

the moat. It is to him a stronghold of a ferial lord. Retainers "Home returning, filled the hall. With revel, wassail, route and brawl;" and this is not all.

"Still with trump and clang. The gateway's broken arches rang." He everywhere smites chords that respond to his touch, as if struck by the magicians wand. The monument of his fame fast uprears itself till the world look on spe bound at the work of the enchanter. He is yet, like ourselves—unmarried. But the greatest romance in his life is a reality. He visits Gelsland in Cumberland Strait with his inseparable friend Ferguson. Towards the dusk of evening the ride out towards they forest, a fairy form mounted on a beautiful steed flits before them, and disappear in the glen. The scene suits Scotts romantic mind; he falls in love with the lovely mysterious creature. That night meets her at a ball room, and shortly afterwards marries her. She is the lovely Charlotte Charpentier and now in a beauteous cottage in a romantic glen lives Scott writing his immortality. He is courted by the great and the learned. For one week, he gets £12,000 and amasses wealth till on the banks of the Tweed begins to rise his fairy castle, the delight and ideal of his dreams, the far famed Abbotsford. The hands of eastern magic could not more profusely lavish wealth than Scott on this fairy palace, nor the nymphs of the woods and fountains shape grander or more romantic proportions. It is finished, and Scotts genius reaches its zenith. Like a bright star he has blazed out and dazzled the world, and made by his pen alone, over four million dollars.

His estates begin to crumble, his wife dies, but worse than this his publisher tells him his power has departed. Listen to the anguish of the shorn Sampson:—

"Well exertion, exertion. O, invention rouse thyself, may man be kind, may God be propitious! The worst is, I never quite know when I am right or wrong."

And the magic wand is broken, his power has fled, and Walter Scott, like the rest falls into the grave. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

**The Morning Star.**

JOS. E. COLLINS, EDITOR.  
FREDERICTON, OCT. 17, 1878.

**Effects of Intellectual Culture.**

The greatest difference between man and the animal is the degree of intellect the one possesses over the other. We speak not considering that part which is of God—the soul.

A man of course, low, sensual tastes, bears the stamp upon his face. The face is the index to the character and what is good in many can be noticed there as in a mirror. Scarce ever is found the radiance of divine expression in him who chews tobacco or bets and makes a beast of himself with strong drink. The coarse, low, sensual face is found over the wine cup, at the bar-room, at the card table, gaping at the street corner, or peering from some dark alley-way. The other face—the human face divine—is found, while the other swears, gambles, eats tobacco or swills rum, in his room, a book in his hand. The thoughts that dropped into immortal form from Shakespeare's pen, the lofty and sublime waking dream of Milton he pores over. What Ben Johnson said or Garrick did he takes delight to learn. From the former he learns that "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." He is told that "There is a tide in the affairs of men Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." His mind is elevated and the dignity of his manhood stands out boldly.

Though in the battles among the angels he may only listen to the thunder as it "bellows through the vast and boundless deep;" yet he finds a something in his nature, a certain power awakened. Or he may take Dryden or Pope, he who though not much of an example was an excellent teacher. His words "Man know thyself, presume not God to scan. The proper study of mankind is man, can never die.

Even listening to Wordsworth's childish strains his tenderest sympathies may be awakened. He will find that men have lived to whom "The meanest flower that blows, can give Thoughts that often lie to deep for tears."

He can follow the wanderer and shed tears on the threshold of the widow's door. Yes, turn to thousands of books that can be purchased for the money thrown away on tobacco, and other such vile stuff, and he will find a pleasure and a joy that neither the street corner, the liquor shop, nor the pipe can ever afford.

In Frederickton are many boys and young men, yea, and old ones too, with good natural ability, but on the road to the dogs. Is it ever possible these can be content to be mere "hewers of wood, drawers of water," and nothing more? Has not God given them his own image and likeness? Has He not for them, too, a home and a crown beyond? We hope so, yet they care not for themselves. Vice is at the corner, it is in the alley-way, for idleness, smoking and insulting passers by are vice. Why do not some of these who might be growing young men go to night school? or organize some respectable literary club, where they might attend? Neither Indian nor serpents names are necessary. As well may it be a Literary Society as a "Snake Club."

We do wish to see our young men do this. And before closing we have a word for our "swells." Some of these "clerks," some are "office hands." They all smoke cigars, have more meerschaum pipes than books, more rings and jewelry than literary gems. They are fashionable and frown down on the poor "corner-boy." They are not a whit better if they are not superior in mind. The despised toiler who digs from morning till night if he have a *mind* is better than the swell jingling in gew-gaws or revelling in perfumery. We want to see our clerks and swells organize respectable literary rooms. We are not done.

**The Ameer's Son.**

The Ameer, like many of our City Fathers, has his unruly sons. Famous in history is the name of Yacoub Khan. He has a lithe and gallant form, an eye like an eagle, and a spirit that cannot be subdued. In the year of 1870, when the people enjoyed plenty, and the Ameer his throne in peace, an insurrection was brewing throughout the country. As it burst forth at its head stood the rebellious son Yacoub. A struggle ensues but even the blackly painted Ameer has enough of the father's love in him to forgive the "wayward boy." Further he confers upon him the governorship of Herat. Four years he rules with intelligence, when again the demon that is within him rises. He again rebels against his father in 1874. Since that date up to a few days ago the chill, cold prison has been his room, the iron cot his couch. Now England threatens the Afghan land, Shere Ali releases his son and gives him command of a body of brave warriors. But again the demon breaks forth. Yacoub quarrels with an officer and stabs him. He is thrown into prison where he now "weeps and gnashes his teeth." An unruly lad!

**Address to Earl Dufferin.**

Earl Dufferin in anticipation of his leaving Canada transmitted to Mayor Gregory the address presented to him on his visit to Frederickton with the intimation that he intended to have all the addresses which have been presented to him, numbering some hundreds, bound, and requesting that the Frederickton address, which was somewhat plain, might be recopied and illuminated so as to correspond with others. The Mayor entrusted the recopying to A. G. Beckwith Esq., who has illuminated it very beautifully, and during to-day and to-morrow it may be seen at Mr. Cropley's bookstore.

With the withdrawal of the Earl Canada loses a man of a broad and highly cultured mind, in thorough sympathy with the Dominion he has so well governed. A thousand Canadian hearts that have learned to love him for his affability and worth will follow him with their best prayers when he embarks for the mother land.

**MATRIMONY.**

Candidly, we should not like to be an old bachelor, we therefore, to-day, give a treatise on marriage. Matrimony is the other name for a number of things: for joy, for sorrow, for poverty, and last but not least, for squalling—matrimonial music. It is now many years ago since Adam was a bachelor. He was a noble specimen, says Milton, but Darwin tells us he was a monkey. The race may have ended in the professor, not commenced in Adam, Well, Adam did not wear eye-glasses, sure, but he was withal the noblest of the race.

"His fair large front and eye sublime declared Absolute rule: and hyacinthine locks Round from his parted forelock manly hung clustering."

[Of course this does not say any of our bald-headed bachelors should not have some show.]

In the morning he rose from the couch, fresh and soft spread over nature's cap. All night long Adam lay awake, feeling that he was alone. He listened—'twas the sound of the wakeful nightingale who

"All night long her amorous descent sung."

He wondered why he had none to talk to. At early morn the trees breathing saucy odors, the twittering choir of the wood attuning their notes, the onces, bears, leopards and lions, who had not yet learned to be savage, cheered him not, but he went groaning over Eden. The Lord saw his distress, and was moved, and Adam lay down in a shady nook of the quiet garden, whence he could see the rock of adamant at the eastern gate of paradise. Here Ithuriel and the rest of the heavenly warriors indulged in ethereal sports, drew their flaming swords

"From the thighs of mighty cherubim," whose gleams far round illumined the earth. Well, Adam feel asleep to wake and find a fair form that to see was to love. Adam became happy right away, but of course the wife tempted him and got him into an awful scrape. Never mind Adam just now, nor let us dwell on the nuptials of last *Eve* as in another column. We need but look through this fair city and see examples of wedlock, see a man who long after death has broken the link, yet happy in the thought of once having been married. Take Mr. GEORGE F. GREGORY for the example. The Mayor knows with the poet

"'Tis better to have loved and lost Than never to have loved at all."

Then we look round and see a man smiling all the day, clean shaved, short haired, always in good humor whether compounding rat or fly poison, just because he's married. This is Mr. JONX M. WILKY. Look at this other who would go into the holy of holies with a mopy head, now polished up, his hair combed, just because he is looking for a wife. We refer to Mr. W. WILSON. When a man reaches the highest summit of perfection he thinks he ought to get married. One lies in the ditch his head on a grating, his nose between the bars. McKenzie's helping hand lifts him out. He becomes a new man appears before the public as an orator and the first thing he does is advertizes for a wife. This is JOHN POOR.

Now look at the wretch, nobody to love, nobody loving him, skulking along the street anything but cheerful looking. It is he who has no hopes of ever being married. Take for this last melancholy example, OURSELVES.

Our advice is get married while you are young and have a little means. There comes with years a cruel biting frost, that kils the hair, and mars the beauty. O what a spectacle? Poor ourselves.

**THE PRESS.**—We have received a number of the Frederickton *Morning Star*, now issued tri-weekly. There is also to be a weekly issue. The names of editor and publisher do not appear. The paper is lively and promises to be a useful addition to the press of the Capital. A smaller sheet issued daily at one cent ought to be acceptable in Frederickton and might be sustained. We wish the new comer success.—*Telegraph.*

The *Telegraph* has not, it seems, the clearest eyesight. The name of the Editor does appear. We are thankful for the suggestion about the daily cent sheet. We are only sorry that we did not consult the *Telegraph* before publishing our first issue.

**NEW COPPER MINE.**—A new and very rich mine of copper has been discovered at Bay of Notre Dame, Nfld. The mine is at Little Bay, about 14 miles S. W. of Bett's Cove, on property owned by Mr. Ellerhausen and others. The discovery was made by a poor fisherman. Work was soon commenced, and it is expected that before the present season ends from five to ten thousand tons will be shipped. Gangs of men were taken from Hall's Bay and Bett's Cove to work the new mine, which is likely to prove a "big bonanza" for its owners. *Halifax Herald.*

Newfoundland is proving to be a vast store of hidden wealth. Everyday much is coming to light,—some of its mines give lead and silver some nickel some copper, and all in great abundance and of superior quality. Its day is assuredly dawning.

**PROF. FOSTER'S RESIGNATION.**—We understand Prof. Foster of the N. B. University has tendered his resignation to the Senate. No doubt the Professor feels that his ability fits him for a wider field than that of the somewhat circumscribed "Chair." Our good wishes shall be with him wherever he goes.

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