

Our Daily Fare.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 21, 1864.

GOOD BYE.

IN the beautiful fairy tale of "Cinderella" the heroine agrees to disappear when the hand of the clock points to the magical number of twelve, and no matter what her occupation or where she may be at that hour, she returns to the humble position she had formerly occupied. As we all know, the hour arrives when the ball is at its height, when the music and the dance have not begun to flag, and all is "merry as a marriage bell." Her fate, however, is inexorable. Our own case is very like that of Cinderella. We contracted with our subscribers for twelve papers, and all the machinery which it has been found necessary to set in operation to perform our contract has been wound up to run twelve days and no longer. Our allotted time has expired, and though the Fair goes on, and the fun and frolic is continued, we must leave our exalted position and return to those from which our good godmother, the Executive Committee, first took us. Hereafter, then, gentle reader, be your wares ever so attractive, be your jokes ever so good, we will not be present to chronicle them. As, however, after the disappearance of Cinderella a certain glass slipper gave evidence of her former state, so our subscribers will some day receive a supplemental number, which will serve to recall our existence. In this will be found, among other things, the names of those active in securing us subscribers, who shall receive that full meed of credit to which their valuable assistance entitles them. They were our best friends. During our short career we have met with a success hitherto unprecedented in Fair newspapers. Our subscription list was originally very large, and has increased daily; so much, in fact, as to require several of our earlier numbers to be reprinted. We have spoken upon former occasions of the embarrassments brought upon us by our large circulation; we shall not reiterate them; we will only say that every one who has subscribed to the paper is, of course, entitled to have all the numbers, and we are determined that they shall have them, if, to use the phrase of General GRANT, it takes us all summer to effect it.

We have endeavored to make the paper a chronicle of the Fair; a history of other Fairs, and concisely to give some idea of the workings of the Commission itself. At the present moment, when we hear of nothing but Fairs, this is neither a new nor a lively topic, and may have appeared to some rather dull, but in a few days every vestige of our Fair will disappear, the Fair movement will go in

some other direction, and the Sanitary quietly resume its functions. We think then that the interest of our paper will increase, and the serious parts of it attract the attention which we suppose they deserve. Be it good or bad, however, it is now past remedy. Its short life has closed, and if we have no cause of pride, we, at least, have great reason for gratitude for the very liberal support we have received, and which has already added over five thousand dollars to the Treasury of the Sanitary Commission, and also for the forbearance and patience exercised by those who have not received their paper as promptly as was their due. With kind feelings to each and all, we once more say "Good bye!"

THE INDIAN EXHIBITIONS.

Almost the only romantic incident of American history, certainly the most interesting, is the rescue of Captain JOHN SMITH by the Indian princess POCAHONTAS. At the request of several of our citizens, the indefatigable gentleman having charge of the Indian Exhibition has succeeded in producing this beautiful incident of savage life in all its details. The council-fire of the braves, the spirited harangue, delivered with all the characteristic energy of the Indian nature, the fatal decision, the victim dragged to execution, the whole band dancing and screaming in anticipation of his fate, are all most accurately presented. As the weapon is raised to destroy Captain SMITH, the beautiful POCAHONTAS rushes in, and by her influence, saves his life.

The exhibition of course includes other novel and interesting peculiarities of savage life, and is one of the most agreeable features of the Fair. It will be long before the public will again have an opportunity of seeing so fine a body of savages, and so well conducted an entertainment. It is open twice during the day, and twice during the evening.

THANKS.

In closing up accounts in the terminal number of *Our Daily Fare* we feel it to be due to the printers, Messrs. RINGWALT & BROWN, No. 111 & 113 South Fourth street, their foremen, compositors and pressmen, for the beautiful style in which the paper has been delivered from the press. We venture to say that no journal with a daily issue of over ten thousand copies, ever published in this country, equals it in typographical appearance.

The paper upon which it is printed, purchased of JESSUP & MOORE, is deserving of equal praise. The best skill of the printer is lost when the paper falls below the standard necessary for a clear and beautiful impression.

ACCORDING TO DR. ABERNETHY, all human maladies arise from two causes—stuffing and fretting.

THE GARIBALDI DAGGER.

The Garibaldi dagger, which is sent by the Metropolitan Fair to the Great Central Fair—as in olden times they passed the sword from hand to hand that each loyal Knight might swear anew his allegiance to the Holy Cause—was given by the great Garibaldi to Mr. Joseph Antoni of Turin. That gentleman, wishing to send what he valued most to the cause of American Unity, asked permission of Garibaldi to send this dagger, engraved with his own hand, and marked in ink by himself—this dagger, worn by Garibaldi in most of his famous battles—this dagger, which formed part of the humble red-shirt and round-cap uniform (probably the most famous dress of modern times)—this dagger now remains to be seen and "allotted" by our loyal citizens. Would it be improper to suggest that as so few names have been subscribed thus far it should be bought by subscription to be given to Gen. Grant. It is already marked "G. G.," and it would thus pass from the hand of one noble soldier to that of another.

Could we not add a verse to the beautiful poem in "Punch," which describes the three queens—Rome, Naples and London—laying their crowns at the feet of Garibaldi? Could we not add that the Queen of the Starry Crown—she of the West—now looking down mournfully on her struggling sons—that she is proud to claim Garibaldi as one of her adopted children, as he proudly calls her "his adopted country."

Does he not rank next her own immortal son? And is the name of Washington not followed closely by that of Garibaldi?

TO OUR PATRONS.

The generous patrons in this city and in the country who were active in getting subscribers for *Our Daily Fare*, will confer an additional favor by sending to GEORGE W. CHILDS, 628 and 630 Chestnut street, their names and the number of subscribers furnished by each, for publication in our Supplemental number. We desire to award them, each and all, the credit for our success to which they are eminently entitled.

TO COMMITTEES.

The different Committees and their aids will confer a favor by sending to the table of *Our Daily Fare* any badges they may have which are not needed. It is desired to collect a sample of all the badges used in the Fair.

THE LITHOGRAPH OF THE FAIR BUILDINGS.

This beautiful work of art, and permanent memorial of the Fair,—printed in eight colors,—will be forwarded to any address, free of postage, on the receipt of two dollars.