

# VOICE



# FAIR.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE  
NORTHWESTERN SANITARY FAIR.

"The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what our brave men did here."  
[President Lincoln's Address, dedicating the Soldiers' Cemetery, at Gettysburg.]

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## IN PEACE.

Come, let us make his pleasant grave  
Upon this shady shore,  
Where the sad river, wave on wave,  
Shall grieve forevermore;  
O, long and sweet shall be his dream  
Lulled by its soothing flow—  
Sigh softly, softly, shining stream, because he loved you so!

Fair blossom daughters of the May,  
So lovely in their bloom,  
Your ranks must stand aside to-day  
To give our darling room;  
These dew-drops which you shed in showers,  
Are loving tears, I know—  
Bloom brightly, brightly, grateful flowers, because he loved you so!

Here, all along, warm summer days  
The yellow bees shall come,  
Coquetting down the blossomy ways  
With fond and ringing hum;  
While warbling in the sunny trees  
The birds flit to and fro—  
Sing sweetly, sweetly, birds and bees, because he loved you so!

Here, with their softened, cautious tread,  
The light feet of the shower  
Shall walk about his grassy bed,  
And cool the sultry hour;  
Yet may not wake to smiles again  
The eyes which sleep below—  
Fall lightly, lightly, pleasant rain, because he loved you so!

And when the summer's voice is dumb,  
And lost her bloomy grace,  
When sobbing autumn's tempests come  
To weep above the place,  
Till all the forest boughs are thinned,  
Their leafy pride laid low—  
Grieve gently, gently, wailing wind, because he loved you so!

And when, beneath the chilly light  
That crowns the winter day,  
The storms shall fold his grave in white,  
And shut the world away,  
Above his sweet, untroubled rest,  
Fall soft, caressing snow—  
Drift tenderly across his breast, because he loved you so!

## NO!

His was a heart so true and strong,  
So wise, in all but human wrong,  
So fit for woman's trust,  
That when she spoke the fatal "No,"  
It smote him with a weight of woe  
That crushed him to the dust.

The why he never knew, still less  
Could hazard a presumptive guess,  
So reticent is pain:  
He only knew she could not take  
The hand he offered by mistake,  
Or offered but in vain.

And all men noted from that day  
He moved as in a blinded way,  
Helpless, without a plan:  
Ah, what miraculous chance of state  
One simple syllable can create  
Within the heart of man.

And she lived evermore apart,  
Nor gave to any man her heart,  
Until the day she died,  
When, to the friends around her bed,  
She breathed his name, and smiled and said—  
"Bury me by his side."

**THE WRONG ANIMAL.**—Grantly Berkeley, the English hunter, tells the following excruciating story of Lady Haggerston's scheme to charm the regent: Her ladyship had at her residence a miniature farmyard, and those pretty little Alderney cattle. When the prince and his friends had arrived, she came forward from a side wicket as a milkmaid, for the purpose of making a syllabub for the prince. She had a silver pail in one hand, and an ornamental stool in the other. Lady Haggerston tripped along, with ribbons flying from her dainty little milking hat, that hung on one side of her graceful little head, and the smallest little apron tied below her laced stomacher; till she came opposite his royal highness, to whom she dropped a really graceful courtesy. Then passing lightly over the beautiful platted straw, her tucked up gown showing her neat ankle, as well as her colored stockings, she placed her stool and pail convenient for use. Leaning against the flank of one of the cross-st looking of the Alderneys, she was attempting to commence her rustic labors, but not having selected the right sex, the offended animal did not seem to fancy the performance, for he first kicked out, and then trotted away, nearly upsetting stool, pail, and Lady Haggerston, who, covered with confusion, made a hasty retreat for her little dairy, whence she did not appear again.

**A TERRIBLE FIT.**—"Doctor," said Paterfamilias, "my daughter has had a terrible fit this morning; she continued full an hour without knowledge or understanding." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

## OUR SOLDIERS.

Gen. Grant congratulates the soldiers on their triumphs. The country congratulates them. We think the world will, too, for men love noble deeds. But why offer congratulations and show admiration?

When the veteran columns filed in review through the avenues of Washington, the eyes of foreign observers noticed the splendid physique of the men, and noted the fact that they exceeded in stature the European soldiers. This fact, we do not suppose, inspired any special dread of or respect for these heroes, for the idea that great men would make the best, because the stoutest, soldiers was long ago exploded. Military powers do not repeat the experiments of the Great Frederick in selecting giants for their grenadiers. Yet there was a pregnant lesson for a reflective foreigner in this fact. To them, it is well known that during the long wars that have prevailed in Europe, the standard of physical perfection which is set up as containing the requisites which a good soldier ought to have, is always lowered during a protracted war. The best material is exhausted, and the second rate, or the indifferent, has to be used. But after four years of conflict of enormous proportions, our soldiers, who are in the field, exceed in the perfection of their physique, it is conceded, the standard of the finest armies in Europe. The fact manifests our vast military power, and is complimentary to our veteran soldiery.

But the physical superiority of our soldiers is not their chief ornament, because it is not their best quality. High physical capacity is indispensable. All military organization sets out with this fundamental idea. Certain conditions are prescribed which must be fulfilled by the recruit in order to secure his admission to the ranks. Good feet, strong legs, healthy stomachs, quick eyes and active hands are needful always, to attain the highest practical results in military organizations. But something beyond this is required. It is not altogether a thing of muscles and brawn, this valor of brave men. Men need intelligence and real courage besides. It is eminently a matter of good heads and brave hearts, as well as strong muscles and healthy stomachs—the moral character of the man is a matter of much concern as well as the physical. Herein the American soldier more surpasses the European than in his fine physical capabilities. Herein lays the grand secret of his prowess and of his glorious achievements.

The soldier's life is a constant struggle, a perpetual conflict, although he may not fight more than two or three pitched battles in a year. Given all the excellent qualifications that are requisite to make the good soldier, the possessor of these cannot jump to perfection at all. He must go through painful, tedious processes of training. The soldier must be made. The rapidity of this process and the final success of it depend in a great degree upon the aptness and the docility of the men. Granted the needful sound body, training and discipline are helped by a brain that is accustomed to think for itself, provided it be willing to receive instruction. In this respect our volunteer soldiers are not surpassed, if they be equalled, by any class of soldiers in the world. They are more intelligent than the soldiers of the great European armies. They do their duties intelligently. They do not move with animal stolidity, but with the patience, the directness and steadiness of intrepid men. Sometimes in their strong sense of their own reliance and courage they have scorned the rigorous discipline which the true soldier felt necessary for security in battle. The Illinois volunteers, in the Mexican war, submitted with impatience to the disciplinary rule of Gen. Wool. But at Buena Vista it proved their salvation, and they had the magnanimity to thank the soldier for his service to them. In the present war we have not heard that a rebellious spirit was evoked by the severity of thorough training. To competent commanders there has been shown cheerful and respectful obedience. Where there has been a competent soldier to mold this excellent material, the best product has been the result.

Because our soldiers are intelligent, because they carry, at least the most of them, a conscious purpose into the discharge of every duty, whether it be the routine of camp life or the charge on the sanguinary field, their physical strength does more service than it otherwise would. Strength, toughness, endurance, is not purely a thing of muscles. The will has very much to do with it. Dr. Kane said in commenting on the hardships of arctic life and of the fortitude required to endure them, "the mind can lift the body out of its boots." A very tired leg can be made to go quite well if there be a stout heart, a resolute will, to keep the weary muscles in play. Our soldiers have done so well, we should say, not merely because of their superior physical ability, but because of their superior intelligence, of their good moral character. It is only another statement of the proposition that "blood will tell." Whatever may be said to the contrary, it is doubtless true that the great portion of our soldiers are native-born and home-bred Americans. They have not fought in the war for pelf or glory. They have fought for the "old flag," fought for what the flag symbolizes; they have fought intelligently, and nobly, and heroically,

because intelligently. Heroism is not the outgrowth from blood and bone and muscle. There is brain in that. The ungrown boy, or the timid woman, may show it as well as the strong man. They have all through this war of ours. It sanctifies forever the devotion of our brave soldiers that they have done all with this intelligent purpose to save the country from the terrible peril which menaced it.

Bravery in battle wins for the soldier the greatest admiration. But there are many things more difficult to be done than that. How much patience, fortitude and noble courage our soldiers have shown in the performance of their duties everywhere else than on the battle-field. How the excellence and the beauty of their soldierly character and patriotic devotion are displayed in their cheerful performance of the tedious round of duty in camp; by their weary long marches and counter marches; by their exposure on the perilous and disagreeable picket line; by their lofty and unbroken courage under defeat; by their uncomplaining submission in sickness, and in the suffering from wounds; by their never dying resolution when tormented by the cruelty of the enemy in the horrible prisons of the South. Spartan fortitude and fine disdain for suffering and death were not more exalted than the repeated examples which this cruel war of ours has shown among the defenders of the nation's life and honor. We have honored the heroes of our first revolution who repulsed the attacks of the British aggressor; we have paid to their memory a just tribute. Those who have preserved the legacy which the former left, have shown that the precious blood which tracked the snow of Valley Forge runs yet in the veins of their descendants. It animated hearts then to fling defiance to the tyrant who sought to destroy liberty. The same blood animated other hearts even in the wretchedness of Salisbury and Andersonville to fling defiance to the crueler enemy of liberty than the British King. The revolutionary heroes we have cherished with tender respect and gratitude. In the heart of the nation, through all future time, the heroic deeds and devotion of our patriotic soldiery who have saved the nation must be kept in grateful remembrance and cherished with national pride as the memorable exemplification of the national spirit.

## THE END OF THE WAR.

There has been no ceremonious closing of our temple of Janus; no formal proclamation of peace. And yet the gigantic war, that convulsed this continent and amazed the world during four years, is totally at an end. The surrender of Kirby Smith's armies in Texas and Western Louisiana is the concluding act of the rebellion, and throughout all our vast territory there is not a single body of soldiers in arms against the United States.

There have been many startling and unprecedented events in this marvellous war, but none so singular as its conclusion. Negotiations, diplomatic discussions, protocols and treaties are among the ordinary features of the closing periods of other wars. But ours ended without these. A large army was thoroughly beaten in the early days of April and was compelled to surrender. Directly after that all the other armies surrendered in rapid succession, and on the 25th of May, the last one—that of the Trans-Mississippi region—laid down its arms. The guerilla parties with which we were threatened have not shown themselves. We do not hear of a single organization of the kind in any part of the country. The submission is sweeping and total. Nothing like it has ever been known in all the history of the world. We have made history without following examples. We have violated all the hacknied old-school lessons of European wars, and have become the teachers of the world in the art of making peace as well as in that of making war.

When the rebel capital was captured and the head of its government became a fugitive, the Southern people, soldiers and civilians, saw at once that their cause was thoroughly and hopelessly defeated. With the practical good sense that characterizes all Americans, they instantly resolved on universal submission. The loss of their capital and their President, and the sudden conversion of their currency into utter worthlessness, made vanish into thin air all their stern resolves to "fight to the last ditch," and never to consent to reconstruction, and all their pledges of "unshaken faith" in their President. Even the bluster of Kirby Smith, John Magruder and Wade Hampton, who swore that they would never surrender, has ceased, for they have all surrendered.

The complete acquiescence of the people in the actual condition of affairs must greatly simplify and facilitate the work of reorganizing the lately insurgent States. The military and political leaders, that have brought upon them all the misery and ruin of the past four years, are no longer to have authority, power or influence. There must be a new set of leaders, fresh from the ranks of the people, and these will speedily effect the reorganization so much desired by all. The problem before us seems difficult, because it is unprecedented. But it will be solved, and by next winter we believe that every State will have its loyal representation in Congress, and the Union will be stronger, more harmonious and more glorious than it has ever been.

## ABOUT THE FUTURE OF THE UNION

The work of pacification has gone on marvelously in the south. Those who hoped for the best, are astonished at what they see. Those who had looked for obstinate guerilla fighting, and for violence to Union men, are still more amazed. The great majority of the southerners appear disposed to make the best of affairs, and to hasten the restoration of their States to "their practical relations" to the Union. The trains are running with considerable regularity on many of the railroads, and northern men travel on them without annoyance and with entire security. Southern merchants are making their way to northern cities and perfecting arrangements for the resumption of trade. The western papers announce that the trade with northern Alabama is fairly opened. Money is found hid away where it had been supposed that none was to be had. A gentleman from this State who has been visiting middle and upper Georgia, writes that the planters are busy cultivating their lands, and that the conduct of the negroes in that region has been admirable. When the paroled rebel soldiers have generally reached their homes, there will be, we believe, but very little disorder in the south. The people there are weary of military rule, of exclusion from the world, and of a worthless currency. Their armies being disbanded, there is nothing in surrendering to the new order of things, which can wound their pride. The American character gravitates naturally towards order. It wants the regular institutions of government. It wants protection for property and an opportunity to attend to business. Hence from every southern State we already have the request coming up for the President to allow "to reconstruct." So that the danger now is, not so much that the southern States will refuse to take their places in the Union, as that the work of reconstruction will be carried on too hastily and without due consideration of all the questions which press upon us for settlement. It will be safe to leave them in the hands of Provisional Governors for some little time. Before they are left entirely to themselves, we want to see them have not only "a Republican form of government," but also the true spirit of Republican government. We must neglect no precaution to secure to all the citizens of the Union their rights in the Southern States. For nearly half a century freedom of speech and freedom of the press have not been allowed in the south. They ought now to be assured. We permit the rebel John Mitchel to come to New York and take the editorial charge of a newspaper. That is free speech. We ought to have the same liberty to go to Savannah, Milledgeville or Montgomery, and express our views on the rebellion, on slavery, on negro suffrage, on all questions. The southerners themselves have broken up the old foundations of their society. We, as citizens of the Union, have a right to a voice in determining how they shall be laid anew. It is our duty, as American citizens, it is the duty of the government, to see that they are laid in justice. Let us not now build on rotten foundations, so that we shall have the work to do over again. If we by our blundering render another civil war inevitable, we shall be only less guilty than they who brought this one upon us. Let all the necessary time and precaution be taken.

**A MINISTER'S JOKE.**—When ministers do indulge in jokes, they generally let off good 'uns. Here is the last. Away-down east a clergyman was recently charged with having violently dragged his wife from a revival meeting, and compelled her to go home with him. The clergyman let the story travel along until he had a fair opportunity to give it a broadside. Upon being charged with the offence, he replied as follows:

"In the first place, I never attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor her choice of a meeting. Secondly, my wife has not attended any of the revival meetings in Lowell. In the third place, I have not myself attended any of the meetings for any purpose whatever. To conclude—neither my wife nor myself have any inclination to go to those meetings. Finally, I never had a wife."

**A LADY'S BLUNDERS.**—A fashionable lady in New York is going to have a house built soon on one of the best sites in town. Everything about it she says is to be sublimated and splendidous. There is to be a Porto Rico in front, a Pizarro in the rear, and a lemonade all round it. The water is to come in at the side of the house in an anecdote. The lawn in front is to be degraded, and some large fresh trees are to be supplanted into the Erie in the rear. This is the same lady who told Governor Clinton how remarkably stormy it is apt to be when the sun is passing the "Penobscot."

The names of the following Boston artists are given as having contributed pictures to the Fair: R. Swain Gifford, A. H. Bicknell, J. D. Brown, E. T. Billings, A. T. Brier, Sarah Clark, Alfred Ordway, George L. Brown, E. M. Carpenter, Geo. Fred. Fuller, L. P. Hodgdon, S. C. Stetson, F. D. Williams, Harriet Hosmer. Messrs. E. F. Doll, and Williams & Everett have also contributed paintings.

When is butter like Irish children? When it is made into little pats.