VOLUME 1.

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# PROSPECTUS.

the die is cast! We have launch ed our barque! May our voyage be a successful one! We to-day present our first-born-the MORN-ING STAR-to the public. May they receive it with the good wishes for us that we have for them in making the offering.

THE MORNING STAR is destined to fill a long-vacant place in the city. Everybody here must know that the

CAPITAL CITY OF THE PROVINCE should not be left to the tender mercies of two weeklies. These papers never could fill that void which we now propose to fill.

No doubt much is expected of us them. We shall give on our first appearance, some SPICED DISHES people expect to see us flaunt in silks, while others expect to see and varieties of food. We guarantee every "item " knock somebody nothing that will take an emetic to down. They will be disappointed. work off, nor anything that will Under the ragged coat often palpi- make a soporific. Others in the business can do that better than we. tates a noble heart-excuse our We shall sound no notes on the appearance if we look somewhat Temperance or the Opium question, shabby at first-and we come not on Orange ascendency or Fenian to knock down, but to build up. degeneracy-we weigh the two The easy way, like the old man who latter, observe-but should these commenced pelting grass, we shall questions at any time come up, did try, till a desperate case compels intimidators stand with pistols or us to give harder knocks. It is only pitchforks, money or "slobber," we when badly angered we will bring shall a millstone on a mosquitoe's back. LAUNCH OUR BROADSIDES Some people-of course there are busy-bodies everywhere-are itch- into the action and on the right side.

Lawrence Gulf. In the woodman's hut and the farmer's cot it will be jound, on summer evenings and winter nights, bringing mirth to the ocular and wholesome information to the inquiring. In the railway cars and on the steamboats, in the hamlet and in the town, the STAR will be found always full of matter to despatch. please the old or the young, the poet or the calculator. We hope to be able to afford little that the ignoramus will enjoy. Catering to MISS this section of humanity, alas! is becoming the curse of the press, due in part to the ignorance of attachees in part to the greed and low taste of the managers. We know pretty well what the public want and what is good for

### Business Cards. ALLEN & WILSON. Barristers, Notaries Public, &c. -OFFICE :-Wiley's Building, Queen St., **OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL** W. WILSON. T. C. ALLEN, WILSON, **INTELLIGENCE OFFICE:** Hair Dresser and dealer in BRAIDS, CHIGNONS, SWITCHES AND CURLS, Combing made over and all orders in the ine promptly attended to. Human Hair bought and sold Fredericton, N. B.

WILEY'S DRUG STORE,

Loans Negociated. Accounts collected with Corner Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley and next above

FREDERICTON, N. B., OCTOBER 10, 1878.

Lottimer's Shoe Store.



M.a. Sonchus hey;

# NUMBER 4

## The Morning Star. JOS. E. COLLINS,..... EDITOR. FREDERICTON, N. B., OCTOBER 10, 1878.

#### To Our Advertisers.

Almost every one who has handed us in an advertisement, the synonym for a favor, have requested the "bead of the column." But, like Jack's monkeys, every head has a correspond ag tail, and we could not give head to all. We just ask our readers to ook down the columns. Won't that

We want boys with good lungs and plenty of cheek to sell the STAR, and we want people with a few cents about them to buy the STAR.

For the "Star." SEAL FISHING. (Continued.) The whole plane of ice is now one burnished mass. But see! What form is that rising to view on the horizon's rim? A ship rising as fair out of the gold burnished ice field as Venus rising from the deep. Grander and more distinct the vessel's proportions become, but why does the crew stand aghast. Is it a phantom ship they see? The very flag that flutters on their own main peak now adorned with all the living tints of the morning float on the peak of the stranger vessel. The masts, rope and tackle are, too, exactly the same. But this wonder is all yet FOR LO! THE VESSEL RISES IN THE AIR, and in a halo of light is suspended in the clouds. The novice stands awed and thinks indeed that Marryatt's story of Vanderdecken is is a wonder and a beauty is nought MIRAGE. Their own vessel has been re-? flected in the rare atmosphere ap-But what is slaughter to the innocent whitecoat is now of all employments the most exciting and delightful to the sealer. The here kicking some tender cata blow with his gaff on the head. The seals during sunny days roam the fields in search of food, at night some smooth pan is their couch in coveys-the grey morning's dawn their signal to get up. With a cut of his huge sculping knife the sealer opens the animal back and front, bears off the pelt, goes straightway to another, strikes it with his gaff and again disposes of the blubber. The pelts are piled on an ice-cake, and the vessels flag set over them. The vessel then ploughs her way to the pan, takes the pelts on board, or the crew pull them with ropes alongside. As field, PREYING CREATURES ROAM THE ICE and feast on the garbage that remains after the slaughter. One of these is the agile ice fox, fleet of limb and keen of scent. Being of the color of the ice, the unpracticed eye could scarce detect the white thing scampering over the

ing to know what the POLITICS OF THIS PAPER ARE. Our politics, dear friends, we create will be published daily-every for ourselves. Rest assured our morning-after which we shall issue paper shall not, like a cur, creep, a tri-weekly-always trying to keep and lick and fawn, and wag its tail up to the mark-on Tuesday, Thursor its tongue, that dame Lucre may day and Saturday mornings. On EXCHANGE HOTEL, follow. No We shall set up no Saturday evening we shall strike man as an idol; to none shall we off the "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," from Sir John Macdonald to Mr. Fraser, from Mr. Fraser to nobody. We shall not shape our policy after a flock of clamorers, be they Government or Opposition, for when these fellows' stomachs are filled, they, as a rule, subside like gormandized gulls. Our policy shall be

A POLICY ON PRINCIPLE !



And we don't care who upholds that Gnats cannot affect us, nor sneering policy, we are with them. But let opposition take a feather out of us. nobody be deluded into believing The heart, strength and respectathat if we stick to our party when bility of the community are on our on the road of political rectitude, side, and we cannot but win. We we are going to follow it into every have full confidence in the public, dirty slough. No. When we ap- and, to be candid, no small amount proach a dirty neighborhood, we of confidence in ourselves. act the part of the coward and We have been in the dark long, return to our own broad platform. but this issue of the We shall not define just now what MORNING STAR

the particulars of our policy are, --bright herald--announces apbut suffice it to say, that as far as proaching day. The dark shadows the Great Disposer has given us of night flee before its piercing what He has not given many of our twinkle, and a new flood of light politicians, we shall use the same bursts upon us. May it ever be a towards ameliorating the people's true light, shewing things as they condition, towards battering down are. May we ever stick fast to our those walls that divide one paltry motto.

clique from the other, in trying to bring discordant elements into harmony, and in trying to rout once and for ever from the field those Clamoring crows whose sole object is to fill themselves.

THE MORNING STAR we hope to make an EXCELLENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Apply to No slang or degrading literature tf. shall find a place in its columns; no Sew of rampant scribblers shall practice on its pages. It shall be devoted to choice literature, important and reliable information, and several departments we hope to make h time specially suited

Other inhabitants are

MILLIONS OF BIRDS, sitting helplessly on the ice, apparently deprived of the power of flight. Among these the sealer makes havoc, and soup and stews are rare dishes in the forecastle. But, perhaps, the most laughable scene that occurs on the ice is when a green horn attacks a doghood to slay it. Imagine a monster almost twice the size of a cow, with a hood drawn over its head impenetrable almost by a musket ball. Imagine its ponderous jaws that with a chop, "wallowing unwieldly" over the ice. Just imagine an ambitious young snob walking out to

