

FLOWERS.

After wandering through Union Hall, elbowing and being elbowed, we were on the point of retiring with drooping arms and wearied body, when by happy chance we heard the dulcet strains of an almost celestial choir. Conjecturing aright, we hastened to Floral Hall, and at this pleasing spot it seemed as though Orpheus' far famed lute,

"Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones," was there, throwing around those soft and summer bowers, rapturous symphonies which charmed and thrilled.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Dr. Kennicott, to whose unwearied effort and fortunate skill, the Floral Department has met with such enviable success, we were regally installed beneath a graceful arch of curling vines and spreading evergreens. Fancy with her magic brush could hardly paint a scene of more enchanting loveliness than that which met our eye, and in an ecstasy of pleasure seldom experienced, we lounged beneath this verdant dome, watched the Graces pass, and breathed the fragrant air.

MRS. KENNICOTT

has a staff of fifty *aide de camps*, selected not for military acquirements, but for beauty, elegance, and address. These are their weapons, which they've used so dextrously well, as to lay vaunting heroes low. Every "aide" is a bewitching fairy, and each fairy speeds merrily about, her tiny basket filled with floral buds, which are yours and mine for a trifling sum. Who, knowing this, and viewing graces, which sculptors well might envy, will fail to *freely* pay their tribute to the fair.

While passing through the Main Hall, we noticed that some of the religious departments were displaying bouquets among their beautiful and costly wares, these we learned were not for sale, but simply used as ornaments to enhance the richness of the show. This is as it should be.

The departments of the Fair are so extensive, many and varied, that there is no necessity for trespassing upon the province of any one. Flowers should be sold exclusively at FLORAL HALL, this modern Eden is designed for this especial purpose. Let every person in the luxurious enjoyment of

FLOWER GARDENS

be filled with a generous emulation to outdo one another, in sending out flowers to this department. We shall be pleased during the coming week to mention those, who, in order to promote the success of this department, swelled its floral mounds. Let every young gentleman and every young Miss, remember that

"In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears;
Then purchase bouquets from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of your heart in flowers."

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION BEFORE THE CABINET.

This celebrated picture by Carpenter is now on exhibition at No. 66 Madison Street, over McVicker's Theatre, for the benefit of the Fair. It is certainly one of the most remarkable paintings of the age, and is eminently worthy of critical study. As a work of art it will ever rank high, but as commemorating and illustrating the most momentous crisis in the great struggle through which we have passed, it even now assumes a dignity and importance equalled by no modern painting; but its historical interest will cause it to become more famous when years have come and gone and history has developed to all the true and only cause of the war, and the "considerate judgment of mankind" has unanimously concurred in pronouncing that proclamation the great event of the century. We subjoin an explanation of the picture from an Exchange:

The policy of issuing the proclamation had long occupied the most serious attention of the President. Until then the war had been prosecuted by the Administration without *directly* touching slavery in any manner. The proclamations of Fremont and Hunter had been nullified at Washington, and while a very large and influential class, styled at that time "radicals," had demanded a decided change of policy in this respect, still another and larger class were either opposed to any direct war against slavery itself, or were fearful of the consequences of making a regular *dead set* at it, although all acknowledged it to be the cause of the war, and that our country could never enjoy lasting peace and harmony so long as it was allowed as a disturbing element.

Finally, the President, convinced that the rebellion could never be conquered so long as slavery was permitted to sustain and vitalize it, determined to assume the responsibility of adminis-

tering to it a fatal blow. He therefore prepared the first draft of this now celebrated and immortal proclamation, and called a special Cabinet meeting to consider it. The artist has very happily chosen the moment when the Cabinet, being seated around the table, with the proclamation before them, Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, spoke as follows:

"This matter is of so much importance that I fear its effect at this juncture; it may be considered the last measure of an exhausted Government—a cry for help—the Government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth its hand to the Government." Therefore, Mr. President, I suggest that you postpone the issue of the Proclamation until it can be given to the country upon Union *success* rather than *defeat*." The result was that the Proclamation was reserved, and first given to the world amid the acclamations which followed the battles of South Mountain and Antietam.

The picture represents the President as suddenly arrested and impressed by the wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State. In truth, it was an aspect of the case, as he informed the artist, that he had until that moment, entirely overlooked. His *marked* face and figure are turned toward Mr. Seward, who is in the act of speaking. He grasps the Proclamation in his left hand, which has dropped upon the table at his side; the old lines of humor are all gone from his face, and in their stead is a strange blending of firmness and anxiety. Slightly to the rear of Mr. Lincoln is the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, standing with arms closely folded over his breast. The President is supported on each hand by the Secretaries of War and the Navy, Mr. Stanton upon the right, and Mr. Welles on the left; both of whom, together with Mr. Chase, are looking, with varying shades of expression, towards the speaker, Mr. Seward. At the end of the table, opposite the President, leaning forward upon his arms, is Judge Bates, the Attorney General. Immediately at his right, standing, as if having but recently entered the room, is Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster General. In the background, also standing, is the late Caleb B. Smith, the Secretary of the Interior, whose resignation took place shortly afterward.

The accessories of the picture are *literal*. It is the Cabinet chamber of the Executive mansion. By invitation of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Carpenter occupied the State dining-room of the "White House" during the painting, which consumed about six months. Here he had every needed facility for studying his subjects from the life, with the exception of Secretary Smith, who died shortly before the picture was commenced. If we were inclined to make any criticism on the whole painting, it would be, that Secretary Stanton should have been made to occupy the very prominent position in which Secretary Welles is represented. This change, however, might not be so much in accordance with truth, as it would with popular desire and the general "fitness of things." The portraits of Chase, Seward and Blair are noble ones, and most admirably executed.

"Success," says Rouchefaucauld, "is the touch-stone of merit." The rebellion is now crushed. Slavery is stone-dead, and hereafter Lincoln's proclamation will be considered as the most potent agency in bringing about these very important results—results momentous not only to this nation and this generation, but to mankind generally, and for all time. Lincoln and his proclamation will be hereafter considered as one and inseparable, and history will distinguish him not as the President under whose administration a gigantic and powerful rebellion was crushed, but as the man who gave freedom to a whole down-trodden race, and who rendered all future rebellions simply impossible.

HO! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH!—Come ye to Jacob's Well and drink! "without money and without price"—excepting the trifling matter of one dime, and *such* Lemonade as the orientals furnish is worth tasting! the accomplished and indefatigable Mrs. Sutton, originated, perfected and manages that charming and most successful enterprise; and then the Rebekahs who minister at that shrine, are, it is confessed, the most beautiful ladies connected with the Fair. We drank of the *Seau de vie* at the hands of the beautiful and accomplished Rebekah (Miss Hamil,) and the lovely Miriam (Mrs. Colburn,) a day or two since.

What a sweet and delicious beverage! The "well" cleared \$600 and expenses last week. That isn't a "failure" is it?

Jeff. Davis was born in the same year with President Johnson, but will probably die some years sooner.

ADDITIONAL ARTICLES RECEIVED AT ARMS AND TROPHY DEPARTMENT.

HON. J. B. BRADWELL.

One herbarium of prairie flowers, from Mrs. William E. Doggett.

From Orrington Lunt—Magnolia leaf from Memminger's garden, rebel Secretary of War, at Charleston, S. C.

Magnolia leaf from garden of Barnwell Rhett, Charleston, S. C.

Francis Hallenbeck, of Camp Douglas, cash \$4.50.

Mrs. Atwater, Chicago, cash \$5.00.

Mrs. Deborah Carr, of Million, Rock county, Wisconsin, an invalid widow, 70 years of age, sends two silver half dollars from her scanty store as her contribution to the soldiers of the Union.

Boston Gazette, from R. S. Parks, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

A genuine Lincoln rail, presented to the Fair by "Old John Hanks," Mr. Lincoln's friend in early life.

Pipe made by Wm. L. Distin, at Andersonville, Georgia, called the "accommodation pipe."

Picture frame, made by Hermon H. Morey, Co. I, 89th Regiment Ill. Vols.

From Jacob Perkins, Washington medal.

Charles F. Wingate, six autographs of distinguished persons.

Three beautiful canes made from timber from Stone River battlefield.

One musket, from Brig.-Gen. L. D. Webster.

Petrified snake from ———.

From F. Wingate, five autographs.

From Capt. Turner, three beautiful canes made from timber from Stone River battlefield.

From M. A. Farwell, autograph letter and six photographs.

From John A. Dix, autograph letter and photographs; also, photographic copy of order issued January 29th, 1861.

From P. T. Robb, Savannah, Georgia, piece of cloth from the table around which the cruise of the pirate and slave yacht Wanderer was planned; also, large number of papers from rebellion.

Photograph of Robert Dale Owen.

Cane made from a stick cut from the tomb of Washington; presented by Charles Weeks.

Knife by J. Wadsworth, Chicago.

Autographs by distinguished persons, from C. L. Wilson; Victor Emanuel II, King of Italy; Rossini, the celebrated composer; autograph letter Gen. Count Merrabrea, a very eminent officer of Engineers of the Italian army.

Autograph letter of Emperor Napoleon, dated 11th of August, 1809.

Visiting card of Kossuth.

Adelaide Ristori, the great singer, written expressly for the Fair.

From Mrs. Oscar Taylor, of Freeport, Jeff. Davis' Bible.

From Mrs. Livermore, a large number of autographs from Boston Corbett.

The original commission of Jeff. Davis as Secretary of War under President Pierce.

GEN. GRANT'S HORSE PRESENTED TO MRS. GEN. SHERMAN FOR THE FAIR.

WASHINGTON, May 31st, 1865.

MRS. JUDGE ARRINGTON:

Madam,—Mrs. Sherman wishes me to say to you that Lieut.-Gen. Grant has presented to her, for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair, the horse he rode while Colonel of the Illinois Regiment he commanded. The horse is quite a valuable animal—valued from five hundred to a thousand dollars. She wishes the fact made known to the committee, that the sale of the horse may avail as much to the proceeds of the Fair as possible.

Owing to the press of the many engagements of Mrs. Sherman, she is unable to write you in person, as was her intention.

Yours, respectfully,

E. A. DUNCAN,

Staff Surgeon to Maj.-Gen. Sherman.

—The United States, it seems, is not the only country where plebians reach supreme power. The new President of Peru is a shoemaker by trade.

—The people of London, C. W., celebrated the Queen's birth-day last week, in novel style. Among the sports of the day were: "Indian races; wheelbarrow race, blindfolded; sack race; race on all fours; race backwards, or crab race; foot race for men and boys; hurdle race, for men and boys; standing jumps; hop, step and leap; running jump; jump, with pole; climbing the greasy pole, to be well coated with soft soap for the occasion; catching a pig with a greasy tail, the catcher to be rewarded with the pig; throwing the sledge; tossing the caber and putting the stone." The whole winding up with a general game of "shinney."

AGES OF MODERN STATESMEN.

Emile Girardin recently reproached the blindness of death "which has removed Richard Cobden, aged sixty-one, and left Lord Palmerston, aged eighty-one." Cobden's death was mourned as untimely; and truly, among the present race of British statesmen, he counted but as a young man. Palmerston is Prime Minister, and eighty-one; President Johnson is but fifty-seven, and Mr. Lincoln was but fifty-six. Earl Russell is Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and seventy-three. Mr. Seward—our Foreign Secretary—is the oldest man in the Administration, and but sixty-four. Mr. Cameron, the former Secretary of War, is two years his senior. The Lord High Chancellor of England is sixty-five, but Chief Justice Chase is but fifty-seven. Mr. Gladstone is fifty-six, and is reproached as a very young man. He is the future Premier of England; but Earl Russell stands between him and the succession in case of Lord Palmerston's death. Lord Derby, the chief of the English opposition, is sixty-six, and his second, Mr. Disraeli, is sixty, and must some time ago have laid aside the flowing locks with which Punch still decorates his head. Among the lesser lights, men who are slowly working their way upward, and of whom the British public expects something in the course of time, are Mr. Milner Gibson, who is fifty-eight, Lord Clarence Paget, the laborious Secretary of the Admiralty, fifty-four, Mr. Whiteside, the eminent Irish barrister, fifty-nine, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, sixty-seven, and other not less mature "rising young men."

Let us look for a moment at the ages of our own prominent public men. Mr. Buchanan became President at the age of sixty-five; Mr. Pierce at forty-eight; Mr. Lincoln at fifty-two; Mr. Johnson at fifty-seven. Breckinridge was but thirty-four when he was chosen Vice-President; Mr. Douglas was but forty-eight when he died; Mr. Seward became sixty-five but a few days ago, and, after a long life in opposition, reached the second place in the administration at the early age of sixty-one. Senator Sumner is but fifty-four; brave old Ben. Wade is sixty-five; Senator Wilson is but fifty-three; General Banks became Speaker of the House when thirty-nine, and is now forty-nine; Mr. Fessenden, is fifty-nine; Speaker Colfax is but forty-two; Winter Davis is forty-eight; and Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, a favorite of fortune, has been Governor, General, and Senator, and is yet but thirty-five.

Thaddeus Stevens is seventy-two, and Reverdy Johnson is sixty-nine. Mr. Harlan, just made Secretary of the Interior, is but forty-five; Mr. Adams, our Minister to England, is fifty-eight; and among the opposition, Vallandigham is forty-four, and Fernando Wood, fifty-three. Senator Morgan, of this State, is fifty-four, and Mr. Foster, the presiding officer of the Senate, is fifty-nine.

Jeff. Davis was born in the same year with President Johnson, and the year before Mr. Lincoln. Slidell is as old as Thaddeus Stevens—seventy-two; Mason, his companion in the San Jacinto affair, is sixty-seven. Henry A. Wise is prematurely old at fifty-nine; Toombs is fifty-five; Orr but forty-three; Alexander Stephens, fifty-three, and Letcher fifty-four; Herschel V. Johnson was forty-eight when he was placed as Vice-President on the Douglas ticket; Yancey died at fifty, and Porcher Miles, of South Carolina, is forty-three. John A. Gilmer, of North Carolina, who is reported to be on his way to Washington, to confer with the President on the affairs of that State, is just sixty; and William A. Graham, who accompanies him, is sixty-five.

The Emperor Napoleon is of the same age as President Johnson and Jeff. Davis. The late Duke de Morny, the Emperor's half-brother, died at fifty-three. The Emperor of Russia, is forty-seven, and Victor Emanuel is forty-five.

BRYAN HALL, 6 P. M.—VOTE ON GOLD PISTOL.—Sheridan, 49; Grant, 23; Sherman, 76; Logan, 10; Thomas, 3; Hooker, 1; Grierson, 2; McClellan, 3; Surgeon Gen. Barnes, 1.

SILVER PISTOL.

Gen. T. O. Osborn, 146; Schofield, 16; Sweet, 5; Paine, 1; Merideth, 1; Stolbraud, 1; Bradley, 3; Col. Strong, 1; Hough, 1; Hancock, 2; Gen. W. Smith, 2; Pritchard, 1.

—A report is current, says a Berlin letter, that the Prince Royal of Hanover, who will enter on his twenty-first year in September next, is to marry his cousin, the Princess Helen, Queen Victoria's third daughter. It is said that his alliance will be finally concluded during the Queen's visit to Germany in August next.