

Sanitary, and twenty-five for return postage—since returned it will be, “as sure as death and taxes”—if not waste-paper-basketed.

.....The Post Office has a tasteful little edifice close by the great flagstaff, and is in the full tide of successful operation. A regular postal system is established throughout the Fair buildings. Letters may be safely deposited for the U. S. Post Office or the Fair Post Office, in any of the boxes distributed through the different departments. The Post Office also receives from the U. S. Office all letters addressed to the Central Fair, and delivers them to their proper departments. We give a list, (which we shall continue), of the advertised letters.

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| Professor Allen | Charles Maclester |
| George H. Boker | Clement B. Newbold |
| Honore Binney, Jr. | Henry Owen |
| Governor Curtin | John L. Phillips |
| Andrew Dulles | P. T. Randolph |
| Daniel Elmer | Harrison Smith |
| John W. Forney | Alexander Smith |
| Charles D. Gardette | William Tatem |
| Master Leland Harrison | George Torrens |
| Charles E. Johnson | F. G. Vaux |
| D. Rodney King | Rev. Dr. Washburn |
| Dickinson Logan | Mr. Langhorn Wistar |
| C. Willing Littell | Dr. Caspar Wister |
| William Moehring | Kirk B. Wells |
| Miss Harriet Ashurst | Mrs. E. Hunn |
| Miss Lucy Askew | Miss Charlotte B. Hopkins |
| Mrs. Chapman Biddle | Miss Susan Keating |
| Mrs. George H. Boker | Miss Lucy Lovell |
| Miss Edith Boldie | Mrs. Joseph Lea |
| Mrs. Robert Carter | Mrs. E. Lathrop |
| Mrs. Constance | Miss Emily McClellan |
| Mrs. Claghorn | Miss Lydia Mason |
| Mrs. Caleb Cope | Mrs. Lewis Norris |
| Miss Anna Dulles (care of Charles Stille) | Mrs. James H. Orne |
| Miss Melissa Dawdle | Miss Mary Paul |
| Miss Mary Elmer | Mrs. David Pepper |
| Miss Maggie Fassitt | Mrs. Mary Pleasants |
| Mrs. Mary Clay Gray | Mrs. T. B. Buchanan Read |
| Mrs. Ward Hazeltine | Miss Helen Scott |
| | Miss Beasia Shober |

.....We mention, by request, that “Jean Ingelow,” the poetess, has sent to our Great Central Fair one hundred dollars. In answer to a request to *write* for the Fair, she replies: “If I can, I will do so; but I think it doubtful whether I can write any verses that are likely to be desirable for such a cause, and I should not like to damage it by sending bad ones.” Professor LONGFELLOW, having received from our Newspaper Committee a request to write, contributed eight volumes of his works with his autograph on the title-page of each. They are for sale at the book stand, Union avenue. According to our latest estimates, the *Daily Fare* entered on its existence with twelve thousand one dollar subscriptions, paid for in advance, and the cry is still they come from distant States. That is to say, we had about *one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies* “sold ahead.” Nearly the whole of this was “rushed in” on us within three days to our utter amazement. If certain subscribers have not, as yet, received their copies, let them rest assured and slumber tranquilly in the happy faith that all will be faithfully delivered in due time. To all of this amount must be added the number required for sale in the Fair. We *did* hope to contribute a huckleberry to the Sanitary, but the Eternal Fates seem to have ordained that it shall be a persimmon.....Dolls seem to be “turning up Jack about these

times,” as some eminent theologian elegantly remarks. The following prospectus sets forth the last expiring agony in the *poupet* line:

BUY A TICKET!

THE GREAT MILLION DOLLAR DOLLY.

There is now in preparation in this city a wonderful Doll, the body and head of which cost One Million dollars.

HER WARDROBE, ordered from Victorine in Paris, will be of fabulous splendor and incredible cost.

HER JEWELRY, embraces the Kohinoor diamond, the entire British, French and Russian regalia, and the contents of all the Reichs Capelle and the Green Vaults of Germany, all of which have been secured without regard to expense.

HER LIBRARY includes all the books not more than one inch long, which are mentioned by Dibdin, Brunet or Kaiser. Every book is bound at an expense of one hundred dollars.

HER GLOVES, one thousand pairs, have been produced by intense competition between Jouvin, Boivin and all the other *vins*.

HER WORKBASKET of spun gold was designed by MEISSONIER.

HER BABY HOUSE will employ the ability of all the artists, poets, upholsterers, architects and men of genius of every kind in America, Europe and the rest of creation.

To be disposed of AFTER the Fair in any way the subscribers may think fit. Tickets *one thousand dollars* each, the lucky drawer being pledged to give it immediately back again!

Inquire at the *Daily Fare* Table, of any of our Fairies.

.....Among the residents of other cities who have worked with full heart for our Philadelphia Sanitary Fair, we venture to mention Mrs. JOHN SHERWOOD, of New York. The GARIBALDI dagger, and other relics referring to that great man, and, as we should judge, nearly a thousand dollars worth of contributions to the autograph department, are due to her indefatigable exertions in securing them for us.....Ladies in attendance at different tables are requested to make notes of anything particularly curious or beautiful under their charge, with the price, and “expediate” the same unto *Our Daily Fare* table.....We feel it to be our great moral mission to point out the fact that the goods for sale in the Fair are generally *below* the usual store prices. For instance, *Daily Fare* being in the puffing line was this morning greatly taken by a meerschaum in the Tobacco Department, marked Ten Dollars, which was well worth Fifteen. Moreover gentlemen are not importuned to purchase, neither do the ladies chase victimisable looking men up and down the galleries imploring them to “buy, buy,” till they stand and deliver.—*Daily Fare* was once at a fair in England where nothing under a Countess or an Honorable stood at the tables—no, they didn’t stand there at all, but just chased men, hustled them and assailed them like emigrant runners around a newly discovered Dutchman. One Duchess or something, chased us around two galleries, bearing in her arms a great tallowy

wax Cupid two feet high, with gold leaf on its wings, and vowed that we *must* take it. Having already done our best, we were reluctantly compelled to decline her Love.

[N. B.—This was our only “affair” with a Duchess.]

.....“Flowers from the Battle-field,” a little volume of poems by a young lady of Wilmington, Delaware, is for sale at the Delaware department. Persons wishing to take with them an interesting memorial of the Fair, will find this unpretending collection, replete with beauty, tenderness and patriotism. Apropos of flowers from the battle-field, we saw on the Fair field yesterday—somewhere in New Jersey we believe—a bunch of water lilies rather more natural than life, and entirely suggestive of calm ponds, blue eyes, catfish, duck-weed and dreams, to say nothing of floating lazily along in a boat, catching at the blossoms, and “oh! dear, I’ve wet my sleeve.” Just at this point, by one of those strange coincidences which fate reserves for saints and editors, the eye of the great and good *Daily Fare* was caught by the following poem in a modestly elegant hand o’ write, and forthwith accepting the *signum*, we found place for it.

POND LILIES.

Lilies, pale lilies, are you spirit-flowers
In whose deep hearts memories of heaven lie?
Why will you never bloom in garden bowers,
But only love the shadows of the sky?

This narrow heaven, girdled in a rim
Of reedy fingers tangled by the waves,
With misty sunlight flooded to the brim,
And dimpled where the lark her pinions laves.

Here will we float, and, musing, ever gaze
Into the boundless heavens, broad and fair,
Until the stars lean from their lofty ways,
Look through your souls and kindle glory there.

Tremble, pale lilies! Hark, the tempest sighs!
A single cloud can blot all heaven out!
Hark! the strong blasts are wrestling with the boughs,
And silver-handed winds the rushes flout.

Farewell, O, Lilies! for the deep floods roar,
And the loud rain your tender bosoms grieves,
Poor Lilies, drifted from your peaceful shore,
Broken and faded are your shining leaves.

A voice serene threaded the sun’s len storm,
“Mourn not for us, although the winds may reap
The stately forests; us they cannot harm,
Our anchors to the heart of earth we keep!”

“Oh, blessed lilies! I, too, stem the flood;
All heaven a blot, afar from every land,
My soul is anchored to the love of God,
Beat louder, storms, at last I feel his hand.

The individual who sent us “Barbara Frietsche” for publication, is informed that we have seen the poem before in the works of one WHITTIER, and that we do not republish “old soldiers.”.....The Professor has visited the Horticultural department, and in the excess of his delight at the admirable talent displayed in its arrangement and decoration, was heard to say to one of the pretty aids as he left the fountain, “Sweet flower, good night,” alluding