

Poetry.  
NIGHTFALL.  
Softly on the earth descending,  
Lights and shadows strangely blending,  
Comes the night;  
While the day with tresses pinions,  
Silently to new dominions  
Wings her flight.  
See the Sun at his departing,  
Golden glances backward darting  
Up the sky  
Then the eastern hills caresses  
With his arms of light, and kisses  
Them good-bye.  
Respite comes to high and lowly;  
Labor's myriad wheels move slowly  
And then—stop.  
Quietness and peace from heaven—  
Blest to the weary given—  
Seem to drop.  
From above the stars are peeping,  
And, like angel eyes, seem keeping  
A watch there.  
Sad ones finding sweet remission,  
Ruin in dreams through fields elysian,  
Free from care.

Literature.  
LITTLE MARY.  
A TALE OF THE BLACK YEAR.

That was a pleasant place that I was born, though 'twas only a thatched cabin by the side of a mountain stream, where the country was so lonely, that in summer time the wild ducks used to bring their young ones to feed on the bog, within a hundred yards of our door; and you could not stoop over the bank to raise a pitcher full of water, without frightening a shoal of beautiful speckled trout. Well, 'tis long ago since my brother Richard, that's now grown a fine clever man, God bless him!—and myself, used to set off together up the mountain to pick bunches of the cotton plant and the bog myrtle, and to look for birds and wild bees nests. 'Tis long ago—though I'm happy and well off now, living in the big house as own maid to the young ladies, who, on account of my being foster sister to poor darling Miss Ellen, that died of decline, treat me more like their equal than their servant, and give me the means to improve myself; still at times, especially when James Sweeney, a decent boy of the neighbourhood, and myself are taking a walk together, and I find myself in the cool and quiet of a summer's evening, I can't help thinking of the times that are passed, and talking about them to James with a sort of peaceful sadness, happy maybe than if we were laughing aloud.

Every evening, before I say my prayers I read a chapter in the Bible, and Miss Ellen gave me, and last night I felt my tears dropping for ever so long over one verse,—"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." The words made me think of them that are gone—of my father and mother, and of a true fond sister Mary; the children that nestled in her bosom.

I was a wild slip of a girl, ten years of age, and my brother Richard about two years older, when my father brought home his second wife. She was the daughter of a farmer up at Lackawanna, and was reared with a different religion; but her father held his ground at a rackrent, and the middleman that was between him and the head landlord did not pay his own rent, so the place was ejected, and the farmer collected every penny he had, and set off with his family to America. My father had a liking for the youngest daughter, and well became him to have it, for a sweeter creature never drew the breath of life; but while her father passed for a strong farmer, he was timorous-like about asking her to share his little cabin; however, when he found how matters stood, he didn't lose much time in finding out that she was willing to be his wife, and a mother to his boy and girl. That she was a patient, loving one, Oh! I often think me like a knife, when I think how many times I fretted her with my foolishness and my idle ways, and when a long time before I'd called her "mother." Often, when my father would be going to chastise Richard and myself for our provoking conduct, especially the day that we were making an egg, "Blind Tom!" with them, she'd interfere for us, and say—"Tim, a widge, don't touch them this time, sure 'tis only a crack they are; they'll get more sense in time." And then, after he was gone out, she'd advise us for our own good so pleasantly, that a thunder-cloud itself couldn't look black at her. She did wonders to about the house and garden. They were both dirty and neglected when she first came over here; for I was too young and foolish, and she did wonder to see his out-door work, and the old woman that lived with us in service too feeble and too blind to keep the place either clean or decent; but my mother got the floor raised, and the green pool in front drained, and a parcel of roses and honeysuckles planted there instead. The neighbours' wives used to say 'twas all pride and upsticking; to keep the kitchen floor swept clean, and to put the potatoes on a dish, instead of emptying them out of the pot into the middle of the table; and, besides, 'twas a great natural thing, they said, to take away the pool from the ducks, that they always used to paddle in so handy. But my mother was always a busy and a loving one, happy to heed what they said; and, besides, she was always so ready to do a kind turn for any of them, that, out of pure shame, they were at last to leave off abusing her "fine English ways."

West of our house there was a straggling, stony piece of ground, where, within the memory of man, nothing ever grew but nettles, docks, and thistles. One Monday, when Richard and myself came in from school, my mother told us to set about weeding it, and to bring in some basketful of good clay from the river; she said that if we worked well at it until Saturday, she'd bring me a new frock, and Dick a jacket, from the next market-town; and, encouraged by this, we set to work with right good will, and didn't leave off till supper time. The next day we did the same; and by degrees when we saw the heap of weeds and stones that we got out, growing big, and the ground looking nice and smooth and red and rich, we got quite anxious about it ourselves, and we built a nice little fence round it to keep out the pigs. When it was mowed, my mother planted cabages, parsnips and onions in it; and, to be sure, she got a fine crop out of it, enough to make us many a nice supper of vegetables stewed with pepper, and a small taste of bacon or a red herring. Besides, she sold, in the market, as much as bought a Sunday's cost for four years old, and we had always plenty of potatoes to eat, good clothes to wear, and cleanliness and decency in and about our little cabin.

Five years passed on in this way, and at last little Mary was born. She was a delicate fairy thing, with that look, even from the first, in her blue eyes, which is seldom seen, except where the shadow of the grave darkens the cradle. She was fond of her father, and of Richard, and of myself, and would laugh and cry when she saw us, but she was in the care of her hand for her mother. No matter how tired or sleepy, or cross the baby might be, one word from her would set the bright eyes dancing, and the little mouth smiling, and the tiny limbs quivering, as if waiting or running couldn't content her, but she must fly to her mother's arms. And how that mother doted on the very ground she trod! I often thought that the Queen, in her state carriage, with her son, God bless him! alongside of her, dressed out in gold and jewels, was not one bit happier than my mother, when she sat under the shade of the mountain ash near the door, in the hush of the summer's evening, singing and cradling her only one to sleep in her arms. In the month of October, 1846, Mary was four years old. That was the bitter, when first the cold of the earth was turned to poison;

when the gardens that used to be so bright and sweet, covered with the purple and white poppies, became a night black and offensive, as if fire had come down from heaven to burn them up. 'Twas a heart-breaking thing to see the mourning men, the crathurs! that had only the one halfter to feed their little families, going out, after work, in the evenings, to dig their suppers from under the black stalks. Spadeful after spadeful would be turned up, and a long piece of a ridge dug through, before they'd get a small kish full of such withered small potatoes, as other years would be hardly counted fit for the pigs.

It was some time before the distress reached us, for there was a trifle of money in the savings bank, that held us in meal, while the neighbours were new doors to starvation. As long as my father and mother had it, they shared it freely with them that were worse off than themselves, but at last the little penny of money was all spent, the price of flour was raised, and, to make matters worse, the farmer that my father worked for, at a poor eight pence a day, was forced to send him and three more of his laborers away, as he couldn't afford to pay them even that any longer. Oh! 'twas a sorrowful night when my father brought home the news. I remember, as I lay in bed, I saw it yesterday, the desolate look in his face when he sat down by the ashes of the turf fire that had just baked a yellow meal cake for his supper. My mother was at the opposite side, giving little Mary a drink of sour milk out of her little wooden piggins, and the child didn't like it, being delicate and always used to sweet milk, so she said,

"Mammy, won't you give me some of the nice milk instead of that?" "I haven't it, an' sure, I can't get it," said her mother, "I don't you free." "Not a word more out of the little one's mouth, only she turned her little cheek in towards her mother, and stayed quiet, as if she was hearkening to what was going on.

"Judith," said my father, "God is good, and sure 'tis only in him we must put our trust, and in his ever-faithful arm, I can see nothing but starvation before us." "God is good, Tim," replied my mother. "He won't forsake us." Just then Richard came in with a more joyful face than I had seen on him for many a day.

"Good news!" says he, "good news, father! there's work for us both on the Droumarras road. The government works are to begin there to-morrow; you'll get eight pence a day, and I'll get six pence." If you saw our delight when we heard this, you'd think 'twas the free present of a thousand pounds that came to us, falling through the roof, instead of an offer of small wages for hard work. To be sure the potatoes were gone, and the yellow meal cake was all eaten, and the chipper—'twasn't the nature about it that a hot potatoe was for a poor man, but still it was a great thing to have the prospect of getting enough of food that same day, not to be obliged to follow the rest of the country into the poor-house, which was crowded to that degree that the crathurs there, and help the poor, hadn't room even to die quietly in their beds, but were crowded together on the floor like so many dogs in a kennel. The next morning my father and Richard were off before dawn, and I had a long way to walk to Droumarras, and they should be there in time to begin work. They took an Indian meal cake with them for eat for their dinner, and poor dry food, with only a draught of cold water to wash it down. Still my father, who was knowledgeable about such things, always said it was mighty wholesome when it was well cooked; but some of the poor people took a great objection against it on account of the yellow color, which they thought came from having sulphur mixed with it—and they said, indeed, it was putting a great affront on the decent Irish to mix up their food as if it was for many dogs. Glad enough, poor creature, for their dinner, and a bowl of thick seaweed and nettles, and the very grass by the roadside, was all that many of them had to put into their mouths.

When for their dinner, and another cake home in the evening, faint and tired from the two long walks and the day's work, my mother would always try to have something for them to eat with their porridge—a bit of butter, or a bowl of thick milk, or maybe a few eggs. She always gave me plenty as far as it would go, and 'twas little she took herself. She would often go to the mill, and a meal, and then she'd slip down to the huckster's, and buy a little white bun for Mary and I, and I'm sure it used to do her more good than for the children, for she was a meek-mannered person. No matter how hungry the poor little thing might be, she'd always break off a bit to put into my mother's mouth, and she would not be satisfied until she saw her swallow it, then the child would take a drink of cold water out of her little tin pinner, as contented as if it was new milk.

As the winter advanced, the weather became wet and bitterly cold, and the poor men working on the roads began to suffer dreadfully from being all day in wet clothes, and what was worse, not being any change to put on when they went home at night without a dry thread about them. Fever soon got amongst them, and my mother took it, my mother brought the doctor to see him, and by selling all our decent clothes, she got for him whatever was wanting, but all to no avail; the will of the Lord to take him to himself, and he died after a few days' illness.

It would be hard to tell the sorrow that his widow and orphans felt, when they saw the fresh sods planted on his grave. It was not grief altogether like the grand stately grief of the quality, although maybe the same sharp knife is sticking into the same sore bosom inside in both; but the outside differs in rich and poor. I saw the mistress a week after Miss Ellen died. She was in her drawing-room with her feet pulled down, sitting in a low chair, with her elbow on the small work-table, and her cheek resting on her hand—not a speck of anything kerchief or handkerchief, and the face was the marble chimney-piece.

When she saw me, (for the butler, being busy, sent me in with the luncheon,) she covered her eyes with her handkerchief, and she began to cry, but quietly, as if she did not want it to be noticed. As I was going out, I just heard her say to Miss Alice in a choking voice— "Keep Sally here always; our poor darling was fond of her." And as I closed the door, I heard her give one deep sob. The next time I saw her, she was quite composed; only for the white cheek and the black dress, you would not know that the burning fire of a child's last kiss had ever touched her lips.

My father's wife mourned for him after another fashion. She could not sit quiet, she must work hard to keep the little one to whom he gave it; and it was only in the evenings when she sat down before the fire with Mary in her arms, and sang a hymn, and sang a lullaby for the father of the little one, whose innocent tears were always ready to fall when my mother got an offer from her back-for the hucksters in the neighbourhood, who knew her honesty, to go three times a week in herself, for she never would bring back the next market-town, ten miles off, with their money, and then bring them back baskets of bread, groceries, soap and candles. This she used to do, walking the twenty miles—ten of them strong in herself, for she never would hear of it, and kept me home to mind the house and little Mary. My poor pet, I was little minding she wanted. She would go to the market, and sit at the door, and stop there all day, watching for her mother, and never heading the neighbours' children that used to come wanting her to play. I remember the long hours she would never stir, but just keep her eyes fixed on the lone horse bare, and when the shadow of the mountain came, and she caught a glimpse of her mother ever so far off, clinging towards home, the joy that would flush on the small patient face, was— And faint and weary as the poor woman used to be, before ever she sat down, she'd have Mary nestling in her bosom. No matter how little she might have eaten, but she'd say, "I've always brought home a little white bun for Mary; and the child that had tasted not-

ing since morning, would eat it so happily, and then fall quietly asleep in her mother's arms.

At the end of some months I got the sickness myself, but not so heavily as Richard did before. Any way, he and my mother tended me well through it. They sold almost every little stick of furniture that was left, to buy me drink and medicine. By degrees I recovered, and the first evening I was able to sit up, I noticed a strange wild, and bright, and many mother's eyes, and hot flush on her thin cheeks—she had taken the fever.

Before she lay down on the wisp of straw that served her for a bed, she brought little Mary to me, and said, "Take her, Sally," she said—and between every word she gave the child a kiss—"Take her, Sally," she said with you than she'd be with me, for you're over the sickness, and 'tisn't long any way I'll be with you myself," she said, as she gave the little creature one long close hug, and put her into my arms.

'Twould take time to tell all about her sickness—how Richard and I, as good right we had tended her night and day; and how, when she ever-faithful arm, and that's worth we had in the world was gone the mistress herself came down from the big house, the very day after the family returned home from France, and brought wine, food, medicine, and everything we could want.

Shortly after the kind lady was gone, my mother took the change for death; she was dead; and it was very long before she came back, and she was very strong-like, and sat up straight in the bed.

"Bring me the child, Sally, dear," she said, and when I carried her over to her, she looked into the tiny face, as if she was reading it like a book.

"You won't be long away from me, my own one," she said, "I don't you free."

She laid down upon the child like summer rain.

"Mother," said I, as well as I could, for crying, "I sure you know I'll do my best to tend her."

"I know you will, an' sure, you were always a true and dutiful daughter to me, and to him that's gone; but Sally, there's that in my weener one that won't let her thrive without the mother's hand over her, and the mother's heart for her's to lean against. And now—" It was all she could say; she just clasped the little child to her bosom, fell back on my arm, and in a few moments all was over. At first, Richard and I could not believe that she was dead; and it was very long before the orphan would loose her hold of the stiffening fingers; but when the wake, we thought 'twas the free present of a thousand pounds that came to us, falling through the roof, instead of an offer of small wages for hard work.

To be sure the potatoes were gone, and the yellow meal cake was all eaten, and the chipper—'twasn't the nature about it that a hot potatoe was for a poor man, but still it was a great thing to have the prospect of getting enough of food that same day, not to be obliged to follow the rest of the country into the poor-house, which was crowded to that degree that the crathurs there, and help the poor, hadn't room even to die quietly in their beds, but were crowded together on the floor like so many dogs in a kennel. The next morning my father and Richard were off before dawn, and I had a long way to walk to Droumarras, and they should be there in time to begin work. They took an Indian meal cake with them for eat for their dinner, and poor dry food, with only a draught of cold water to wash it down. Still my father, who was knowledgeable about such things, always said it was mighty wholesome when it was well cooked; but some of the poor people took a great objection against it on account of the yellow color, which they thought came from having sulphur mixed with it—and they said, indeed, it was putting a great affront on the decent Irish to mix up their food as if it was for many dogs. Glad enough, poor creature, for their dinner, and a bowl of thick seaweed and nettles, and the very grass by the roadside, was all that many of them had to put into their mouths.

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MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE.  
Nerve Food.  
It is a Sure, Prompt and Effective Remedy for Nervousness, or A.D.D. to store, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Sexual Prostration, Night Sweats, Nervousness, General Debility, and all the symptoms of a weak and exhausted system. It restores the Brain and restores the system to its normal state. It is a most valuable medicine, and is the best and most reliable remedy for all the above complaints. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents. It is sold in all the principal drug stores, and is also sold by mail to any address. It is sold in all the principal drug stores, and is also sold by mail to any address. It is sold in all the principal drug stores, and is also sold by mail to any address.

MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE, Co.  
Sole Importers, by  
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and all Druggists everywhere.

HANINGTON BROS.,  
Wholesale Agents, - - - St. John, N.B.  
February 2, 1882

CHANCE OF BUSINESS.  
Co-Partnership Notice.

THE subscribers would have to inform the public that they have this day associated themselves in the Gas-fitting, Plumbing, and Tinsmith business, Mr. Wm. Reid, who has been in the employ of the late firm of Reid & Co. for the last five years, and that they will be hereafter known under the name and firm of LIMERICK & CO. They are confident that with the above addition they will be more competent to fulfill any work entrusted to them.

A. LIMERICK & CO.  
Fredericton, May 1, 1882

Cheapest Tinsmith in Town.  
WE are now prepared to fill any orders in the Tinsmith, Gas-fitting, and Plumbing business.

Wrought Iron Furnaces  
LIMERICK, REID & CO.  
May 1

JAS. R. HOWIE  
HAS RECEIVED HIS  
SPRING AND SUMMER  
CLOTHS,

and respectfully invites the inspection of customers to his large and well selected stock of  
British and Canadian  
TWEEDS,  
Diagonals,  
BROAD CLOTHS,  
DOESKINS, Etc.  
GENTLEMEN'S  
Wedding and Mourning Outfits  
A SPECIALTY.

The Furnishing Department  
is the Largest in the City.

JAS. R. HOWIE,  
QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON.  
May 11, 1882

JACKSON ADAMS,  
CABINET MAKER  
AND  
UNDERTAKER  
(near County Court House.)  
Queen street, - - - Fredericton,

Where may be found a stock of  
Furniture of all Descriptions,  
Also, a full line of  
GASKETS and COFFINS,  
IN  
Rosewood, Walnut and Cloth Covered  
Robes & Shrouds,  
Crapes & Cloves.

Practical  
PLUMBING.  
AND  
GAS FITTING!  
ESTABLISHMENT.

THIS establishment now having two thoroughly PRACTICAL PLUMBERS and GAS FITTERS in their employ, are prepared to attend to all work entrusted to them in a thorough workmanlike manner.  
Parties desiring to have their houses fitted with all the modern improvements in the above business, would do well to apply to us for estimates before going elsewhere.  
A variety of GLOBES and PATENT GAS RURNERS for sale cheap.  
Gas, Steam and Hot Water Fittings, at low rates.  
Orders for Tin Roofing promptly attended to. Tinsmiths Work of every description, and of the best material manufactured to order the premises at shortest notice.

Prices to suit the times.  
J. & J. O'BRIEN,  
Queen Street, Fredericton, N.B.

HAIR DRESSING SALOON,  
NEXT SHOP TO  
C. McMichael's Oyster Saloon.

MISS EMILY UPTON.

COMMISSIONS done over for 20 cents per ounce. on a Straight Hair Cut, or 15 cents on a Curly Cut. Always on hand, Switches, Braids, etc., Wholesale and Retail, cheap at.

All work done promptly, and in a thorough and first-class manner, and at the lowest possible prices. Ladies please give me a call. Ladies please give me a call. Ladies please give me a call.

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NEW STOCK  
OF  
TEAS AND COFFEE.  
JUST ARRIVED!  
Direct Importation!!  
WE ARE NOW SELLING A CHOICE  
CONGOU TEA  
for 35 cts. per lb.  
Good Black English Tea  
for 30 cts. per lb.  
Fresh Ground Coffee  
from 20 cts. up to 35 cts. per lb.  
AMERICAN PICKLES  
by the gallon.  
PICKLED LIMES.  
A handsome Volume given away with every 3 lbs. of the Li-quo-ten.

VERXA & VERXA,  
Fredericton, May 1  
1882---1882

SPRING & SUMMER  
IMPORTATIONS.  
NEW GOODS.

WM. JENNINGS,  
Merchant Tailor,  
Would invite an inspection of his  
Stock of  
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,  
CONSISTING OF  
English and Scotch Suitings,  
FANCY TROUSERINGS,  
SPRING OVERCOATINGS!  
WORSTED  
AND  
DIAGONAL COATINGS,  
Fancy Vestings and Serges,  
Fine Broadcloths & Doeskins,  
Making it one of the most desirable  
Stocks to select from in the city.

WM. JENNINGS,  
Cor. Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley.  
Fredericton, April 3

JUST OPENED  
S. F. SHUTE'S,  
2 cases, containing the following:  
German Work and Lunch Baskets,  
Japanese Bamboo Baskets,  
PHILANDER'S RAZORS,  
SCISSORS, POCKET KNIVES,  
Nickel Paper Weights,  
ASH PANS, NUT PICKS,  
Fruit Knives, Cigar Lighters,  
and Ventilated Armlets.

A NICE LOT OF  
WALKING STICKS.  
Long Handed JAPANESE  
FANS for Covering.  
Also a choice lot of  
Briar Pipes.

Remember the Place,  
March 29  
Sharkey's Block, Queen Street.

Boys' Carts, Waggon, and  
WHEELBARROWS.  
A LARGE VARIETY AT  
Lemont's Variety Store.

OPENING THIS DAY.  
Lemont's Variety Store.

FURNITURE POLISH.  
Lemont's Variety Store.

CHILDREN'S  
Perambulators.

Now received, a nice line, at  
Lemont's Variety Store.

Looking Glass Plates.  
Just Received:  
10 PANES, 15x21, 20 panes, 18x31; 11 panes, 15x21. For sale by the Pair or Box, cheap at.

2,756 PIECES Milk Pans, Crocks, Flower Pots, Preserving Jars, Butter Crocks, etc., Wholesale and Retail, cheap at.

Lemont's Variety Store.  
Fredericton, May 18, 1882

BECKWITH & JORDAN,  
BARRISTERS-AT-LAW,  
Solicitors,  
Notaries Public  
Conveyancers, &c.  
OFFICE-CITY HALL BUILDING,  
FREDERICTON, N.B.

Loans negotiated, and Agency business promptly attended to.  
Fredericton, Feb. 2.

CARRIAGE and SLEIGH  
FACTORY!  
King St., - - Fredericton, N. B.  
R. COLWELL, Proprietor.

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