

LITERARY.

FOR THE CARBONEAR HERALD.
A wail of woe has swept across
The broad Atlantic Ocean,
And touched the hearts of good and true,
With singular devotion;
To that dear land that now lies prone,
To hunger and starvation,
And Newfoundland a soothing balm,
Has sent the Irish nation,

The noble ship now rolls along,
So proudly o'er the waters,
Bearing away a helping hand,
To Erin's sons and daughters;
Your friendship now, in shape of gold,
With welcome comes to hand,
And ever in our prayers we'll say—
"God bless dear Newfoundland."

From Antrim's shores to Kerry's hills,
Along the banks of Barrow—
From Anghrim's plains—Killarney's
Lakes—
The wilds of Connemara,
The cry resounding from shore to shore,
And Patrick's saintly hand,
Will help to bless our kindred folk,
All round dear Newfoundland.

RYNARD.

A SNOW-DRIFT
OR
THE ELOPEMENT.

"I have been looking out for your honour. You have only got in time. It is going to be an awful night; and sure you would be likely to lose yourself in one of our Ballybrake storms."

"I am afraid that it is going to be a bad night, Pat," I replied; "and I would rather be inside the 'Blue Boar' for the next twenty-four hours, than out of it. I gave myself a shake as I spoke, and scattered a miniature shower of snow-flakes right and left."

"I am afraid that you are very wet, sir. Will you let me take your coat for you, and dry it?" said Pat, Doolan's wife, holding out her hand for the coat as she came forward from the brightest and neatest of kitchens.

"Well, it is a nice look-out for me, Pat. Here am I likely to be kept for days in doors by the weather, and not much to do, either," said I, in a dismal tone, as I followed Pat and his wife into the warm kitchen.

"Not much to do, is it?" asked Pat, as he touched my portfolio, which I had kept all the time in my hand. "Sure your honour, you can make your picture while the snow lasts!"

"How can I, when I cannot get out to draw any? I took one scene today, though—such a pretty one; and it will do for a couple of days to work at; after that I do not know what I shall do to occupy the time. This is the view I have taken: can you tell me the name of it, Pat?" said I, untying my portfolio, and taking out a sketch, which I showed to him.

"Bedad! could I tell you the name of it?" cried Pat, as he caught up the drawing, while a delighted expression spread over his jovial, good-tempered features. "Indade I could. And if that is not Mainown itself, my name is not Pat Doolan."

"Mainown? I repeated; 'well, I do not know it by any name, but I am glad to know that it has one. It is that large manor on the highroad between Ballybrake and Leaside station, the prettiest and largest estate in the neighbourhood, I should say."

"It's that same, your honour. Sure I know it as well as I know the nose on my face. Wasn't it myself that lived there, boy and man, for twenty years and more? and would I not be living there now if Mary had not stepped in between me and the old place? Bedad, but they were mighty fine times at the Hall then; sure it was a pleasure to get a glimpse through the windows of the gay doings that went on in Mrs. Morgan's life. She was made for enjoyment, and she made the most of what fell to her share. Ah, it is a lonely old place now, by all accounts."

"Why? I asked; 'does no one live there?'"

"They do, your honour, but sure the blind don't see the sunshine, do they?" asked Pat, with a knowing look, and his head on one side.

"Certainly not," said I; "but you make me curious, Pat, I should like to hear the history of Mainown Hall if there is one to tell; I am very fond of stories."

"Sure it's not much of a story," he res-

plied; it is only about a snow-drift, your honour."

To my utter amazement Pat's face quivered all over with uncontrollable mirth, and he burst into a hearty ringing laugh, which he kept up until the tears filled his eyes, and in which his wife as heartily joined.

"Oh, your honour, I laugh whenever I think of it. Sure I'll tell you myself how it was, and then you'll know all about it," said Pat, as he passed his coat-sleeve over his eyes.

"Well," said I, "I will tell you what I will do. If Mrs. Doolan will be good enough to take me up some tea now, I will go and get it, and later on in the evening I will come down and take that jolly arm-chair in the little bar-parlour, and smoke my cigar with you, and you can satisfy my curiosity, Pat."

"Bedad, that will be fine," said he. "Do you mind that, Mary; and will you see to a roaring fire, for the night is cold enough to freeze music?"

Leaving Pat Doolan to give his orders, I went out of the cheery, bright kitchen, and up the old-fashioned staircase,—which was broad enough for a coach to drive up,—into my room at the top. The fire was burning brightly, and laying aside my portfolio, I lighted a cigar and sat down to ruminate.

I felt very dismal, very lonely in my self-isolation. Here was I, Sir Archibald Verelst, of Castle Bydon, snowed up at a small Irish wayside inn. I had been rambling about, sketching, through some of the wildest parts of the Emerald Isle, until at last I had fallen in with Pat Doolan's snug little home, and taken up my quarters there, until—like all else in life—I wearied of it, and commenced my wanderings again.

What an unsatisfactory life I had been leading for the last fifteen years! One month in Sunny Spain, basking beneath the blue sky or sheltered orange groves; the next perhaps would find me chasing the tiger through the jungles of Bengal, or driving furiously to the music of silver bells, in snow-bound Russia.

My friends called me 'unsettled.' I knew that I was restless; but I knew to what to attribute my infirmity of purpose.

When I was twenty I was engaged to marry my cousin, Maud Muriel. From the earliest childhood Maud had been the idol of my young life, and we were to have been married when I attained my majority, and took my father's place amongst the barons of England. But (as for human anticipations!) the night before my birthday Maud ran away with my best friend, and so ended my life's short romance. Directly afterwards, I commenced my wanderings—and now, to live-and-thirty, I feel as little inclined to settle down at Castle Boydon to a quiet country life, as I did when I passed over its threshold for the last time fifteen years ago. It was not the remembrance of my early dream, so rudely broken up that lingered, and prevented my habits from becoming those of a country squire; but I have a restless nature, and unfortunately I have not yet found a motive sufficiently strong to chain me to one spot.

Long years have passed since the green turf in the quiet churchyard at Roydon closed over the remains of my mother,—and I never remember my father; so if anyone suffered from my lengthened absence, it would only be my tenants; and I had taken care that they should not miss me.

Somehow, on this evening I felt more lonely and dismal than usual. I think the snow-flakes, which made the air thick and dense, must have had a depressing influence upon my spirits, for I had never felt so unsatisfied before with the world generally, and myself particularly. Perhaps it came to me then for the first time as the snow fell noiselessly and quietly upon the earth, like a benediction after prayer, that we were made for a higher and holier end and aim than the careless frittering away of the golden years in self-gratification and self-enjoyment.

I think that I had almost made up my mind to go to England as soon as the roads became passable again, and spend my Christmas season at Castle Bydon amongst my tenants, when my reflections were broken up by the round, joyous face of Pat Doolan! which beamed in at the door.

"Sure and I thought it sleeping that your honour was! Mike has just come with the letters from Ballybrake, and bedad! it's myself that is puzzled intirely, here's lots of letters with the queerest addresses upon them; maybe your honor would

be kind enough to explain it to me. I can read writing easily enough: it's not that which troubles me, it's not knowing what to do with them now I have got them. Mike says it's all right, but I say the fellow hasn't arrived yet. They are for 'Sir Archibald Verelst,' and indeed I don't know him, yer honor," said Pat, his face looking hopelessly puzzled as he came forward: and I held out my hand for the letters.

"It's all right, Pat," said I. Mike was quite right, they are for me."

"For you, yer honor! Sure you are not a 'sir' now are you? And there's myself has talked to you so freely. I feel quite ashamed to think of it, and sure why did you not tell me of this before?"

"It is all right, Pat, as I said before. I do not like people to be frightened to speak to me because I've got a title to my name. I told the people at the post-office to send me all my letters here, and they have done so. And now, Pat, tell Mrs. Doolan to send up tea, and when I have finished it, I mean to make you keep your promise, and tell me the story of Mainown, for I intend to come down and listen to it, as I said I would by the side of the little bar-parlor fire."

"Will you really your worship? Sure I'll go and tell Mary instantly," said Pat as he glided out of the room, with his eyes fixed upon me, as if he thought a living baronet was as great a curiosity as a white elephant. Honest Pat Doolan evidently had his own ideas of respect, and reverence. For no consideration could induce him to call me anything but 'your worship' for the remainder of my short stay at Ballybrake.

"Now, Pat," said I, some little time afterwards, as I seated myself in the cosiest of arm-chairs, placed in the most comfortable of corners, we will have that story of yours. Mrs. Doolan, I cannot let you go away, I said as I saw that she was gathering up her work preparatory to leaving us. I am not going to drive you out on your own domain, and if you do not sit down again I shall go back to my room. Affairs being finally arranged I lighted my cigar, and settled comfortably to listen to Pat, while outside the moaning wind and beating snow made us all the more contented with our present warm and cosy quarters.

"Well your worship," said Pat, "I will begin at the beginning. You must know that the Morgans have had Mainown father and son, for the last sixty generations, and rale fine the lot of them were. Not that ever I saw but one or two of them, but sure I've seen the pictures in the owl place, and it's all the same, anyway."

Wit and Humour.

A young lady wishes to engage a master for a pair of black pupils—the pupils of her own eyes—who can teach them the art of love.

"What do you know of the character of this man?" was asked of a witness at a police court the other day. "What do I know of his character? I know it to be unbleachable, yer honour," replied he, with emphasis.

Why are young ladies like tender plants?—Because they have a weakness for the sun (son) and air (hair).

When is a lady like a warrior of the olden time?—When she knows how to handle a cross beau (cross-bow).

A boy who heard the quotation, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," wished to stop going to school, because he was afraid he should not live long enough to get past the dangerous point.

A judge recently stated, in behalf of a female witness whom a lawyer was cross-questioning as to her age, that a woman had a right to be of any age she pleased, because, if she stated her real age, nobody would believe her.

A farmer, who had engaged the services of a son of the Emerald Isle, sent him out one morning to harrow a piece of ground. He had not worked long before nearly all the teeth came out of the harrow. Presently the farmer went out into the field to take note of Pat's progress, and asked him how he liked harrowing. "Oh," replied Pat, "it goes a bit smother now since the pegs are out."

Host: Allow me to get you a partner. Languid Swell: Thank you, but I—ar—don't dance. Host: Then let me introduce you to Miss Twaddle, she's a great hand at conversation. Languid Swell: You're very kind, but I—ar—never converse.

"Silly Pat! what makes you stare after that rabbit, when your gun has no lock on it?"—Hush, hush, my darling, the rabbit don't know that."

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient who had reluctantly submitted to solicit his advice, "I suppose you think me a bit of a humbug?"—"Sir," gravely replied the sick man, "I was not aware until now that you could so readily discover a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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West corner of Duckworth St
East, St. John's.
OPPOSITE STAR OF THE SEA HALL.

JOHN SKINNER,
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.

CAUTION.

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 only 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.

Signed THOS HOLLOWAY
533, Oxford Street, London.

NOTICE.

AGROSS NEWFOUNDLAND WITH THE GOVERNOR; A VISIT TO OUR MINING REGIONS 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

THOMAS GOFF,
TAILOR,
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A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

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May 22nd, 1879

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WATER STREET,
Carbonear, Newfoundland,
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ADVERTISEMENTS.



HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities or 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, Fistula,

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.

AGENCY CARD.

The undersigned thankful for 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 news paper bills collected as payment for yearly insertions in the paper and copy paper sent to my address.

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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.