

So with countenances in which graciousness and dignity are happily combined, they continue their walk, the observed of all observers. Some of them are a little conscious, it is true, but altogether they carry that air of solemn importance which always distinguishes our judges at the County Fair. They glance approvingly at cattle, carriages, implements, machines, and everything on exhibition, and dwell at great length on the "points" of horses, taking care, however, not to commit themselves by too free an opinion. They stop and converse affably with competitors, showing an evident desire to place everyone quite at his ease in their presence, at the same time bowing or waving the hand in an encouraging manner to passing acquaintances.

Inside of the Palace the scene is very exciting. After gaining an entrance, which is a work of time, we immediately resign all idea of guiding our own movements, and give ourselves up to the will of the crowd. This carries us first to one end of the building, where there is the usual collection of overgrown potatoes, turnips, beets, apples,—in fact, every known production of Canadian soil is here in its highest state of perfection. We gaze at the pyramid of cheese, and long for welsh-rabbit, or at baskets of tempting butter, covetously wishing they were safely in a certain pantry, or admire the delicate structure of the honeycomb, the proprietor of which, although busily engaged with a lady friend in measuring a mammoth pear, finds time to exclaim harmoniously:

"How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,"

and tell us if we want to see grapes that are grapes to step up this way. The crowd obligingly bears us up that way, and to our great regret far past the grapes, before we have seen one-half of what is exhibited in this department. As we draw near the other end of the building, and observe the elegant and tasteful manner in which articles, both useful and ornamental, are displayed to view, we are forcibly reminded of the answer in the old game of forfeits: "Superfine: fit for ladies only," though to be sure, there are a large number of gentlemen here who appear to take a deep

interest in fancy work of every kind. Some of them are gazing intently on home-made counterpanes, whistling softly to themselves meanwhile. Others are carefully examining crotchet collars and long strips of embroidery, each one declaring the articles undergoing inspection to be the best he ever saw of the kind. This department certainly speaks well for the industry, not to say talent, of the fair sex in our county. Everything that feminine brains could devise or feminine fingers execute is here. There is—but to begin at the beginning. There is Miss Vernon's silk quilt, which has for the last eight or ten years braved the battle and the breeze of every exhibition. Never once has it failed to put in an appearance as the season came round, and here it is once more, fluttering before us in all its diversity of shapes and hues. It is not to be supposed that it takes a prize every year; but it is here on view, and helps to set off the other things, besides covering a large part of the wall; indeed, to tell the truth, our fair would be no fair at all without this quilt. Though we have seen it often before, and are acquainted with the history of every scrap of silk in it, still

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"

and we join the group of admiring school-girls who are disputing as to whether a small white diamond was Miss Vernon's grandmother's wedding-dress or that of her aunt, who so gallantly rode into the battle of Waterloo to see her honored husband—the engagement of course was going on in another part of the field. Unconsciously our eyes turn to the centre piece, a large heart of pale blue silk, whereby hangs a tale,—alas! a melancholy tale, over which we have wept copiously in our earlier and more susceptible years. When Miss Vernon was young and beautiful she had a lover handsome and brave. But the lover was poor and the parents cruel. All communication was forbidden. Against this the youthful pair rebelled, so an elopement was decided upon. In great haste and trepidation Miss Vernon made up the traditional bundle of valuables and clothing, and sat at her window through a long bitter March night, waiting for the ardent