

having lost my only child, a fine Girl of Fifteen whose Death has overwhelmed myself and my wife with unutterable sorrow.

I have now complied with your Request and beg in my turn, you will commend me to all my Friends in America. I have endeavoured more than once to do the Colonies some service, and am,

Sir, your very humble Serv't,

TS. SMOLLETT.

London May 8 1763.

Written to Rich'd Smith, Atty at Law, Recorder of the City of Burlington.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.—NO. 3.

BY A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

It was deemed fit that the Fair should bear the honored name of JOHN A. DIX as its President. Absented in his military duties, he was not able to attend personally to its details, but we all felt that it succeeded better for having the name of that unblemished statesman and distinguished patriot at the fore.

Then, it was very fitting that in the chairman we should have a name so commercially and socially distinguished as that of General GRISWOLD GREY. Uniting in himself two of the most respected families of New York and Boston, it was very proper that Mr GREY should take a prominent lead in this national and New York enterprise. The zeal, patience and ability which he displayed throughout its progress, entitle him to a distinguished place in the history of the Fair, and to the gratitude of the Sanitary Commission.

The distinguished literary qualifications of the Secretary, Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, a name honored not only at home, but throughout reading Europe, were added to a strong personal interest in the subject, to render that gentleman's arduous labors all they should be.

Of ladies it does not become me to speak.—I should deserve to be a more wounded soldier than I am, did I shock that modesty which should ever shroud the good deeds of women. I must make one exception in the person of the Vice President, Mrs. DAVID LANE, who was so emphatically the good genius of the Fair, that her "doing good" must be recorded even though she "blush to find it Fame." Embarked in an unknown sea, with an untried crew, this lady navigated her immense enterprise through gales and deceitful calm, avoiding the sunken rock and the whirlpool, "the storm, the darkness and the deadly blow," with an ability which excited every one's wonder; and from the 29th of November, until the day when she laid her splendid offering at the feet of the Sanitary Commission, no one saw her temper ruffled or her ingenuity baffled. She was "Queen o'er herself."

All the other officers and privates worked well and faithfully. It would be invidious to distinguish any. The ladies for once forgot social cliques, religious differences, political antipathies, and even the more solid insult of prettier bonnets. An occasional flash from the artillery of wit, a sort of birthday salute, would happen now and then; but it passed, and the work went on.

One lady refused to bow to another. The party who was *cut* said, mildly: "You must forgive me if I forget and bow to you hereafter. I assure you it will only be the *force of habit!*" No. 1 bowed after that.

The Police behaved so well; but then they always do, and a curious fact transpired;—These guardians of the public peace ate so much ice cream and Charlotte Russe! showing that valor does not grow by what it feeds on!

Then Mr. RICHARD M. HUNT decorated the Seventeenth street building with his own taste and with his own money! Charming combination. Selfishness had gone to pay a visit, we all thought, to the Emperor of the French: (she will come back a great beauty next year); for selfishness was nowhere to be found.

But it must be very stupid, while you are *making* history, to be reading it. Who wants, at his own marriage feast, to be reading of your or my wedding?

Lovely Philadelphia! you have a much prettier building for your Fair than New York had. Your knowing children came on and profited by our failures, yet New York forgives you. You have been so patriotic and noble since the war began! Who, like you, has fed a hungry million of soldiers? To whom but you do we owe the noble institution of the Loyal League?

Who has written such stirring war lyrics as *your* Poet? Who but your own true-hearted daughter has written the best memorial of a dead hero? And does not the world know and love your *Philanthropists*?

You have given of your abundance, and old WILLIAM PENN ought to be proud of you. Fair, eldest daughter of the Republic! beautiful in your Quaker cap and muslin kerchief, true to your antecedents, we look to you to preserve the almost forgotten tradition of *ladies and gentlemen*.

Loyal and true Philadelphia! May your Fair be the crowning Fair of all. It is meet that on *your* sacred soil should the proudest offering be raised to the glorious idea of National Unity, to the holy cause of Charity, and of "Brotherly Love."

THE SANITARY FAIR.

The Angel Mercy, in her flight,
To sadder scenes her love to bear,
Paused, for an instant, o'er this work—
And smiled, and called it blessed fair.

DYING IN THE HOSPITAL.

[Written for Our Daily Fare.]
BY ELLEN MURRAY.

"It well may be," he said,
"That wide though all my breezy North,
The buds of roses hasten forth,
The robins sing their sweetest tune
To welcome in the month of June;
But, redder than the reddest rose,
For *me* my country's banner glows.

"I am content," he said,
"My father reads the news to-night,
Saying, 'My child was in the fight.'
My mother spreads the evening cheer,
And murmurs, 'Were my boy but here!'
For *me* the fight its worst has done;
Strange hands, my mother, nurse thy son.

"Tis the Fair day," he said,
"A stir is in the crowded street,
Amid the trees the thousands meet;
A thought of those who bleed and die
Fills every heart, dims every eye;
For *me*, it is enough to know
Kind nurses past my bedside go.

"I am most blessed," he said,
"Some of our men, beneath the sun,
Die slowly on the field they won,
Some in the foemen's prison pine
Longing for Northern breeze and shine;
For *me*, my own true land has done
A mother's kindness for her son.

"And if I die," he said;
"There is no sweeter death to come
Than death for freedom, land and home;
No country for which heroes bled,
Loves more than ours its patriot dead,
And I am over blest to be
One of that well-loved company.

"Tis time to pray," he said,
"For all should pray when death is near,
And yet I do not feel a fear
To pray against; no wish, no will,
In God's sweet presence lying still,
I only pray for God's great might,
To help my country and her right."

St. Helena, S. C.

THE LILY OF LOCH-INE.

[Written for Our Daily Fare.]

BY THOMAS BALLY ALDRICH.

I
SHE was very, very fair,
Like a Saint in her blonde hair—
Like Raphael's Madonna,
With a certain shade of care,
And a glory breaking on her!

II
In the Kirkyard let her lie,
Let the thistles and the burrs
Cover up the two-fold life,
The sinless life, and her's.
God a'mercy on that day
When the grave gives up the Dead
And the World shall pass away!

III
Now Sir Rohan sails the sea,
Loud he laughs above his wine,
And he never, never thinks
Of the Lily of Loch-Ine.
God a'mercy on that day
When the grave gives up the dead,
And the World shall pass away!