

LITERARY

The Knight and the Nun.

ANONYMOUS TRANSLATION FROM F. VON SCHILLER.

"Knight, to love thee like a sister,
Vows this heart to thee;
Ask no other, warmer feeling—
That were pain to me,
Tranquil would I see thy coming,
Tranquil see thee go;
What that starting tear would tell me
I must never know."

He with silent anguish listens,
Though his heart-strings bleed;
Clasps her in his last embraces,
Springs upon his steed;
Summons every faithful vassal
From his Alpine home;
Binds the cross upon his bosom,
Seeks the Holy Tomb.

There full many a deed of glory
Wrought the hero's arm;
Foremost still his plumage floated
Where the foe's banner swam
Till the Moslem, terror-stricken
Quailed before his name;
But the pang that wrings his bosom
Lives at heart the same.

One long year he bears his sorrow,
But no more can bear.
Rest he seeks, but finding never,
Leaves the army there;
Sees a ship by Joppa's haven,
Which, with swelling sail,
Wafts him where his lady's breathing
Mingles with the gale.

At her father's castle portal
Hark! his knock is heard:
See! the gloomy gate uncloses
With the thunder-word:
'She thou seek'st is veiled forever,
Is the bride of heaven,
Yesterday the vows were plighted—
She to God is given."

Then his old ancestral castle
He forever flees,
Battle-steed and trusty weapon
Never more he sees.
From the Togenburg descending
Forth unknown he glides;
For the frame once sheathed in iron
Now the sackcloth hides.

There beside that hallowed region
He hath built his tower,
Where from out the dusky indens
Looked the convent tower,
Waiting from the morning's glimmer
Till the day was done,
Tranquil hope in every feature,
Sat he there alone.

Gazing upward to the convent
Hour on hour he passed;
Watching still his lady's lattice
Till it opened at last,
Till that form looked forth so lovely,
Till the sweet face smiled
Down into the lonesome valley,
Peaceful, angel-mild.

Then he laid him down to slumber,
Cheered by peaceful dreams,
Calmly waiting till the morning
Showed again its beams.
Thus for days he watched and waited,
Thus for years he lay.
Happy if he saw the lattice
Open day by day—

If that form looked forth so lovely,
If the sweet face smiled
Down into the lonesome valley,
Peaceful, angel-mild.
These a course they found him sitting
Once when day returned,
Still his pale and placid features
To the lattice turned.

The Mowing.

The clock has struck six,
And the morning is far,
While the east in red splendor is glowing;
There's a dew on the grass and a song in the air—
Let us up and be off to the mowing.

Who'dst know why I wait
Ere the sunlight has crept
O'er the field where daisies are growing?
Why all night I've kept my own vigils,
nor slept?

'Tis to-day is the day of the mowing.
This day and this hour
Maud has promised to tell
What the blush on her cheek was half showing.
If she waits at the lane I'm to know all is well.
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Maud's mother has said,
And I'll never deny
That a girl's heart there can be no knowing.
Oh, I care not to live, and I rather would die,
If Maud do not come to the mowing.

What is it I see?
'Tis a sheen of brown hair
In the lane where the poppies are growing.
Thank god! it is Maud—she is waiting
me there,
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Six years have passed by,
And I freely decay
That I scarcely have noticed her going
Sweet Maud is my wife, with her sheen of
brown hair,
And we had a good time at the mowing.

VACATION.

[Original.]

Deep down in the bottom of the human heart there lies an instinct purer and holier than aught else in the world,—the instinct of the love of home. Nor is it in the human heart alone; it is as wide and as universal as creation. There is nothing living which is not swayed by this gentle longing. The bee has no sooner sucked the nectar from the drooping flower than she wings her rapid flight to her home. Take the bird. Imprison him. Give him the most delicate food, and bring him water from the coolest fountain. Have you made his bars less irksome? No. He can not be happy, for the cage is not his home. He may pour forth his wildest woodnotes; but they are merely a prisoner's song—tuneless souvenirs of a bye gone freedom, which caught its inspiration from his forest home. Leave his prison door ajar, and he will not fail to profit by your oversight. But he will not forget your tender kindness. He will perch himself on some neighbouring gable, shake his little feathers, sing you a kind farewell—then, bursting into a wild hymn of liberty, he will wing his way to the forest, his free, his happy, his native home. So it is with man,—imprison him, drive him by dire necessity to a foreign strand, and still the yearning of his heart after its earliest home, is as strong as ever. It is well that it is so,—it is well that we have all of us had a home, and a springtime whose joys are imperishable and whose very recollection calls up the tenderest feelings of our nature. We cannot, it is true, recall departed youth, nor act again the games of childhood. But we can revisit the home made sacred by the one, and the places hallowed by the innocent happiness of the other. All classes of society feel this—the shepherd of the valley no less than the enthroned king, but none, perhaps, feels so keenly the happiness of such visits as the student. Shut up for ten months within the College walls and wearied in mind from the toil of study, he looks forward with quite a pardonable pleasure to the day of breaking-up. Long before it has come it is the subject of his nightly thought, and the one topic of his daily conversation. Each night ere his eyes close in sleep, his lively fancy pictures with a thousand new beauties every nook and corner of his favorite haunts, and during the day time it is his secret pleasure to plan how he shall employ his hours at home. The night before the breaking up at length arrives. Every student is in his room. Books, papers, and linens are spread about in every direction. He is packing and thinking the while, of the happy morrow. A few short hours and his mother's arms will be pressing him to her breast. Oh! how his heart is burning with the thought of looking at the love of her heart beaming from her eyes—of feeling once again the warm clasp of his father's hands, and of seeing the tears of welcome stealing down the cheeks of his brothers and sisters. Oh! he thinks, "how true it is that the three sweetest words in the English language are mother, home, and heaven," a loud shout of laughing assails his ears. He raises his head, and for the first time is aware that while he has been revelling poor fellow, in anticipated home pleasures, he has wrapped his boots up in his finest linens, and hidden poor Virgil and Hugh Blair in the leg of an old stocking. I shall not attempt to portray the disorder of this night. Suffice it to say, that after much packing and unpacking, his trunk is at last fit for the journey; when he retires to bed to snatch a few hours' sleep. The lights are extinguished in the corridors. The last soft foot-falls of the watchful Dean have died away in the distance. There is not a sound, save the ticking of the clock, nor a breath, except a cool gust of night air through the hidden chink in some window-pane. All is hushed—all is still as the grave. He is dreaming of home. Perhaps even now his nerves are twittering from the jolting of some fancied cab. The morning comes, and then, behold the bustle. What an array of trunks, hat boxes, and carpet bags! What jingling of voices, what a motley group of cabmen! Soon they are whirled off to the train. After a last "good-bye," and "take care of yourself," from some city friend, the train whistles, he takes his seat, the train starts, and in a few seconds the College has faded away in the distance. I should perhaps weary

you, were I to describe the various thoughts called up by each well remembered scene on the way home. I need only say that after many stoppages, marked with the usual unnecessary bustle, he finds himself at last in the village nearest home. Here the indispensable cabman is once more employed, this time to drive him to the dear old roostree. What a crowd of strangely beautiful thoughts come trooping from the past, as the hill that hides his home appear in sight. What delightful memories come dancing along when he sees the garden-trees—the silent witnesses of the gambols of his childhood. How inexpressibly sweet are the reminiscences of childhood which in wild but beautiful disaster press and cling to his mind, when between the knarled branches he catches the first glimpse of the dear old house. And what happiness inundates his soul as he sinks into his mother's long and loving embrace. There let us leave him, such joy is too holy to disturb. Let some homely British fire-side tell him the story of Alfred, and of the glory that surrounds the field of Runnymede; let Caledonia speak to him of Bruce of Wallace and of noble Douglas, and the land of the Shamrock fascinate him with the legends of her Chieftains, the flowers of her valleys, and the fairies of her streams.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Go to the dishonest grocer, consider his weight, and be wise enough to avoid him. —Steuenville Herald.

The grate art of contentment consists in being perfectly satisfied with that year hair't got.

Better bare feet and contentment therewith, than patent leather boots and a corn on each toe.

It is more reputable to adapt yourself to circumstances than it is to fit yourself with another man's new felt hat, when he is taking dinner at a crowded hotel.

The zinc statue of Tom Moore at Dublin has a crack in his head, and is half full of water. Which is a thing that never happened to him during his lifetime.

The boy who says it's my "turn" as the short cake is being passed rarely makes the same remark when the mowing machine knives have to be ground after dinner.

"None of us is safe," said a Grand Opera House "super," gloomily, after reading about the attempted assassination of Edwin Booth.

A level-headed poet signs: "The time the time is short! Old part, shake! You are the best kind of right. We gave it only last week for three months, and the bank says it falls due to-morrow. The time is short, but it isn't shorter than we are."

A lady, not accustomed to raising poultry set a hen on some eggs and in due course of time a brood of chickens was hatched. A friend coming in four days afterward, noticing that the little things looked weak and puny, asked how often they were fed. "Fed!" was the reply, "why, I thought the hen nursed them."

An Atlanta youth, says the Constitution, gotten up in the latest style, left a West End car and tripped across to a house, where a little boy sat whistling with a Barlow knife. The boy looked up and said:

"I say, young man, yer don't want to be comin' around here any more, yer don't."

"Why, Charley, what's the matter?"

"Cause, there's a feller what wears a diamond breast-pin and rides in his own horse and buggy a comin' here to see Sis now, and a feller like you, what has to ride 'round in a bobtail kyar hain't got no show 'cept to take a front seat on the fence and watch 'em fixing things for the weddin'!"

The young man turned away looking like a sweet potato vine after a black frost.

A junior met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years and wishing to annoy him, inquired how old he was. "I can't exactly tell," replied the other, "but I can inform you that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty."

Never believe a man who is always telling what he used to do, who always deals with the past tense, for the past tense is a pretense.

When a young class orator arose to speak it was remarked that "there were fifty pairs of beautiful eyes riveted on his countenance." In that supreme moment he should have had his picture taken, before the rivets unloosed and the eyes dropped.

Kankakee has a justice who beats them all in the way of doing up a job of matrimonial splicing with neatness and dispatch. This is his formula:

"Have'er?"
"Yes."
"Have'im?"
"Yes."
"Married: \$2."

FASHIONS.

Bonnets are worn very high. Some of the new caps are shaped just like a baby's bonnet.

Petunia is a new color half way between lilac and mauve.

Square visiting cards are the fancy just now, but look odd.

Veils of plain, dark grey tulle are very popular and proper.

It is no longer the correct thing to display bridal presents.

The muslin bows, intended for morning wear, are very small.

Some of the new vests are oval in outline, and stop at the belt.

Myrtle, sky blue and buteroc are mixed in long looped bows.

The newest boots for dancing are made of satin, with high heels.

The side gores of some overskirts are laid in eight lengthwise plaits.

The polka basque, as it is made this year, is the old-fashioned chateleine waist.

A variety of belts are coming into vogue, leather, linen, and other materials.

Lustrous blue turquoise is thought to be exceedingly becoming to fair complexions.

Black and white lace over colored silk forms the vest worn with black silk gowns.

English women wear and like the little bonnets made of clusters of flowers lying on black lace.

Morning and travelling dresses and seaside costumes become more and more masculine in appearance.

A kilt-plaited skirt and a frock coat, opening over a high vest, compose one of the newest French walking dresses.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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 30th June, 1879, will be payable at the Banking House in Duckworth Street, on and after SATURDAY, the 12th instant, during the usual hours of business.

By order of the Board,
R. BROWN,
Manager.

NOTICE.

PERSONS arriving at BAY ROBERTS per STEAMER, en route for HARBOR GRACE or CARBONEAR, can be forwarded by a Smart TEAM, by applying by letter, telegraph, or personally to MR. HERRLIHY, next Post Office, June 19.

JUST RECEIVED,

Per Cortes, from New York,
100 Barrels Beckstein's T. M.

PORK,

50 ditto LOINS, 50 ditto JOLLS,
50 ditto BEEF CUTTINGS.

May 22. J. & T. HEARN.

NOTICE.

AGROSS NEWFOUNDLAND WITH THE GOVERNOR; A VISIT TO OUR MINING REGION; AND THIS 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.

A CARD.

Superior Board and Accomodation for either Permanent or Transient

BOARDERS.

B. S. MOREY,

177 DUCKWORTH STREET,
Near Prescott Street, St. John's.
May 22.

A CARD.

T. W. SPRY,
Notary Public,
"EXPRESS" BUILDINGS,
ST. JOHN'S, N.F.L.

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 SPINGS 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 Female 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 rubs 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.

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 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

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.

Newfoundland Lights.

No. 4, 1879.

TO MARINERS.

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

On and after the 1st June next, a FIXED WHITE LIGHT will be exhibited nightly, from sunset to sunrise. 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 Dioptric of the Fifth Order, with a Single Argand Burner. The whole water horizon is illuminated.

By order,
JOHN STUART,
Secretary.
Board of Works Office,
St. John's, April 17th, 1879.

St. John
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