

LITERARY.

ERIN'S WAIL.

Once more in thy valleys, dear Erin,
Aries the sorrowful wail;
The cry of the hunger-pitied thousands
Overburdens the wings of the gale;
Mid the mountains of wild Connemara
The spectre of grim famine stalks,
And even through Munster's rich valleys
The merciless death-angel walks.

Al over the island's broad bosom
The pall of privation is spread;
Where the barns are bending with
plenty—
Even there there is clamor for bread!
But deaf to the cry and the clamor
That rings 'round thy ocean-girt shores,
The pirate who've plundered thy people
Now shut up their hearts and their
doors.

The Land for whose martial achievements
Your children in myriads bled—
The England whose earth girdling empire
Was built on the bones of your dead—
Hears the wail of the famishing thousands,
And what does she offer withal?
God of justice and right! we must answer:
More bayonets and powder and ball!

But enough! we'll remember that offer-
ing—
The future may yet bring a day
When the Saxon shall call on our children
To hold his grim foemen at bay—
In that hour of impending disaster
He'll call for our prowess in vain.
We shall point to the poorhouse and
prison.
And ask him to give back our slain.

But France! the great-souled and big-
hearted,
No high-sounding words can reveal
The depth of our fountain of blessings,
How grateful and thankful we feel,
For the large, ample measure of succor
You sent, in her hour of distress,
To the long-plundered land of our
fathers,
Now treading affliction's wine press.

And Columbia, the land where our kin-
dred
Wealth, welcome, and freedom have
found;
We greet thee with hearts overflowing,
And bless every inch of thy ground.
May the plenty which nature has show-
ered
O'er all thy broad bosom increase,
And the hand that was generous to Ireland
Long bear the bright olive of peace.

MAY WARREN'S SACRIFICE.

(Concluded.)

'Speak to me, Mark; say that you do not blame me.'
He knew then that she had decided, and what that decision was.
'And you will leave me, May, and marry that old man?'
'Heaven pity me, Mark, for I must. I will become his wife, and will be true and faithful to him, for he will be kind to me. You will hear of me thus, and when you do remember my words, Mark, that you have my heart.'
'I will remember May. God help us both, for I shall never forget you. They shall bury me with this upon my heart.' And he drew a tress of soft brown hair from his bosom.
For a moment more—one precious little moment—he held her against his heart, and then kissed her, put her gently from him, and was gone.
For a moment she stood alone under the trees, with clasped hands and face upraised to the quiet sky, and then she turned and walked silently towards the house. A light streamed from the library window down on her, and as she looked up she saw the shadow of a bowed figure fall across the curtain.
'Father, you are saved!' She murmured.
A hand was laid suddenly upon her arm, and she started with a low cry.
'Good evening, Miss May,' said Colonel Leighton. 'I have been seeking you.'
She bowed, and stood silently before him with a calm downcast face.
'I have been talking with your father,' he continued, 'carelessly pulling a rose from a bush near them. He told me that you have promised to think of my proposal, and let us know what your decision is to-morrow. Is there anything I can say which will influence you to form that conclusion in my favour?'
'You cannot say anything which will influence me in the least, Colonel Leighton. As my father has said, you shall have my answer to-morrow.'
He glanced at the young face, so sad in its calm dignity, and then looked down at his fingers again, which were busied in tearing to pieces the blossom he held, and allowing the crimson petals to fall at his feet, as if they were fragments of the heart he was breaking. In the long silence

that followed she glanced up at him once with the thought of flinging herself upon his mercy by giving him her confidence; but the stern expression of his face repelled her.
'Miss May,' he said, suddenly, 'you are averse to this marriage.'
His tone aided in rendering his words an assertion. She was startled, but replied quietly 'Do not think so?'
'I must be blind if I were to think otherwise,' he continued, with sudden energy. 'May Warren you know that you hate me—that you would die rather than become my wife, were it not for your father's sake.'
Before she realised what she was doing the monosyllable 'Yes,' slipped from her lips.
'And in doing this do you realise how you would wrong us both?'
She was silent.
'It shall never be I will never call you my wife, knowing that you don't love me—that your heart is not in your keeping. I will not tell you of my hopes, how I have dreamed that may last days would be my happiest ones,—it would not interest you. Now I have only to say that you are as free as if I had never seen your sweet face.'
He paused for a reply, but she made none. Bowed down by her position, she did not know what to say.
'I know that I have only myself to reproach, he went on. 'My motive in offering your father my assistance was a purely selfish one. The consequences are only what I deserve. I had no thought of the long years during which he had been my true and faithful friend, but cruelly took advantage of his position to gain my own ends. Yes, I am properly punished.'
There was a bitterness in his tone, a despondency in his attitude, that greatly changed his accustomed, dignified composure of manner. Half unconsciously of what she did, only sensible of the pity she felt for him, the young girl put her hand upon his arm, and said, softly, 'Forgive me.'
'Forgive me, rather, my child,' he said, gently, taking the little hand in one of his; 'for the misery I have caused you. I should have known that our paths in life could never be one. But good-night. I will not detain you.'
She did not shrink from him as he bent down to kiss her forehead, with his last words. He stepped aside to allow her free passage to the house, but she did not move.
'You are thinking of your father,' he said. 'Do not be distressed on his account. Remember me in your prayers to-night, and sleep sweetly. It is all I will ask.'
He did not wait to hear her fervent 'God bless you!' or witness her burst of joyful tears, but quickly left her.
The morning sunshine streamed boldly into the apartment of old Mr. Warren, where he lay in the heavy sleep of physical and mental exhaustion. The forenoon was far advanced when a servant roused him, informing him that Colonel Leighton waited in the library. Making a hasty toilet, the old man left his chamber and went to join his friend. The gentlemen met cordially, and Col. Leighton immediately requested that May be sent for. They waited but a few moments when the door swung noiselessly open, and, wearing a white morning robe the young girl entered. At a motion from her father she sat down upon a low seat at his feet, and then glanced up with a confident smile at Colonel Leighton, who stood leaning against the mantelpiece, with an expression of face half-sad half-admiring.
'We are waiting for your answer, May,' said Mr. Warren, quietly.
'I will leave the matter entirely in Colonel Leighton's hands,' she replied.
The old man glanced perplexedly from her to his friend. Colonel Leighton stepped forward.
'My old friend, James Warren,' he said, 'I met your daughter last night and talked with her. I discovered with what feelings she regarded a marriage with me, and cannot allow the sacrifice she would make for your sake. I will never marry her; she is free. And now I have to ask your pardon for the unmanly way in which I have taken advantage of your embarrassment, and have come so near to destroying the happiness of your child. Every power of mine shall be exerted to its utmost to relieve you, and all the reward I ask is, the knowledge that you and May do not despise me. Nay, May, no thanks. I deserve rather to be scorned for too part I have acted. But I have one favour to ask, old friend. Will you allow me to choose a husband for your daughter?'

'You have my full and free permission,' replied Mr. Warren, smiling through his tears. 'But I hope you will be more successful in your choice than I have been.'
'Never fear,' said the colonel, with a glance at May. Flinging open a door that led to another apartment, he called, 'Now, my boy!' and Mark Winchester sprang into the room.
'Behold your future son-in-law,' said Colonel Leighton; and ere the old man could comprehend the scene, the young couple knelt for his blessing. At a motion from his friend he gave it willingly; and never was there a happier party.
Through the interposition of his friend, Mr. Warren was saved from ruin, and his daughter made happy. When May that morning asked for a solution to the problem of Colonel Leighton's knowledge of Mark, he replied, 'I did not wait half an hour in the garden to no purpose, little one.' And she understood that he had overheard her conversation with her lover. Through his influence Mark's talents as an artist became known to the world, and a few years afterwards he became a popular painter and a wealthy man; and out of gratitude to his benefactor he christened his first-born son Edwin Leighton Winchester.

Wit and Humour.

A Boston gentleman advertises for a 'self-supporting' wife, 'pretty, and well-educated.' Modest, that!

What is the difference between a looker-on at an auction mart and a mariner? One sees the sale, and the other sails the sea.

They say marriage is the end of some people's trouble—which end, though?

'A Home without music,' says a certain moralist, 'is like spring-time without birds.'

'It is a curious fact,' says an entomologist, 'that it is the female mosquito that torments us.' A bachelor would say that it is not at all curious.

'I'm afraid, wife, you'll forget me, while I'm away,' said a tipsy sailor.
'Never fear, dear,' she replied; 'the longer you are away in your country's service, the better I shall like you.'

An old bachelor recently gave the following toast: 'Woman—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of age. Bless our stars, and may they always be kept at telescopic distances.'

'Lewis,' said a father the other day to his delinquent son, 'I'm busy now, but as soon as I can get time I mean to give you a flogging.' 'Don't hurry yourself, pa,' replied the son; 'I can wait.'

'Madam,' said a cross-tempered physician to a patient, 'if women were admitted to Paradise, their tongues would make it purgatory.'

'And some physicians, if allowed to practise there,' replied the lady, 'would make it a desert.'

Dr. Southey says: 'The talebearer and the talebearer should be both hanged up back to back, only the one by the tongue and the other by the ear.'

A wife wanted her husband to sympathise with her in a feminine quarrel, but he refused, saying, 'I've lived long enough to learn that one woman is just as good as another—if not better.'

'And I,' retorted the exasperated wife, 'have lived long enough to learn that one man is just as bad as another, if not worse!'

A Merchant having sustained a considerable loss, desired his son not to mention it to anybody. The youth promised silence, but at the same time requested to know what advantage could attend it. 'If you divulge this loss,' said the father, 'we shall have two evils to support instead of one—our own grief, and the joy of our neighbours.'

There is sometimes wit in an unwitting answer, as in the reply of the lady who, when asked, 'What's the difference between the North and the South Pole?' unconsciously replied: 'Why all the difference in the world.'

The following is an amusing catalogue of Dickens' works.—'Oliver Twist,' who has very 'Hard Times' in the 'Battle of Life,' and having been saved from 'The Wreck of the Golden Mary' by 'Our Natural Friend,' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' had just finished reading 'A Tale of the two Cities' to 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' during which time 'The Cricket on the Hearth' had been chirping right merrily, while 'The Chimes' for the adjacent church were heard, when 'Seven Poor Travellers' commenced singing a 'Christmas Carol.'

'Barnaby Rudge' then arrived from 'The Old Curiosity Shop' with some 'Pictures from Italy,' and 'Sketches by Boz,' to show 'Little Dorritt,' who was busy with the 'Pickwick Papers,' when 'David Copperfield,' who had been taking 'American Notes,' entered and informed the company that the 'Great Expectations' of 'Dombey and Son' regarding 'Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy' had not been realised, and that he had seen 'Boots at the Holly Tree Inn' taking 'Somebody's Luggage' to 'Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings' in a street that has 'No Thoroughfare' opposite 'Bleak House,' where the 'Haunted Man,' who had just given one of 'Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions' to an 'Uncommercial Traveller,' was brooding over 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.'

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Manufacturer of Monuments, Tombs, Grave Stones, Counter Tops, and Table Tops, &c.

All orders in the above line executed with neatness and despatch from the latest English and American designs.

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The Pills Purify the Blood, correct all disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys and Bowls, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females. The OINTMENT is the only reliable remedy for Bad Legs, Old Wounds, Sores, and Ulcers, of however long standing. For Bronchitis, Diphtheria, Coughs, Colds, Gout, Rheumatism, and all Skin Diseases it is no equal.

BEWARE OF AMERICAN COUNTERFEITS

I most respectfully take leave to call the attention of the Public generally to the fact, that certain Houses in New York are sending to many parts of the globe SPURIOUS IMITATIONS of my Pills and Ointment. These frauds bear on their labels some address in New York.

I do not allow my medicines to be sold in any part of the United States, I have no Agents there. My Medicines are on y made by me, at 533 Oxford Street London.

In the books of directions affixed to the spurious make is a caution, warning the Public against being deceived by counterfeiters. Do not be misled by this audacious trick, as they are the counterfeiters they pretend to denounce.

These counterfeiters are purchased by unprincipled Vendors at one-half the price of my Pills and Ointment, and are sold to you as my genuine Medicines.

I most earnestly appeal to that sense of justice, which I feel sure I may venture upon asking from all honorable persons, to assist me, and the Public, as far as may lie in their power, in denouncing this shameful Fraud.

Each Pot and Box of the Genuine Medicines, bears the British Government Stamp, with the words 'HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, LONDON' engraved thereon. On the label is the address, 533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, where alone they are manufactured. Holloway's Pills and Ointment bearing any other address are counterfeiters.

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.

Signal THOS HOLLOWAY 533, Oxford Street, London.

NOTICE.

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Newfoundland of Ours, Being a series on the natural resources and future prosperity of the colony, by the Rev. M. HARVEY. For sale at the office of this paper price fifty cents

ADVERTISEMENTS.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading 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 SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all ages and as a General Family Medicine are unsurpassed.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Its Searching and Healing Properties are known throughout 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, Fistulas,

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 language.

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Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

AGENCY CARD.

The undersigned thankful for the favours informs his friends and the trade, that he continues to manage the Collection of Debts due by persons residing in Conception Bay District, Newfoundland. Security for future payment taken by mortgage on property or otherwise. Holding commissions as Notary Public Commissioner Supreme Court, and Land Surveyor, business under these heads carefully attended to. Plans of Land taken.

Inquiries made—questions answered. All business considered confidential. No greater publicity than necessary given to any matter.

The proprietor of any newspapers copying this card will have his newspaper bills collected as payment for yearly insertions in the paper and copy paper sent to my address. Bay Roberts.

G. W. R. HIERLIHY.

A CARD.

T. W. SPRY, Notary Public, "EXPRESS" BUILDINGS, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

A DIVIDEND on the Capital Stock of this Company, at the rate of Ten per Cent. per annum, for the half year ending the 31st December 1879, will be payable at the Banking House, in Duckworth Street, on and after Thursday, the 8th inst., during the usual hours of business.

By order of the Board R. BROWN, Manager.