

Evening Star, Vol. 1, No. 8
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Morris, Otsego Co., New York

Manuscript Provenance

- Evelyn (Cruttenden) Scheff (1842-1922)
- Gertrude Cassandana (Cruttenden) Sanderson (1879-1972), niece of Evelyn
- Marjorie (Sanderson) Bartholomay (1898-1989), daughter of Gertrude
- Ruth (Bartholomay) Palmer (1921-2012), daughter of Marjorie
- Alexandra (Sanderson) Stocker, great granddaughter of Gertrude

Names in Manuscript

Evening Star Contributors:

- Evelyn Cruttenden, editress (1842-1922, married George H. Scheff)
- Fred. Gilbert, alternate (born about 1845)
- Charles J. Smith (1840-1905)
- Addie [Cooley?] (may be the Addie b. 1845 who married Albert Scheff in 1904)
- Albert Scheff (1847- , brother of George H. Scheff)

People mentioned:

- Miss Elizabeth Bates, treasurer of the Auxiliary Relief Association
- Married in Pittsfield, Sunday May 26th [1861] by Esquire Sidney Smith. Mr. Hiram Bugbee of Wisconsin to Miss Eliza Brownell of Morris. We wish the loving couple a long and happy life blest with joy and peace.



The Evening Star.

Volume 1st

No. 8

Friday, June 7th 1861

Worth - River Street -

Though the dense darkness of sin and wil-
doing now envelope our land: though war, with its
ever constant followers, Patriot, Bloodshed, suffering and
woe, is close upon us: though the blood of the slain
flows over our plains, and the cries of the wounded, and
the moans of the Bereaved ones echo along our once peaceful
shores, yet our Star shines bright as ever! Come sorrow and
suffering, come darkness and despair: come war and famine
or the breath of the pestilence, yet one nor all of these
can dim the glory of our Evening gem.

For the Evening Star.

Peace and War Contrasted.

The contrast of peace and war to an attentive
observer, is striking on the extreme. In times of peace
nations and manufactories flourish, Commerce increases,
and the agriculturist finds his labor remunerated
by the reward of the many who need his products:
the young are educated and trained up to take the
place of those who are now of mature age: the arts
and sciences are advanced: civilization progresses from
its first rough and barbarous state to highly polished
society:

Religion and morality find the hearts of the people and cheer them on through the joys and sorrows of this world to purer and happier realms.

On the contrary on times of war, commerce languishes through the restrictions the different belligerents place upon it; manufactories stop and fail from the want of customers; agriculture droops and lingers from the want of consumers; Education is stopt in its progress; the arts and sciences of peace are arrested, and those of war substituted in their place; civilized society as with a shock relapses into former barbarism; Religion through strife and personal interest strives within itself, and fails to draw around it the many who are interested in it.

If such is the contrast of peace and war in general; as between different nations; what can it be in civil war? Can it be that those horrors which accompany national war can be alleviated in a civil war? or will it not rather be in addition to those miseries, the disunion between brother and brother; between father and son; between families and relatives; Instead of brotherly love and affection between the differing sections, ripened by the interchange of

friendship and the necessaries of life. Hatred and
revenge will exist between those parts: instead of the
outstretched hand, as the token of peace: the sword
will be stretched out against brother as the ensign
of destruction: instead of freedom of speech the
conscience is smothered by fears of violence by party
prejudice, and to carry out party ends, in short in
times of peace all that is great and good is
advanced: in times of war they are thrown down
and trodden under foot and evil reigns in their
stead.

Charles J. Smith - S.

The person who expects to make his mark in
this world: to attain anything like excellency: or to raise
himself above the common level of the mass of
mankind, must not depend wholly upon his talents, for
the consummation of his hopes. He must resolutely lay
his hand to the plow, and his shoulder to the wheel:
he must not depend upon others to assist him on all
he does, but upon his own resources. The man who
depends upon others to do his thinking for him can
never be independent: he is like one who learns to

swim supported by life preservers, when his supports
are taken away, he sinks; as long as he is buoyed up by
the influence of parental and wealthy friends, he can
sail smoothly along in society, but remove these
from him and he is lost to sight at once.

Parody on the Inquiry.

Tell me ye seraphs bright
Who round my pathway soar
Have ye ere seen a spot
Where whiskers come no more?
Some far off distant dell
Where the manly face is free
From whiskers red and black
Didst ever this place see?
The low winds swelling into a perfect blow
And snarl with anger, holler no.

Tell me thou mighty river
Whose wavellets onward roll
Hast seen this favored spot
Is it found at either pole?
Where weary maids may find

Blest from these prairie faces
That greet their stricken eyes
Canst tell where such a place is?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow
Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer no!

And thou serenest moon
Who long thy heavenly track
Lookst upon man's countenance
On their whiskers red and black?
Tell me on all thy round
If thou hast seen a spot
In all this wide, wide world
Where such humbugs come not?
Luna sadly scolded her face
And rightly said, Pray, a place

Tell me my secret soul
Tell me Hope and Love
Can there be such a spot
On earth below, above?
Is there no happy place
Where peace is feminine sight

From the woe begone visage
Of whiskers black as night?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to woman given
Ward their bright wings, and whisper, yes in Heaven.

A Laugh.

It gushes forth from the heart like the thrill
of a wild bird: It speaks with a power that senses
never possessed over the soul: It echoes through our homes
and finds an answering echo in our hearts. It has more
of soul music than the greatest oratorios in creation,
for the minstrel is audible, not visible, and the sound
of the voice alone betrays the flowings of the inexhaustible
fountains of the soul. What an embodiment of all the
feelings of glad humanity is furnished in an eloquent
laugh, joy is visible on the brow, the merry heart is seen
looking through the eye, but the soul reveals itself in
the voice of innocent merriment. Like joyous laugh
is a master minstrel, playing on these responsive strings,
the fears and hopes of the human heart.

We measure existence not by years but by experience,
and the right test of manhood by the growth of ideas,

for the old are not always those whose temples are
touched with the frost of Ages; but those who leave the
soul in its early years. He lives longest who has suffered
most, and he lives fullest who enjoys most. We can
choose for ourselves which side of life is preferable -
the dark - distinct, sombre and real, or the bright -
mellow-tinted, and the laugh discloses our choice.

Edwin Colver

When did John Wesley die?

Nov. 25 1777

West. Staff.

My Mother

At that Holy name, within my bosom there is a
gush of feeling, which no time can tame, a feeling which
for years of fame, I would not, could not crush. Ever
truly within my heart there is a gush of feeling,
which, when the name of mother is spoken sends
a thrill of joy, which no time, no fame, no glory
will ever be able to quench; and truly ones heart
must be barren indeed that does not remember
a mother's love. We may reverence a father and
love a brother and sister, but to none of them do
we cling in pure and devoted love as to a mother;
and the remembrance of none of them is so

sacredly cherished after their death as it here
and we consider it the one thought ever to be
kept green in the innermost recesses of our
hearts. Next to our God we confide in our
mother, expecting the sweetest sympathy and the
best of advice; and it comes to us as a balm
for all our wounded feelings. The greatest Statesmen
Scholars and Poets, have revered the holy
name of Mother: Bards have turned their lyres
and sung their most beautiful songs ever since
Mary the Mother of our Savior lived, and earnest
for that Divine Being, and yet the name never
gets old, it still has the power to thrill through
our hearts making us think of Heaven and of God.

Surely if there is one word held above another
in our estimation, one word which has the most
soul thrilling power, it is Mother. If God in his
Infinite Mercy permits me to enter Heaven I
expect she will be the first one to meet me; and
my last words on earth, and my first words
in Heaven - be God and Mother.

Parody on the Beggars Petition.

Only the sorrows of a poor old "back"
Whose heart is filled with grief and woe
Whose hopes have fled with swift dispatch
Oh! to find one a wife where shall I go?

These tattered cloths my loneliness bespeak
This sallow face proclaims my awful fears
And all the furrows of my grief worn cheek
Have been a channel to a flood of tears.

Your house erected on the rising ground
With tempting aspect drew me from the way
For there I thought one might be found
To cheer me on my dreary way.

Hard is the fate of the poor old back
No one to make him a morsel of bread -
To make a garment, or put on a patch,
To brush his clothes, or make his bed

Heaven sends misfortune, but it is most too late
To live in such a state as this, you see
Once I was a gay and sprightly lad
But now I'm the child of hopeless misery.

Oh! go with me to my cheerless home
The fire is out and the hearth is cold
And short will be my passage to the tomb
If I live alone, like this, when I am old.

But why reveal to you the sources of my grief
For soft humanity ne'er touches your heart
Or you would long ago have come to my relief
And back my griefs and sorrows all depart.

~~And I did not think to live a single life~~
Once I did not think to live a single life
I hoped to have me a pleasant home
A nice little farm, and a sweet little wife,
But the dream is fled and I am alone.

These hopes were once the soothers of my care
But I am struck with grief at the stern cheer
That doom me to a life of black despair.
Auch fills my heart with hopeless misery

Pity the sorrows of a poor old wretch
Whose hopes have fled to return no more
Unless you in pity come and snatch
Him from misery, Oh God! I ask no more.

Married.

In Pittsfield, Sunday, May 26th by Esquire Sidney
Smith. Mr. Hiram Bangs of Wisconsin to Miss
Eliza Brownell of Morris.

We wish the loving couple a long and
happy life blest with joy and peace.

War and Love.

War and Love have various cares;

War sheds blood and Love sheds tears;

War has swords and Love has darts;

War breaks heads and Love breaks hearts;

War makes foes and Love makes friends;

War's soon o'er, Love never ends;

War makes wrath, Love makes strife;

War takes wealth, and Love takes life;

War moves bold, Love moves sly;

War makes us rave, Love makes us cry;

War's ruled by men, Love's ruled by the fair;

War needs many soldiers, Love needs but a pair.

Commendments.

Why is the village school like the island of Hayti?

Ans. Because it is governed by a Blackman.

Why is a boy with a dirty face like a successful army?

Ans. Because it is gaining ground.

What song would a certain young gentleman of this society prefer singing to Minnie Moore?

Ans. Minnie Moore.

When is a bedstead not a bedstead?

Ans. When it is a little Boggy.

When is bread

spiced to be inhabited?

Ans. When it has a little Indian in it.

There is a certain young gentleman in our society who wishes to know the language of a scandalion, any

Notice.

The auxiliary relief association meet at Gates Hall every Thursday afternoon between the hours of one and five to work for our brave soldiers.

Aid is solicited from all persons wishing to assist in this just cause, by way of money, work, clothing or otherwise, can do so by leaving it with Miss Elizabeth Bates, treasurer of the association.

Wonders.

Wonder if a certain young ^{gentle} man was charmed with his serenade not long since.

Wonder if all the members of the society contribute to the Evening Star.

Wonder if a certain member of this society had not rather Henry would sing to Annie than to Annie.

one will receive the best wishes of the subscribers by leaving words at the office of the Evening Star.

A. Volintar.

Doyle & Cruttenken Editors

Print. Gilbert Alternate