

ty strong, amused his Self and famaly by frin at us from the windose.

'The Sannitary Fair, Sarjint Miller,' sade Betsey, 'is a grate, big, tremendous, ever-so-large show they're gettin up in Philadelphy, for the benny fit of the poor wounded soljers! 'Bully for it!' cride I. 'And i'm a workin for it' 'Bully for you.' was my responce. 'Every boty's a helpin and given' she continued.

'Bully fur Everybody!' I annsered. 'Good all round! Say yor wil Betsey and draw yor rations. I know that Sannitary.....and i'm on it.....if i'm on annything on the face of the expansiv yerth. What cum to me of old won i was shaken like a yeller Leef in a hi Wind, with Fever nagy in the swamps of the Chicken Hominy and bade me arise and put me strate?the SANNITARY! What saved me as i was crawlin about after Ann tycetam, half smashed and all starvin, and cum the Good Samarrytun over me, and heeled my wounds?.....the SANNITARY! What tended to me at getysburg..... and nursed me well..... the Lord bless 'em forever! Betsey,' I continward, as my eye rested on her rapped gaze, and passed to a waggin outside, labeld CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE SANNITARY FAIR, in witch she had aperently cum as boss.....' first cum first servd.....letter A gets the top of the coffy.....Heer is my stoar..... there is yor cart.....plunge them fary fingers into wotever yo like best.....it's free foragin here and fur whatever is too hot or too heavy cawl upon this remaneing arm! Sale in!'

I berried myself in the newspaper that I nite not be a Check on the proseedings.....like as the Curnel sed wen he saw his Ordaly steelin a good hors.....and pulling the sheet over my hed.....Was soon lost in the Abiss of a Editorial explanein so fooly the movemence of our Army as to render it pretty plane wy we never ketch cenny of the Enemys spize..... They dont need em.

Wen i cum to, Betsey had departed, leaving behind her a hole in my Stock abowt large enough to swaller up twist the remainder..... like as the bird sed wen she cum home and fownd that snuboddy had used her nest as a baskit to kerry off the eggs in.....But no vane regrets asaled my Sole.....a feelin of Pride at doin a Big thing swep over me, not unmickst with Vannity.....wen I found on the Desk a noat.....extreamly well rit by Betsey Morris.

"Dear Sergeant. You are a noble fellow, there is not another Gentleman in town or out of it, who would do as you have done. I expect by using your name as example to honor our whole Country, and save hundreds of lives. Yours truly.

Elizabeth B. Morris."

B. stands for *Blummenbeet* her Mother's famaly name.....and no more at present from Your friend ISATAH MILLER.
Late Sergt. Co. C. 941st Regt. P. V.

THE VINE.

[Written for "Our Daily Fare."]

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

I
I sing the vine—the western vine,
The newly found, but not unsung—
Whose magic to the minstrel's tongue,
Made music flow through every line.
Within its mellow amber deaps,
A mild and soothing spirit dwells,
As innocent as that which sleeps
In Poesy's Castalian wells:
Then bless the wine, the mellow wine,
That flows from the Catawba Vine.

II
From east to west, this vine shall spread,
Embowering all our vales and hills,
And half of all our daily ills,
Shall vanish where its light is shed;
The fields are joyous where it grows,—
It makes the rugged hill-sides glad,—
And where with vines the porch is glad,
There dwells the spirit of repose:
Then bless the wine—the mellow wine
That flows from the Catawba Vine.

III
The fiends that lurk in burning draughts,
Shall no more poison cups of ours;—
But when with us young Bacchus laughs,
O'ershadowed by our vineyard bowers,
The God shall think his cup is filled
With honey-dew, at morn distilled,
By Flora from her purest flowers:
Then bless the wine—the mellow wine,
That flows from the Catawba Vine.

IV
And yet, beneath these glorions skies,
A nobler vine o'erarches all,—
In its support, or in its fall,
A mighty nation lives or dies!
Its boughs are weighed with Freedom's fruit,
Beyond the hungry fox's reach;—
With sturdy shoulders, each to each.
Come, let us guard it branch and root!
And bless the wine, the sacred wine
That flows from our great UNION VINE!
Cincinnati, 1864.

FAIR—AND SOFTLY!

A correspondent of the Small Captious kind, has sent us a note commending us to place the word VANITY before that of FAIR—and referring us, for further particulars, to a work by the late Mr. BUNYAN.

As our S. C., or Small Cap correspondent, writes badly, forming his *u*'s like *a*'s, we found some difficulty in extracting from the library the book in question. The first pull gave us: *Banyan. Some account of the Banyan Tree on the River Nerbudda. London: 1816.*

This would'nt do. We tried again, and brought up a worldly-minded and profane play, entitled the Boiled Onion—labelled on the cover, in writing, as follows:

B. Onion. A Mellow Drama.

This was very much like young widowhood with a fresh lover—which has been defined as in the soft, and past the tearful stage. We let down the line again. Net result—

Bunions, Corns, and their Cure. By a Chiropricist.

In silent wrath we tried once more, and attained to The Pilgrim's Progress. Of this excellent work, which no gentleman's library should be without, and whose author's name, we doubt not, will yet become eminent, we have nothing to say. But we must declare that we failed to detect the slightest resemblance between Vanity Fair, as described by our late young literary friend BUNYAN, and the Great Central. The only hook on which we could hang the first clue to an identity was in the fact that in Mr. BUNYAN's Fair they are said to have kicked up "a German Row," among others—while it cannot be denied that in ours there is a Dutch Kitchen.

If *this* was our correspondent's joke, all we can say is that it is a very poor one. If it was meant for "von grand moral lesson," as the Frenchman said when he whipped the monkey, it was still worse. SOLOMON, who, in spite of Boston, still retains a certain reputation for wisdom, is said to have declared that ALL is Vanity; and, such being the case, we do not well see how we are to get out of it. Vain or not vain, the man who does *his best*, in this life, for suffering humanity, probably passes his time about as well as the Small Caps who go about sucering at enterprise which they have not the nerve or generosity to imitate. As it is we have far too many of them everywhere.

"Ask us some more of them hard ques'huns?"

OUR PRIVATE POST OFFICE.

[LOT THE FIRST.]

TABLE, CENTRAL FAIR, }
JUNE 8, 1864. }

DEAR TOM: What made you look like such a guy yesterday? Yours truly,

AMELIA.

[Answer.]

SMOKING DIVAN, DITTO, DITTO.

MY DEAR AMELIA: Since you so kindly inquire the cause of my sprained ankle, and my black eye, my torn coat and my bad cough—*ah-hem!* I would say that my sprained ankle was occasioned by standing on tip-toe and trying to look over a three-story bonnet, at my Amelia in the distance; my bad cough by inhaling the dust raised by the ladies' "trains" on the *pave*; my black eye by a scratch from an oyster-shell worn in a lady's hat, and my torn coat by a bad fall caused by catching my foot in a small hoop-skirt with 416 springs. So soon as I am able to be out, I intend to enlist in the 999th Mass. As for matrimony, that is quite out of the question during the continuance of the present fashions.

Your despairing friend,

THOMAS WIDEAWAKE.

[Endorsed: "Glad he's going—the brute!" "AMELIA."]