Mrs. JACKSON,

RESPECTFULLY announces to her Friends and the Public, that she has opened a select House for the accommodation of permanent and transient Boarders, situated in a most central and pleasant part of the Town, directly opposite the Commissariat Department, in King street, and within two minutes' walk of the steam boat landing, Barracks, and Public Offices.

The house is in good repair—has suitable Parlors and Bedrooms—is comfortably furnished and fitted up. ☞Mrs. Jackson begs to assure those Ladies and Gentlemen visiting Fredericton, who may favor her with their patronage, that every care will be taken, and no pains shall be wanting on her part to make their stay agreeable. *Fredericton, June 15.*

The Albion Hotel,
Steam Boat Landing, FREDERICTON.

ROBERT WELSH, having removed to the Premises lately occupied by Mr. H. Jackson, at the public Steam Boat landing, has just completed extensive arrangements for the accommodation of Travellers and Boarders. The whole Establishment has undergone a thorough repair, and a new Barn with Stabling erected. Strict attention will be paid to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize "THE ALBION," and every delicacy of the season will be provided.

R. W. continues to carry on the *Confectionary Business* in all its various branches, and will give immediate attention to such orders as he may be favoured with. Ice Creams and other summer refreshments will constantly be kept on hand.

Regent Street, Fredericton, May 2, 1842.

HIBERNIAN HOTEL,
CHURCH STREET.

THE Proprietor of the above establishment, thankful for past favors, begs leave to state, that in addition to his former supply of Pastry, Cordials, choice Brandy and Wines, he has added that of an ordinary or Eating House, where gentlemen in a hurry or absent from home, can be supplied, at the shortest notice, with every delicacy which the market affords. Every attention paid to those who may honor him with a call. Public or private parties furnished with Rooms.

JAMES NETHERY.

St. John, N. B., June 7, 1839.

N. B. A few cases choice Champagne on hand.

Medicines, Perfumery,
Brushes, Combs, Confectionary,
Preserved Meats, &c.

The subscriber has received, per ships 'Rebecca,' 'British Queen,' and 'Westmoreland,' from London:—

1 CASE *Dennesford's* Fluid MAGNESIA;
1 do. *Frank's* dilution of Copaiba;
1 ditto *Robinson's* BARLEY and GROATS;
1 ditto Patent MEDICINES, containing *Dalby's* Carminative; *Bateman's* Drops; *Powell's* Balsam of Aniseed; *Ford's* Balsam of Horehound; *Henry's* Calcined Magnesia; *Maxim's* Effervescent Magnesia; *Henry's* Aromatic Vinegar; *Lemming's* Essence, &c. &c.

4 cases PERFUMERY, containing *Smyth's* Lavender Water; genuine Arquebusade; Milk of Roses; Rose Bloom for the complexion; Fine Rouge in pots; Queen VICTORIA'S Bouquet; Prince ALBERT'S Bouquet; the Princess's Bouquet; Queen ADELAIDE'S Perfume; Royal Extract of Flowers; Essence of Roses for the Handkerchief; *Hanny's* Rondelitia; *Rowland's* Kalydor; Macassar Oil; Bears' Oil; Perfumed Hair Powder, &c. &c.

1 case Brushes and Combs, in every variety;
1 do. CONFECTIONARY;
1 do. PICKLES and SAUCES;
1 do. Preserved MEATS and SOUPS;
1 do. Scotch Orange Marmalade;
1 do. real Havana Cigars, superior quality;
1 do. SNUFFS;
4 do. Windsor SOAPS;
10 boxes SPERM CANDLES;
1 hogshead best London GLUE;
2 tons best London White LEAD;
4 casks boiled and raw OIL;
10 cwt. ROOT GINGER.

JOHN G. SHARP, *Chemist,*
Corner of North Market Wharf and Dock street.

June 11.

NOW LANDING,
Ex Edwin, from London:

Brandy, Geneva, Old Jamaica Rum, Marsalla, Bucellas, and Lisbon.

2 PUNCHEONS and 22 hogsheads fine Old BRANDY, *Martell's:*
4 hogsheads very old Pale ditto ditto,
10 ditto best Rotterdam Pale GENEVA,
1 ditto Curious Old Jamaica Rum, (very choice,)
1 Pipe and 2 hhds. *Woodhouse's* Marsalla;
4 hhds. Old Bucellas; 4 hhds. Rich Lisbon:
Which, with a choice stock of Old Wines, &c. &c. for sale by *RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.*
24th June. Wine Merchants

Just Received.

The Subscriber has just received per ship John Bentley from Liverpool:—

REFINED SUGAR, Soap, Starch, Blueing, Corks, Wrapping Paper, Day & Martins BLACKING.

Shoemaker's FINDINGS,—Comprising Shoe Thread, Bristles, Awl Blades and Handles, Sparrowbills, Glass Paper, Heelball, Lasting Tacks, Boot Strapping, Rasps, Knives, Pincers, &c.

—ALSO—

Per North America from Boston:—

Biscuit, Painted Pails, Fancy Brooms, Coffee &c. All of which will be sold cheap while landing, or at No. 18, King Street, where a General Assortment of *CHEAP GROCERIES* may be had.

Fresh Ground Coffee every morning.

August 5. J. O'DONNELLY.

Herrings, Pork, &c.

350 BBLS. Fat Herrings; 25 bbls. Pork, 6 bbls. BEEF; 5 hogsheads bright Sugar; 20 hogsheads Molasses.

The above articles will be sold cheap for approved payment. Apply to

28 sept. JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

Rum, Sugar, and Molasses.

The Subscribers are now landing from the brig *Relief*, Man, Master, from Porto Rico:—

67 HHDS. { 53 Brls. } Bright Sugar;
88 Casks Superior Retailing Molasses;
13 Puns. RUM,

All of which will be sold low for prompt payment.

August 12. SANCTON & CROOKSHANK.

Paper Hangings.

THE subscriber has on hand a very large and elegant assortment of *Paper Hangings*, suitable for Halls, Dining and Drawing Rooms, Parlors, Chambers, Entries, &c. with Border of all qualities to match, which he offers for sale at a great reduction from former prices for *CASH*.

ALSO—A large number of Remnant Lots suitable for small and medium sized Rooms, Entries, &c which he will sell at *Half Price* for cash.

18th *March*. S. K. FOSTER.

JUST RECEIVED.

The subscriber has just received per brig *Edwi* and offers for sale at his store South Market Wharf, fourth door below Ward street:

GREY SHIRTINGS; Checks and Homespuns; Blankets; White and Blue Cotton Warp; White, red and blue Flannel and Regatta Shirting; Canvas Trousers; Guernsey Frocks; Bunting, assorted colours; Jacks and Ensigns, assorted sizes; Wood and Brass Compasses; Log Slates; Mop Heads and Handles; Glazed Hats, (Engl) Liverpool SOAP; Mould CANDLES; INDIGO, &c. &c.

Also, per late arrivals from the United Stat

Superfine and Rye FLOUR and CORN MEAL; Brooms and Pails; Wool and Cotton Cards; Wheel Heads, Bed Cords and Clothes lines, Batting, Dried Apples, RICE, COFFEE &c.

24th June. JOHN ROWS.

THE Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum: *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed Iroque."* [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

VOL. VII. SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1843. No. 22.

THE CHRONICLE,
Is published every Friday afternoon, by DENNIS & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church street.

Terms—7s. per annum, or 12s. 6d if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

Papers sent out of the City must be paid for in advance.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

Jan.	R. Sun.	s. noon	H. W.
28 Saturday,	7 26	5 2	6 8 10
29 Sunday,	7 24	5 3	6 44 10
30 Monday,	7 23	5 4	Sets. 11 20
31 Tuesday,	7 22	5 5	6 39 11 52
1 Wednesday,	7 21	5 7	7 41 0 21
2 Thursday,	7 20	5 8	8 43 0 51
3 Friday,	7 18	5 10	9 44 1 21

New Moon 30th. 7h. 22m. morn.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq., President.—Discount days, Tuesday and Friday. Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days. Director next week: L. H. DeVeber, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—John Duncan, Esq., President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: James Kirk, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(St. John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq., Manager.—Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days. Director next week: James Kirk, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire, President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock.—[All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

SAVING'S BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open. ☞All applications for insurance to be made in writing.

Trans-Atlantic Newspaper & General Agency Office, Liverpool.

Charles Willmer,
Newspaper, Forwarding, and General Agent,

SUPPLIES to order, with greater promptitude and regularity than any other house, and on the most reasonable terms, (a London Daily Paper for £6 10s. Sterling per annum,) Newspapers, Price Currents, Shipping Lists, Magazines, and Books, to all parts of the United States, Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, by the MAIL STEAMERS, sailing on the 4th and 19th of each month from LIVERPOOL, as well as by those from BRISTOL and SOUTHAMPTON; and to all the West India Islands, Mexico, and Texas, by the ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS, sailing every Fortnight from FALMOUTH.

C. W. will receive Consignments of Goods, or SMALL PARCELS sent to his care shall be punctually forwarded to their destination. Any description of Goods purchased and forwarded to order.

NEXT of KIN, and all other description of Advertisements, received for insertion in all the EUROPEAN PUBLICATIONS.

N. B.—All orders should be addressed "CHAS. WILLMER" in full, and none will be attended to unless accompanied by a remittance, or reference for payment on some Liverpool or London House.

Houses to Let.

THE subscriber will Rent undermentioned Properties very low until the First of May next:

A House on the south side of Dorchester street, containing 4 Rooms and Kitchen, with a number o Bed Rooms, Pantry and Cellar.

The upper Flat of a House on the corner of Dorchester and Carlton streets.

Also,—A Shop in King street, late in the occupation of Mr. James Burns.

July 1. JOS. FAIRWEATHER.

Vessel and Houses for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale, a square rigged Vessel, 231 Tons old measurement, (209 new) essentially copper-fastened, Juniper stem and stern post, Pitch Pine top timbers, and the remainder of her timbers principally Juniper, and in every respect a superior built vessel: can be launched in 20 days from sale.

Also, a two story DWELLING HOUSE, 28x36, containing four commodious rooms, six bed rooms, and a front proof cellar, with a Lot of Land 51 feet by 100. This property is situated in a most central situation at the Bend, and a most eligible stand for any public business.

Also, a House, Barn and Lot, containing one and a quarter acres, at St. Martin's, County of St. John, situated near Vaughan's Creek. Should this property not be disposed of at private sale, it will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the 13th Aug. next.—For terms of sale of the Quaco property, apply to Mr. George Cochran, Quaco: and for the terms and particulars of other property, apply to

WILLIAM HAINES.
Bend Petticodiac.

County Westmorland, 14th July, 1842.

RYE FLOUR.—100 Brls. RYE FLOUR, just received and for sale by the subscriber, cheap for Cash. JOHN BOWES.

Molasses, Tobacco, &c.

Landing, ex schooner *Fyedora*, from Yarmouth,—
23 PUNCHEONS Martinique Molasses;
Ex Fidelia, from New-York:
20 Barrels Newton Pippins; 40 Kegs Pig Tobacco.
For sale by JARDINE & CO.

Hay for sale.

35 TONS of first quality HAY, now lying on the Marsh near Creighton's, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by

August. SANCTON & CROOKSHANK.

Miscellany.

THE STOLEN SHEEP.

AN IRISH SKETCH.

By the Author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family."

The faults of the lower orders of the Irish are sufficiently well known; perhaps their virtues have not been proportionately observed, or recorded for observation. At all events, it is but justice to them, and it cannot conflict with any established policy, or do any one harm, to exhibit them in a favorable light to their British fellow subjects, as often as strict truth will permit. In this view the following story is written—the following facts, indeed; for we have a newspaper report before us, which shall be very slightly departed from, while we make our copy of it.

The Irish plague, called typhus fever, raged in its terrors. In almost every third cabin there was a corpse daily. In every one, without an exception, there was what had made the corpse—hunger. It need not be added that there was poverty, too. The poor could not bury their dead. From mixed motives of self-protection, terror and benevolence, those in easier circumstances exerted themselves to administer relief, in different ways. Money was subscribed—(then came England's munificent donation—God prosper her for it!)—wholesome food, or food as wholesome as a bad season permitted, was provided; and men of respectability, bracing their minds to avert the danger that threatened themselves, by boldly facing it, entered the infected house, where death reigned almost alone, and took measures to cleanse and purify the close cribbed air, and the rough bare walls. Before proceeding to our story, let us be permitted to mention general marks of Irish virtue, which under those circumstances, we personally noticed. In poverty, in abject misery, and at short and fearful notice, the poor man died like a Christian. He gave vent to none of the poor man's complaints or invectives against the rich man who had neglected him, or who, he might have supposed, could do little. It was too late. Except for a glance, and, doubtless, a little inward pang while he glanced—at the child, or old parent as hopeless as the child, he blessed God, and died. The appearance of a comforter at his wretched bed side, even when he knew comfort to be useless, made his heart grateful, and his spasmed lips eloquent in thanks. In cases of indescribable misery—some members of his family lying lifeless before his eyes, or else some dying, stretched upon damp and unclean straw, on an earthen floor, without cordial for his lips, or potatoes to point out to a crying infant, often we have heard him whisper to himself, (and to another who heard him!) "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Such men need not always make bad neighbors.

In the early progress of the fever, before the more affluent roused themselves to avert its career, let us cross the threshold of an individual peasant. His young wife lies dead; his second child is dying at her side; he has just sunk into a corner himself, under the first stun of disease, long resisted. The only persons of his family who have escaped contagion, and are likely to escape it, are his old father, who sits weeping feebly upon the hob, and his first born, a boy of three or four years, who, standing between the old man's knees, cries also for food.

We visit the young peasant's abode some time after. He has just sunk under "the sickness." He is fast regaining his strength, even without proper nourishment; he can creep out of doors, and sit in the sun. But, in the expression of his sallow and emaciated face, there is no joy for his escape from the grave, as he sits there alone, silent and brooding. His father, and his surviving child, are still hungry—more hungry, indeed, and more helpless than ever; for the neighbours who had relieved the family with a potatoe and a mug of sour milk, are now stricken down themselves, and want assistance to a much greater extent than they can give it.

'I wish Mr. Evans was in the place,' cogitated Michaul Carroll; 'a body could spake forn'ent him, and not spake for nothin,' for all that he's an Englishman; and I don't like the thoughts o' goin' up to the house to the steward's face—it wouldn't turn kind to a body. May be he'd soon come home to us, the masther himself.'

Another fortnight elapsed. Michaul's hope proved vain. Mr. Evans, still in London; though, since it had come into possession, business unfortunately [illegible]—and he would have said so himself—he would have kept him an unusually long time absent. Thus disappointed Michaul overcame his repugnance to appear before the 'hard' steward. He only sked for work, however. There was nov to be had. He turned his [illegible] and sti[illegible] feeble foot into the adjacent town. It was market day, and he took up his place among a crowd of other claimants for agricultural employment, shouldering a spade, as did each of his companions. Many farmers came to the well known 'stannin', and hired men at his right and at his left, but no one addressed Michaul. Once or twice, indeed, touched perhaps by his sidelong looks of beseeching misery, a farmer stopped a moment before him, and glanced over his figure; but his worn and almost shaking limbs giving little promise of present vigor in the working field, worldly prudence soon conquered the human feeling which started up toward him in the man's heart, and, with a choking in his throat, poor Michaul saw the arbiter of his fate pass on.

He walked homeward, without having broken his fast that day. 'Bud, *musha*, what's the harm o' that,' he said to himself; 'only here's the ould father, an' *he* pet boy, the weenock, without a pyatee either. Well, *asthore*, if they can't have the pyatees, they must have better food—that's all;—ay,' he muttered, clenching his hands at his sides, and imprecating fearfully in Irish—'an' so they must.'

He left his house again, and walked a good way to beg a few potatoes. He did not come back quite empty handed. His father and his child had a meal. He ate but a few himself; and when he was about to lie down in his corner for the night, he said to the old man across the room—'Don't be a-crying to-night, father—you and the child, there; bud sleep well, and ye'll have the good break'ast afore ye in the mornin'.'

'The good break'ast, *ma bouchal?** athen, an' where 'ill id come from?'

'A body promised it to me, father.'

'*Avich!* Michaul, an' sure its fun you're making of us, now, at any rate. Bud, the good night, a *chorra*,† an' my blessin' on your head, Michaul; an' if we keep trust in the good God, an' ax his blessin', too, mornin' an' evenin', gettin' up an' lyin' down, He'll be a friend to us at last; 'tnat was always an' ever my word to you, poor boy, since you was the years o' your own weenock, now past asleep at my side; an' its my word to you now. [illegible]; an' you won't forget id; and heart's one savin' the same to you, out o' angel-in-glory by the hand, Michaul *avourneen*.'

Having thus spoken in the fervent and rather exaggerated, though every day, words of pious allusion of the Irish poor man, old Carroll soon dropped asleep, with his arms round his little grandson, both overcome by an unusually abundant meal. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a stealthy noise. Without moving, he cast his eyes round the cabin. A small window through which the moon broke brilliantly was open. He called to his son, but received no answer. He called again and again; all remained silent. He arose, and crept to the corner where Michaul had lain down. It was empty. He looked out through the window into the moonlight. The figure of a man appeared at a distance, just about to enter a pasture field belonging to Mr. Evans.

The old man leaned his back against the wall of the cabin, trembling with sudden and terrible misgivings. With him the language of virtue, which we have heard him utter, was not cant. In early prosperity, in subsequent misfortunes, and in his late and present excess of wretchedness, he had never swerved in practice from the spirit of his own exhortations to honesty before men, and love for, and dependance upon God, which, as he has truly said, he had constantly addressed to his son, since his earliest childhood. And hitherto that son had, indeed, walked by his precepts, further assisted by a regular observance of the duties of his religion. Was he now about to turn into another path? to bring shame on his father in his old age? to put a stain on their family and their name, 'the name that a rogue or a bould woman never bore?' continued old Cartoll, indulging in some of the pride and egotism for which an Irish peasant is, under his circumstances, remarkable. And then came the thought of the personal peril incurred by Michaul; and his agitation, increased by the feebleness of age, nearly overpowered him.

He was sitting on the floor, shivering like one in an ague fit, when he heard steps outside the house. He listened, and they ceased; but the familiar noise of an old barn door creaking on its crazy hinges came on his ear. It was now day dawn. He dressed himself—stole out cautiously—peeped into the barn, through a chink of the door, and all he had feared met full confirmation. There, indeed, sat Michaul, busily and earnestly engaged, with a frowning brow and a haggard face, in quartering the animal he had stolen from Mr. Evans's field.

The sight sickened the father—the

* My boy

† Term of endearment.

[illegible] on his son's hands, and all. He was [illegible]ely able to keep himself from falling. Fear, if not a dislike, of the unhappy prit also came upon him. His uncommon impulse was to re-enter their cabin perceived, without speaking a word; I succeeded in doing so; and then he tened the door again, and undressed, I resumed his place beside his innocent le grandson.

About an hour afterward, Michaul came cautiously through the still open window, and also undressed and reclined on straw, after glancing toward his father's bed, who pretended to be asleep. the usual time for arising, old Carroll him suddenly jump up, and prepare go abroad. He spoke to him, leaning his elbow.

'An' what *hollgt* is on you now, *machal?*'

'Going for the good break'ast I promised you, father dear.'

'An' who's the good christhin 'ill give id to us, Michaul?'

'Oh, you'll know that soon, father; now, good bye;' he hurried to the door.

'A good bye, then, Michaul; bud, tell me, what's that on your hand?'

'No—nothin',' stammered Michaul, changing color, as he hastily examined the hand himself; 'nothin' is on id; what could there be?' (nor was there, for he had very carefully removed all evidence of guilt from his person; and the father's question was asked upon grounds distinct from anything he then saw.)

'Well, *avich*, an' sure I didn't say any thing was on it wrong; or any thing to make you look so quare, an' spake so strange to your father, this mornin'; only 'ill ax you, Michaul, over agin, who has ook such a sudd'n liken' to us, to send a the good break'ast? an' answer me straight, Michaul—what is id to be, that *you* call it so *good?*'

'The good mate, father;' he was again passing the threshold.

'Stop!' cried his father; 'stop, an' turn thrent me. Mate? the good mate? What 'ud bring mate into our poor house, Michaul? Tell me, I bid you again an' [illegible]

'Why, as I said afore, a body that—'

'A body that thieved id, Michaul Carroll, walking cloke and [illegible] as his own, besi- body that thieved id, an' no other body. Don't think to blind me, Michaul. I am ould, to be sure; but sense enough is left me to look round among the neighbors, in my own mind, an' know that none of 'em that has the will, has the power to send us the mate for our break'ast, in an honest way. An' I don't say outright, that you had the same thought wid me, when you consented to take it from a thief—I don't mean to say that you'd go to turn a thief's receiver, at this hour o' your life, an' after growin' up from a boy to a man without bringin' a spot o' shame on yourself, or on your weenock, or on one of us. No, I won't say that. Your heart was scalded, Michaul, an' your mind was darkened, for start; an' the thought o' gettin' comfort to the ould father, an' for the little son, made you consent in a hurry, without lookin' well afore you, or without lookin' up to your good God.'

'Father, father, let me alone! don't speak them words to me,' interrupted Michaul, sitting on a stool, and spreading his large and hard hands over his face.

'Well, thin, an' I won't *avick*; I won't; thin' to trouble you, sure; I didn't pan id; only this, *a-rourneen*, don't bring mouthful o' the bad, unlucky victuals to this cabin; the pyaties, the wild berries o' the bush, the wild roots o' the earth, ll be sweeter to us, Michaul; the hunger itself will be sweeter; an' when we e God thanks afther our poor meal, or er no meal at all, our hearts will be lter, and our hopes for to-morrow stronger, *avick-ma-chree*, than if we faist on the fat o' the land, but could'nt ax blessin' on our faist.'

Well, thin, I won't, either, father; I n't; an' sure you have your way now. only go out a little while from you—beg; or else, as you say, to root down the ground, with my nails, like a baste ate for our break'ast.'

My yourneen you are, Michaul, an' blessin' on your head; yes, to be sure, ch, beg, an' I'll beg wid you—sorrow hame is in that. No; but a good deed, haul, when its done to keep us honest, come; we'll go among the christhins gether. Only, before we go, Michaul, own dear son, tell me one thing.'

'What, father?' Michaul began to spect.

'Never be afraid to tell me, Michaul roll, *mavourneen?* I won't—I can't be gry wid on now. You are sorry; an' ur Father in heaven forgives you, an' do I. If you know, *avick*, there would change in quitting the place without ding all every scrap of anything that uld y on us.'

'To us! What can they tell on

'W are you about.

'are you?' demanded Michaul; 'what's in the place to tell on us?'

'Nothin' in the cabin, I know, Michaul; but ——'

'But what father?'

'Have you left nothin' in the way, out there?' whispered the old man, pointing towards the barn.

'Out there? Where? What? What do you mean at all, now, father? Sure you know it's your own self has kept me from as much as laying a hand on it.'

'Ay, to day-morning; bud you laid a hand on it last night, *arick*, an' so ——'

'*Curp-us duoul!*' imprecated Michaul—'this is too bad, at any rate; no I did nt—last night or any other night—let me alone. I bid you, father.'

'Come back again, Michaul,' commanded old Carroll, as the son once more hurried to the door; and his words were instantly obeyed. Michaul, after a glance abroad, and a start, which the old man did not notice, paced to the middle of the floor, hanging his head, and saying in a low voice 'Hushth, now, father—it's time.'

'No Michaul, I will not hushth; an' it is not time; come out with me to the barn.'

'Hushth!' repeated Michaul, whispering sharply; he had glanced sideways to the square patch of strong morning sun light on the ground of the cabin, defined there by the shape of the open door, and saw it intruded upon by the shadow of a man's bust leaning forward in an earnest posture.

'Is id in your mind to go back into your sin, Michaul, an' tell me you were not in the barn, at daybreak, the mornin'? asked his father, still unconscious of a reason for silence.

'Arrah, hushth, ould man!' Michaul made a hasty sign toward the door, but was disregarded.

'Come you in wid, yourself, poor ould Carroll, sternly; 'ay and at your work in id, too.'

'What's that you're sayin,' ould Peery Carroll?' demanded a well known voice.

'Enough—to hang his son,' whispered Michaul to his father, as Mr. Evans's land steward, followed by his herdsman and two policemen, entered the cabin. In a few minutes afterward, the policemen had in charge the dismembered carcase of the sheep, dug up out of the floor of the barn, and were escorting Michaul, handcuffed, to the county gaol, in the vicinity of the town. They could find no trace of the animal's skin, though they sought attentively for it; and this seemed to disappoint them and the steward a good deal.

From the moment that they entered the cabin till their departure, old Carrol did not speak a word. Without knowing it, as it seemed, he sat down on his straw bed, and remained staring stupidly around him, or at one or another of his visitors. When Michaul was about to leave the wretched abode, he paced quickly toward his father, and held out his ironed hands, and turning his cheek for a kiss, said smiling miserably, "God be wid you father dear."—Still the old man was silent, and the prisoner and all [illegible] day passed out on the road. But it was then the spirit of old Carroll assumed a distinctness. Uttering a fearful cry, he snatched up his still sleeping little grandson, ran with the boy in his arms till he overtook Michaul; and kneeling down before him in the dust said—'I ax pardon o' you *arick*—won't you tell me I have it afore you go?' an' here. I've brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forgot *him, avourneen*

'No, father, I did not [illegible] Michaul, as he my hands are not my own, or I would nt let you do to trouble yourself about; that is, I mean, I have no ful for, an' to let you for; you were always an' strong and bitter feelings which till now he had almost perfectly kept in, found full vent, and poor Michaul could not go on. The parting from his father however, so different from what it had promised to be, confirmed him. The old man held him in his arms and wept on his neck. They were separated with difficulty.

Peery Carroll, sitting on the road side after he lost sight of the prisoner, and holding his weeping grandson on his knees, thought the cup of his trials was full. By his imprudence he had fixed the roof of for him, and he could indulge it only generally. But he was yet to conceive distinctly in what dilemma he had involved himself as well as Michaul. The Policeman came back to compel his appearance before the magistrate; and when the little child had been disposed of in a neighbouring cabin, he understood to his consternation and horror, that he was to be the chief witness against the sheep stealer. Mr. Evan's steward knew well the meaning of the words he had overheard him say in the cabin, and that if compelled to swear all he was aware of, no doubt would exist of the criminality of Michaul, in the eyes of a jury. 'Tis a strange thing to ax a father to do,' muttered Peery more than once, as he proceeded to the magistrates; 'it's a very strange thing.'

The magistrate proved to be a humane man. Notwithstanding the zeal of the steward and the policeman, he committed Michaul for trial without continuing to press the hesitating and bewildered old Peery into any detailed evidence; his nature seemed to rise against the task, and he said to the steward—'I have enough of facts for making out a committal: if you think the father will be necessary on trial, subpœna him.

The steward objected that old Peery would abscond and demanded to have him bound over to prosecute, on two sureties, solvent and respectable. The magistrate assented; Peery could name no bail; and consequently he also was marched to prison, though prohibited from holding the least intercourse with Michaul.

The assizes soon came on. Michaul was arraigned; and, during his plea of "not guilty," his father appeared unseen by him, in the gaoler's custody, at the back of the dock or rather in an inner dock. —The trial excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury box, and the crowds of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him. 'What will the old man do?' was the general question which ran through the assembly; and while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters, scarce hesitated to make out for him a case of natural necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdsman, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policeman and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause, and complete silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the crier, deliberately, 'Call Peery Carroll.'

'Here, sir,' immediately answered Peery, as the gaoler led him by a side door, out of the dock to the table. The prisoner stared round; but the new witness against him had passed for an instant into the crowd.

The next instant, old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the gaoler, and by many other commiserating hands near him. Every glance fixed on his face. The barristers looked wistfully up from their seats round the table; the judge put a glass to his eye and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience, there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest.

Though much enervated by confinement, anguish and suspense, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half gaping expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. And yet he did not tremble much, nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrates.

The moment he stood upright on the table, he turned himself fully to the jugde, without a glance toward the dock.

'Sit down, sit down, poor man,' said the judge.

'Thanks to you, my lord, I will,' answered Peery, 'only first, I'd ax you to let me kneel, for a little start;' and he accordingly did kneel, and after bowing his head, and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up and said—"My judge in heaven above, 'tis you I pray to keep me to my duty, afore my earthly judge this day; amen;"—and then repeating the sign of the cross he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and immanely proceeded as follows—(the counsel for the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers.)

'Do you know Michaul, or Michael Carroll, the prisoner at the bar.'

'After that night, Sir, I believed I knew him well; every thought of his mind, every bit of the heart in his body; afore that night, no living creature could throw a word at Michaul Carroll, or say he ever forgot his father's respect, or his love of his good name, and the people are afther telling you by the time, how it came about that night—an' you my lord, an' you gentlemen, an' all good christians that hear me, here I am to help to hang him—my own boy, and my only one—but for all that, gentlemen, we ought to think of it; 'twas for the wennock and the ould father that he done it; indeed, an'deed we had'nt a pyatee in the place; an' the sickness was among us, a start afore—it took the wife from him, and another baby; an' id had himself down a week or so before hand; an' all that day he was looking for work, but could'nt get a hand's turn to do; an that's the way it was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery; an', more betoken he grew sorry for id in the mornin' an' promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn, ay, long afore the steward an' the peelers came on us, but was willin' to go among the neighbours an' beg our breakfast, along wid myself, from door to door, sooner than touch it.'

'It is my painful duty,' resumed the barrister, when Peery would at lenght cease, 'to ask you for closer information. You saw Michael Carroll in the barn that night?'

'*Musha*—The Lord pity him and me—I did, Sir.'

'Doing what?'

'The sheep between his hands,' answered Peery, dropping his head and speaking almost insudibly.

'I must still give you pain, I fear; stand up, take the crier's rod; and if you see Michaul Carroll in court, lay it on his head.'

'*Och, Musha, Musha*, Sir, don't ax me to do that!' pleaded Peery, rising, wringing his hands, and, for the first time weeping—'och don't my lord, don't and mee your own judgement be favourable the last day.'

'I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must take the rod,' answered the judge, bending his head close to his notes, to hide his own tears; and at the same time, many a veteran barrister rested his forehead on the edge of the table. In the body of the court were heard sobs.

'Michaul, *avich!* Michaul, *a cerra-ma chree!*' exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod, and fared round to his son, 'is id your father they make to do it, *ma bouchal?*'

'My father does what is right,' answered Michaul, in Irish. The judge immediately asked to have his words translated; and when he learned their import regarded the prisoner with satisfaction.

'We rest here, my lord,' said the counsel, with the air of a man freed from a painful task.

The judge instantly turned to the jury box.

'Gentlemen of the jury. That the prisoner at the bar stole the sheep in question, there can be no shade of moral doubt. But you have a very peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep that his own famishing father and his own famishing son may have food. The aged parent is compelled to give evidence against him here for the act. The old man virtuously tells to truth, and the whole truth, before you and me. To sacrifices his natural feelings—and we have seen how they are lively—to his honesty, and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an oath. Gentlemen I will pause to observe, that the old man's conduct is surely exemplary, and even noble. It teaches all of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the praines of a judge to censure the rigor of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your pleasure that notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit the old man's son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there can not be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words. But, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it [illegible] and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on his skin, indeed he might have positively spoken; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly, now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with this result."

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Mr. Evans, who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge expressed his sorrow aloud, that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him uninformed of it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship that it would be his future effort to keep Michaul Carroll in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and, as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carroll was laughing and crying in a breath, in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription commenced by the bar was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.

It is a sad affair that modesty in a man is not estimated by the ladies. It arises from the fact that custom forbids women to make advances. Were it not so—were women permitted to pay their addresses as well as men, many happy marriages would be the consequence.

STOLEN GOODS.—A negro in Jamaica, was tried for theft and being convicted was ordered to be flogged. He begged hard to be heard, which, being granted, he asked "if white man buy tolen goods why he no floggee too?"—"Well," said the judge, "so he would." "Dere den," replied Mugo, "dere my massa, he buy tolen goods; he know me tolen yet he buy me."