

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.

THE CITY BELL.

BY RAMBLER.

Pealed the dreary city bell
Sad and doleful tale to tell,
From the town hall on the hill
Tolling midnight black and still;
Heard in mansion grand and tall,
Heard in hovel dark and small.

In a superb far and drear,
In an alley in the rear,
In a hovel small and old,
Gaunt from hunger, stiff from cold,
Fifteen souls imprisoned were,
Fifteen souls as free as air;
And among the wretched throng
Little Mary crept along.

No one knew and no one cared
When or where or how she fared,
Not a hand to help or guide,
Not a voice to soothe or chide,
None to love her, none to cheer,
Not a smile and not a tear.

Pealed again the city bell,
Sad and doleful tale to tell,
Mournful ever, loud and shrill,
Tolling midnight dark and still;
Heard in hovel dark and small
Heard in mansion grand and tall.

In a mansion tall and light,
Sounds of revelry by night,
And among a giddy throng
Mary soulless walked along.
Life was dear at such a price—
'Twas a life of sacrifice,
Little knew she of it all,
She felt to rise—rose to fall.

Pealed again the city bell
Sad and doleful tale to tell,
Thundering at the gates of night,
Tolling darkness into light;
Heard above and heard below,
Telling tales of deepest woe.

To the river Mary went,
One prayer to heaven she sent,
Then sprang from the river side,
And as she had lived, she died—
With none to love, none to fear,
Not a smile and not a tear.

Born and bred in poverty,
Nurtured in depravity,
Neglected and all alone,
Not a guiding star had shone,
In a life without an aim—
Who can judge or who can blame?

MARGERY.

The bells of the village church had been ringing sweet and clear, and the sound was borne on the summer air miles away, making solemn music, which was very pleasant to a little lonely heart.

On the stone-steps of the farm-house, watching the shadows, or looking now and then with a wishful glance toward the bright sky, sat Margery.

Margery who? "That was all, she had no other name," she said, when strangers questioned her.

Farmer James had found her one wintry night on a snow-drift by the road-side. She was warmly wrapped and sheltered from the storm. Several changes of clothing, a sum of money, a paper on which was written "Margery," were in a basket near. She had been kept by the farmer's wife, who hoped some day to be rewarded, and who at first built many air-castles, which had for their foundation the coming of Margery's rich friends. She was sure they were rich, she said, for the child's clothing was fine and soft, and the lace upon the little gown was worth more than her best Sunday gown.

But as years passed and these unknown persons gave no sign, she grew weary of her charge, and by degrees indifference gave way to actual unkindness.

Poor little Margery, what had she done, and why was she so unlike the happy children whom she sometimes met? She often wondered, as she did that Sunday afternoon, sitting in the sunshine, how many miles off heaven was, and whether she could walk there if she tried? "I wish I knew," she said. "I wish I knew which road to take, and had somebody to go with me, for I am so tired of living here!"

Little children, who with folded hands, say your, "Nor I lay me down to sleep," who are laid to rest by loving hands, with your mothers' good-night kisses on your lips—little happy children—how blest are you who read wonderingly of this child, whose life was so unlike your own!

Margery had been taken once by a kind neighbor with her children, to the village Sunday-school. There she heard, for the first time, of a beautiful place called heaven, the home of God and his angels. The good old ministers was talking of Jesus, of the little ones whom he had blest while on earth, whom he still loved in heaven, while

after death good children would go to be shining angels in the sky.

Margery went home like one in a happy dream. She scarcely heard the scolding words that Mrs. James poured out like a torrent. She should not always be tired and lonely. There was some one who would love her, if she could only reach him; there was a beautiful home if she only knew the way there.

She kept the sweet thoughts in her little sad heart; dreamed of them when she slept, and took comfort in them as she went upon her errands day by day, or tended the fretful child whose mother had so little pity for her desolation.

One morning when the busy dame seemed to be in an unwonted mood, more gentle than she remembered to have seen her, Margery took courage and ventured to ask information on the subject that had occupied so many of her thoughts.

"If you please, ma'am, how far is it to heaven?"

The astonished woman dropped her iron, putting in danger thereby her good man's Sunday linen.

"What put that into your head, I'd like to know?"

Poor frightened Margery, for once her anxiety to hear something of the blissful home she was determined to seek, gave her courage.

"I heard the minister talk about God in heaven, and I thought if it wasn't too far, and I could find the way I'd like to get there."

"Well, I never," said Mrs. James, and turning fiercely upon the child, "Do you think its a place for the like of you? because, if you do you're mistaken, I can tell you. Try to get there, indeed! I think you may try! Now just do you go and shell them peas, and don't let me hear you talk such foolishness again!"

So the child went out once more into the shadow that had so long been like a pall on her heart, and the great hope that had been like a sunny gleam for a little while, suddenly faded out of her yearning heart.

But the longing was still there. Margery had never been taught a prayer; she did not know that God could read her every thought and wish; that his eye of love was always watching over her; if she had, she would not have fallen asleep so often, with her cheeks wet with tears, or have looked around on the meadows, and up into the sky as then, with such a hungry feeling for love and kindness.

She was alone, as she had often been on Sabbath days; no mother's loving fingers fashioned dainty robes for Margery. "She ought to be thankful," Mrs. James told her, "to have such decent clothes; it wasn't every one who would give them to her—but for her part, she couldn't abide rags!"

The decent clothes, however, made so poor a show that she did not choose to exhibit the child who wore them to gossiping neighbors.

So the little girl staid quietly at home, alone, as I said before, except that "Watch," the house dog, moved lazily after her when she walked about, and sometimes rubbed his cold nose against her hand, and wagged his tail, as much as to say, "Don't fret, here is one friend for you!"

And the great Friend above all others, whom Margery did not know, looked down upon the lonely child, and saw how desolate her young life was. So it was, that but a few more Sabbaths found her in the accustomed place upon the doorstep, or in the meadow, or looking out at night, from her little window, at the shining stars.

There came a time when a dreadful fever took from many homes one and another who were sadly missed, and its fatal touch was laid on Margery, for whom no one cared on earth, but who was just as precious in God's sight as those whose graves were wet with many tears.

The bright spirits whom we can not see, though they are often near, watched over Margery. A neighbor, who had buried her own little daughter, was sitting by the child at the last, and thinking she asked for water, took it to her. "Isn't it beautiful, beautiful?" said the little one, "I shall get to heaven after all; they've come to show me the way! Isn't it beautiful?" and with a smile on her lips, and a light in her eyes that made her face gloriously fair, the soul of little Margery was borne up to the Beautiful Land, and the songs of the angels welcomed her, where she could never be sad nor lonely any more.

SOME DIFFERENCE.—A few days ago, a little fellow, Eddy, not slow in roguery, complained that James had been throwing stones at him. The teacher inquired into the matter, and found the charge correct. She said to Eddy—

"What do you think you would do if you were teaching, and had such a boy as that?"

"I think I should flog him," was the reply.

Upon this, James began to fear the result, and so he filed his complaint.

"Eddy threw a stone at me t'other day," said he.

"Ah," said the teacher, "I must know about this matter. Is it true, Eddy, that you have been throwing stones at James?"

Eddy hung his head and confessed it. After a little thumping of the strings, she says—

"Well, Eddy, what do you think you should do with two such boys as you and James?"

"I think," said he, sobbing, "I should try 'em again!"

CURIOUS FACTS FROM SAVAGE LIFE.

A chivalrous regard for the fair sex has always been looked upon as one of the great differential points between barbarism and refinement. And there is no more significant fact in the experience of a savage family than this—that she expects to be ill treated as a matter of course. Indeed the absence of outrage is frequently regarded as an outrage itself. "If the Congo wife," writes Mr. Hoade, "is not soundly flogged every now and then, she considers herself an injured woman and remonstrates with her husband." In her pleasing "Reminiscences of Tartar Steppes," Mrs. Atkinson says that on her arrival at Barnaul she discovered the meaning of the whip which she had observed suspended over the beds in the houses of all the peasantry on the road.

A female, who was married some little time before, went to one of the authorities to complain that her husband did not love her as husbands ought to do both at home and abroad. "Why did she think so?" was the question. "Because," replied she, "he had never once thrashed her." The instrument of flagellation had, in fact, been hanging over their couch in perfect idleness ever since the wedding. When women are thus degraded into serfs, is it any wonder that the sex should be low in intelligence and deplorably deep in ignorance? Sometimes, indeed, they exhibit a degree of simplicity—shall we call it simplicity?—which is perfectly astounding. On Mr. Reade's visit to the Camma country, in equatorial Africa, the chief, with more politeness than prudence, sent his daughter to wait upon the white man.

The Princess Ananga was a *belle sauvage*, with a fine form, a beautiful bronze complexion, and a pair of large, gentle eyes, which would have made havoc with susceptible hearts had they been fixed in a European head. Now this young lady was so thoroughly unsophisticated that she supposed that the travellers must have been painted white, and great was her surprise on wetting her finger and rubbing his cheek to learn that the color would not come off. She thought his hair must be a loan from some wild animal, and exhibited much astonishment when she found she could not remove it as easily as his hat. She could not comprehend why Europeans wore clothes, and the discovery of pockets in his dress, and the disappearance of his hands in these pouches, startled her as much as if he had buried them in his body.

The latter phenomenon, in fact, was deemed so marvellous that invitations were sent to other families, who flocked to the hut to see the traveler insert and withdraw his hands fifty times in succession. But there was one point upon which Ananga appeared to be so profoundly uneducated that Mr. Reade's fidelity as a narrator might at first be very reasonably suspected. One evening he ventured to kiss the princess who made his breakfast, cooked his meals, and washed his feet. She uttered a shriek, and fled from the house as if he had levelled a pistol at her head. He found on enquiry that this mode of salutation was "utterly unknown in Western Africa."

It is difficult to believe. We never heard before of a race of beings so deplorably benighted that they could not comprehend—and comprehending, appreciate—this pleasing function of the human lips. The traveler, indeed, suggests that, as he was in an anthropophagous neighbourhood, the damsel might regard it as a cannibal measure, and conclude that he was preparing to devour her heart, and it must be said for her that when she learned that kissing was one of the luxuries of civilization, and much in vogue in polished communities, she appeared to submit with admirable resignation.

A YOUTHFUL MARRIAGE.

A curious illustration, copied by permission from the papers at Vale Royal (the seat of Lord Delamere), has been supplied to us by a friend. When Lady Essex Cholmondeley's sister, Lady Londonderry, died, Lady Essex had under her care Lady Londonderry's only daughter, Lady Lucy Pitt. Miss Cholmondeley and her cousin were educated together with great strictness and exactness, almost amounting to severity. When the family were at Vale Royal the young ladies were only allowed to walk up and down about a quarter of a mile for some hours, Lady Essex Cholmondeley placing herself at the window to watch them. They were to walk perfectly erect, and never to speak. Lady Essex Cholmondeley had a house in London, near the parks. One day the two girls stayed out rather late, and as they passed by Lady Lucy's uncle, he said, "What will Lady Essex say to your being out so late?" The poor frightened girls at that moment met two Westminster boys, whom they were acquainted with, the Messrs. Meyrick, brothers, of Bodorgan, in the Island of Anglesey, the eldest heir to an immense estate and a beautiful place. The boys proposed that they should set off immediately and be married, and take the maid-servant, who was then walking with the young ladies, and then all sail directly over to France.

They agreed to go, but Lady Lucy Pitt said she could not possibly go without a little figure of a dog, a toy that when it was pressed down, the dog barked; and Miss Cholmondeley said that she must take with her a beautiful little bird, which opened the door of the cage, hopped out and sang.

So childish were the girls, that they returned home solely to get these things. On their arrival at the fleet, they did not delay a moment, but sent for a clergyman, and they all went to church—Lady Lucy Pitt not quite 14 years of age, and Miss Cholmondeley 13. The clergyman demurred about marrying Lady Lucy; she was so very little, and in a frock, and both perfect children in all respects.

However, they put the maid servant's gown on Lady Lucy Pitt, and she was married to the eldest Mr. Meyrick, and Miss Cholmondeley to his brother. They were stepping into the vessel to sail away, when they were all seized by Lady Essex Cholmondeley and her party. The boys were sent aboard, and the girls carried back to London and severely reprimanded and locked up. Poor children, they were perfectly miserable. If the clergyman had not delayed in regard to Lady Lucy, the parties would have sailed for France. This extraordinary affair was the cause of the Marriage act; the two young married couples, being of such high rank, and having immense property. Some years afterward the marriages were solemnized properly in England, with the consent of all the relations and friends.

ABOUT SLEEP.

Every act of the body or mind wears the organs or parts used. The arms of the mechanic, the legs of the traveler, the brain of the student, would soon be destroyed, if the worn-out particles were not replaced by new ones derived from the food. During waking hours, waste or loss in the body goes on faster than it can be repaired; but after twelve or sixteen hours of activity, the faculties begin to work heavily, and at last refuse to obey the will. The eyes close in spite of the strongest efforts to keep them open; the ears will not carry sounds to the brain, the limbs refuse to move, and the person sleeps. It is possible by great mental effort, or excitement, or by taking stimulants, to prevent sleep for hours or even days, but finally it cannot be resisted. Soldiers have slept on the ground with a battle fiercely raging around them. It is related, that during Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, wearied soldiers would often fall asleep in the ranks while marching, and in some instances continue to walk unconsciously for a long distance. During the bombardment of Fort St. Philip, on the Mississippi river, guns of heavy calibre were used, which made a tremendous and deafening report at each discharge; but the artillerymen who were working them, when exhausted and replaced by others, lay down on the decks of the boats containing the guns, and slept soundly through all the firing. During sleep, only the necessary functions of the body, as breathing, circulation of the blood, etc., are carried on, and as these do not consume all the power supplied to the body by the food, a stock is laid up for use upon waking. Children require more sleep than older persons, because much of their food is appropriated in adding to their growth, and also because of their greater activity. Young persons need from ten to twelve hours, depending upon the constitution and habits of the individual. Although too much is hurtful, it is less so than too little; in the latter case, there is rapid exhaustion of the vital power, and the person grows old fast.

THE DEMONSTRATIONS OF AFFECTION

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

How much more we might make of our family life, of our friendships, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We are now speaking merely of personal caresses. These may or may not be the best language of affection. Many are endowed with a delicacy, a fastidiousness of physical organization, which shrinks away from too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But there are words and looks and little observances, thoughtfulness, watchful little attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarcely a family that might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them.

It is a mistake to suppose that relations must of course love each other because they are relations. Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearing under the hand of a gardener; and love can dwindle and die out by neglect, as choice flower seeds, planted in poor soil, dwindle and grow single.

Two causes of our Anglo Saxon nature prevent this easy language and flow of expression which strike one so pleasantly in the Italian or French life; the dread of flattery, and a constitutional shyness.

"I perfectly longed to tell So-and-so how I admired her the other day," says Miss X.

"And why in the world don't you tell her?"

"Oh, it would seem like flattery you know."

Now what is flattery?
Flattery is *insincere* praise given from interested motives, but the sincere utterance to a friend of what we deem good and lovely in him.

To reprove small faults with undue vehemence is as absurd as if a man should take a hammer because he saw a fly on his friend's forehead.