

## THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE Industrial Exhibition Company, of which Gov. John A. Dix is president, and Gen. Divon and D. D. T. Moore are vice-presidents, are actively engaged, under a special charter from the State, in the establishment, on a permanent basis, of a perpetual World's Fair, Public Museum of Arts, Industries, Science, and Philosophy, Public World's Library, Grand Saloon for popular entertainments, Botanical Garden; in fine, a magnificent commercial, intellectual, and social centre. The charter confers extraordinary powers and privileges—not only commercial but educational—rendering it one of the most important public enterprises of the day. And the names connected with it guarantee that it is destined to develop and embody the highest characteristics of our national life. We here-with present a view of the Palace of Industry, proposed to be erected by the company on grounds extending from 98th to 102d Streets, and Madison to Third Avenues, near Central Park. The ground secured is undoubtedly the best adapted to this purpose of any in the vicinity, the outcropping of the granite rock forming the foundation for the grand amphitheatre, some thirty feet above the street, at the northeast corner, the natural rock formation supplying the place of stonemasonry, which would cost a million dollars to build. The design of the building was furnished by J. C. Murkham, of this city, who, boldly abandoning the beaten track of imitation, has adopted a style giving prominence to scientific constructions, yet expressing with oriental splendor the sublimity of modern civilization.

Covering a square of more than nine hundred thousand square feet, this grand architectural composition rises above the surrounding city, a vast mass of domes, minarets, and spires, harmoniously grouped around one enormous dome of iron and glass, rising in the midst to the unparalleled height of more than six hundred feet. This colossal dome, four hundred and fifty feet in diameter, is supported upon a double colonnade of monumental columns, each column or pillar presenting a surface equal to the space required for twenty-four life-sized statues, in bas-relief. Here States, cities, and public institutions will find an appropriate shrine for their sculptured histories. Above these, and encircling the immense amphitheatre, are

elegant galleries, forty feet in width, one above another, to the height of one hundred and eighty feet, where is also an exterior gallery encircling the grand dome; this gallery, which is seen in our engraving above the roof of the surrounding portions of the building, is ten feet wide outside of the dome, and thirty feet inside, forming a grand promenade overlooking the city and surrounding country from without, and the great amphitheatre within, and still above rises the vast roof of glass, and among the mazes of brilliant tracery the elevators will glide to and from the gorgeous cupola which crowns this magnificent temple. The glass around the base of the great dome, at the grand promenade, is also designed to be devoted to historic and memorial purposes. It is the desire to incorporate in this monumental temple so much of the glory of our life and history, and to give to it such magnificent sublimity, that it shall be for all time a just source of pride to all Americans. Surrounding this central edifice are botanical gardens, and encircling the whole are apartments one hundred and twenty-five feet in depth, opening upon balconies into the gardens, and fronting externally upon the surrounding streets. Commencing on a level with the interior court or gardens there are five stories, including the Mansard or roof; each is supported on columns, exposing the whole to view, each occupant enclosing his department as he may choose, without obstructing the general view or light. The fifth, or top floor, is lighted from the top and sides, so arranged, that the light can be adjusted as required for each special department, of art-galleries, studios, museums, libraries, lecture-rooms, etc. The whole thus constituting not only the most complete commercial emporium, but a vast repository of art, science, and literature, binding us together by something stronger than the narrow bonds of material interests, and giving to us a grand magnetic centre of the highest culture and the noblest civilization.

## ARTISTS' HOMES.

I WENT down, a few days ago, to visit some artist friends at Ecouen. It is a colony of painters, like that about the edge of Fontainebleau forest, but larger. The old chateau of Ecouen is now transformed into a house of education

for the daughters of the chevaliers of the Legion of Honor. As we were expecting the train, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris entered the waiting-room, the former wearing riding boots with white leather tops, the Comtesse a simple habit, with whip and tall hat, and a little warm paletôt over her *amazone* for the journey. They were bound for a *chasse à courre* at the Duc d'Aumale's, and were going down alone; but, as they were entering the compartiment retained for them, another lady and gentleman, whose dress also betokened a hunting expedition, appeared upon the platform, and were recognized by the Comte de Paris, who energetically beckoned to them to join them.

After leaving the train we jolted in among the artists' homes of Ecouen in a little omnibus, for the village lies at some distance from the railway. A curious little cavalcade passed us—a number of goats, all extremely handsome and some of them very curious, a few sheep, several donkeys, and two beautiful little horses, about which some lambs were at play. These were the property of M. Schenck, the animal painter. At home M. Schenck had twelve choice cats, and as we looked at these and at all the other companions, who had now come back from their walk, the lambs were more impudently at play with their friends the horses than ever, jumping upon them as they lay in their boxes. "If that were to be put into a picture it would be thought untrue," said Mme. Schenck. The only addition wanted to Schenck's party of pets are some pigs.

Another of the artist residents of Ecouen, Douverger, the *genre* painter, has an art treasure in a Louis Treize kitchen, with a magnificent chimney-piece in it, standing out several feet into the room. The hearth is paved with fine Palissy tiles, brought from the chateau on the hill, and the chimney-corners are lined with other fine tiles, procured by the artist in Holland. He has also brought the modern parts of the kitchen into artistic unison with the rest; had heavy-framed windows set in, with tiny diamond-shaped panes and old-fashioned inside shutters, fastened back to the wall with huge bolts in curiously-wrought iron, and an old oak door, carved and panelled, leads into the second kitchen. The apartment is still put to its original use; but the household arrangements are so perfect that they only serve to complete the picture. Hanging on

one of the outer sides of the great chimney-piece is a big, old-fashioned *étagère*, which supports a queer Louis Treize warming-pan, with *repoussé* ornaments on its copper lid; a fine dish of Palissy ware; and several large platters of the same epoch, in silver and in pewter, all boldly ornamented and burnished bright as glass. On one of the walls hangs a mirror in a heavy, old-fashioned frame, and in another an enormous dish in *repoussé* copper, a very fine specimen, which had a very narrow escape in the recent war.—*Correspondence of the Queen.*

## OUT IN THE COLD.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

**D**OWN the bleak street, in the swift-falling snow,  
Wanders a woman with nowhere to go.  
White is her face as she stops in the light,  
Oh! would to God that her soul were as white!  
Wild are her eyes as she breathes unaware  
Words that her Saviour may deem as a prayer.  
Ah! but the tale of her grief is soon told—  
Homeless and friendless, and out in the cold.

**O**UT in the cold! But the cold of the street  
Is not the cold that she dreads most to meet.  
Hearts that are colder she finds every day,  
Turning her prayers and entreaties away,  
Scorning to speak to a sinner like her:  
Hearts cold as theirs are her woes cannot stir.  
Ah! but the wolf of destruction is bold—  
Homeless and friendless, and out in the cold.

**W**OMEN and men, as you turn her aside,  
Think you, I pray, of the Saviour who died!  
Was it for sinners he clung to His cross?  
Oh! in your hearts there is bitterest dross!  
Heat up the crucible, cold fellow-man,  
With the warm fires of God's love, if you can;  
Purge out the dross that corrupts all the gold,  
And help the poor creatures who're out in the cold.

BY OUR SAGE.—While you are living, be very kind, generous, and do as much good as you can to your relations; but leave them nothing when you die, and you will be sure to be missed by them.