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No 23

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 9, 1869.

Vc1 36

Portru. What Does it Matter !

It matters little where I was born, Or if my parents were rich or poor; Whether they sbrank at the cold world's score Or walked in the pride of wealth secure; But whether I live an honest man, And hold my integrity firm in my clutch, I tell you my brother, plain as I can,

It matters little how long I stay In a world of sorrow, sin and care ; Whether in youth I am called away, Or live till my bones of flesh are bare But whether I do the best I can To soften the weight of adversity's touch On the faded check of my fellow man, It matters much!

It matters little where be my grave, Or on the land or on the sea; By purling brook, or 'neath stormy wave, It matters little or naught to me; But whether the angel of death comes down And marks my brow with his loving touch As one that shall wear the victors crown, It matters not!

Enteresting Cale. UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

[Concluded.]

shoulder. In a few words he was told what was required of him, and also of the bright

shatterilly grasping his chisel and hammer.
Thercupon the farmer led him into the little room, where Kate was administering hot tea and smoking griddle-cake to the 1 oor fellow, who ate and drank almost mechanically, with his eyes fixed on the pretty face and busy the said word of the said terminal with a said terminal with a daughter, who wispered, without turning her head.

"Mother darlin' don't purtend anything, for all sakes Chucky, chuck I's he went on, raising her voice gaily, as she went on scattering the food.
"Servant, sir', she said, wining her hands." hands that ministered to him.

Here, Tim, 's some one to do you a

e, fim, is some one to do you a good Hould out your hands, me boy! Peggy, g to his wife who was devoutly greans d telling her beads in a corner, go an ould clothes, an' Kitty, run for that clay in the kitchen-garden! Run! Are you his daughter than the strength of the st turn. Hould out your hands, me boy! Peggy, uturning to his wife who was devoutly groans of ing and telling her beads in a corner, go an get me ould clothes, an' Kitty, run for that yellow clay in the kitchen-garden! Run! She did as she was bid, and when she returned with the clay, was desired to keep out of

you, Pat Moran, an' you, Mrs. Moran, an' you Kate, an' you, Martin Leary," and he grasped their hands all round:

mouth, said solemly, "May God for iver bless you. Pat Moran, an' you. Martin Leary," and he grasped their hands all round:

Come, it is six o'clock, said the farmer.

"You'khow where the plough is, Maurice Slatty you've a rew piece of iron to mel, Martin. An' Kate, you've to bury them clothes. Come and I'll show you where.

"Half an hour afterwards be was riding slow. I'll fair on his young bore which was to be sold, casting outtions glaness backward in the feeled by the river where he could see his horses poughing, and his new servant boy tolling quietly after them.

Such confusion and excitemen had not been. Such confusion and excitemen had not been. Such confusion and excitemen had not been. Such confusion and excitemen had not been search of the escaped follon. Groups for recease he had not been searched the escaped follon. Groups for recease he had not been been all search of the escaped follon. Groups for recease he had not been been the search of the escaped follon. Groups for recease he had not been been down. Pulmdreds of country look who land content in the charge young and enreless. They were all talking vocifing to the country, not be revented as even the lands and some of the town the search of the escaped follon. Groups for receasing the contract of the revented the streets, the roads leading to the cotantry, and even the lanes a recent plant of the country and when the search of the escaped follon. Groups for recent plant the plant of the country and search of the escaped follon, groups for the contract of the search of the escaped follon, for event the lands and the event of plant the search of the escaped follon, groups for the contract of the feeling and the search of the escaped follon, groups for the escaped follon, groups for the excited the streets, the roads leading to the cotantry, and even the lanes are the plant of the caped, and that it was a device of the autherefore to conceal some foul play When Pat Moran had elbowed lis, way with great difficulty almost to the prison-gates, he looked When

engerly for the o'jects of his search, some of Tim's own people, whom he discovered sitting and standing together in an excited group.

Pat-Moran, d'ye believe this? said one of

"L .rd. be good and marciful to us evermore, amin ! Protect and save us !" muttered Peg thought that had just occurred to Pat Moran. gy Moran, dropping the potatoe she was peel.

There, let me at it, cried the swith, enthusing, and turning with a face of terror to her ing, and turning with a face of terror to her daughter, who wispered, without turning her

"Servant, sir,' she said, wiping her hands good and curt-eying to a tall stout officer, who strode

charge and two others in durk frock coats with shining buttons and red collars.

Goa help me ! Sare I can only die! he murmured.

How long have you been ploughing? said the officer.

Since daybreak, sir. Woa. An' hard work I have had, every one runnin' to me sence breakfast, axin' me did I see the man that run away. Steady there! The laborer sulkily keeping his back towards the prison warders.

He is supposed to have swum the river, said.

departed for the land beyond the sea supposed at this demonstration.

'I have it,' replied the Knickerbocker.

I have in it have it,' replied the Knickerbocker.

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I will invite them to dinner—my opposed at this demonstration.

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I will invite them to dinner—my opposed at this demonstration.

I have it,' replied the Knickerbocker.

I will invite them to denor, and his lawyer. You and I will do the hen denoment the proposed at this demonstration.

I have it,' have it The smith, with the freemasonry that exists among the Li-b peasantry, precised that there was secrety and trouble in the way, and there was secrety and trouble in the way, and there was secrety and trouble in the way, and there was secrety and trouble in the way, and there was secrety and trouble in the way, and there was secrety and trouble in the way, and the board of the county of the trouble in the way, and the board of the county of the safe?

John Welsh, Tim did get out!

When Pat Moran reached home he was met at the door by Kate.

Is he safe?

Yes, father, he's in the room atin' a bit. Her father went in, and going up to his strange guest, raid, I'm goin' to do what I can' of the iron grating; but you, Mick Power, come wad a car for you, I'm. Then they all began discussing engerly the best way for the fugitive to take.

But Lord! The whole country II be roused.

at twelve oclock, an there it be a friend to see

But Lord! The whole country II be roused afther him! I must they suggested various lonely hill paths and cross-cuts. Lord! They if root up the ground after him! I must they though, I must they be come after him! I must they though, I must they be come after him! I must they though, I must they be come and and the farmer, dejectedly, or one after him! I must they though, I must they be come after him! I must they though, I must they be come and and the farmer, dejectedly, or one after him! I must they though, I must they be come after him! I must they though, I must they be come and the farmer, dejectedly, or one after him! I must they though, I must they be come and the farmer of the country road.

The officer called his men hurriedly back to the country road.

The officer called his men hurriedly back to the country road.

The prison warders were not long in discountry to ad.

The long day drew to close, and when Kate came to call the plughboy to his supper, whis escape, and from the opening, the search that they be contrained in mystery. No one knows whether the institution be due to the Druids, the Romans, or the old Spanish settlers on the country road.

The officer called his men hurriedly back to the country road.

The officer called his men hurriedly back to the country road.

The long day drew to close, and when Kate came to call the plughboy to his supper, whis escape, and from the opening, the search that the plughboy to his supper, whis escape, and from the opening, the search that the country road.

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The long day drew to close, and when Kate on the country road on the country road.

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The officer called his men hurriedly back to the country road on the country road on the country road on the country road on the country road o

sewer where it emptied itself into the river. However, he ejaculated dozen yards of the black passage, but specifily dragged the plough after them to the adjoining medow, and were grazing there.

A sudden thought struck him, and he has the returned to the house with his face flushed. As he entered the kitchen he ran against the smith, Martin Leary, who was staring about the river, and swam across, a party of prison offsmith, Martin Leary, who was staring about the river, and swam across, a party of prison offsmith, Martin Leary, who was staring about the river is emptied itself into the river, he ejaculated dozen yards of the black passage, but specifily returned to the fact of the idea of the fectival of footmarks on the river, his clothes had been picked up—filed half across—m a bog ten miles away position that he might bave lived to reach the river, and swam across, a party of prison offsmith, Martin Leary, who was staring about the river brink; but the friendly tide had been before them. Still, on the supposition that he might bave lived to reach the river, his clothes had been picked up—filed half across—m a bog ten miles away position that he might bave lived to reach the river, his clothes had been picked up—filed half across—m a bog ten miles away first in bursted laughin, said Pat Meran, when I knew that Martin Leary bad em the past twenty four hours.

The farmer laughed heartily in telling the conscious, to the oldest inhabitants.

However this can be there can be no doubt and the fact of the feath and bout the fact of the idea of the feath all bout the fact of the idea of the feath and bout the fact of the idea of the feath and bout the fact of the idea of the feath and bout the fact of the idea of the feath and bout the fact of the idea of the feath and bout the fact of the idea of the feath and bout the fact of the idea of the feath and bout the fact of the idea of the feath and bout the fact of the idea of the feath and bout the fact of the idea of the feath and bout the fact of the idea of the fe

fullness and gratitude, only casting side looks at Kate and sighing heavily

Musha, man, don't be sighin'! cried the far mer, jocosely, you'll be kicking up your heels at you weddin' in Ameriky this time twelve month, place God!

No, Misth r'Moran, I'll never marry any one in Ameriky, answered Welsh.

Kate got up and put on fresh fuel immediately.

Och, niver fear, you will, replied the farm of antiquity mast perforce have caught the content of madness 200 tranes.

Wolves sometimes lose their teeth, but very seldom their nature.

A young lady being asked by a politician what happily ceased to sound on the fifes and druans. A tune that must have some Drudical this is a case in which the counterfeit is generally preferred to the genaine. maniaes with a horticultural turn of madness 250 francs. Och, niver fear, you will, replied the farm of autiquity mast perforce have caught the cr. with good natured obtuseness.

Musha, Misther Moran tisn't every man as traction of self and friends. The first is compared to the genuine.

The blood of the soldier makes the glory of the genuine. get me ould clothes, an' Kitty, run for that yellow clay in the kitchen-garden! Run!

Yes, sir.

Are you his daughted the former.

She did as she was bid, and when she return the room for a few minutes.

Mother, hency, what are they doing? she inquired.

Sorra bit o' me knows, acushla. On'y your harm Pat has, sir?

What harm should be get into—about this gara, i'm thrimblin to think of the trouble her runaway prisoner you mean? said the officer, may be gettin into—Och, Pat, honey, what trying to startle her into some admission.

Arah, Tm, agra, who'd think the worse o' you for having got into throuble an' got out agin? pursued the famer.

Alt, tisn't every one is like you, said Welsh, sighing.

Oh sure no one will know anythin' in Ameriky. Tim; that's where you're goin, I suppose? said Mrs. Moran, gravely and coldly. Yes ma'am, answered Welsh. I hope so. Taking the Poot.—Good conduct a Sunction was taking the turn the convergence of intervention of the same routally, after a fatiguing progress of nearly three hours duration, returns to the same goal. The motive, and the manner who is fast the officer, turning to the woman, who was endeavouring to look calm.

At the fair, sir,—oh sure, 'tiso't got any harm Pat has, sir?

What harm should he get into—about this god woman was far more acute than her husband, and disliking the turn the convergence of the same routally, after a fatiguing progress of nearly three hours duration, returns to the same place, and and eventually, after a fatiguing progress of nearly three hours duration, returns to the same place, and and eventually, after a fatiguing progress of nearly three hours duration, returns to the same place, and and eventually, after a fatiguing progress of the same routally, after a fatiguing progress of nearly three hours duration, returns to the same place, and and eventually, after a fatiguing progress of nearly three hours duration, returns to the same place, and in gin? Pursued the same place, and the same place, and in gin? Pursued the same place, and in

bername to the beard of the bea

Oh, father, honey ! O Pat, acushla! cried wid the law; but you're welcome to sarch he strove to put a few hasty words together, is a great deal that is pretty and pictures que Oh, father, honey! O Pat, acushla! cried daughter, with admiration.

The young man, taking the pipe from his mouth, said solemly, "May God for iver bless you, Pat Moran, an' you, Mrs. Moran, an' you, Mrs. Moran, an' you, Mrs. Moran, an' you, Martin Leary," and he grasped

Mud the law; but you're welcome to sarch the strove to put a few hasty words together, is a great deal that is performed to sarch which had no reference to the gate.

Keep up yere heart, Kate, agra, he wisper ed; I'll send ye a letter when I get safe over you, Pat Moran, an' you, Mrs. Moran, an' you, Martin Leary," and he grasped

Welsh sailed for England in a small coast ment to light heartedness, and flowery gayety which would mark it abroad. But be this as

smith, martin Leary, who was staring about him.

Martin, you're true an' honest, I know, an' you'd do a good turn as soon as any man I know, said Pat Moran, abruptly.

There's me hand on it, returned the smith, bringing down his black fist on the other's shoulder. In a few words he was tolk what is the other of the smith belts, and honest and soldiers was ferried over, and mark they bothcaught to honest, I know, and soldiers was ferried over, and mark they was tolk to be smith, and the weather god was well inclined to those who came so far west expressly to see English people carry out an asstration of the hundredth anniversary of Napoleon Bouaparte, that from August 15 shoulder. In a few words he was tolk what itself to darce round and about the town like follows and gratitude, only casing side hoads.

would give his daughter to one like me, said posed of the servants, the second of the arisingMelsh, in a low tone.

Arrah, T.m., agra, who'd think the worse o' third of the tradespeople. Each set follows if it is something that will cause a sigh, bot le

agra, I'm thrimbiin to think of the trouble he tunaway prisoner you mean; said the dance as emble at the town are you goin to do at all? she cried, address. What man, sir? cried Kate. Law, moteer, ice; but with little success, as her husband, and dishking the turn the convergence of the tunaway prisoner you mean; said the bushand, and dishking the turn the convergence of the tunaway prisoner you mean; said the tunaway pris