

IN HOSPITAL.

[Written for "Our Daily Fare."]

BY EDITH MAY.

Lying here in a hospital ward
Is mighty fine, for a fortnight or so;
But a man can't eat jelly all day, you know.
Oh, for a turn in the hospital yard,
Side by side, up and down, with the guard.
Oh, for a "Forward March!" but, oh,
With no fingers to feel for my rifle lock,
And a leg full of springs, like a Yankee clock,
I couldn't very well go.

I've been in most of the battles out West,
And I fight them over again
Many a time when I seem to rest,
Lying here in the hospital ward,
Dozing by day or dreaming by night.
Our Western boys fight hard,
And every battle's "the bloodiest yet;"
But there's one we are none of us like to forget:
I mean that two day's fight,
Begun on a Sunday, an hour before light;
Just such a sunshiny, breezy day
As this; but early in April—not May;
And the orchard off to our left was red
With sweet peach blossoms, like that on the hill
Yonder. They drifted over our dead;
They were pelted down when the rain fell hard
That night. How plain I can see them still,
Lying here in the hospital ward.

'Twas Shiloh—Shiloh! you know it well,
You read it all in the *Herald* and *Times*;
They told it better than I can tell.
One of our boys put it into rhymes
How bravely they fought. There's no need to boast;
Look over the lists—what more do you want?
We were Western men, and our leader was Grant
Yet, but for Buell, the day was lost.

You know how they crowded us back to the bluff—
Horses and wagons, and batteries and men,
Jammed right together. 'Twas pretty rough;
There was no more practical joking then,
(Such as hitting a fellow a clip with a stone,
Which he takes for a bullet, and, hand to his side,
Turns pale on the sudden, and thinks himself gone.)
Nobody there had the heart for a joke;
Faces were ghastly, and eyes were set
As if they looked inward, d,d forgot.
Only shells from the gunboats flying
Kept them from driving us into the tide
That was swift below. Then out of the hush,
Clear through the silence, somebody spoke:
"Buell is come!" Was it truth or lying?
Up from the river there came a gush
Of music, to our doubts replying.

Over the river came Buell's men,
Playing the "Star-Spangled Banner," and then
Such a cheer went up as never before
Made the woods out in Tennessee rattle and roar.
Oh, the Star-Spangled Banner! Oh, boys, do you
wonder,
With its folds looped above me, and I sleeping under,
I fight over battles in dreams, and fight hard,
Lying here in the hospital ward?

LINES GIVEN WITH A PAPER GLOVE.

There's a legend of the Rabbits old,
Which I learned in a distant land,
That the leaf of the early Tree of Life
Was shaped like a human hand.

That Tree first taught mankind to love,
And this glove I send to thee
I really think—pray what think you?
Is a leaf from that very tree!

POP GOES THE EASEL.

BY L. H.

Thanks to the locomotive, long journeys can
be quickly made, and at the time of the New
York Sanitary Fair, I, a quiet individual from
the City of Brotherly Love, found myself, in
less than five hours after deciding upon the
trip, amid the bustle and turmoil of Gotham.

The Fourteenth street building being the
great attraction, I wended my way thither,
and having determined to spend greenbacks
freely in the good cause, I wandered about,
looking for something in which utility and or-
nament should be combined. Shoes that would
fit Goliath—gloves made for a Lilliputian—
bells without clappers—and every kind of
worthless trumpery was offered by pretty
saleswomen.

One bright-eyed girl called my attention to
a beautiful easel, six feet in height. She soon
persuaded me a parlor was an unfurnished
room without this piece of furniture, and
having paid the money, my purchase was sent
to a carriage. The driver was obliged to put
it in front of him, the legs projecting at least
four feet over the side. I gave my order to
drive to the Philadelphia depot, and lay back
on the cushions meditating upon the brilliant
scene I had just left. The carriage stopped
suddenly, and my dreams were rudely inter-
rupted by fearful imprecations and oaths.
Looking out of the window I found my coach-
man engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict. The
projecting easel had scratched a barouche
coming up Broadway; the coachman struck
my driver with his whip; Paddy replied with
an equally hard cut, and the two were now
fighting the matter out. Watch in hand, I
implored the combatants to cease their strug-
gle. Words were vain, but my man, being the
stronger of the two, threw down his opponent,
mounted the box quickly, and, to avoid police,
drove to the ferry at a break-neck pace.

The boat had pushed from the wharf, when
I made a bounding spring, and the easel and
myself landed with a thump upon the boards,
encouraged by cheers and laughter from all
spectators. We reached Kensington without
further adventure; but there, sad to relate, no
carriage was to be found. I dragged my long-
legged companion after me, boys stumbling
over the end, and myself in an inward state of
rage not easily described. A passenger car
was at last reached; but, horror of horrors,
the easel was so tall that it could not be gotten
through the door. Chilled and heart-sick, I
stood outside, embracing my awkward bundle,
almost tempted to consign it to a watery grave;
or, to speak more plainly, to throw it in the
gutter. Home was at last reached. Not a
corner in the house could be found large
enough to hold it; and after all my vexation,
what could I do but present it to the Philadel-
phia Sanitary Fair?

Should this unvarnished history meet the
eye of a second purchaser, I advise him to
profit by my experience. Give it back to the
Art Gallery, rash man—avoid the trouble you
are bringing upon yourself, and smilingly ac-
cept thanks for unexpected generosity from
the attractive maiden who sold it to you,—and
you with it!

"ALL'S FAIR IN WAR."

General SCOTT proposed, it is said, that this
should be a war of infantry. General MAC-
LELLAN thought of making it one of artillery.

A friend of ours, who is in the Commission
business, still holds, apparently, to the artil-
lery theory in another department. He thinks
that the wounded soldiers should be managed
entirely by the great Canonists.

It certainly is not a bad idea that a man
after he has been badly Cannonized should be
well Canonized. To be sure it is the very
reverse of the old saying that *nitrum* succeeded
nitrum, and Salt Petre came *after* Saint PETER.

For our own part, we wish "everybody luck
all around," and sincerely trust, heart and
soul, that in the noble rivalry of doing good
every one may win. "Benevolence," in the
language of the virtuous SUGGS, "is the only
lottery where there is nary blank."

A MODEL LETTER.

We commend the following to any wealthy
gentleman desirous of "improving an oppor-
tunity:—"

PHILADELPHIA, March 14, 1864.

CALEB COPE, Esq.:

"My Dear Sir: I enclose you two donations
for the 'Great Central Fair for the Sanitary
Commission.' First, a check for fifty dollars;
and a word or two in reference to this amount
may induce others to do likewise. A portion
of this sum is the proceeds from a sale of
useless articles which had been accumulating
for years, and only needlessly occupying room
in our house, and I thought the best disposition
I could make of them would be to sell them and
give the money resulting, to your Fair, and here
it is, with an amount added to make it an even
fifty dollars. The second donation is the deed
for a lot of ground in the Fifteenth Ward.
You may ask, 'What are we to do with a do-
nation of this kind?' Put it in the hands of
an auctioneer and sell it, and apply the pro-
ceeds, through your noble Commission, to
assist the brave boys who are fighting our
battles while we are enjoying the comforts of
our homes and the blessings of that Govern-
ment which they are fighting to defend! The
proceeds of this lot will do them more good
than it will me or my children. You may
desire to know something of its value, and I
will say, therefore, that it cost me \$600 in ex-
change for other property, and it ought to
bring at public sale \$500. But sell it for what
it will bring, and I will make the title when
the sale is effected; and that God may bless
you in your noble work and preserve our
country, is the prayer of

"A MEMBER OF THE UNION LEAGUE."