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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.

## OLD ABE, THE WAR EAGLE.

BY W. H. C. ROSMER.

Eagle! what dost thou descry  
With thy fiercely flashing eye?  
Eight Wisconsin Volunteers  
Formed in column of attack;  
Shaking earth with martial cheers,  
Driving rebels back.

Blood is on thy ruffled plume,  
Rings thy cry with notes of doom;  
Round thee, scorched by battle's breath,  
Stripes and stars a glory fling—  
Ever in the front of death  
Flaps thine iron wing.

On thee dying heroes call  
When in battle's van they fall;  
Through the smoke-wreaths of the fray  
Marking proudly thy advance  
While Rebellion's ranks give way  
Withered by thy glance.

Eagle! ever at thy post,  
Lending might to Freedom's host;  
Grandly is thy bosom stirred  
With the fearful joy of fight,  
When the stern command is heard—  
"Charge for God and Right!"

Welcome back to Illinois,  
With thy wildest scream of joy,  
Grant, our General in Chief,  
Glory's pure and unspiced son!  
In his laurel every leaf  
Has been nobly won.

Gallant Bird! who would not fight  
With thine angry crest in sight;  
Foremost where deep crimson pours  
From the veins of man and steed,  
When the throat of battle roars,  
Eighth Wisconsin lead.

## AN ADVENTURE.

My grandfather was an old-fashioned country squire, whose first wife had died at the birth of their second child—my mother. In his old age, he took it in his head to marry a second time, and married a very young person; and my cousin—of whom I knew very little more than that he had been always treated as heir to the property, and used to snub me when we met as boys—took upon himself to express so decided an opinion on the whole affair, that hardly a year afterwards a formal letter which I received in India, announcing my grandfather's death, went on to say that, in virtue of a will, made immediately after an interview with his elder grandson, I was the owner of Surneaux Hall, and all his property; subject only to a few trifling deductions, including a legacy of £100 for my cousin, and a jointure of £500 a year to his young widow of twenty-two. When the news reached me, I was at one of the best pig-sticking stations in Bengal; and as there was no immediate necessity for my return, I determined not to hurry, but enjoy as much as possible the change in my fortunes. The tiger skin, on which my feet are resting as I write, and the stuffed birds which stand on top of the bookcase opposite me, are some of the trophies which remind me of the many pleasant days I spent in the next few months. I did not leave India for more than six months after I had received the news of the old squire's death, when I joined a friend from England on a hunting expedition to the Carpathians, which proved a failure; for we saw nothing larger than a stray deer, and were more than once nearly starved. I left him as soon as we got into inhabited regions again, and after a very leisurely journey through Greece and Italy, stopping a week at one place and a month at another, found myself sitting one fine evening in October, 1858, in an easy-chair on the balcony at the Hotel Biron, Ville Neuve, looking out on the still waters of the Lake of Geneva. I had had knocking about enough of late.

One day I happened to be down at the dock of the hotel as the little steamboat arrived, and watched the new comers as they jumped ashore. There were not many passengers so late in the season. Three tourists in dirty coats, with the regulation knapsacks and alpenstocks, a dozen working men carrying their own atmosphere of garlic about them, a few poor women, and a sprightly French maid, in bustling anxiety for a pile of boxes, and last, her slight young English mistress, dressed in black. One might as well try to paint the scent of a violet as to convey in words any notion of the charms of the sweet face I gazed into, as she stepped out of the boat. The beauty of the lake and mountains all were forgotten in an instant in the presence of her higher loveliness; and I slept that night—if sleep it were—with the "thank you" which rewarded me as I stooped to pick up her shawl still sounding in my ears, and every nerve fluttering from the contact with her small hand. It would be sacrilegious to tell all the incidents of the next few days. We met and talked at the table d'hôte. She was going to Old Chillon; I had been there twice, but could not leave without another visit. She was curious to explore the salt mines at

Bex, but could not go alone. Acquaintances formed under such circumstances soon ripen into friendships, and friendships easily grow into something more. She was a young widow (Mrs. Smith was her name); that was all I knew, or cared to know; but long before I left the dear hotel, there was no concealing it, I was over head and ears in love. But what of that? I was twenty-five (a year at least older than she); the owner of a fine estate; and with all my diffidence, felt sure that my presence and attentions were not unpleasant to her. Never was lover more happy than I, as I said, "Good-bye!" and started off to meet a friend on business in Paris, with a warm invitation to call on her in the Rue —, where she hoped to arrive very soon after me, on her way home.

I had not been very long in Paris before I saw her. I watched the house nearly every hour until her arrival, when I called at once. "Madame was fatigued with the journey and was lying down," I learned from Suzette, the maid. I felt that the time had come for me to know my fate. The separation from her had decided me, and my mind was quite made up, that life without her would be worthless. "Would Monsieur sit down on the sofa, and madame should know who had called?" said the little woman, as she frisked out of the room, with an arch look over her shoulder, which made me feel hot. The door opened, and she came softly in. I jumped up and kicked my hat over, blushed, and felt my hand get hot and damp as I held it out. "Oh Mr. Jones it is very good of you to call. I thought you would have been sure to have gone to England, or forgotten all about us. Sit down here and let me tell you all about those horrid railway people." I sympathized with her, and wished I had been there, of course, as I listened to the story of a trunk which was already being put on to the wrong train; and as the conversation flagged, felt my forehead getting hotter still (Paris was to close!) I think she guessed why I twiddled my hat and brushed it the wrong way; for she looked shy too, but more beautiful than ever. It was getting painful; I twiddled my hat harder than ever. I don't believe I ever should have spoken another word, but she recovered her presence of mind first, and began again. "Oh! you must let me show you my photographs; they are so lovely; I got them in Geneva. Here is the dear old Dent de Midi. There is one somewhere of the funny old convent we went together to see on the other side of the Rhone, on our last day. You remember my slipping as we were clambering up on to the marble rock behind the garden to peep at the nuns? You don't know how bad my ankle was afterwards. I did not get out at all the day you went, and could not even come down to dinner. It was so horrid and lonely being laid up in an inn, with no one to care for you. I did get so low spirited. I did not know a bit how lame I was, till I tried to go up stairs again after you had gone." I turned over the photographs, and stared blandly at them, wrong way upwards, as she paused. It must come, sooner or later, I thought. She dropped her eyes, and looked frightened, as I got up and blurted out, "Perhaps we may never see one another again." Her breath came quickly, and she looked up timidly and smiled. I was reckless now, and ran on. "I can't go to England without telling you what I—I—I... No, no; don't say anything yet. I never told you—I could not all that happy time—that I am on my way home to take possession of my place in Shropshire. I want—I—I—I" I could not say another word; all my courage was gone, and I stood there more sheepish than ever. She had come to the rescue again, and looking up at me with her big eyes, said—"You come from Shropshire? How extraordinary that I never should have found that out before! I'm Shropshire, too. I wonder whether you are anywhere near my dear old home, Surneaux? . . . Oh dear, oh dear! what is the matter? Are you ill? Shall I ring? Oh, do speak! Don't look so!—for my sake. Oh!" . . . What was the matter? Only my chest had been bulged in, and driven up into my mouth—that was all. What was the matter? Her dear old home Surneaux? Good heavens! Yes, my mother's name was—my grandfather's—was Smith! Her dear old home Surneaux! Then my angel was the old man's baby wife I had heard so much of! Her dear old home Surneaux! Good heavens! And a man may not marry his grandmother! We were both calmer soon, and I said, "Let me kiss you, grand-mamma." I doubt whether grandmother was ever more touched at a grandson's affection than she was as I threw my arms around her; and (must it be told) cried like a baby. It was not manly, I dare say; but no one saw it but she and Suzette, who came in without knocking, and was going to throw a jug of water over us; but I saw her in time. My old tried friend has the rectory at the bottom of the park, and I go there every day, for it does me good to see his rosy wife, and romp with his little girl. There is no nursery at Surneaux. I am deputy-lieutenant, and a man of note in the country; but the chair opposite mine in the old drawing-room is never used except when grandmama is with me. She often comes; but we never speak of the happy days in Switzerland, and neither of us has been there since.

Why is the early grass like a penknife?—Because the spring brings out the blades.

## THE REBELS AND TEXAS.

A late London paper, which sympathizes with the rebels, tells us that southerners in England have been cherishing the hope that Texas, being an outlying State, might be allowed to sever its connection with the Union, and become a home for the exiles from the other Southern States. May it not be that the Texans have flattered themselves that rather than go to the trouble of subduing them, we would let their State revert to its old condition of independence? They may have said to themselves, "a large portion of the men who now form the dominant party in the north never did wish Texas annexed to the Union. They thought that our State was not worth fighting for, nay, that it was not worth taking as a gift! Why should they wish to fight for it now? They must want the leading malcontents of the South to go somewhere. Why should not they be willing that Texas should be the great cave of Adullam, where all the dissatisfied men could abide? We have area enough for an empire. The State did maintain its independence for years. Besides, who knows but Napoleon will help us! He must want a barrier between us and his protegee, Maximilian. We cannot but be beaten if we try to defend our State and achieve our independence. We shall be no worse off than Virginia or Georgia, if we fall. And if we succeed, if the northern men are so weary of war and so little desirous of this distant territory as we believe, we shall have something of the glory to which the Confederacy aspired. We shall be the great cotton-growing slave empire, of which the friends of the South have so long and so fondly dreamed. The ablest men in all the South will naturally come here to dwell. The richest of the planters will settle with us. A vast emigration will set in from the Southern States, and Texas will soon be densely settled, and will have a splendid career before it."

Such may have been the reasoning and such the delusive visions in which many Texans and other rebels were indulging. But they learned that these visions were all "baseless fabrics;" that the United States Government was as earnest in its purpose to suppress the rebellion in Texas as it was to suppress it in Virginia; that the people of the North were as firmly resolved to have the old flag float in triumph on the Rio Grande, as they were to have it wave securely over the dome of the Capitol. Kirby Smith, at any rate, was enough of a soldier to see that resistance was useless. He perceived that Grant did not pause for a moment after the great victories on this side of the Mississippi, but instantly set the troops in the west in motion towards Texas. They were converging from all quarters in overwhelming numbers on the only remaining citadel of the rebellion. He knew, and the Texans, who had any sense, must have seen that they were doomed, if they attempted to stand up against Sheridan, who would sweep over them like a whirlwind of destruction, leaving desolation and death in his track. So now, in these mild summer days, there is not a breeze from any quarter of the heavens which does not breathe of peace. The armed power of the rebellion has ceased to be. The rebel government is not. The war is ended.

## CATHARTICS AND CRIME.

That men who perform desperate crimes and undertake hopeless enterprises must be either fools or madmen, has been accepted as a general truth, and the counsel for some of the prisoners on the conspiracy trial are endeavoring to give it a personal application both in the case of their clients and themselves. Harold is declared irresponsible for his acts because some years ago, at an academical examination he stupidly defined a circle to be "a round thing with the centre in the middle." Atzerott is assumed to be "cracked" because a flaxen haired German *fratlien* gave him the mitten; and all Payne's violence and wickedness is declared to be owing to insanity caused by the want of proper laxatives.

That constipation and conspiracy have some connection can hardly be denied. A blue pill might have purged Cassius of his gloomy broodings, and thus saved Caesar from a violent death and the modern world from the infliction of a heavy book. The royal fratricide of Denmark was troubled in the same way, and once, when possessed with the cholera that sometimes results from this cause, Hamlet declined to "put him to his purgation." Macbeth, that prince of conspirators and cut throats evidently had not the "good digestion" that should "wait on appetite," and in his final interviews with the Doctor his talk ran altogether on purgatives. Yet we do not find that either of those illustrious assassins escaped punishment on account of his suspended functions, or that such a plea was even set up in mitigation of penalty.

When every newspaper contains announcements of unerring remedies at fifty cents to a dollar a box, it is presumptuous to ask the acquittal of a criminal on such a plea. If violence and atrocities of the most outrageous kind are to be excused on the ground of constipation, a law should be passed making it imperative on every person to swallow some approved cathartic every morning, on pain of heavy penalties, or a meal of crackers and cheese may be followed by a murder.

## MR. CARY O'LANERS ON FAMILY AFFAIRS.

It is a good thing for a man to pay attention to his family.

Provided he has one.  
Married men generally have. So have I.  
It is the natural consequence of getting married. Families, like everything else, are more expensive than they used to be. Shoes and clothes cost a sight now-a-days, and children have mostly good appetites.

Mine have.  
Boys will be boys. They can't help it. They were born so. It is their destiny to tear their trowsers; and to wear out two pairs of boots a month; keeping their ma constantly employed like a besieged garrison repairing breeches, and their unfortunate pa paying out currency, under strong conviction that there is nothing like leather to wear out.

I tried copper-toed boots on my heir. The copper wore well and I have an idea that copper boots would be a good idea, but I couldn't find a metallic shoemaker to carry it out.

Mrs. O'L. also became attached to copper and thought it would be an improvement and save sewing if boys pantaloons were like ships and teakettles, copper bottomed. The suggestion was A. No. 1, but we haven't tried it yet.

Copper so ran in my head at the time that O'Pake called me a copperhead.

This was the origin of the term.

Mrs. O'L. is a managing woman. She makes trowsers for our son, Alexander Themistocles, out of mine when I've done with them. He can get through three pair to my one, ordinarily, and I am obliged to wear out my clothes faster than I used to, to keep him supplied.

I once suggested that it might be within the resources of art and industry to make him a pair out of new material.

Mrs. O'L. said positively that it couldn't be done. She would ruin us. She concluded it was cheaper to cut a pair I had paid twelve dollars for.

I subsequently found upon enquiry that new cloth for that purpose could have been bought for about two dollars.

I ventured to tell Mrs. O'L. expecting a triumph of male foresight over female lack of judgment.

She gave me a look of scorn, as she wanted to know if I had asked the price of "trimmings."

Trimmings were too much for me.

I have been afraid of trimmings ever since.

Trimmings, I suppose, means buttons and things.

But what is the expense compared with the joy a father feels, when after a day's laborious exercise at the office wrestling with a steel pen, he returns to his domestic retreat, and is met at the gate by a smiling cherubim, who in tones that go to his fond parent's heart, and makes him forget his troubles, with, "Hello, pa, give me a penny."

Your hand instinctively goes into the seat of your affections, your pocket, and draws forth the coveted coin, which is promptly invested in molasses candy.

## HOW PARISIAN LADIES DRESS.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Telegraph* writes: With racing in Paris dress is nearly connected; so I may tell you that, last Thursday, I saw one bonnet which I am sure must be the extreme of the present fashion. I am not "handy with my pen" in describing female costume, but this I can describe. *Mdme. de Z—*'s bonnet consisted of two ounces of gold beaten into a band, and four square inches of black lace, the whole to conclude with a gold button, which fastened one end of the lace over the other. Just then came by the *Marquis de T—*, the greatest Anglomaniac in France. "Marquis, did you ever see nothing?" "Nothing, my good boy—how see nothing?" "Then come and look at one of your countrywomen's bonnets." He came and saw, and said, "Bah! these French women!" They dress very well, though, "these French women," when they do not masquerade. *Madame G—*, *Princess M—*, and *Madame P—*, are worth coming over to the "Grand Prix" to see, and then you may go back the winner. One of the spectacles of the Paris race-course is the carriage of a lady commonly known as the "Queen of Madagascar." She has more gold, powder, embroidery, cockades on her servants, more harness on her horses, and more arms and colors on her carriage than I believed human intellect could compass; and within the carriage sits (naturally) the owner dressed! "She is a thing all life, all light, which seen, becomes a part of sight," and if not exactly a "morning star of memory," *Mdme. M— d'A—* is certainly a very striking instance of how many fine clothes one lady can wear, and in what a "proud barouche" she may be conveyed.

It came out in a case before an English police court lately, that a practice exists among beggars to keep their children from growing by feeding them with gin, so as to ensure always having a baby to attract compassion. In the case before the court, a child four years old was stunted so as not to appear more than twelve months old.