

ye both know the same, that I never took the life of any man, but had luck to me. I've done your bidding, mother, and helped you and Dennis away with the bodies; but though I never touched a farthing of the bloody money, I've been to the fore at the horrid work—and now I am determined this shall be the last of it—for me any way."

"What's got into you, Thomas, at all-at-all," said the old wretch; "sure there's some reasons that you're keeping back from us."

"Well, then, I'll e'en make a clane breast of it," said he. "The truth is that everybody looks down on me as if I was the meanest cratur in the world. At mass in the chapel, or at fairs and dances, or when any one meets me alone it's all the same; a man, woman or child, it's plain enough what they think of me. Small blame to them too for that same, for is not my mind troubled all the time, and haven't I the guilty look on me by reason that the soul is dead in me for your wickedness more than my own. And thin to think bekause Dennis there himself has a bright face on him, and laughs and jokes, and be's so merry all the time—they pity him that he's your son and my brother."

"How do you know all this?" asked Dennis, with a laugh.

"Didn't I hear two girls spaking about us last Sunday. I mean to go off to Amerikay myself by the first ship that leaves Sligo, and by the holy virgin this is the last night I'll spend in this cabin, that's sworn, and in the morning I'll be off. Just wait till I'm done, mother—all I've got to say is, ye had better go to before it's too late, for I have a feeling like, that all will be found out before long."

"Whist wid your unlucky tongue, ye blackguard," said the mother angrily, and yet the tremulous tone betrayed her superstitious fears of the warning before prophetic.

"How dare ye ever say the like to me. Your tears may do the thing for us, or else what can they prove on us; and who cares what suspicions is riz agin us, for the dead will tell no tales, and the deep bog is a good hiding place. As for you, if you're bound to go, may be it's all for the best, for your looks would be after hanging you here soon, and who knows but we may soon follow ye when we have got a little more money—though for the matter of that there's enough now to live like gentlemen all our days—but we never can spend it here in this country—they'd soon want to know now we came by such mighty great riches."

[Conclusion in our next.]

#### HARD TIMES.

"Can't you pay me a little money on your note, to-day?" said a hard-working mechanic of our acquaintance, the other day, to a man who was driving a fine horse before a dashing carriage. "Can't you pay me a little money? I am in great want of some to buy provisions for my family."

"I really cannot," was the laconic reply. "The times are so hard, I cannot."—The whip cracked, and he dashed on.

Ah! said I to myself, are these times so hard? Is money so scarce, that the industrious working man cannot be compensated for his labour? I will observe the sayings and doings of men for one day, and see.

"Oh! the hard times!" said the man in the carriage, as his servant helped him to alight. I followed him to the billiard table, and saw him lose ten games, and twice as many shillings, which were paid as free as water. There is no hard times to this man, when the music of the billiard balls falls sweetly on his ear; nor would he hesitate to stake fifty times the mechanic's note on a game of brag, these hard times.

"Oh! these hard times!" said the man in broadcloth to his washer-woman, as he turned away from her bill for the last month's washing. "I have no money now," and he started down the street. And I saw him pay ten dollars for a gold-headed rattle, and twenty for a new-fashioned cap. He never thinks of hard times when he wants to deck out his own dandy person.

"Oh! these hard times!" said the father as he turned away the schoolmaster who had presented his bill for the quarter's tuition of his son. "Three dollars! in these hard times, for school teaching!—I cannot pay you but one." Soon after, he paid the dancing master ten dollars for teaching the same child the genteel accomplishment of dancing, and said nothing about hard times.

"Oh! these hard times!" said a robust red-faced man, as he turned off his tumbler of brandy and sugar, and paid the bar-keeper his shilling. "I can see no prospect of better. Hard times these, for a poor man to make money. I cannot get money enough to buy even the comforts of life, let alone the dainties. Why landlord, as you live, I have had no butter in my family for a month, and can get no money to buy any. Good brandy that!" and he filled another tumbler. Thus goes this strong able bodied man's time and money, these hard times.

"Oh! these hard times!" said a merchant to a poor woman who asked him to throw off a shilling from the price of a piece of calico, which he was selling at one hundred per cent. advance. "We cannot take a cent less these hard times." At the ten pin alley I saw him pay fifty times as much as he refused this poor woman.

"Oh! these hard times!" said a loafer, as he stretched his legs out over three chairs by our stove. "Oh! these hard times!" and there he sat all day, repeating like a parrot, "Oh! hard times! hard times!! hard times!!!" and I pitied the man from my soul, for I believe he thought it was hard times, when he alone was to blame for being lazy, and spending what is better than money, his time, these hard times.

"Oh! these hard times!" said a young man who had been married a year. "I do not know how I shall live this winter—I can get no money to buy my winter stores." And I followed him home, where I found a man, woman and boy hired to wait upon him and his wife, in these hard times!

"Oh! oh! these hard times!"—and I thought, if these men would be industrious and economical, and content to live within their means, these hard times would soon become easy,—and so I concluded the hard times might be attributed to these lazy, spending men. And while the

hard times continue, the industrious must support the idle.

POOR RICHARD, JR.

TAKING THE CENSUS.—"Madam, will you please inform me of the number of inhabitants in this house?"

"Sir?"

"The population in this mansion."

"Well, there are eight in the room overhead."

"How many?"

"Eight."

"Are they all adults?"

"No; they are all Smiths, except two boarders."

"Smiths? black or white Smiths, madam?"

"I'd have you to know I don't live in a house with niggers."

"I didn't allude to color, I meant their calling."

"O that's it, is it? Well, if you'd been here last night, you'd have found out, for they were calling the watch as loud as they could scream."

"Madam, I merely wish to know how many people you have in this house, and what they do for a living."

"Yes, yes, now I understand. Well, let me see, there's the two Mullinses, that's one."

"That makes two, madam."

"Well, if you know best, count 'em yourself."

"It is my business to inquire, madam."

"Well, you had better attend to it, then, and not bother me."

"Madam, I am out with the census, and—"

"Well you act out of senses, I should think, to come into my house asking such questions."

"It is in accordance with an act of Congress, madam."

"Well, you tell Mr. Congress, or whatever his name is, he acts very foolish, sending you round, axing such shaller silly questions." The man left.

An Irishman, at an assize in Cork, was arraigned for felony before Judge Mountenoy. He was asked who he would be tried by. "By no one," says he. The jailor desired him to say, "By the law of God and his country."

"Upon my soul I will not," says Paddy, "for I don't like it at all, my dear." "What's that you say, honest man?" says the judge. "See there now," says the criminal, "his lordship, long life to him, says I'm an honest man, and you tell me to plead guilty!" "What do you say?" says the judge in an authoritative voice. "I say, my lord, I won't be tried by God at all, at all, for he knows all about the matter; but I will be tried by your lordship and my country."

An accident having happened at Ballyporeen, to nine men falling from a scaffold, the newspaper informed the public that they were all taken up dead, but only three recovered, who were mortally bruised. The same paper, two or three days after, begged leave to inform the married or unmarried widows, dead, living, or dying, that the accident was accidental, and had they retained their breath to the last, or been at home, not one would have been killed.

An Irishman, meeting an Englishman, thus addressed him: "Ah, my dear, is it you? when I saw you at the other end of the street, I thought you were your cousin; as you came nearer, I thought you were yourself; and now I see you are your brother."

"Tom, you sot," said a temperance man to a tippling friend, "what makes you drink such stuff as you do? Why the very hogs wouldn't touch that brand."

"That's cause they is brutes," said Tom. "Poor creatures! they don't know what's good."

A Jerseyman was very sick and not expected to recover. His friends got around his bed, and one of them says:

"John, do you feel willing to die?"

John made an effort to give his views on the subject, and answered with his feeble and weak voice—

"I think—I'd rather stay—where I am better acquainted."

QUICK, WITTED.—An Irishman, having accidentally broken a pane in the window of a house in Queen-street attempted, as fast as he could, to get out of the way, when he was followed and seized by the proprietor who exclaimed, "You broke my window, fellow, did you not?"

"To be sure I did," said Pat, "and didn't you see me running home for the money to pay for it?"

WHAT A HEATHEN.—A down east editor publishes the following diabolical paragraph: "When you are asked to hold the baby, trot it hard, pinch it, and make faces at it when the mother is not looking. You will soon be relieved of the precious charge." A man who would write such advice deserves to be—put to bed without his supper.

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN ROME, May 18.—Last night the domicile of the British Consul's secretary was forcibly broken into by a band of Government ruffians, amid the cries and remonstrances of his wife and family. Signor Ercole, who was not at home, is a most respectable Roman gentleman, and has acted as proconsul in Mr. Freeborn's absence, in which character he was de facto recognized by the papal authorities. The sbirri, with a gang of Carabineers threatened to blow out the brains of the lady, ransacked bookcases, drawers, desks, and cupboards, in search of pamphlets or New Testaments, all in vain. The same night a band of ten carabineers broke into the house of Signor Bonfigli, formerly tutor in the Thorngorton family, and late under secretary of State, rummaged his books and papers, and carried off many English works, Macchiavelli's Florentine History, and a volume of "Punch." In a chemist's shop, Piazza Madelena, seven doctors were captured in the act of listening to a letter which one of them had received, when a spy through the shop window, deeming their attitude suspicious, ran for policemen, and had the whole party in prison in ten minutes. A simple police order is now enough to banish any citizen. Vannini, the Tescan cow merchant, is ordered off to Florence from his milk shop in Piazza di Spagna. Yesterday twenty or thirty sbirri passed through the whole length of the Corso, confiscat-

ing all the red cloth caps of every kind in the hatter's shops. So many forged notes are afloat, that even good ones don't pass; and a desperate fight with knives was the result, the other day, between Jew money-brokers and the transeverini.—From the Times and Daily News.

ORDINATION.—The Lord Bishop of Fredericton arrived in Town, on Friday evening last; and on Sunday held an ordination in All Saints Church, when Mr. Richard Ketchum, A. B., of Kings' College, Fredericton, was admitted into the holy order of Deacons. Mr. Ketchum, is, we understand, appointed by the Rev. Dr. Alley, Rector, to be Curate of this Parish, and licenced accordingly by the Bishop. His lordship preached two most excellent sermons—that in the morning from Acts c. 1, v. 22, 26, and that in the evening from Mark c. 9, v. 49, 50. The Bishop departed on Monday morning for Fredericton, from whence he is to proceed on the 2nd September, to Newfoundland, to assist at the consecration of the Cathedral church of that Diocese.—St. Andrews Standard.

#### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

We learn by the papers from this Island, that all the inland mails have been stopped and the Post offices closed, in consequence of the Legislature making no provision for their transportation. The revenue of the office is insufficient to meet the expense incurred in forwarding the mails, and as the Legislature of Prince Edward Island refused to adopt the course pursued by the Legislatures of the other Colonies, in reference to the Imperial bill conferring on them the control of the Post Office Establishment, and also neglected to grant the usual supplies, the Home Government has given orders for the discontinuance of all the inland mails. Meantime, the Governor and Council have resolved to continue the postal communication between Charlottetown and Pictou until further orders from the Post Master General.

The Lord Bishop of Fredericton had arrived in Charlottetown, and was officiating in room of the Bishop of Nova Scotia, who is too ill to visit that portion of his diocese. The Lieut. Governor had given the Bishop a pressing invitation to take up his residence at Government House; but in consequence of the alarming illness of his Excellency the invitation was declined.—The Hon. Donald McDonald, of Glenadale, who was shot in front of his residence, through his servant mistaking him for a stranger, has been brought to town, and is in a fair way of recovery.—Capt. Stainbank, of London, has been very seriously injured in consequence of his horse running away, by which he was thrown out of a gig and had both his legs broken. Mr. John Nelson, of China Point, who was with the unfortunate gentleman, escaped without injury.—Three vessels each of 150, 500, and 396 tons were launched last week in the vicinity of Ch'town.—The prize annually given by George Coles, Esq., for the first two bushels of new barley delivered at his Brewery, was awarded on the 13th ult.—A cricket match was recently played between an equal number of lawyers, and non-professional gentlemen, which resulted in the latter winning in one innings.

ANNEXATION.—That famous comedian and Prince of mimics, Mathews, used to introduce a foreign valet into one of his funny performances, who had only acquired two words of the English language—"gone out." No matter what question was put, or what appeal was made to him, the invariable answer was, "gone out." So with our annexationists—as predicted by us some 12 months ago—upon every public occasion which might possibly favor their absurdity; for example, at the great convention recently held at Portland—annexation had—"gone out." At the meetings held in Halifax, the thing had "gone out." Ditto, for Saint John, and in every rural district, the alleged strong holds of annexation, "there was not a word about the pig," the boar [bore] had grunted himself to death, and the festering carcass was—put out. Requiescat in pace!—St. John Chron.

OREGON.—The opinion is gaining strength daily, that one of the richest mines on the Pacific has been discovered in the Spokane country, some 400 miles from Oregon city, and up the Columbia.

The country in which this gold has been found is one of the healthiest in the world, and if the mine shall be found to extend over a large region of that country, it will soon be teeming with an overflowing population, attracted thither by the allurements of gold and health.

On the 3rd of June an election and a hanging match took place at Oregon City. The town was full of men and women, the former coming to see how the election resulted, and the latter to see the Indians hung. These Indians, five in number, had been found guilty of the murder of Dr. Whitman, in 1847.—Their tribe, the Cayuses, gave them up to keep peace with the whites. Much doubt was felt as to the policy of hanging them, but the popularity of doing so was undeniable.

The three Indians who were tried for killing a portion of a party of emigrants, were executed early in May last.

Yam Hill is a delightful country, full of good land and good people. Probably it is the best of the settled part of Oregon.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.—We learn that a horrid affair occurred a few miles from Gage Town, in Queen's County, a few days ago. It appears that a family named Mays, consisting of a father and two sons, have not lived on terms of intimacy for some time, one of the sons living by himself, a short distance from his father's residence. On the day of the catastrophe referred to, some of the cattle, belonging to the father strayed into the lands of his son, which the latter drove away. On returning home, he was met by his brother, who assaulted him, and together with a negro man in his employ, commenced beating him unmercifully. The father heard his cries, and ran to his assistance, when the negro struck him a blow on the head with a club, which killed him almost instantly. One of the brothers is so much injured that his life is despaired of. The other brother and the hired man, have been arrested and lodged in Jail.—New Brun.