

VOICE



FAIR.

OF THE

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.]

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FOR THE VOICE OF THE FAIR.

A KIND WISH.

One Sabbath eve, to see his Sarah dear,
Will Graham went—he'd done so for a year—
And, as they rambled thro' the moon-lit bowers,
Sang lover's songs, and praised their favorite flowers.
She said, "Dear Will, come write some truthful line—
Your own kind wish—that I may call it mine."
She handed him a book in which were penned
The dearest thoughts of many a dearer friend;
He took the book, and wrote, to her surprise,
"May time, which makes you homely, make you wise."
DRAWER.

Clinton, Wis., June, 1865.

PATRIOTIC HYMN.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

O Thou of soul and sense and breath,
The ever present Giver,
Unto Thy mighty Angel, Death,
All flesh Thou dost deliver;
What most we cherish we resign,
For life and death alike are Thine,
Who reignest Lord forever!

Our hearts lie buried in the dust
With Him, so true and tender,
The patriot's stay, the people's trust,
The shield of the offender;
Yet every murmuring voice is still,
As, bowing to Thy sovereign will,
Our best loved we surrender.

Dear Lord, with pitying eye behold
This martyr generation,
Which Thou, through trials manifold,
Art showing Thy salvation!
O let the blood by murder spilt
Wash out Thy stricken children's guilt,
And sanctify our nation!

Be Thou Thy orphaned Israel's friend,
Forsake Thy people never,
In One our broken many bleed,
That none again may sever!
Hear us, O Father, while we raise
With trembling lips our song of praise,
And bless Thy name forever!

AN ANECDOTE OF BEETHOVEN.

Mrs. Amelia B. Edwards, in "My Brother's Wife, a Life History," gives the following incident, which illustrates the character and habits of the great composer:

Did I ever tell you how or why Beethoven composed the Moonlight Sonata?

It happened at Bonn. Of course you know that Bonn was his native place. He was born in a house on the Rheingasse; but when I first knew him he was lodging in the upper part of a little mean shop near the Romerplatz. He was wretchedly poor just then; so poor that he never went out for a walk except at night, on account of the poverty of his appearance. However, he had a piano, pens, paper, ink, and a few books, and from these he contrived to extract some little happiness, despite his privations. At this time, you know, he had not the misfortune to be deaf. He could at least enjoy the harmony of his own compositions. Later in life he had not even that consolation. One winter's evening I called upon him, for I wanted him to take a walk, and afterward to sup with me. I found him sitting by the window in the moonlight, without fire or candle, his head buried in his hands, and his whole frame trembling with cold; for it was freezing bitterly. I roused him, persuaded him to accompany me, urged him to shake off his despondency. He went; but he was very gloomy and hopeless that night, and refused to be comforted.

"I hate life and the world," he said, passionately. "I hate myself! No one understands or cares for me. I have genius, and I am treated as an outcast. I have heart, and none to love. I wish it were all over, and forever. I wish that I were lying peacefully at the bottom of the river yonder. I sometimes find it difficult to resist the temptation." And he pointed to the Rhine, looking cold and bright in the moonlight.

I made no reply, for it was useless to argue with Beethoven; so I allowed him to go on in the same strain, which he did, nor paused till we were returning through the town, when he subsided into a sullen silence. I did not care to interrupt him. Passing through some dark, narrow streets within the Coblenz gate, he paused suddenly.

"Hush!" he said. "What sound is that?"

I listened, and heard the feeble tones of what was evidently a very old piano, proceeding from some place close at hand. The performer was playing a plaintive movement in triple time, and, despite the worthlessness of the instrument, contrived to impart to it considerable tenderness of expression. Beethoven looked at me with sparkling eyes.

"It is from my symphony in F!" he said, eagerly. "This is the house. Hark! how well it is played!"

"It was a little, mean dwelling, with a light shining through the chink of the shutters. We paused outside and listened. The player went on, and the

two following movements were executed with the same fidelity—the same expression. In the middle of the finale there was a sudden break—a momentary silence—then the low sounds of sobbing.

"I cannot go on," said a female voice. "I cannot play any more to-night, Friedrich."

"Why not, my sister?" asked her companion, gently. "I scarcely know why, unless that it is so beautiful, and that it seems so utterly beyond my power to do justice to its perfection. O, what would I not give to go to-night to Cologne! There is a concert given at the Kaufhaus, and all kinds of beautiful music to be performed. It must be so nice to go to a concert!"

"Ah! my sister," said the man, sighing, "none but the rich can afford such happiness. It is useless to create regrets for ourselves where there can be no remedy. We can scarcely pay our rent now, so why dare we even to think of what is unattainable?"

"You are right, Friedrich," was her reply. "And yet sometimes when I am playing I wish that for once in my life I might hear some really good music and fine performance. But it is of no use—no use?"

There was something very touching in the tone of these last words, and in the manner of their repetition. Beethoven looked at me.

"Let us go in," he said, hurriedly. "Go in!" I exclaimed. "How can we go in? What can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said, in the same excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding. I will play to her, and she will appreciate it!"

And before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door. It was only latched, and instantly gave way; so I followed him through the dark passage to a half-opened door at the right of the entrance, which he pushed open and entered. It was a bare, comfortless apartment, with a small stove at one end, and scanty furniture. A pale young man was sitting by the table making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned towards us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, looking somewhat embarrassed. "Pardon me—but I heard music, and I was tempted to enter. I am a musician," the girl blushed, and the young man looked grave—somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is, shall I play to you?"

There was something so odd, so whimsical, so brusque in the whole affair, and something so pleasant and eccentric in the very manner of the speaker, that the ice seemed broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily. "Thank you," said the shoemaker, "but our harpsichord is wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then, does the fraulein—" He paused and colored up, for the girl looked round full at him, and in the dim, melancholy gaze of those clouded eyes he saw that she was blind.

"I—I entreat your pardon," he stammered; "but I had not perceived before. Then you play from ear."

"Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practising near us when we lived at Bruhl, two years ago. During the summer evenings her window was generally open, and I walked to and fro outside, to listen to her."

"And have you never heard any music?"

"None—excepting street music."

She seemed shy, so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night! And I was not mistaken. Never, never during all the years I knew him did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother! Never heard I such fire, such passionate tenderness, such infinite gradations of melody and modulation! He was inspired; and from the instant that his fingers began to wander along the keys the very tones of the instrument seemed to grow sweeter and more equal. Breathless and entranced, we sat listening. The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward and hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sunk, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, and the illumination fell strongest on the piano and the player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head drooped upon his breast—his hands rested upon his knees—he seemed absorbed in meditation. It was thus for some time. At length the young shoemaker rose, and approaching him eagerly, yet reverently.

"Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone, "who and what are you?"

Beethoven lifted his head and looked at him vacantly, as if unconscious of the meaning of his words. He repeated the question. The composer smiled as he only could smile, benevolently, indulgently, kindly.

"Listen!" he said, and played the opening bars of the symphony in F. A cry of delight and recognition burst from the lips of both, and exclaiming.

"Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses. He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties.

"Play to us once more—only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the curtainless window, and lit up his rugged head and massive figure.

"I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" said he, half playfully. He looked up thoughtfully for a few moments to the sky and the stars—then his hands dropped upon the keys, and he began playing a low, sad, and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument with a sweet and level beauty, like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This delicious opening was followed by a wild, elfin, capricious passage in tripple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like a dance of sprites upon the midnight sward. Then came a swift *allegro finale*—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty and vague, impulsive terror, which carried us away upon its rushing wings, and left us at last all emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you," said Beethoven abruptly, pushing back his chair, and turning toward the door; farewell to you."

"You will come again?" asked they in one breath. He paused, and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl.

"Yes, yes," he said, hurriedly. "I will come again, and give the fraulein some lessons. Farewell; I will come soon again!"

They followed us in a silence more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, urging me on at a rapid pace. Let us make haste, that I may write out that sonata, while I can yet remember it!"

We did so, and he sat over it till long past the day-dawn. And this was the origin of that "Moonlight Sonata," with which you are all so fondly acquainted.

SLANDER—WHAT IT IS AND HOW IT OPERATES.

"I had abundance of employment, and the prospect of much more. Had people suffered me to live harmlessly and happily in my humble home, and to amend my life, where it was an error, in a new sphere, which I was honestly prepared to do, I might have paid off all my debts, and lived many years an honest, useful, and happy man."

"It was not, however, so to be. My blood, and the guilt of it, is upon those women and men who first sowed suspicion, distrust, and dissension between myself and the sweetest creature God ever gave, and man took away, from an unhappy sinner. My own unhappy temper did the rest."

These were among the last words of Wm. Henry Herbert, a man of gifted intellect and splendid attainments. He had won a proud name in scholarship and literature. His talents and labors assured him an honorable independence. He seemed to be endowed and surrounded with every attribute and condition that could insure contentment and happiness.

But he was neither contented nor happy. We need not inquire why. We shall not pry into all the causes and accidents which shaped and made up his gloomy fortunes, and led to his tragical end. There is much in his early career that we do not know. It is said that he was exiled from home, and friends and country by some melancholy necessity; but we are entirely in the dark respecting the whole mystery of his youthful follies and misfortunes.

There is one circumstance, however, in his sorrowful life drama—one crowning course that caused his cup of affliction to overflow just as it seemed about to settle, and clear, and grow sweet to his lips, after many, many years of tribulation—that we will notice here for the sake of the solemn, fearful lesson it reads to all those whose idle and malignant tongues have broken the peace of the world, and sowed enmity between loving hearts. There is a class of persons in every community who make it their business to destroy other people's happiness. They go about continually speaking evil, bearing false witness, intermeddling in everybody's affairs, and fomenting distrust and hatred in every domestic and social circle. Their influence is the more dangerous because it is insidious.

They steal into one's confidence, and, once admitted, they begin a course of treachery and falsehood and mischief-making, which is fruitful in time of infinite misery and shame to their victims. They pick up every morsel of floating gossip, and carry it about from ear to ear and house to house, until, by repeated coloring and exaggeration, it is magnified into a blighting lie. They breathe sus-

picion in places where it may work in the brain of some trusting, loving spirit like a leprous distilment; and, lo! friend is turned against friend, relative against relative, and the harmony of households is disturbed and dissipated forever.

Over the dissensions and wretchedness they create they do not pause to weep or repent. What they have done they affect to have done from the kindest motives and a sense of religious duty. They will tell you that to sunder the dearest ties of domestic life, and engender jealousy and discord among those whose hearts literally break in parting, was the furthest thing in the world from their intention. And so they go on in the work of detraction and scandal-mongering with as much self-complacency as if they were really angels of mercy and peace, instead of fiend incarnate, ministering in the service of hell. A more striking and mournful illustration of what one whispering, malicious tattler may do than that presented in the case of poor Herbert could not be cited. He tells us that he was happy in his quiet home, that he was blessed with the affection and faith of a wife whom he idolized, and whose gentle influence promised to strengthen all the better instincts of his nature, and redeem every foible and fault, every sin and dishonor of the past.

But this was not to be. Calumny crept in between him and his hopes. The slandering tongues of meddling men and women seized on his name. They dug down into the grave of his dead and buried follies and misdeeds; they dragged these forth from their concealment; they spread them, in more than all their real hideousness, before the eyes of one happily, until then, ignorant of their existence; and they made a husband in whose love and honor she had bound up all her earthly hopes of happiness, so black and wicked and revolting in her sight, that she literally fled away from him in terror never to return. Here was a dream of bliss blasted in a day, with ruthless cruelty. Here was an Eden into which the voice of scandal stole like a serpent, and changed all its peace and trust and felicity to desolation and death.

Surely there is a moral in this sad history. Why will the ear that should not listen to a detraction when aimed at objects that are nearest our affections entertain every idle gossip, and allow the slander which ought to be repelled at once to overthrow the faith and love that are enshrined in our inmost souls? They who give audience to the slanderer, even for a moment, put their peace in peril, and there is no security against his baneful arts, save in utter exclusion from them. Truly has one, who spoke from bitter personal experience, said of the idle woman who breaks down altars reared by love upon our very hearths:

If like a snake she steal within your walls,
'Till the black slime betray her as she crawls;
If like a viper to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find;
What marvel that this hag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurks.
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells!

THE SOLDIERS AT HOME.

Nothing has been more agreeable, in the closing scenes of the war, than the advice uniformly given by the generals to their troops, that they return to the pursuits of peaceful life, and enjoy the blessings which their valor has defended; and that they refuse all overtures to draw them into schemes of foreign adventure. It was predicted by the enemies of free government, and was apprehended by some of its friends, that a great and victorious army could not be safely disbanded; that men accustomed to the camp would not return to the quiet of agricultural and mechanical business, but that some military employment must be found for the restless spirit that had been engendered in the four years service. And the public favor with which the scheme of an armed emigration to Mexico was received gave great force to the theory. There was, moreover, a natural apprehension that the government might not be unwilling to see the French intermeddling with this continent practically rebuked. But the good sense of the soldiers has been proof against the seduction of foreign service, even in a cause which commanded their sympathy, and the firmness of the government has left no occasion for the complaints of foreign powers. The rickety throne of Maximilian is left to fall down its own way, and in its own good time, without any aid from us, and the French Emperor is left, without any cause of irritation from us, to contemplate at his leisure the success of his grand scheme for securing the ascendancy of the Latin race in America. With equal complacency the French people may look upon their national debt, piled up to sustain a distant government against the will of the people, and against all the laws of nature, and the blood of their children poured out upon a foreign soil in the name of the glory of France.

HAND AND FOOT.—In the shop window of a disciple of St. Crispin, who is established in a suburban district, there was lately displayed the following notification: "Very large Assortment of Gents' Patent Dress Boots always on Hand." A customer of the species called "rum" might be disposed to ask the profferer of these boots whether they do not every one "fit like a glove."