

Her fair face as yet could not have seen more than eighteen summers. This was the lovely Helen of the Glen, whose beauty was the theme of the simple folk far and wide, and whose superior mind made the honest rustics to look upon her with the deepest respect.

Then, too, tales were told of how on a stormy night when the wild waves bellowed on the shores, a ship was cast away on the craggy rocks and that in the morning drenched with brine.

"Close lashed to a drifting mast" was found little Helen by the family living in Golden Bay.

A lonely region it was. Some miles away, and looking on the bleak ocean was Lear's Cove, a hundred iron cannon thrown upon its rocks that told of days when the daring Vikings too closely tempted the dangerous shores. For many miles around there lived only here and there a solitary family or two, their humble cottages, built beside the craggy cliff as the sea bird holds her nest.

In this wild place, whom could Helen love? He with sympathies more in accord with those whose office it is to command. Not among the humble fishers? Not one who many years ago had seen the little Helen when a lovely child, like a nymph strand gathering sea shells oozing spoils? Far as miles distant on the Cape he lived, and while a more boy, two years Helen's senior, had often when he trimmed the lamps which were to be a warning to the mariner, of rocks, whose touch was destruction, ran gleefully down to see his beloved little friend. Together would they walk the strand with childish glee, holding the conchs to their ear to hear the miniature ocean roar within.

And as years rolled uncounted in their flight, the lovely girl had blossomed into fair womanhood, the boy into manhood. His was a daring spirit, a frank, open, honest heart, who would no more stoop to do wrong, to fawn or flatter, than the eagle could come from his lofty perch to mate him with the cloister seeking bat.

He loved young Helen well, but loved in secret. The love he bore her was the great beacon that shed light on his way. At winter nights he trimmed his lamps, at day read such books as Helen offered him. In summer none so successfully searched the coast for treasures of fish than he.

We turn to Helen. She sits upon her bench till the dark shadows of night begin to creep from the valley up the hills, throwing its arms around each crag and peak. She then rises, and taking her book is about going to the cot when four men wearing masks surrounded her, one hissing in a tone, "A word and you are dead!" (To be Continued.)

The Morning Star.

Jos. E. COLLINS, EDITOR.

FREDERICTON, OCT. 19, 1878.

DEGRADING LITERATURE.

There is one curse to which ninety per cent. of our young people who read are subject, the reading of trashy literature. In yellow covered books, in the sensational periodicals they get it. The first are the dime novels containing nothing that instruct or elevate the young mind. We read of bands of Indians, feathers crowning their heads, scalp locks dangling from their belts, whooping in the still night their murderous war cry, as they burst upon the settler's cabin. They are begrimed in their war paint. A butchery next ensues, and a fire always follows. There is invariably a lovely girl in the scrape and she always falls into the hands of the savages. Then there is some gallant young trapper facetiously named Long Knife or Eagle Eye who scents out the affair. He is off to the rescue. Night and day he follows the trail, and at last performs more feats than Sampson, and finally rescues and marries the girl.

The passions are stirred, the blood is stirred, eye, often the hair is put on its feet, but nothing is gained. Time is lost. These books are written by a low class of writers who knowing nothing can't be expected to impart much.

Then come such papers as *Saturday Night*, *New York Weekly*, &c.,

&c. It is only a wonder to us that even silly young people can be deluded into spending an hour over them.

There is not a writer of culture or education on the staff. Their matter is the meanest trash, obscure scenes are laid, imaginary characters are made to rant and rave, to shoot, make love, commit suicide and so end up.

Not a classic or historic allusion. Not a simile or comparison, to set the reader thinking. Not an original thought—not a gem—all blood and thunder sensation and trash. Nothing worth remembering.

Every ten cents laid out to purchase a *New York Weekly* had as well be laid out buying rum or tobacco—money so laid out had better be thrown to the dogs.

Then there is a class of books of undoubted literary merit. But the matter is like honey and poison mixed. He who would take the honey runs the risk of also getting the poison. Like a serpent hid in the gorgeous flower garden, the demon of obscenity is dressed up in glittering and fanciful English. No worse books are now read and tolerated than Ouida's. She is highly cultured, is original and perhaps second to few novelists, but her writings are poisonous to the young reader. She lays bare the faults of society and her justification—in her own view—seems to be in the moral world out. But is not the deadly pestilence less injurious in its own filthy slum than stirred up and scattered through the town? No good can come of these exposures. Such books should be forbidden. What then will we read? Read, ay, read a thousand good books if you will, they can be had.

Take Scott, and you get what entertains and instructs you. The Norman lord or the Saxon chief is drawn in such word painting as has never been excelled. Chivalry is seen as vividly as if one lived when knights entered the lists and at the signal of the truncheon met in the lists shivering their spears and goring their opponents.

There then is Marryatt instructing in his way. George Elliott, Wilkie Collins and Bulwer are works none should be without. But what is more interesting than our poets? Who could read Shakespeare, Pope, Swift, Milton, Moore, Byron and not get a square meal? These books are in every bookstore. Read the living authors, Tennyson, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier and choose from the host of other writers. They fill the world with wholesome diet and improves the man—and the woman.

Immigration.

We at every election allow our zeal to carry us far enough often to get a cut nose or a black eye, over some candidate that we are in favor of. He may be for the Dominion, or he may be for the local legislature—it matters little, as a rule, for which.

The great blockhead will mount a platform, or an empty hogshead and shout out to the "people of York," the "electors of St. John," or somewhere else standing up and protecting their rights and their interests. Ten chances to one the fellow had better be piling "black fallow," or chasing an ox cart round the field. When he comes to the house it takes all his time to ape the fashionable honorables and his constituency is allowed to take care of itself.

We should excuse his being turned out of their houses and homes, English that Josh Billings would blush to write! we should wink at the oratory and even the average brains, but we can't forgive the stupid dishonesty.

Just imagine any honorable ass standing up in the house and blathering in favor of an immigration bill. How much better for the country he had remained chasing calves, or writing writs? Imagine all the fuss and feathers and formulae,—the bowing before somebody in the chair, the strutting around of the sergeant-at-arms, and the attempts to look wise, while such a stupidly iniquitous bill is being writ to the eternal disgrace of the men who is a blur upon the name of intelligence? This may seem harsh talk but 'tis too easy.

A lot of fellows whom the honest confiding people send to represent them, deliberately band

together and offer a bonus to strangers to come from Scotland, or from the Netherlands or from China to open up, save the mark, and populate our country. These innocent creatures come out here green as leeks, hardly knowing which they should eat, a pancake or a dish of birch leaves. They know as much about farming or lumbering as the law makers do about legislation. The grit and backbone of our country, our young farmers must root like hogs for their own living and grunt too without compassion. They turn their faces from home, from the wide forests and the fields they love—their skilled labor is lost to the country, sympathies are torn and shattered, while the money which should be paid them as an inducement is expended in "breaking in," the foreigner. We don't care how much per head or per tail the amount is, but every dollar paid to the stranger is a sin crying to Heaven for vengeance against the sons of the soil. Charity begins at home, and anything to be given away we want. It is our own money, and we shall, must have it.

Let strangers come and settle if they will, and after they have become as ourselves, let them have their share of the sums wrung out of the toilers. We want this policy knocked higher than the McKenzie Government.

THE TEMPERANCE BILL.

The temperance agitators are at work through the city canvassing for the coming election. There are two candidates in the field—Temperance, Esq., and the blackguard Mr. Rum. The friends of the former glory in their candidate, and are bound they say to put him through. On the other hand the friends of Mr. Rum are holding their caucus meetings and feel determined to have their man win.

There are many opinions floating as to what the bill can effect. Some claim that any law which draws a line between the rich man and the poor man is obnoxious. They claim that this is what this law will do. The man who can afford it buys ten gallons at a draw and can get drunk or keep sober while that lasts. It is claimed that this fact robs from the bill its moral leg, inasmuch as the high ones should set examples of morality. Then comes the advocate of the bill. He contends that he is legislating for the poor who can't afford to waste their money on buying liquor. He claims it is the first step towards the final eradication, and that era when peace, and prosperity shall hold joint reign.

These are the two phases of the case, and the people no doubt on the 30th of October will be able to decide on a proper course.

MISS JACK'S VIOLENT DEATH.

Seldom indeed has it fallen to our lot to chronicle a sadder or more sudden death than that of Miss Jack Thursday afternoon. Dr. Jack of the N. B. University was driving down Queen street, his daughter, Miss Jack, with him in the carriage, when the horse on being started suddenly bounded throwing out the occupants. The Dr. after reaching the ground remained motionless, but Miss Jack jumping up exclaimed "O I am killed." A minute after she was a corpse. Dr. Jack's injuries proved to be less serious than they were thought to be at first and he is now, we are glad to say, recovering.

The city mourns Miss Jack's untimely death, and especially do those grieve who are acquainted with her. It is said she possessed abilities of a high order, and was an earnest worker in the cause of education. To Dr. Jack we tender our heartfelt sympathy. In another column will be found the particulars of the funeral.

We did think Earl Dufferin would get away without doing any silly things. But we were disappointed. He has given a medal and twenty guineas to Hanlan. Better pay him twice the amount to give up rowing which might have the effect of gagging the rowing mania.

St. John people are anxious to have the next Exhibition in St. John,—the last one was such a success there?

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Foreign and Domestic Fruits always on hand.

NOTICE.

SEALED tenders will be received at the Office of Public Works, Fredericton, until TUESDAY, the fifteenth instant, at 12 o'clock noon, for the

Repairing and Painting of the Suspension Bridge, St. John, N. B. according to Plan and Specification to be seen at the office of Public Works, Fredericton, and at the office of Mr. VanBuren, keeper of the Bridge.

Parties tendering may tender for the repairs and for the painting separately or for both together.

The names of two responsible persons who will be satisfactory to the Government will be required as securities for the faithful performance of the contract.

The Government do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.
P. A. LANDRY,
Chief Commissioner of Public Works,
Fredericton, N. B., Oct. 1, 1878.

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OCTOBER 1878.

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100 Bbls. and halves good Herring;
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