

Samuel CARPENTER, a friend and counsellor of PENN. and one of the largest proprietors, speaking in council in defence of the provincial laws, in 1693, declared, "If now they are our laws, I will stand by them. I would rather lose all that I have in the world than part with our laws." His successors cannot but largely participate in this patriotic feeling.

It is for the maintenance of our laws and government that our soldiers have shed their blood and yielded their lives. Those who have risked life but yet live, ask us to help heal their wounds, to relieve their suffering, to raise them from the low languishment of fevers, and the lower prostration of barbarian starvation and exposures of rebel prisons. All Christians confess themselves subject to the captaincy of One who commanded and commands His followers to do good, even unto enemies. Shall Christians then refuse to minister to those who have risked all, and suffered all but death to befriend and defend them? Though we may not have sent them to the battle-field, have not put arms and ammunition into their hands, yet they are here among us, maimed, bleeding, suffering from patriotic devotion to their country! Shall we not lend a hand to relieve them? Let the answer come by expressive deeds.

ELI K. PRICE,  
Chairman of Committee.

If there were ever noble words, nobly spoken, these are of them; and we are glad that the Friends of Philadelphia—our own dear old city—have so able and eloquent an advocate of a great and holy cause.

A statesman is nothing without a Post or an Office—the Fair presents them both combined in a "letter-ary" institution whose hidden stores of attractions are, as we learn, far superior to anything ever offered before at any fair in America. A striking feature is presented in the fifty cent "gift letters," containing each an attractive present, which forms an agreeable souvenir of the Fair.

The merry Signor BLITZ is in the avenue running along Race street, and adjoining the Children's Department. Exhibitions are given afternoon and evening, and no more popular man can be found within the Fair Buildings than BLITZ, the magician. WILLIE BAGLEY, the wonderful Wisconsin drummer boy, assists in this department. Although not near so tall as his drum, and but four years of age, his skill is surprising.

We call special attention to the following: The public visiting the CENTRAL FAIR are cautioned to be on their guard against *pick-pockets*, numbers of which are in the city for the purpose of reaping a harvest. The Police report that the principal ones are women.

At ten o'clock, last evening, the vote for the sword stood as follows:

MEADE.....	309
HANCOCK.....	411
MCCLELLAN.....	21
GRANT.....	22
SHERMAN.....	1
WARREN.....	1

Total..... 765

In four instances, \$100 was paid for votes for General HANCOCK.

#### ODE BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The following exquisite poem, contributed to *Our Daily Fare* by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, should have appeared in our first number, but, unfortunately, it arrived too late. Had the Executive Committee known that it was so near at hand, the Fair would have been postponed for a day or two, in order that so distinguished a visitor might have been received with all the honors. In a private note, which we shall offer for sale at the close of the Fair, H. R. H. assures us that he has introduced an original pun into each stanza, in recognition of the world-wide reputation of Philadelphia punsters. We have detected most of them, and give our readers the advantage of our editorial notes.

#### ORIGINAL POEM

WRITTEN BY  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.  
(For *Our Daily Fare*.)

I am the monarch of the deep,  
My kingdom stretches many a mile,  
Let, whoso'er my squadrons sweep,  
I never leave my native ISLE.

(Capital! *very* like a whale! Isle, see "He," corruption of Oil. Admirable!

Editor.)

I never mourn the woes of life,  
Or weep, like some complaining lubber;  
And yet, if you should ask my wife,  
She'd say I have an endless BLUBBER.

(Good again! The play is evidently on the word *blubber*. The allusion to ALEXANDRA is very touching.)

Yes! once I wept, I will admit.  
When Jonah, for his coward fears,  
Was locked up in his dungeon-pit,  
I did become a WALE OF TEARS.

(H. R. H. is splendid! Don't you see? "Wale of Tears;" he means *whale* of tears. Ha! ha!)

Fatigue I know not. Heat and cold  
Ne'er cross my pathway to deter me;  
Onward I rush, and naught can hold,  
For all my nature is To SPUR ME.

(Deep—very deep! It can only be detected by a rapid utterance of the last three words, by which they resemble *too spermy*. It is a beautiful idea.)

I never spoke a single word,  
Since I have roamed the world about;  
And yet Demosthenes was heard  
To wish that he like me could SPOUT.

(The classics of Oxford sparkle in every line. Spout is used to denote speech-making, and also the ejection of large volumes of water.)

No authors we, yet we have moved  
One half creation with our tales;  
And we the tradesman's rule have proved,  
"SMALL PROFITS MAKE THE QUICKEST SALES."

(We nearly came to grief over this last stanza. Could't see it at all. Fortunately,

a friend helps us to the suggestion that the reference is to a celebrated rapid whaling voyage made by one of the minor prophets in ancient days. Admirable Royal Highness! are we right?)

#### "GO AND DO LIKEWISE."

The following extract from a letter written by a soldier honorably discharged from service, is offered for publication in hopes the noble and self-denying example set by one who never expected the knowledge of his good deed to be extended beyond the very limited circle of his own friends, will suggest similar sacrifices to others. The writer of the letter is a young man who has a strong desire for a better education than his means allow; and he has worked during one season to earn money to pay for his schooling the next. But his own simple words better explain the man, and illustrate his views and principles. He says:

"I suppose you have been expecting to hear from me that I have installed myself in a good school, and am wading far into the depths of study; but I am sorry to say that circumstances have worked against me. The poet says: 'Who does the best his circumstances allow, does well, acts nobly—angels could no more.'

"I have endeavored to do the best I possibly could; but in consequence of there being an urgent call for volunteers, to hold up the supremacy of the laws, and bear aloft the Stars and Stripes triumphantly throughout our broad and fertile land, I paid my money into the Volunteer Bounty Fund, in order that the demand on our township might be filled. We had no difficulty in filling the quota for the first call, but I am unable to tell whether they have raised the quota under the last call or not. I am about seventy miles from home, and have not heard from there since I commenced my new duties, but am expecting news every mail. I reflected considerably on the propriety of my enlisting when the call was made for volunteers; but I finally concluded it was useless for me to try it again, for the reason that my first experience was an entire failure. I was all expense to 'Uncle Sam,' and very little profit. The exposure that a soldier is compelled to endure, is more than my constitution will bear. Therefore I resolved to remain where I am, and give my means toward paying those who are able and willing to go, provided those who are dependent on them are cared for, and I think it is the imperative duty for those who remain within their own quiet households to sacrifice many of the comforts and enjoyments of life, to relieve the wants and aid in the maintenance of those who are dependent on the soldier. The one that will not do that much for his country is not worthy of its strong arm of protection, and positively should not receive it; but rather should be sent into the heart of the DAVIS dynasty, to there learn what oppression and unconstitutional measures are."

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