THE CENTENNIAL.

Closing Ceremonies.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 10.

This is a disappointing world. To-day, after a successful career of six months, the Exhibition was closed. To render the probability of fine weather greater the closing day was changed from October 19th to the 10th of November, and yesterday everything seemed to justify the change. The day's proceedings were to commence early, so I rose betimes, and breakfasted with Dr. Austin by gaslight. The first item on the programme was a Federal salute of thirteen guns fired from George's Hill, and another from the Plymouth in the harbour. The salute came off; but the sun! He rose, perhaps, but nobody saw his face. A dark, dull morning soon broke into rain, which continued throughout the day. The street cars, full of soldiers and sailors, gave some variety to the appearance of the streets, whose expectant crowds, longing for certain information as to the ceremonies, have become monotonous. A dry goods merchant on Chestnut street seems to understand something about stamping on the fence. He has thrown a flag out on which are inscribed a-top, "President Tilden," a-bottom, "President Hayes." I asked a gentleman belonging to the Republican party whether Tilden was not in favour of hard money. He laughed and said, "They say he is hard money, east, and soft money, west." I told him we had a statesman in Canada who might then pair off with Tilden, for he was "Free Trade, east, and Protection, west."

During the forenoon I made an attempt to visit the Art Gallery, but all pleasure in observing the pictures was destroyed by the dense crowd. I went to some of the artists to inquire how they had got on. How they did above the people of the Dominion. Some to be sure! Some had sold nothing; others had "given away" their masterpieces. My Italian friend, whose "Bernino" I described nearly six months ago, was disconsolate. He had expected at the least $5,000 for that one statue. He gave it with four others, among which were his laughing and dancing fauns, for $4,000, to Miss Edmonia Lewis, who brought from Rome an immense lot of work, including a magnificent Hagarella, had sold nothing. "You would think," she said to me, "that the big people here would be nothing but cooks buying any quantity of pieces and no artistic work." I replied, "Yes, but to me the English works of art are dull." "It is your minds are dull. They have no appreciation. They run their hand over a statue to see if it's smooth! Thank God I live in beautiful Rome and not among these horrid Yankees!" I took down her words, and she was glad at the thought that they would be quoted. I tried, however, to do justice to the "horrid Yankees" as she called them by reminding her that the United States is a young country, where whatever large fortunes exist have been made recently, and that not only are the possessors men who had not time to study art, but men who naturally had a strong grasp of a dollar. Miss Edmonia Lewis was born on the shores of Lake Superior. Her mother was a Chippewa Indian. "So that," she said to me, "makes me something of a Canadian."

Getting up to the exhibition yesterday and to-day was no easy matter. The cars were crowded to excess, and it was impossible to get a cab for any whole way. How overcrowded those cars have been of late is strikingly shown by the number of lost articles. Pocketbooks have become so common as to be scarcely worth picking up. Watches are not to be seen in nearly every street. Having got over the Delaware one hundred and ten feet on a waiting crowd to kick your heels until the second car comes. When the second car arrives, eight or nine of the crowd, women and children, fat and lean, run forward to mount, and unless you are active you are left behind. Sometimes you are in a hurry to be well if you get a seat, so many have gone to the stables and got in there. I was not a second standing for the driver when I was jammed by a crowd, between me and which two huge German women acted as buffers. They were formed, and I was dragged on this one car.

If the day had been only fine! A grand stand capable of holding eighteen hundred persons was erected in front of the Main Building. A royal pavilion was also erected for visitors, and in the grand square the masses had been gathered in thousands, and stretched away to the left of the Machinery Hall, and on the shores of the lake, to see and hear to hear not the speakers indeed but the music. There was a grand display of bunting. Hard then been only sunshine we should have had such another scene as I ventured to describe six months ago. The same enthusiasm would produce a like striking effect. The chimes would have sounded gladly in a glad atmosphere. Everybody would have been amused, and there would be the cheerful give and take of a good-humoured crowd. Instead of this what you saw was, under every awning, crushing in at every door, a sombre looking crowd, with faces drawn, with dripping umbrellas. Under these places which gave shelter and in parts of all the building it was literally impossible to move. At two o'clock, the hour for commencing the ceremonies, a window of the Judge's Pavilion, where those proceedings were already going forward, thousands of people with their backs were seen in the Grand Place between the Main Building and Machinery Hall. The faces were dogged. The sky leaden. It was a gloomy spectacle, nearly all the persons in the pavilion were those whom we have generally seen at the Grand Stand.

There were very few members of the press in the Judges' Pavilion, and I must confess I think the newspaper people have been shamefully treated in this matter. This, I fancy, is the fault of the newspaper men of the States. There are exceptions to the rule, notably the New York Times, whose editor some months ago exposed in a manner as effective as it was fearless, the machinations of blackmailers. But there can be no doubt whatever the act of a somewhat prostitution of the press of this country has been winked at, and exceptions apart, the lies of men on the New York papers, and I doubt not elsewhere, too many of the representatives of the press have sold at a price they were the scum of the earth. So much may be said in favour of the Philadelphia officials, however, his own friends being witness, must be admitted to be a dreadful animal, the most complete of the red tape of all the bureaucrats, the least courteous of all Jacks in office. When I went to the Press Department for a pass and a ticket for the proceedings to-day I could not get it without him. Terrault's signature. Though I am old that it was acknowledged here by him while he was away. Not many of the critiques had done him and all concerned good, yet I did not wish to trouble him, though in justice to him I have no reason to doubt without having tried him that he would have done his duty. When I got Dr. May to go with me to the Department I obtained a ticket marked correctly if the day were not raining. But already the change had been made, and the man who gave me the ticket knew it was a mockery. The ticket was worthless when presented at the Judges' Pavilion. But the dollar is here literally the "Almighty dollar," and I was determined not to kick my heels in the Press Bureau, with a crowd of discontented journalists, most of whom looked as uncultured lot. I found out a "gentleman" who had a ticket for the Pavilion. I suggested, as he had not used it he might not did not care about the speeches, he should give it to me. No, he would not; he would like to go in and hear the music by-and-bye. He was very fond of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," and he wished especially to hear the orchestra sing "America." I said, "Come, I'll give you a dollar for it." No, he wouldn't. "Come, give it to me for two dollars." "Tis worth three." "No; I'll only give two." "Well," he said to me, with that shrewd expression I now know so well, "I could sell it for five, but as you're a friend I'll give it to you for two."

The United States being a young, active country, its citizens have that insatiable curiosity which belongs to youth, and for all their carven appearance they are as easily amused as children. One has often seen in Old World cities a poor show, into the wonders of which one is allowed to look for a penny. For every one who can afford to look twenty loiter around like those Paris around heaven's gate, of which Passmore Edwards tells us, and of which Thomas Moore sings. In the same way a crowd remained in front of the Pavilion through all the rain, kept there in part by a fascination of curiosity taking Almost a demented form, partly by the reasonable hope of seeing "swell" in a cocked hat. Noses were flattened against all the windows, and the back door had had to be guarded by a soldier, or the crowd would have stolen in—not broken in—a Philadelphia crowd cannot be surpassed in good-humoured obedience to the most vexatious regulations. For an I half thinking that it would have been much better to have thrown a covering over the grand stand and given the patient thousands the opportunity of hearing the orchestra play; Philadelphians being passionately fond of music. But among the United States authorities there seems to be a positive contempt for the wishes of the people—a fruit it may be of Democratic institutions, and the absence of that feeling of patronage which naturally belongs to men who occupy positions in aristocratic communities.

But the Centennial Commissioners have shown worse faults, or perhaps the sin of what I am now about to allude to, should be laid at the door of the Government. When ever I went in the early part of to-day I found indignation. The French, Spanish and German exhibitors, with their foreign brethren from other countries, were threatening to resist the authorities to-morrow. Of course, when knowing that the exhibition would be open long after the formal closing, have put off purchasing until now, hoping to do things cheaper. But an order has been issued to all the foreign exhibitors forbidding them to sell after to-day. And now observe the consequences anomaly. After to-day a Canadian could not sell in the Canadian department; but A. E. Foote, M.D., a United States man will be able to go on selling minerals in the Canadian department. Is not this a shame? Is not this a shame? Does it not show that the Commissioners have shown a spirit of favoritism? Does it not show that the Commissioners have shown a spirit of favoritism? Does it not show that the Commissioners have shown a spirit of favoritism