

ly first impressions" was verified, in our case, at least. Among the PAINTINGS IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS there exhibited as specimens of female work, there are some that for delicacy of coloring, fidelity of rendition, and grace of conception, are certainly unsurpassed. The most prominent painting in oils, for size and position, is one entitled "Truth Unweaving Falsehood." It is evidently allegorical, but it is also not easily to find out the meaning intended by the artist. A life-size female figure occupies the centre, representing Truth. The countenance is lovely, and the aspect of that fair, pure coloring in which we invest angelic beings. She is removing with her right hand the glittering veil from a kneeling figure clothed in crimson and ermine, and from whose head falls a golden crown. This figure holds in its arms a dead infant, while at its feet crouches a despairing, agonized wretch. On the left of Truth, leaning against her and encircled by her arm, sits a beautiful woman, with a rosy, smiling infant at her breast. The expression upon the face of Falsehood is very fine, but underneath it are skillfully shown the features of a most repulsive ghoul with fiendish eyes and savage beak, the very embodiment of cruelty. We have given an elaborate description of this picture, not on account of its superior merit, but because of the puzzling effect it has had upon so many spectators. A small placard explaining its meaning attached would greatly enhance its effect upon the minds of those who see it. Among flower paintings, we were especially attracted by two, one of which was a spray of English honeysuckle, painted by

THE PRINCESS LOUISE, so true to nature that only the delicate perfume was lacking to delude other senses than the one of vision only. The other piece was by an American lady, and represented a cluster of autumn field-flowers, "Golden rod," in its plummy bloom; purple wood, asters, a spray of glowing leaves, with here and there a starry daisy or feathery spike of grass. Nothing more exquisite than their arrangement and rendering could be imagined.

Quaint sea pieces, painted inside of scallop shells, showed much ingenuity of design and fancy. Painted cups, etc., of China; squares of slate and marble, all showed the same artistic finish and beauty of theme. One of the latter squares had the natural brown, picked out in yellow, in what seemed to be an arabesque, but a close inspection revealed different heads of birds and beasts, peeping out from among tree stems and curved branches, with grotesque expressions.

We may not leave that interesting building without giving a notice of a fine piece of wood-carving that pleased us more than the bedstead and doors which have received so many encomiums. The article referred to is

A MANTEL PIECE, with a deer and fawns carved in bold relief as centre-piece. Under is the inscription, in Gothic text, "REAP-TIME AND HARVEST SHALL NOT CEASE."

Above the long shelf were two smaller ones, on each side, for holding vases, etc. A small painted landscape, of an oval shape, is set in below the long shelf. On the left side, a cluster of cherries is pendant; on the right, a branch of grapes, both well shaded and colored. The pen etchings on silk and linen were excellent in their department; some of the smaller fancies for mats being taken from the famous "Reynard the Fox," and executed in a spirited manner.

There was a good display of proficiency in chasing upon silver and other metals creditable to the workers. From the beautiful to the useful, not always an easy or, to the artistic mind, an agreeable transition in the case in point, both easy and agreeable, *s. c.*, our walk from the flowers and dainty conceits of the feminine mind, to the deeply interesting statistics to be found within the walls of the "UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING,"

which lies next to the Women's Pavilion. Its cool, brown and yellow tints give an autumnal effect, and form a fitting frame-work or setting for the stores of golden and rosy apples ranged with a harmonious effect as regards coloring, besides olive-tinted and finely mottled pearls, some of these last being so huge as to suggest the luxuriance of tropical influences, but which are raised with great ease even in our northern sections; luscious melons, cool one even to look upon, especially the fine specimens of the orange watermelon, which combines so much beauty with a rare mixture of flavors.

Nor is there any lack of specimens both in dried plants medicinally used, and for dyeing purposes, and the immense variety of vegetable esculents that show the wonderful fertility of our soil, and its diverse quality. The exhibit of native woods is equally interesting, and the specimens so neatly prepared, as to show to the best advantage the disposition of the fibre, and the variety of coloring. The palms and palmettoes from our southern shores are tastefully grouped. A stem of one of the former, the

"PRITCHARDIA FILAMENTOSA," recently discovered in southern California, that ever developing State, will doubtless be utilized in various manufactures from the marked toughness and "individuality," so to speak, of its fibres.

To us the exhibits contained in this building were so fascinating and full of deep interest that but for the rapid gliding of the golden moments we would fain have lingered hours within its walls. "Have you visited the New England Log Cabin?" asked one acquaintance, against whom we drift in our tossing to and fro among the other "bits" of valuable stuff which go to make up the wonderful human streams which ebb and flow down and up the many avenues. "No; we have not!" Such a shame to have neglected these lineal descendants of the "Pilgrim Fathers," and in the Centennial Year, too!

Away we speed, and soon were in front of the

LOG CABIN, bearing upon its primitive front the words

"YE OLDE TIME," while below beams forth an added and kindly "Welcome" to all. To the

right, as you enter, is the general kitchen, with busy cheerful attendants in the short-waisted gay flowered prints of immense patterns, with clear muslin ruff and kerchief, and cap, not forgetting the broad high combs. The old fashion is repeated in all the details, of form and coloring of cup and platter. The familiar blue of the "willow pattern," associated among the relics peeped at on tiptoe, upon the top-most shelf of "Grandmama's" china closet when the charming beliefs and unquestioning credulity of childhood's days were ours. The gay-flowered delf-ware that surely must have been designed to match those wonderful gowns, all are here. Dinner commences at twelve, after the fashion of those days, and is served upon the cool verandah at the back. Now, we have always desired to eat *real* pork and beans, baked under New England supervision—not the insipid, watery imitations that deceive and disillusionize our childish dreams. What imaginative child from the other sections of country, that ever read and wept pitifully over Miss Wetherell's "Wide, Wide World" or "Queechy," but had a longing to realize Ellen's experiences of a pleasant nature especially in the gastronomic line? Or to see New England home-life through "Fieda's" eyes? And childish longing, ungratified, remains on through the years, when the tender freshness of the bud is merged into the wider life of the mature bloom.

Consequently we eat New England pork and beans—brown and crisp? Oh you may believe, brown and crisp as fallen leaves, when the autumn brightness is gone. And such doughnuts! with pumpkin pies of such luscious, golden richness, as to delude one into the notion that Thanksgiving day had become chronic on account of the Centennial.

Nor did we fail to peep an inquisitive head into a certain kitchen back of the building, where presides an experienced matron over the mysteries of those aforesaid edibles. She answered all of our queries so kindly, with a smile over our curiosity, that we were fain to sympathize with her trouble, concerning the watchfulness needed to guard the doughnuts from the fingers of "those boys," lying in ambush under the window. Poor boys! they are so awfully trying, too, but how can their perpetually hungry souls resist the cruel temptations of piles of those doughnuts!

In the room on the left, are "Spinning Jennys" or old-time flax wheels, with skilful workers plying their busy threads. Among the beauties of outdoor scenery, may be mentioned the lake north of Machinery Hall, with its centre taken up with "fountain jets." The effect is so picturesque, and the wreaths of silver foam uprising and falling in changing mist sprays, one could almost fancy that the fair and lovely head of Nordinne would appear.

On the way to Machinery Hall from the Woman's Pavilion, you pass the

TUNISIAN COFFEE HOUSE AND TENTS. In the former, are divans ranged against the walls, upon which recline numerous specimens of the "masculine persuasion," as the "Widow Bedott" would say, puffing away at the long stemmed chibouk, with its amber mouth-piece or the margehol, while on small tables beside them repose glasses of golden Sherbet, and other cooling Eastern drinks, or tiny cups of genuine Turkish coffee.

Courteous attendants in noiseless slippers and glittering Oriental attire, supply the wants of the crowd that throngs the small building. Small tables in the centre of the main room, and in two smaller rooms on each side, are surrounded by ladies and gentlemen, and in many instances, children eating cakes and sipping the cool drinks. Behind a short counter, somewhat elevated from the floor, sit the proprietor and a very handsome low-voiced lady, evidently his wife, in gorgeous attire. Fruits and refreshments are ranged in front of them. When an order is given it is called out in the Turkish tongue, with a lingering syllable at the end, not unlike a prolongation of the soft toned sound of A.

In another part of the grounds there is a pretty Moorish Villa, pricked out in colors, and of a light and curious form of architecture. It has divans, a sleeping compartment hung in rich stuffs, a quantity of china-ware; of carved wooden beds and triffles, and on the outside "Marocks," which is probably their way of spelling "Morocco." The flashing dark eyes and smooth, swarthy skin of the dignitary within who sits cross-legged and at his ease, recalled "The Moor," whose crime was living "not wisely but too well."

Entering Machinery Hall from one of the north front portals, we passed along seeing much, but falling, from the positive lack of adequate labelling and description of the different machinery, to comprehend much that interested us. A sort of weaving over

A FRAME WORK, arrested our steps. On inquiring, were told it was called

CIRCULAR WEAVING MACHINE, for the manufacture of material for under-vests, etc. The operator in charge courteously showed us the manner of weaving, which is done at the bottom of the frame around which the cloth is woven. There is a horizontal bar or roller above, with roughened plates below to draw up the cloth, which is then wound smoothly over the wooden roller. Upon asking what would be the effect of a broken thread, we were instantly shown by the operator breaking it, the weaving at once ceased; the other threads did not unravel or tangle; upon knotting the ends together again, all went on smoothly as before. A pointed tongue of steel rests against the lower part of the cloth, near the small serrated wheel, which revolving horizontally, does the weaving; this point of steel passes over every part of the stuff, detecting the small hole or flaw, and catching it, stops the weaving, until it is taken up, when all goes smoothly on. The manufacture of

FRENCH TOILET SOAPS, near the eastern entrance, was very interesting to us. First, the ingredients are put together in a receiver, where they are well pounded together by means of a powerful little hammer. Then the mass is passed into sieves that look like battered drums having sheep-skin heads. These are secured by cords in circular iron alabs, which are tossed about by the machinery, until it seems they would go to pieces. The result is only too thoroughly incorporate the mass. It is

then subjected to rollers of stone, which grind it smooth; then into another it goes, giving out a fresh and cleanly odor, whence it is forced through a small opening, from which it issues in cakes ready for stamping. This latter is quickly done by deft-handed maidens, and then it is ranged in neat boxes and sold.

There is a memory in our heart of hearts of some of the beautiful works seen in the

ITALIAN DEPARTMENT in the Main Building, which our lack of time compelled us to forego a description of when last we made our visit.

"How warm it has grown" reached the ear on every side, and in many various tongues, to judge from the gestures accompanying sundry incomprehensible phrases that reach our ears. The distance between Machinery Hall and Main Building widens. We scorn the idea of owning to sufficient fatigue to warrant the luxury of a chair. At last the cool, arching vault of the Main Building yields a grateful shade, but how many pyramids and stacks of rare industrial trophies bar our way! We see the tempting banner with

"ITALY" inscribed thereon. These mountains of goods! Courage, "beyond the Alps lieth thy Italy!"

It is reached, and all its treasures lie spread before an eager gaze. And first, an inscription of

GENOA, over a large case fitly framed in polished ebony, arrests our gaze. Genoa, the birth-place of the hero whose well-earned fame was stolen by the crafty; whose noble nature excited such envy among the lesser souls surrounding him, till, hound-like, they hunted him to death, and broken-hearted he laid his sorrowful burden of life down, glad to escape from a cruel, ungrateful world! It hardly seems as though, even with our wider views, our sense of justice in this enlightened century, we have even made the effort to do a meagre show of justice to the memory of

COLUMBUS. The word GENOVA brought up his glorious struggles to realize his dream, and we felt that any exhibit from his birth-place must needs receive our first attention.

JEWELRY OF FROSTED SILVER, so delicate, so exquisite in design and detail, that it seemed the fabulous work of the busy Gnomes, instead of human fingers, hung in chains of finest filagree, inter-mixed with golden links. Fairy butter-flies spread wings of a lace-like fineness. Clusters of daisies, in silver, with golden centres, seemed of a texture so delicate that a breath would stir them. Pansies of gold, card cases and receivers, caskets, lockets of rarest design, all wrought in this fairy filagree of gold and silver. What delicacy of touch! what patient skill must be needed to fashion this tiniest of gondolas, fit for the nicest of elves to float in! Where, even in Fairy Land, could a Cinderella be found tiny enough to near these specks of upturned golden slippers? And yet examine them, there is no part wanting—dots of heels, carved secondary in filagree, all perfect.

What race of elves could produce a Hamlet diminutive enough to soliloquize upon this mite of a "bare bodkin," wrought in fret-work of silver, adorned with gold?

On our other hand, are cases of rare and beautiful

CORALS from the palest flesh tinted ones of Naples to the glowing red. In all variety of form of degree they are presented—from the sprays, brought up by the venturesome Oliver, to the most delicately carved leaves and buds, and clear-cut heads.

On every side, the triumph of Italian Art, the different

MOSAICS are ranged, the Florentine, Byzantine, Romanic, Venetian, Landscapes, in natural hues, done in stones so tiny, the eye cannot, unassisted, perceive the joining of them. A magnificent table, with a centre piece of the favorite tradition of the suckling of Romulus and Remus by the she wolf, had at each corner the four seasons—Spring, represented by a young and glowing female, not unlike the "Fornernia" in face and figure, flower crowned, and with a garland of buds and blooms about her. Summer, a more developed matronly figure, bearing sheaves of ripened wheat and crowned with ears of grain.

Autumn, a man in his prime, with purple toga folded about his strong limbs; clusters of grapes are in his hand and about him.

Winter, sits an old man, cowering in his brown cloak, over a small fire in a brazen dish that stands upon a tripod. Between these figures are vases, flower-filled and of antique forms.

When it is considered that the entire workmanship is in Mosaic, while the colors of the flowers are so wonderfully blended, it seems incredible. There are others of equal beauty in their way. There are landscapes, heads, and all manner of trinkets in this work. In

CAMEOS there is much that is deeply interesting. One set of them illustrates what is termed the

GENESIS OF THE CAMEO. First the shell, then a head outlined upon the shell; next a rudely carved head, and so, on through all the degrees of fineness of carving, and variety of grounds—some light, some dark.

A POMPEIIAN LAMP of the 5th century, in bronze, has a porphyry base, with relieves of cupids in gilt. The lamp, a boat shape, with a ram's head for a prow, a climbing dragon at the back. Masks of antique heads, male and female, lie around and upon the curiously carved cover.

A SMALL CRUCIFIX of the finest workmanship in bronze, with the scroll above the head and the inscription, "I. N. R. I." upon it, a death's head and cross-bones at the feet, displayed some wonderful carving. Of the larger statues and groups in bronze we may not now speak, since our space would admit of no justice done to them. A single class of the Fine Arts exhibit from Italy could readily afford interesting material for hours of study. Alas! the warning chime-bells from Machinery Hall tower have ceased; a less harmonious sound greets our unwilling ear—it is that vicious hand-bell, rung by vigorous attendants to notify us that the hour for closing has arrived—and so with the rest we go.

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Taking the less crowded route to the Exhibition by going by the Reading R. R., we found ourselves on entering in a different part of the grounds from any we had before traversed. Somewhat in the rear of Memorial Hall we were, and on our way towards the Main Building we passed a small, but interesting structure of rough boards intended only as a secure framework for some of the largest and finest

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS

we have ever seen. They are among the French exhibits, and are designed for a large church in New York. Various groups are depicted, of life-size figures, wonderful for purity and distinctness of coloring, as well as for clearness of expression. The one most worthy of study, to our fancy, was a representation of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence by being roasted upon a huge gridiron. The attitude of the limbs, the knotting of the tense muscles by the action of the fire, the look of mortal agony, softened by triumphant faith, and the sublime expression of self-devotion to the cause of Christ, are so well delineated that the shadow seems almost to merge into substance. The expressions of the different faces in the on-looking crowd are equally good—fascination, blank wonder, sorrow—all are brought out.

In the same building are several of the groups in composition of the life-size figures for which the French artists in clay are so justly celebrated. These latter were mostly of a sacred character.

Stopping under the great organ in the Main Building only long enough to enjoy the closing strains of a fine chorus, we passed out the avenue nearest to the path that led to the

DAIRY.

The tropical, or as a New York friend maliciously suggested, the peculiarly "Philadelphian" heat of the day, rendered this place a favorite retreat. The refreshment pavilion in the upper section of it, which is open at the sides, and of rustic construction was crowded to so uncomfortable a degree that your correspondent was fain to remember Job "Griselda" and other models of patient long suffering under circumstances of extreme aggravation in order to retain that calm serenity of mind necessary to impartial judgment. According to the copy-books "patience meets with a due reward," and so we found, for after inspecting the very complete arrangements in the lower story, for the storing of dairy products, we refreshed the parched and dusty avenues of our throats with a dish of truly æsthetic strawberries and frozen cream of pastoral flavor.

Our next halt was in the little Engine Room, behind the Woman's Pavilion, where the

BAXTER ENGINE

that runs all the machinery in that building is worked and attended to in every particular by a young lady. With a great courtesy, that alas is but too rare from woman to woman, she gave a clear and deeply interesting account of the different parts of the engine and the manner of running it, etc. The entire success of her work, the ease with which she accomplishes the management of her busy machine, the care of which has hitherto been deemed to lie essentially within man's province, marks a decided epoch in female labor, and opens a new avenue of industry to the sex. The charming neatness, not alone of her engine, and its surroundings, but of her dress and person, notwithstanding the fact that she is her own "stoker" might well be imitated by the stronger sex. Nor does her chosen branch of labor seem to rob her of one gentle womanly attribute. We shall not soon forget the kindly smile of welcome nor the soft dark eyes with their quiet, pensive expression of the girl-engineer, and we heartily bid her "God speed" wherever her future lot may be cast.

Passing around to the front entrance of the Woman's Pavilion, we made a more extended tour through its different departments than we were able to accomplish upon our first visit. The first impression left upon our mind, by a hasty and too general survey of the industries represented within its walls, was that in the higher fields of science and fine arts, there was not so marked an advancement as in works requiring dexterity and patient skill. In this second tour we were glad to find that the old adage of "not trusting too implicit-