

LITERARY
WRECKED.

LAVINIA RATHURST,
Canto I.

A beautiful ship on a beautiful sea!
What grander sight than this could there
be?
Not a cloud flecks the sky,
No breeze stirs the sea
The surge rises and falls
So murmuringly.

A lullful diapason fall on the ear,
Far away, far away—neerer—more near!
Oh, heart breaking music!
Oh, dirge of the waves!
Mourning sad requiems
O'er wat'ry graves.

For vessels as proud have launched on
the ocean,
Vessels as graceful and swan-like in mo-
tion;
Argosies laden from
Region of gold
Argosies freighted with
Treasures untold.

Vessels as stately, with pennons as brave
Dashing as gallantly over the wave,
Yet, 'where are they now?'
We ask of the sea—
And the foam crested billows
Reply mockingly.

As they scatter their brine on the breast
of the deep—
'Beneath our bright waters their trea-
sures we keep,
And their dead lie entombed
In the vaults of the sea,
Where the mermaids are
Making rare melody.'

Canto II.

A wreck on the Island? Alas, woe to see!
'Tis the wreck of the beautiful ship on
the sea!
Closed are the Western gates,
Gone is the sun,
Up thro' the twilight
Creep stars, one by one.

There, at the feet of life, lays the dead
Day,
Oh, why do we linger then?—Hasten
away!
A lullful diapason
Falls on the ear,
Far away, far away—
Nearer—more—near.

What sound is it, then, your are straining
to hear?
It's all over now, there's no more to fear!
Waves ripple and gurgle
In glee by the wreck,
And some e'en—the boldest—
Dance over the deck.

There's naught then to tell of the wreck
on the strand,
And peaceful and quiet is the scene on
the land.
Is there nothing to tell
Of this terrible strife?
That ship was—a Soul!
That sea was—a Life.

The Little Woman.

Don't talk to me of Olympus' maids,
'Divinely tall and fair,'
Of Cleopatra's imperial form,
Of Juno's stately air.
Those 'mighty dames, with redoubted
names,
May erst have held their sway;
'Tis the little woman—bless her heart!
Who rules the world to-day,

With her wilful winsome ways,
Her artful artless smiles—
Her airy grace and her fairy face
Her wisdom, wit, and wiles,
She mocks the pride, and sways the
strength,
She bends the will of man,
As on a such a despotic elf—
A little woman—can,

Though her pathway may lead through
the darkest ways,
She always finds a light;
Though her eyes be dazzled by fortune's
rays,
She's sure to see aright;
Though her wisdom be of no special
school,
Her logic 'just because'—
The first has settled a kingdom's fate,
The last has made its laws.

'Tis the little woman that goes ahead
When men would lag behind,
The little woman who sees her chance,
And always knows her mind—
Who can slyly smile as she takes the oath
To honor, love, obey,
And mentally add the saving clause,
'In a little woman's way.'

Would the diamond seem such a perfect
gem
If it measured one foot round?
Would the rose-leaf yield such a sweet
perfume
If it covered yards of ground?
Would the dew-drops seem so clear and
pure
If dew like rain should fall?
Or the little woman be half so great
If she were six feet tall?
Would the band as soft as the nestling bird
That grips the grip of steel,
Or the voice as low as the summer wind
That rules without appeal,
And the warrior, scholar, saint and sage,
May fight and plan and pray,
The world will wag till the end of time
In the little woman's way.

Mabel Wiley's Lovers.

Early one June morning, not many
years ago, a young couple might have
been seen strolling along by the side of
a babbling brook a short distance from
the village of North Conway, New Hamp-
shire.

Harry Fletcher, although a late riser
when at home, had determined to be
up betimes this morning and catch a
mess of trout for breakfast. Not for his
own breakfast, however, but for that of
Miss Kitty Gibbon, who, like himself had
come to pass a few weeks at the Keas-
sarge House.

'Twill please her,' thought Harry, 'to
hear how I left my comfortable couch for
her sake, at an hour when only farmers
are stirring.'

But Miss Gibbon, who had seen him
the evening before making ready his
fishing tackle, had said to herself: 'I'll
be up early, too, and go with him.' And
she kept her word, nay she was down
before her admirer. And when the latter
discovered Kitty seated on the piazza
reading 'Middlemarch,' he of course in-
vited her to accompany him, which in-
vitation Kitty accepted, but not until
he had asked her a second time; and
then she closed the book slowly, linger-
ing a moment over the last line and ex-
claiming: 'What an interesting tale this
is!' So that Harry was half tempted to
apologize for thus interrupting her read-
ing.

'The truth is, Miss Gibbon,' he said, as
they wended their way toward the stream—
'the truth is, I know that you like
fresh trout. For no other human being
would I have risen at such an unearthly
hour.'

'Indeed!' returned Kitty with an air
of perfect indifference. Yet, accustomed
as she was to receiving attention and to
hear flattering words, she could not
prevent a tiny rose from blooming on
her pallid cheek when Harry went on
to assure her upon his honor that this
was the truth.

In our opinion Miss Gibbon is an
attractive young lady. But most peo-
ple might not agree with us; and not a
few of her rivals declare it is only her
money that makes her so pleasing to the
gentlemen. There is, indeed, a slight
cast in one of her eyes, and her forehead
is too broad for a woman's. But then
she is gifted with a melodious voice—a
rare gift among American women—and
has exquisite teeth, which she knows
how to display to the best advantage by
a merry laugh practised before the mir-
ror. Her hair, too, wonderful to relate,
is all her own, and despite the care
which she bestowed on her toilet, one
glossy ringlet always manages to escape
from its thrall and fly hither and
thither. But the best feature Kitty
possesses—at least so think we—is her
nose. It is a bold Roman nose, which
proclaims her to be a girl of character,
and we are convinced that, however
spoilt she may be by fortune, there is a
solid groundwork of worth in Kitty
which would reveal itself if the occasi-
on demanded.

Her mother, who is a rich widow, has
been living five or six years abroad, most
of the time in Paris, and Miss Gibbon
only came home this summer because she
thought that a trip across the ocean
would be good for her daughter's health.

Harry Fletcher, Kitty's companion this
June morning, is the son of a prominent
New York banker, and as it seems to be
one of the laws of nature that wealth
should attract wealth, we cannot wonder
if he and Miss Gibbon have very soon
become known to each other.

'He will be as good a catch for you'
child, as you will be for him,' spoke the
watchful mother. 'And if you play your
cards right we may be back in Paris be-
fore October, bringing Mr. Fletcher along
with us; and, considering his prospects
he will do almost as well as a count.'

It would be untrue, however, to say
that there was no love between these
youthful pair. Money may indeed have
first drawn them together; but now after
only a fortnight's acquaintance, we doubt
if one of them were suddenly to be strick-
en with poverty, whether poverty would
separate them.

'How charming this walk is!' exclaimed
Harry as he took Kitty's hand to help her
over a fallen tree.

'In Paris such a delightful walk would
not be impossible,' answered Kitty.

'Do you really enjoy it?' said Harry.
'It must seem so different from the
Champs Elysees and the Bois de Bou-
logne.'

To be continued.

His companion was silent a moment,
and 'twas not until he repeated that the
pine woods and stony fields of New
Hampshire must appear very rugged and
unpleasant to her that she said:
'Well, but here, sir, I do for once in
my life feel that I am free. Why at the
fashionable pensionnat where mother put
me I was not allowed to walk out alone
even with my cousin Arthur.'

'Oh! you can't imagine how I long to
see Paris,' continued Harry.

'Well, despite what I have just said,
answered Kitty, 'it is a most fascinating
city—the queen of cities, and there is
a large colony of Americans there, who
have made up their minds to die in
Paris, and who look upon their country-
men here as semi-barbarians.'

In a few minutes they reached the
brook and Harry cast in his fly. But no
fish rose, and presently he gave another
throw. This time it was not skillfully
done, or rather it was most skillfully
done, for the fly as it went circling
round his head, got caught in Kitty's
truant curl, who laughed and said: 'You
have hooked a big trout now Mr. Harry
Fletcher.'

'Well, I came purposely to catch a
mess for you,' returned Harry. But may
I crave leave to keep this one dear fish
all for myself?'

'What do you mean?' laughed Kitty;
as he tried to disentangle the fly.

'I mean—' here his fingers stopped
working and his voice trembled. 'I
mean—' Kitty, who understood him well
enough, in another moment gave the
happy response, and Harry was so over-
joyed that he wound up his line and did
not fish any more.

But they did not return immediately
to the village; they felt drawn nearer to
each other in the lonely woods, with only
the trees and the brook to watch them;
and so on and on they wandered, until
by and by they emerged from the forest
and saw before them an old farmhouse
with moss-covered roof, on which the
morning sun was shining, and round about
the homestead the stream made a well-nigh
a circle—a bright, silvery circle, murmur-
ing sweet music to those who dwelt there.

The lovers paused a moment and gazed
upon the scene without speaking. There
presently Kitty said: 'I could live in
such a spot all my life.'

'So could I,' said Harry, turning his
sparkling eyes upon her. 'With you I
could live anywhere.'

'Let us draw nearer,' continued Kitty
and speak to the young woman who is
feeding the turkeys by the door; and
quite a pretty girl she is,' Kitty added
in an undertone, as Mabel Wiley turned
towards them.

'Yes, if one admires a dark complexi-
on,' said Harry.

'And buried among these hills,' contin-
ued Kitty compassionately. 'But I forgot
what I said a moment ago; if I could be
happy here with you, dear Harry, why,
she may have a lover too, and not pine
one bit for city life.'

The genial way in which Mabel return-
ed their greeting quite won Kitty's heart,
while Harry inwardly confessed that, al-
though he did not like brunettes, she was
the handsomest one he had ever seen.
And when presently he glanced down at
her bare feet she did not blush, but
quietly remarked:
'I have been gathering lilies, sir, at the
pond, and I had to wade in after them.'

But Harry thought no excuse was
needed; for Mabel's foot was as perfect-
ly shaped as her hand—a sculptor might
have chosen it for a model.

'What a sweet home you have!' ob-
served Kitty. 'And the swallows love it,
too; how many there are skimming
over the grass?'

'Tis not my home,' returned Mabel.
'I am here only on a visit to my grand-
father.'

'Indeed! Well, may I ask where your
home is?' continued Kitty.

'In Illinois. My parents settled there
twenty three years ago, when they were
first married, and I was born there, and I
like it much better than New Hampshire.'

'Do you?' And what part of Illinois
are you from?'

'Lee County; and we live on the bank
of the river called Rock River, which is
full of black bass and pickerel, and in
autumn its covered with mallard and teal.
'O! I love Rock River.'

'Well, if your home is a more deligh-
tful spot than this it must be exquisite in-
deed.'

'I never saw a finer beech tree than
that one yonder,' put in Harry. Then
turning to his betrothed and dropping
his voice, 'Let us go out our names upon
it to preserve the memory of this happy
day.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUST RECEIVED
Per Hero, from Grenock,
100 Barrels Bass & Co's
A L E,
(QUARTS.)
100 Bls. ditto ditto Pints
May 22. J. & T. HEARN

NOTICE.

PERSONS arriving at BAY ROBERTS
per STEAMER, en route for HAR-
BOR GRACE, or CARBONEAR, can be
forwarded by a Smart TEAM, by apply-
ing by letter, telegraph, or personally
to Mr. HIERLIHY, next Post Office,
June 19.

ST. JOHN'S, No. 1,
MARBLE WORKS
THEATRE HILL, ST. JOHN'S,
ROBERT A. MACKIM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Monuments, Tombs, Grave
Stones, Tables, Mantel Pieces,
Hall and Centre Tables, &c.
He has on hand a large assortment of
Italian and other Marble, and is now pre-
pared to execute all orders in his line.
N. B.—The above articles will be sold
at much lower prices than in any other
part of the Provinces or the United States.
WARRANTED TO GIVE GENERAL SATISFACTION.

AGENCY CARD.

The undersigned thankful for past
favours informs his friends and the
trade, that he continues to manage the
Collection of Debts due by persons resid-
ing in Conception Bay District, New
foundland. Security for future pay-
ment 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 newspaper
copying this card will have his news-
paper bills collected as payment for
yearly insertions in the paper and copy
paper sent to my address.

G. W. R. HIERLIHY.
Bay Roberts.

JUST RECEIVED,
Per Cortes, from New York,
100 Barrels Beckstein's F. M.
PORK,
50 ditto LIONS, 50 ditto JOLLS,
50 ditto BEEF CUTTINGS.
May 22. J. & T. HEARN

UNION BANK OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN
that a dividend of 8 per cent.
upon the paid up Capital Stock of this
Institution, has been declared for the
half-year ending 31st May, 1879, and
a Bonus of £2 per share, payable at
the Banking House, in this city, on
and after Thursday, 12th inst.

By Order of the Board,
JAMES GOLDIE,
MANAGER.

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.

JUST OPENED.
NEW GROCERY
AND
PROVISION STORE,
(Opposite the Public Wharf.)
Harbor Grace,

The Subscriber begs to inform the
public of Carbonear that he has Just
Opened the above Premises where he
will keep on hand, a choice and well
assorted stock of

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
AT LOWEST PRICES POSSIBLE.
N. STEWART,
PROPRIETOR.

Harbor Grace,
June 19nd, 1879.

JOB PRINTING
of every description neatly exe-
cut- ed at the office of this paper.

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 sooth-
ingly 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 Proi-
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 effectual-
ly rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt
in meat, it Cures SORE THROAT,
Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even
ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings,
Abscesses, Piles, Fistu as,

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

The Pills and Ointment are Manufact-
ured 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, we 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.

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 Di-
optric of the Fifth Order, with a Sing-
le Argand Burner. The whole water
horizon is illuminated.

By order,
JOHN STUART,
Secretary.

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

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. I.

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