

The Morning Star.

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Farmer Gray.

You may envy the joys of the farmer,
And talk of his free, easy life—
You may sit at his bountiful table,
An' praise his industrious wife;
Et you worked in the woods in the winter,
Or followed the furrow all day,
With a team o' unarly young oxen,
An' feet heavy-laden with clay—
Et you held the old plow, I'm a-thinkin'
You'd sing in a different way.
You may dream o' the white-crested daisies,
An' lilies that wear such a charm;
But it gives me a heap o' hard labor
To keep 'em from spoilin' my farm.
You may plier the skies in their splendor
The landscapes so full o' repose;
But I never get time to look at 'em,
Except when it rains or it snows.
You may say you are o' the summer;
I'll tend to the hawks and the crows.
You may write o' the beauties o' Nature,
An' dwell on the pleasures o' the soil,
But the good things we have on our table
All her to be dug from the soil.
An' our beautiful, bright-golden butter,
Perhaps you may never hear learned,
Makes a pile o' hard work for the wimmin'—
It has to be cheerfully churned.
An' the cheeses, so plump in the pantry,
All have to be lifted and turned.
When home from the hay-field, in summer,
With stars gleaming over my head—
When I milk by the light o' my lantern,
An' wearily crawl into bed—
When I think o' the ruffles of the morrow,
An' worry for fear it might rain,
While I list to the roll o' the thunder,
An' hear my companion complain—
Then it seems as if life was a burden,
With little to hope for or gain.
But the corn must be planted in spring-time
The weeds must be kept from the ground,
An' the hay must be cut in the meadow,
The wheat must be cradled an' bound—
Far we never are out of employment,
Except when we lie in the bed.
All the wood must be chopped in the winter,
An' patiently piled in the shed.
An' the grain must be marketed to the market,
The stock must be watered and fed.
But the farmer depends upon only
The generous bounty o' God;
An' he always is sure o' his win.
By turnin' an' tillin' the soil,
When his workman is all over,
With conscience all spotless and clear,
He may leave the old farm-house forever
To dwell in a holier sphere;
An' the crown that he wears may be brighter
Because o' his simple life here.

—Eugene J. Hall.

Mrs. Brevoort's RepARATION.

"So, Birdie, it seems that young Brevoort is back from Europe," remarked Captain Howard, looking up from his newspaper and addressing a pretty girl of nineteen, his only child and the comfort of his old age.
"So it seems, papa," responded Bertha, with a sweet voice, while the coarse sewing which she held trembled in her grasp.
"He's to give us our fourth of July oration at the town hall. I'll be bound he speaks well. A promising young fellow, eh, Birdie?"
"His family are proud as Lucifer—ridiculously proud, seeing this world is not their abiding place. But the youngster is well enough, as modest, well-meaning, pleasant-spoken a young fellow as you'll find in the town."
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The day was very warm; and but a faint breeze stole in at the open windows. There was a cessation of fanning and a rustle of uneasiness as the Rev. Mr. Smith began a long prayer. Then all ceased to sing. "The Star Spangled Banner." Suddenly, there was heard a loud, rumbling sound, growing every moment louder, that blanched every cheek and sent horror to every heart. Amidst shrieks of alarm and apprehension, the end of the gallery nearest the platform fell with a terrific crash.
The heap of debris coming with such fearful momentum, tore through the frail flooring of the platform, and rushed blundering into the seats below, where it fell with a sickening thud. Alas for those who stood on that fatal spot!
Suddenly all was panic and dismay. People rushed wildly for the door, and were trampled and crushed in the frantic efforts to escape from the building.
"Mrs. Brevoort is trying to make her way to the platform!" cried Capt. Howard. "What madness to press against the crowd! She'll be crushed to death! Now see the man behind her, she snatches terror makes of humanity! Stay still in your place, Bertha, until I return for you."
Capt. Howard sprang out into the struggling crowd to rescue Mrs. Brevoort—and none too soon, for she was borne down, and in another moment would have been beneath the feet of the crowd. It took all the heroic strength of the gallant old captain to lift her up, and she moaned painfully, and murmured with white lips:
"My shoulder was stepped on. I feel faint."
Bertha stood gazing like one dazed at the awful scene on the platform. Back of the yawning chasm, from out the scene where he could be spared, she saw those who had been spared alive. He was not one of them. Already men were at work clearing the ruins and digging out the wounded, but, alas! Bertha thought with a shudder—the dead also.
She longed to rush forward, but her trembling knees gave way and she sank into a seat. So her father found her and led her home. He had left Mrs. Brevoort not seriously injured, but wild with anxiety as to the fate of her son.
The brave old captain returned to the scene where he could be of service, and Bertha hung herself on the lounge and prayed with passionate tears and pleadings, she heard the tramping of feet; and men entered carrying a stretcher.
"Your father sent us here, Miss Bertha," explained the surgeon, Dr. Ambrose. "It is General Tremaine, fatally injured. I greatly fear."
Bertha led the way to her father's room, and moved about to do what the

advancement of her only brother. It was owing to her influence that August accompanied her husband to Europe. Prior to the departure, Bertha had expected August to come and say goodbye and to exchange the promise of love that had been given a thousand times in all but words. She waited in vain; he did not come, and she received the fiercest farewell. She was forced to the agonizing conclusion that he had yielded to the wishes of his ambitious friends and given her up. For a year she had struggled to hide her sorrow and to make home cheerful and happy for her aged father. It had been exceedingly heavy work.
As she sat on the veranda on the warm summer day on which our story opens, a great fear fell on her work, followed by another and another till her eyes were dimmed. Her needle went sad and pricked her finger, and her work dropped from her hands. She gazed through the trees over at the old town hall wistfully.
"I shall see and hear him there," thought she, and crowds of others will see and hear him also. He is rich, happy, courted and content. How could I have believed his youthful love for me would have endured? I wish I need not go, after all; but every one would notice and comment on my absence, and so I must go.
"The glorious Fourth" proved to be a very warm day. Listlessly Bertha stood by her little mirror to complete her toilet. Her dress was an organdie—a delicate lilac-hued spray on a white ground, with ruffles of lace at the wrists and throat. In place of a brooch she wore a cluster of fragrant violets. A straw hat with white ribbons and lilac wreath, a pair of straw-tinted gloves and elegant costume.
She took up her handkerchief, fan and parasol, and ran down to her father, who, as usual on such occasions, was in a great hurry lest they should be a moment late.
"Eh! but you look cool and fresh as a flower, Birdie!" cried he, rubbing his rufous visage with a gay silk handkerchief. "Brevoort will lose his heart over again!"
Bertha laughed—poor girl—and together they crossed the street and entered the building which was rapidly filling. An usher, who knew Bertha, motioned them to conspicuous seats. All about them were familiar faces. Bertha bowed to a host of acquaintances, while the jolly old captain eyed her with triumphant pride.
Mr. and Mrs. Brevoort, with their son-in-law and daughter, Lord and Lady Murray, sat in front of them. The audience was a large and fashionable one. The platform was occupied by gentlemen of some distinction. In their midst sat the young orator of the day. Bertha gazed on the noble and beloved features of joy and pain. She scarcely caught a word of several brief addresses, nor gave the attention she would have given to the reading of the Declaration of Independence, so intent was she upon her own secret thoughts.
When August Brevoort arose there was a murmur of flattering applause. Every tone of his exquisite voice fell on Bertha's ear like softest music; every sentence of his eloquent address rang its echo in her heart. His eyes singled her out from the crowd of beauties. She looked so modest and innocent and sweet, that a looker-on would not have wondered at his preference. Their eyes met, and she fancied that she read in his look of reproach that puzzled her and bewildered her. Flattering applause greeted the close of his address.
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surgeon required. Again she was doomed to hear the ghastly tread of measured steps, and the again then entered her presence carrying a shudder. As in a dream she heard:
"Young Brevoort, Miss Bertha."
"Oh, my God!" she moaned, with livid lips.
"I am not dead, Bertha," came from the shutter. "Do not be alarmed by what you see. He has fainted," said the doctor. "There must be no talking and no excitement."
Bertha motioned them to her own snowy little room. In the course of the afternoon the little house became like a hospital. Bertha was kept busy, only once or twice finding opportunity to steal into her own room, carefully shaded, where lay her lover, his wounds dressed, a ghastly bandage across his forehead, and a sleep produced by opiates. Then poor Bertha sighed heavily and rushed out to where she was needed.
Toward evening a carriage drove up, and Mrs. Brevoort was assisted to alight. She was still suffering from her injuries, and moved like one in pain.
"I thank you for your good care of my son," said she to Bertha. "There is a bed prepared in the carriage, and the doctor thinks it safe to move him, so I will trouble you no longer; indeed, Miss Howard, your heart and your hands must be full."
In truth the little house, being so near the tall building, was filled to its utmost capacity with the wounded and their friends. Mrs. Brevoort extended her hand, saying:
"I owe my life to you. I shall not forget the debt, nor prove ungrateful."
The following week was one of gloom in the village. Several of the wounded had died, and others were slowly recovering; funerals had been of almost daily occurrence, and the bells had tolled mournfully. There had been investigating committees, indignation meetings, and the usual post-mortem proceedings.
Capt. Howard's little house had resumed its usual appearance of quiet restfulness. We find Bertha, as she was a week ago, on the veranda, sewing. The expression of sadness has deepened on her face. Her eyes, thoughtful and weary, have a look of sadness, as if sleep had not wooed them kindly.
A carriage drove up and stopped at the gate, and to Bertha's surprise, Mrs. Brevoort alighted. Her little heroine, in her simple muslin dress, arose and greeted the guest with a look of surprise and a modest dignity of her own. Mrs. Brevoort seemed much agitated, and grasped Bertha's hand almost painfully.
"I have come to confess a great wrong," she began, to Bertha's amazement. She followed her into the shady, fragrant parlor. She lifted her hand as if to forbid interruption, and continued: "For a week I have watched by what I feared would prove my son's deathbed. In that week I have prayed for his recovery, and many a vow as to my future conduct, should that dear son's life be spared. Those vows, Miss Howard, included reparation to yourself. You look at me in surprise—you cannot conceive in what I have incurred expiation."
"A year ago I was aware that my son wished to marry you. I objected to the match; it was distasteful to me; but that does not justify my conduct. My son wrote to you before he sailed for Europe, and I found the letter in his room, opened and read it. It was a proposal for marriage. He stated that he believed you loved him, and that he hoped to receive an answer to that effect; but that, if you sent no reply, he should know that he was free. I wish to state of your regard. A proposal so put would have been singular from almost any one else, but from over-sensitive August it was but characteristic."
"Our coachman—whom I knew would be selected by August—was an old family servant, and I was under no obligation to him. To him I said:
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 TERMS: \$2.50 per annum, payable in
 advance.
 Address "Star," Fredericton.

The Morning Star.

J. E. COLLINS, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
 FREDERICTON, MARCH 22, 1879

The Legislative Council.

The entire feeling of the people of this province is that our legislative Council be abolished; that the poor old men who now lose their hours doting there when they should be home "telling" their beads or praying after some fashion, should ornament their own homes. We do not see how any one can object to the abolition of this chamber, except he be an idiot or a hardened vampire. Goodness help the legislation of this province if it were to depend for its redeeming features on Lord Hibbard, Lord Lindsay, or others whom we could name. There is a time in the history of homespun when a coat ceases to do duty—when the cuffs are frayed and the elbows departed; there is a time in the history of man when his powers turn from their manly form to those of childishness. The men in our Legislative Council seem much of this stamp.

But granting they all have as much brains as they think they have, they are an incubus. In the latter case the country is more to be censured for keeping men in old lady's chairs who can do something than if they were in their dotage and could nothing but babble with 3 year old babies.

It is a sham, a hollow pretence, to tell us that these romances of manhood are a "check to hasty legislation." Let them point to a hasty measure they have checked in the last eight years, and we shall "go" for extending their lease. But they cannot. And even if they could, at less expense, at a mere bagatelle, the same thing can be done more effectually. It is not difficult at all to solve the problem, if one can conceive of a committee delegated to deal with and pronounce upon such bills, it might be with the aid of a judge who would pronounce upon certain features of them. But is not something left to the intelligence of the house? can we ever conceive of an individual or two introducing a bill of the nitro-glycerine character, and prevailing on a majority in the house to support it! But a majority in the house, they say, may bring in a disastrous bill. Look you, Lord Lindsay & Co., the members represent the people, the majority of them represent the majority, and will you dare deny to such portion what it wants? Did this upper house, not long ago, oppose a measure, which, in a manner trampled on the minorities? No, then why does it prate—it is powerless.

In Nova Scotia the people are in earnest, and the Reporter (Halifax) says:—
 "A really serious, honest, determined, persistent attempt to do away with the Legislative Council must succeed in the end."
 So say we. The lower house, the press and the people united, can push the old fellows from their stools, can clear the garrets and establish a wholesome order of things.
 A puny argument will likely come up against the Bill here, and it is this: The abolition of this semi-phantom body is the first step toward legislative union. Pshaw! Will the tearing down of this old pile deprive the people of their franchise? Legislative union must come by a vote at the polls for such a measure. The argument is a fitting one for the support of such a rotten cause.

No Complaints.
 It is thus those poor settlers are allowed to live and starve. No complaints, say the men to whose supervision and guidance the welfare and happiness of our country is entrusted. What earthly use of a poor friendless settler to complain! He will not be heard, his appeal will be in vain. Men in power listen only to those who have influence and can command votes.
 Our Crown Lands would have, to

a great extent, been settled years ago and would now be yielding a rich harvest, both directly and indirectly, had there been men at the head of our departments who knew the country, its wants and requirements.

The late Judge Wilmot understood perhaps better than all his successors the ways and means necessary to organize and thoroughly establish new settlements. He originated Harvey and Cork, both of which are flourishing and successful settlements to-day. He extended to them a helping hand in the day of need and enabled them to weather over the first trials of their woodland life. He did not hedge them in, by mere technical restraints or absurd limitations. He simply said to them: "Here is an opportunity for you to better your condition. We are prepared to give each of you one hundred acres of land for which you shall pay by making the road through your own land to accommodate yourselves. Whilst you are doing this, we will assist you in proportion to the amount of labor which you perform." Encouraged thus they went to work with a will and we have the result before us.

The heads of our public departments are so liable to change, that no sooner has a man acquired a little knowledge of the workings of his department than he is replaced by another. And thus we are having changes every day but little improvement.

We must say that there is no department in the public service, in which the officers are more civil and obliging than that of the Crown Land Department. They are however servants and have consequently nothing to do or say in the management of our wild domain.

We have no other resource but farming. Lumbering is exploded for the present. We must either cultivate the land or leave the country. Which we shall do, is for our legislators to determine. Centralization has been and still is the curse of every country. The whole time of our legislature is occupied with bills from St. John. If they only want to dig a well, they must have an act to authorize it. The country is forgotten and yet what would the city be without the country?

We end as we began. The poor settlers have no weight and no influence, and consequently it is useless for them to complain. The wire-pullers, delegations and sharpers govern the country,—that is all and nothing more.

The Grand Southern.

Is this subject the only consideration for which our legislators have been called together? Is there no other question requiring their attention and deliberation? The expenses that its agitation have cost us amount now to nearly as much, probably, as has been expended on it. We don't mean to say that its status quo should not be enquired in to and ascertained; yet there ought to be, we think, some more simple means of arriving at its position.

We never had, we must confess, much faith in the results of this enterprise. We do not see, however, why it should be made the scapegoat of all other railroad speculations. There is no railroad in the province which has had a more chequered life than that of St. Andrews. The late Mr. Wilson, of Chamcook, labored for years and years to make it a reality; when the railroads in New Brunswick were an ethereal dream. He died like the patriarchs of old: still hoping and believing in the distant day, when all his hopes should be realized.

Our legislature ran wild on railroads a few years ago as it did on confederation. They are reaping the fruits of their labor. It would appear that the Government, or if you will, the country at large are largely indebted to this railroad, (we have not seen the Engineer's Report) according to the bond to which we signed our names a few years ago. Unless we purpose to repudiate we ought to pay our liabilities, which should be amongst the first liens on our resources.

Mr. Blair, who is probing this thing to its core, will not, we are fair to hope gainsay this doctrine. He deserves credit, however, for having approached the subject and endeavored to ascertain where we are in this age of uncertainty and want of confidence; but why he should pursue the matter after having had his questions answered so

straightforwardly is difficult to tell. The trouble now is that the enquiries may cost more than it is worth. Why not go to the fountain head and follow the stream down? Those spasmodic efforts only tend to leave the whole matter where an old member of the House once said—in the "mud." Either get at the root of all speculations of a nature reasonably doubtful or let such subjects rest—until the boiler bursts and the catastrophe is recorded in indelible ink.

An honest and intelligent Opposition is the life and salvation of a country. Let our Opposition bear in mind that the North, East and West require, or ought to have, a little attention paid to it as well as the South. The same string, however sweet the sound, becomes monotonous when everlastingly harped upon. Let us have some new music. Variety is what the world wants. *Verbum sap.*

The National Policy.

Taxation seems to be more dreaded by the masses of our people than the Black Death by the Asiatic. Give some of them Free Trade, Reciprocity, Protection, what you will, but don't tax them. It is evident this class of people always receive a thing as it is presented never enquiring into cause or motive. It must be plain to the most obtuse mind that the new tariff is not a mere matter of speculation, no more than an oppressive burden. The people of the Dominion were told at the polls what it was to be, and in response the voice of nearly three millions of people arose and said give us a national policy.

And such a policy wise and practical statesmen have given us. They tax our flour 50 cents a barrel, but this is after all a bonus paid to wheat growers and mill owners. They tax our butter and cheese, but it is the price paid to protect those who raise cows and keep factories. They tax anthracite 50 cents a ton, but this is to give stimulus to the working of the mines with which the maritime provinces abound. In short the taxation is a blessing in disguise; it takes from you one dollar, but will give you back two. The men who give us this policy look upon our Provinces not as a disjecta membra but as a part, with common interests; with native industries of a high order; yet as a whole weak compared to America.

The Mail sees for us a brilliant future which may not be very distant.

"Nature never intended the inhabitants of the Dominion to remain for all time an agricultural people. The vast mineral wealth of the country, its unrivalled water power, the variety of its productions, its boundless area, and above all the intelligence, energy and self reliance of its people—all these bear witness that we have a mission far beyond the primitive calling of sowing wheat and cattle for the products of foreign looms or the output of foreign workshops."

As a justification for protecting us against invasion by foreign goods, cottons, &c., it says:—

"Manchester and Sheffield have always looked upon colonists as white hindoes, created to be consumers of their adulterated cotton, and cheap cutlery, and no doubt our reform friends speak truly when they say the national policy will excite their displeasure. All we can say is let them be displeased; we are not a conquering people, on whom they can thrust their wares by force of bayonets; nor is the national spirit yet sunk so low that we dare not be loyal to Canada for fear of being charged with treason to British manufacturing interests."

It scents the idea that England can take umbrage at our new policy. If she did, she would, it says "be false to herself, to her traditions, and to the spirit of freedom, of which she is an apostle."

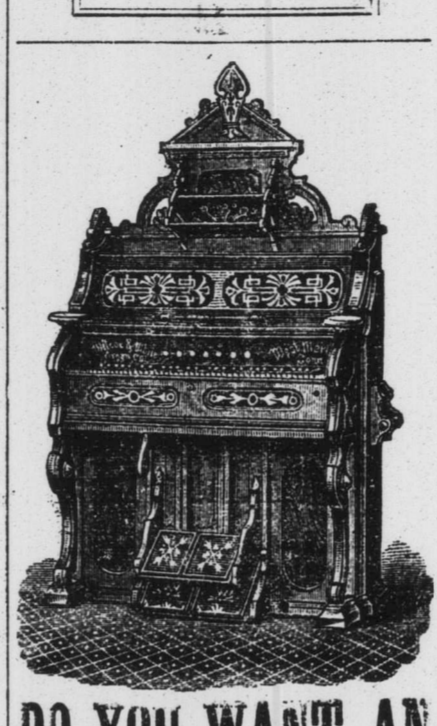
In speaking of our attitude towards America in the past and their policy in return to us, it says:—
 "For years they have met our conciliatory advances with hostile tariffs. Our markets have been wide open to them, but they have persistently kept their gates shut against us. They have rejected our advances and returned evil for good in every way."
 But we are even with them at last!

Now since we are to have a sixth judge, the question arises who is to be the lucky one? Many believe Mr. King will be the person, others hold he will not accept it. Mr. Palmer is also spoken of, but why we cannot say. It may possibly turn out that neither of these gentlemen will get this judgeship, nor do we see why either of them should.

The News is the scorned of the Opposition, and the disposed of the Government. The Halifax Chronicle (Grit) renounces connexion, the Mail (Tony) says he is not wanted there. Poor Ned!

New Advertisements.

COTTON GOODS!
 A FULL SUPPLY
 —OF—
TICKS, DENIMS, DUCKS, JEANS, DRILLS
 —AND—
COTTON GOODS
 of every description.
P. McPEAKE.



DO YOU WANT AN ORGAN,
 Thoroughly built, of magnificent finish, elegant tone? Call and see these on exhibition at my office. They are warranted for 6 years—no clap trap.
A \$235 Organ is offered for \$150.
JOHN RICHARDS,
 Office, next door to People's Bank Fredericton, March 15, 1879.

JOHN M. WILEY,
CHEMIST

& DRUGGIST,
 —DEALER IN—
GENUINE HAVANA AND DOMESTIC CIGARS.

Corner of Queen Street and Wilmot's Alley.
 Jan. 23, 1879.—3 mos.

TO LET.
 THAT beautiful and new house on King Street, now occupied by F. B. Coleman. Possession given 1st of May.
 For particulars apply to J. Edgecombe & Sons, Fredericton, Feb. 6th.—4.

COTTAGE TO LET.
 FROM the first of May next, the Cottage owned by the subscriber, situated on Charlotte Street, adjoining the residence of Mr. Alex. Mitchell, and now occupied by Mr. Christopher Champany. Apply to **JAMES BURCHILL** or to **ALEX. BURCHILL.** March 11.—4

DWELLING TO LET.
 TO LET from the first day of May next, half of the subscriber's dwelling house, fronting on Regent Street, at present occupied by Mr. P. S. Nicholson. The dwelling throughout is finished in first class style. It is heated by a wood furnace, and contains eight rooms, kitchen, pantry, and three closets, also a FROST PROOF CELLAR. Good well of water, and out buildings attached.
JAMES PEPPERS.
 Feb. 25th. 2w

TO RENT.
 THE subscriber will let to the first of May next his house corner of Church and George Streets, furnished or unfurnished. Possession given immediately if required. Enquire of the subscriber from 11 A. M. to 4 P. M.; or to **H. L. BEYERLY.** Feb. 12.
 Feb. 12.

MISS EMILY UTTON
HAIR DRESSER
 —AND DEALER IN—
Braids, Chignons, Switches and Curls.

Combs made over in Curis Falls, Braids, Human Hair bought, and sold cheaper than anywhere in the city.
 Ladies, please give me a call.
MISS EMILY UTTON,
 March 9—1m. Queen Street, P'ton

WANTED 3,000 CUSTOMERS TO BUY FOR \$5.00 EACH, CHEAP DRY GOODS CLOTHING.

THE subscriber wishing to reduce his stock before moving into his New Building, will sell the goods now on hand, comprising in part
 Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Cloths, Tweeds, Men's and Boys, Overcoats, Reelers, Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Gents' Kid Mitts and Gloves. Also, Hemp Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, Trunks, Valises, and almost every description of goods generally found in a Dry Goods or Clothing Store, all or any portion of which will be sold at prices to suit the times.
OWEN SHARKEY.
 Jan. 28, 1879.—3 mos.

LADIES' FELT HATS!
 Latest New York Styles, Colors **DRAB, BLACK, BROWN and BLUE**
P. McPEAKE.
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