

P. S. Pa says he is going to telegraph to St. Louis to find out about Phoenix's "antece-dents," *just to please Aunt Slocum*. I wish he wouldn't; it looks so *distrustful*, but you know if Pa gets anything once in his head, there's no arguing the point. I shall take this letter in my pocket to the Fair to-day, so as to add anything *new and interesting* that may turn up there. The Fair, by the way, is a great suc-cess. Among other things they publish a newspaper there every day called the *Daily Fare*. It's so entertaining that I shall send you a copy every day it comes out.

P. S. 1 o'clock, heavens, Amelia, what do you think! Pa's just got a telegram from St. Louis in these words, "P. F. is a humbug—no such firm here as Ketchum, Contract & Ketchum." O dear, O dear, what shall I do? *But I don't believe a word of it*, nor will I allow my own dear Phoenix to be torn from me in this way. Pa's in an awful rage and swears revenge! Bob says P. F. won't show his face again, and he owes him \$50 borrowed money and the stable bill!

P. S. 3 o'clock, another telegram as follows just received by pa: "P. F. is a swindler. He has a wife living here whom he deserted three years ago."

P. S. 3½ P. M., Third telegram. "P. F. has another wife in Kentucky and four children!" O! O! what shall I do! what shall I do!

Yours distractedly, FANNY.

UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY JOHN ADAMS.

QUINCY, May 25th, 1816.

To Judge Vander Kemp:

Reverend, Honorable, Learned, Venerable, and Dear Sir: As I stand in great need of a Casu-ist in Philosophy, Morality and Christianity, to whom should I apply but to you, whom I consider as the best qualified of *all my friends*.

The Stoicks, the Christians, the Mahome-tans and the North American Indians, all agree, that complaint is unmanly, unlawful, and impious. To bear Torment without a mur-mur, a sigh, a groan, or a distortion of Face or Feature, or a Wryth or contortion of the Body, is consummate Virtue, Heroism, and Duty. Mr. Lear has, completed the glory of great, and good Washington, by informing us that he suffered great distress without a sigh or a groan. Jephthah's Daughter Aga-memnon's Iphigenia, the Hindoo Widows, who roast, boil, and, fry with their Husband's Bones, probably utter no Shrieks. The son of Acknomack never complained. Brissot and some of his Colleagues are said to have pro-nounced *Vive "la Repub"* when the Guileo-tine had cut off the head, which hopping, and bouncing, and rolling, articulated the Syl-lable, "lique" after it was sundered from the shoulders.

I can almost believe all this. The history of the Christian Martyrs and the French Clergy

on the 2d of September, seems to render it credible. Indeed, in the course of my strange life, I have had at times, some Feelings of a like kind, but I do not give so much Weight to all these, as to the cool declaration of our excellent and blessed, tho' our passionate, Dr. Chauncey, that he had found by Experience, that a Man could lye all night on his Pillow, under the most excruciating Torment of Toothache, Headache, Rheumatism or Gout, unable to sleep a wink, without uttering one Groan, Sigh or Syllable.

Now Sir, please to tell me what Virtue is there in all this? A common Man, as I am informed, was lately asked, what he meant by the word Resignation? His answer was "I CANNOT HELP IT." Could Socrates have given a better answer?

Resignation is our own affair—What good does it do to God? Prudence dictates to us to make the best of inevitable evils. We may fret, and fume, and pule, and scold, and rave, but what good does this do? It hurts our-selves, and may hurt our Neighbours by the weak, silly, foolish example, but does no good in the Universe that I can imagine.

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As I have alluded to Washington I may quote Franklin.

The Aged Philosopher alighted from his Coach at my door, at Auteuil, on an Invitation to dinner. I never saw a more perfect picture of Horror or Terror or Grief, than his Coun-tenance. I was Shocked with Surprise and Compassion. He turned to his Coachman and said, "You need not come for me, I will walk home" (to Passy about two miles.) He then turned to me and said, "I will never enter "the Door of a Coach again, at least if I can—"not find a Coachman who has the Stone."

I believe he kept his Word. But was that Complaint? I see nothing but Pride, Vanity and Affectation and Hypocrisy in these pre-tended Stoical Apathies. I have so much sympathy and Compassion for human Nature, that a Man or a Woman may grunt and groan shriek and scream, weep, cry, or roar as much as Nature dictates under extream distress, provided there be no affectation for there may be Hypocrisy Even in these Expressions of Torture. * * * * *

(Signed) JOHN ADAMS

LETTER FROM GENERAL MEADE.

The following letter from General MEADE was written in the field near the Rappahan-nock. As copies of it have done some service through Trinity Church for the Sanitary Fair, it has claim to a place among the records of *Our Daily Fare*:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
April 8th, 1864.

Reverend and Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the elo-quent sermon delivered by you on the day of

National Thanksgiving, November 26, 1863, and in behalf of the noble army under my command, thank you most kindly for the grat-ifying mention made by you of the services it rendered the country at Gettysburg, and for your just appreciation of the great victory won by its valor, under the favor of God, on that memorable field.

I am, very respectfully, your obe't servant,
GEO. G. MEADE.
Major-General Com'ng.
REV. DAVID WASHBURN, Phil'a., Pa.

VICTORY!

BY KANE O'DONNELL.

Up to the continent's dome, to the monument mountains old;
Round by the ocean that rears round by our torrents of gold;

Out from our commonwealths free, one shout, one acclaim shall be given,
Nature's one voice shall be ours, bearing Heaven's mes-sage to Heaven!

Now the long peril is past—lo! in the battle the omen—
Victory! victory! rolled—rolled in the wreck of the foemen!

Giant the triumph but long—long the fierce death-volley rattles;

Bleeding, our legions press on, rounding the cycle of battles.

Strong as the forests they stood, gun to gun, shoulder to shoulder,

Charged with their eyes to the fire—never our eagles were bolder;

Then how they swooped on the foe! Fallen his pride at meridian,

Smote by the sword of the Lord—sword of the Lord and of Gideon!

O! the ages shall hear, and be proud, how our yeomen went into the onset;

Stormed hill, the red day was won, and with banners rode into the sunset,

Glory of Israel theirs—theirs the promise of Canaan!
Charged with the thunders of Grant—charged with the young Pennsylvanian!

But a marshal fell dead at his post, and midway in honor,
Wadsworth! thy noble white-head went down like a banner!

Pity the wounds and the sweat—pity the sorrowful corpses Cramped in the ashes of death, trampled down by the horses!

Pell-mell and over the guns, prone and aghast unto Heaven,

Lonely and uncaressed—but sublime that they've striven!
Oh! to be with them! or on, on with the legions unshaken,

Flush by the flag—one in the shout—RICHMOND IS TAKEN!

When the long battle-march o'er, homeward the soldier returning,

Light shall his heart be; again, maiden's bright eyes shall be burning,

Loved of the land which he saved, prouder the step that he marches!

Cheer him in triumph the way under the heaven's blue arches!

Joy to the victor again! Wide open the portal!

Scatter with roses the way. Hail to the hero immortal!

Patient we wait for the end! Sober and solemn the praises;

Deeper than tumult the joy Freedom in homage upraises
Here from the granite hearts'-faith, strong with the

truth that we offer,

Mighty and earnest to do, steadfast and silent to suffer.

O'er all the anguish and death rest benediction supernal;

Peace! spread thy gentle white wings, brooding eternal.