AN EXHIBITION TRIP.

Scenes in and Around the Grounds—Preparations for Visitors.

Gath, the Philadelphia correspondent of the Graphic, writes: I have never until this moment written a cursory line on the American show. That is the handy word to call it. Exhibition is an imponderable word; exposition is an affectation. Centennial has a tent yell in it, as you will observe when you approach the thing itself, and the peddlers, venders, and mountebanks begin to yell. As Julius Cæsar and the Latin language had nothing to do with 1776, it was unfortunate to have brought them on the ground after the hundredth year. Let me show you the Pegasus as it stands.

RIDE TO THE GROUNDS.

You are in Philadelphia and take a horse-car west, paying seven cents fare, an excessive and inconvenient amount of change, though the usual Quaker nickel. To avoid the odd cents you take more tickets than you want, and hence every time you pull out your handkerchief the little tickets fly. If seven cents is the extent to which metrical coinage has advanced in America, then hurrah for us. The cars pass over a bridge and river, the Schuylkill, and are in West Philadelphia, where the ground begins to rise to a higher plateau than the city. At the foot of the plateau is the steam-railroad depot; at the rise or ridge of it is a large new depot, rapidly pushed forward by the Pennsylvania company. Looking down at the mass of railroad tracks, from twelve to twenty abreast, crossed in places by broad and long iron viaducts for the streets, one gets the first big impression of the show. But at present we must proceed by horse-car through the uninteresting and new suburb of West Philadelphia, and it is a very long ride indeed from the heart of the town to the fair. I should say that you could go by the Sixth avenue cars of New York from the Central to the City park and back again while making the ride from the Continental hotel by horse-cars to the exhibition. There are nice carryalls, charging 50 cents, open at the sides, which go faster and by a better way through the old Fairmount park and over Girard bridge, at least half the way going through woodland landscape. And the bridge last mentioned, 100 feet wide, is the most elegant construction of that kind I ever saw. It is new, as are the Fairmount and South street bridges, but in all there are only five for cars or walkers.

PUBLIC CATERERS.

It is my belief—and I spent three days and took a heavy cold coming to it—that nobody will want to lodge in Philadelphia proper whose daily or principal interest requires him to be at the show. It seemed to me that the horse-cars went five or six miles. Nor is there any necessity for seeking lodgings so far away, as the show has stimulated a new city into being, almost the reproduction in card-board of the older one, plentiful in hotels, great and little, and in lodgings, restaurants and amusements. The ordinary passing life of Philadelphia city will scarcely be felt on that bold plateau where the pageant rests. The New York newspapers come by earliest day; before they are read the Baltimore and Washington papers arrive; Boston publishes on the ground. At present the United States hotel is the only open house, and it is very large and well furnished and put dexterously up on a side street, where the dust and the rolling wheels of the show will not come, for the dust and the heat are to be ponderable qualities here. From the skeleton city arising, the mighty facades and lofty profiles of the exhibition buildings, the street pavers and multitudes, I turned up this little side street, under the streaming banners of the United States hotel, and it all vanished. There were familiar faces of Boothby, the proprietor, whom I saw yesterday chief steward at Willard's hotel, and E. H. Willard and other well-known governmental sconces. "Why," said I, "Lord bless me!—I thought this was to be a foreign show." Dobbins, the extraordinary contractor who has thrown up the vast halls of the exhibition, combining magic with might, owns this, and is building another hotel. In essentials they are rows of dwelling houses, new and meant to stand, now hotels, presently homes. Mr. Boothby anticipates the great rush in September after the watering places fail. Although a large part of this house was engaged months ago he says that the hotel accommodations on the spot will exceed the demand. One concern, now rising like a fog bank, will hold 4,000 people.

THE COUP D'ŒIL.

The streets which point to the exhibition quarter are new and laid askew to the square, which must grieve the rectangular Quaker heart. Belmont, Elm and Girard avenues describe a large triangle, in which are several streets, between the main gate, the railroad, and a corner of the park. Here is the microcosm, the raree show outside, full of hotels, theatres, beer pavilions, costly restaurants, horse-car stations, and the arriving multitude. The sound of hammers has now well-nigh ceased, and the clap of the trowel and the click of paper-hangers' shears is more common. A huge opera-house, the skeleton of its developing corporeality, is just beside a hotel of plastered wood where two thousand beds are to be made and the bar privilege has sold for $60,000. Opposite is another hotel of brick which will have seven hundred and fifty beds. A brick restaurant, very well built indeed, with plate-glass windows, will dine two thousand people at once. Beer is prepared to flow at fifty eccentric booths, some built high and trellised, others squatty and embowered. Painted carry-alls and chaises, cars, drags, women, country people, lean Danes full of spectacles, and Norwegians with high cheeks, Japanese, everybody, everything, go along in a stream. Banners fly up yonder, and everywhere all are cheery. The dust blows like the deuce. And still it is weeks off.

EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.

Arrived at the square of the main gate, not yet up, we have the depot behind us where Colonel Scott is to discharge the people of the world. A broad avenue in a straight line of a mile and a quarter lies outside the paling of the show, nearly its whole length bestridden by the two majestic rectangular halls of painted wood, iron, and glass, which are to contain the belly of the exhibition. Their size is truly international, but lost in their symmetry, and they look like two broad lakes filled with posies which had stood up and ceased to flow. The entrance is screened by latticework buildings, monsters themselves except in height, for the commission. Enter and pass these edifices! Others open out beyond them, a whole village or royal court of curious dwellings, lakes and monuments, acres on acres in extent. An avenue straight as an arrow starts obliquely across the prospect, forming a cross with a second. Their place of meeting is the center of all views and midway of all attractions, and there stands the plain, unostentatious edifice of the United States, with a pretty new lake and gravelled shores between it and the great Machinery hall behind us. To balance this lake, in front of the other or main hall in the rear is the monumental structure, which I presume to be the future state capitol of Pennsylvania, called Memorial hall. It is for its great proportions the quaintest and most pleasing piece of architecture we possess, in height, one colossal story of corner pavilions connected by colonnades, and on the main facade only carrying out a center of three arches from a dome which arises within it. Built of massive stone, raised on an eminence reached by a flight of stairs, its ornaments few and strong, its purposes expressive, and its open door to the west, this hall is, no doubt, to succeed the old state capitol at Harrisburg, already antiquated and without reverence. The state gave the money for Memorial hall, and the century upon which we have entered does not require legislatures to take to the woods at the approach of the militia.

I examined this hall, still unfinished but soon to be ready, and now packed with works of art not taken from their cases, and I saw that in every feature it was a legislative capitol and the noblest in the country. The central pavilion opens into a palatial ante-chamber and that into a dome, from which lie off, to right and left, two skylighted legislative halls, perfect except for chairs. From these are committee parlors along the shell of the edifice, ample lobbies, and governor's and speaker's rooms. In a few weeks these fresh walls will be hung with such a collection of paintings as Europe probable has not seen, and decorated with marbles whose limbs I saw in the latticed packing boxes. Coming down the steps of this building the representative shoes of all nations can already be seen—the instepless Briton, the French miss with a heel like a brass shoe peg under her sole, the slippered Japanese, called in love "my Japonica!" Two Pegasuses, if there were two, or Pegasus twice reigning in twice Bellerophon, winged and ugly, hold the angels of the stairs. Over the dome of the hall, freedom, or peace, or Aunt Mary is extending a wreath with her feet on a bell—the aerial bell-wether of the concern. Memorial hall, being a costly, permanent building, gives to the exhibition a look of reality and stability which no foreign show has had. Out in the open country, of granite walls, good for ages, and perfectly new, "Blow my heyes," says Bull, "do they mean to exhibit 'ere forever?"

SCENERY.

Facing the Memorial hall, a short half mile away, is the grand new Catholic fountain, the largest in America, and except that at Cincinnati, the most elaborate in sculpture. It is a moral victory over the last century to see the Jews, Catholics, and Presbyterians, all stiff religionists, celebrating freedom in the sight of each other with monuments, hammer clicking to hammer, stone rising to stone, Witherspoon, Father Mathew, and Moses poised in the same landscape, and there to remain. These monuments, raised in the spurt of a few months, amount to more than we have gathered in Central Park in years. Indeed, the Philadelphia show will leave them for the future time the best ornamented park in this country.

The enclosure of the exhibition is a triangle on each side, the base of the triangle at the great entrance where the main halls are; the other two sides consequently press the contents of the grounds inward; in the hollow angle at the apex is the vast gothic building called Agricultural hall, and along the side by the river is the fine Moorish palace called Horticultural hall. Two rivulets cross the grounds and enter within them deep glens, down which lead paths to springs and nooks and peanut men, while they are crossed by viaducts for foot passengers, which are fine specimens of American pile-work, aerial galleries of a mild Alpine character. A bed of sunken flowers between green banks, the like of which Elizabeth nor Marie Antoinette never saw excelled, leads from Horticultural hall straight to the centre of the whole. There was an earthquake, and the flowers fell last and filled the gap. Now around the third side of the triangle, behind the government building, are the houses of the states and many nations, all superb, all under way or finished. The smallest has taste. The Japanese house has some wood-carving that is remarkable. New Jersey has the largest house of any.

ABOUT OYSTERS.

Prof. Frazer, in the proceedings of the Philadelphia academy of science, remarks that those who are fond of the oyster know how much the "fresh" exceed the "salts" in size and consistency. The "Morris Coves" of Philadelphia, while very insipid, are the plumpest bivalves brought to market. On the other hand, the "Absecoms" and "Brigantines," while of better flavor to those who prefer salt oysters, are invariably lean compared to their transplanted rivals, as are also the "Cape Mays," though, from some reason, not to the same extent. The time for allowing the salt oysters taken from the sea-coast to lie out is seldom over two or three days. At the end of this time the maximum plumpness is attained, and beyond this the oyster becomes lean again, besides having lost its flavor. It is not possible that the smooth rotundity of the laid-out oyster can be due to increase of flesh. The time is too short, and the conditions are unfavorable. Prof. Frazer thinks that the salt-water leaves the body of the oyster by a dialytic action, through Graham's well-known law of the diffusion of gases and liquids. During the growth of the oyster on the sea-coast its tissues are constantly saturated with the ocean brine. On removing this oyster to merely brackish or fresh water, the conditions are at once favorable for osmose to be commenced. The fresher and less dense liquid without permeates inwardly more rapidly than the more saline and denser liquids within escape, and the effect is to swell the tissue, as a cow's bladder half filled with air and immersed in a vessel of hydrogen is swollen, or still more nearly like the swelling of a bladder half filled with copper sulphate when immersed in pure water.

SHAKSPERE VS. SHAKESPEARE.

The variations in the spelling of Shakespeare's name furnishes the topic for an article in the May number of Scribner's Monthly, by J. H. Gilmore. There are five autographs of Shakespeare in existence acknowledged to be genuine, four of which are spelled Shakspere and the fifth Shakespeare. Mr. Gilmore concludes as follows: "From an inspection of these autographs it is evident that, however Sh-k-sp-r may have varied in spelling the last syllable of his name, he never inserts an e after the k. So says Mr. Furnival, and so must any one say who takes the pains to examine the fac similes. On this point, the spurious and the genuine autographs are all agreed. Following out the principle, then, that a man has an unquestionable right to spell his name as he pleases, we we ought not to force upon imperial Shaks-p-r-, dead and turned to clay, an e which he persistently and systematically rejected. Still further, from an inspection of the poet's autographs, the weight of evidence is very decidedly against the insertion of an a in the last syllable of the name; or, in favor of writing Shakspere, not Shakspeare."

AGRICULTURAL.

HOW TO GET EARLY TOMATOES.

As soon as your tomato plant has made four leaves, pinch the top bud from the stem, then take up the plant, pinch off two inches from the tap root and transplant it in a common box frame where the soil is rich and loamy. The box will keep off the wind, and plants sown and grown there eighteen inches apart will produce fruit too weeks sooner than the same planted in the open ground. A mat or a few boards spread over the frame at night will keep them from frost, and is far easier and quicker than going over a field nightly and setting boxes over each hill. As soon as the plants have set fruit on two blossoms of each branch, and the top has grown two to four leaves, the pinching off the end of each branch and top should be again put into practice.

CULTURE OF THE ARTICHOKE.

If we take into account the ease of culture, freedom from the ravages of insects and surprising yield, also that it requires no protection through the winter, freezing not injuring it in the least, I think that the artichoke would take front rank among crops to feed stock. Five years since, while conversing with a practical old farmer on the subject of raising roots to feed stock, he gave it as his opinion, based on experience, that there was no other root as cheaply raised or that yielded so heavily as the artichoke. The course that I have adopted in raising them is the same as for the potato, they may be planted either in hills or drills, and, as the frost does not injure them, they may be planted as early in the spring as the ground is ready. As they make an immense growth of tops the tubers do not form until fall, about the time they blossom; but then they grow very rapidly—probably as much in one week as the potato does in four.—*Ohio Farmer.*

LIQUID GRAFTING WAX.

The following is a recipe for making Lefort's liquid grafting wax, which is highly commended in France, where it was invented, and until lately kept secret: Melt one pound of common resin over a gentle fire. Add to it an ounce of beef tallow and stir it well. Take it from the fire, let it cool down a little, and then mix with a teaspoonful of spirits of turpentine, and after that about seven ounces of very strong alcohol (sixty-five per cent). The alcohol cools it down so rapidly that it will be necessary to put it again on the fire, stirring it constantly. Still the utmost care must be exercised to keep the alcohol from getting inflamed. To avoid it the best way is to remove the vessel from the fire when the lump that may have been formed commences melting again. This must be continued till this is a homogeneous mass, similar to honey. After a few days' exposure to the atmosphere it assumes a whitish color, and becomes as hard as stone, being impervious to water or air.

COTTON.

Late planted cotton grows better than early planted, but in localities where the seasons are short, it is important to plant early, to secure maturing of the crop. Cotton should be planted very shallow—one inch is ample depth. But dry weather prevailing, it may not come up if the seeds are so near the surface. The old-fashioned plan of opening furrow with scooter and covering with two furrows of the same, and then knocking off with a board just as the cotton is ready to come up, is the surest, but it is slow and tedious. A planter with wheel running in bottom of furrow, and pressing the earth in a narrow drill into which the seeds fall, and covering with a board pressed down by a spring, or by a block, will under ordinary circumstances give a good stand. If the beds are rough and cloddy, it is best to precede the planter with a harrow, which we will briefly describe. It is simply an ordinary triangular harrow, from two and a half to three feet in width behind, and with teeth set a little sloping backward to prevent its fouling. The front tooth should be about six inches long in the clear and the rearmost ten inches, the intervening ones increasing gradually in length from front to rear. Such a harrow will hug a bed, clean it off, still leave it elevated, and with a uniform rounded surface. We find it exceedingly useful in our own practice for smoothing and freshening the surface of beds. It is a great point gained in cotton culture to have the young plants in a straight narrow line on a smooth, gently rounded bed—the first working can then so easily be given it.

THE GROWTH OF LANGUAGE.—Let us take a familiar word, of which everybody knows the modern meaning, the word "bishop." It comes from the Greek "episkopos," which again is derived from the root "skep," see or look, with the prefix "epi," upon, so that it means inspector or overseer. In the primitive days of Christianity, one person was selected to overlook the affairs of each little community, and, in the most natural manner, he was termed the episkopos, or overlooker. With us the word "bishop" signifies ecclesiastical dignitary, or spiritual lord, something as different from its original meaning, as if in a thousand years' time we should find the word "chairman" used to denote a person of the most exalted rank, just as we use "earl" or "duke."

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3. Disappearance of spots, blotches, pimples; the skin looks clear and healthy, the urine changed from its turbid and cloudy appearance to a clear sherry or amber color; water passes freely from the bladder through the urethra without pain or scalding; little or no sediment, no pain or weakness.
4. Marked diminution of quantity and frequency of involuntary weakening discharges (if afflicted that way), with certainty of permanent cure. Increased strength exhibited in the secreting glands, and functional harmony restored to the several organs.
5. Yellow tinge on the white of the eyes, and the swarthy, saffron appearance of the skin changed to a clear, lively and healthy color.
6. Those suffering from weak or ulcerated lungs or tubercles will realize great benefit in expectorating freely the tough phlegm or mucous from the lungs, air cells, bronchi or windpipe, throat or head; diminishing of the frequency of cough; general increase of strength throughout the system; stoppage of night sweats and pains and feeling of weakness around the ankles, legs, shoulders, etc.; cessation of cold and chills, sense of suffocation; hard breathing and paroxysms of cough on lying down or arising in the morning. All these distressing symptoms gradually and surely disappear.
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