

# 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.]

SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.  
ADVERTISEMENTS \$1.25 PER SQUARE.

VOLUME I.  
NUMBER 3.

CHICAGO, THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1865.

ROUNDS & JAMES, Printers,  
No. 46 State Street.

WRITTEN FOR THE VOICE OF THE FAIR.  
POEM, BY MRS. AKERS.

**BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.**  
The time for toll is past, and night has come,  
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;  
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,  
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,  
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,  
Lord of the harvest—and my spirit grieves  
That I am burdened not so much with grain,  
As with a heaviness of heart and brain:  
Master, behold my sheaves!

Full well I know I have more tares, than wheat—  
Dead brambles, and dry stalks, and without leaves,  
Wherefore I blush and weep as at thy feet  
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,  
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily  
With evening dew upon the folded leaves,  
Can urge no value or utility;  
Therefore must fragrant and beauty be  
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather faith and hope anew,  
Since well I know thy patient love perceives  
Not what I did, but what I strove to do,  
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,  
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

ELIZABETH A. C. AKERS.

## THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

The model American soldier is patient and enduring; likes camp-life; is good-natured and jolly, and makes fun for his comrades; is always ready for any duty; does all the cooking for his tent-mates and himself; washes a shirt occasionally for a tent-mate; has his knapsack always ready to start at a moment's notice; spends all day Sunday cleaning his gun; can eat raw pork on a march; don't drink much water on a march; don't consider it healthy; sleeps with his boots and cap on; carries his pockets full of ammunition; has his tent up and supper cooked just ten minutes after a halt; knows where to find plenty of rail fences; always has plenty of straw to sleep on; don't have a high opinion of officers; wouldn't do any thing for the colonel if 'twas to save his life; thinks the major ought to have something to do to prevent him from getting lazy; thinks his captain a first-rate fellow, and helps to put up his tent; won't stand any nonsense from the lieutenant; don't like battles better than anybody else, but is ready to do his duty; tries to take care of his health; has re-enlisted, and intends to see the thing through; sends home all his pay; intends to buy land and settle down when the war is over; considers it foolish to get drunk; never spends money at the sutler's; helps the new recruit strap on his knapsack; advises him not to eat much grease; wants him to take care of his health; never gets angry except when talking about rebels; swears a little then; can't help it; is willing to sacrifice his life to put down the rebellion; believes Abe Lincoln an honest man; will vote for him or any other man that will put down this rebellion; thinks army contractors and officers with big salaries have kept the war going too long; is willing to do his duty any way, and hopes, when the war is over, to see Jeff. Davis and the copperheads go to destruction together.

"To take it coolly" is an old lesson of soldier life, which was in all probability the test of *savoir faire* and social supremacy among the camps of the primeval Aryans or antediluvian Celts, as well as the "Feds" and "Johnny Rebs" of the present day. And they have certainly attained to great excellence in the art. "I have seen soldiers chase hares," says the writer of an army letter, "and pick blackberries, when a shower of the leaden messengers of death was falling thick and fast around them, and do many other cool and foolish things." But the following, which actually took place at Mile Run, surpasses any thing I remember to have ever seen or heard:

One of those biting cold mornings, while the armies of Meade and Lee were staring at each other across the little rivulet known as Mine Run, when moments appeared to be hours and hours days, so near at hand seemed the deadly strife, a solitary sheep leisurely walked along the run on the rebel side. A rebel vidette fired and killed the sheep, and, dropping his gun, advanced to remove the prize. In an instant he was covered by a gun in the hands of a Union vidette, who said: "Divide is the word, or you are a dead Johnny." This proposition was assented to, and there, between the two skirmish lines, Mr. Rebel skinned the sheep, took one half and moved back with it to his post, when his challenger, in turn, dropping his gun, crossed the run, got the other half of the sheep, and resumed the duties of his post, amidst the cheers of his comrades who expected to help him eat it.

The audience of the National Theatre, in Cincinnati, last Saturday night, were favored with a novel performance, not in the bills. The play, a new one, proving a failure, the author and manager appeared at the footlights, alleging that the actors had not followed the text. Next an actress appeared and declared some portions of the text too vulgar to be used. The author retorted, reinforcements came to the support of the actress, and the manager rang down the curtain. In the midst of the excitement the gas was turned off, and the audience finally groped its way out in darkness.

## WHAT SOME PEOPLE HAVE BELIEVED.

The ancient Persians believed in three gods, the greatest of which was Ormuzd, who made a perfect man with a giant head. An infinite distress caused his monstrous head to burst with terrible anguish, when out stepped a beautiful woman. The head shrank to a natural size, and they became the first man and wife. The Greeks also believed the beautiful Minerva sprang from the head of Jupiter.

The ancient Hindoos believed a monstrous serpent coiled upon the ocean. On him Vishu slept for long ages in inactivity, and died. Out of his departing spirit Bramah arose, who created man by the simple act of wishing.

The ancient Syrians believed somewhere in their country was a beautiful garden, into which God came one night and gathered particles of all kinds of dust, of which to make man. He fashioned him after his own image. When sufficiently dry to be handled without defacing, he placed himself mouth to mouth, hands to hands, and feet to feet, and imparted life to the image. Sleep had possession of the man. The god drew a glittering blade from his girdle, and, with infinite quickness took a bone (of the two hundred and forty-eight bones) from near the heart, and placing the requisite female dependencies around it, gave it to the man to become his wife.

The Aztecs believed that a princess, being offended at her husband, obtained leave of Deity to depart from paradise on condition that she would go to earth and populate it. She started on her long and perilous journey. When once in sight of earth, she drew from her girdle a knife glittering with diamonds, and hurled it against the planets, breaking it into twelve pieces, which immediately resolved themselves into six knights and six princesses, from which sprang six races of men.

The ancient Egyptians believed two gods descended from the sun and alighted on the flowery banks of a beautiful lake on a pleasant morning, and planted the germ of a lotus plant, each kissing it on the opposite sides. The plant grew and ripened its fruits. The legumes burst, and a beautiful man and woman, like the ripe corn from the husks, stepped forth in spontaneous marriage.

The Asiatics, of Egyptian descent, believed, in the centre of a watery universe existed the Divine Power, which slowly and silently, for ages collected a transparent shell about him in which he slept. On awakening, by his own energies, he burst the shell and arose to the surface, an immense turtle, covering millions of acres. He again burst his shell, the fragments of which became earth, mountains and rocks. The giant came from the mountains and slept beside a placid lake. From his head sprang a noble race of thinkers. From his long arms, stretched by his side, a race of workers. From his legs, a race of travelers, and from his fingers and toes, the lowest race of all.

## IRRITABILITY.

Irritability is, more than most unlovely states, a sin of the flesh. It is not, like envy, malice, spite, revenge, a vice which we may suppose to belong equally to an embodied or disembodied spirit. In fact, it comes nearer to being physical depravity than anything I know of. There are some bodily states, some conditions of the nerves, such that we could not conceive of even an angelic spirit confined in a body thus disordered, as being able to do any more than simply endure. It is a state of nervous torture; and the attacks which the wretched victim makes on others are as much a result of disease as the snapping and biting of a patient convulsed with hydrophobia.

Then, again, there are other people who go through life loving and beloved, desired in every circle, held up in the church as examples of the power of religion, who, after all, deserve no credit for these things. Their spirits are lodged in an animal nature so tranquil, so cheerful, all the sensations which come to them are so fresh and vigorous and pleasant, that they cannot help viewing the world charitably, and seeing everything through a glorified medium. The ill-temper of others does not provoke them; perplexing business never sets their nerves to vibrating; and all their lives long they walk in the serene sunshine of perfect animal health.

Look at Rover there. He is never nervous, never cross, never snaps or snarls, and is ready, the moment after the grossest affront, to wag the tail of forgiveness—all because kind Nature has put his dog's body together so that it always works harmoniously. If every person in the world were gifted with a stomach and nerves like his, it would be a far better and happier world, no doubt. The man said a good thing who made the remark that the foundation of all intellectual and moral worth must be laid in a good healthy animal.

Now I think it is undeniable that the peace and happiness of the home circle are very generally much invaded by the recurrence in its members of these states of bodily irritability. Every person, if he thinks the matter over, will see that his condition in life, the character of his friends, his estimate of their virtues and failings, his hopes and expectations, are all very much modified by these things. Cannot we all remember going to bed as very ill-used, persecuted individuals, all whose friends were unreasonable, whose life was full of

trials and crosses, and waking up on a bright, bird-singing morning, to find all these illusions gone with the fogs of the night? Our friends are nice people after all; the little things that annoyed us look ridiculous by bright sunshine, and we are fortunate individuals.

The philosophy of life, then, as far as this matter is concerned, must consist of two things; first, to keep ourselves out of irritable bodily states; and, second, to understand and control these states when we cannot ward them off.

## FROM SWITZERLAND.

LETTER FROM THE UNITED STATES MINISTER AT THE SWISS CAPITAL.

BERNE, April 12, 1865.

*My Dear Sir:* Your letter, asking my co-operation in aid of the Ladies' Fair, to be held in Chicago next month for the benefit of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, was received some weeks since. Unfortunately for this application, there are at this time scarcely any warmly loyal Americans in Switzerland, and the exceptions are persons who allege they have already contributed all they are able to the Fairs heretofore held in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other points. To the above Fairs, in 1864, I was enabled to forward very creditable contributions from Switzerland. But many of the sums and articles contributed, were from business men, having business relations with our loyal eastern cities, but having none with Chicago, a fact which makes a great difference to them. Under these circumstances, I regret to be unable to do more at this time than forward my own small contribution (\$100.) to the holiest and noblest charity the world has seen.

Trusting that your Fair will be a great success, and praying the blessings of God upon our country, its brave defenders, and its "angels of mercy,"

I am, my dear sir,

Your friend and ob't servant,

GEO. G. FOGG, U. S. Minister.

To CHARLES L. WILSON, Chairman Com. Foreign Correspondence, Northwestern Fair.

## PHILADELPHIA AND THE NORTHWESTERN SANITARY FAIR.

From the Philadelphia Press, May 2d:

The public is already aware that an effort is being made in Philadelphia to aid the Chicago Fair for the Sanitary Commission. All who are disposed to give something to the great Northwest should send in their contributions as early as possible. The fair will open on the 30th of May, and it is desirable that articles intended for it should be sent to 1307 Chestnut street, or 400 South Ninth street, by the 20th of May at the latest. It is hoped that the Philadelphia department will not be outdone by those of New York or Boston.

The contributions from this State will be placed on a table by themselves, and will be called the Lincoln testimonial, the funds arising from their sale to be applied to that purpose, which ever lay so near the heart of our martyred President—helping the sick and wounded soldiers. Articles should be labelled with an estimate of value, and all packages marked "For the Chicago Fair."

The following contributions have been received by the Philadelphia committee, of which Mrs. Thomas P. James is president, and Miss Anna P. Stevenson secretary and treasurer: Mr. Thomas Sparks, \$25; Mrs. Eliza Sparks, \$10; Mrs. Sophia Donaldson, \$20; Miss Fisher, \$5; Morris, Wheeler & Co., \$50; Mrs. Samuel Price, \$5; Mrs. John Drew, \$50; Mrs. Ezra Bowen, \$20; Mrs. Anna Hertzog, \$50; Miss Sager, \$5; Joseph S. Lovering, \$100; Field & Kechnie, \$50; Mr. Chas. Smith, \$25; Mrs. Henry E. Root, \$25; Miss Paul \$10; Mr. Charles Lyman, \$10; A. Friend, through E. P. Aldred, Delaware county, \$2; McAllister Bros., goods to the amount of \$60; J. E. Caldwell & Co., goods to the amount of \$100; Bailey & Co., goods to the amount of \$37; John O. Mead, goods to the amount of \$28.

## OUR FAIR IN COLORADO.

The Rocky Mountain Daily News, speaking of the coming Northwestern Sanitary Fair, at Chicago, says:

"The cause is a noble one and we very much hope that our people will take hold of it in earnest. The contribution of a few thousand dollars, invested in Gilpin county gold bars, would speak volumes for the liberality of Colorado. We can make it the leading or at least the most noticeable feature of the fair. Let the Rocky Mountain Literary Society of Denver, and the like societies in Black Hawk and Central, and public-spirited citizens throughout the Territory, take the matter in hand; appoint committees, and arrange plans for making it a creditable success. We hope our contemporaries in the mountains will give it their prompt and hearty aid. "Among the various committees—of which there are about one hundred and twenty—we notice the names of all the leading citizens of Chicago; among them not a few who have been here, or are at present interested in Colorado. There is no doubt about its being honestly and really what it pretends to be."

—A person who attended church on a recent Sabbath took down in short-hand a single verse of the hymn as sung by the choir. The result of his labor produced the following:

"Waw kaw, shaw daw aw raw.  
Thaw saw thaw law aw waw,  
Waw-kaw taw thaw raw waw brow,  
Aw-thaw raw-law saw aw raw."

Which being interpreted would read in plain English as follows:

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes."

—A Liverpool furrier informs those ladies "who wish to have a really genuine article," that he will be happy to make them muffs, boas, &c., of "their own skins!"

WRITTEN FOR THE VOICE OF THE FAIR.

## AN OLD SAW NEWLY SET.

"Come wife!" said Will, "I pray you devote,  
Just half a minute to mend this coat,  
Which a nail has chanced to rend!"  
"Tis ten o'clock!" said his drowsy mate;  
"I know," said Will, "it is rather late—  
But it's never too late to mend!"

JNO. G. SAXE.

## SELECTED MISCELLANY.

—If troubled with erysipelas and opposed to hiring a doctor, take the common carrot, scrape or grate it fine, and apply as a poultice, which is said to be a sure cure for the painful disease.

—In blowing a candle out, if it be blown out holding it above you, the wick will not smoulder down, or smoke, and may therefore be easily lighted; but if blown upon downward, the contrary is the case.

—The word assassin comes from Hashish, the opiate administered to the followers of a murderous Oriental chief to make them frenzied. They were therefore called *Hashashin* or *Asasin* whence our word *assassin*.

—The papers are making appeals in behalf of the birds. There is a robin that sings by our window each morning, the destruction of which would be a gross outrage. It sings sweetest when the day is dreariest, as if it were trying to inculcate a lesson of patience and hope. We say spare the birds.

—There is a new system of instruction in France, by which people learn to read in a remarkably short space of time. It is called the *Lefforian* system, from Leffore, the inventor. Twenty-four soldiers who never knew a letter of the alphabet learned to read fluently in less than a month, and one of them read at the end of the tenth lesson.

—The N. Y. Sunday Times says a good word for the physical health of the children. Of course he alludes to New York, when he says:—"By careful estimates the conclusion is arrived at that out of every one hundred pounds of candy, so called, manufactured in this city, ninety-nine pounds are adulterated so as to be unwholesome and dangerous.

—There is a whole volume of two hundred pages in the following from the *Californian*:

Each is bounded by his nature,  
And remains the same in stature  
In the valley, on the mountain,  
Scop from ocean, or from fountain,  
With a poor hand or a richer,  
You can only fill your pitcher.

—As a rule of conversation with sensible women, do not imagine that you must keep your lady talk and gentlemen talk in separate budgets, labelled and sorted, unless you want the girls to laugh in their sleeves at your wishy washy sentimentalism. Talk to them in a frank, manly style, as you would to an intelligent gentleman. Don't suppose, because they are women, they don't know anything.

—It is a no less fatal error to despise labor when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two: we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working; and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement.—*Ruskin*.

—Shakespeare wrote for all time and for every occasion. There is no occurrence or emotion of human life that has not found in him expression. How applicable is the description of the murder of Prince Arthur to the late fearful crime:—

"This is the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest upon the crest,  
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.  
All murders past do stand excused in this;  
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,  
Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet unbegotten sin of times;  
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
Examined by this hideous spectacle."

—That eccentricity which is the distinguishing characteristic of the Parisian, has now induced him to go even beyond his horse-eating mania. Consequently he had a grand spread some time since, which included tom-cat with *saucce piquante*, and tall of a white horse with white sauce. The Parisian is getting particular to a shade in their horse-eating. *Asses cotelettes a la maitre de hotel*—a sly cut at the Boniface; *bats en papillote*—*en papillote* meaning likewise lady's hair in curl-papers, as a delicate compliment to the lot of girls who figured at a certain minister's ball. The whole concluded with a heron cooked with little onions. It is said that the *bon-vivants* liked the bats the best, giving a proof of their gallantry.