

VOICE



OF THE

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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THE MAYFLOWERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Sad Mayflowers! watched by winter stars,
And nursed by winter gales,
With petals from the sleeted spars,
And leaves of frozen sails.

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay,
In common with the wild-wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May?

Yet "God be praised!" the Pilgrim said
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our Mayflower here!

"God wills it: here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the sea
Shall spread her sails no more."

Oh! sacred flower of faith and hope!
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea wall's rugged length,
Unchanged your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
Its shadow round us draws:
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod;
And, tho' dead leaves of hope, shall spring
Afresh the flowers of God!

THE GREAT FAIR.

ITS WHEREABOUTS—WHAT MAY BE SEEN, AND
TASTED, AND ENJOYED.

The Fair is to-day inaugurated. Gigantic efforts have culminated in magnificent success. Formidable difficulties have been vanquished; serious impediments and grave obstacles have disappeared before the tireless energy and unflinching zeal of the loyal men and thrice loyal women of the West, and the enterprising projectors of this resplendent star-gemmed crown for the brow of Christian patriotism, generously seconded by the people whose hearts ever throb responsive to the sweet ministrations of sympathy with our suffering heroes, and whose hands are swift and skillful in works of gratitude and mercy, have achieved results commensurate with the object.

Nothing has been omitted which could render attractive or add peculiar interest.

In Chicago was laid the corner-stone of the finest palace ever reared by civilized humanity. New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Boston and other sister cities have reared thereon a glorious superstructure, and to-day we crown the lofty dome amid the clouds—an everlasting monument of the gratitude and generosity of the American people—while the nations admiring cry, "Grace, grace unto it." History will crown with immortality the "Sanitary Fairs," and poesy enbalm them with verbal music.

To attempt a description of the things to be seen, and where to see them, in a single article, is utterly hopeless. It is like the old Latin topic for dissertations, "*de omnibus rebus et aliis*"—concerning all things and some others—only a little more so.

The principal buildings are on Dearborn Park, between Washington and Randolph streets, on the shore of Lake Michigan, occupying about two acres. The design is unique and admirable, combining beauty and convenience. The center of the main building is a beautiful Gothic arch, four hundred feet long and sixty feet wide, which has been christened

UNION HALL.

This is divided into compartments and assigned to the different Religious and other societies, and the foreign department, in the following order:

European,	European,	European,
Retail Dry Goods,	Retail Dry Goods,	Philadelphia,
New Jerusalem,	Jewelers,	Unitarian,
Baptist,	Pianos,	Universalist,
Congregational,	Sewing Machines,	Presbyterian,
Episcopalian,	Glass and Crockery,	College,
Methodist,	Glass,	Books,
Friends of Progress,	Miscellaneous,	German,
Public Schools,	Michigan,	German,
Spiritualist,	Horse Shoes,	Norwegian,
Michigan,	Fair Badges,	Catholic.

Rochester. The Hall is gracefully festooned here and there with flags, and fitly ornamented with the national colors wrought into cunning devices and multi-form combination, giving to the parts an endless variety of detail without marring the simplicity and harmony of the *toute ensemble*.

Here you will find, in profusion, the ten thousand "sweet pretty" things which the cunning fingers of the ladies have wrought—each department being presided over by its appropriate divinity. Single men will do well to get their "single-ness of heart" insured at its full value (?) before meeting the bright eyes and smiling faces, each of which is just a trifle more dangerous and bewitching than all the rest.

THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT,

under the supervision of C. L. Wilson, Esq., is worthy of especial attention. Rare and costly articles from England, France, Italy, Germany and Switzerland; magnificent Albums, elegant Card and Watch Cases from Berlin; exquisite Bonnets and Kids from Paris; Ribbons, Albums and Parasols from Liverpool, grace these tables, all beautiful in themselves, but as messengers of love and sympathy from beyond the sea, more precious than a coronet of sparkling gems.

In the west wing is

AGRICULTURAL HALL,

four hundred feet long by forty-three feet wide, containing all the apparatus for "tickling" the bosom of the earth, and gathering up the incarnation of her "laughing" response; machinery of all kinds, sorts, styles and descriptions, household furniture in abundance, and a splendid assortment of photographs. Also, under the direction of J. S. Drake, Esq., is the Good Templars' Department, an order everywhere as distinguished for patriotism as for temperance.

EAST WING,

four hundred feet by forty-three, an endless variety of fancy goods meets the eye; "heaps" of furniture and "right smart" of wholesale clothing, drugs and toys. In the south end the ladies of the Baptist Churches will serve you with a warm dinner of the most unquestionable orthodoxy, or, if you desire cooler climes, saunter down to the north end and look in upon the prince of caterers, John Wright, and his fair assistants.

They bring you coffee whose rich aroma insinuates itself into your olfactorys, causing the most delightful anticipations and waking the gustatory organs to instant activity; delicious strawberries, cooling ices, and the thousand delicacies which can tempt the appetite or appease the gnawings of hunger. In this wing are the departments for Iowa, Nebraska and Minnesota, lithographs of the famous Eagle, &c. Passing out upon the east side we will enter

HORTICULTURAL HALL.

Surely the Enchanter's wand has passed over us—we are in fairy land, a scene of bewildering beauty is presented to our astonished vision.

A stream of limpid water meanders along, kissing the verdant banks, and encircling miniature islets such as we dream in the far off tropics. Rustic bridges span it with graceful arch and here and there it expands into a lakelet whose glossy surfaces mirror the surrounding scenery. The balsam, pine, spruce and cedar nod and whisper to each other in amity while deftly and cunningly arranged in a manner more natural than nature herself is able to do, are the ten thousand floral beauties which have hastened hither wooed by the gentle tones of patriotism. The rich aroma of costly exotics indignour to tropical climes and developed by careful culture, mingles with the delicate fragrance from the simple starry calyx of nature's own pet favorite the wild-wood flower, "The sweetest thing God ever made and forgot to put a soul into." The gorgeous blossoms of southern climes, and the dimpled smiles of the western prairie bend in loving alliance, sweet symbols of returning peace, and the gushing melody of birds flood the whole with a trembling atmosphere of joy and happiness. From the fountains jets of water play in graceful curve and dissolve into spray and mist. In the centre is

JACOB'S WELL,

A perfect "*chef d'oeuvre*" of rural architecture, where the thirsty wearied traveler may quench his thirst and delight himself with the sight of Rachel, which it is well for Jacob's reputation for constancy that he was not permitted to behold. An eminent clergyman of this city, whose reputation for eloquence has long been "*un fait accompli*" and whose reputation as a man of taste will hereafter be unquestioned, told me that he went a dozen times to the New England Farm House last winter to look upon the loveliness of Rachel; a pleasant way to study sacred history and oriental manners. We commend his example to all divines, and others interested in sacred literature.

THE NEW ENGLAND FARM HOUSE,

under the supervision of the ladies of the First Baptist Church, whose splendid success last winter is a guaranty of greater things now in store, occupies the south part of the "Soldiers' Rest." Here is a huge fire-place, and an oven, sufficiently capacious to bake for half New England. Here they tempt you with nice "Rye and Indian" loaves, nicely browned; Pork and Beans, a la Yankee; Pumpkin Pies, which a "Green Mountain Boy" would revel in, and genuine doughnuts, all served up by ladies clad in the antique costume of "Auld Lang Syne." The furniture is a collection of relics unique and interesting. Here too, will take place a genuine

MARRIAGE CEREMONY,

in costume, every evening, provided suitable candidates present themselves in sufficient numbers. "There is still room"—to which significant fact "eligible, single gentlemen" will do well to "give earnest heed." No fees for the services of eminent divines; no charge for bridal trousseau which will be provided for the occasion. Here is a splendid chance for

OLD BACHELORS,

as I am informed by persons of most *unimpeachable veracity*, strictly confidential communication, that no less than a thousand charming damsels like Barkis are "willin" to sacrifice themselves on the altar of patriotism, solely for their country's good. Miserable, shirt-bottonless, sour, cross-grained Baches who have not found it convenient to go to war and get killed or wounded, show your gallantry and bravery at once and come to the matrimonial altar. (Since writing the above we have been *credibly informed* that the story of the damsels is all a fiction; believe which you please, "you pays your money and you takes your choice.")

MONITOR HALL

is north-east of the main building. Here will be re-enacted the historical Monitor and Merrimac fight—which revolutionized naval warfare for all time. A fort, manned by miniature cannon, will participate in the melee. A model of the "Great Eastern" is also on exhibition here. The ordnance and boats are all made and donated by the Pittsburgh foundries.

BRYAN HALL

is devoted to Arms, Trophies and Art, under the superintendence of Judge J. B. Bradwell and his most estimable lady, to whose tireless industry and most excellent taste, scarcely less than the well known energy and influence of the Judge, we are indebted for one of the most interesting and soul-stirring sights which the world ever saw. Nothing could be more felicitously arranged for grandeur of display and beauty of decoration. "The devilish enginery of war" is robbed of its terrible import, and is wrought into artistic decorations. The grim mortar is silent. The deadly rifle and glittering bayonet inspire no terror. The flashing saber, the screaming shell and plunging shot have lost their ferocity, and meekly rest upon their laurels—conscious that their fearful work is accomplished, they silently speak, in the language of the Moor—

"Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue. O farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
And O! you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
Farewell. Othello's occupation's gone!"

In the centre of the hall stands an octagonal Temple, about thirty feet in height, with its exterior so skillfully decorated with arms as to convey the idea that it is constructed of muskets, swords and drums—the whole surmounted by the American eagle, and inwrought with starry banners.

Around the room, the seared, scarred, torn and tattered battle flags brood in solemn silence, grouped together as the terrible efflorescence of our mighty struggle for humanity, liberty and law. Let their tattered shreds, stained with the blood of heroes, be forever cherished as sacred mementoes—as symbols of self-sacrifice, devotion, bravery and persistent valor. Over fields of carnage they have been borne by sturdy arms. They have looked down on the dead and dying, and heard the last prayer of a soul going up to its God for its martyr crown.

And here, too, have come the foul and loathsome emblems of treason and slavery—the exponents of that hellish monster, begotten in perjury and fraud, conceived in wickedness, born in violence, rapine, plunder and cruelty, baptized in the blood of liberty's martyrs, and swaddled all over with a pestilent garment, whose warp was treason, whose woof was shameless lies.

JEFF'S PLANTATION BELL

is turned for once to good account. It will ring as well as able, night and morning, for the closing and opening of this department. Ring, old bell, your loudest and sharpest call. Nevermore before the dawn irradiates the eastern sky will you summon the heart-broken bondman to unrequited toil. Your tones fall no more, like the shrill voice of incarnate fiends, upon the startled ear of slaves! Liberty has confiscated you; and you may now rejoice, delivered from the degradation of an unwilling instrument of tyranny. Ring out a peon of thanksgiving! Your master will soon change the gown for the gallows, don the black cap instead of the bonnet, and lay off hoops for hemp!

Here, too, is a huge, rough iron collar for a slave's neck—an affecting souvenir of the loving regard of slaveholders for their "servants," and a gentle instrument of enforcing upon the reluctant heathen the claims of Christian civilization. Ungrateful wretches! you were not melted into contrition even by these touching proofs of pious interest. The workmanship of the aforesaid collar shows plainly that no "greasy mechanic" of New England wrought it. A "mudsill" who had never seen an anvil would forge a better specimen.

JOHN BROWN'S OX YOKE,

made by his own hand, here suggests the other side of the picture. This, for a *beast*, is more comely and easy than that for a *man*.

"His soul is marching on."

An ominous sign, is that of "LIBBY & SON, SHIP CHANDLERS." It calls vividly to mind scenes at which humanity shudders and starts back appalled. A pair of fetters from "Castle Thunder" may, perchance, look familiar to some of our officers who have passed through Purgatory.

On the center of the stage, in solemn state, rests the Catafalque whereon reposed in his final sleep the Great Martyr of the nineteenth century.

THE ART GALLERY

is unquestionably the best collection of paintings ever seen in the West, and will prove a feast of fat things to the lovers of art. The opportunities for any extended culture or study in this direction are so rarely afforded us, that all who can appreciate will desire not only to see and admire, but to scrutinize and subject to critical analysis. We reserve any detailed criticism till a future occasion.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Chief Marshal Col. R. M. Hough has designated the following as the order of procession, which is to form promptly at 12 o'clock to-day:

FIRST DIVISION.

Detachment of Police, Capt. Nelson.
Band.
Chief Marshal R. M. Hough.
Assistants, Dr. Brock McVicker and Philip Wadsworth.
Brig. Gen. B. J. Sweet and Staff.
Military escort, commanded by Lieut. Col. L. C. Skinner.
Eighth Regiment V. R. C.
Lieut. Colonel Martin Flood.
Fifteenth Regiment V. R. C.
Twenty-fourth Ohio Battery, Capt. Hill.
Dearborn Light Artillery, Capt. James Smith.

SECOND DIVISION.

Band.
U. P. Harris, Chief Marshal.
Assistants, J. J. Gillespie, Charles Charleston, and August Herr.
Fire Department, with Apparatus.

THIRD DIVISION.

Band.
Col. John Mason Loomis, Marshal.
Assistants—Christian Wahl and J. L. Hancock.
Executive Committee of the Sanitary Fair in Carriages.
Orator and Poet in Carriages.
Governor Oglesby and Staff in Carriages.
Governors of other States in Carriages.
Mayor and Common Council in Carriages.
Union Veteran Association.
Ellsworth Zouaves.
Lincoln Zouaves.
Chicago Bildungs Verein.
Colored Masonic Fraternity.

First Division will form on Wabash avenue, right resting on Lake street.

Second Division will form on State street, right resting on Lake street.

Third Division will form on Dearborn street, right resting on Lake street.

ROUTE OF PROCESSION.

The procession will move west on Lake street to Market; South on Market to Washington; East on Washington to Clark; South on Clark to Van Buren; East on Van Buren to Michigan avenue, and North on Michigan avenue to the Fair building, where the procession will be dismissed.

The procession will move promptly at half-past twelve o'clock.

A national salute of one hundred guns will be fired by the 24th Ohio Battery at the conclusion of the march.

The following order has been issued by the Executive Committee:

THE GREAT NORTHWESTERN FAIR.

The Fair will be opened on Tuesday evening, May 30th, at seven o'clock, immediately upon conclusion of

THE INAUGURAL CEREMONIES.

These opening services will be held at five o'clock Tuesday afternoon, in Union Hall, (Dearborn Park Building), and in the following order:

- 1st. Prayer.
- 2nd. Music by the band.
- 3rd. Poem by T. Buchanan Reed.
- 4th. Hymn composed for the occasion by Oliver Wendell Holmes, to be sung by the audience.
- 5th. Brief introductory address by Richard J. Oglesby, Governor of Illinois.

POOR READING AND NONE AT ALL.—A diet composed exclusively of Lady's Books and Gentleman's Magazines is only one remove from starvation. A man is not necessarily intelligent because he reads his county newspaper. He who stops there will scarcely be rewarded for having begun. The only difference between some readers of newspapers and those who read nothing, is that the former know the gossip and scandal of the country, while the latter know only the gossip and scandal of their own village. The only difference between some readers of magazines and those who read nothing, is that the former have filled their lives with milk-and-water romancing, and unmitigated snobbery, while the latter have never deviated from the bread and butter of their homely circle; and though the snob is unquestionably higher than the clod, both are so far below the true man, that the difference between them is scarcely perceptible.

—A new dodge of rival Parisian shopkeepers is to have bands stationed in front, every evening, performing the fashionable music.