

Poetry.

The Farmer's Seventy Years.

Ah, there he is, lad, at the plow;
He beats the boys for work,
And what's the task might be
None ever saw him shirk.
And he can laugh, too, till his eyes
Run over with merriment,
And sing full many an old-time song
In spite of seventy years.

"Good morning, friends, 'tis twelve o'clock;
Time for a half-hour's rest;
And farmer John took out his lunch
And ate it with a zest.
A harder task it is," he said,
"Than following up these steers,
Or mending fences, far, for me
To feel my seventy years."

You ask me why I feel so young;
I'm sure, friends, I can't tell;
But think it is my good wife's fault
Who's kept me so well;
For women such as she are scarce
In this poor vale of tears;
She's given me love, and hope, and strength
For more than forty years.

And then, my boys have all done well,
As far as they have gone;
And that thing wars an old man's blood
And helps him up and on.
My girls have never caused a pang,
Or raised up anxious fears;
Then wonder not that I feel young
And hale at seventy years.

Why don't my good boys do my work
And let me sit still and rest?
Ah! friends, that would do for me;
I like my own way best.
They have their duty; I have mine;
And, till the end appears,
I mean to smell the soil, my friends,
Said the man of seventy years.

Literature.

MY DREAM.

I have a story to tell which my readers
may believe if they like, or bring a battery
of scientific explanation to bear upon it,
if they like. I can offer no impartial opinion
on the subject, being the party interested.
I only undertake to tell the story as it
happened to me.

I was born in one of the midland counties
of England, miles away from the sea, in a
large old-fashioned house of black and
white, the upper story of which over-
hung the lower, and the whole of which
stood back in a deep porch. The joists
and floors were of fine oak, and all the
furniture was of oak; some of it rustic
and clumsy, but the greater part beauti-
fully carved.

My first notions of Bible history were
taken from my mother's bedside, where
was entirely of oak, and carved all over
with figures of angels, Adam and Eve, the
serpent, and the Virgin and Child.

The house was called the Old Hall,
although it had become little better than
a farm-house. It stood at some distance
from a gate on the roadside led
up a paved way to the house, which
with carts, ploughs, and farming im-
plements, on one hand, and a large cattle
pond on the other, into a spacious farm-
yard built round with stables, barns and
outhouses, all wearing an old Saxon
stamp that I have never seen elsewhere.

A wicket gate on the side of yard opened
into a large garden which fronted the
house. This garden had several broad
gravel walks, and two alleys covered
with turf, and hedged with yew trees cut
into all manner of quaint devices. Be-
yond the garden was an orchard contain-
ing amongst other trees, some old mul-
berry trees, which my sister and myself
were taught to regard with great rever-
ence.

Beyond this orchard, lay ploughed fields
and meadows all belonging to my father.
No other dwelling was in sight, except a
few cottages belonging to the farm ser-
vants.

My father and mother were cousins,
and both were descended from the same
old Saxon family, who had possessed the
land long before the Conquest. In the
course of years the property had divided
down to the farm on which I was born.

We had no relations, and I have forfeited
all claim to be considered one of the
family.

I was the only son. I had one sister
two years younger than myself—a gentle,
pretty child, with long golden locks. She
was called Edith. All the education I
received, was two years at the grammar
school—a curious old endowment, held by
a "clerk in orders," who taught Latin and
scholarship to all the boys in the parish
of Ledgely Laver. There were about a
dozen besides myself; and unless the mas-
ter had been cruel, and had not been
sensible to teach writing and arithmetic,
and a few common branches of education,
I don't think we should have had more
learning than I have now.

My sister Edith never went to school at
all; she stayed at home with my mother,
and was taught to be useful and to
continually read what we were all that
remained of the oldest family in the county,
we learned to attach a mysterious impor-
tance to ourselves.

So we grew up, and did not find our
lives dull, although my sister never left
the house, except sometimes to go to
church. When I was twelve, I was sent
to school, and I had never been so far
from home before as Drayton Ledgely,
though it was only twelve miles from
Ledgely Laver, which was our market
town. In those days, people did not go
travelling and rambling about, as they do
now.

I might be about fifteen, when one day
my father brought home from market a
book of voyages and travels, as a present
for me. I had done some farm work in a
way that pleased him. It was the first
new book out of a shop I had ever pos-
sessed; and I read it almost at night,
whilst my father smoked in the chimney
corner and my mother and sister were
busy knitting and spinning.

That book made a great impression
upon me, and set my mind thinking of
foreign parts, and might have been some-
thing to do with what I am about to re-
late; but I do not assert that it had any
causal influence on my story.

The night on which I finished reading
that book, was the thirty-first of January;
the date is remembered by others as well
as myself.

That night I went to bed as usual, and
dreamed a little of the dream, such as
I never dreamed before or since. I
dreamed that my uncle at Liverpool sent
for me to go on a voyage, on some busi-
ness of his; and then I found myself
standing on a quay, where there seemed
hundreds of ships, and all their thin up-
right masts standing like a forest of pop-
lar trees in winter. I knew they were
ships, though I had never seen one. I
heard somebody say "this is Liverpool!"
I did not recollect anything about my
uncle, nor the business I was going about.
I had to go across several streets, into one
that lay outside the dock; sailors were
going about in all directions, and there
was a great deal of confusion. A large
gilded figure-head of a woman was at the
end of the vessel, and "Phoebe Sutcliffe" was
written under it; I thought it was the
likeness of Phoebe Sutcliffe. I had
never seen the sea nor a ship before, and
I did not feel at all surprised at anything.
I looked out on the green waves that
were rippling against the side of the ves-
sel; and as far as I could see, there was
nothing but water. I thought it all looked
quite right and natural, and the sun
was shining quite bright upon some little
boats with white sails. The ship be-
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clear, for us to stop, and a young man
with a portmanteau of a curious shape
came scrambling up the side of the ves-
sel out of a little boat; he came up close
to where I was standing. He was a very
handsome young man with a moustache,
and he wore a foreign cap.

We began to talk, but I could never in
the least recollect what we said. Sudden-
ly a great storm arose, and everything was
dark as pitch. I heard the wind howl
fearfully; but I did not feel any tossing
of the waves, as might have been expect-
ed. At last, there came a dreadful crash;
another vessel had struck against us, and
we were borne down under the keel of it.

I found myself in the water. The young
man was close beside me; he pushed a
hen-coop to me; and we floated, quite
pleasantly and easily, towards some rocks
which lay around a beautiful green island
where the sun was shining. The rocks,
when we came among them, were like the
rocks of a hundred different islands.

"These are the rocks of Scarlet in the
Isle of Man," said my companion; "I
live here, and yonder is my father's
house, and surrounded by a low wall,
stood close at hand; but I could not stir;
and lay down on the ground fainting,
thought I was going to die."

My companion shouted, and some men came
up; he sent them to the white house. In
another minute, I saw a beautiful young
curly, standing beside us. With her was
an old man.

"How did you come here?" said the
old man. "We were struck by another
vessel, and swam to shore; but the youth
is dying. Give him a cordial." The
young lady stooped over me, raised my
head, and was extending her hand for a
drinking and a hearty one, when she
upon began to quake, and fell with a
dreadful crash into the sea beneath.

The crash awoke me. I sprang up in
bed, without in the least knowing where
I was. The noise I had heard in my
dream still continued. My father burst
into my room, saying, "Come away boy!
I am in a hurry; it is falling; it is falling;
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ence.

Gibraltar and Canada—and was now on
his way to join his regiment in Antigua.
I was delighted to hear it, and waited
with placid curiosity to see how much
more of my dream would come true.
Towards afternoon, a thick fog came
on; increasing in density until we could
not see across the ship. He proposed
that we should go below. "No," said I,
"I don't go below. You forget how soon
the vessel will come upon us that it is to
bear us down." A pang of mortal fear
came into my heart as I realized the ter-
rible moment that lay before us.

"What are you talking of?" said he, in
a tone of great surprise. Perhaps the
vessel may not come. "No," said I, "but
I had better remain on deck."

The words were scarcely spoken, when
over vessel struck. I recollect hearing a
horrible grating, grinding sound, as if
planks were being crushed in, like paste-
board; it lasted for a second only. I did
not regain my senses until a sharp sense
of pain aroused me. I had been dashed
upon a low sharp-pointed ledge of rocks;
beyond those rocks I saw meadows and
houses, lying in a bright clear moonlight.
It was a momentary consciousness only
that I had, I remember no more until I
found myself in a bed hung round with
white curtains. I tried to raise my arm,
and found with pain. I lay in bed, and
how long after this, in a troubled stupor,
vaguely sensible of people moving about,
but unable to move or even to open my
eyes.

At last, I once more recovered my con-
sciousness, and did not again lose it. I
was told, by an old woman who was sitting
by my bedside, that I had been flung by
the sea upon the rocks of Scarlet, in the
Isle of Man. That I had been taken up
for dead, and brought into her cottage,
and that the doctor had said I was not to
be allowed to speak on any account. She
gave me a few spoonfuls of something,
whether of food or medicine I could not
tell, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke, my eyes rested on my
companion on board ship. Beside him
stood the beautiful lady of my dream.
"Am I alive?" I asked, in a trembling
voice. "You are alive, and will live I hope
for a long time; you are not dreaming, this
was all real. Agatha, who has had her
hands full with nursing boys of us, though
I escaped better than you did. When you
are able to stir, we will remove you
to my father's house, but in the mean-
while you must keep quiet."

"But tell me, I implore you, was not
the white house where your father lives,
swallowed up in the sea when the cliff
fell?"

"Not at all; it stands where it always
did; and now not another word."

I was shortly afterwards removed to my
father's house, which was but about a
quarter of a mile from the rocks, and was
the same house I had seen in my dream.

My friend's father was Col. Pantin; he
was on half-pay, and lived there with his
daughter. His son and myself were the
only survivors from the terrible catastro-
phe of the Phoebe Sutcliffe.

I, of course, lost no time communicat-
ing with my friends; but I remained at
the White House until my health was es-
tablished.

I confided my dream to Agatha, with
whom it is needless to say I had fulfilled
my destiny and fallen in love. She loved
me in return, and her father gave his con-
sent that we should be married "when
we came to years of discretion."

When I went home, her brother accom-
panied me, and I fell in love with my
little sister Edith; with her, neither she
nor anyone else made the slightest objec-
tion. Frederick and Edith have been long
married, and are very happy. I
went to Antigua at last, and had been
there much longer than I liked; but on
my return at the end of two years I was
married to Agatha, who has been the best
wife to me man ever had.

My uncle died last year, and left me
the bulk of his property; I only hope I
may be enabled to use it well and wisely.
Although my life has been of such un-
common interest, I have never been
looked for property, I would counsel no
one to desire to have their future shadow-
ed to them in a dream. Dreams without
action are of no meaning, and never be-
come to anything; yet still, this dream of
mine fell out exactly as I have told it.

Wrought Iron Furnaces
on hand, and fitted up in the latest and most
improved manner. Pumps of all kinds, Pipe
and Fittings, Well Drilling done to order, a full
stock of Treadle always on hand, Stoves and
Boiler Plates on hand, or imported
to order.

Joining in any of the above branches pre-
mptly attended to.
All work guaranteed.
LIMERICK, REID & CO.
May 4

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

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest,
Gout, Gravel, Stiff Joints,
Sprains, Burns and
Scalds, General Bodily
Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted
Feet and Ears, and all other
Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on an equal basis. It is
a safe, sure, simple and cheap External
Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively
trifling outlay of 50 cents, and every one suffering
with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its
value.

Directions in Eleven Languages.
GOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS
IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Allen's Lung
Balm
It cures Coughs, Bronchitis,
Sore Throat, Whooping Cough,
Influenza, Asthma,
Consumption, and all other
Lung Diseases.

Another hundred Windsor Beds,
Another lot of those handsome Ash and Wal-
nut Bedsteads.
More Perfection Spring Beds and Mattresses.
Carpet Stairs in Hair Silk, Velvet and Hair
Cloth.

100 COMMON Bedsteads;
40 doz. Oak, Pine, and Perforated
Chairs;
5,000 doz. Picture Mouldings and Backings;
20 doz. Table Glass Ware;
30 doz. Looking Glasses;
10 doz. Stone Jars;
10 cases, first installment of Christmas
Goods.

Extension and Last Tables, Bureau, Sinks,
Wash Basins, Siphons, Boiling and Steep
Chairs, Cradles, Hair Stands, Cotton Tables,
Office Chairs, etc.

To arrive by early steamers—
15 CRATERS White Granite Ware;
2 2-horsepower Parian Ware;
10 cases Fancy Goods, Cutlery, etc.

J. G. McNALLY,
Opp. City Hall, Fredericton.
Branch Store, Main St., Woodstock.

FREDERICTON
MONUMENTAL WORKS!
Queen St., just above Reform Club Rooms.

Teas and Coffee.
On hand, a large stock of TEAS and COFFEE
Call and see them. For sale by
GEO. HATT & SONS,
March 1, 1882

Register Grates and Mantels
3 MANTLES, complete; 4
Register Grates, all complete with fire
brick;
3 Hot Cooking Stoves, the largest that ever
came into this city.
Call and see them. For sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS,
May 4

WIGGINS' BALSA
OF
WILD CHERRY
ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE
REMEDIES IN THE WORLD FOR
THE CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness,
Sore Throat, Bronchitis,
Influenza, Asthma,
Whooping Cough,
Croup, and
Every affection of the
THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST,
including
CONSUMPTION.

A WELL-KNOWN PHYSICIAN WRITES:
"It does not dry up a cough, and leave the cause
behind, as is the case with most preparations, but
loosens it, cleanses the lungs and allays irritation,
thus removing the cause of coughing."
DO NOT BE DECEIVED BY ARTICLES BEAR-
ING SIMILAR NAMES. Be sure you get
DR. WIGGINS' BALSA OF WILD CHERRY,
with the signature of "J. BUTTS" on the wrapper.

Prepared by
SETH W. FOWLE & SONS,
Boston, Mass. Sold by druggists and dealers generally.

MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE.
Is a Sure, Prompt and Effective Remedy for
Nervousness in ALL its stages, Weak Memory,
Loss of Brain Power, Sexual Prostration, Night
Sweats, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Seminal Weakness, and
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Rejuvenates the Aged, Strengthens the Weak,
Exhausted Brain and Restores Surprising Tone and
Vigor to the Exhausted General System. The
experience of thousands proves it an "INVALU-
ABLE REMEDY." The Medicine is pleasant to the
taste, and each box contains sufficient for two
weeks' medication, and is the cheapest and best
25c. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which
we desire to mail free to any address.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by Druggists
at 50 cts. per box, or 12 boxes for \$5, or
will be mailed free of postage, on receipt of the
money, by addressing
MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO.,
Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Fredericton, by
GEORGE H. DAVIS,
and all Druggists everywhere.

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

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.
Co-Partnership Notice.

THE subscribers would have to inform
the public, that they have this day associated
with them, in the Gas-fitting, Plumbing, and
Tin-smith business, Mr. Wm. Reid, who has
been in the business for many years, and
that they will be hereafter known under the
name and firm of LIMERICK, REID & CO.
They feel confident that with the above ad-
dition they will be more competent to fulfill any
work entrusted to them.

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

Cheapest Tinshop in Town.
We are now prepared to fill any orders in the
Tin-smith, Gas-fitting, and Plumbing busi-
ness.

Wrought Iron Furnaces
on hand, and fitted up in the latest and most
improved manner. Pumps of all kinds, Pipe
and Fittings, Well Drilling done to order, a full
stock of Treadle always on hand, Stoves and
Boiler Plates on hand, or imported
to order.

Joining in any of the above branches pre-
mptly attended to.
All work guaranteed.
LIMERICK, REID & CO.
May 4

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

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest,
Gout, Gravel, Stiff Joints,
Sprains, Burns and
Scalds, General Bodily
Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted
Feet and Ears, and all other
Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on an equal basis. It is
a safe, sure, simple and cheap External
Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively
trifling outlay of 50 cents, and every one suffering
with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its
value.

Directions in Eleven Languages.
GOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS
IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Allen's Lung
Balm
It cures Coughs, Bronchitis,
Sore Throat, Whooping Cough,
Influenza, Asthma,
Consumption, and all other
Lung Diseases.

Another hundred Windsor Beds,
Another lot of those handsome Ash and Wal-
nut Bedsteads.
More Perfection Spring Beds and Mattresses.
Carpet Stairs in Hair Silk, Velvet and Hair
Cloth.

100 COMMON Bedsteads;
40 doz. Oak, Pine, and Perforated
Chairs;
5,000 doz. Picture Mouldings and Backings;
20 doz. Table Glass Ware;
30 doz. Looking Glasses;
10 doz. Stone Jars;
10 cases, first installment of Christmas
Goods.

Extension and Last Tables, Bureau, Sinks,
Wash Basins, Siphons, Boiling and Steep
Chairs, Cradles, Hair Stands, Cotton Tables,
Office Chairs, etc.

To arrive by early steamers—
15 CRATERS White Granite Ware;
2 2-horsepower Parian Ware;
10 cases Fancy Goods, Cutlery, etc.