

Our Daily Fair.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 11, 1864.

OPEN AGAIN.

IT is really wonderful how a Fair grows on one. We hardly were conscious of it, until it closed upon us so unexpectedly for a few hours on Wednesday. We were just getting into the spirit of it, and were looking forward to an uninterrupted stretch of enjoyment, when we had an afternoon and evening thrown upon our hands. But like a great many of the disappointments of life, it was a fortunate circumstance for us, and we have no doubt for all of those engaged about the Fair. The labor of preparation had been very great, and most people had got very much behindhand in sleeping and eating when the Fair opened. The excitement kept us all up, and no one realized how tired he or she was, until an opportunity of repose presented itself. The break has, in nautical language, enabled us to make up our "lee way," and we start anew, fresh and vigorous. The tables are all dressed, the goods all arranged, the prices all marked, so that the business of life is now literally to buy or to sell. Therefore, in the words of IAGO, "Put money in thy purse."

We would suggest, for the benefit of strangers, that they had better proceed with a little method in this business. Probably it would be as well to begin the day as they do at home, by eating a very hearty breakfast at the restaurant, upon all the delicacies of the season. They then might get their letters from the Post-Office, and read the newspaper. This supposes that they have subscribed for the newspaper, which is of course essential. Then, as in every day life, they would probably desire to express their opinions about the Generals and the politicians of the day, which they could do by going to several stands where their opinion would not only be received, but recorded for the moderate sum of one dollar. They could give their favorite, swords, daggers, dressing gowns and other things too numerous to mention. Not being anxious to be troubled with too many heavy things to take home, this subscribing for other people is an immense saving of freight, the charges on which are now very high.

These are the things which everybody does. We now come down to individual tastes, and where advice is more difficult. If you have a wife, let her buy for you; if you have not, go to the table of any beautiful young girl and she will give you the most disinterested advice on the subject. Don't go about looking for something that you want. You should have but one want at a Fair, the want of spending your money, and if you don't satisfy that in your first visit,—call again.

WHAT "SPECIAL RELIEF" MEANS.

A city correspondent, evidently gifted with a talent for investigation, wants to know what the "Sanitary people" mean by "special relief." He shrewdly observes that a great deal of money is devoted to this branch of the service, and he would like to have it made plain to his understanding who or what the objects are, that are so particularly cared for under this peculiar head. What may be the nature of his speculations or suspicions in the premises we can only conjecture. He may regard this relief as spirituous rather than spiritual, more in the nature of enjoyment for the Commissioners than for the comfort of the soldiers. Not to put too fine a point upon the matter, it may mean brandy and water, and cigars and things. He is clearly in the state of mind of that fine figurative orator who "smells a rat, hears it brewing in the storm, and is resolved to nip it in the bud."

Of course we feel it incumbent on our editorial staff to answer the question. This, then, is the nature of "special relief." It often happens that a soldier, on his way to the field, arrives in Washington who is not so sick as to have a claim on a General Hospital, but who may get seriously ill unless he receives prompt and generous attention. That man is the subject of "special relief." He is conveyed at once to a snug and home-like establishment, in the vicinity of the depot, under the care of the Sanitary Commission. In a few days he is made strong again, and sent away physically capable to do service at the front.

Again: here comes a soldier from the field, honorably discharged for disability. He gets to Washington without money, and may have to wait there a day or two, or perhaps many days, if his papers are blundered, before he can get his pay. Now what is he to do in the meantime; he has no further claim on the Government, and is penniless, and in a strange place? Is he to be left to starve or to beg? Such a man is taken in hand for "special relief" by the agents of the Sanitary Commission. He is provided with food and lodgings, and, as soon as he is paid, is sent on his way rejoicing.

On other occasions, and almost hourly sometimes, soldiers, honorably discharged, reach the city with their clothes all soiled and tattered from unavoidable hard usage. They are not only unclean and unsightly to the eye, but so unwholesome as to put the soldier's health in peril. Would any one see an American soldier, in this war, parading the streets in such a guise? Of course not, and such men are therefore subjects of "special relief," being made clean and decent in their apparel before they are forwarded to their homes.

Cases of the kind specified are multitudinous. But they are only examples. "Special relief" takes care of all discharged invalids

while they are waiting for their papers; acts as their agent when too feeble to attend at the paymaster's office in person; secures their railroad tickets at reduced rates; protects them against the sharpers who haunt the railway depots; rescues them from dens of dissipation when they are induced to remain in Washington by evil companions, and sends them to their homes; and is, in short, *the Good Samaritan* of the cause.

THE RIGHT VIEW OF THE CASE.

Soon after the commencement of the Revolutionary War a farmer, residing near Philadelphia, addressed his neighbors as follows: "I have observed that some of you are surprised that, with so many inducements as I have to remain at home, I should quit my family for the fatigues and dangers of war. I am an American, and determined to be free. I was born free; I have never forfeited my birth-right, nor will I ever—like Esau—sell it for a mess of pottage. I will part with my life sooner than my liberty. God Almighty gave me my life and my property, and as a necessary means among others, that of preserving and enjoying it; and it is only He that hath an absolute right and power to take it away. Let no one, therefore, wonder if of all earthly comforts my Creator has bestowed on me, I do most esteem my liberty."

AN APPROPRIATE TRIBUTE.

A number of our fellow-citizens desirous of expressing, in some manner, their gratitude to General MEADE, who, with his brave army at Gettysburg, saved our city from violation and outrage, presented to his wife, on the day of the opening of our Fair, a handsome residence completely furnished. It was fit that there should be some lasting memorial of such services, and it was highly appropriate that he, who had been so instrumental in preserving the homes and firesides of us all, should be provided by his fellow-citizens with a home and fireside of his own.

The General has earned new laurels upon every field in which his heroic army has since been engaged. He adds to the obligations more rapidly than we can acknowledge them. And though we cannot adequately requite his services, it will cheer him, in his high career of honor and duty, to feel that at least we are not unmindful of them.

ORNITHOLOGICAL.

England is justly proud of her NIGHTINGALE, the music of whose good deeds rang world wide—but what should our pride be who have seen, in this land, since the war begun, scores of thousands of suffering soldiers relieved by a countless choir of "Nightingales," each not inferior to her whose surname is FLORENCE—truly the beautiful.