

VOICE OF THE FAIR.

ANDREW SHUMAN, Editor.

Chicago, Saturday, June 10, 1865.

FAIR GOSSIP.

—There is no let-up to the crowd of people that streams through the Fair halls. Yesterday the throng was quite equal to that of any of the previous days. People are coming and going all the while—morning, afternoon and evening. The cash receipts of yesterday swelled the grand total above \$170,000, how much above we do not know definitely. And to-day, if the weather is favorable, will be one of the greatest days yet witnessed in the Fair.

—Lieutenant General Ulysses S. Grant—how like a household word the name sounds to us to-day, though five years ago it was entirely unknown to fame—will arrive in town this morning, and will have a formal reception at the Fair sometime during the day. He will stop at the residence of his old friend, J. R. Jones, Esq., U. S. Marshall of this district, on the West Side; but will hold levees at the Tremont at certain hours to be designated on his arrival. The people of Chicago will love to honor the great chief, and we anticipate an enthusiastic demonstration.

—The marble statue of Zenobia—the Queen of Palmyra, as she is supposed to have appeared when a captive in the hands of the Romans, under the Emperor Aurelian—is now one of the chief attractions connected with the Fair. The statue, which is as beautiful and exquisite a piece of sculpture as we have ever seen, is in position in lower Bryan Hall. It is life-size, and but for the pure whiteness of the polished marble, would seem to be a veritable creature of life, so perfectly are the form, features and expression. American art-lovers may well be proud of the genius and skill of their accomplished country-woman, Miss Hosmer, who produced this admirable work.

—In the same hall in which the statue of Zenobia is exhibited, is Carpenter's great painting of the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, giving life-size portraits, in sitting posture, of Mr. Lincoln and the members of his Cabinet. A fine engraving of the painting is being prepared, for which subscriptions are being taken in the hall. Mr. Lincoln's own name is at the head of the subscription list, he having placed it there himself previous to his death. The name of the late Edward Everett is also there, also written by himself before his death. The painting has many visitors each day, and they very generally subscribe for the engraving.

—Gen. Sherman and Gen. Hooker are now daily visitors at the Fair halls. They are the "lions" of the Fair at present. Gen. Sherman has his wife, two daughters and little son with him—a quiet and modest family. Unfortunately for him, Gen. Hooker has no wife to accompany him.

—It is now understood, we regret to learn, that Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas will probably not be able to attend the Fair. And yet she may possibly be here towards the close.

—We are frequently asked how long the Fair will last. This is not definitely settled. So long as its success continues, there is no reason for hastening its termination. It may continue until the fourth of July, and *may* close next week. There is a general desire to have it continued as long as possible. But the ladies and gentlemen having the work to do need help and relief. They have already over-worked themselves. Let others come in and relieve them occasionally. Volunteer aids are wanted in most of the departments. Let our young ladies and gentlemen not be backward in offering their assistance. All of us ought to be willing to do our share.

—The contest, by ballot, for the prize pistol—the gold mounted one—in Bryan Hall, is quite spirited. It is a close thing between Sherman and Sheridan, and Grant still stands a "right smart chance." The friends of the respective general are becoming quite excited over the contest.

—The lovers of the curious and of good eating continue to visit the "Old New England Farm-House," to see the old-fashioned styles, and to eat modern meals with ancient surroundings. The ladies in this department, who, by the way, belong to the best families of Chicago, are indefatigable in their attentions and good works.

—A paper in Iowa, in noticing the Fair, expresses disapproval of the expense incurred in erecting such large special buildings for the accommodation of the exhibition. "Couldn't this

\$20,000 have been saved and given to the relief of the soldiers?" he asks. Does not this gentleman consider that the most successful of all kinds of business enterprises are those which lay out money liberally, but judiciously, to insure a good start and a "full swing?" What would this business enterprise—for such it is—in behalf of the disabled soldiers, have amounted to, as regards either attractiveness, extent or success, if no expenditure had previously been made in its preparation or for its ample accommodation? And where in the city of Chicago, could all of the immense collection of contributions have been satisfactorily or successfully displayed to the public if no special buildings had been erected for the purpose? We could have done it out-of-doors, but shelter and security were necessary. Our Iowa friend is a little unreasonable. The very means that have been adopted to make the Fair a success, including the expenditure of money for its preparation on an ample scale—are the grand secret of its triumph. Had less been done or expended in preparing for it, it would not be what it is, and the fund that will now be raised would in the end have been less by thousands of dollars. This Fair has been gotten up on *live* business principles, by practical business minds, and is managed on an intelligent and honorable business basis.

—Drop in and hear that wonderful lad, only eight years of age, who reads and recites so charmingly, in the south end of the main hall of the Fair, to the right of you as you enter. He is one of the wonders of the age.

—The prodigious Russian dog, from "Castle Thunder," that is exhibited at 15 cts a sight, at the upper end of the "west wing," keeps up constant growl, varied only by an occasional fit of ferocious barking. He is a nobly formed animal, but "ugly."

—Continually are Mr. Hovey and his attendants adding new charms to Horticultural hall. It seems pleasanter, is more fragrant, and looks more like a paradise every time we enter and stroll about in it. Visitors love to linger there.

—Speaking of Horticultural hall, with its little lakes, running brooks, evergreens, green parks, floral ornaments, fountains, statuary, and wild animals and fowls; how often have we heard the wish expressed by those of our citizens who have visited it, that Chicago might have a beauty-spot like this, only larger, as a permanent institution. The wish should seek a realization. We can have such a shady and refreshing retreat, if we will. New York has one in its great Central Park, Chicago ought to have one in its Lake Park.

—We repeat again—for people seem to forget or not to understand the fact—that every department of the Fair opens at 10 A. M. and closes at 10 P. M., daily. These are the fixed hours.

—There are some elegant and valuable hanging baskets in the booths in Union hall, that ought to bring good prices, and somebody ought to deem it a peculiar privilege to be able to secure them. There are no prettier ornaments for verandas or windows than these hanging baskets, filled with trailing plants and flowers.

—What an array of beautiful ladies is to be seen in the afternoon and during the early part of the evening, in the main halls of the Fair! One can almost imagine himself transported to the world of the *perii*, or the holiday resort of the angels.

—The fire-works that were donated to the Fair by citizens of New York, have been sold to the city of Chicago, for the benefit of the Fair. This accounts for the fire-works display not taking place last night as announced.

—Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, is now one of the "lions" of the Fair.

—The ladies of the "Old New England Farm House" department are in want of all kinds of vegetables, berries and other provisions, for their dinners and other meals, for the benefit of the Fair. We trust our friends in the country will send in to them all the donations of this character they can. They should be consigned to the "New England Farm House, Sanitary Fair, Chicago."

—Many people from out of town were at the Fair yesterday. They were cordially welcomed.

—Col. (now General) Pritchard, who captured Jeff. Davis, is in town and was at the Fair yesterday.

—FOUND.—A purse, in Clinton street cars, on Wednesday evening, containing an Aid Ticket, signed Grace Sherwood, and also a little change. Can be had by calling at the Police department.

A PRODIGY.

Dudley Wallar, the most wonderful oratorical prodigy in the world, is now at the Fair, under the care of Mr. Bryan. Dudley is only eight years of age, but has memorized fifteen hundred pieces, which on any occasion he can rehearse. He never forgets a thing once heard. T. Buchanan Reed said to us yesterday that when Dudley was introduced to him, he said, "Mr. Read! why you are the poet who has written some of the pieces I love most." He then began "Sheridan's Ride," and recited with wonderful elocutionary power, that thrilling poem. "As well," said Mr. Read, "as Murdoch himself would have done."

This poem he learned simply by hearing it recited once by Murdoch. He will hold levees soon for the benefit of the Fair.

GEN. GRANT COMING.

Lieut. Gen. Grant will arrive in the city to-day at half past twelve, and during the afternoon will be received at "Union Hall." A most enthusiastic reception will no doubt be accorded the "first man of the age."

In the evening, Gen. Grant and staff and Gen. Sherman and staff are expected at the Fair.

BOUQUETS FOR THE OPERA.—Any person desiring bouquets for the Opera or elsewhere, can be supplied at the Floral Department in Horticultural Hall. Orders left during the day, will be filled at or after five o'clock in the evening.

ARTICLES TO BE DISPOSED OF BY VOTE, OR TICKET, OR RAFFLE, AND THEIR VALUATIONS.

UNION HALL.

Dressing case. European department, worth \$100.

Four grand pianos, four organs, four melodeons, and quantities of sheet music, all worth \$7000. In one grand raffle.

Silver epergne, \$160; tea set, \$60; custard stand, \$50; wine stand, \$60; tea set, \$40; pearl set, \$200; watch, \$100; all in the jewelry department.

A brown statuette, \$100; two albums, \$50; each in Berlin department.

Sofa cushion, \$35. London department.

Black silk basquine, \$75. Dry goods department.

Afghan, \$75; two statuettes, by Rogers, \$25; each painting of flowers, \$30; shell pictures, \$25; baby set with afghan, \$75. New Jerusalem department.

Embroidered stand, \$45; sofa pillow, \$50; doll bride wardrobe and bed, \$50; hair wreath, made from hair of President Lincoln and Cabinet, \$1000. Episcopalian department.

Lamb's knitting machine, \$100; two Wilcox & Gibbs sewing machines, \$75 & \$100; one Singer's machine, \$100; button hole machine, \$175. All at sewing machine department.

Crayon sketch, \$75; silver pitcher, \$30; portrait of Lincoln, \$30. Friends of Progress department.

Wine stand \$50. Miscellaneous department.

Shell basket from Cuba, \$75; silver set \$75. Catholic department.

One basket wax flowers, \$50. Philadelphia department.

Pictures:—Home of Washington, \$60; Heart of the Andes, \$60; Fruit pieces, \$60; Irving and Friends, \$50. New York Department.

Tea-set, \$80; Wax fruit basket, \$50; Rustic Seat, \$50. Iowa Dept.

Ermine set, \$60; Two Robes, Coon and wolf, \$50 each. Hat, cap and fur Dept.

Billiard Table (Brunswick's) \$1000.

Plated Tea-set, \$200; seed wreath, \$50. Good Templar's Dep't.

BRYAN HALL.

Washington Ring, \$250.

Lock of Napoleon's Hair.

Spoon used by Gen. Sherman at Fort Moultrie.

\$30.

Ivory Card Box (most exquisite), \$30.

Gold-headed Cane made from wood cut from Tomb of Washington, \$60.

Pen used by Lincoln in signing the resolution of Congress submitting to the Legislature of the several States a proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States.

Antique Silver Watch Chain owned by William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, \$100.

SENATOR YATES AT THE FARM-HOUSE.

Yesterday senator Yates and lady, Mrs. Gen. Sherman and her daughters, and Hon. J. H. Woodworth, of this city, dined at the "New England Farm House." After dinner he was called out and made a happy off-hand speech complimenting the ladies in the most handsome manner.

SCHEMMERHORN vs. SNOB.

In a tent just south of the New England Farm House is one of the heroes of the war, Sergeant Schemmerhorn. He enlisted if our memory serves us correctly from Sandwich, over three years since in the 127th Regt. Illinois infantry. He participated in all the battles of that gallant regiment:—First, at Haine's Bluff, in the attack made by Gen. Sherman, and next at Arkansas Post, where he planted, with his own hands, the Stars and Stripes on the enemy's breastworks, in advance of all others, the flag being riddled with bullets and the flag staff broken in his hands. For this gallant act he was promoted on the field by Gen. Smith from corporal to color-sergeant of the regiment. After this, he was in the battles of Deer Creek, Grand Gulf, Magnolia Hills, Raymond, Jackson, Black River, and Champion Hills, and in the bloody assault made upon Vicksburg on the 19th of May. Here, while again advancing with the colors he received two wounds, one in the leg, and the other in the hip, carrying away a portion of the spinal column, which has rendered him a bed-ridden cripple for the remainder of his life. He was sent to Chicago and placed in the Marine Hospital.

Here, while he was receiving assistance from the Good Templars and other benevolent people, we first saw the sergeant. His sufferings were then intense, but not a word of complaint, not even an exclamation of impatience escaped his lips. Soon after he left the hospital and went home, but subsequently returned to this city. He is poor and friendless, having been deserted even by the companion of his life in his helplessness and distress. It would really seem that he had done nobly enough for his country, and suffered terribly enough to entitle him to the sympathy of every person whether loyal or disloyal, humane or cruel. Not so, however; last week a well dressed man—at least in outward form—a person of wealth and some position in this city, was passing by and stopped to see the sergeant. In a somewhat pompous style he addressed him, and condescendingly informed him, "There are County Poor Houses for such as you are!" "Such as you are!" Gen. Sherman, on being told that the sergeant was near by, said, "I will see him if it is the last act of my life." Such as you are! We will not give the name of this person, for some indignant blue coat might shoot the wretch, and he is evidently too wicked to die as he is too mean to live. Or some zealous but irregular and eccentric people might desire to extend him the courtesy of a coat of tar and feathers, which would be a personal and general insult to geese, buzzards and all individuals and species of the feathered bipeds. Besides, it is barely possible that he may have some decent and respectable relatives—some mean people have—not lineal, of course, but collateral—and it is not necessary to drive them to suicide or insanity by exposure. So we will call the animal Snob.

Now we desire to address to Mr. Snob a few plain words. They may not be very complimentary but we hope they will be easily understood.

Snob, you are a scoundrel, "by nature and much more so by practice." Not merely an idiot, but a positive downright scoundrel. A man who will insult a helpless sufferer gratuitously, is unworthy of the name of man; but here was a man, who, inspired by the noblest sentiments which stir the human heart, consecrated himself to his country to protect you and your property from devastation by a ruthless foe. You stayed quietly at home with Mrs. Snob and the little Snobs, and when the hero came back a poor wreck, unable to move, and doomed to bear life as a burden till death relieves him from his suffering, but with his honor unstained and his keen sensitiveness to insult unimpaired, you most wantonly and wickedly outraged his feelings, and drove the arrow of misfortune to his very heart. There are said to be two kinds of rascals, one in prison and the other out, but the meanest are not in.

The poor sergeant has lost his spine; you have lost your soul, if you ever had one, which is doubted by some and disbelieved by others. Our own theory Snob, is, that you are a species of human fungus, rather than a human being. "Poor-houses" in this world may be made for heroes, but in the world to come "such as you" will get them.

There are many bitter thoughts in our heart, and blistering, burning words trickle down our pen, but we will not write them. You are not worth annihilating. You are too pitiful and contemptible. If you had any regard for society or respect for your country, you would commit suicide and thus rid them of a disgusting nuisance.