

LITERARY

The Irish Famine.

MISS EDWARDS.

Give me three grains of corn mother—  
Only three grains of corn;  
It will keep the little life I have  
Till the coming of the morn.  
Dying of hunger and cold, mother—  
Dying of hunger and cold  
And half the agony of such a death  
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf, at my heart,  
mother—  
A wolf that is fierce for blood;  
All the live-long day, and the night beside.  
Gnawing for lack of food.  
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,  
And the sight was heaven to see;  
I woke with an eager, famishing lip,  
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you mother,—  
How could I look to you,  
For bread to give your starving boy,  
When you are starving too?  
For I read the famine in your cheek,  
And in your eyes so wild,  
And I felt it in your bony hand,  
As you laid it on your child.

The Queen has lands and gold, mother,  
The Queen has lands and gold,  
While you are forced to your empty  
breast  
A skeleton babe to hold,—  
A babe that is dying of want, mother,  
As I am dying now,  
With a ghastly look on its sunken eye,  
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother,  
What has poor Ireland done,  
That the world looks on, and sees us  
starve,  
Perishing one by one?  
Do the men of England care not mother,  
The great men and the high,  
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,  
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here mother  
Dying of want and cold,  
While only across the channel, mother,  
Are men that roll in gold.  
There are rich and proud men there,  
mother,  
With wondrous wealth to view,  
And the bread they fling to their dogs to  
night,  
Would give bread to me and you.

Come nearer to my side mother,  
Come nearer to my side,  
And hold me fondly as you held  
My father when he died,  
Quick, for I cannot see you mother,  
My breath is almost gone,  
Mother! dear mother! ere I die,  
Give me three grains of corn.

A School Day Memory.

Long years ago a winter's sun  
Shone o'er the school at setting,  
Lift up its western window panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy,  
Her childish favor singled,  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow,  
To right and left, he lingered,  
As restless y her tiny hands,  
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes, he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the trembling of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.

'I'm sorry that I spelt the word:  
I hate to go above you,  
Because—the brown eyes lower fell—  
'Because, you see, I love you.'

Still memory to a grey haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing,  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn in life's hard school  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her, because they love him!

—Whittier.

Nothing is really troublesome that we  
do willingly.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel than to  
revenge one.

By an agreeable and respectful de-  
portment a good reputation is gained.

Justice consists in doing no injury to  
men,—deceit in giving no offence.

It is a glorious thing to resist tempta-  
tion, but it is a safe thing to avoid it.

Whoever is honorable and candid, honest  
and courteous, is a true gentleman,  
rich or poor.

In matters of conscience first thoughts  
are best, in matters of prudence, last  
thoughts.

The human heart like a well, if utterly  
closed in from the world, is sure to  
generate an air of death.

If you would not have affliction visit  
you twice listen at once to the lesson it  
teaches.

Mabel Willey's Lovers.

(Continued.)

For once in his life Mr. Fletcher was  
absent minded, and the president of a  
trust company, who came to talk with  
him upon important business, fancied he  
did not evince his usual shrewdness and  
penetration. They were still engaged in  
earnest conversation when a piece of news  
reached them, a startling piece of news,  
that made them both stare and wonder  
if their ears told the truth: the Confi-  
dence Company had closed its doors!

But Harry, who heard of it at Delmo-  
nio's, was not startled in the least; may  
be rather enjoyed the excitement which  
quickly followed. He was rich; how  
could this failure harm him? Ere long  
other failures were announced, and Wall  
Street became filled with an excited  
crowd—so filled that it was well nigh im-  
possible to move about; crash followed  
crash, and, judging by men's faces, you  
might have thought the end of the world  
was near at hand.

Yet Harry calmly edged his way  
through the throng, always careful of the  
pretty rosebud, over which he frequently  
placed his hand for protection.

But ere this memorable day came to an  
end Harry grew serious.

'This is going to prove the greatest  
financial crash our country has known  
since the Revolution,' said Mr. Fletcher  
to him in the evening; 'and, my son, I  
may be utterly ruined.'

'And I'll not be able to go to Paris,'  
said Harry inwardly. 'Oh! what will  
Kitty say?'

But it was not so much Miss Gibbon  
as Miss Gibbon's mother, who took to  
heart the sudden, unexpected, astonish-  
ing change in Mr. Fletcher's fortune;  
for the banker, who had been entangled  
in many speculations, did indeed lose  
nearly all he possessed—so little had he  
left that the widow made up her mind  
that her daughter should not marry his  
son if she could prevent it.

A few days after the panic Harry called  
on his betrothed, who was now back from  
Philadelphia. He meant to tell her the  
whole sad truth, and afford her an oppor-  
tunity to break off the engagement, if  
she wished to do so. In the parlor he  
found Mrs. Gibbon, who seemed to be  
expecting him (he had written Kitty a  
note to say he was coming), and the wid-  
ow's countenance chilled his heart as he  
entered. Harry began by making a com-  
monplace remark about the weather—  
the equinoctial was raging—then went  
on to speak of the unhappy change in  
his father's fortune, wondering all the  
while why Kitty did not appear.

'We have heard of it,' answered the  
other, 'and needless to tell what a shock  
the news gave us. However, such mis-  
fortunes will happen—*c'est la vie*. And  
now that you have been so frank with me,  
Mr. Fletcher, let me be equally frank with  
you, and say that my daughter and I  
have had a long, serious talk on the sub-  
ject. Miss Gibbon, you know, has set  
her heart upon living abroad—indeed,  
we wish to be back again by the end of  
the month, and—'

'And now that I am penniless,' inter-  
rupted Harry, 'perhaps you deem it best  
that the engagement be broken off.'

Harry, who had feared this would be  
the step which Mrs. Gibbon would urge  
Kitty to take, nevertheless wished to see  
the young lady in person, and so he said:  
'But may I not speak with Miss Gibbon a  
moment? I—I—'

'She has a bad headache and is confin-  
ed to her room,' interrupted the widow.  
'Besides, sir, I am fully authorized to  
speak for my daughter, who, you are  
aware, is not yet of age.'

'Oh! but do tell her I am here; let  
me speak only a word to her,' said Harry  
in a pleading tone.

'I am sorry that I cannot grant your  
request,' answered Mrs. Gibbon firmly.

With this the interview closed, and  
Harry departed in a sorrowful mood, in-  
deed.

For a while the blow quite stunned  
him. The tears did not flow; he could  
only sigh and groan. He wished he had  
been born poor, and that Kitty was not  
an heiress. For then poverty would not  
have separated us, we should have toiled  
for our daily bread, and been as happy  
if we had lived on Fifth Avenue.

The following week he read in a news-  
paper the names of Mrs. Gibbon and her  
daughter among the passengers by the  
steamship *Russia* for Liverpool.

'Well, Harry, let us not despair,' said  
Mr. Fletcher a month after the panic.  
'Happy days may yet be in store for us.'

And as he spoke his thoughts turned  
westward to Rock River—to Mabel Wil-  
ley.

'And why not?' he asked himself  
after musing a moment. 'Why not?  
Many a man as old as I am has married  
a girl as young as Mabel.'

'Well, yes, father, I do believe happy  
days are in store for us,' returned the  
youth his countenance brightening; for  
he was beginning to recover from the  
blow which his heart had received, young  
people easily recover from such blows.

Besides, he had come to the conclusion  
that all had happened for the best. Miss  
Gibbon was not worthy of him, otherwise,  
despite her mother she would certainly  
have managed to communicate with  
him ere she sailed. It was only his mo-  
ney she cared about. 'And, father,' he  
added, 'I could be perfectly content on  
a farm; yes, I know I could, and you have  
enough left from the wreck of your for-  
tune to buy a farm, and we might live  
together on it very happily. Suppose,  
therefore, we were to go West—say to  
Illinois, where Mabel Willey's father lives.'

'Just what I was thinking of,' said Mr.  
Fletcher with a tender throbbing of the  
heart, which might have changed to a  
bitter pang had he known what was pass-  
ing through Harry's mind; for Harry,  
too, had asked himself—

'Why, not? I abominate rich girls  
now. Mabel is quite good enough for  
me.'

Accordingly, to Illinois they went, and  
arrived in the most glorious time of the  
year—Indian summer.

'Why, I do declare! Can it be possi-  
ble? Is this really my old friend Harry  
Fletcher?' cried Mr. Willey as he grasp-  
ed the other's hand, while Mrs. Willey  
and Mabel stood in a gasping circle  
round them.

'Yes I am here and nobody else,' was  
the response given in a voice quivering  
with emotion.

'Well, you are welcome—a thousand  
times welcome!' put in the wife, a tear  
glistening in her eye. 'Ay, Harry, it  
makes us young again to look at you.'

'And here is the image of yourself in  
the dear old days,' spoke Mr. Fletcher,  
turning towards Mabel who blushed and  
looked very pretty, while Harry Fletcher,  
Jr.—who did not dream of his parent  
falling in love—whispered to Mabel:

'How romantic this is!'

'Very,' answered Mabel. 'But pray,  
sir, why did you bring Miss Gibbon?  
Or perhaps you are married, and I should  
say Mrs. Fletcher?'

'I'll tell all about it by and by,' said  
Harry in a low tone. 'It is an exceed-  
ingly painful subject. I am trying to forget  
it.'

Then, after a pause, and drawing the  
girl aside, he added:

'I may as well tell you now: our en-  
gagement is at an end—Miss Gibbon is  
in Europe.'

When Mabel heard this her kind heart  
was deeply moved for Harry as well as  
Kitty. Mabel had no lover, but she had  
often thought that if she had one how  
dearly she would love him. 'And if our  
engagement were to be broken off, I  
hardly think I should ever smile again.'

'Well Harry,' continued Mr. Willey,  
addressing his old friend and at the same  
time sweeping his hand over the land-  
scape, 'is not this a charming country?  
Look yonder is the prairie; and there is  
Rock River—isn't it a fine stream? And  
there you see my timber—I have fifty  
acres of it; and that is my corn-field—a  
good fifty acres of corn; and I have a  
good orchard. In fact, I want for noth-  
ing also utely, nothing.'

'Well, you ought to be happy,' answered  
Mr. Fletcher.

'Happy isn't the word,' put in Mrs.  
Willey.

'Right, wife,' said the farmer. 'I'd not  
change places with the richest man in  
New York. People talk about the panic,  
why it hasn't harmed me a bit. My corn  
is ripening just as well now as before the  
crash, my land is all paid for, I owe not  
a dollar to anybody, and I really don't  
know what worry means.'

'No worry!' murmured Mr. Fletcher,  
pressing his hands to his brow. 'Alas!  
when have I been free from it?'

'Well it is worry and not work that  
kills people,' went on Mr. Willey. 'So  
stay out here and buy a quarter section,  
'twill make you ten years younger. No  
life so happy as a farmer's life.'

'The very thing I intend to do,' said  
Mr. Fletcher. Here Mabel clapped her  
hands and the little ones laughed and  
clapped their hands too, while Mrs.  
Willey said to herself: How very pleas-

sant it would be if the son of my old  
lover were to marry Mabel!

It was long since Mr. Fletcher had  
passed a happier day than this first day  
in Illinois, the balmy air, the entire  
change of scene, the glad faces  
around him, but above all the company  
of sweet Mabel, who insisted on showing  
him all over the homestead, obliterated  
from his mind the troubles and worries  
he had gone through and really made  
him feel many years younger.

The following week Mrs. Willey was de-  
lighted when she heard Harry ask her  
daughter to a row on the river. 'I  
have only a short letter to write,' said the  
youth 'then I'll be ready. Will you  
come?'

'Suppose we take a row,' said Harry's  
father to Mabel a few minutes later—he  
had not heard Harry's invitation.

'To be sure,' replied Mabel. 'But  
shall we go immediately sir, or wait for  
your son? He asked me to go with him  
as soon as he had done a little writ-  
ing.'

[Concluded in our next.]

WIT AND HUMOR.

It is one of the curious things of the  
world that a male hairdresser often dyes  
an old maid.

We often hear of some one's penning  
a poem. If they wish to be considered  
benefactors of the human race, let them  
pen a poet.

Necessity may be the mother of inven-  
tion, laziness is certainly the father  
of it.


'How much do you ask for that  
goose?' inquired a customer of a mar-  
ket woman. 'Seven shillings for the  
two,' replied the woman. 'But I only  
want one,' said the customer. 'I  
can't help it,' said the woman; 'I ain't  
a goin' to sell one without the other.  
To my certain knowledge, them 'ere  
geese hev bin together more'n thirteen  
years an' I ain't a-gon' to be so unfeel-  
in' as to separate 'em now.'

Norristown Herald:—The New  
York Herald, with its customary enter-  
prise, is the first to announce that an  
Arkansas genius has invented a bottle  
which has a cork at both ends. This  
may be an advantage when two men  
want to drink from the same bottle at  
the one time, but it seems to us that a  
bottle without any corks would find a  
larger sale in Arkansas. An Arkansas  
man becomes dry so often that he loses  
several drinks a day in drawing corks.'

Had Him There.—You drunken sot!  
The very boasts of the field give you a  
lesson! They leave off when they have  
quenched their thirst.—Paddy: Yes,  
sir. But where did the basties ever  
come across a shtreamo' whiskey!?

On the Quiet.—Intending purchaser  
(doubtfully): What makes him lay his  
ears back like that?—Dealer (more in  
sorrow than in anger): Lor, sir, that  
shows what sensible banimal he is, sir.  
He's a list'nin' to all what we says  
about him.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS**

This Great Household Medi-  
cine ranks amongst the lead-  
ing necessities of Life.

These famous Pills purify the blood  
and act most powerfully, yet soothingly on the  
LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS,  
and BOWLS, giving tone, energy and  
vigour to these great MAIN SPINGS  
OF LIFE. They are confidently re-  
commended as a never failing remedy  
in all cases where the constitution,  
from whatever cause, has become  
impaired or weakened. They are won-  
derfully efficacious in all ailments  
incidental to Female of all ages and  
as a General Family Medicine, are  
unsurpassed.

**HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT**

Its Searching and Healing Prop-  
erties are known through-  
out the world.

For the cure of BAD LEGS, Bad Breasts,  
Old Wounds, Sores & Ulcers,  
It is an infallible remedy. It effectually  
rubbed into the neck and chest, as salt  
into meat, it Cures SORE THROAT,  
Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even  
ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings,  
Abscesses, Piles, Fistulae,

**GOUT, RHEUMATISM,**  
And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it  
has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured  
only at  
533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON,  
And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines  
throughout the Civilized World; with  
directions for use in almost every lan-  
guage.

The Trade Marks of these Medicines  
are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any  
one throughout the British Possessions,  
who may keep the American Counterfeits  
for sale, will be prosecuted.

Purchasers should look to the  
Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the  
address is not 355, Oxford Street,  
London, they are spurious.

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**Newfoundland Lights.**

No. 4, 1879.

TO MARINERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,  
that a Light House has been erect-  
ed on Point Verde, Great Placentia.

On and after the 1st June next, a  
FIXED WHITE LIGHT will be  
exhibited nightly, from sunset to sun-  
rise. Elevation 98 feet above the level  
of the sea, and should be visible in  
clear weather 11 miles.

The Tower and Dwelling are of  
wood and attached. The vertical parts  
of the Building are painted White; the  
roof of the Dwelling is flat.

Lat. 47° 14' 11" North.  
Lon. 54° 00' 19" West.

The Illuminating Apparatus is Dis-  
optical of the Fifth Order, with a Sin-  
gle Argand Burner. The whole water  
horizon is illuminated.

By order,  
JOHN STUART,  
Secretary.

Board of Works Office,  
St. John's, April 17th, 1879.

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**GOVERNMENT NOTICE**

THE PUBLIC are hereby notified  
that from and after this date Parties  
having ORDERS on the BOARD OF  
WORKS are required to present the  
same for payment on TUESDAYS and  
FRIDAYS only in each week, between  
the hours of ten and two o'clock.

By order,  
JOHN STUART,  
Secretary.

Board of Works, St. John's,  
2nd May, 1879.

Vol. 1.

THE CARBONAR HERALD AND OUTPORT TELEPHONE.

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