

VOICE OF THE FAIR.

ANDREW SHUMAN, Editor.

Chicago, Tuesday, May 30, 1865.

THE GREAT FAIR.

The great Northwestern Fair becomes a glorious reality to-day. The inauguration ceremonies, preceded by a grand procession, will take place this afternoon, and this evening the doors will be open to all who wish to see or to buy.

Prepare to be astonished and captivated. You will behold a spectacle such as you have never seen before, even if you are a hundred years old, and have been all over the world. We do not wish to excite your curiosity or your expectations unduly; but go and see for yourself. You will find such a display as perhaps you do not now even imagine exists here in the heart of this Western city. You will find a palace of gorgeous magnificence—a vast museum of wonders—an immense variety of all that is beautiful, admirable and grand.

Go and look for yourself, we say, for we cannot describe the scene. Words are too weak; figures of speech fail of conveying the idea adequately.

Scores of fair and busy hands have been at work; scores of busy brains have been almost restless for days and weeks—all for this Fair. As if the wand of a magician had summoned a fairy paradise into our midst—as if a flock of fairies had built a heaven upon the earth, and filled it with all the beauty of all the spheres—this gorgeous spectacle, so full of details, so perfect in order, so admirable in everything, has been arranged to gratify our eyes, captivate all our other senses, and tempt our purses out of our pockets. You will find everything there, and everything in its place, and among all the rest, and which is best of all, you will find there many of the smiling faces of those who have invoked and arranged all this scene of enchantment. Bless their devoted hearts! Bless their nimble fingers! Bless their generous and noble souls!

Go to the Fair. Don't fail of that. Go now, and go often. Take a good look at the whole of it, and patronize it, and do your part towards making a grand success of it. All this is for the soldiers. It is a labor of love. Thousands of our patriot brothers are sick and suffering in hospitals. It is for their aid and comfort that this great effort is making, and this great work doing.

MR. LINCOLN'S OLD LOG CABIN AND RAZOR FOR THE FAIR.

THE OLD LOG CABIN.—Mr. James Shoaff, well known in this city, writes us, in a private letter, that he has "a big thing on ice." He and John Hanks, Esq., both citizens of Decatur, have purchased the old "Log Cabin" in which Abraham Lincoln studied law in 1830. The cabin is situated in Macon County, twelve miles west of Decatur, and is said to be in an excellent state of preservation. Messrs. Shoaff & Hanks have certificates from James Whitely, Esq., the gentleman from whom they purchased it, and also Gov. Oglesby and Col. Pugh, stating that it is really the identical Cabin referred to. It is about eighteen feet square and is represented as being well and substantially built.

The present owners design shipping the Cabin to Chicago to-day and placing it on exhibition at the Sanitary Fair, which opens in that city on the 30th inst., where it will remain on exhibition for several weeks. From there the proprietors will proceed east with it, perhaps as far as Boston. Mr. Dennis F. Hanks, of this city, a near relation of Mr. Lincoln, and who taught him how to write, was written to by Messrs. Shoaff and Hanks to join them in their exhibition, and left to do so on Tuesday forenoon. Previous to starting, Mr. H. called in and got the razor, referred to in another paragraph, to place it in a proper niche in the Cabin. Mr. John Hanks assisted Mr. Lincoln in making the rails, about which we heard so much in the canvass of '60, to fence in a ten acre field adjoining the Cabin. He will do the lecturing on the expedition. The Messrs. Hanks will add much to the interest of the exhibition. Mr. Shoaff writes that he could get fifty partners if he desired them, and that applications are being constantly made to him for situations. We doubt not the "Old Log Cabin" will prove a good card. At all events we wish those concerned great success in their enterprise, and candidly believe they will achieve it.

A RELIC OF THE LINCOLN FAMILY.—Mr. Dennis F. Hanks, of this city, has left at our office a razor, which is about 70 years old, which was presented to him by the late Thomas Lincoln, of this county, and father of the lamented President. Mr. Hanks, who is a near relation of the family, informs us that to his certain knowledge, this was the first razor that was ever in this branch of the Lincoln family, and that the late President has shaved with it often—perhaps it is the identical blade with which he shorn himself of his maiden beard.

It was Mr. Hanks' intention to have presented this razor to President Lincoln, but now that he is no more, he requests us to state that it is at the service of Capt. Robert Lincoln, Mr. Lincoln's eldest son.

The razor is in a remarkable state of preservation, in excellent plight, and we doubt not would do better execution than one half of the new ones of the present day. It is considerably worn at the "heel," but having been manufactured out of the very best quality of steel, the point has stood the test of time admirably. It bears the following brand: "Clark & Ham; warranted."

—VALUE OF "GOLDEN" COLORED HAIR.—The price of golden colored hair, in Paris, is one hundred and twenty-five francs an ounce, so much is that hair esteemed and coveted by ladies. It is growing dearer and rarer every day, and it is said will soon be sold at one hundred and twenty-five francs the "carrot," or, more correctly, the carat.

GATHERINGS.

A BACHELOR'S CHOICE.—"Oh, Mr. Grubbles!" exclaimed a young mother, "shouldn't you like to have a family of rosy children about your knee?" "No, ma'am," said the disagreeable old bachelor, "I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pocket!"

IMPROVING NATURE.—A lecturer addressing a Hampshire audience contended with tiresome prolixity that art could not improve nature, until one of his hearers, losing all patience, set the room in a roar by exclaiming, "How would you look without your wig?"

—Copper City fired five hundred guns on the receipt of the news of the fall of Richmond.

—The Dress Reform Convention, which is to assemble in Rochester, next month, will have a strong additional argument for discarding the present female costume, after the petticoats and dresses have been assumed by the flying leader of the rebellion.

—An International Exhibition of Fish will be held at Bergen, Norway, the coming summer, embracing fish of all kinds from the whale to the minnow, fishing tackle, preservatives of fish, models of boats, barrels, boxes, &c., and it is to be believed that our own fishermen will appear at it.

—Needs a work on punctuation—that private in the army who sent a letter to a little girl at home, closing with, "May Heaven cherish and keep you from yours truly John Smith."

—A contraband explains how bloodhounds sent in pursuit of fugitives may be thrown off the track—"If dem hounds get closer into you, why jest get a long pole and hop about twenty feet if you kin. You do dis four or five times, and whenever you light why jest put some pepper in de holes what your heels make, and when de hounds come dey lose dar scent, and den dey goes snuffin' rou'n', and bymeby dey snuffles up dat ar pepper into dar nostrils, and den dey'll go chee! chee! chee! and dat'll be de last dem dogs can do dat day."

A COCKNEY'S BLUNDER.—A country gentleman was strolling out with a cockney friend—a genuine cockney—when they finally approached a meadow in which was standing a glorious crop of hay. The cockney gazed at it wonderingly. It wasn't grass—it wasn't wheat—it wasn't turnip-tops. "Vy, vat ever does you call this stuff?" said he to his companion. "That—why, hay, to be sure!" was the reply. "Hay! he! come, that's cutting it a little too thick! If that's hay, just show me the hay-corns—come, now!"

—Some new value has been discovered in coal ashes. A contractor has paid \$9,000 for the right to collect them in a single district in Manchester, England, for six months. Only a short time since the authorities had to pay contractors to take them away. Coal ashes, piled up around trees, in a cone form, are said to afford an excellent obstruction to the canker worm.

—Let a man gaze earnestly as he will on beautiful prospects, all nature is composed, for him, of but two or three points for which his whole soul yearns. Take from life the heart that loved you—efface from it the home and scenery your thoughts dwell on most tenderly, and nature becomes a frightful void in which your glance falls wearily, finding neither rest nor peace.

—The truest Christian politeness is cheerfulness. It is graceful and sits well on old as well as young. It is the best of all company, and adorns the wearer of it more than rubies and diamonds set in gold. It costs nothing, and yet is invaluable.

—A Gipsy camp (says the Sacramento Bee) is located on Eleventh street, near the Pacific Railroad. It consists of a small canvas tent, a large horse, two small mules, a saddle, colored woman with a pipe, a villainous-looking bull-dog and four half-breed children, all of a size. The Gipsy tells fortunes like a prophetess, but whips her children like "any other man."

—A mayor of one of the communes in France lately made the following entry upon his register: "I, mayor of —, found yesterday, in the forest of —, a man, by the name of Rollin, committing an act against the laws. I commanded him to surrender, whereupon he set upon me, heaped me with insult and contumely; calling me a ragamuffin, a precious old dolt, and an awful and contemptible scarecrow,—all of which I hereby certify to be strictly true."

—The Leader says the French Empress intends to give hoop-skirts the cut direct. She is studying up, for a new fashion, the ancient classic and clinging style of female drapery. Very bad for lean ladies. The Empress is plump, or *enbonpoint*, and can afford to try the classic; but what are the slim ones of her sex to do when she proposes to reduce them to about the voluminousness of a lamp-post?

—Dr. Adam Clark, who had a strong aversion to pork, was called upon to say grace at a dinner, where the principal dish was a roast pig. He is reported to have said: "O Lord, if thou canst bless under the Gospel what thou didst curse under the Law, bless this pig."

—The late Mr. Cobden used to tell the following anecdote:—"When in America," said he, "I asked an enthusiastic American lady why her country could not rest satisfied with the immense unoccupied territories it already possessed, but must ever be hankering after the lands of its neighbors, when her somewhat remarkable reply was, 'Oh, the propensity is a very bad one, I admit; but we came honestly by it, for we inherited it from England.'"

—They had queer doings in Nevada when the news of Lee's surrender reached there. The Como, Lyon county, *Sentinel* says a man in the theatre threw a fine white poodle on the stage, while laboring under the insane impression that it was a fine bouquet of camellias. Another distinguished citizen, discovering a suspension of salutes, drew out his purse, and, scattering the coin, directed the boys to keep up the shooting until the iron busted.

LAW OF LOVE.

Said an old man one day: "When I look back over the long pilgrimage of an eventful and not unsuccessful life, I can confidently say that I never did a kindness to any human being without finding myself the happier for it afterward. A single friendly act, cheerfully, pleasantly, and promptly done to a fellow-creature in trouble or difficulty, besides the good to him, has before now thrown a streak of sunshine into my heart for the remainder of the day, which I would not have taken a twenty-dollar bank-note for."

If such acts of thoughtfulness and consideration and humane sympathy were performed as we "have opportunity," the same "streak of sunshine," the same lightening up of the load of life, would come to both giver and receiver, until after a while there would be sunshine all the time within us and without, dispersing physical as well as moral miasms, purifying the social and domestic atmosphere, warming the heart to still higher sympathies, and waking up the whole man to those activities which can never fail to preserve, maintain, and perpetuate mental, moral, and physical health, to a serene old age. These things are to be done at home and abroad, at the family table, the fireside, in the street, on the highway, in town, in country, by day and by night, always and everywhere, kindly and cheerily, whenever there is "opportunity;" to be done to the old and the young, to the rich and the poor, to the sick and the well, to the successful and the unfortunate, to stranger and acquaintance, to man and woman, enemy and friend, to everybody and everything that breathes the breath of life. These sunlight-giving kindnesses can be done in multitudes of cases by a word, a smile, a look. And these cost so little, why should they not be thrown broadcast over the whole surface of humanity, in princely profusion, blessing as they do the giver as well as receiver, giving gladness to both, and a quiet peace which gold could never purchase, which diamonds of the purest water and gems of richest hue could not secure for the briefest hour? Men, women, children, all, wake up from this good hour, and make the "law of love" to all of human kind the pole-star of life, the work, the pleasure of your human existence; and in that triumphant hour when you shall be called to close your eyes on all things earthly, and open them on the realities of an eternal existence, the first sound that shall fall upon your delighted ear from the heavenly shore will come from the King in his beauty, when he shall say: "Ye did it unto me. Well done!"

A SECRET FOR THE LADIES.

BY "JENNY JUNE" (MRS. CROWLEY.)

There are women who cannot grow old—women who, without any special effort, remain always young and always attractive. The number is smaller than it should be, but there is still a sufficient number to mark the wide difference between this class and the other. The secret of this perpetual youth lies not in beauty, for some women possess it who are not at all handsome; nor in dress, for they are frequently careless in that respect, so far as the mere arbitrary dictates of fashion are concerned; nor in having nothing to do, for these ever young women are always as busy as bees, and it is very well known that idleness will fret people into old age and ugliness faster than overwork. The charm, we imagine, lies in a sunny temper—neither more nor less—the blessed gift of always looking on the bright side of life, and of stretching the mantle of charity over everybody's faults and failings. It is not much of a secret, but it is all that we have been able to discover, and we have watched such with great interest, and a determination to report truthfully for the benefit of the rest of the sex. It is very provoking that it is something which cannot be corked up and sold for fifty cents a bottle; but as this is impossible, why, the most of us will have to keep on growing as ugly and disagreeable as usual.

WHO WANTS TO MARRY?

The fair ladies want some person, or persons, to get married during the Fair, and they wish to marry them—or, rather, to facilitate the matter, and help to do it up "in style."

The "Old New England Farm-House" committee, who have in charge an old style affair, quaint, curious and entertaining—wish to marry at least one couple, and as many more as may wish to avail themselves of this rare opportunity, in their quarters at the Soldiers' Rest—to marry them in the good old way, dressed in the good old fashions, for which they will furnish the costumes, and by a good old clergyman. The affair will be done up becomingly—not be made a farce of—but a *bona fide* marriage ceremony.

Persons willing to be thus married are requested to give notice at the Soldiers' Rest.

CONDENSING MILK.—This process is carried on at a factory in the State of New York, with advantage to all concerned, for in the solid form the milk will keep for a long time, and can be sent to all parts of the country. The condensation is effected by placing the milk in pails in a water-bath heated to one hundred and ninety or one hundred and ninety-five degrees; then pouring it into a "steam well," in which it is boiled; then lifting it into the condensers, where it is again boiled, but in *vacuo*, till but one-fourth of the original charge remains; then follows a final process of superheating, which has the effect of discharging a fetid sickening odor from the milk. It is then ready for cutting up and packing, and is sold at thirty-two cents a quart. It is a curious fact, that, although only four quarts are condensed to one, when pure water is added to reduce the article again to liquid milk, it is invariably found that it requires four quarts of water, and that the milk is then better than pure milk as drawn from the cow.

A DYING MAN'S DONATION.

A gentleman, just gone with consumption, over in Iowa, on being applied to for a sanitary donation, remarked, at first, that he did not know as he had any thing to give, but on a moment's reflection he corrected himself, saying, "Yes, I have, I can die better without my watch than for the suffering soldiers to go unprovided for," and he handed over his nice gold watch, which has reached here and will be for sale at the Iowa department. Such a gift ought to bring a rousing price.

AN IOWA FARM OF 160 ACRES DONATED TO THE FAIR.

The county of Harrison, Iowa, has liberally deeded to B. W. Raymond, Esq., of this city, to be sold for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair, a valuable farm of one hundred and sixty acres, which is pronounced by the County Surveyor as "arable and well adapted to farming purposes, the whole of it being bottom land, within six miles of the Missouri river, and is (he thinks) as good land as there is in the said county of Harrison." It has been appropriately named "The Army Farm," and the deed, which has been lithographed, teems with a wholesome patriotism. Well done for Harrison county! Who bids the highest for her noble donation?

ADDITIONAL DONATIONS TO THE WINE AND LIQUOR DEPARTMENT—COLLECTED BY BENNETT PIETERS.

Table listing various donations to the wine and liquor department, including names like H. H. Shufeldt, W. T. Shufeldt, Kraft & Co., etc., and their respective amounts.

All agents appointed by me throughout the United States, will please report immediately. Address, BENNETT PIETERS, P. O. Drawer, 6465, Chicago.

PHOTOGRAPHS may flatter us, but the looking-glass does not. When you look into yours next time, and the suggestive little monitor in your own mind hints that such and such features are not quite the thing, don't be in a hurry to console yourself with your nose, or teeth, or eyebrows, or some special half-view which you believe shows your facial beauty or capabilities to the best; but assume, take for granted, accept as the most certain fact you ever are likely to be possessed of, that your acquaintances, if they have noticed your features at all, remark chiefly that which you pass by in order to contemplate what pleases you better; There may be one who loves your face—who loves its defects. No dressing or manipulation would make it better or worse in those eyes. But if you have only one ugly feature that is noticed by your unfeeling majority, who don't care twopence whether you are handsome or plain. Accept the fact that you are not handsome. Accept it with a good-humored smile, and with the conviction that ugly people are always the pleasantest, are people who know they are ugly, and don't ever trouble themselves to sit in becoming attitudes, or, indeed, think about their faces at all. Be sure that your anxiety about your nose, or lips, or hair, or eye-lashes, which really absorb so much of your time and thoughts, need disturb you no longer. There they are; you can't alter them. If you try to do so, if you paint or dye, you make yourself ridiculous, if not ghastly. It never deceives your friends; they notice it, and say nothing, because they don't like to hurt your feelings; but they think you silly; they respect you, and you respect yourself, so much the less.

NOTES TO BE REMEMBERED.—Constant occupation prevents temptation. Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter. God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest. An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid. A man is never so apt to be crooked as when he is in a strait. A teamster may do a brisk business, but a wheelbarrow man carries all before him. Our real wants are few. The stomach tires of every thing but bread and water. There is one good wife in the country; but let every married man think that he hath her. The man who was struck by a coincidence is fast recovering. A woman's tears soften a man's heart; her flatteries his head.

"THE ARMY OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE."—Mr. Sewell, who has charge of the sale of pictures of the famous 8th Wisconsin eagle for the benefit of the Fair, has thus far paid into the Sanitary Fair Treasury the sum of \$10,000 as the proceeds of those sales. A colored school at St. Louis has sent over \$51.