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NO. 9.

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## THE TWO ARCHERS.

Upon the hills above the heights  
Of life two archers stand  
One like an angel seeming right,  
The other dark and grand.

First the bright angel bends his bow;  
Though wounded, still the victim lives,  
Blinded, his wounds he doth not know,  
But loves the pain it gives.

Then the dark angel soon or late  
Doth with his strong arm bend his bow;  
Swift speeds his arrow like to fate,  
And ends the mortal's woe.

These are the archers high above  
The tides of mortal life and breath  
The cruel angel archer, Love,  
The pitying angel archer, Death.

## A PLEA FOR THE NOVEL.

[Written for the Ledger.]

We frequently hear people, some of whom should know better, inveighing against novel reading; some going so far as to say that all novel reading is an almost unpardonable sin, or at least a sin of the greatest magnitude and on a par with the violations of the Decalogue. In other words some people regard novel reading as the great Pandora's box from which spring a great majority of the evils in life.

Now such opinions as the foregoing are generally the result of ignorance, or the effect of confounding two separate entities, two things together which are as entirely different in their nature as chalk and cheese (to use a homely expression) or saint and sinner. Hence we trust that in this, our feeble defense of pure literary fiction, we will be able to show to our readers the injustice of the literary iconoclast, who, in a general warfare upon novels, would by wholesale, exterminate not only those books whose tendency is immoral, but the immortal works of the great masters of fiction, the pure, the elevated and the refined inspirations of whom, have accomplished so much in the great work of humanizing, civilizing and refining society.

Then let us in the beginning learn to discriminate between the good and the bad; between the saint and the sinner, between the wheat and the tare, or in other words, between a wholesome literature and a pernicious one, for literature like all other things under the canopy of heaven; has its good and its evil, and being a just person, one worthy and well qualified, we must at least endeavor to deal as fairly and squarely with all things as well as with all men. Therefore, we would here divide novels into two classes, the good and the bad. In the former class we would include all whose tendency is to ennoble, elevate, refine and instruct, while in the latter category we would place the sensational trash, the raw head and bloody bones stories, the detective tales and all of the amorous sentimental stuff which is now published in the low-toned periodicals of the day, such as The New York Ledger, The Philadelphia Saturday Night, and others of the same genus, in the columns of which, we will venture to assert, there never yet appeared a single article or story a discreet and godly parent would choose for the edification of one of his children. Of course in this index expurgatorium, we do not class such first rate magazines as Harper's, Lippincott's, or The Century, and others like them, as these frequently contain original as well as reprinted tales of the highest merit.

Possibly we may be asked the question "What do you mean by a novel?" In the most liberal sense of the word a novel is any work of fiction, though no book in a really scientific or artistic sense deserves the name unless the characters there drawn are exact portraits of real and flesh and blood men and women, and this latter is one of the real points of difference between legitimate fiction and its base imitation, the sensation novel.

"Ars est celare artem." The art lies in concealing the art, has ever been the motto of artists, and this should apply equally to the artist in literature, which is

possibly the greatest branch of art, as it is the only art, the monuments of which are destined to live forever. The frescoes of Michael Angelo will perish before the end of time; the creations of Titian, of Salvator Rosa and of Claude Lorraine will be resolved into nothingness; the sculptures of Praxiteles, of Enidias, of Canova and of Flaxman will crumble into dust, but the immortal inspirations, the great pen pictures of Shakespeare and of Dickens and of Walter Scott, the great wizard of the North will be with us when the great trump shall sound and help to "light the torch of nature's funeral pile."

We repeat then that a true novel is one that deals with portraits of real men and women, and not with caricatures. It should also be the aim of the novelist "to point a moral" as well as to "adorn a tale," and this, most of them who are entitled to the name have accomplished, as few novels written simply to amuse, and without a didactic purpose, have succeeded in amusing, that is amusing those who are worth amusing, men and women with intellects.

We are penning this article very hurriedly as we have but little time to devote to it, but before dismissing the subject, in all earnestness we would ask the literary iconoclast to pause, to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest some of the great works of fiction, and do this in a spirit of earnestness and charity. Take for instance the sublime creations of the great Sage of Abbotsford, and if not otherwise instructive and inspiring, they will expand and broaden the intellect and vivify the imagination, and on the whole prove a pleasant diversion. Take Dickens' great work, the favorite child of his brain, David Copperfield, one of the grandest books in our mother tongue, or in any other language. Study it and lay it down feeling in your inmost soul that you are made better by its perusal; so beneficial to the human mind it is to read of the final triumph of virtue over vice, and of the purity and goodness of that model for all womankind, its beautiful, true and noble heroine, Agnes. Take Nicholas Nickleby and after reading lay it down with the reflection that this one novel, a thing you would not have thought of, wrought a great and last reform in the public school system of Old England, and that the author's inimitable and caustic description of Dotheboy's Hall accomplished a work pulpit eloquence had long labored for in vain. Take Charles Reade's "Hard Cash" and meditate over the great work it accomplished in behalf of the poor lunatic in a straight jacket and think of the great reform in the improved regimen of asylums, which now annually cast out more devils; than the old system of restraint did in centuries. Take the beautiful, refined and elevated creations of Miss Mulock, in all their eloquent and touching simplicity; and arise from their perusal feeling grateful to their author and to God that He in His wisdom, goodness and mercy has vouchsafed unto us such a healthful, profitable and sinless pastime as the reading of her inestimable gift to her fellow men, her great and good book, "John Halifax, Gentleman." We might multiply illustrations ad infinitum, but let one more suffice. Last, but not least, we would allude to John Bunyan's "Pilgrims Progress," a work of fiction, but a true work, for the characters are taken from nature, for if you be a Christian, reader, you will recognize the via dolorosa which every weary soul has to pass along in his journey through this vale of tears to the city of our God, the New Jerusalem.

We feel that we must close though we have just begun the subject, as it is one dear to our heart of hearts, a perfect labor of love, and O, my brother, whoever you be, think well before you say harsh things again, of one of God's greatest means of purifying and ennobling the nature of fallen man. The greatest divines of the world sing the praise of the legitimate novel, while they with the true critic condemn the worth-

less trash which has usurped the place of pure, elevated fiction. Hence, in novels as in all other things pertaining to this life and the life beyond, let us in a Christian spirit endeavor to discriminate between the false and the true, the good and the bad, the wheat and the tare, or in the words of the Sacred Writer, "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good." We ask you to do this, the cause of Christ demands it. The Word that teaches temperance in all things, also asks us to be just. Too much asceticism, too much puritanism in religion does the cause of God harm. In this day of enlightenment a lasting wrong can be done, the consciences of the rising generation, by a too rigid proscription of human rights, and which is too often followed by a reaction of sentiment.

Then while in justice to ourselves, as well as to our innocent children, we banish from the home circle all that is impure and unclean in literature, let us at the same time give God the glory, that among other inestimable blessings He has sent His sweet singers among us, to purify and ennoble our hearts. Hence among the other good gifts, we give our children, let us fall not to direct their minds to a pure and wholesome literature from which we would not discard some of its noblest monuments, though they bear the displeasing name of Novel.

Faithfully and in charity,  
GLENDOWER.

## IN LOVE WITH EAGLE EYE.

The talk of Paris just now is a romance in real life, of which the heroine is a young English woman and the hero no less a person than Eagle Eye, one of the braves of Mexican Joe. Joe and his redskins have come over to the big annual fair at Neuilly, outside Paris; where they daily and nightly amaze and amuse Parisians by their diabolical yells, their horsemanship and their Prairie drunks generally. It appears that during one of the representations given by the troupe in England a young lady who was present became enamoured of Eagle Eye. She shortly afterwards disappeared from her home, and her parents learned on inquiry that she had gone away to France with the Indian troupe. A detective was sent to Paris, and he, accompanied by the Commissary of Police of the Neuilly district, went to the camp of the redskins at the Porte Maillot, where the young lady was discovered in the tent of Eagle Eye M. Martin the Commissary, and the English detective had much trouble with the savage, who assumed a threatening aspect, and would have shown fight but for the intervention of Mexican Joe himself. Eagle Eye was almost foaming at the mouth, and threatened to kill the Commissary if he led the young lady away. The detective, however, taking advantage of the general confusion, quickly seized the girl in his arms, ran with her to a vehicle, and was speedily driven off, leaving M. Martin to deal with the redskin as best he could.

THE WEDDING RING.  
"The superstitious dread that some married ladies have of taking off their wedding ring leads sometimes to most trouble for them." Said a leading jeweler the other day. "Once we were called upon to do a very nice job owing to this feeling. A married woman had grown quite stout after she had changed her state, and the ring began to cut her flesh and play the mischief generally. Still she had a horror of removing, for fear it would alienate her husband's love or bring some other domestic disaster. She wouldn't even slip it off long enough to have it enlarged in the usual way, that is, by cutting and filing it, and then uniting the ring again. In this emergency, our workman who attends to this branch of the business said he believed he could enlarge the ring without taking it off the lady's finger. It would be a long and delicate and costly operation, he said, but he was willing to try it if the lady wished. She gladly consented and the job was begun. The workman went to the lady's house with his tools, and for two days, night and day, he toiled over that ring. She insisted that he must not so much as sander its circle, and he did not. Very carefully and patiently his tools rubbed away one side of the ring, which was then pried apart so as to make a V shaped gap. This was filled with metal and fused. Then the other side of the ring was operated on in the same manner, and so on back and forth in a see-saw two or three times, till gradually a belt of new gold had been inserted clear across."

NEWS NOTES AND EDITORIAL EXCHANGE CLIPPINGS.  
Two corporations at Glens Falls, N. Y.—the Morgan Lumber Company and the Glens Falls Paper Company—have been bulldozing their employees with the threat to close their factories in case of Cleveland's re-election and the passage of the Mill bill. But Mr. J. W. Fitch, of Glens Falls, a lumberman and a Democrat, expresses his entire readiness to buy out the two corporations at any time, and thus relieve their employees as well as their stockholders of anxiety in regard to the effects of Tariff Reform.—Philadelphia Record.

By the statement of the United States Consul at London, Ontario, Canada, printed in another column, it will be seen that the sale of Diston saws at cut prices is by no means an isolated or singular instance of putting protected goods in foreign markets at competing prices. The tariff duty of 85 per cent, collected in Canada does not prevent the sale of American agricultural implements in that market for even less money than the farmers of Pennsylvania can buy the same goods. Facts of this kind ought to open the eyes of consumers to the enormity of a system which enables Monopolies, Combinations and Trust to gauge their profits by the measure of war taxes now that the necessity for excessive taxation no longer exists.—Philadelphia Record.

Further evidence of the progress of Tariff Reform in New York is seen in the call for a citizens' meeting in Albany to discuss the fates of the campaign. The call declares that the best interests of the American people demand a substantial and speedy reduction of the tariff, "in accordance with the repeated recommendations of President Cleveland and of the wisest statesmen of both great parties in the past." Among the signers of the call are "many of the best known Republicans of Albany." Congressman Ashbel P. Fitch, of the Thirtieth district of New York; one of the three Republicans of the House who voted for the Mills bill, will address the meeting, which is to be held next Monday. The enthusiasm of the friends of Tariff Reform in Albany indicates that the city and county will largely increase their vote for Cleveland.—Philadelphia Record.

## WINDSOR, BERTIE COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1888.

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