

# 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. GENERAL SHERMAN.

Written on the expected arrival of Major-General W. T. Sherman, at the Chicago Sanitary Fair  
He is coming—our hero, the bravest and best,  
Who hath chastened the South with the sword of the West;  
Bid him welcome with cheers that shall ring to the sun,  
Like the shouts of his men when their battles were won.

For the laurels that wave o'er his temples entwined  
The plumes of the palm and the pride of the pine,  
With the dews of the forest, like gems on their green,  
As the token of wilds where his banners have been.

Not the tropical storm in the might of its wrath,  
Ever swept for its march a more terrible path,  
Than his quick guns that coined, from their sulphury breath,  
Articulate thunder to dirges of death.

Like the trees of the wood, o'er the hurricane blows,  
In the flush of defiance erect stood his foes;  
Like the trees of the wood that had bowed to the blast,  
Lay his foes in their ruin when Sherman had passed.

'Tis for this, that his wreath shall forever entwine  
The plumes of the palm and the pride of the pine;  
With his name on our banner in glory will gleam,  
Till the stars of its azure have shed their last beam.

But yet, in his garland, the queen of the blooms—  
One that sweetens the air like a censor's perfume—  
Is the Olive of peace, wet with merciful tears,  
All so brilliant; the laurel a haubt appears.

For the leaves of the laurel too oft have been worn,  
As a curse, on the brows, of true beauty forlorn;  
As a mask, for the tyrant, the traitor or clown,  
And the dastards that strike when a foeman is down.

Not of those, is the chieftain we welcome to-day;  
Thou art as prompt as a flash of the lightning to slay,  
While the hosts of Disunion yet dared in the field,  
He was foremost to save them when humbled to yield.

Then all hail to our hero, the bravest and best,  
Since no blood shed in cruelty soileth his crest,  
Where the twin-wreaths of prowess and pity combine  
With the honors he won from the palm and the pine!

## FOR THE VOICE OF THE FAIR. SONG.

BY W. H. C. ROSMER.

Jeff's Kingdom of Cotton with infamy rotten  
Was doomed to succumb to our glorious flag;  
The brave rallied under the stars while in thunder  
Was torn into shreds his piratical rag.  
The stream, from its fountain, on Look Out's proud mountain  
Hath drunk flowing down a libation of blood;  
The doom of transgression has smitten Secession  
Where dark Chattanooga rolls onward his flood.

Shout loud a hosannah! the stripes o'er Savannah,  
Red symbols of doom to proud tyranny wave,  
Stern Justice hath risen, and lo! from his prison  
Bursts Freedom announcing redress to the slave.  
False South! heed the sermon that practical Sherman,  
From mouths of his cannon propounded to you;  
His legions are chanting—"Weighed well, and found want-  
ing."  
Are wretches who trod on the "Red, White and Blue."

Proud Charleston is humbled for Sumter hath crumbled,  
To ruin her storm-beaten battlements hurled;  
That eloquent preacher of Liberty, Beecher,  
Her funeral oration pronounced to the world.  
Our famished and dying in dungeons were lying  
Where batteries frowned on the banks of the James;  
No longer they languish—forgotten their anguish  
In Sheridan's march, and the roaring of flames.

Death only brings terror to black guilt and error,  
His skull-bones affright not the just and the true;  
What shroud for the martyr who loves Freedom's charter  
More prized than the glorious "Red, White and Blue?"  
Our eagle his pinion once more, Old Dominion!  
Flaps o'er you while Earth hears his conquering cry;  
The bright bow of promise, so long absent from us,  
Again arches over Columbia's sky.

## AN EMPRESS ON DUTY.

The Emperor Napoleon has taken a journey away off to Algiers, leaving Eugenie at home to act as Regent during his absence.

The narrative of one day's work, as performed by the fair Empress-Regent, would forever cure of the sin of envy any ambitious little soul who might feel discontented with obscurity. No toil or labor can ever equal that imposed upon greatness such as that which her majesty now enjoys. More work is expected from the beautiful Regent than would be possible for any Emperor to fulfill, alone and unaided as she still insists on remaining. Prince Napoleon, who had stayed in Paris solely with a view to assist in the manual labor of receptions, ordering and counter-ordering, finding his kind prevision of no value, has gone to Ajaccio, where his services will be required for the proper placing of the statues of the Bonaparte family, to be placed upon their pedestals by the Emperor himself on his return from Algeria. So the lovely Empress is left alone to perform the duties incidental both to her own peculiar state and that of the Emperor as well. The council days are above all laborious and fatiguing, and the more we reflect the more our wonder grows that the frail and delicate frame of the Empress has power to resist the

strain upon the nerves and vital powers imposed upon her by the duties of her position. The council, in general, assembles at one o'clock. Her majesty has already received the visits and compliments of the various officers of her household, has heard mass in her oratory, has given orders for the arrangements of the day, and made her second toilet! The council lasts a certain time; the signing of the decrees—more for her majesty a pastime than a toil—has nevertheless its dark side, for imperial etiquette exacts that she should listen to the reading of each decree before it is presented to her for signature; then comes the official *dejeuner a la fourchette*; then another toilette; after which, the council broken up, the Empress enters the large blue drawing-room, and, seating herself in a state *fauteuil*, awaits the official presentations, which are introduced one by one to her notice. As many as seven of these presentations have taken place in one day, her majesty, compelled to change her very being to suit each peculiar interest laid open to her sympathy, to be alternately glad and joyous, or sad and mournful, according to the occasion of congratulation or condolence which is offered. As we all know, nothing is more fatiguing than this changeable *Comedie Humaine*, which usually leaves the performer exhausted, even after the first *changement a vue*. What must it be, then, when a whole afternoon is passed in this terrible ordeal? But neither physical nor moral fatigue must be listened to. Away, away, to the Bois de Boulogne! Another change of toilet is submitted to; the carriage containing the Empress-Regent, fresh and lovely as ever, dashes down the Champs Elysees. That peculiar exercise of the neck and shoulders which belongs to French Sovereignty, and seems to be one of its most burthensome liabilities, begins at this moment, and from the gate of the Tuilleries to the Imperial stand at the race course at Longchamps does the terribly fatiguing bending and bowing of the head begin—to right, to left, in front, sometimes a graceful swing comprising every direction, but incessantly—always—without a pause. In the Imperial stand begins another excitement. The Emperor's prize must, of necessity, create a breathless interest in the bosom of the Empress, and the race must be followed with an appearance of the most intense curiosity. That strain upon the nerves over, back flies the carriage to the Tuilleries. Bowing and smiling, smiling and bowing, with unceasing and exhausting movement does the Empress-Regent tear down the Champs Elysees once more. Fatigue must not be listened to. The toilet has to be thought of once more. Hey for the pearls and emeralds once belonging to Marie Louise! the large rose diamonds and ruby clasps once belonging to Marie Antoinette! The labors of the evening have begun even before the sun has set. A grand dinner is to be given at the Tuilleries; her Majesty must look her best; the leaders of the new party are invited for the first time, and attention must not flag for a moment. The dinner is over, the guests have departed, but is repose to be had at last? No, indeed. Another change of toilet is needed; flowers are placed in the hair, a lighter robe is donned, and away to the Opera for the most wearisome task of all—that of sitting out the last four acts of a dull performance with fatigue in every limb and muscle and the compulsion to conceal the desire to find relief in yawning, which, however, serves one good purpose—that of exciting a feeling so ferocious against the whole world that the slumber which would otherwise ensue is rendered impossible from its very intensity. This trial over, do the jaded frame and weary mind find rest at last? Not yet. Dispatches have arrived from the Emperor. Some of them require an answer on the instant. The Minister needed for the peculiar business demanding attention has to be summoned, and sometimes the night has half waned away before the Empress-Regent is allowed to seek that repose which has been so long delayed that it has now become impossible to find.

## GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

### VEGETABLE GARDEN—JUNE HINTS.

In Northern latitudes, and even in many parts of the middle States, the first week in June is the chief period chosen for the main crops of corn, beans, squash, melons, cucumbers, okra and other kinds of seeds that are liable to rot if sown before the ground has become quite warm. Most persons plant corn in hills. This is an error in garden culture. It should be sown in drills, and at such distances as ultimately to be eighteen inches apart. In hills each plant robs the other. It is so employed in field culture for the convenience of hoe-harrowing by horse-power. Pumpkins and squashes grow very well amongst corn, neither crop seeming any the worse by the presence of the other,—probably each feeding on the different matter.

The Swede Turnip or Ruta Baga should be sown about the end of the month. A well-enriched piece of ground is essential, as by growing fast, they get ahead of the ravages of the fly. Manures abounding in the phosphates—bone dust for instance—are superior for the turnip.

Sweet potatoes must be watched, that the vines do not root in the ground as they run, which will weaken the main crop of roots. They should be gone over about once a month, and with a rake or

pole, the vines disturbed somewhat from their position.

Cabbages and Broccoli of all kinds for fall use, are to be planted out this month, and the ranker the manure, the better they seem to grow.

Carrots and Beets for winter use may still be sown on rich light soil, and often make roots much preferable for flavor and tenderness to those sown earlier in the season.

Celery for early use is often planted out this month, though for winter use July or August is early enough. It is best set out in shallow trenches, for convenience in water, the Celery being fond of hydropathic appliances. If the ground has been deeply subsoiled, and the subsoil well enriched, the trenches may be near a foot in depth, for convenience in blanching; but beware of planting down in poor, barren subsoil. Many plant in double rows. Where very superior celery is not an object this will do; but the single row system is the best for excellency. The season is now arriving when the advantages of subsoiled ground will be apparent. In such soil plants will grow freely though there be no rain for many weeks.

Onions, on showing signs of decaying foliage, should be drawn up and thoroughly dried before stowing away. The great secret of keeping onions is to get them thoroughly ripe, and then thoroughly dry, before putting away in the store room.

Herbs for winter use should be cut just about the time they are coming into flower. They should be put in an airy place, but in the shade, to dry, and be turned over every other day for a week, before being tied up in bundles and hung up in the store-room. Clean housekeepers put the dried herbs in muslin bags, which keeps dust, flies, and spiders from injuring them.

Endive is becoming very popular as a winter salad. Now is the time to sow. The curl-leaved is the most desirable. Sow it like lettuce.

### TRAINING TOMATOES.

A very cheap and good rack for training tomato vines upon, is to take a piece of wood three or four feet long, similar in size to a roofing lath, bore three holes through it, then take sticks two feet long and put them in the first mentioned piece, which, by sharpening one end, can be driven into the ground; three of those upright to each plant, forming a triangle for the plant to grow in. After the plant has grown to a considerable size, and the first buds appear where the tomato will be, clip the branch off just above them, which retards the growth of the vine, and facilitates the growth of the young tomato. By having the vines thus trained, it prevents the tomato from rotting, and the chickens do not have as good a chance to destroy them. One dozen vines thus planted and trained will produce enough tomatoes for any ordinary family. I deem it the most economical way of training them, especially in the cities. In the fall these racks can be packed away in some old building, then they will always be ready for use.

### RAISING SQUASHES.

Squashes do best on new land. All the summer varieties have a hard shell when matured. The crook-necks, and the white and yellow summer scolloped are the usual varieties grown. Different varieties should be planted far apart as they mix very easily. Two or three plants are enough for a hill. The best protection from bugs is the box, covered with gauze or glass. Squashes occupy a great deal of ground when suffered to run and have their own way. Where a person has but little room, and wishes to economize, a trellis for them to run upon is recommended, and is said to operate very successfully. Stakes or small posts are set up two feet apart each way, and the seed planted in the center. When the vines begin to run they are trained upon the slats nailed to the posts, and by throwing boards across the slats the fruit is supported, and will ripen much earlier than when allowed to lay on the ground half covered with leaves.

Squashes trained in this way can be made to occupy but little space, and are said to bear as profusely as when the vines run over the ground. To those who have but little room the plan is well worth trying. For late varieties, the best are the Hubbard, Boston Marrow, Acorn and vegetable Marrow. The Valparaiso is a tolerable fair variety when the season is just right. Immense squashes sometimes grown are rather for the sight than the table. They are coarse meated and watery, compared with the little nurley Hubbard, which is mealy, and delicately flavored as the sweet potato. As squashes are great runners, they do better with their ends clipped off.

### A HAPPY HOME.

Mrs. Eloise Hunt, Heiner's Run, Clinton Co., Pennsylvania, says: "My home has been for six years in a little rocky basin shut in on every side by the Alleghenies, without a neighbor, a church or school, seeing no human face for weeks—aye, even months sometimes—except that of my husband and child. Living thus, I have come to love in a strangely earnest, absorbing way, all that nature has thrown around me. Earth with its varied growth of trees and shrubs, plants and mosses, rocks and water, the clouds, blue sky and stars, everything is beautiful to me; even the dead leaves and old decayed trees and bare rocks are beloved. Think, then, how inexpressibly dear the living

trees and flowers and moving water. I have tame trout six yards from the door, that leap above the water to catch bits of meat from my fingers. The pheasants make their nests in sight of the house, and sometimes the male bird is seen drumming on an old log only a few rods up the mountain side. I have planted wild flowers round my doors, and in summer the humming birds go through the open house on their visits to the flowers. Strangers from the world have said: "How can you exist in this dreary place?" Their eyes cannot see as mine, nor can they hear any of the pleasant voices I hear; and so I simply tell them what they can comprehend, 'it is my necessity!' My place, which is so lonely to others, is so pleasant to me that I have named it Paradise; and here I will teach my son a love of truth, purity and beauty."

### TO CURE BEE STINGS.

Dr. Bush, Chester county, Pennsylvania, says that one drop of strong spirits of hartshorn will in an instant remove the pain caused by the sting of a bee, wasp or hornet. It should be at hand in every family where there are children. Smiles of gratitude shining through tears of distress, will often repay the thoughtful mind that provides and the quick hand that applies the remedy. He recommends the same article also for the removing of grease spots.

## GENERAL GRANT'S HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA.

The mansion presented to the Lieutenant-General, in Philadelphia, is twenty-two feet front, one hundred and five feet deep, and four stories in height. The front is of sandstone, and has a balcony under the first story windows. In the interior the arrangements combine elegance and convenience. There is a spacious hall, and a handsome staircase ascending from it to the fourth story, lighted by a window on the roof. There is also a private staircase leading to the dining-room and kitchen. Back of the chambers, on the second and third floors, are bath-rooms, which are elegantly fitted up. The parlor, about seventeen by forty feet, is superbly furnished, the carpets being of velvet, the furniture of walnut, and the curtains of the richest lace. The piano, and all the articles of furniture in the room, are in the highest style of mechanical art. Vases of an antique pattern decorate the richly-carved marble mantle, and an elegant clock, surmounted by a figure representing the historian, is in the centre of it. On the centre-table is a magnificent copy of the Bible. Passing on to the dining-room, are exposed to view, on an extension-table, a silver tea-set, and a china dinner and tea-set, together with pearl-handled knives and silver forks. A prominent figure on it is a large silver candelabra and flower-stand combined. In the dining-room is a very beautiful sideboard. The chambers on the second floor are finished in almost as costly a style as the parlors. Velvet carpets are on the floors, a splendid Jenny Lind bedstead is in each room, with beautiful dressing-bureaus and wardrobes. The reception-room, on the second floor back, is also richly furnished. In the third-story chambers the floors are covered with Brussels carpeting, and the furniture is of a superior kind. All portions of the house are furnished in the most complete manner, and the family of the general found in the pantry some of the substantial of life, and coal in the cellar with which to do the cooking. The interior cost of the mansion was about fifty thousand dollars.

## EVIDENCES OF INSANITY.

As usual in almost all desperate criminal trials, the defence sets up the plea that Payne, the assassin of the Seward family, is insane. One of the facts urged in support of this plea is the circumstance that on one occasion the prisoner knocked down and stamped upon a negro woman, who had refused to do something which he had ordered her to do. Taking this as an evidence of insanity, a very considerable portion of the chivalry must be stark mad; for the beating of slaves, women as well as men, has always been a frequent pastime, and even the laws of most, if not all, the slave States recognize the whipping-post where no distinction is shown between the sexes. Payne was insane just as tens of thousands of other admirers and supporters of slavery were insane, taking woman-beating as the test, and he was insane just as Jeff. Davis, Jacob Thompson, Dr. Blackburn, Booth, Beall, Kennedy, and the whole crew of secession butchers were insane, as illustrated by his butchery at the house of the Secretary of State. For ourselves, we can discover no difference between knocking women down and stamping upon them, and the supporting of a wicked system that inevitably leads to such results; nor can we see that the act of Payne, on the night of the 14th of April, differs a whit, in principle, from the deeds of Lee, Floyd, Breckinridge, Beall or Semmes. If Payne is insane, there are not mad-houses enough in the country to hold the twentieth part of the chivalric lunatics of the South.

— A man behind the times is apt to speak ill of them. Probably they don't look well from behind.