

OUR DAILY FARE.

to send gifts to individuals, but by entrusting them to capable and responsible agents in the army, who can ascertain where the greatest need exists, and meet it at once. The United States Sanitary Commission had its origin in a desire on the part of patriotic and enlightened men, in addition to various other modes of improving the comfort and efficacy of the soldier suggested by study and experience, so to organize the collection and distribution of the supplies which come from the homes of the country, as to make them productive of the greatest possible real good to those for whom they were designed.

How this institution, organized in a great measure as to the details of its work by the wonderful administrative capacity of FREDERICK LAW OLMFSTED, Esq., has succeeded in this great novel task, the record of the progress of the war abundantly shows. More than seven millions of dollars' worth of supplies, gathered from the homes of the country, by means of fifteen thousand tributary aid societies, scattered through nearly every hamlet and village of the land, have been collected at common centres, like Washington and Louisville, and thence sent to the various armies in the field, and distributed to the individual soldier as his needs required. The testimony of all who know any thing of the history of our armies, from the illustrious General at their head down to the humblest private in the ranks, is uniform as to the ready, zealous and intelligent conduct of the agents of the Commission in the field, and the constant supplies of most needed articles which they have ready for distribution in every emergency. This work of collecting and distributing supplies in the army, it should not be forgotten, is only one of many modes of relief bestowed upon the soldier; but the operations of this single department have been attended with good results which seem now almost marvelous. If the army, when before Vicksburg, was in a more satisfactory condition in regard to its general health than ever before; if that fearful scourge of all armies—the scurvy—was arrested and finally driven out of the Army of the Cumberland; if the force which assaulted Fort Wagner last summer was, to borrow the language of General GILMORE, "saved" by the free use of anti-scorbutics, (and that such are historical facts none can deny,) then it may be asserted, with the utmost confidence, that these results were due not to the provision made by the Government to meet the emergency, but to the wise foresight of the officers of the Sanitary Commission, who, knowing that the emergency must come, sent to each of these armies cargo after cargo of vegetables and suitable food, and were ready, in the hour of need, with this aid. This provision saved thousands of lives, but, it enabled us to retain possession of points of the highest military importance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN THE WILDERNESS,

MAY 7TH, 1864.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

[The incident contained in the following poem is narrated by a correspondent of the New-York Tribune, in a letter from the battle-field, dated "Wilderness, May 7, 1864."

Mangled, uncarred for, suffering, through the night
With heavenly patience the poor boy had lain;
Under the dreary shadows, left and right,
Groaned on the wounded, stiffened out the slain.
What faith sustained his lone
Brave heart to make no moan,
To send no cry from that blood-sprinkled sod,
Is a close mystery with him and God.

But when the light came, and the morning dew
Glittered around him like a golden lake,
And every dripping flower with deepened hue
Looked through its tears for very pity's sake,
He moved his aching head,
Upon its rugged bed,
And smiled, as a blue violet, virgin meek,
Laid her pure kiss upon his withered cheek.

At once there circled in his waking heart
A thousand memories of distant home;
Of how those same blue violets would start
Along his native fields, and some would roam
Down his dear humming brooks,
To hide in secret nooks,
And shyly met, in nodding circles swing,
Like gossips murmuring at belated Spring.

And then he thought of the beloved hands
That with his own had plucked the modest flower;
The blue-eyed maiden, crowned with golden bands,
Who ruled as sovereign of that sunny hour.
She at whose soft command
He joined the mustering band;
She for whose sake he lay so firm and still,
Despite his pangs, nor questioned then her will.

So, lost in thought, scarce conscious of the deed,
Culling the violets, here and there he crept
Slowly—ah! slowly—for his wound would bleed;
And the sweet flowers themselves half-smiled, half-wept,
To be thus gathered in
By hands so pale and thin,
By fingers trembling as they neatly laid
Stem upon stem, and bound them in a braid.

The strangest posy ever fashioned yet
Was clasped against the bosom of the lad,
As we, the seekers for the wounded, set
His form upon our shoulders bowed and sad;
Though he but seemed to think
How violets nod and wink;
And as we cheered him, for the path was wild,
He only looked upon his flowers and smiled.

OUR FIRST.

A sage has said that no Philadelphian is perfect unless he pun. That a Philadelphia newspaper may lack nothing of perfection, we find a corner for the following:

Why is the "Great Central Fair" like the rebellion?

Can't you guess it? Because it is the War-Fare of brothers.

As all is fair in love as well as war, one of our Daily Fairies suggests that each of the Brothers in question would have "got along" but lamely had it not been for the help of a Sister!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR IN NEW YORK.

BY A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

Our opening day, the 28th of March, came, and we didn't open. We were not ready. There was the Art Gallery "not done," there was the "Arms and Trophies" much behind. Nothing but General WASHINGTON's old clothes were ready, and they suggested such unfavorable comparisons with other and later heroes that we preferred to keep them out of sight. The Indians were, indeed, entirely ready, and Mr. BIERSTADT, poor man, said if he didn't open soon he should be exhausted, for he had been on the war-trail a number of weeks, seeking his braves, not through the jungles of the forest, but through the more deadly labyrinths of New York grog-shops. There was a truly artistic mingling of colors among these aboriginal heroes.

As I have begun backwards, perhaps I had better continue in the same crab-like manner. The Fair, for a month before it opened, had become a monster, living on human flesh. It demanded—like the Tarascon—a lady a day, and a very well dressed lady at that; but, as we had a thousand ladies, and there were only thirty days in the month, we had him at a disadvantage; so one after another fell ill—disappeared, but the great work went on. Let memory draw a veil over that week when, after taking possession of the Fourteenth street building, the ladies vainly struggled with the carpenters, painters and builders, and, though always foiled, never gave up the great superiority of woman! She never runs when she is beaten, so she always succeeds.

And then the boxes from abroad, the impossibility of any body's getting anything out of that grand repository, presided over by a man whose ability in baffling inquiry and confusing your mind and keeping you from your boxes, was Napoleonic. One of the artists, waiting many days for a box of pictures to complete the adornment of the Art Gallery, said feelingly: "Don't I hope I may some day be somewhere where that man wants to get in! Don't I hope I may some day be somewhere where he wants something, and won't I lay logs in his path!" Let the sufferings of that week be narrated, that in the Great Central Fair; if you have any such official who embarrasses rather than forwards your work; dismiss him. If he is the friend of your soul—if he is your long lost brother—if he has saved your life—turn him out at once, be merciless,—corporations should have no souls.

Fortunately for the Executive Committee, (who, I hear, had a very severe fight over it,) the Fair was postponed to the 4th of April. Fortunately, too, the week following the 28th of March was very rainy, good for work, not good for Fairings. The 4th came, as brilliant