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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.  
**GRANT.**

BY WM. H. C. HOSMER.

He comes with no blot on his name,  
With glory that cannot grow dim;  
How few of all classed with the children of fame,  
Have honors borne meekly like him.  
The stars and the stripes are flung out,  
Hut in hand he rides gracefully by,  
While thousands unite in a welcoming shout,  
And salvos from cannon reply;  
His taskwork achieved—saved the national life—  
Our conquering hero returns from the strife.

New life he has breathed by his deeds  
Into history, painting and song;  
Nor star, knightly garter, blue ribbon he needs  
To make himself known to the throng.  
Bronzed faces of veterans stern  
Wear smiles for the chief they adore,  
And Shiloh, Fort Donelson, Vicksburg return  
To thrilling remembrance once more;  
How dwarfed by this homage of heart to the brave  
Are triumphs that Rome to her demi-gods gave!

Little stirred is the calm of his breast  
By the voice of the popular gale,  
Shouting, "Favorite son of the boundless Northwest,  
Mighty victor of Richmond, all hail!"  
Deep traces of thought on his brow  
Tell the story of trials endured,  
Ere the matchless renown that belongs to him now  
Was his guerdon, well-won and secured;  
With Grant to watch under our starred banner-sheet,  
The whole world in arm we are ready to meet.

FOR THE VOICE OF THE FAIR.  
**EMBLEMS OF LIBERTY.**

BY P. FISHE REED.

All hail to the nation whose freemen and foemen  
Are bound by the deeds that our fathers have done!  
Where the voice of the lord is the voice of the yeoman,  
Whose million of bosoms are beating as one;  
And blest be the heroes, whom fondly we cherish,  
Whose blood set the seal on the hearts of the free,  
And this seal of our liberty never can perish  
While the monarch that rules is the *voz populi*.

Wave, Flag of our freedom! thy bright stars shall glimmer,  
A type of the time of our liberty's might,  
And the sheen of their glory shall never wax dimmer  
While their prototypes smile in the azure of night;  
And the stripes—ah! each ominous stripe is a token  
Of terror to all who may dare to invade,  
For this union of bosoms can never be broken,  
These emblems of liberty never will fade.

And Beauty is bright in this land of our glory,  
Where honored and blest are these idols of love,  
As placid and pure as the blush of Aurora,  
And chaste as the cherubs who hover above.  
Oh! each sentry arm is a guard to its treasure,  
Each heart is a home that is true to its own;  
Love, Union and Liberty! Time cannot measure  
This trine of our nation of many in one.

And here at the hills that from ocean to ocean  
Reach up to the sky and partake of its sheen,  
While the rivers and brooks hum the country's devotion  
Through the grain-gleaming valleys that slumber between—  
And these mountains, and valleys, and rivers we cherish,  
As emblems of Union that never shall wane,  
For as soon shall these types of our liberty perish  
As this land of our glory be severed in twain.

**GRADATIM.**

BY J. G. HOLLAND ("TIMOTHY FITCH.")

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under feet,  
By what we have mastered of good and gain,  
By the pride deposed and passion slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,  
When the morning calls us to life and light,  
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night  
Our lives are trailing in sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,  
And we think that we mount the air on wings  
Beyond the recall of sensual things,  
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!  
We borrow the wings to find the way—  
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,  
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;  
But the dream departs and the vision falls,  
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

**OUR LATE PRESIDENT.**

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES BY A FRENCH  
WRITER.

In the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* appears an interesting article on President Lincoln. The writer is M. Auguste Langel, who paid a visit to Washington some months ago, and had several opportunities of seeing the late President in private as well as in public. He gives much information on the condition of the United States when the war broke out, and on the career of Mr. Lincoln before and after his elevation to the Presidency; but the most attractive passages are those which are of a personal character. The following scene, for instance, is graphically sketched. The opening sentence alludes to one of the old Kings of France, who is said to have administered justice in the open air in the park of Vincennes:

"Come and see St. Louis under the oaks of Vincennes," said my friend Charles Sumner, one day to me. He told me that the President opened once a week, no matter how pressing his occupations, his Cabinet to all who desired to address a petition or claim to him. We set out for the White House, and entered Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, where, without being announced, we took our places with a dozen people who were waiting for their turn. The walls were covered with large maps representing the divers places where the war was going on. Over the chimney hung a portrait of President Jackson, the features dry and harsh, and bearing the impress of extreme energy. Over the marble there was a photograph likeness, beautifully done—it was that of John Bright, the eloquent defender of the American Union in the British Parliament. Through two spacious windows could I see the white lines of the Potomac, the winding uplands of Maryland, and the half-hidden obelisk of Washington standing in sharp relief to the blue sky. Between the two windows stood a huge writing table, before which the President was seated. He did not perceive Mr. Sumner, being at the moment engaged in talking with some petitioner, whom he dismissed soon after we entered. The usher—who, by the way was dressed like everybody else—brought forward a woman. She appeared to be in deep affliction, and it was with difficulty that she could explain that her husband was a soldier in the regular army, that he had served for a long term, and now asked for leave to quit his regiment and return to support his family. She got more and more embarrassed as she spoke. "Let me help you," said Mr. Lincoln, kindly, and thereupon he put questions to her with the method and clearness of a lawyer. On the luminous rectangle of the window, through which poured a flood of sunshine, his profile appeared dark; with the right hand he often pushed up his hair, which made it stand straight, or changed it into disordered tufts. While he spoke all the muscles of his face put in movement gave an angular and strange contour to his head, which had some semblance to that of Mephistopheles; but his voice had all the softness of the father. After putting some questions to the poor woman, he said, "I can't myself, grant you what you ask. I have the right of disbanding all the armies of the Union," he added with a strange laugh, "but I cannot give a single soldier his discharge. Only the Colonel of your husband's regiment can do what you want." The woman deplored her poverty. She had never, she said, suffered so much. "Madam," said Mr. Lincoln, deepening to a tone of slow and impressive solemnity, "I share your sorrow; but remember that we, all of us are, have never suffered what we now suffer. We have all of us our burdens to bear!" He then leant toward her, and for some time we only heard the murmur of the two voices. I saw him write a few words on a piece of paper, and give to the woman; he then dismissed her with the form of the most scrupulous politeness. The next who advanced was a young man, who held out his hand to the President, and said with a loud voice, "as for me, I have come only to shake hands with President Lincoln." "Much obliged, sir," said the President, offering his big hand, "this is our day for business."

Mr. Lincoln, says M. Langel, possesses a most tender and compassionate heart, and one would say he wore in his soul mourning for all who perished during the terrible years of his Presidency. "A sadness which was almost superhuman passed now and then over his brow, on which the wrinkles had deepened into furrows—on those strange features where the hearty laugh of other days had become a sort of painful grimace. I remember meeting the President one evening toward nightfall. He was just leaving the White House, and, according to his habit, was going to the War Office to get news. There was nobody with him, though he had often been recommended not to go out alone; but he despised danger and he had a horror of constraint. With his plaid folded round him against the cold, he moved slowly on, lost in reverie, like a tall phantom. I was struck with the pensive and suffering expression of his face. Agitation and anxiety had gradually bent, and at last broken, that stout and rustic nature, and worn the nerves of steel of the giant. For four long years he never knew what an hour of repose was. Even his receptions were horrible sufferings. When the saloons of the White House were open,

the tide of visitors rolled on without stopping before him, and his big and honest hand grasped all those that were held out to him. The slave of the American people, he was condemned to stay at Washington when everybody else had fled from its heat and dust. He only escaped in search of a little verdure to the smiling slopes where the President's country house is situated in the side of the Soldiers' Home—the asylum where the State keeps a few invalids since the Mexican war. In his walks he saw the beautiful woods cut down to make room for the parapets and glacis of the forts; and at a short distance was the large burial ground, where ten thousand graves, all arranged in lines, were still fresh. I have seen amidst these woods this city of the dead, with its long parallels of alleys, its ten thousand white stones, all alike, and each one mark with the name of a soldier. One seems to pass in review these interminable ranks, the sameness of which has something terrible. These soldiers, who now sleep in an order which nothing will trouble more, Mr. Lincoln had beheld young, vigorous and full of health!"

While at Washington M. Langel had the honor of an invitation to accompany Mr. Lincoln, to see "Lear" perform, at Ford's play house, and in the same box where he was so soon after foully murdered.

"The Washington theatre is small and in a state of decay. You reach the President's box by an open passage behind the galleries, and you had only to open a door and draw a curtain to enter. The front of the box was covered with a piece of red velvet, but the interior was not covered with either cloth or velvet. I was, as may be supposed, more occupied with the President than the performance. He, however, listened with attention, though he knew the play by heart. He followed all the incidents of it with the greatest interest, and talked with Mr. Sumner and myself only between the acts. His second son, a boy of 11, was near him, and Mr. Lincoln held him nearly the whole time leaning on him, and often pressed the laughing or astonished face of the child on his broad chest. To his many questions he replied with the greatest patience. Certain allusions of *King Lear* to the sorrows of paternity caused a cloud to pass over the President's brow, for he had lost a young child at the White House, and never was consoled. I may be pardoned for dwelling on recollections so personal, which, under other circumstances, I should communicate only to a few friends; for it was on that very spot where I saw him with his child and his friends, that death struck down one so full of meekness, as gentle as a woman, as simple as a child. It was there he received the Parthian arrow of vanquished slavery, and fell, the noble victim of the noblest of causes."

Mr. Langel concludes his sketch with these words:

"As always happens, the people, astounded by their sorrow, only now feel all they have lost. Condemned by the force of events to become a great man, Mr. Lincoln has gained a glory which he never coveted. With what larger joy he would have refused it, if, at such a price, he could have spared his country the cruel trials from amid which his name was slowly to rise. His glory will survive many a gaudy and hollow renown. It will give a new feature to that pure ideal which places greatness in simplicity; which makes power bend to the law; and which does not separate heroism from self-denial. I should say enough if I said that Mr. Lincoln was a Christian statesman, taking the word in its most sublime sense. He never thought of himself; and so his own country and the whole world will keep him in their memory forever."

**SINGULAR OCCURRENCE AT WEST POINT.**

We are permitted to make the following extract from a private letter dated

WEST POINT, N. Y., May 22.

Quite a remarkable circumstance, or rather I should say phenomenon, happened here the other day—something I've frequently read of but never witnessed before. It occurred last Wednesday while the corps were at battalion drill. The weather looked very much like a thunder shower; still not a drop of rain fell on the Point. We had just counter-marched in column, and the battalion was at support arms—which you know is with the gun resting by the hammer on the left arm, the muzzle pointing some distance above the body. I happened to be looking up at the time, and saw a large dense black cloud hovering overhead, when suddenly there was a very vivid flash and loud report at the same time, the report resembling that of a shell exploding, having none of that rumbling peculiar to distant thunder. My first impression was, as I knew they were firing across the river, that one of the guns had burst and the shell had taken a crooked path, as it often does under such circumstances, and had burst overhead. I involuntarily ducked my head for falling pieces. This all passed through my mind on the instant, as you know how quickly one thinks under such circumstances. Of course, when I saw the guns flying out of the men's hands, and felt a numbness in my arms, I knew what was up, or rather what had come down. Quite a number of men were stunned so that they went reeling around for some minutes, and one

man (a yearling) was knocked senseless. I thought at first he was a "goner," but they took him out on the plain, poured water on him, rubbed him, &c., and he came to in about fifteen minutes, when they took him to the hospital. Next day he was all right, except a little weak. Colonel Black was also struck, knocking his horse down on his knees, and frightening the "animal" somewhat. I suppose the reason the cloud discharged itself was that it was quite low down, and was strongly attracted by the conducting surface of about two hundred bright gunbarrels, all pointing vertically upward. Had it been only a small body of men, say guard mounting, for instance, I suppose it would have been much more destructive. As it was, it seems to have diffused itself over the whole corps, as almost every one in the battalion felt it more or less, and in every company a dozen or more guns were knocked out of the hands of the owners. On the whole, I think it was a pretty good little electrical experiment, though I shouldn't care about trying it over again.

**THE RETURNING SOLDIERS.**

Government is fulfilling its promise to discharge the soldiers not actually needed for garrison duty, with the utmost possible rapidity. From every direction we hear of the return of war-worn regiments, who have borne the standard of Union in the heat of the fray, and come back to the peaceful and prosperous North, to enjoy the glory they have so nobly won. The people give them glad welcome. Whole populations receive them as their guests, and lavish upon them, in public demonstrations, most enthusiastic expressions of gratitude and regard. Then they pass off the stage in their organized and military character, to enter again the society, and resume the avocation, abandoned at the call to arms.

It is fortunate that the war terminated in the spring-time of the year. At no other time would employment be so abundant or remunerative. The broad green fields invite an army of cultivators, and there will be market for all the products which can be raised, with what promises to be a most favoring season. The demand for manufactured articles at the South, must be very great for years to come, and it will begin as soon as anything like commercial order is re-established in that section. The fact that a million men, who have for years been engaged in a work of destruction, now become producers, will entirely change the face of our commercial relations. We have already passed the point where there was danger of revulsion and panic, and with the manifold requisitions upon capital and industry, there is every reason to believe that a change from a war to a peace standard will be accompanied by none of these abnormal incidents which prophets of evil omen have so confidently predicted.

Every community should feel bound to provide the returning soldiers with employment, and to urge them to resume their accustomed places in society. The effect of camp life and military duties upon them—the habits of order and discipline, the strengthening of the body, the ability to endure fatigue, will vastly increase their capacity and usefulness, unless they are led to indulge in habits of indolence, growing out of the want of fixed occupation, and in a comparative indifference to the ordinary standards of law. Everybody owes a debt of gratitude to these brave men. Everybody should encourage them by practical evidence of sympathy, and shield them against the manifold temptations which will surround them, as they come back among us. In three cases out of four, where opportunity is given, they will be found ready to work, and eager to find work to do. It is the duty of all who have occasion to employ men, to give them the preference—for surely none have a claim so good.

We see it is proposed that the Sanitary Commission, in addition to establishing free claim and pension agencies, as it now proposes to do, shall inaugurate a system of societies with the object of securing remunerative employment to returned volunteers. The idea sounds eminently practical and with the means for organization at command of the Commission, might be worked up with most happy results.

A point in railway management has lately had a judicial solution, which always had a common-sense solution, whenever conductors and employees attended properly to their business. The question was, whether, when a train comes to a station, the passengers to alight have the right of way. The point came up in a case in Seneca county, New York, and the decision was that the passengers alighting have the right of way, and those who wish to get into the cars must first give the out-comers reasonable time to leave the cars.

Of course there is no other way, if confusion be avoided, and yet, at every station, passengers stand ready to jump on before one can alight, and so the streams meet, and crinoline suffers, and pockets are picked, and children are bruised, and bandboxes smashed.

The banisters of the grand staircase of Baron Rothschild's new mansion, in Piccadilly, are made of gold and platinum.