

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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FOR THE VOICE OF THE FAIR.

MY OLD COMRADE.

BY WM. H. C. HOSMER.

Keen, darting wit that wounded not the heart
At which was aimed his brightly polished dart;
Quaint humor that gave colloquy a zest,
While laughter followed every harmless jest;
A soul to meanness that could not descend,
Were traits that marked my dear departed friend.
He was not for the fashion of these times,
And praised the ring of Father Chaucer's rhymes;
Better he loved weird Spencer to peruse
Than glittering couplets of the modern muse,
And with advancing years prized more and more
The crystal well-head of Shaksperian lore.

He held in veneration, deepest awe,
Black-lettered tomes of Anglo-Saxon law,
And Bracton, Coke, to him were dearer names
Than Kent and Story, although great their claims;
Sitting as judge, learned counsellors in vain
Would use their skill to cloud his active brain;
He brushed their webs of sophistry aside
With common sense—a sure, unerring guide—
Bringing to mind the stern, judicial sway
Of men that wore the robe in Blackstone's day.

Field sports he loved: from rise till set of sun
Oft would he range the woods with dog and gun,
Rest from the heat of noon at some wild spring,
And the old songs of Allan Ramsay sing,
Or wake the landscape from its slumbers mute
With silvery echoes of his well-played flute;
He loved old Walton's art, and threw the fly
With a firm hand, and true unerring eye;
And while regaling on some grassy bank,
His comrade cheered with merry quip and crank.

Ah! when the star of such a one has set
How deeply filled the soul is with regret;
Earth is too poor in men of mould like him
To lose them in the land of shadows dim—
To hear pale Grief above their ashes pour
Groans answered by that grim word "nevermore!"

RUSH OF THE MILLION.

[The following verses, by Prof. T. E. Howard, of the University of Notre Dame, Ind., are respectfully inscribed to Hon. T. B. Bryan, President of the Northwestern Sanitary Fair. It was recited at the Fair on the 10th inst., by the members of the Field Band of Notre Dame, Ind.]

I.

Half the land, half the land,
Half the land, coming,
All for the Northwestern Fair
Rush near a million.
Forward the soldiers' aid!
Crowd in the good things made,
All for the Sanitary Fair!
Rush on, ye Million!

II.

Forward the soldiers' aid!
When can their toils be paid?
Not though the Fair should flow
More than a billion.
They have defended us,
Bled for the Union cause,
Saved for us homes and laws—
Haste to the Soldiers' Fair!
Rush on, ye Million!

III.

Treason had threatened us,
Europe had laughed at us,
Good men despaired of us—
Up rose the People!
Sherman and Grant were there,
Sheridan's sabre bare,
Rosecrans fought for us,
Mulligan died for us,
Bled all the Nation.

IV.

Fought well the Eastern men,
Fought well the Western men,
Fought well the Celtic men,
Fought well the Teuton men,
All the world mocking:
Plunged in the rebel smoke,
Soon the back-bone they broke,
Wounded and dying
Pale from the prison woke—
Treatment, foul, shocking!
Aid for the prisoner!
Aid our defenders!

V.

Hearts are disconsolate,
Homes rendered desolate,
Strong men disabled,
Fruit of rebellion!
Haste ye to answer them!
Empty the purse for them!
They are deserving.
Noble souls ask of you,
Gentlest ones plead with you,
Help those who bled for you,
Roll out your millions!

VI.

Far from the Atlantic shore,
Far from the Pacific shore,
Good things to the right of us,
Good things to the left of us,
Good things all around us—
Gift from kind stranger land,—
Gift from our native land,—
Precious mementoes.
God bless those dear hands
Healing our heroes,
God bless the officers,
The Fair and its members,—

VII.

Honor that Union band,
Fighting on sea and land;
Honor their leaders,
Honor to those who planned
Feast like to this so grand;
Honor these pleaders.
Wives of our heroes ask,—
Greet them, ye Million!
Aid their brave soldier task,
Roll them a billion!

A POETICAL REBEL PRISONER.

The Lowell (Mass.) *Courier* says: "Captain J. F. Huntington, of the Veteran Reserve Corps, who has been for some time stationed at Johnson's Islands, in Lake Erie, where a large number of rebel officers have been kept as prisoners, is now spending a few days with his relatives and friends in this city. He has many interesting and pleasant things to say concerning those over whom he has been keeping watch and ward, and as a matter of entertainment has furnished us the following poems, written by one of the prisoners who has had abundance of time to 'court the muses' since he has been a prisoner. The several poems are not without merit, and we have no doubt our readers will be interested in them, especially after reading our explanation of their origin."

MY LOVE AND I.

"My love" reposes on a rosewood frame,
A "bunk" have I;
A couch of feathery down fills up the same,
Mine "straw," but dry—
She sinks to sleep at night with scarce a sigh,
With waking eyes I watch the hours creep by.
"My love" her daily dinner takes in state,
And so do I;
The richest viands flank her silver plate,
Course "grub" have I;
Pure wine she sips at ease, her thirst to slake,
I pump my drink from Erie's limpid lake.
"My love" has all the world at will to roam,
Three acres I;
She goes abroad, or better, sits at home,
So cannot I;
Bright angels watch around her couch at night,
A Yank, with loaded gun, keeps me in sight.
A thousand weary miles now stretch between
"My love" and I;
To her, this wintry night, cold, calm, serene,
I wait a sigh,
And hope with all my earnestness of soul,
To-morrow's mail may bring me my "parole."
There's hope ahead we'll one day meet again,
"My love" and I;
We'll wipe away all tears of sorrow then;
Her love-lit eye
Will all my many troubles then beguile,
And keep this "wayward reb." from "Johnson's Isle."

NO ONE WRITES TO ME.

The list is called, and one by one
The anxious crowd now melts away;
I linger still, and wonder why
No letter comes for me to-day.
Are all my friends in Dixie dead?
Or would they all forgetful be?
What have I done—what have I said—
That no one writes a line to me?
It's very queer.

I watch the mail each weary day,
With longing eyes the list o'erturn,
And envy him whose name is called,
But love him more who gets not one,
For I can sympathize with him,
And feel how keen his grief must be;
Since I'm an exile from my home,
And no one writes a line to me—
I'm in despair!

Within a quiet, happy home,
Far, far in Dixie's sunny clime,
There dwells a quiet, happy maid,
Who wrote to me in by-gone time;
Now others from the dear ones hear,
In tender letters—loving free;
Yet here I've been this half a year,
And why does she not write to me?
We're not estranged!

Will no one write me just a line
To say that I'm remembered yet?
You cannot guess how much delight
I'd feel, could I a letter get—
Could I but hear from some kind friend,
Whose face I ne'er again may see;
Will some one now my anguish end?
If some one doesn't write to me—
I'll—get exchanged!

FOREIGN TRAVEL.

The number of passengers from this country to Great Britain and the continent seems to increase as the season advances. A large number of passengers sailed in the April and May steamers, and those of last week were more crowded than ever. The doubt and uncertainty that impended over every one's business and financial future so long as the issues of the war remained undecided are now happily removed by the collapse of the rebellion, and the premium on gold, which has for the last two or three years rendered ocean and continental travel luxuries that only the most affluent could indulge in, is now low enough to enable persons of even moderate means to fulfill long-cherished plans of going abroad for the pleasant recreation and excitement of travel in historic lands, or for the purpose of a more careful study and culture than bustling America can stop to give her student sons. But whether business, leisure, study or recreation be the reason that prompts the foreign bound traveler, it is certain that they have never been so numerous as now. We welcome this fact with gladness, for these thousands of travelers, most of them well informed and intelligent students of our recent eventful history, will scatter themselves through every European and Asiatic country, and will not fail to leave the people among whom they shall mingle better informed upon all matters pertaining to our war, its issues and its triumphs. What we want most of all now from foreign nations is to have them understand thoroughly our condition, and next to their own personal observations they will find the travelers we are sending them the most intelligent and reliable instructors.

There is, however, one fact connected with this grand heira of Americans to the old world that is not very much to the credit of American enterprise. There is not a single line of American steamers plying between this country and Europe, while there are seven foreign lines, and their carrying facilities are all taxed to the uttermost. It is quite as important for our government to be represented on the ocean by a line of first-class steamers as for the governments of England and France, and we trust that, now that the extraordinary expenses of the war are over, this matter will receive practical attention. With the American mail service, and perhaps some other assistance from the government at first, a line of American steamers would very soon yield a handsome income upon the necessary capital, and our national pride ought certainly to have such a gratification as this. The dangers of rebel pirates which necessitated the withdrawal of the Collins line of steamers in the early part of the war no longer exist, and this seems to be a golden moment for Yankee enterprise to add to our commercial fame.

But although we have no American lines of steamers, there are good facilities furnished by the seven foreign lines for crossing the Atlantic. The Inman line has fourteen of the very best Clyde-built iron screw-steamers, and two more are being built. They carry passengers safely, cheaply and quickly, and steamers of this line leave New York for Liverpool every Wednesday and Saturday, the passage rates varying from \$105 for first class cabin to \$30 for steerage. The National Steam Navigation Company has a fleet of five large steamers, and three more are nearly completed. They sail from New York for Liverpool every Saturday, and their rates of passage range from \$100 in currency for cabin to \$35 in currency for steerage. The Anchor line, a company of Scotch origin, has four Clyde-built iron steamers that ply between New York and Glasgow, leaving those places on alternate Saturdays. This line is very popular with Irish and Scotch emigrants, as they take passengers for New York from Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool, Dublin or Londonderry at the same prices, and also give particular attention to carrying passengers cheaply by rail from the interior towns of Ireland and Scotland. Their rates of passage range from \$75 for first cabin to \$25 for steerage. The Hamburg American packet company has five first class steamers, and will have another one in August. They leave New York and Hamburg every alternate Saturday, touching at Southampton each way for passengers and mails, and carry passengers at from \$105 for first cabin down to \$7.50 for steerage. The North German Lloyd company, owned principally in Bremen, has fine large iron steamships, each furnished with a crew of 120 men, and capable of carrying about 750 passengers. The rates of fare from New York for London, Bremen, Southampton and Havre are \$12.50 for first cabin and \$45 for steerage. The Montreal Royal Mail ocean steamship company has been the most unfortunate of all the lines in losses of steamers by fire and storm, but they now have eleven steamers which leave Quebec every Saturday for Liverpool and every Wednesday for Glasgow. In the winter the steamers of this line run to and from Portland, Me. The Cunard line is most widely and favorably known for its good steamers and courteous captains. There are the Asia with Capt. Moodie, the China with Capt. Anderson (who is to have charge of the Great Eastern while laying the Atlantic Cable), the Scotia, Persia, Cuba, Africa, Australasian, Europa, Canada and America, all staunch and strong, and the Niagara and the Java will soon be added to the list. This company has always had

large subsidies from the British government and also has liberal payment for mail transportation. The General Transatlantic Steamship company is of French origin and has always been most liberally aided by the French government. Besides a line from New York to Havre consisting now of three large steamers which carry cabin passengers from New York to Havre for \$135, with four fine steamers building, the company has a twenty years' monopoly of five new lines, one to the Isthmus of Panama, one to Vera Cruz, one to South America, one to New Orleans, and one whose terminus is yet undecided. These lines of steamers are all well conducted, and being now firmly established will doubtless retain the places they have won in public confidence. But the fact that nearly all of these lines are building new steamers to accommodate increasing business shows that the field is broad enough for American enterprise as well. With the return of peace our commercial importance will naturally and necessarily be advanced, and we want to be able to use our commercial opportunities. Our war ships are now the wonder of the world, and there is no reason why we cannot build passenger steamships that will be equally worthy of admiration.

THE MEMORY OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

The city of Orleans, France, has just celebrated the four hundred and thirty-fifth anniversary of its deliverance by Joan of Arc. The time-honored solemnity, says a correspondent, is one of the great festivities of the Orleansais, as the marvellous story itself is one of the most interesting pages of its history, and on this occasion only all distinctions of class or party are laid aside. On the eve of the festival the municipal body of Orleans, (whose predecessors, in 1429, had done good service that Sunday morning when Suffolk, disconcerted by repeated losses, resolved to raise the siege,) marched to the stately cathedral to deposit the banner of the Maid, which is preserved in the Town-house. The whole body of the clergy attended the ceremony, while hymns were chanted by hundreds of voices. The banner was blessed and received by the bishop, and the church, covered with flags and displaying the arms of the towns which assisted Orleans during its struggle against the English and the Burgundians, was magnificently illuminated.

On the following day the Prefect of the department, the magistracy, the clergy of the city and of the adjoining towns and villages, the troops of the garrison, the municipal councils of the neighboring communes, the medallists of St. Helena, the corporations of the working classes, assembled in the cathedral to hear the panegyric on Joan of Arc delivered by the Abbe Bougaud. The procession, in going to and returning from the church, traversed the streets of the city, which tradition says Joan rode through in full armor, bearing her sacred banner, the day she convoyed a supply of provisions from Blois to the famished defenders of Orleans, and visited the ruins of the fort of the Tourelles, where she was wounded by an English arrow.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TOOTHACHE.

The story told by Miss Agnes Strickland in her "Lives of the Queen's of England" respecting Queen Elizabeth's toothache, and the horrid row that her Majesty made about it, is so good that it will endure repetition. It appears that the Virgin Queen "was attacked with such a grievous toothache that she obtained no rest either night or day. Her physicians, although aware that the drawing of a tooth was the only remedy, forbore to recommend it, knowing her terror of the operation. The Lords of the Council then took the matter in hand, and after mature deliberation, decided upon the extraction of the hostile tooth. The courage of the lion-hearted Elizabeth failed her on this occasion; nor could the eloquence of her whole Cabinet prevail upon her to submit.

In this emergency, Aylmer, Bishop of London, who was present at this grave debate, stood forth, and told her, "That although an old man and not many teeth to spare, she should see a practical experiment of it on herself, if she would be thereby encouraged." Whereupon, the surgeon extracted one of his teeth, and the Queen's unwillingness was ultimately overcome." In a well-painted picture, entitled, "Queen Elizabeth's Toothache," Mr. Haylarr has illustrated this ludicrous topic in a style that evinces his hearty appreciation of the fun of the story. The whole scene is depicted with suitable drollery of expression and all requisite grotesqueness of character and incident. The variety of conflicting emotions so whimsically depicted upon the face of the Queen deserves especial notice.

—A writer in one of the New York papers says the chief pleasure derived by the Bostonians at a musical entertainment is criticism, and he ventures the statement that "when they go to Heaven they will declare that some of the harps are out of tune, that one of the angels takes liberties with the composer's text, and that another sings flat. They will also deplore the absence of the Boston organ."