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Freewill Baptist printers, "The Morning Star - volume 38 number 35 - November 25, 1863" (1863). *The Morning Star*. 1710.

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THE MORNING STAR.

VOL. XXXVIII.

BY THE FREEWILL BAPTIST PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.
WILLIAM BURK, Agent.

DOVER, N. H., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1863.

TERMS, \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.
OFFICE, NO. 13 WASHINGTON ST. } NO. 35.

MORNING STAR.

For Terms in full, see last Page.

FRES. FAIRFIELD'S LETTERS. NO. 5.

Answered—old and new styles of architecture—fashions—the cathedral—Rubens' paintings—his tomb—the painting of his family—of St. Andrew—Romanism—Holland, its birth—defended by the sea—Rotterdam—Erasmus's birth-place—Hague—assaults of "guides"—Amsterdam.

AMSTERDAM, Oct. 14, 1863.

The readers of the Star will not understand me as giving a connected history of my ramblings; but only sketches here and there of some points of interest that I may have time and inclination to transfer to paper.

Antwerp in Belgium is a spot which it would be difficult for me to forget, and yet which is not very easy to describe, so as to transfer to others the impressions received; for it is as the home of art that I felt special interest in visiting it. But first I will speak of a few of the externals which can be easily understood.

The city has a hundred thousand inhabitants, and three hundred years ago is said to have had twice as many. That was the height of its prosperity. It is strongly fortified—so strongly that it is difficult to see how an enemy could possibly get possession against a small force furnished with modern artillery.

The starving out of those which by a long siege would be the only practicable method. The buildings present that striking appearance which you can hardly conceive of without having seen it, resulting from the commingling of the different styles of architecture which have prevailed during the hundred years. In our own country we have no old houses. They are torn down to give place to new ones in every street. Here are hundreds of good houses yet looking fresh by constant repair, that were erected in the sixteenth century.

The streets like those of most old cities in America and Europe do not seem to have been laid out, but to have come by chance. Yet with a little map in hand, I made my way from place to place without a guide, and without asking a question, or losing my way; for the name of the street is distinctly given on every corner. The buildings, with their various styles of architecture, are not quite so grotesque and amusing as the dress of the market women, who sell their apples by the side of them. They all wear caps as in Belgium generally; but here for the first time as often since, I noticed those strange appendages to the side of their head dress which you may call "lappets." If you conceive of lace-work about the size and shape of a large pair of elephant's ears, extending forward and downward from the ears of the wearer, you will have a very good idea of this mode of ornamentation. (2)

And now while I have this subject on my pen I may speak of the bonnets of some of the Dutch women; for you see that I am in Holland. I have thought it well for my good manners that I am just now travelling alone, for I had had some one in company that appreciated the ludicrous, I might very possibly have been betrayed into a smile at some of the fashions which make their appearance in the street and in the cars. Imagine, for example, our ladies "shakers" tipped up behind at an angle of forty-five degrees, with the forward two inches of the bonnet itself turned up so as to form a right angle with the top, and you will have one of those sights which a traveller is admitted without paying a frank or even a centime for it.

These worthy dames are also very fond of jewelry. Three or four at the same car, with me yesterday, who may now set a minute for their picture. First, a large glittering breast-pin; second, heavy, large and long earrings; third, two or three of four strings of showy beads, fastened by a clasp about the size and shape of half an egg-shell divided lengthwise; fourth, a gold (?) ornament on the side of the head, extending from the ears to the eyes, a part covered by the cap, the part protruding of the size and color of old-fashioned brass knobs which our grandmothers' bonnets used to wear. I did not test this jewelry by nitric acid, and it might not all of it endure such a test without at least a little change of complexion.

But if I indulge a smile at the oddity of their attire, I must in justice say that they seemed to me to wear after all an expression of genuine good nature, and unspiced kindness. I should feel safe and very sure of all necessary attention, if I should fall sick among these Dutch mothers and daughters.

Now let us back to the painting and sculpture and architecture in which I revelled in the churches and cathedral of Antwerp. Here if not in the dress of the peasant woman, is genuine esthetic.

THE CATHEDRAL is known through the world for the possession of three masterpieces of RUBENS—the elevation of Christ on the cross, and his descent. I have seen some pictures which were said to be very costly, but which to my unpractised eye, presented little that was impressive. Not so in these. I stood in the presence of Calvary, and saw the deed done which has made that summit the dearest spot on earth to every redeemed sinner. And then the dead body is taken down—and it is a dead body—you see it; it is quite gone; the muscles are nerveless; head and hands hang down, and the whole body is powerless to help itself. And it is the body of one who has died by violence; the purple lips, and eyes and chin and cheeks, the blood in spots, and the open wounds.—And then the sheet which receives the body is a real sheet, and was just now unspiced.—And the face still wearing the expression of agony, which has not yet given place to the calm repose which comes afterward. In the church of St. Andrew I saw another picture of Christ being laid in the sepulchre—I know not by whom it was painted. In that the face of Christ had put on the expression of the divine peace and serenity which comes after a while, but which is never seen on the face of the devoutest believer the first moment after a terrible physical suffering has ended in death. For Rubens' Christ to have even this smile of the angels would have been against all nature and all fact. The great painter was too good an artist to commit such a blunder.

Two other pictures by the same artist:—The assumption of the Virgin, and "The resurrection of Christ," belong to the same cathedral.

The church of St. Jacques is if possible a still greater object of interest to the lover of art than the cathedral itself; for here lie the remains of the painter and of all who bear his name. His family has become extinct; twenty persons belonging to it are buried in one of the chapels in this church. His second wife, who survived him, was again married, and two of her descendants have splendid sculptures and monuments deposited here.

A marble statue of the mother of Christ, purchased in Italy by Rubens himself for this chapel is much admired. I did not have light enough to form an opinion of it—that is, to tell how it affected me; for this is all that the uninitiated are allowed to do, and they ought not to deserve more. But that Rubens bought it is evidence of its value. I did have just the light to see the picture of Rubens' family, painted by himself, which is the chief adornment of this chapel. I cannot conceive of anything finer. It has seven figures—life-size. They are his two wives, his daughter, his father, grandfather, a nephew, and also a cousin and her child. Of course the superstitious Romanists must mark the simple beauty of the fact that the great painter lovingly painted his own dear ones; and so they spiritually (?) and allegorize this beautiful family group, calling it the "Holy family," and telling you that the cousin and the sweet babe are Mary and the child Jesus—the two wives are the "other two Marys"—the father is St. Joseph, the grandfather is Titus, & have forgotten who the daughter and the little nephew were tortured to represent. Indeed, I have recalled more of this stuff that the janitor told me than I supposed possible, for I heard it with little patience or profit. For aught I know the daughter might have been Elizabeth and the roguish little nephew might have been John the Baptist; at all events he was like him in one respect—having no other clothing than a girle about his loins. The church guide told me, however, when I asked him about it, that the pictures were accurate portraits of the family, and so intended to be.

In this church are most beautifully executed white marble statues of the twelve apostles, standing on pedestals of what we call in America Tennessee marble—being the same in kind and color as that used in finishing the Capitol, especially in the marble room at Washington. These statues are by the first artists living and dead, and cost 600 francs each.

One of the windows represents the "Salvation of the Virgin"—a beautiful and life-like execution. The window was put in in 1690. A late painting of Christ talking to the disciples on their way to Emmaus will render its author immortal. The face of Christ is but little inferior to that executed by Raphael, and the characteristic expression of the two disciples so distinctly marked that you would know them at once, and know that their heart burned within them. Indeed, you can almost see what the subject is of their conversation.

Christ bearing the cross by Van Dyck, and his most life-like portrait by the same hand; offerings to the infant Christ, by Bakler, the Last Judgment, by Van Estie; the Martyrdom of St. Mark, by F. M. D. Vos in 1599; Christ lying dead, by Van Dyck; picture of the staying of the plague in Milan by the Virgin, in answer to the prayers of one of the saints; are among the other celebrities found in this church. The altars in marble are of unsurpassed beauty, and were executed at immense expense.

The church of St. Andrew has also some exceedingly fine paintings and sculptures, of which I may mention the Martyrdom of St. Andrew, the Last Supper, by Francke, a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, besides one already alluded to. The chief object of interest in this church, however, is a carved wooden pulpit, which must be seen to be understood, at the foot of which is a carving in wood representing "the call of Andrew."

The figures are life-size. Peter sits in his fishing-boat; Christ stands near it; the net in the boat is full of fishes, and also a basket on the shore, which Andrew has just unfastened; and now returning for more, he stands with one foot upon the edge of the boat, as he hears the call of Christ. All this in wood—the faces full of life and expression—the fish real, the net without any appearance of art, and the boat one that you could safely cross the Rhine in. I have seen nothing in wood to equal it. I can scarcely conceive of any thing to surpass it. In this church Andrew is specially honored. Two marble statues of Peter and his brother are superior to any at the church of St. Jacques. The family resemblance is striking, and yet there are two distinct men before you.

The church of St. Paul and St. Augustine also well repaid a visit; but will scarcely repay a description.

The immense outlay upon these old Catholic churches can scarcely be conceived of.—The exquisite workmanship and the costly material symbolize a religion that has degenerated into the sensual and the aesthetic.—In the church of St. Jacques are twenty-two little chapels, finished in marble of great beauty, and each one of them at an expense greater than that of many comfortable and spacious churches in America. But when these are compared with the three splendid altars also finished in marble, the twenty-two would scarcely equal the three. And they are full of statues the most costly and superb.

If you ask what of all this toward the end of religion, you know my answer. Romanism is only one of the forms of heathenism. Its religion is as good perhaps as Brahminism; probably not a whit better. Their senseless ceremonies are as acceptable as those of the Pharisees of old; and there is as much chance of their salvation as of the inhabitants of Orissa, without the gospel, though much less probability of their ever embracing it. As they have made collections of works of art however, I see them and study them, as I would in a heathen temple, though with less gratification than in an ordinary museum.

American are unfortunately sufficiently acquainted with their idolatrous and (were it not too serious a matter to feel humorous over) ridiculous ceremonies to render any description necessary.

In speaking of the cathedral I ought to have mentioned its steeple, one of the loftiest in the world, and one of the finest without doubt. It is a little more than 400 feet high, and is of such beautiful and delicate workmanship that Charles V. remarked of it that it deserved to be kept in a case; and Napoleon compared it to Mechin's lace.

In the square near the cathedral the people of Antwerp have erected a bronze statue of the painter who honored this city with his residence, whose works more than anything else give it its celebrity, and whose tomb is among them to this day.

And now if I write anything of Holland, it must be in this letter. And so wonderful a country it were certainly "fitting to write something. I have made a tarry at only three of its cities, but have travelled two or three hundred miles on slow trains and by daylight, on purpose to have the best possible opportunity of seeing it at large. I write this from the border line which separates Holland from Germany (Roosendaal). The largest part of Holland is below the level of the sea; and strange to say, this fact which at first would seem to be most ruinous to the hopes and prosperity of any country, has been by them turned greatly to their advantage. You will see how. The sea being first walled out by dikes, is allowed afterwards to come in just as they need it, and just as they can use it.

Thus instead of allowing the waters to lord it over them, they have reduced them to entire subjection, and if Neptune were addressing the Dutch, an epistle to-day, he would without any hyperbolic sign himself, "Most truly, your obedient servant." And an exceedingly valuable servant they find him to be. Digging canals wherever they choose, the old sea-god fills them at their bidding, and thus they have the best and cheapest transportation in the world. Dividing and subdividing, and digging still other and smaller canals and ditches, until they are small only a few rods apart, they water the whole land, and still they are filled to the brim at the bidding of the government. "These are our riches," said an intelligent Hollander to me a few days ago; and they are so, evidently.

And then the sea is their great defence.—Neptune is made to do his own work, and that of Mary beside. If their enemies should come in upon them like a flood, they have only to sweep them out with another. With the sea turned upon them, what could they do?

Some portions of the country are covered with white pine; and in these the soil is sandy and light; but for the most part it is fruitful, and seems to be cultivated with skill. The houses of the peasants have a comfortable and cozy appearance.

The cities to which I have referred are well supplied with canals; and they present a busy appearance at this season of the year. Indeed, they seem to be to a great degree a substitute for all other places of trade, and modes of conveyance through the city. If a man carries a basket of potatoes, it is not from a provision store, but from a canal boat that lies at his door. If he purchases a ton of coal, it is delivered, not by a cart, but a boat. The streets are not full of wagons, but of water. For myself, I prefer even the noise of wheels to these omnipresent canals. In a picture they look well; but in the real presence of them there is little of poetry and less of beauty.

At Rotterdam I was interested in seeing the house in which learned man, but timid reformer—Erasmus—was born. His statue stands upon the market square. The church of St. Lawrence is an old and venerable one, erected in the 15th century. From its high steeple (and two hundred feet is high when you are called to the labor of reaching it by a flight of stone steps) a fine view is had of the whole city and its surroundings.

Hague is the capital of Holland. You would scarcely expect to find a Dutch town the neatest and handsomest of all; and yet it is so. It seems like a holiday city, dressed every day in its Sunday attire; streets clean, quiet, airy, with here and there an open square, or little park; and just out of the city as beautifully shaded walks or carriage drives as the most exquisite could ask.

In entering this city I found myself beset, as never before, by professional guides, or "commissionaires," as they are termed, whose persistence in offering you their services was at first amusing, and in the end I had almost written myself out with a full determination not to be annoyed at anything. At Antwerp I was making my way through the city with the aid only of my little map, and had reached the cathedral, when a "commissioner" tipped his hat, and bowing politely, said in blandest tones: "Did you wish to see the church, sir?" "Yes, sir, I came for that purpose," I replied, and walked on toward the door. "This is the way, sir; it will cost you a franc; tickets there, sir." "Yes, sir; I understand all about it; I am much obliged to you, but I don't need any guide." "I am right, sir; this is the door; tickets there, sir; I am only showing you, sir!" And he followed me in. I commenced looking at the pictures when, extending his hand, he said: "Something for the guide, sir!" I made no reply. "Something for the guide, sir! for my showing you the way, if you please, sir!" with an air of assumption, as if he would make the impression upon the one or two persons standing near that it was all understood, and that I had employed him for this service. "I do not a centime, sir; (that is a French coin, equal to one-fifth of an American cent) I told you I did not want a guide; now leave me, sir, if you please." "I tell you something for the guide, sir; do you want me to show you here for nothing, sir?" "You will leave me instantly, sir; or I will put you into the hands of a policeman!" He left, but with cursings that I will not put on paper.

It is not as a matter of personal incident that I relate this, but as an illustration of the habits of the country. Belgium and Holland are full of these leeches, that fall upon the unwary traveller and phlebotomize to their heart's content, because the stranger is a heart-beater. I have yet to pay the first thing for black mail thus levied, but I just met an American who was groaning over the way in which these fellows had bled him for the amount of one to two dollars a day. If you give the claimant half a frank to get rid of him, he will give you a broad hint that you are mean to offer him half of what he has earned; and you are now in a worse attitude than before; for you have apparently acknowledged his claim without fully meeting it.

At Hague a "commissioner" assailed me: "Show you the city for two shillings, sir!" "No, sir, I thank you, I do not need any assistance." First the Muse, then the pal-

ace, all the city for two shillings, sir!" "No, sir; I told you I did not want any guide; thank you, sir!"

Now only read this dialogue over three times with slight variations, in which the price was reduced to one and sixpence, and then to one shilling (understanding, of course, an English shilling, which is 24 cents), and you can conceive how I came pretty near writing that word annoying. But still he followed me for a quarter of a mile; then another; and so one after another, until six persons had thus assailed me. I then tried an experiment which has since proved invaluable—I said nothing! Before I got through the Hague I was attacked by two others; but following Holland's counsel, "Let thine eyes look right on, and thine eyelids straight before thee," I proved its genuine wisdom! And you see how, in whatever language the guide accosts me, he soon concludes that I do not understand it, and it is all right; or that I am deaf, as I heard one saying, and that is just as well. I kept a commissioner now at first sight, and I get along most admirably. If you ever come to travel here, brother editor, you will give me a vote of thanks for this recipe.

Amsterdam is built on piles driven into the bog beneath. The "palace" has beneath it 13,695 of these piles. Nearly three hundred bridges cross its numerous canals. On approaching the city the most conspicuous thing are the wind-mills around it. Holland is full of these mills. In the one town of Zaandem I was told there were six hundred. I don't believe it. But it is very certain that if Don Quixote's valorous Sancho Panza should undertake the tour of the Netherlands, and feel called upon to vindicate his courage by a personal combat with every wind-mill he met, he would have a hard time of it. They have no waterfalls in Holland, and not much fuel. So they make the air perform in part the usual work of its sister elements—fire and water.

This trip through Holland has been exceedingly pleasant and instructive. And the beautiful landscape views which have everywhere presented themselves—broad fields, clothed with green, abundantly watered; sheep and cattle grazing contentedly here and there, and looking fat enough to be happy; humble but home-like farm houses, with the little farms attached, owned by the occupant—these visions will not soon be forgotten.

E. B. F.

LETTER FROM VICKSBURG.

HEADQUARTERS TENT IN CAMP, VICKSBURG, MISS., Oct. 29, 1863.

Dear Bro. Burr.—I do not wish to trespass upon your patience of the columns of the Star, but I submit for your rejection, if you choose, a few items of general information regarding this theatre of military operations, and a few plain soldier's thoughts. You may call it all gossip.

A town was a necessity here. The ground was unfit for anything else. It is rich, but so broken. Such fantastic forms of ridges, crests, ditches and gullies, never saw before. It seems like a few steps to yonder point, but to reach it you must go winding around for a weary mile, or pass a Gulf almost as impassable as the one between the rich man and Lazarus. Altitudes of an hundred feet and upwards have to be continually lost and gained in morning about, to the infinite disgust of horses' shoulders, weak knees and physical energies generally. The only good ground in the vicinity was years ago appropriated as a cemetery, and lately they have buried there "the city of the dead." Sadly swollen is this "city of the dead."

The town is much the "worse for wear." Nearly every house has been damaged by shells, and many entirely ruined. Outposts have been demolished, or stripped of the timbers for the lumber; by soldiers; fences and palings are gone, while fire has done its share in the work. Sadder of all to me, however, in this general ruin, is the destruction of fruit trees and shrubbery, requiring long years to restore. The peach, pear, quince, fig, apricot, China tree, magnolia, cedar, pine and arbor vitae, were in rich profusion round all the fine residences and palatial mansions of the town, and on many of the streets. But a few days' occupation as some general's headquarters, a team corral, or cavalry post, would have done enough to bark and ruin the last one. They are all gone. Rose bushes, though sadly injured, remain. As I write this, I saw before me in my tent two fine flower pots, containing over forty varieties of full-blown perennials, in unrivalled splendor and fragrance. The lady from whose yard I culled them assured me she had sixty-five varieties of perpetual roses before the siege.—How incongruous it is to have forty specimens of voluptuous roses, with the fragrant sage jessamine, honeysuckle, petunias and verbena thrown in, upon the improvised stand of a poor soldier, on the 31st day of October, in this land of ragged hills and bitter rebels!

Had the "sight of the eyes affected the hearts" here, the women could never have become so malicious and deadly. Truly, for them the beauties of nature have been lavished in vain.

One peculiar feature of this place now is, the presence of negro troops. There are five regiments, some of which are nearly or quite full, and finely drilled. On Sabbath last they were out on review, the "Sabbath being" they selected for military displays—and as the 8th Louisiana marched by our camp I was deeply impressed by its appearance and physique. I felt to say, "Truly the world moves on," and thank God for heavy blows already struck in that place. The presence of black soldiers is not pleasant to the dainty seers' ladies of Vicksburg, but we care nothing for that. Our white soldiers are beginning to respect them, and are in no wise loth to share with them the burdens and labors of the arduous service and the battle field.

Our new line of fortifications constitutes another important feature. The old belt line of defences was from two to three miles from the city, and was single. Our engineers, with very large fatigue parties, are constructing an entirely new line, very near the city, taking advantage of some heights admirably adapted to that purpose. These works are exceeding strong, being built with a view to coming years. Each succeeding work and embrasure seems to perfectly command the last, in such a way that tremendous slaughter must inevitably follow the occupation by an assailing force of the more advanced portions of the line. In fact, they may be called impreg-

nable. It is often remarked that a corporal and ten men can hold the town when they are finished. Guns are already mounted in some of them, ranging from light artillery, *en barbette*, to heavy siege guns and eight inch Columbiads. Some very fine buildings have been demolished to make way for these military improvements.

Colored schools are becoming an item in our Vicksburg life. Several hundreds of the children and youth of Africa's oppressed race are now being taught, under the auspices of army chaplains, and the United Brethren, who have sent here some noble, energetic men for that purpose. The basement of the Methodist church is used for one school, and the Baptist church is being fitted up for another, in addition to other buildings, pressed into this singular Southern service. It is really interesting to stand by the Methodist church for a few minutes at recess, and observe the happy faces of the disenthralled, knowledge-seeking groups. On many occasions you will see intellect unmistakably written, and on all an eager interest unknown to white pupils. One thing will strike the beholder invariably. That is, the almost entire absence of *opure* blacks. They are not here. Not one in a hundred of the slaves of the South, as far as I have seen, is unmixed, while many of them seem perfectly white. This is especially true of the young.—What a comment on slavery! While the North has been accused of amalgamation, the South has quietly practiced it.

The property of Vicksburg is being rapidly gobbled up by the labors of a Property Commission, with full powers, consisting of three sterling, righteous-dealing men, well versed in law and thoroughly acquainted with our country's needs. They are Brig. Gen. M. D. Leggett of Ohio, Lt. Col. J. H. Howe of the 124th Ill., and Capt. Jas. Black of the 17th Ill. Oaths of allegiance, bribes and petty women are of no avail before them.—"To the past record," is their motto. All of the citizens are fed by the government.

Business is improving somewhat here. The market is running, supplied from the North, and consequently at very high prices. Sutter's stores and photograph galleries abound, with a reasonable supply of bakeries, barbers' shops, express rooms and metallic coffin agencies.

The river is very low. It is often spoken of as having "run out." Communication with the North is very slow and uncertain on that account, and is rendered still more so by the frantic efforts made to burn all our boats. Boat-burning is worthy of secession, and shows the malignity of the rebellion, bred of slavery, in its true light.

Our soldiers are enthusiastic over the elections held in Ohio, Pennsylvania and Iowa. Deeper gratitude was never felt for ballot-box results than by our army now. We "waited and watched" for glorious tidings, and, bless God, they came.

We feel sad over Chickamauga—sad on account of the removal of Gen. Rosecrans, but acquiesce in the decisions of our Government in that respect, having unlimited confidence in "Honest Abe" and Gen. Grant. But we feel unqualifiedly sad at the necessity of fighting our foe always at a disadvantage. With men and munitions of war exhausted, as compared with the South, we still seem to be crippled in every emergency, and must wait to reinforce from distant points before we can successfully cope with the enemy. We need men enough at every point, where it is necessary to have men at all, for any emergency—enough to overthrow the rebels. We can whip them, it is true, man against man; and, bless God, they came.

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Many thanks to the ladies of Chicago and the generous donors of the land for their efficient charity in the Northwestern Sanitary Fair. Could they see a tith of the good results of their past aid, rendered our sick and wounded heroes, they would prove that scripture true, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."—Some sanitary supplies are misdirected and squandered, no doubt, but so if ever we will be with very good thing. It should not cause caring and relaxation, but renewed effort. Everything we have as individuals—as a nation—should be freely laid upon the altar of our liberties now. None should falter at the sacrifice. Those who are spared the untold privations and dangers of active service—who are surrounded by the comforts of home and those they love—should be especially prompt to respond to every call from their defenders in the field. And while assisting the soldier, do not forget his poor wife and children at home. Instead of deeds of mercy, there are records of cruel wrongs, in many cases, already entered up on that score, which should cause the check to burn with shame. Soldiers are, treasuring up such against a day of reckoning.

The weather is already cold here. Stoves and rude fire places are not only comfortable, but a necessity. Still the roses bloom.—There is a good degree of religious interest among the troops, with occasional conversions. The chaplains supply the churches with constant preaching, though but few of the citizens attend. They can hardly take the gospel from Yankee lips yet, though they hesitate not to take our food and meat. The Christian Commission is doing a good work here, and religious reading is abundant.

Yours in Christ, R. B. Howard,
Chaplain 124th Ill. Infantry.

How natural it is for us, when we sin, to do as Adam did—strive to hide ourselves from God! But the pure in heart delight themselves in his presence.—There must be some who are pure in heart, or else that promise would be useless.

Unjust resentment is always the fiercest.

THE FOLLY OF DENYING THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

That it is folly to deny the divine existence we have abundant evidence, but it is especially seen in the fact that such a denial would involve the universe and all that pertains to its mystery and darkness.

The sun is the great central luminary of the material universe. In its existence we find the cause of many of the phenomena of constant occurrence, for which we could not otherwise account, such as light and heat, and many things dependent upon these. But suppose there were no sun, and day and night still alternated as at present; the moon still continued to shed its soft and mellow light; vegetation should continue to spring up and grow; the harvest ripen, the snow melt in spring, and the vapors rise and descend in refreshing showers; how could these things be accounted for? How the problem solved? They must remain in mystery. We should be left to puzzle, to conjecture and to doubt.

Now, what the sun is to the material universe God is to the universe at large, both material and moral.—By the denial of his existence many things must be involved in doubt and mystery. Without God this world would be a complete effigy.

The philosopher following the leadings of the principle which is one of the foundations of his science, that everything which exists must have a cause of its existence, would search in vain to discover that omnipotent hand which formed the world and adjoined everything in order, which set the bounds of the sea and land, and gave breath and life to everything that inhabits them.—He would search in vain for that all-designing mind which devised the planetary system, set it in motion, and gave it such laws as would serve for its regulation for all time; and he would search in vain as he attempted to discover the cause of the many silent and unseen forces of nature, as heat, gravitation and electricity. It would be no less bewildered should he search for the power which holds everything in existence, that sustains the sun so that it does not refuse to shine; that causes day to succeed night; that harvests the seedtime, and in short, that executes every law.

The naturalist, as he observes the fields clothed with vegetation, the forest with its hues and colors, the leaf-formed with a mechanism more exquisite than that displayed in any human workmanship, the flower exclaiming in beauty anything that human hand can form or paint, and the insect which, though its form be minute and its nature delicate, yet exhibits its marks of contrivance as much as does a world, will be perplexed as he searches for their former and contriver.

As the pious and humble cottager reads his Bible, ponders its teachings and treasures them up in his heart; as he misses upon his maxims, their excellence and their diversity from those of men; as he is comforted by its promises, and strengthened by the discharge of duty by its encouragements and exhortations; as he sees the beneficial influence of this book upon the lives and conduct of men, and as the discerning in it traces of a higher hand than human, he asks, and vainly asks, for its author.

Or, as man turns his eye inward and observes himself, a being of such wonderful capacities and powers, as he beholds himself a being now fallen but originally fashioned in the image of some one higher and purer than himself, he asks to no purpose who created me and in whose image was I created? As he is conscious of the union existing between his higher and lower natures, the inquiry respecting who formed it meets with no response; or should he ask to whom his spirit returns when his body goes back to its mother dust, no reply is returned to cheer and quicken his gloomy and anxious forebodings.

Without God who is our sun, everything is enshrouded in the darkness of midnight; midnight? yes, tenfold midnight. But restrain him in his place in the universe, and look to him with the simple eye of faith, and everything is seen in the light of the perfect day, no cloud obscuring its horizon or detracting from its glory and splendor.

It is indeed foolish, who would blot out the only light given to light his pathway as he traverses the intricate mazes of life, or would prefer to remain in doubt, and be enshrouded by mysticism, rather than to acknowledge the existence of him in whose presence doubt has no place and mysticism is cleared away.

For the Morning Star.

SHORT SERMONS, NO. 70.

Looking unto Jesus. Heb. 12:2.

In the preceding verse we are instructed to pursue with diligence the Christian life. In this we are directed to look to Jesus, i. e., direct the mental eye upon him; to apply the mind or understanding; to consider, to depend on him.

There are many objects for which we must look to Jesus:

1. We must look to him for pardon. We are conscious that we have sinned against God. We can find pardon only by faith in Jesus. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

2. We must look to Christ for instruction. He is a "teacher" come from God, sent to instruct the world in the way of righteousness, and we must receive the lessons he imparts.
3. We are travelling in an enemy's land, and must look to Jesus for protection in the Christian warfare.
4. We must look to Jesus as one that has run his race and finished his work, leaving us an example that we should walk in his steps. We must seek our enjoyment in Christ and his cross. The world offers joys which are transitory and unsatisfactory, but Christ gives substantial comfort. "These things have I spoken unto you," (saith Christ) "that your joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." John 15:11.

But how shall we look to Christ?

1. By a careful study of the Bible. There he is revealed, "set forth crucified among you." Christ says: "Search the Scriptures, for they are they that testify of me." They reveal his character, contain his commandments and promises, and record his acts of benevolence to the human race.
2. By studying his works. He is represented as the creator of all things. His wis-

dom, power and goodness are displayed in the works of nature. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth forth his handiwork."—Ps. 19. His providential care for us reveals his goodness. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Even the severest afflictions we experience may be overruled in the providence of God for our good. But more particularly should we look to Jesus in his work of grace. Here we see his glorious displays of benevolence. There we shall see him in the greatness of his love.

3. Look to Jesus in believing, humble prayer. In his name are we permitted to come into the throne of grace, with the assurance that "we ever liveth to make intercession for us." Then let us look to Jesus with confidence, as our great High Priest; that is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him.

For the Morning Star.

FEARS.

Who is there that would wish to seal the fountain of their tears, and never more be blessed with weeping? Yes, blessed with weeping, for 'tis a blessed privilege to weep, and tears are among the choicest of the gifts of heaven. How does the distressed soul find relief in those warm, gushing tears! When sorrows come and weigh down the spirit, and the heart is full, almost to breaking, with the bitter grief, it finds relief in retiring to some solitude and weeping these

Poetry.

For the Morning Star, IN TRUST. BY CLARA AUGUSTA. Ask, and ye shall receive...

THE CHRISTIAN'S PATH. I walk as one who knows that his is the true path...

The Family Circle. Look out, Ellen, right across the street...

LUCIUS STREET. Look out, Ellen, right across the street...

HINTS TO MOTHERS—HIRING CHILDREN. I can't get Frank to do a thing without...

THE SOLDIERS' GRAVEYARD. The Advocate and Journal has a Washington letter...

though I can't remember very well; the wine had got into my head...

Just south of this lake, and divided from it by a narrow strip of land...

THE FRENCH CONQUEST OF MEXICO. The October number of the Westminster Review...

LONGEVITY OF THE ANTIPELUVIANS. There are so very many causes contributing to shorten considerably the length of human life...

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE. We have received from the Government printing office...

THE SOLDIERS' GRAVEYARD. The Advocate and Journal has a Washington letter from an editor...

BECHER AT EXETER HALL. In the heart of Mr. Beecher's oration was given a denunciation of slavery...

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE. The claim of the English travellers, Speke and Grant...

Wisecravings. The claim of the English travellers, Speke and Grant, has been settled...

nothing that the devil does so much as a hearty laugh. Independent.

BECHER AND THE RUSSIANS. Nothing could exceed the drollery with which, almost blushing, he presented the...

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THE SOURCES OF THE NILE. The claim of the English travellers, Speke and Grant...

Wisecravings. The claim of the English travellers, Speke and Grant, has been settled...

Died in Tisbury, N. H., July 15, Mr. CALER DOWLAND, aged 72 years, 11 months and 1 day...

Died in Belfast, Me., Oct. 17, of congestion of the lungs, Mrs. MARY ANN BROWN, aged 76, relict of Rev. Benjamin Pratt...

Died in West Gardner, Me., Nov. 8, sister PATIENCE E. WIFE OF BRO. CHARLES E. PINKHAM...

Died in Lowell, of consumption, Oct. 28, Miss LUCINDA H. daughter of Nathaniel and Lucinda Sterns...

Departed this life very suddenly, in Sutton, Vt., Oct. 14, SARAH J. WIFE OF DANIEL FOSTER...

Died in Melbourne, C. E., Sept. 3, after an illness of several months, Mrs. WILLIAM BARTLET...

Died in Shipton, C. E., Nov. 10, Mr. JOSEPH SHIPLEY, in the 23rd year of his age...

Died in Kennebunkport, Me., Oct. 29, ELIZA J. HILL, aged 48 years. She was a devoted Christian...

Died in Kennebunkport, Me., Oct. 29, BENJAMIN F. DAWD, aged 28 years. He returned from the war...

At a special meeting of the Alpha Kappa Psi Society of Hillside College...

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LIQUID CEMENT. It is a liquid. Extant that is a sure thing for mending...

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Obituaries.

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