

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.]

SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
ADVERTISEMENTS \$1.25 PER SQUARE.

VOLUME I.
NUMBER 7.

CHICAGO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1865.

ROUNDS & JAMES, Printers,
No. 46 State Street.

THE ARSENAL.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[We presume no reader will regret to renew his acquaintance with the following poem; and if there be any who have never met with it, they will thank us for its production. The last two stanzas are strikingly beautiful.]

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear, even now, the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace,
Wheels out his battle-bell, with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums, made of serpents' skins.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell; the gateway wrenched asunder;
The rattling musketry; the crashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror;
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Should wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

THE RETURNING ARMIES.

The two great armies of the Union are upon the homeward route. They are leaving the scenes of their toils and conflicts, their sufferings and their conquests, their reverses and their triumphs, for the more attractive endearments of "home, sweet home." They are on their way to their final disbandment and separation. The Army of the Potomac and the army led by Sherman will henceforth only be known as such in history. The splendid collective material heretofore constituting these great organizations is about to be dissolved. The fellow comrades who have shared together the perils of the picket line, the storm of the battle, the sorrow for those who have fallen by their side, the exposure to the elements, the suffering from wounds, the stern grapple with swamp fever, the fatigue of the march, the slim consolation of hard tack, the longing for home, the anguish of hope deferred, the inexpressible luxury of letters from those who left behind, and the fond dreams of reunion with the writers, are about to bid each other adieu. Shoulder to shoulder they have fought their last battle for the Union they left their homes and loved ones to defend. They have come off more than conquerors, for they have won such magnificent victories and accomplished such vast results, and heaped up such wondrous achievements within the past few weeks that we can scarcely yet realize the scope and magnitude of successive events. They gave up the pursuits of peace and the fascinations of home, and consecrated themselves to the service of the country. They have done and dared and suffered all that men can do and dare and suffer, in the cause of popular government and human freedom, and justice and right. And now they return with the trophies of victory. They bring their banners, battle-stained and rent, but inscribed with ever-memorable and ever-glorious names. They return from one of the noblest missions in which human effort was ever directed, with the cheering consciousness of duty done. They return to receive the plaudits of the nation they have rescued

from treason, and the thanks of a grateful people for scattering to the winds the armed hosts of rebellion. They return to exchange the discomforts and privations of the camp for the solacing influence of their own firesides, and to find, instead of the everlasting drum calls and the crack of musketry, the voices of parents and wife and children.

Let it not be said in relation to these defenders and saviors that the republic is ungrateful. Let us not forget what we owe to them. Suppose they had faltered and failed; suppose they had abandoned the contest in despair. What then would have become of constitutional liberty? Where would popular government have found a safe abiding place? Where would our striped and starry standard have sought concealment of its shame? What were the past, and what of the future? What a mournful spectacle would this country have exhibited to the world! Democracy in ruins, free institutions overthrown, slavery triumphant, the unity of the States severed forever, the hopes of the friends of freedom abroad, the watching and waiting of other lands, discouraged, despondent, despairing! But Providence did not mean that justice should be crushed by lawless desperadoes, and that the prayerful voices of good men should be silenced by a horde of bank robbers and assassins. Its agents responded to the call. Not only were the defenders of the Republic forthcoming when they were needed, but they were nerved to more than mortal daring. They were sustained by high and holy resolve in the midnight hours of national gloom and trial and dread and doubt. Defeated again and again by the myrmidons of treason, they never gave up. Scarred and maimed and slaughtered, they rallied again around the cherished symbol of their faith, and fought until victory again perched upon their bayonets and rewarded their undying enthusiasm. They poured out their blood in rivers; they left their slain in thousands. They saved the Republic; they protected the ark of civil and religious liberty; they secured for theirs and ours the freedom which we inherited, and are now enabled to transmit to posterity. Nay, more; they have given us freedom in the higher form of its exposition. They have destroyed the system of bondage which clung to the garments of our goddess and stained them with blood. They have given us freedom purified and regenerated; an embodiment whose veins are no longer poisoned, whose garments no longer trail in the dust. They have given to the land a fresh start in a career of enlightenment. They have crowned the nation with present blessings and heaped up for it prospective honors.

Mustered out! And what then? Are these tattered and dusty warriors to receive as their recompense only the homage of the admiring crowd who assemble to witness and welcome their return? Are we to content ourselves with bestowing medals less worthy to keep and to care for than the corps badges which are stained by the smoke of battle? Are we simply to rear cenotaphs, and mould bronze, and cluster *immortelles* in memory of the fallen? We have a more important duty to perform. Many of these worn veterans have left positions of honor and profit which are now filled by others. They must be cared for. Many have come back incapacitated for their former occupations by wounds involving loss of limb. The authorities should give them such minor offices as are now filled by political hucksters. Those who wish to resume their trades should be patronized by our citizens, those who intend to re-establish shops and stores should be encouraged. Everybody should take it a duty to lend the helping hand. Those who are invalids for life should receive the fostering care that is bestowed upon the scarred and weather-beaten veterans of other lands. Let the nation, or the people, or both unitedly, build a Chelsea, or a Greenwich, or an Invalides—an Asylum, where the patriotism of heroes shall be fittingly commemorated, and where the battered remnants may be nurtured with the tenderness due to them. We may talk at leisure about generosity; meanwhile, let us pay the debt of gratitude.

PHILOSOPHY AND FASHION.

To the philisophic mind it is ever an amusement to contemplate the fanciful and fickle freaks of fashion. When hoops went out of vogue, nigh a century ago, the ladies vowed that scanty petticoats were infinitely prettier; and they vied with one another in reducing their dimensions, until their skirts became so shrunken they could hardly move their feet in the limited circumference. So, doubtless, will it be again, now that crinoline is doomed. The milliners of Paris have determined on reviving the "costume of the Empire" of some fifty seasons since, and who will dare dispute the mandates of the milliners? Already we see signs of the change which is approaching. Ladies fresh from Paris startle our eyes nowadays by appearing in what at first sight we might fancy are their night-dresses. Of course, when once the tide sets in, all the female world will swim with it. Casting overboard their crinoline, the ladies will all look as though they had been put under a rigid course of banting. Our wives will be so altered that we shall hardly know them: and when they walk out in their limp and scanty dresses, we shall at first be scarcely able to realize our happiness in missing the accustomed chafing of our shins. To the philisophic mind it will be curious to note what excuses will be made for the wearing of scant petticoats, to which the ladies have all vowed that they never could revert. The comfort that there was, said they, in wearing iron cages nobody could tell; and they protested that they wore them solely for that reason, and not for fashion's sake. The philosopher might shrug his shoulders at their vows, and rightly estimate their worth; but philosophy availed naught in its efforts to reduce the circumference of petticoats, which fashion had expanded, and fashion only could contract. In its influence on lovely woman, philosophy will bear no comparison with fashion; and the philosopher who fancies that his words will be listened to when fashion claims a hearing is no better than a fool.

A WORD ON CLOCKS.—Ingenious men of all ages, from Archimedes, 200 years B. C., to Wallingford, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, have been cited as the inventors of the clock. The fact is, that the clock, like almost every other useful instrument, gradually grew to perfection: one man suggested wheel-work; another the weight for maintaining or driving-power; another the balance for regulating the expenditure of that power; another the dial and hands; another the striking parts, and so on; and at last, one man combined all together in one machine, and gained the credit of making the first clock. This man appears to have been one Henry de Wick, or de Vick, who placed a clock in the tower of the palace of Charles the Fifth, about the year 1364, which clock is the most ancient of which there exists any particular description. The principles upon which it was constructed were essentially the same as those of the clocks of the present day; that is, there was a moving power and a regulating power. The moving power was a weight hung to a cord, wound round a barrel; the unwinding of which, by the fall of the weight, gave motion to a train of wheels that moved the hands around the dial. The regulating power was a balance-wheel, swinging backward and forward after the manner of the watch-balance, so familiar to us all.

A superb Affghan has been made and presented to the Fair. There are other Affghans, but this is the Affghan. It is pronounced by all who have seen it unsurpassed by anything in its line, either domestic or foreign made. It is not easy to suggest how it could be more elegant in design or workmanship. It is hand wrought throughout, yet has all the evenness of machine work. It is made by an amateur, and yet the selection and arrangement of colors and figures are worthy of an artist.

The latest idea is the introduction on railroad trains, of soda fountains. They have just been put on the trains of the Little Miami road.

HOW A LUNATIC ASYLUM WAS "INSPECTED."

I don't know how they call these men who inspect the lunatic asylums—whether commissioners, inspectors, or lunatic officers, or what; but I heard a good story about one the other day. He, the government inspector, (let me say government inspector, or I shall not be able to get on,) went down to a lunatic asylum to inspect, report, or whatever may be the term for it. He was a very tall fellow, with sandy whiskers, this official. He saw the medical superintendent, and said, "I don't wish to go over the asylum in the usual way, but to mingle with the patients as if I were a—an officer, a surgeon, or even one of themselves. By so doing I shall be better enabled to judge of their intellectual state, and of their progress in the direction of sanity." "With pleasure," said the doctor; "it is Saturday, and we usually have a dance on Saturday night. If you go into the ball-room, as we call it, you will see them dancing and talking without reserve." "Would it be objectionable if I—a—danced with them?" asked the official. "Not at all," was the reply. The official walked into the ball-room, and, selecting the prettiest girl he saw for a partner, was soon keeping up a very animated conversation with her.

In the course of the evening he said to the doctor, "Do you know that that girl in the white dress, with blue spots, is a very curious case? I've been talking to her, and I cannot, for the life of me, discover in what direction her mental malady lies. Of course I saw at once she was mad—saw it in the odd looks of her eyes. She kept looking at me so oddly. I asked her if she did not think she was the Queen of England, or whether she had not been robbed of a large fortune by the volunteer movement, or jilted by the Prince of Wales, and tried to find out the cause of her lunacy; but I couldn't, she was too artful." "Very likely," answered the doctor. "You see, she is not a patient; she is one of the housemaids, and as sane as you are." Meantime, the pretty housemaid went to her fellow servants and said, "Have you seen the new patient? He's been dancing with me. A fine, tall man, and beautiful whiskers; but as mad as a March hare. He asked me if I wasn't the Queen of England; if a volunteer hadn't robbed me of a large fortune, and whether the Prince of Wales did not want to marry me. He is mad. Isn't it a pity—such a fine young fellow."

A SEASONABLE HINT.—A person leaving a warm room, and going into a colder, or into the open air, should carefully close the lips for a few minutes, until he has become, as it were, acclimated to the colder atmosphere, and breathe through the nostrils alone, by which the cold air is made to traverse the long, warm nasal passage before it reaches the windpipe and vocal organs; and its temperature being thus raised, one common mode of "catching cold" is avoided. Most persons, upon leaving a warm church or hot concert-room, immediately open their mouths to discuss the merits of those they have just heard, and many a severe cold is taken. It is equally common, but still worse, for a public speaker to do so; for his throat is more heated from his recent exertions, and he may, and often does, become hoarse for a month by such apparently trifling neglect.

THE HOPE OF MAN.—Final success—the joy of life's ripe harvest—is the goal of our human hopes. No wise or thoughtful man will live merely for to-day. The pilgrim who seeks a home is not content to linger and loiter for the mere flowers beside his way. The sower looks onward to fields white and ready for the sickle. Wisdom has regard to the grand issue. The triumph or the pleasure of to-day is transitory. We want a hope that does not sink with the setting sun. The true success in life is that which does not fail the evening of our days, or leave them to blight or barrenness. We want that shout of "harvest home," that will not die into silence with the failing breath, but make the passage of the grave a whispering-gallery where heaven and earth talk together. We want something that will reach beyond time—beyond the things of the present—something that will take hold on eternity.—Gillett.