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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.

THE VILLAGE BELL.

BY RAMBLER.

Pealed the merry village bell
Over distant mead and dell,
From the church upon the hill,
On the Sunday morning still,
Calling to the pews of oak,
All the honest village folk.

And among the simple throng
Little Mary walked along,
With her tiny dimpled hand
In her mother's, hard and tanned,
Prattling crystal childish words
How she wondered that the birds,
Little trauants of the bowers,
Dared to sing in Sabbath hours.

Happy in her mother's love,
Rich in wealth she knew not of;
Rubies shutting over pearls
Were her lips and teeth; her curls,
Waving richly fold on fold,
Filagree of purest gold.

Pealed again the village bell,
Over distant mead and dell,
From the church upon the hill
On a summer morning still,
Calling to the pews of oak
Merry trains of village folk.

And among the bridal throng
Mary blushing walked along,
Clasping tightly to a hand—
Not her mother's—hard and tanned
Lipsing coyish maiden words;
While again the little birds,
Merry minstrels of the bowers
Poured their melodies in showers.

Pealed again the village bell,
Over hamlet, mead and dell,
And among the funeral throng,
Mary, pale was borne along.
Cold upon her quiet breast
Folded were her hands in rest.

And the birds still tling never,
Sing their minstrel songs forever.
Peals again the village bell
Mary used to love so well,
Thund'ring at the gates of night
Tolling darkness into light.

Preaching with its mellow tongue
Homilies to old and young;
Telling tales of joy or woe,
To the dead who rest below;
Giving back the love she gave,
Does she hear it in the grave?

FOR VOICE OF THE FAIR.

ONLY A PRIVATE.

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

He was "only a private," sunburnt and dusty, his uniform dingy and clumsily mended, the silk handkerchief that did duty as a sling for his wounded arm, none of the cleanest. So pretty girls who had always a smile and gracious bow for an officer, passed him by with just a careless half glance or no glance at all; and business men muttered pitying-ly under their breath, "poor fellow," and went on with their money-making and money-getting and forgot him altogether.

"Only a private," yet he had stood in the thick-est of the fight when bullets hurtled like hail and crashing shells crushed out precious human lives, doing his duty as a soldier may.

"It was tiresome lounging about in a strange place with nothing under the sun to do," he had said, standing there at the corner of the street idly watching the crowds that came and went, wishing that the long day was over; wishing that the business which was keeping the regiment there in the city was finished, so they could all go on home.

"R-o-s-e-s, r-o-s-e-s, fresh v'lets, fresh roses. Will you buy a bunch, sir? Only ten cents," and the child lifted her basket of dewy treasures up onto the dry-goods box against which the soldier leaned. "Buy a bunch, sir? Only ten cents."

"Can't, little one. I've got no money. Haven't been paid off yet. They smell mighty sweet, though. Makes me think of home jest to look at 'em. Mother and sis used to have lots of 'em in the garden at home."

"Jack dear, is it you?" said a sweet voice suddenly, and a fair face framed in the loveliest bonnets was there before him, and a pair of eyes bluer than the violets, shot up at him a swift, smiling glance of recognition and welcome. "Why, brother Jack, don't you know me? I knew you the minute I heard you speak."

"Minnie dear! I thought you were a hundred miles away," and the tall soldier bent down and kissed the girl's pink cheek with an energy that made old Colonel Nash, who knew her, and passed just then, pause and stare, albeit he was not given to the rudeness of staring.

"Ah! yes, I understand now," he said presently, and turned back to meet the couple coming leisurely up the street.

"Our brother has returned, I see, Miss Minnie," and the gallant colonel lifted his hat to the young lady and shook hands with the man beside her as cordially as though he had worn the starred shoulder straps of a major-general.

He knew that sun-burnt, resolute young face. He would have known it if he had met it at the antipodes, and yet he had seen it but once before in his life and then only for a brief passing moment; but the sharp peril of that moment had etched it indelibly on his memory. Seeing it now recalled another day, not clear and bright like this, but dull and lowering, the air murky with battle smoke, the earth a tremble with the heavy roar of artillery. Again he led the brigade in that terrible advance under the fire of two rebel batteries. "Ah! wickedly well they shot!" those rebel gunners, trained artillerymen all of them. Five hundred desolated Northern homes this day bear witness to their skill. It was all over at last, the advance, the charge, the hand to hand fight around the guns, and the boys in blue planted their flag in triumph over the hotly contested spot.

Colonel Nash recalled it all in the space of a breath; recalled, too, one incident that stood out sharp from the rest of that days experiences. A little group of rebels surrounding one man, himself, on foot, unhorsed, his right arm hanging limp from the shoulder, disabled by a sabre cut. Saw the savage faces closing round him, while one growled with an oath, "It's the colonel of the twentieth. I know him of old. Shoot him down like a dog." Not a dissenting voice—it was fitting work for those renegade Kentuckians to murder a defenceless man in cold blood. The carbine was against his breast and the ruffian's finger on the trigger—but he never pulled it. Some one struck up the murderous arm, there was a flash, a sharp report, and when the smoke cleared a little the officer saw only a dead rebel at his feet and this man standing beside him.

"You drove them?"
"Yes. But here are your own men coming, sir," and then the face that had flashed before him for that brief instant disappeared and he never saw it again. But in that single moment that man had proved himself a hero though he was "only a private."

JEFF. DAVIS AND AARON BURR.

The announcement that an indictment had been found, at Washington, against Jeff. Davis, for treason, has excited much interest. It probably indicates that he will be tried there by a civil tribunal, the specific overt act being the raid committed in June, 1864, in the District of Columbia. That he has levied war against the United States is the most notorious fact of contemporaneous history; and that the act of levying war against our Government, when committed by one of its own citizens, constitutes the crime of treason is equally clear and undeniable. Of his moral guilt there can be no doubt. Their question would be unanimously decided against him in any loyal portion of our country. But the jury who are to be the arbiters of his fate will be called upon to determine whether he has been proven guilty in manner and form as he stands indicted. Before a civil tribunal, conviction and punishment of an offender can only follow after all the obstacles and shields which the ingenuity of counsel can discover in the usages of law and in technical subtrefuges have been fully surmounted.

Even in the case of so notorious a criminal as Jeff. Davis, it is probable that his defenders will make ingenious special pleas in his favor, and endeavor to throw doubt, not upon his real guilt, but upon the propriety and justice of his legal conviction.

The prosecutions for treason, which are so common in other countries, have been, comparatively, infrequent in the United States, and the judicial interpretations of our laws against that crime are not very numerous and explicit. One of the most remarkable cases was that of Aaron Burr, who was indicted for treason in Richmond, in 1807. His trial commenced in May, and was not concluded until about six months later, the court having in the interval, however, taken a recess from the thirteenth of June until the third of August. He was acquitted by a sort of "not proven" verdict, the jury saying that he was not found "to be guilty under the indictment by any evidence submitted" to them. The testimony against him established the wicked and treasonable character of his designs, but did not show the positive commission of any important overt acts. He was rather in the position of Jeff. Davis when he was delivering his farewell speech in the United States Senate than in the attitude of the rebel chieftain at the present moment. Various witnesses show that Burr contemplated a division of the Union into an Eastern and Western Republic, with the Alleghany mountains as the dividing line; that it was part of his plan to seize New Orleans and make it the capital of a new Confederacy, or the base of a marauding enterprise against Mexico; and that he had even discussed the feasibility of an attempt to overthrow the regular Government at Washington, and "to turn Congress neck and heels out of doors" and "assassinate the President."

But Burr had really done none of these things. He had organized a conspiracy. He had gained a

few reliable adherents and tried to win many more. He had ramifications to his scheme to suit all tastes. To some he represented it as a mere emigration to his Washington land; to others, as a settlement there with a view to be ready for prompt embarkation in a crusade against the neighboring Spanish provinces, as soon as our Government should authorize such a step; to others he boldly proposed the invasion and conquest of Mexico as a filibustering scheme. To Western minds, filled with discontent and antagonism to the East, he held out hopes of disunion. And to men whom he supposed deeply hostile to Mr. Jefferson, he spoke of the subversions of the Federal Government. His first great aim was to collect a strong army and gain the support of influential officers of the naval and land forces of the Union, and he was evidently disposed to shape his future course by the exigencies and opportunities of the times, his general drift being to make himself the Julius Caesar, Cromwell, or Bonaparte of America. But the evidence against him consisted chiefly in his efforts to seduce even officers from their allegiance, in his expression of treasonable sentiments and designs, and in a weak attempt at a formal organization of an expedition at Blennerhassett's Island. He cunningly evaded the responsibility of this tangible, overt act last named, by absencing himself from the treasonable gatherings he had incited.

Burr's plot was nipped in the bud. He captured no forts, killed no men, waged no gigantic warfare, assassinated no President. He might have acted as criminally as Davis if Thomas Jefferson had been as weak and treacherous as James Buchanan. But the sage of Monticello arrested the conspirator of 1807 so promptly that his plans were too crude and undeveloped to furnish sufficient evidence for his legal conviction. He was caught before the act, rather than "in the act" of treason. He escaped the tribunals which punish deeds, not thoughts, to suffer the public odium which brands the villain in intention and convicts the embryo traitor whose treachery has not blossomed into a full-blown crime.

During Burr's trial several questions were elaborately discussed, which may have a very important bearing on the fate of Davis. Among them, one of the first and most important is whether, under the Constitution, he can be tried at Washington for an offence committed while he was residing at Richmond. Elaborate arguments can be made on both sides, but the weight of authority clearly sanctions his recent arraignment.

WHICH WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

Riding the other day over a bit of poor road, such as is often found in the country, where the descent on one side was steep enough to overturn carriage and all, had the wheel but ran a foot over its edge, and the ground on the other side resembled the roof of a house, (not a modern built one either,) I had two encounters with —, well, you shall decide what.

We were chatting leisurely along (two ladies) when an empty coal-cart came in sight. Bucephalus pricked up his ears; so did I, figuratively, for he was a spirited fellow, and had he taken a notion to "shy," would have finished us in "a present," for, though in the track, we were not six inches from the verge of the declivity. Gathering up the reins so as to have him well in hand, I stretched my neck this way and that, measuring with a careful eye to see if there were not some point ahead where a widening of a foot or so would make it possible to pass without risk of a collision. There was none, no better and no worse, and I was regarding furtively and apprehensively the rocks lying down there at my right, when suddenly the driver of the coal-cart reined his horses up the bank on the left, and stopped, leaving me in possession of nearly the whole road. Perhaps he might have kept on and crowded past, but it would have been a "close fit." There was no forethought in the matter, but I met him with a nod, a smile, and a cordial out-spoken "Thank you, thank you," as if he had been an old acquaintance as well as a natural born nobleman. That was no credit to me. It was but the involuntary expression of relieved anxiety, and, of course, gratitude to one who had brought that relief.

"I always like to meet a gentleman anywhere," I said, settling back with a long breath after it was over, "and one as often finds them in a cart as a carriage, to my way of thinking."

"He was very kind, certainly," was the reply, with an emphasis which, while it gave a concurrence with the first part of my remark, left the other unanswered; or, if I chose to take it so, in a state of implied doubt.

The very next thing that happened was one particularly pat to the subject. Five minutes afterwards a light buggy with its single occupant rose over the hill a few rods beyond. I had time to notice that he was well looking and well dressed, that he held the ribands artistically over what was evidently a "blooded" animal,—but no more; for as he showed no disposition to slacken speed as he approached, my whole attention was turned to getting out of his way. This effort was carried so far that my companion leaned over my lap, saying alarmedly, "Don't! you'll be over." We were tipping slightly, but not a whit too much, as events proved,

for at that instant the buggy whizzed by with a click of the hind wheels as it passed, leaving a pair of women with blanched faces and hearts standing still at the double danger they had escaped. There was neither nod nor smile this time, but the word "wretch!" rose to my lips as I glanced back and saw a foot of ground at his right that he might as well as not have placed between us had he been so disposed; and I see even now the careless leer with which he regarded us, as if on the whole he enjoyed our fright, and this exhibition of his rare horsemanship. Rare may it be, if I am to be in contiguity, and rare the opportunities for displaying that, or any other of his accomplishments! He had every advantage for making a favorable impression as compared with the besotted driver of the rickety old coal-cart; but I put it to you, reader, which was the gentleman?

C. A. C. II.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Many years ago a celebrated continental physician, author of a celebrated work on the force of imagination, being desirous to add experimental to his theoretical knowledge, made application to the minister of justice to be allowed an opportunity of proving what he asserted by an experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The minister complied with his request, and delivered over to him an assassin, a man who had been born of distinguished parents. The physician told him that several persons who had taken an interest in the family, had obtained leave of the minister that he should suffer death in some other way than on the scaffold, or to avoid the disgrace of a public execution, and that the easiest death he could die would be by blood-letting. The criminal agreed to the proposal, and counted himself happy in being freed from the painful exposure to which he would otherwise have been subjected, and rejoiced at being able to save the feelings of his friends and family. At the time appointed the physician repaired to the prison, and the patient having been extended on a table, his eyes bound, and everything being ready, he was slightly pricked near the principal veins of the legs and arms with the point of a pin. At the four corners of the table were two little fountains filled with water, from which issued small streams, falling into basins placed there to receive them. The patient, thinking that it was his blood that trickled into the basins, became weaker and weaker by degrees; the remarks of the medical men in attendance in reference to the quality and appearance of the blood (made with that intention) strengthened the delusion, and he spoke more and more faintly, until, at length, his voice was scarcely audible. The profound silence which reigned in the apartment, and the constant dropping of the fountain had so extraordinary an effect on the brain of the poor patient, that all his vital energy was soon gone, and although a very strong man, he died without having lost a single drop of blood. Imagination has always been found a powerful agent in the production or aggravation of disease. Indeed, the fact has passed into proverb.

THE MERCIFUL NORTH.

The people of the north are singularly free from malice or revenge. They have shown this all through the war. They bore everything of the south, before they resorted to arms. They took up their weapons with reluctance. They could not be made to believe that the rebels were really in earnest, until the shot was fired on Fort Sumter. When they began to fight, they did not cease to appeal to the south to return to reason, and abandon her mad and wicked enterprise. We have never thought of starving or abusing the rebel prisoners we have taken. Our errors during the first two years of the war arose in great measure from our excessive leniency and want of downright earnestness in treating the rebels as enemies. Now that they are conquered, the north cherishes no malicious feeling towards them. If they will only behave themselves quietly and properly, the past will soon be overlooked. The obstacle, if there be any, to harmony, is not on our side. Even towards Jeff. Davis the feeling is not one of vindictiveness. We have no doubt that to-day a majority of the northern men wish for his execution. But the wish springs not from personal hostility to him, or from mean desire to make a captive feel our power, but from a profound conviction that the public safety requires the punishment of the official head of the rebellion. Nothing could be more in contrast with the revengeful spirit of the leading rebels than this magnanimous temper of the north. It has pleased the foreign enemies of our cause to dwell on what they call the cruelty of the north. But we ask them to look at our uniformly merciful treatment of rebel prisoners, and to compare it with the starving at Andersonville, the murder of our President, and the spreading of yellow fever, and see if ever a nation was so lenient towards foes who resorted to such kinds of warfare.

Van Amburgh's big elephant, "Old Hannibal," which died a week or two since, was sixty-six years old, and had traveled for thirty-six years at the rate of three thousand miles a year. He weighed fifteen thousand pounds, and his daily rations, in health, consisted of three hundred and ninety pounds of hay, three bushels of oats and forty-six gallons of water.