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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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## A POEM BY EDWARD EVERETT.

The late Edward Everett, though one of the most finished scholars, polished writers and eloquent orators of the age in which he lived, but seldom wrote poetry, though he was a most excellent judge and appreciator of it. The following is one of the few of his attempts in this line of literature:

### "REMEMBER ME."

Yes, dear one! to the envious train  
Of those around, thy moments pay,  
But wilt thou never kindly deign  
To think of him that's far away?  
Thy form, thine eyes, thine angel smile,  
For weary years I may not see;  
But wilt thou not sometimes the while  
My sister dear, remember me?

But not in fashion's brilliant hall,  
Surrounded by the gay and fair,  
And thou the fairest of them all—  
Oh think not, think not of me there;  
But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,  
And hushed the voice of sordid glee,  
And all is silent, still and lone,  
And thou art sad, remember me!

Remember me; but, loveliest ne'er,  
When in his orbit fair and high,  
The morning's glowing charioteer  
Rides proudly up the blushing sky;  
But when the waning moonbeam sleeps  
At midnight on the lonely sea,  
And nature's pensive spirit weeps  
In all her dews, remember me.

Remember me, I pray—but not  
In Flora's gay and blooming hour,  
When every brake hath found its note,  
And sunshine smiles on every flower;  
But when the falling leaf is sere  
And withers sadly from the tree,  
And o'er the ruins of the year,  
Cold autumn sighs, remember me!

Remember me; but choose not, dear,  
The hour when, on the gentle lake,  
The sportive wavelets blue and clear,  
Soft rippling to the margin, break;  
But when the deafening billows foam  
In madness o'er the pathless sea,  
Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam  
Across them, and remember me!

Remember me, but not to join,  
If haply some thy friend should praise;  
'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine  
To echo what the stranger says;  
They show us not; but shouldst thou meet  
Some faithful friend of me and these,  
Softly, sometimes, to him repeat  
My name, and then remember me!

Remember me, not, I entreat,  
In scenes of festal week-day joy,  
For then it were not kind or meet  
My thought thy pleasure should alloy;  
But on the sacred solemn day,  
And, dearest on thy bended knee,  
When thou for those thou lovest dost pray,  
Sweet spirit, then remember me!

Remember me, but not as I  
On thee forever, ever dwell,  
With anxious heart and drooping eye,  
And doubts 'twould grieve thee I should tell;  
But in thy calm, unclouded heart,  
Whence dark and gloomy visions flee,  
Oh, then, my sister, be my part,  
And kindly then remember me!

## A STARTLING SCENE IN CHURCH.

There were many thrilling scenes in the New England churches during the Revolutionary war. The following one occurred in Sharon, Ct., under the ministry of Rev. Cotton Mather Smith. It is found in Headley's "Chaplains of the Revolution."

Mr. Smith, one Sunday, took for his text a part of Isaiah xxi, 11, 12: "Watchman, what of the night?" The watchman said, "The morning cometh." The question in the first part of this passage had been the daily, almost hourly, inquiry for nearly a month, of every one of that congregation, and hence its appropriateness was keenly felt, but the startling announcement, "The morning cometh," took them by surprise, and they could not at first comprehend its significance, or how it could be adapted to the present gloomy prospect. Had he heard any good news? What had happened that he could say so confidently, "The morning cometh?" No, he had nothing new to tell them, only to proclaim over again his unshaken confidence in God's promises. He did not attempt to conceal or lessen the calamities that had befallen the country, nor deny that a fearful crisis was at hand. He acknowledged that to human appearance "clouds and darkness were round about God's throne," but said that the eye of faith could pierce the gloom. The throne was there, though wrapped in impenetrable darkness. In all the disasters that had successively overwhelmed them, he traced the hand of God, and declared that, to his mind they clearly indicated some striking interposition of Divine Providence about to take place in their behalf. "Man's extremity was God's opportunity." Our extremity had come, and now was the time for him to make bare "His arm for the deliverance of the people." Prophet-like, kindling with the vision on which the eyes of his faith rested, he boldly dropped the general subject of God's faithfulness, and told his astonished hearers that he believed they were on the point of hearing extraordinary news of victory to our arms. He would not wait for an indefinite future to prove his faith to be well founded—he was willing to bring it to the test of the present. They might judge whether he was right or wrong, for, said he, "The morning now cometh." I see

its beams already gilding the mountain tops, and you shall soon behold its brightness bursting over the land."

One cannot imagine the effect of such language uttered by the minister of God in such a time of doubt and suspense. He ceased, and as he closed the Bible and exclaimed, "Amen! so let it be," a silence profound and death-like rested on the audience. Each one seemed to feel as if an invisible presence was there, and some weighty announcement was just at hand.

Suddenly the deep hush was broken by the distant clatter of a horse's hoof along the road. The sharp and rapid strokes told of swift riding and of urgent haste. They knew at once what it meant. For days and weeks their eyes had strained up the street that led northward, to catch sight of the messenger of good or evil tidings that was hourly expected. He had come at last, and as nearer, clearer, rang the sound of that wild gallop on the listening ear, each looked in mute and earnest inquiry into his neighbor's face. Right on through the place, straight for the meeting-house, darted the swift rider, and drawing rein at the door, leaped from the saddle, and leaving his foam-covered steed unattended, strode into the main aisle. On the deep silence that filled the building like a sensible presence his armed heel rung like the blows of a hammer. As he passed along, a sudden paleness spread over the crowd of faces turned with a painful eagerness toward him. But looking neither to the right hand nor the left, the dread messenger passed on, and, mounting the pulpit stairs, handed the pastor a letter.

Notwithstanding the good man's faith his hand trembled, and an ashy hue overspread his face as he reached out to receive it. "Burgoyne has surrendered," were the first words that met his eye. He staggered under them as under a blow. The next moment a radiance like that of the morning broke over his countenance, and he burst into tears. Rising to read the incredible tidings, such a tide of emotion flooded his heart that he could scarcely utter them aloud. The audience sat for a moment overwhelmed and stupefied, then, as their pastor folded his hands and turned his eyes toward heaven in thankful prayer, impelled by a simultaneous movement they fell like one man on their knees and wept aloud. Sobs, sighs, and fervently uttered "Amen's" were heard on every side, attesting the depth of their gratitude and the ecstasy of their joy. "The morning" had come, bright and glorious, and its radiance filled all the heavens.

## HOW TO ESCAPE DANGER.

BY A CAREFUL OBSERVER.

The recent overturning of Secretary Seward's carriage, inflicted personal injuries upon him which were very severe, and from which he was still suffering, disabled in bed, when the recent attempt was made upon his life. The injury was caused by his jumping from a carriage while it was in motion. When horses run away at the top of their speed, the safest plan is to sit still, brace the feet forward, and hold on to the straps. Less injury comes from the breaking of the carriage and being overturned, than from attempting to jump out when the carriage is in quick motion, while the chances are that the horses will be stopped without harm to the person; or, if the carriage should be overturned, the first force is expended upon the breaking up of the carriage. Horses look out to avoid contact with objects which would hurt them. In jumping from a carriage, when the speed is not great, the following rule is laid down: Persons should jump face foremost, so as to run in the direction of their motion, and thus avoid falling. If they jump out in the direction of the door, or at right angles to the line of motion, they will fall and slide along the road until the friction has exhausted the power stored up in their moving bodies. At six miles per hour, this power is equal to lifting them 121 feet high, or to sliding them about five feet along the road.

## MRS. PARTINGTON IN A PERFUME STORE.

"Can I wait upon you, madam?" said Mr. Cushman, politely, as Mrs. Partington stood looking at the stored sweets in Washington street.

"Were I younger," said she, smiling as sweetly as Cytherea upon a pomade bottle, "I might feel flattered by such an offer. I do like politeness, though it is rarely one meets with it. The other night I went up to the opera, and stood an hour outside, and nobody had the good manners to offer me a seat."

Due sympathy was expressed, when she went on like a wheelbarrow.

"I declare it must seem to you as if you were breathing the airs of Paradox or Ceylon's Isle, or some such fragrant thing all the time. Have you any of the odor of sanctity, that you could give me a little to put on my handkerchief?"

She was assured that they had none on tap, but expected some, with a fresh supply of the essence with which the ghost of Hamlet scents the morning air, and would remember her. She thanked him kindly, continuing her inspection, while Ike amused himself by shaking up some of the bottles and seeing the bubbles rise to the surface.

## ALL ABOUT OUR EYES.

BY DR. DIO LEWIS.

Indigestion is the principal source of weak eyes. Reading in the cars often seriously disturbs the visions. A delicate and wonderful apparatus within the eye is constantly busy in adapting it to the varying focal distances. The jerking motion of the cars compels an exhaustive effort to maintain the required adaption. Thousands of eyes are spoiled by reading in cars and other vehicles. Recently I was consulted by a railroad expressman who had become blind by reading the newspapers in the cars. Thousands, who have never consciously suffered any inconvenience from the habit, are obliged to wear glasses prematurely, to correct an unsteadiness of vision produced in this way. Reading with the gas-light before you is another cause of weak eyes. The light should always hang quite high and behind you, and allowed to shine over the shoulder. If convenient, it should be over the left shoulder. If using kerosene, it is best to employ the lamps which hang on the wall. Neither should you read with your face toward the window.

Reading by twilight is dangerous. Gradually accommodating itself to the receding light the eye is unconsciously strained. I have seen more than one case of grave disease of the eye produced by an undue effort to use the vision too long at twilight.

White paint is another mischief to the eyes. White paint outside, white paint inside, white paint everywhere. During the season of the brightest sunshine the glare hurts the eye. I wonder if it is not in bad taste also? I notice that artists have none of it about them.

In our constant reading, the eye-sight is much tried by the white paper. I hope that the tinted paper, with a still deeper color, may become fashionable.

Avoid reading by artificial light when you can. We read too much. We read as we eat—pell-mell, hotchity-potchity; no mastication, no digestion. If, as a people, we read less, we might know more. Few indications are more unpromising in a child than a remarkable passion for books. I doubt if a good lady, who called on me the other day, with her son, will ever forgive me for what I said to her. Her boy was of the regular Boston type—great head and eyes, with small and narrow chest. She said in a mournful voice, but with evident pride: "Ah, doctor, he has such a passion for books. As soon as he is out of bed he is down at some great book, and scarcely leaves it but for his meals. He never plays like other children." I told her, among other things, that, unless she could break up that habit, her son would very likely turn out a *dolt*. She left very soon with the belief that I did not understand her son's case. I should have about as much hope of a man who gave himself up to childish sports as I should of a child who gave himself up to the habits and life of a man.

The newspapers have much to answer for in the way of small type and imperfect printing. I would cheerfully give two hundred dollars a year to support a newspaper which would give us, morning and evening, a half column of the really reliable news, instead of fifteen columns of diluted speculations and tricky canards, the reading of which hurts our eyes and wastes our precious time.

## BOSTON CONTRIBUTION.

BOSTON, April 26, 1865.

MR. S. D. KIMBARK, Chairman Department Iron, Steel, &c., Northwestern Sanitary Fair, Chicago:

Dear Sir: We beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your circular, and respond most cheerfully to the call made on us, esteeming it a favor to unite with our fellow citizens of Chicago in so laudable an undertaking.

We shall forward to your address by the 10th May, 1 ton Benzol nailrods, at \$192½ per ton, currency.  
1 " Vasa nailrods, at \$185 per ton, currency.  
1 " Benzol Swedes, spring steel, 11½c. per pound.  
1 " " English " " 9½c. "  
1 " " Toe Cork " " 9½c. "  
1 " " Tyre " " 9½c. "  
Amounting in all to over six hundred (\$600.)

We leave it to yourself and our other kind friends in the Iron business in your city, to make such disposition of our contribution for exhibition as you may deem best.

I remain, dear sir, very respectfully,  
Your obt' servant, NAYLOR & CO.  
THOS. J. HOYT.

## TO MERCHANTS AND BUSINESS MEN.

THE VOICE OF THE FAIR will be a desirable advertising medium, it will be sent broad cast all over the North West, by Soldiers' Aid Societies, News dealers and otherwise. The rates of advertising are \$1.25 per square. Advertisements may be left at the office of Rounds & James, 46 State Street, where the paper is published.

The only persons who are authorized to receive advertisements are the members of the Fair paper committee, Messrs. Rounds & James, Miss Helen A. Butler, Miss Gertrude Van Patten, and Mr. Schwarlose.

All the money received for advertisements and subscriptions will go to the funds of the Fair.

## IN SHORT.

—The Empress of Mexico rides in a phaeton drawn by six mules.

—A free library has been opened in Detroit. It contains six thousand volumes.

—Many deeds may be brilliant; but only those prompted by great motives are great.

—In a large silk establishment, in Paris, a lady's crinoline, "worth \$400," is exhibited.

—Land is in demand in London, and has been sold at the high price of a million dollars per acre.

—The rumor of an intended journey of the Empress Eugene to Jerusalem and the Holy Land is again revived.

—A fair for the benefit of the orphans of freedmen, is to be held in Pierre Soule's house, in New Orleans, in May.

—A negro man has been drawn as a juror in Providence, Rhode Island, and will take his seat among the others.

—There are 300,000 houses in London, England, which, if all set in a row, would reach across France, and over the Pyrenees.

—A new dodge of rival Parisian shopkeepers is to have bands stationed in front of their stores in the evening, performing fashionable music.

—The leaders of fashion in Paris are discussing whether gentlemen shall discard the old party dress of sober broadcloth and white chokers, and put on velvet and embroidery.

—At a grand entertainment given in Paris by the Ambassadors of Austria, thirty ladies appeared as bats, and in that strange disguise, executed a dance with great skill.

—The latest novelty in Paris is a new style of dress, which may be said to be a wardrobe in itself, the same garment being capable of presenting two or three different aspects.

—On the first of April a large number of London cockneys received tickets of admission to a grand donkey show at Agricultural Hall, Islington. A large audience gathered, but they found no donkeys there except themselves.

—Thursday evening week, Governor Andrew and family took tea with Matthew Howland, of New Bedford, Mass., in the fulfillment of a promise to take tea there on the dawn of peace, from the silver tea service which formerly belonged to Wm. Penn, and is now the property of Mr. Howland.

—The vicissitudes of a sailor's life are painfully exhibited in recent returns to the English Board of Trade. Of forty-seven thousand seamen whose names are recorded during the twelve years ending 1864, no less than twenty thousand died from drowning, and more than two thousand from accidents of various kinds.

—Last February the people of San Francisco expected General Sickles to visit that city, and made great preparations to receive him, but he went to Bogota instead. At a recent benefit in that city, the following conundrum took the prize: "Why was San Francisco, on the 5th of February last, like a field of wheat fifty years ago? Because it was cut by Sickles."

—At Arlington, Vt., a young copperhead was expressing his joy over Mr. Lincoln's death, the other day, when a physician standing by, heard as much as he could, went to his office, got a large sticking plaster, warmed it by the stove, and seeing a favorable opportunity, clapped it over the copperhead's mouth, which was effectual in stopping the flow of copper talk for some time.

## AN ANECDOTE OF BARNUM.

We glean some good things from the N. Y. Weekly Review:

"On board the river steamers in the States they feed you for a moderate outlay, (seventy-five cents a meal,) very sumptuously, but the portions supplied are usually of microscopic dimensions. Barnum had taken passage by one of these stately Noah's arks, say from Albany to New York. He called at tea time for a beef-steak. The negro brought him the usual little, shriveled mite of broiled flesh, certainly not sufficient for more than two mouthfuls. Barnum poised the morsel on his fork, scanned it critically, as though it were a sample of steak submitted to his inspection, and then returned it the waiter, saying, 'Yes; that's what I mean. Bring me some of that.'"

## "GOIN' TO DO SOMETHIN' DREFFUL."

Mrs. Jane Swisshelm, now residing at Washington, sends us the prophetic exclamations of an old colored woman in that city, who, during the great rejoicing for the late victories, was much troubled in mind, and kept saying: "They's goin' to dosomethin' drefful to you. I's afeard for you all. You's a 'joicin', an' they's agwine to do somethin' drefful. You 'uns don't know 'em; I know 'em; they hates you. They won't never make no peace along o' you 'uns. They al'ays hated you; but now you've done gone an' tuc their niggers from 'em, they hates you wors' nor ever, an' they's only cheatin' you. They's a goin' to do somethin' to you."