

LITERARY
IN MEMORIAM.

The Prince Imperial.

The news doth come o'er ocean's foaming wave,
Wafted on spreading wings of rapid light,
The exiled Prince has found a bloody grave,
And in the dust lies all his promise bright.

Born to a mighty Empire, he had seen
That Empire crumble and its pomp decay;
Under shelter of free Albion's Queen,
Long had he waited for the tarrying day—

The day that in his eager hand should place
The mighty sceptre that his father held;
Fired by the high ambition of his race,
By no misfortune was his spirit quelled.

Dreaming of glory he had drawn his sword,
To strike for England in her hour of need;
To fight with her the swarming Zulu horde,
And, if 'twere needful, in her cause to bleed.

The end has come upon him—all too soon,
Too soon the spark of that young life is quenched;
Ere he had come to manhood's perfect noon,
The Afric sword with his warm blood is drenched.

His death is not unworthy of the heir
Of the great conqueror's high illustrious name,
To whom it would have seemed conclusion fair
To pass away 'midst smoke and blood and flame.

Rather than to fret his mighty soul
Within the tiny island's narrow bound,
Round whose stern shores the azure waves did roll,
And on its rocks with thundering roar resound.

But one there is who dwells at Chiselhurst
Who for her son's return did look and long—
The widowed, crownless Empress—she who erst
Has moved the gayest in a gay court's throng.

Who, nurtured in seclusion, mounted up
And filled the throne of the earth's proudest state,
But who of late has drunk the bitterest cup,
And been the plaything of most cruel Fate.

Into her grief, alas! we must not pry,
To utter it all power of speech would fail.
Methinks tears would start to every eye
In musing on her sad piteous tale.

Her joy, her hope her well-beloved child
The Prince on whom her proudest hopes were built—
How deep her anguish, and her grief how wild,
To think his precious blood has thus been spilt!

That nevermore in a l' the years to come
Shall his dear form re-enter at her door,
That those gay lips are now for ever dumb
And their bright smile will glad her nevermore.

No longer can she dream of future days
When France should bow before her son again—
When once again the Empire he should raise,
And on his father's throne in triumph reign.

And naught remains but patiently to bear,
Till her sad life shall meet its longed for end,
For her no terror will Death's angel wear,
But she will bid him welcome as a friend.

—Toronto Telegram.

Of the many touching tributes paid to flowers there is one associated with the closing hours of Henry Heine, the poet, which appears to us as very beautiful. He was dying in Paris. The doctor was paying his usual visit, when Heine pressed his hand and said: "Doctor—you are my friend—I ask a last favour. Tell me the truth—the end is approaching, is it not?"

The doctor was silent.

"Thank you," said Heine, calmly.

"Have you any request to make?" asked the doctor, moved to tears.

"Yes," replied the poet, "my wife sleeps—do not disturb her. Take from the table the fragrant flowers she brought me this morning. I love flowers, so dearly. Thanks—place them upon my breast." He paused as he inhaled their perfume. His eyes closed and he murmured: "Flowers, flowers, how beautiful is nature." These were his last words as his spirit took its flight into eternity.

TRUE TO HER HEART,

OR,

EDITH LYNN'S TRIAL.

BY WM. R. EYSTER.

CHAPTER I.

It is a very little thing, only a trifle, that they have fallen out about, but they seem very much in earnest—and they are. Somehow, things have not been going right between Lyman Lynn and his proud, young wife. She says, and seems to think that he has been cold, exacting and cruel, he, on his side, hints that she has never loved him, that she married the money and not the man: that had it not been for his fortune, she might have chosen someone else.

Her face flushes and her eyes glitter with a steely light, by someone else he must mean Oliver Oatley, his cashier and trusted friend, and she certainly thought he knew of that.

So she rises, the personification of feminine wrath, and in a mild, innocent way, exclaims—

"You're as unmanly as you're unjust, and your words are as false as your heart. Until you retract them I never wish to speak to you—I do not care to see you again."

"Nothing more was needed to convince me of the truth of what I have said. If I were to take you at your word it would only be a just punishment."

"And a very acceptable one."

She speaks in wrath, and yet, though he cannot see it she blushes at the sound of her own words. He answers as wildly as she has spoken—

"You never wish to see me again. Perhaps you may have your wish. If I never return, you will have your own sweet words as a memento of consolation. Remember that you have been heartless enough to drive me out to death."

He speaks hotly and gives Edith no time to cool, but darts out by a side door. At the same time a step is heard in the hall—Oliver Oatley is passing out.

It takes a little while for her anger to cool—longer, of course, since she is somewhat in the wrong.

She could not but suspect that the time was, for some reason, ill-chosen to broach the subject of a little extravagance. She remembered that he had been silent and pre-occupied during the last day or so, and wonders if he has any serious business complications. If so she could pardon him, perhaps. Yet that thrust about Oliver Oatley wounded her sorely. How did he know that she had once had the pain of rejecting Oliver Oatley? Certainly, she never gave that young man any cause to hope, and yet he must have led Lyman Lynn to think otherwise. They were a precious pair to woo her—why should destiny have decided that she should wed either?

So she thinks over the matter, trying to nurse her anger, and all the time conscious of having done something terribly wrong.

The day goes by, some way or other. Edith feels her resentment oozing away and has half forgotten the detestable words she spoke that morning. If he comes now, with even the shadow of an olive branch about him, all will be forgotten and forgiven.

But Lyman Lynn does not come. In the course of the afternoon a boy brings a verbal message—

"Mr. Lynn will not be home to dinner; don't wait."

And Mr. Lynn is not home to dinner, or to sleep, either.

It was a dark, dismal night. The rain is drenching down, dash after dash. It is late in the fall and somewhat chilly. Edith has a fire in the grate, and reads for hours or draws mournful music from the magnificent piano that answers so freely to every throbbing touch. She tries not to think of the miserable words she said that morning—tries to quiet down the half-formed tear that oppresses her, and finds it hard at times to keep from screaming with dread of the unknown possible. Yet Mr. Lynn had been absent from home over night before, and surely if anything had happened she would be apprised.

Morning comes, and Edith rises, with traces of a wakeful night written plainly on her face. For a few hours she rather dreads lest her husband should come and read in her eyes the story she feels he could see there. Then she falls to wondering and fearing!

Towards noon a boy comes from the store with a note for Mr. Lynn. It is written in Oliver Oatley's hand, and the sight of it is anything but reassuring.

Lyman can't be at the store, if not where is he?

She sits down and writes a note, telling Mr. Oatley that her husband has not been at home since the morning before, and asking if there is any hint of where he might be.

By-and-by Oliver himself comes, his dark, handsome face sometimes lowering sometimes excited and flashing.

He knows nothing about the head of business, but he knows the business has gone to smash. There are forty thousand dollars missing, inquiries are pouring in and to-morrow the doors will be closed. Then he lets out that he had an interest himself in the business—that he represented the Co. He goes on—

"I am excited now—pardon me if I cannot offer consolation at this moment. By to-morrow I will be myself again. We will know the best or the worst. Of one thing rest assured, whatever may come

you may count on my friendship and assistance."

He acts very well under the circumstances, and soon takes his leave, with a promise to return at once if he obtained any news of the missing man.

News comes before him, however—strange news—news that sets Edith wild although in the same breath she refuses to believe it. It is partly in the shape of a letter and she cannot gainsay that the handwriting seems to be her husband's.

The night before a man came into a shop in the lower part of the city. He laboured, evidently, under excitement and left a note to be forwarded in the morning. It was hastily scrawled, wet, and blotting, as if he had carried it through the storm in his hand, and the address was so far obliterated that others saw it, and it was in the papers before it came to Edith.

When you get this you will have had your wish of this morning, since I shall be dead. I have no ambition to try again and I cannot stand poverty and disgrace. It is useless to explain further. In a few days you will know all.

LYMAN.

At this Edith breaks down for the time utterly, then she rallies, and telegraphs her brother to come at once. Her brother answers that he will be with her in a day or two. He will have to travel night and day, when he starts, for he is nearly on the other side of the continent. Nearer than he she has no friend on whom she can rely.

Oliver Oatley is nearer her, to be sure, but he has his own troubles, and, besides she hesitates to trust him just now. He was in the house at the time of that last interview with her husband, and she suspects, he heard something of what was said.

Nevertheless, he comes before her brother. He looks haggard and worn, and in the midst of her own great trouble she finds time to pity him. He was a lover once, though she could not give him her heart, and now her own, her own husband has dealt him a hard blow. If disgrace came upon the name of her husband, some of it would also attach itself to him.

She takes his hand quietly, and scarcely feels the warm pressure with which her grasp is returned.

For a time they talk of the missing man. The police have been looking for him, Oatley has visited the morgue. The rascal's papers have published that letter and there is a great deal of excitement and comment. If Edith had not denied herself to her lady visitors, she might perhaps have heard some of it.

Of course their place of business is closed. A cloak has been found on one of the piers that, undoubtedly, belonged to Lyman Lynn. The truth has been partly stated off, but another day will bring it home to Edith. In a very short time she will be in straightened circumstances, and probably homeless.

So Oatley talks and Edith listens, with scarcely a word.

Then Oatley, shrinking a little from what he seems to have made up his mind to say, goes on—

"I want you to be spared every thought of trouble in the future. Lyman has done you a horrible wrong, but not a greater than when he married you. I know—"

"Stop! I see things in a clear light now. I have not a word of blame for him and I cannot listen."

"I do not wish to blame him; yet I know the history of his life so well. I even unfortunately was compelled to listen to the words—harsh and insane, that he uttered but a few mornings ago. They were harder for me to bear than for you, because—ah, well, we will let that pass. Believe me whatever I can do—the granting of my last dollar, the use of my last moment of time—these and more, are at your service freely, and without the smallest hope of compensation. The devotion of a life to your service would, to me, be a holy consecration."

He goes on so, carefully abstaining from what must give offense, without a glance of passion, or a look of love, and yet showing a time that he has dedicated himself to her cause, and that all the old love he once peaded unsuccessfully still lives.

She cannot be angered, she may need a friend and he offers himself as such, she might be pardoned if she believed in and respected a devotion of so lasting a type, that seemed to make itself seen in very spite of the man.

Yet Edith does not trust him. She says little of her sorrow and fear—nothing of her hopes and plans. She sends him away when she has learned all the intelligence he can give her. As he bows over her hand he says—

"Promise me that you will use me without stint on every occasion. I shall not be altogether ruined, and already I have prospects for the future. I shall labor for your interests as no one else could."

"Thank you," she answered, calmly; you will be remembered."

He goes out quietly communing with himself—

Strange if I do not win her heart now—I had so nearly done it when he robbed me. Yet what an iron will she has. How she has borne up under what seems a crushing weight! Still she is all alone in the world, if I mistake not and a woman wants someone to turn to. I shall be that someone, if I do not spoil all by haste. I will win, I will!

Oliver Oatley feels that there has been a slight error in his calculations when Edith's brother comes. He had seen

and heard so little of Paul Boyd that he had almost forgotten of his existence; certainly he undervalued the depth of his brotherly love, that could bring him the thousands of miles on a moment's notice.

He comes in no very charitable mood for the man who married his sister, and whom he had only met for a few hours.

He is young and unforgiving, and having, by chance, got hold of a garbled account in the newspapers, sees nothing but an ordinary case of swindling, want of nerve to meet the consequences, and suicide.

Edith stops him sharply.

"Blame not the dead. I cannot, dare not, believe the story as they tell it. Do you think I know Lyman Lynn no better? There is another mystery somewhere that we must find out. If I did not think so I should go mad and die. My words were bitter enough no doubt, but they would never have driven him to death. I will fight against it to the last that they were the last straws."

"Never mind that. No doubt he had it all arranged before, and was cruel enough to leave you an additional pain. What we must do is to see what we can of the wreck."

"Let the wreck perish. Listen to me. The police have their theory—the people all have their theory, nothing can move them. I have waited in trust for you. You must look farther. Both of us had much to be pitied for, perhaps I have something to avenge. Go now and see what you can find."

She puts into him her own stubborn spirit, that can be neither beaten nor crushed, and sends him out to do the work her sex denies her.

The two resemble each other in face as little as did their father and mother, but they are one in spirit. He is shrewd, brave, and tenacious, and if there is anything to find he will find it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WIT AND HUMOR.

A landlady was complaining that she couldn't make both ends meet. "Well," said a boarder, "why not make one end vegetables?"

A Dublin professional man addressed an artisan, who was waiting in his hall, rather brusquely—"Holloa, you fellow do you want me?" The answer was neat—"No yer honor, I am waiting for a gentleman!"

A Norwich tenant has been imported so frequently for his rent that in a climax of exasperation, the other day, he turned on the landlord with the cogent and conclusive retort:

"Now you needn't put on so many airs, old man. Why, I owe enough money in this town to buy up all your old houses."

Marriage must be favourable to longevity; an old maid never lives to be more than thirty.

"What is the use of trying to lie about it so clumsily?" says the magistrate, benevolently; "haven't you a lawyer?"

"I must get married," said a bachelor to a married friend; "for I never can find a button on a clean shirt."

"Take care," said the Benedict, with a sigh, "or you may chance upon a wife who will not find you a clean shirt to button."

"Is this seat next to you engaged?" asked a traveller of a young lady in the cars.

"Yes, sir; it is."

It was the only seat vacant, and the traveler wanted it.

"Who's engaged it?"

"A gentleman, I believe."

"Well he can't engage a seat in this way, and not sit in it. I don't see any baggage. Where's his baggage?"

And he was on the point of sitting down, when the young lady, mustering up all her courage, cried—

"Oh, sir, I'm his baggage!"

Recently a thief said to a judge on circuit quite confidentially—

"My lord, I really assure you I committed the theft in a weak moment—quite against my own will, my lord—quite."

"Oh, very well," said his lordship, "it is only right that you should have no cause for complaint! The offence will be met in a proper spirit. As you committed the act against your own will, you will be punished against your own will."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

P. F. CABERRY,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND AUCTIONEER,
Central Auction-Mart,
BECK'S COVE, ST. JOHN'S
St. John's, June 12. 2m.

BLANK FORMS
neatly printed at the 'Herald' Office.

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, 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 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 355, 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.