now peacefully droop, the consecrated symbols of the nation. These and the myriad emblems of loyalty and treason, of freedom and slavery, of tenderness and cruelty, of obscurity and light, of death, of life and regeneration—these, and a thousand such, conspire to make this the chosen spot; for within it are the altars on which treason was immolated, and freedom saved. Around cannon and mortar, shot and shell, blade and bayonet, drum and fife, is emblazoned a history, the like of which found no dawn until loyalty stooped and wrenched it from the ruins of a spent and wasted treason.

Around every instrument of freedom which bore the touch of the dead or living patriots, there cluster deeds of martial grandeur. Around every instrument of torture and tyranny clings the stigma of a once corrupting but now harmless treachery.

On entering the Hall, the object which, on account of its conspicuous position and marvelous beauty, first attracts attention, is

**THE CENTRAL TEMPLE.**

When God chose Bezaleel to preside in the erection of the tabernacle, "he filled him with his spirit." The architects of this modern tabernacle, if not filled with the spirit of God, were surely like Phidias and Proxileos, filled with the spirit of art and poetry. Under the touch or summons of their rich and varied fancy, sprang up a structure of exquisite taste, beauty and elegance, so happily perfect and symmetrical that it might well compete, even in its miniature conception, with that temple of Diana which rose in the admiration of the world, until, niched among the seven wonders, it tempted Herostatus to destroy, in a single hour, the labor of two hundred years, that, as the poet has it, he might "outlive in fame the pious fool who reared

ed it." In fact, in point of architectural and decorative beauty, this *chef d'œuvre* of a temple has the most charms, displays the most critical taste, and appears to us the most exquisite production of the Fair: crowned with the busts of patriots, and wreathed with a glittering circle of bayonets, it challenges our admiration. Nor are these, its external attractions, all. Enclosed within its gilded columns are the vendors of wares, and each vendor is as fit a shrine to bow to as ever was "Diana of the Ephesians"; and yet they display their wares and extol their merits in a manner perfectly charming and simple. At this favored spot we were shown many articles of genuine merit, and among the sacred heir-looms, we noticed Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac" in its original; Continental money, and an antique "porte monnaie" containing its Revolutionary owner's funds; but it is impossible to enumerate all the rare and curious things. Go to this tabernacle and pay not only your devotions, but your money.

To the left and on the front of the platform, in sombre and solemn grandeur, stands the

**CATAFALQUE,**

with its mourning sky and glittering stars, each the chrystalized tear of an angel. That spanned arch spanned all that remained on earth of him on whom treason and slavery glutted their fury; there, in his last sleep, rested one "whose life was gentle" and in whom the elements were so mixed that nature might stand up and say to all the world, "This was a man."

At the head of the Catafalque rests the eagle, America's tutelary bird; and all around it the symbols of national strength and confidence. At the base of the Catafalque is suspended (not so high as its owner soon will be) Jeff. Davis' plantation bell; the bell which chimed its merry peal when treason dawned, but rang out far *more merrily*, when treason's chieftain fell. Scattered around this are those symbols and instruments of cruelty which were wielded by the "Mirror of Chivalry."

**FORTUNE TELLER.**

At the southwest corner of the hall, summoned by the Astrologer's wand, is the Temple of Delphos, destined to become soon as famous as when first dedicated to the oracle of Apollo. Approach this temple not with fear and trembling, but with smiling face and bounding hope. The oracle here is a happy one, and pictures for all a future of happiness and wealth.

If you desire a pretty wife, whose witching grace shall fill your life with sunshine and poetry, you can find her here—in imagination. A model husband is also assured to every Miss who will consult this truthful oracle. As for wealth, honor, troops of friends, and prattling cherubs, they are to be had without extra charge.

**JEFF DAVIS.**

At seven last evening the rush and crush was immense, and every one burned with impatience to see the face of him whom a petticoat had rendered illustrious. Amid the running and tumbling and shouting, a voice cried out, "Let me alone," and turning sharply around, we beheld in all her grizly charms, the virgin matron, Jefferson Davis. With an elegance hardly looked for in one so recently apprenticed to the *swell* of fashion, she sailed majestically on. With flashing eye she glanced around, and with a bully's swagger, shook high her glittering knife. The old lady soon became convinced, however, it was better to captivate than affright, and actually agreed to make her headquarters under the bending arches of a tent, and not get in high dudgeon at her visitors, who are to be allowed a sight at twenty-five cents a head.

**HER APPEARANCE**

Is that of a maiden on the verge of sixty; and, though at that period of life when vanity is laid aside, she, poor thing, vainly clings to the soft endearments of her youth, and coquettishly displays the mincing foot by which she was recognized. The identical robes in which she had pecked her captors are still upon her, and arranged in such manner as to reveal her exact appearance on the morning of her surrender.

**THE REPRESENTATION**

Is complete. The head, made of wax, is pronounced by those acquainted with the dame, a perfect likeness. Let no one fail to see her. A sight of this blatant rebel, fugitive president, and disguised old lady, will amply repay the investment of a quarter.

**ON THE LEFT**

Of his "fallen highness" is an ingenious contrivance, on which is written in cabalistic terms, "Try your luck;" and though perhaps untutored in the knack of trade, push forward with hope and confidence, and as you near this shrine, shield your breast from cupid's darts, for in ministering to your purse, the reigning deity here

may perchance minister to your hearts. For even we, on whom withering years have shed their frequent snows, and whose heart beats, patient reader, beats warmly toward thyself, even we, in standing here before this Goddess fair, did feel the chill of age depart, and within this seared breast, the warmth of youth renew.

**FOR A TRIFLING SUM**

She dips her pearly fingers in the sea of prizes, and gently stirring the golden ware of gifts, brings out some rare and costly thing. Bewildered at her grace, you snatch the curious prize, and charmed with her ways you'll bid her dip again, and dip again, until the throng impatient will urge you on to see the fair one dip.

**THE END OF THE WAR.**

Secretary Stanton informed the country officially on Saturday evening that the last army of the Rebellion had surrendered. Notwithstanding the defiance of Kirby Smith, and the braggadocia of Magruder; despite the brutal utterances of Flournoy, and the valorous resolutions adopted at Shreveport, the Rebel officers in the Southwest have come to the conclusion that "the better part of valor is discretion." They have surrendered everything, as we learn from the official dispatches, soldiers, munitions of war, sailors and what remains of the navy. Thus ends the war against the Union, in the total overthrow of the Rebel Government, the capture of its President and Vice President, and some of its Cabinet officers, its Congressmen, Governors, and all its military and naval chiefs. This is great news, and if it had been proclaimed three months ago it would have set the country in a blaze of excitement. But although Americans are impulsive, they are also calculating. They discounted this final triumph in April, when they heard of the surrender of Lee. All that was to follow was certainly anticipated, and when great events did happen, we were so thoroughly prepared for them that they scarcely excited a sensation.

The army of Texas seemed to be an obstacle; it had possession of a rich country, and if those who had command of it were disposed to prolong a struggle which was hopeless, they could have given us much trouble, cost us the valuable lives of our soldiers, and added to our national debt. In their wickedness, they could have pursued that policy, with no ultimate hope of success, but in the passionate blindness which originated the Rebellion, and continued it long after it was obvious that its overthrow could only be a question of time. That wisdom has at last overtaken the remaining leaders, and that they have resolved that they will give up the contest without a further effusion of blood, is a matter upon which good citizens will congratulate each other.

Thus, in forty-seven days after the surrender of Lee, one of the mightiest insurrections known in the history of the world is closed. Those who commenced it had the command of hundreds of thousands of men and resources which they thought would bring the world in humility to their footstool, begging for permission to assist their cause. The United States have in this war fought the whole world. They obtained no assistance from abroad, they got no sympathy, and found European nations extending to the insurgents such covert aid, in the fitting out of piratical vessels, as nearly demolished our commerce. We have conducted this war in our own way. We have raised our own soldiers and appropriated our own means to support them. We have raised armies before which the legions of Napoleon Bonaparte were diminished to mere brigades. We have created armies from the most insignificant military establishment in the world. We have raised up a navy, active and strong, vying with the most formidable European fleets. We have made splendid Generals out of our civilians, and we have carried out this contest without regard to European precedents and upon our own plans. Let us rejoice that after the fearful trial we have come out victors. We have re-established the nation, and, beyond all, we have released from bondage millions of human beings, whose chains were clanking protests against that subservience which postponed right for expedience. Hereafter the United States will be in fact, what they had long and truly boasted they were, the pattern of nations, and the hope and incentive to the down-trodden of all nationalities.

We cannot look back through these dreary years of woe and bloodshed, without feeling that this chastisement has been the act of God, for a good and wise purpose.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,  
"Rough hew them as we will."

—It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

**MEN FIND THEIR OWN LEVEL.**

BY "GEN. HAMILTON."

The flattery with which our assembled working-classes are apt to be served, undoubtedly contributes to keep many of them content to make no higher attainments. If they are not received with open arms by the educated and refined, they attribute it to their occupation, not to themselves; to the irresponsible pride and prejudice of others, not to their own deficiency. But water is not the only thing that will find its own level. Genius, wit, learning, ignorance, coarseness, are each attracted to its like. Two painters were overheard talking in the room where they were at work. "Lord!" said one, "I knowd him well when he was a boy. Used to live with his gran'ther next door to us; Poor as Job's turkey; But I ain't seen him since, till I hearn him in — hall, t'other night. Don't suppose he'd come anigh me now with a ten foot pole. Them kind of folks has short memories, ha! ha! Can't tell who a poor working-man is, nohow."

No, no, my good friends, you are in the wrong. There is, indeed, a great gulf between you and your early friend, but it is not poverty. To say that it is, is only a way you have of flattering your self-love. For, if you watch those who frequent your friend's house, you will find many a one who lives in lodgings, with the commonest three-ply carpets, cane-seat chairs, and one warm room; while you have a comfortable house of your own, with, very likely, tapestry and velvet in your parlor, and registers all about. No, sir, it is not because you are poor, nor because you work; for he is as hard a worker as you, though, perhaps, not so long about it; but because—begging your pardon—you are vulgar, and ignorant; because you sit down in your sitting-room at home, with your coat off, and your hat on, and smoke your pipe—because you plunge your own knife into the butter and your own fork into the toast, having used both in your eating with equal freedom—because your voice is loud, your tone swaggering and your grammar hideous—because, in short, your two paths from the old school-house diverged; his led upward, yours did not; and the fault is *not his*. You both chose. He chose to cultivate his powers.—You chose not to do so. Call things by their right name!

In the revolutionary war a handsome young patriot-officer, fleeing from his British pursuers, sought protection by entering a house where there was nobody but a beautiful young woman. She aided him in seeking for a hiding place, but none could be found. The enemy were close at hand, and not a moment was to be lost. The young lady wore the wide-spreading dress of the time, and a thought occurred to her. "Come under here and lie close," she exclaimed, and he had barely time to obey when the soldiers entered the door. She stood stern and still, while they searched the house in vain for the fugitive. If Jeff Davis, instead of putting on his wife's crinoline, had been smart enough to hide himself as that young officer did, perhaps he would not at this time be the occupant of a casemate.

**BITS OF THINGS.**

—A Writer on swearing, says: "an oath from a woman's lips is unnatural and incredible. I would as soon expect a bullet from a rosebud."

—It is not easy to understand why public singers should have any objection to encores. Is not every encore a-gain?

—Dickens, in speaking of a friend, says he was so long in the legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else.

—What periodical storm is like the kicks of a horse? The *equine-knocks*.

—"Gentle the *dues* are o'er me stealing," as the man said when he had five bills presented to him at one time.

—A fast friend—the electric telegraph.

—A London insurance company has just erected a building "which," says a London sheet, "is, perhaps, on the whole, the most majestic and elaborate structure which now adorns the city."

—The new fashions have been seen in Hyde Park. Long skirts, dragging the dust, with little or no crinoline, in the style of a hundred years ago, have really appeared at last, after all the talk there has been about them.

—A writer on the "Transcendentalist of Concord," in Frazer's Magazine, says: "It is a part of the Boston creed that one who is born in that city does not need to be born again."

—Wanted a strong adhesive plaster, to make busybodies stick to their own business.