40

OUR DAILY FARE.

undoubtedly to the lady, or to a *Gymnocladus Canadensis*, "but ere I leave thee, tell me, I prithee, what difference exists between the parlor of Penn and thine own abode of flowers? The flower belle gently raised her head callaslily, or carelessly, and said, "The palmy days of Philadelphia, when they wore palm-leaf hats, and the days of palms, when they are open for the Sanitary." The Professor departed radiantly.

The following note has been received from the original "Artemus Ward:"

> WATERFORD, Oxford Co., Maine, June 5th, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. LELAND:

I am very busy with my new Book of Travels, but I'll try and send something on at once. I ought to, because I have much reason to feel grateful to Philadelphia; besides I'm a Sanitary "feller" to the backbone.

> With great respect, faithfully yours, CHAS. F. BROWNE.

Excellent Sanitary "feller," "wade in," as thine own hero observes. Hurrah for us!

ARTEMUS WARD WRITES FOR OUR DAILY FARE !

.....We are requested to mention that the old gentleman who was desirous of seeing "the Penn that was mightier than the sword" has been shown into The Parlor in a brown study and surtout; in Latin, *Penna habet*......The following verses were lately received, with a perfumed paper glove in "a gift letter," at the Sanitary Fair Post Office.

> "When gloves of olden time were thrown By cavalier or knight, The symbol meant as well is known, A challenge to the fight.

This gant d'amour I fling to thee, To bring thee to thy knees; Our g'ances shall the lances be, The distance what you please."

..... "I am confident," said Mr. Croaker to one of the Fair Restaurant Aids, "that you wont be able to hold out against the continual demands for food made on your department." "I am sure that we will be able to; for they have built the Restaurant on purpose for this, in the shape of a circle, so that there shall be No End to It." Mr. Croaker believed there was a joke in the high grass of this answer, so he unmasked another battery. "Oh, you must be very tired staying here at times until late at night." "Oh, no, the building is calculated to circle-late in." Two others of the Croaker family now came in, when, fortunately, our Fair Aid was borne off by gallant Arthur; who speaking quietly to her said, "Let us leave the Rest to Rant and fly to the soda fountain, maid, with me." They flew.

.....We call attention to the following:

LOST,

in the Fair Buildings, a Gold Band Bracelet, marked "M. R. S. from S. V. S. H." The finder will please return it to the Police Office on the Fair premises.

.....The English "poetry of the age" "catches it" again in our columns, as follows: ORIGINAL POEM.

CONTRIBUTED BY TENNY'S SON. Considered by judicious critics to be worthy of his father.

Creeping, Peeping, Sleeping, Gentle Madeline. Sitting, Knitting, Flitting. Blythe Madeline! Jumping, Bumping, Thumping, Active Madeline. Kneading. Needing. Then reading, Prudent Madeline! A kiss blown, Now she's flown And I'm alone. Saucy Madeline! This is what may be termed condensed suggestiveness.

HOW THE SANITARY IS WORKING IN THE FIELD.

[From our Correspondent with the Army of the Potomac.]

To the Editor of the Daily Fare:

The little side-wheel steamer, on whose deck I now write, as we are moving slowly toward the Bay, bears upon her bow-staff a flag on which is insoribed "U. S. Sanitary Commission." She measures one hundred and fifty tons burden, and is heavily freighted with stores for the sick and wounded of the Army of the Potomac. The store-rooms at Washington have furnished the cargo, and without detailing the articles severally, I will give the number of pieces, under several heads as follows:

- 2. Wearing apparel—as woolen shirts, drawers, hose, &c...... 1,415

5. Stationery, and etcetera..... 2,134

With eight other boats chartered by the Sanitary Commission, and some of them larger than the "Guy," plying between the Capital, Baltimore, and the supply base for the army, some idea may be had by the people of the vastness of the work of transportation and distribution. The work of collection, however, is but too seldom thought of, and will never be measured. To the patriot women of America this labor chiefly belongs. In the din and confusion of battle-in the pain and sorrow of hospitals, but little is heard of this noble and generous effort. The soldier cries for help, and the help is bestowed, and the immediate giver, as he administers sustenance and comfort, becomes the recipient of gratitude and love, such as none can give more heartily than a loyal soldier; but the great source of supply, away back in the warm hearts of thousands of benevolent and unknown mothers and sisters, has its "record on high." and its recompense within. In the history of suffering there is no brighter page than that which records the valiant endurance of our soldiers, and the heroic self-sacrifice of the women of our countrv. JUNE 2.

Our boat is now safely anchored for the night on the York River, about midway between Yorktown and Ferry Point. Our party are driven from the decks to seek shelter from a thunder storm in a little tri-angular saloon, where the evening is passed in conversation. Old Massachusetts is here by five representatives. New York, New Jersey, Ohio, and the Keystone are also here. Princeton, Union, Lafayette, Kenyon, Williams, and the University of Pennsylvania are represented in our little relief company of fourteen, and among them are gentlemen of large experience and observation in the world of letters and science. Before to-morrow night they will be enrolled at the White House for duty wherever their services may be most needed in the department of sorrow and suffering, in which there are two hundred of like intelligent character already occupied with the benevolent ministrations of their high calling.

JUNE 3-EARLY MORNING.

West Point is in view, and as we approach it our little craft yeers from the mouth of the Mattapony, and enters the Pamunkey, and we are now finding our way along between its marshy banks, towards the end of our route. For three days nearly, we have been shut out from news and don't know where the scene of our labors will be. The Connecticut has just passed us, with the wounded for the Capital, and it may be that the valiant forces of the Union are pressing hard on to Richmond .---You may expect to hear from us every day, if there should be no interruption between you J. P. Yours respectfully, and us.

PRINTED by RINGWALT & BROWN, 111 & 118 South 4th Street, Philadelphia, for the Great Central Fair in aid of the United States Sanitary Commission.