

Our Daily Fare.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 16, 1864.

THE WAR AND THE FAIR.

HAD it been foretold to us, only a few years ago, that there was contained in the future a bloody civil war, shaking the Union to its foundations, and that there was also to be held in Philadelphia a Fair, brilliant beyond compare, who of us could have imagined that these two things, so foreign the one to the other, so directly opposite, were to occur in the self-same hour? We could not have dreamed it. We should have supposed, most probably, that the War and the Fair would be wide apart, separated, the one from the other, by a great gap of time. Our conjecture would have been that the Fair would be held, not during the war, but after the war, in celebration, perhaps, of the return of peace.

But, as it is, the great Fair is held in the very midst of the war, and while the fiercest battles of the war are raging. Out of the ground smoking with the warm blood of the terrible conflict, and amidst the uproar of the fight, flower forth these wondrous forms of a divine humanity. Not Peace, but savage War has caused the sacred seed to germinate and swell; and rich in beauty and beneficence are the fruits. While we are engaged in deadly strife with a portion of our countrymen, all loyal hearts are fused into one as never before, and the division lines of the States and Sections are well nigh obliterated. Undesignedly, unconsciously, by the ever-active, resistless force of nature, there is forming, through the agency of those sentiments which the war inspires so powerfully, a new Union, a Union which the old Union only dimly foreshadowed. The blood that is shed—every precious drop of it—crying out to us from the ground which it hallows, summons into activity those generous instincts which are laying the foundations of a Temple of Peace that nothing shall be able to destroy.

HOW THEY LIVE AT THE "WATER BASE."

It may be interesting to some of the readers of the *Daily Fare*, and especially to such as have friends in the Sanitary Corps, to hear something of the habits of life of those who have gone to "the front," as the term is at home, though to those engaged in service at "the base" of the army itself, "the front" means something considerably beyond. White House, the late base of General GRANT'S army, is about fifteen miles in the rear of the actual scene of his most recent operations. The "base" is necessarily well removed from the line of battle, and upon a navigable river

or well-protected railway. At White House the Sanitary Commission have their headquarters on a boat at the wharf. Here all hands assemble three times daily for meals, and a motley group they are; mostly young men of education, doctors, young clergymen, clerks from their counting houses, and artisans from their shops, arrayed in every variety of costumes, not a white shirt to be seen, and scarcely a tall hat. At the hour appointed, these flock from the widely scattered hospital tents into which their duties have led them, to the repast provided by the Sanitary.

Imagine not, gentle reader, a tastefully spread board with damask table-cloth, a service of china and silver-plated forks, for the Sanitary serves its rations of beef, potatoes and dried apples on tin plates, its coffee and tea in ordinary tin cups, the brown sugar is stirred in with a pewter spoon, and the milk (concentrated dissolved) is supplied from an old-fashioned tin coffee pot with a long spout. Let it not be thought, however, that there is any grumbling at this table. On the contrary, every one is happy, conversation flows freely, and to the credit of the corps be it said, that no one ever hears an improper word at or around the table. A spice of female society, albeit rather scarce as yet, gives tone to the intercourse among those engaged in the work, while on the soldiers it has a most favorable effect.

VOTE EARLY AND VOTE OFTEN.

It gives us real pleasure to invoke all the visitors to the Great Central Fair, to indulge in a liberal practice of the above much abused rule. It is one of the inestimable privileges of the occasion. At most other elections one vote is considered enough for one man—and in point of fact, that is all the law allows. We are aware that we have a class of voting patriots among us who do not agree with the law, but sometimes they suffer a rather close confinement for their attempted enlargement of their area of freedom. But we have no such unpleasant restrictions at the Fair. Here we have a true realization of "universal suffrage." Every-body may vote—man, woman and child, provided only the poll-tax be paid, which ranges from Twenty-five Cents to One Dollar. For the latter sum, you may help to give your favorite General the \$2500 sword, or say who shall have the magnificent Silver Vase, while for the former, you may cast your suffrage so as to give the costly Silver Trumpet, to your choice among our noble Fire Companies, or say which of the Generals' wives shall have that love of a Leghorn Bonnet valued at one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

At these Fair elections the motto is "vote early and vote often," to which we add, by request of the election officers "vote all the time—and all the tickets."

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

There is no one phrase that we have heard repeated more frequently, during the Fair, than the one with which we have headed our article. In the crowd, as we jostle through the door, we at once recognize the marital relation of the couple before us by the application of it by the man to the confiding being on his arm. The cause of the remark is generally intimated in such a gentle tone that we rarely catch it, and often amuse ourselves in inquiring what the female could have done so characteristic of her sex. We think, perhaps, the gentle being has left the gas all burning in the deserted mansion, or has left the dead-latch up, or has not warned Bridget against allowing the baby to play on the railroad track, or, worse than all, has forgotten to bring her Fair ticket with her. The last atrocity, however, generally brings out something stronger than a general reflection; and its mildest type, is giving the phrase a personal turn, as "that's so like you."

Brothers and sisters generally favor the last phrase, without they have reached mature years, when the former one is considered sufficient. The latter phrase has the advantage of being susceptible of conveying a certain amount of tenderness, when, for instance, it is used to give the idea that "it is only pretty Fanny's way." In this sense it is used among cousins, and between the sexes, when there is no blood relationship existing. It is rather a telling thing then, by the way, the idea of being unlike any one else, is very gratifying to the female mind. A man can use it safely unless he accompanies it with an offensive intonation or sneer, when, of course, it changes its character and becomes disagreeable. The phrase, however, "just like a woman," can never be considered, strange to say, complimentary. Why it should not be is certainly odd. There must have been some expletive originally connected with it which, in the lapse of time, has been lost—some word or other, which, to speak grammatically, is "understood." Why it is, that to say to a woman that her conduct is "just like a woman," should be considered a sneer, is certainly mysterious; if said to a man it would be plain enough, but we all prefer women who act like women, and yet we make it a term of reproach that they do so.

We heard a woman, speaking of her height, say she was either five feet seven or seven feet five, she did not recollect which, and the sentiment was unanimous that to say that was exactly "like a woman." But when we speak of women generally, its meaning can be made to convey a degree of approbation difficult to express. For instance, when we speak of the devotion and self denial and untiring zeal they have exhibited throughout this whole war, our vocabulary enables us to say nothing higher than "that is just like them."