

VOICE



FAIR.

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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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THE WORLD HARVEST.

They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair,
They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare,
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight,
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night,
What shall the harvest be?

They are sowing the seed of pleasant thought,
Yet the spring's green light they have blithely wrought,
They have brought their fancies from wood and dell,
Where the mosses creep and the flower-buds swell,
Rare shall the harvest be.

They are sowing their seed of word and deed,
Which the cold know not nor the careless heed,
Of the gentle word and kindly deed,
That have blessed the heart in its sorest need,
Sweet will the harvest be.

And some are sowing the seed of pain,
Of late remorse and madden'd brain;
And the stars shall fall and the sun shall wane,
Ere they root the seeds from the soil again,
Dark will the harvest be.

And some are standing with idle hand,
Yet they scatter seed on their native land;
And some are sowing the seed of care,
Which their soil hath borne and still must bear,
Sad will the harvest be.

They are sowing their seed of noble deed,
With a sleepless watch and earnest heed,
With a careless hand o'er the earth they sow,
And the fields are whitening where'er they go,
Rich will the harvest be.

Sown in the darkness, or sown in light,
Sown in weakness, or sown in might,
Sown in meekness, or sown in wrath,
In the broad workfield, or the shadowy path,
Sure will the harvest be.

MORE ANECDOTES OF MR. LINCOLN'S HIS STORY-TELLING PROPENSITIES—REMINISCENCES.

The artist Carpenter contributes to last week's *Independent* another interesting chapter of reminiscences of Mr. Lincoln. He says:

In my former communication the incidents related were of a tender, pathetic character. With the multitude of cases convicted of military offences and crimes, together with those constantly appealing for relief or redress from hardships imposed by the war, of course, scenes like those described were of frequent occurrence. I desire, however, in these sketches to present as true a picture as possible of Mr. Lincoln's daily life and character, and, while enlarging upon the weight of the burdens which pressed him down, the sadness and pathos of his nature, I would not forget, or have others forget, that other side of him—more popularly known and better understood—his shrewdness and love of humor, as expressed in his story-telling propensity.

MR. LINCOLN AND THE "PETROLEUM V. NASBY" LETTERS.

In a corner of his desk he kept a copy of some humorous work, and it was frequently his habit, when greatly fatigued, annoyed or depressed, to take this up and read a chapter, with great relief. The Saturday evening before he left Washington to go to the front, just previous to the capture of Richmond, I was with him from seven o'clock till nearly twelve. It had been a very hard day with him. The pressure of office-seekers was greater at this juncture than I ever knew it to be, and he was almost worn out. Among the callers that evening was a party composed of a senator, a representative, an ex-lieutenant governor of a western State, and several private citizens. They had business of great importance, involving the necessity of the President's examination of voluminous documents. Pushing everything aside, he said to one of the party, "Have you seen the Nasby papers?" No, I have not," was the answer; "Who is Nasby?" "There is a chap out in Ohio," returned the President, "who has been writing a series of letters in the newspapers under the signature of Petroleum V. Nasby. Some one sent me a pamphlet collection of them the other day. I am going to write to 'Petroleum' to come down here, and I intend to tell him if he will communicate his talent to me I will swap places with him." Thereupon he arose, went to a drawer in his desk and, taking out the "letters" he sat down and read one to the company, finding in their enjoyment of it the temporary excitement and relief which another man would have found in a glass of grog! The instant he had ceased, the book was thrown aside, his countenance relaxed into its habitual serious expression, and the business was entered upon with the utmost earnestness.

HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE REBEL PEACE COMMISSIONERS.

Among his stories, freshest in my mind, one which he related to me shortly after its occurrence belongs to the history of the famous interview on board the River Queen at Hampton Roads, between himself and Secretary Seward and the rebel Peace Commissioners. It was reported at the time that the President told a "little story" on that occasion, and the inquiry went the rounds of the newspapers, "What was it?" The *New York Herald* published what purported to be a version of it, but the "point" was entirely lost, and it attracted no attention. Being in Washington a few days subsequent to the interview with the Commissioners (my previous sojourn there having terminated about the 1st of August) I asked Mr. Lincoln one day "if it was true that he told Stephens, Hunter and Campbell a story?"

"Why yes," he replied, manifesting some surprise, "but has it leaked out? I was in hopes nothing would be said about it, lest some oversensitive people should imagine there was a degree of levity in the intercourse between us." He then went on to relate the circumstances which called it out. "You see," said he, "we had reached and were discussing the slavery question. Mr. Stephens said, substantially, that the slaves, always accustomed to an overseer and to work upon compulsion, suddenly freed, as they would be if the South should consent to peace on the basis of the emancipation proclamation, would precipitate not only themselves but the entire Southern society into irremediable ruin. No work would be done, nothing would be cultivated, and blacks and whites would starve."

"Said the President," I waited for Seward to answer that argument, but as he was silent, I at length said: Mr. Stephens, you ought to know a great deal better about this matter than I, for you have always lived under the slave system. I can only say in reply to your statement of the case, that it reminds me of a man out in Illinois by the name of Case, who undertook a very few years ago, to raise a very large herd of hogs. It was a great trouble to feed them, and how to get around this was a puzzle to him. At length he hit on the plan of planting an immense field of potatoes, and, when they had sufficiently grown, he turned the whole herd into the field and let them have full swing, thus saving not only the labor of feeding the hogs, but also that of digging the potatoes! Charmed with his sagacity, he stood one day leaning against the fence counting his hogs, when a neighbor came along. 'Well, well,' said he, 'Mr. Case, this is all very fine. Your hogs are doing very well just now, but you know out here in Illinois the frost comes early, and the ground freezes for a foot deep. Then what are you going to do?' This was a view of the matter Mr. Case had not taken into account. Butchering time for hogs was way on in December or January. He scratched his head and at length stammered, 'Well, it may come pretty hard on their snouts, but I don't see but that it will be 'root hog or die.' He did not tell me that either of the "Commissioners" made any reply to this way of "putting the thing." It is very evident that there was little more argument necessary on one side of the question at least!

A STORY OF ANDREW JOHNSON.

Mr. Lincoln told us this story of "Andy Johnson," as he was familiarly in the habit of calling him. It was a few weeks prior to the Baltimore Convention, before it was known that Governor Johnson would be the nominee for the Vice-Presidency. Said he: "I had a visit last night from Col. Moody, 'the Fighting Methodist Parson,' as he is called in Tennessee. He is on his way to the Philadelphia Conference, and, being in Washington over night, came up to see me. He told me," he continued, "this story of Andy Johnson and General Buel, which interested me intensely. Col. Moody was in Nashville the day that it was reported that Buel had decided to evacuate the city. The rebels strongly reinforced were said to be within two days' march of the capital. Of course the city was greatly excited. Said Moody, 'I went in search of Johnson at the edge of the evening, and found him at his office, closeted with two gentlemen, who were walking the floor with him, one on each side. As I entered they retired, leaving me alone with Johnson, who came up to me, manifesting intense feeling, and said: 'Moody, we are sold out! Buel is a traitor! He is going to evacuate the city, and in twenty-four hours we shall all be in the hands of the rebels.' Then he commenced pacing the floor again, twisting his hands, and chafing like a caged tiger, utterly insensible to his friend's entreaties to become calm. Suddenly he turned and said: 'Moody, can you pray?' 'That is my business, sir, as a minister of the Gospel,' returned the Colonel. 'Well, Moody, I wish you would pray,' said Johnson; and instantly both went down upon their knees at opposite sides of the room. As the prayer became fervent, Johnson began to respond in true Methodist style. Presently he crawled over on his hands and knees, to Moody's side, and put his arm over him, manifesting the deepest emotion. Closing the prayer with a hearty 'Amen!' from each, they arose. Johnson took a long breath, and said, with emphasis, 'Moody, I feel better!' Shortly afterward he asked, 'Will you stand by me?' 'Certainly I will,' was the answer. 'Well, Moody, I can depend upon you; you are one in a hundred thousand!' He then commenced pacing the floor again. Suddenly he wheeled, the current of his thought having changed, and said, 'Oh! Moody, I don't want you to think I have become a religious man because I asked you to pray. I am sorry to say it, but I am not, and have never pretended to be religious. No one knows this better than you; but, Moody, there is one thing about it—I do believe in Almighty God; and I believe also in the Bible; and I say I'll be damned if Nashville shall be surrendered!'"

And Nashville was not surrendered.

—An instance of filial affection among the Plutyan Indians we find in a Nevada paper: Two young "braves," under the assurance of being hanged, propose to give five ponies to the authorities if they will allow their aged fathers to be hung in their place.

ABOUT AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

Old periodicals are dying and new ones are being born in England and elsewhere. It is understood that the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review* will not be issued any more. As a commercial speculation it has not proved fortunate, and as a venture it has been pronounced a failure, even by persons interested in its success. Mr. G. H. Lewes, the biographer of Goethe, is to edit the new *Fortnightly Review*, a magazine which has, for London, the merit of an original idea. All the article are to be signed by their writers, and every writer is to be left free to express his opinions in his own way, regardless of editorial or other consistency. Mr. Samuel Lucas, author of "Secularia," is marshalling a host of writers for his experiment in the periodical way, under the good title of the *Shilling Magazine*. Mr. Lucas' troop is very strong in travelers.

—English light literature has suffered quite a loss in the decease of Mrs. Theodosio Trollope, at Florence. Though this lady be only known by scattered contributions to the periodicals, mostly signed by her initials—many of them graceful pictures of life and character, full of original observation—she will be remembered and missed for her bright and pictorial record of Italian events as they passed during these late days of awakening. Besides this, Mrs. Trollope had poetical powers of no common order, as was shown in her translation of Nicollini's "Arnaldo da Brescia," and fugitive verse which it might be well to collect; further, descended from a musical ancestry, her accomplishments in that art were such as to place her high among amateurs. Such a woman has died too soon.

—The *London Pall Mall Gazette*, smarting under the inhospitable treatment it has recently received at the hands of the French censorship, having seen its editions sent to France several times confiscated by the authorities—addresses the Emperor Napoleon as "Imperial Seizer."

—"Is the following statement by a popular lecturer a joke?" asks a correspondent in the *English Notes and Queries*, "or has it any true historic foundation?" The statement referred to is this: "A curious example of *Noto Episcopari* was offered by the Rev. Dr. John Bull, Canon of Christ-church, who refused the See of Oxford for the reason that he would not give up the venerable signature of John Bull for that of John Oxon—a species of pluration at which his conscience rebelled."

—An incident which has recently happened in Paris exhibited in a characteristic light the manner of the French Bourbon kings. A gentleman by the name of Blanchard de Fargos, the last great-grand nephew of Le Notre, has presented the Imperial Library with one hundred and ten original plans and projects of the architects Mansard and Le Notre, among which are fifty-seven for the palace of Versailles, of the year 1683. In these plans, eleven rooms on the second floor are marked for the Queen, while for the mistress of the king, Madame de Montespan, twenty rooms on the first floor are appointed. Then to the Dauphin five rooms on the second floor were assigned, while the son of the royal mistress, Duc de Maine, occupied five rooms on the first floor.

Bishop Monrad, the late Prime Minister of Denmark, who took so prominent a part in Danish affairs during the Dano-German war of 1864, is now occupying his leisure by a metrical translation of the Book of the Prophet Isaiah into the language of his country. It is said that this translation gives evidence of poetical talent of a high order.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S MUSICAL TASTE.

In the May number of the *New York Musical Pioneer*, we find the following interesting sketch:

"Our late President was a man of musical taste, but not of musical cultivation. He loved the plain, homely tunes of the people. Sympathizing with them in everything else, he sympathized with them in their music. The plaintive, easily remembered melodies of Stephen C. Foster found lodgment in his ear, where the more elaborate Italian aria could not make itself at home.

"On his visit to this city in 1861, after his first election, he attended a gala operatic performance at the Academy of Music, occupying one of the proscenium boxes. The opera, if we remember aright, was Bellini's 'Puritani.' He listened with close attention, though he retired with the Presidential party before the last act.

"The career of Mr. Lincoln was one which by no means afforded opportunities for musical enjoyment. His younger days, spent in the then far West, where he worked earnestly and faithfully to make a living—his middle age passed in the excitements of political life—it was only during the last three or four years that he enjoyed any opportunities of hearing much music. Of late, however, he was fond of snatching odd moments from the weight of his vast responsibilities and visiting the Washington theaters, especially, we are informed, on the rare occasions when opera was given in them. He was fond of making the acquaintance of musical people, and was an especial admirer of the basso Hermans, of the German Opera Troupe, whom he had invited to visit him in a friendly way at the White House. On Sundays he was accustomed to hear at Rev. Dr. Gurley's church some of the best choir music in the city of Washington."

A LESSON FOR THE ROMANTIC.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

The *Toronto Leader* gives the particulars of a matrimonial romance, in which a Vermont clergyman was the main character, the denouement of which was, however, anything but romantic to him. It seems that a farmer in McHenry county, Illinois, named W—, had advertised in a Chicago paper for a wife, which was replied to by a dashing young law student of Toronto, ripe for fun, under the name of Helen Christopher. A warm correspondence ensued, "Helen" imitating the hand and style of a lady anxious to make a good match, and describing herself as an orphan of respectable family connections, and of means, residing in Toronto. The correspondence was finally broken off by W—'s neglect in paying his postage, which in Canada amounts to something, and he married some one in his own neighborhood. But the sequel contains the pith of the story. W—'s father, a minister in Vermont, and a widower, by some means got hold of "Helen's" letters to his son, and, being struck with her style, wrote to her with a view of marrying her himself. He told her that:

"I am a minister of the gospel, am unmarried, buried a nice little wife years ago, and have no children to tax the attention of a companion. My family is provided for and off my hands. I think sometimes of discontinuing preaching, and of retiring to private life. My age people judge to be thirty-five, though I am older. I am above the middle size of men, though not large; have perfect health, and a fair position in society. My complexion is dark, with dark eyes and hair—hair not tinged with gray in the least. What makes my complexion still darker, I wear full beard and moustache."

And queried:

"May I ask my little girl (if I may be allowed to call her so), if you are a Christian? If you can sing and play on the melodeon? If you have good health? What is your complexion?"

Helen promptly replied, and an animated correspondence ensued, resulting in the Rev. inviting himself to visit Toronto to obtain an interview with his fair correspondent. This was rather more than "Helen" desired, and thinking it imprudent to bring the old man on a fool's errand, some 600 miles from his "local" habitation, sent him a note over another name, pretending to have accidentally found one of his letters, and to be a rival of his for the affections of Helen, and threatening him with castigation in case he should make his appearance in this city. Rev. J. W. wrote again to Helen, disclaiming any wrong intentions, and asked if his rival should exercise any control over such a lady. She then replied that he might come, when he replied that he would be there on the 9th or 10th of May, when he expected to meet his "little girl," his "dear Helen." He arrived on the day appointed, and sent his "little girl" a note, desiring her to meet him at a certain hour at the corner of a certain street. He went, but saw no one like the photograph "Helen" had sent him, which was the portrait of a prominent actress. But the eyes of a large party of "Helen's" acquaintances, who had been let into the secret, were upon him. He appeared sadly disappointed, being fidgety in his movements, casting wistful glances at the passers by as he promenaded the streets, whilst his tormentors, for such they were, could scarcely contain themselves. They were at his side at the post-office, in the street, and even talking with him in the hotel. Not finding his "little Helen" he concluded to leave town, but "she" determined he should not go until he had learned a lesson. With his party of friends he appeared at the station, and stepping up to the reverend gentleman as he stood on the car platform, he held out his hand, shouting, "How are you, W—? How is Miss Helen Christopher?" Mr. J. W. became pale with rage, stamped his foot on the planks, and with uplifted hands exclaimed, "You vile rascal, how dare you play me such a trick?" Just then the train started, amid the shouts of the merry young fellows, for W— and Helen Christopher, bearing off the discomfited, foolish old lover, a sadder and wiser man, and who will probably never get a wife by advertising.

—An important element of power with Spurgeon is his marvellous voice. A certain writer says: "No inconsiderable portion of his popularity arises from this. His voice has a flexibility, sonorousness and ring, and a searching, lashing power, which render it quite unrivalled; and we doubt whether there is a speaker living who can blow his words to a greater distance. It is moreover quite musical, and falls on the listener's ear with agreeable cadence. It is powerful and well managed; not a word is lost, and every word tells."

—Mr. Charles Dickens presided recently at the annual festival of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Protective Association, in London. He made one of his peculiar speeches, which seemed to hit the taste of the boys amazingly. One of his odd conceits was the picturing of Mr. Reuter, the great European telegraph man, sleeping at night by the side of Mrs. Reuter, with a galvanic battery under the bolster, telegraph wires and bells at each ear, ready to take up in an instant the stitches of the electrical needle and deliver them to the newsboys, to scatter broadcast over the land.