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"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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## BATTLE PICTURES.

BY W. H. C. BOSMER.

Some visions pass before the closing eyes  
When on his last red field the warrior lies;  
He little rocks though in his falling ear  
Ring cry for quarter, and the charging cheer,  
Or round him mangled wrecks of battle bleed,  
The gasping rider, and his fallen steed:  
Familiar names are faltering on his tongue,  
His falling sight is on his birth-place hung;  
He sees the mossy bucket in the well,  
And hears the low of kine, the pastoral bell;  
And in his wild delirium believes  
That he is safe beneath home's cottage eaves,  
While loved ones grouped around him at the door  
Shed tears of joy for his return once more.

My gallant boy, near Rappahannock's flood  
Sleeps in his blanket soaked with precious blood;  
Through fifteen battles had he safely passed  
Baptized in fire, but fell in front at last,  
Far from the lovely region of his birth,  
Ancestral tombs—his father's darkened hearth.  
A broken-hearted mother when I left  
My cot of joy forevermore bereft  
With visage, pale as moon-lit marble, said  
"Bring me no Christmas gift—bring back my dead!"  
Ah! many Rispa's in our blood-drenched land,  
Mourn for lost members of the household band,  
Cleft by the steel, or shell, and bullet torn  
Without a bier to shroudless burial borne:  
But with my bitter grief commingles pride  
That not in vain my beardless hero died,  
Facing Rebellion with a dauntless brow,  
And stamping with death's seal a patriot's vow.  
Ah! better wait for martyrs who have won  
The fabled crown than call a coward son,  
While high and loud a nation's battle-cry,  
Calls on the strong of heart to "do or die."

I had a friend that parted with his wife,  
Ere hushed the bells of bridal, armed for strife;  
I saw her eyes rain tears, in copious flow,  
When he went forth to meet the treacherous foe:  
Little she thought that we had looked our last  
On his heroic face, when by he passed  
Timing his footsteps to the drum's deep roll,  
Pride in his port, and courage in his soul.  
Ever the first and foremost in attack  
When rang the call to beat Rebellion back,  
His knell at last the roar of conflict pealed,  
On red Antietam's well-contested field.  
A faithful comrade hurried to the spot  
To staunch the blood where pierced the fatal shot;  
His eyes unclosed, and speech at length returned,  
While his heart wildly for the absent yearned—  
"Once more upon the picture of my bride  
I wish to look"—in earnest tones he cried—  
"Open my knapsack—you will find it there!"  
Soon in his hands was placed the picture fair,  
While round him thickly showered the shot and shell  
He gazed upon the face he loved so well,  
Till the dread film of death his eye closed o'er,  
And the loved portrait was beheld no more;  
Though when the pulseless heart had ceased to thrill,  
The rigid fingers clasped the treasure still.  
A grey-armed oak uprears its trunk to mark  
Where he lies low, his name upon the bark,  
His martial cloak around him for a shroud—  
What winding-sheet for one like him more proud!

## THE GRAND SOIREE OF THE SHODDY FAMILY.

The grand night of the Shoddy soiree had come at last. All day long big baskets of champagne, astonishing things from the confectioner's, crates of glass and bandboxes, new dresses and new jewelry, had been arriving at the Shoddy mansion. A hairdresser was in the boudoir "doing" the ladies' hair in all the extravagant magnificence of the latest style. Mr. Shoddy, with the individual that he called his "wally," probably a corruption of valet, was locked up in his own room, and even Master Dick was resplendent in a new suit and patent leather boots.

Three hired waiters superintended the setting of the supper table, and all was in preparation to astonish other contractors and their families, who were invited to stare and envy, as well as the *creme de la creme* with whom the Shoddies sought to mingle.

When fully dressed, the display of shoulders and arms was something wonderful. But then the Shoddies had arms and shoulders worth showing, firm and fat, and red beyond belief.

The first arrival was Mr. John Jones, a gentleman connected with hide and tallow contracting. He had had some experience in society, and could dance to admiration. If not an exquisite, he set up for one, which was much the same thing. He was received with many smiles and much tossing of curls.

"You young ladies does look splendid to-night," said Mr. Jones, after the first salutations were over. "I see to Jerry King, who keeps a hotel in our place, this very day, there aint no such what I call out-and-out stylish girls nowhere as them Shoddies, and I'm an admirer of the fair sect generally." "Lor!" simpered Miss Amanda, "how you tork!"

"You go on jest that way to all ladies; I know you do," said Miss Almira.

"No, I don't now. Bet yer life, I don't," said Mr. Jones. "Say that agin, I'll kiss both of you."

"You don't dare to."  
"Don't I? We'll see."

Whereupon Mr. Jones made kissing demonstrations, and the young ladies got behind chairs, and he chased them, and they were having a very nice time, when the bell rang again and called the fair damsels to order.

And now arrived in quick succession, Mr. and Mrs. Saltjunk and their little boy, Mr. Moses Moncybags and son, all the Swattles, invited in the hope they would die of envy, the Highfliers, four brothers and a daughter, who, having received invitations, came "to see what such people were like." Dandy Tiptop and his nephew, who had resolved to come and not take notice of anybody, as a happy medium. Also several rather juvenile members of the upper ten, who went anywhere where there was dancing and supper, several others who came to quiz the Shoddies, and several more who came to see them do it. Contractors by the score, one or two political gentlemen, who, with a view to further electioneering, adored everybody and visited everywhere, and various bachelors invited, because, as Miss Almira said, "A party wasn't nothing without plenty of fellers."

In the midst of the arrivals, the black boy sought Miss Shoddy and whispered in her ear:

"That volunteer's wife is at the area door, miss, and says, 'Can't you please to pay her,' miss; she does look awful poor; she said, 'please tell you it was partickerler, or she'd not bother you.'"

"Tell her to clear out," said Miss Amanda, "she can come on Friday if she likes. Don't she know I've got a party? Wonder if she expects I'll leave the company to pay her eight shillins? You'll lose your place if you bother me agin, mind that."

And at this message the poor volunteer's wife took herself home, to try to forget her hunger in sleep.

The rooms were full. The contractors' wives flaunted their scarlet robes and feathers; the contractors' daughters laughed until the jewels on their bare necks and arms glittered. The upper ten turned up their noses and ridiculed everything. Miss Shoddy sang through her nose that song which good taste and a sweet voice makes such an exquisite thing, and want of feeling and a coarse voice such a disgusting one, namely, "Ever of Thee."

One of the political men informed the company aloud that the performance excelled everything he had ever heard, except the Swedish Nightingale's (Jennie Lind's) last concert in America; and one of the aristocrats, just to show the vulgarians what music was, sat down to the piano and played one of those rightfully scientific pieces, which seem at first to reduce one to the necessity of using one's nose, like Mozart, but which great performers conquer with their ten fingers; and the other political man declared that he wished Gottschalk was there to hide his head and blush before a woman; then the people broke into groups, and the musicians arrived, and there was dancing. The aristocrats waltzed with each other. The quizzing party devoted themselves to a bevy of contractors' daughters, who swallowed the most astounding stories of high life, and considered the quizzers delightful young men.

The Shoddies and their immediate friends polkaed and schottisched in a manner calculated to astonish the upper ten. Elderly people talked scandal in the corners, and all was "merry as a marriage bell," when dire screams were heard in the hall, and a female domestic rushed in, crying:

"Oh! dear, what shall I do? there is a great goat will come in, an awful black creature, with such horns!"

"It's my Billy," cried Sammy Saltjunk. "I know'd he'd come."

"A goat the dear child has taught to draw a cart," said Mrs. Saltjunk. "Sammy is awful fond of him, and he goes everywhere like a dog. But he's dangerous when he's mad, and won't mind anybody—"

The sentence was cut short by the abrupt entrance of an immense black goat, with wicked eyes, who lowered his horns and stood like an evil disposed bull in a Spanish arena.

"John," cried Mrs. Shoddy, in shrill treble, "turn that thing out."

John advanced with trepidation, and the goat made an immediate attack upon him. John retreated, the goat followed, old Mrs. Blunn was in the way, and John became entangled in her crinoline. The goat charged gallantly, and over went John, Mrs. Blunn, an ormolu table, a marble Venus, and the first politician.

Mr. Shoddy rushed to the rescue of his guest, and was fairly tossed, clutching the arm of Mr. Saltjunk in his fall. Ladies shrieked and fled. Billy made charges at the retreating forms, and finally went clattering down into the supper-room.

The table was spread. In ten minutes more the guests would have been seated at the banquet. But Billy, overjoyed, reared his fore-legs upon the table, and knocking down four goblets, began to devour a sugar castle four feet high.

The waiters flew at him; he lowered his horns, and they fled. The Shoddies, *en masse*, attacked him, and he with a graceful leap sprang upon the table, by turns satisfying his hunger and charging

at the crowd of assailants who endeavored to force him from his position. At each movement, silver, glass, and eatables sprung across the room, and the banquet was demolished. Finally Master Sammy, left to himself, by dint of coaxing and the offer of some special dainty, got his pet out into the street and shut the door upon him.

But, alas! too late. A small fortune lay smashed and trodden in upon the tapestry carpet, and the supper was gone forever. Just then a cry of fire rang through the street, and the discovery that the house next door was in flames, awoke the fears of the guests, who had not fled from the horns of the redoubtable Billy. The ladies departed *sans ceremonie*; the young men finding the supper gone, went likewise. The firemen put out the window-curtain which had caused the alarm, and then to amuse themselves played into the Shoddies' windows. The parlors were drenched, the velvet paper ruined, the ladies soaked, and at the end, the two politicians, who had discovered the whereabouts of the champagne baskets, flung open the doors, and addressing the company as "the gallant preservers of the lives and property of the universally beloved Shoddy family," invited them all to take a drink.

Corks flew, glasses clicked, the fire company cheered, and the unhappy Shoddies groaned.

Finally, at three in the morning, the gallant firemen retired, followed by the politicians, and the house was left to the lamentations of its inmates, who felt their first soiree to be a failure.

## THE ORIGINAL SQUEERS.

A correspondent sends us the following curious account of a recent conversation he held with a gentlemanly Englishman now traveling in this country. We give it for whatever it is worth:

In the midst of a familiar chat, he asked, "Did you ever read Dickens' Nicholas Nickleby?"

I answered "Yes."

"Well," returned he, "old Squeers was my old master, William Shaw, and here you have the rest of his story: One day, when I was passing by a bookstore on Holborn Hill, London, near the Saracen's Head Hotel, I saw a finely, though comically deformed picture of a schoolmaster. On stopping to observe it more carefully, I recognized the lineaments of my old Yorkshire schoolmaster, Shaw, and I went in and purchased the volume containing the picture, and found that it was Dickens' Nicholas Nickleby. A short time afterwards, I met an old school-fellow by the name of Bishop, from whom Dickens got the facts of the school part of the story; he told me that he put Dickens in possession of them as the surest way he knew of to pay off old Shaw for his brutality."

I asked him in what part of Yorkshire the Shaw Academy (Dotheboy's Hall) was situated; and his reply was at Bows. And then by piece-meal I examined the characters of Squeers (Mr. Shaw), Mrs. Squeers (Mrs. Shaw), Miss Squeers (Miss Shaw), Miss Squeers (Miss Helen Shaw), and Master Wackfort (Mr. John Shaw). Mrs. Shaw was to a dot as Dickens represents her. She used to take all our lead pencils, paper, shirts, collars, &c., and either sell them or give them to Johnny. O what a hateful little fellow he was; he'd steal our balls, and as we did not dare to speak to his father about them, he always kept them. Miss Shaw is unfairly drawn by Dickens; she was well educated, and considerably refined, having been sent to a first-class ladies' boarding-school. Mr. Shaw was a very passionate man, and when enraged at a boy in school, would order two boys to hold him down on a table, one holding down his head, the other his feet, and then he would gash his bare back with birch sticks; but no boy in school dared cry when whipped, for if he did the other boys pinched and kicked him when they got out of doors. Mr. Shaw never taught any branches except reading and spelling. The reading exercise consisted of Bible reading from the whole school, one hundred and twenty boys, two verses apiece; and the writing exercises of two lines of large and small hand. If any boy in either of these exercises didn't satisfy Mr. Shaw, he would forthwith lay him out on the table, order two boys to hold him down, and flog him till he got tired. One day, getting mad at a boy for a small fault in penmanship, he struck him with a rod and cut open his right cheek. The assistant masters were orphaned boys whom cruel guardians had apprenticed to him. One of them had had a large fortune left him by his parents, but his guardian had apprenticed him to Shaw as farm boy and teacher, and kept the fortune for himself. Mr. Shaw's large farm was cultivated by the boys. If they didn't work hard enough they were flogged or allowed half rations. For nearly two months they had to work at haying, the school being divided into throwers and rakers. After the haying, old Shaw would say to the boys in the writing class, "I'll not flog the rakers, for their hands are sore; but woe unto you throwers!"

He used to go to London twice a year, and then the boys had to write letters telling their parents what a good man Mr. Shaw was, and how kindly he treated them. Before the letters were written, he used to say, "I defy a boy of you to say that ever I took away a collar, shirt, or even a pin from him." But Mrs. Shaw always did that part of the business. When in London, he quartered at the Saracen's

Head. Once in three weeks the boys were ranged in rows, and the assistant masters went around and saw whether each boy had his lead spoon, fork and knife in hand; if he hadn't them, he lost his pocket money for two or three months.

After the publication of Nicholas Nickleby, Mr. Shaw lost all his pay scholars, and so he apprenticed his apprenticed schoolmasters to shoemakers, blacksmiths and carpenters. Mrs. Shaw, in about two years afterwards, died of a broken heart. Her contemptible old husband died almost an idiot. Helen married a low drinking fellow; Johnny became a London loafer; and the second son, Jonathan, who studied medicine, spent whatever was left of the old man's property among his fellow students in drinking and high living generally; but for some years has been the village physician in his native place, Bows. John Brodie actually existed in John Doats, the village shoemaker, who had the humane habit of helping the boys in running away from Shaw's dungeon, as he called the school.

When a boy came to the school, his clothes and other things were taken possession of by Mrs. Shaw, and he was given pants of leather, which had been worn by generations of boys before him, and which had been so patched with different colored pieces of cloth that the poor schoolboys mistakenly called them "Joseph's coat of many colors." When Mr. Shaw and all the contemptible tribe of Yorkshire schoolmasters had been shown up and ruined by Dickens' Nickleby, the London *Dispatch* came out advising Shaw and his fellow sufferers to prosecute Dickens for libel; but my brother and I, who by bitter experience knew the truth of Mr. Dickens' exposition, wrote to the editor of that paper, assuring him that the book was almost literally true. And then the *Dispatch* pitched into old Shaw more savagely than Dickens had done. Nicholas Nickleby, or rather a young Londoner, came into the school as assistant teacher after I left.

## TAXATION IN TURKEY.

A correspondent of the *Free Press* writes from Erzurum, Turkey:

Could you live here a few months you would better appreciate the blessings you enjoy; you would better understand what you are fighting for; you would agree, I think, that it was far better to give your right arm, or your right eye, or even your life, to maintain such a government as yours. Let me illustrate this point a little.

Take the matter of taxation. You probably feel rather sore under your present burdens, but they are small compared with what the poor people here bear. *One-tenth* of every thing raised on the soil here goes to the government. The poor man, after working hard all summer, and gathering in his scanty crop—just barely enough to feed himself and his children—must divide with the government. These taxes are not collected directly by the government, but by wealthy and cold-hearted men who purchase the right from the government, and who, in their exactions, are not particular to limit themselves to *one-tenth*. The peculiar severity of this tax consists more in its nature than in its size. It takes the bread from the mouths of the people—a species of burden which as yet, thank God, you have not been obliged to bear. Then there are taxes in every other possible form. The cotton and wheat that go to England are taxed, and the calicoes and sugar that come from England or France are taxed—without the slightest discrimination in favor of the best good of the people, and very seldom with wisest reference to the best interest of the government. Nor is this all. As the entrance of every highway to the city is a guard-house, occupied by a police officer, who follows to the custom-house every poor villager who has a donkey load of wheat to sell, and does not release him until the government has taken its share. Every poor man that spends several days in getting and bringing to market a small load of mean wood, must share his meagre profits with the government. Every pair of shoes, or stove, or wash-tub made in the city cannot pass the guard-house into the country without the proper certificate showing that the duty has been paid. You can have little conception to what an extent this oppression is carried.

And what does this poor people receive in return from the government? Nothing worthy of mention. It does not build roads or bridges, or establish schools for the mass of the people. It does not give security to life and property. Robberies and murders are frequent, and it is rare that the government does anything to prevent them. The only secure method of traveling is to go well armed and in plenty of company. Justice is quite unknown to the courts, unless it should chance to be on the side of the wealthiest or most powerful litigant.

As a result of this state of things, the people are utterly without earthly blessings—their condition is one of abject bondage. They have little to eat except the blackest, and hardest, and coarsest of bread—made of wheat or barley. They live in stables with their cattle—swarming with fleas and lice—full of filth and intolerable odors. They are but a single grade above their dumb brutes. The meanest slave or the dirtiest beggar in America knows more of comfort than the mass of the people here enjoy.