

The North Carolina Standard.

THOMAS LORING,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION OF THE STATES—THEY "MUST BE PRESERVED."

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TERMS.

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LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office, Raleigh, Quarter
ending 31st March, 1843.

- A. George King, James Keith, Howell Kenon.
- Mrs. Polly Andrews, Lynn Adams, Joshua Allen, James Allen, David Allen, Samuel Anderson, William Ashe.
- Preston Brooks, Miss Willia Betts, George W. Bishop, P. B. Burt, James Harvey Bond, James Barrows, William Blalock, William Bryson, Susan Brock, Hon. A. P. Bagby, Mrs. Nancy Bynum, James L. Bryan, James T. Blakeney, Burrell Bell, Joseph J. Bell, Bert Brown, Deril Brown, John Beves, Stratford H. Bailly, T. Pollock Burgwyn.
- Jesse M. Cole, Joseph Cook, John R. Couper, James N. Croly, Miss Mary J. Creety, Isaac J. Coier, David Carter, Leverett Cmi-h, Thomas Conrad, W. G. Chamberlain, James Chappin, William Cornell, John Colwell, N. P. Carson, Charles Campbell, John H. M. Clutch.
- S. S. Dawney, Anderson Duches, Lawrence Dedrick, Wm. S. Davis, Mrs. Dilly Davis, William Dunnand, Gov. E. B. Dudley, John G. Daniel, Maj. Solomon Daugh-
trey.
- John Eldridge, John M. Lewis, Charles Evans.
- John J. Foreman, Wyatt Freeman, Rev. G. W. Freeman, Alexander Freeman, Doct. Fox, Green B. Franklin, Boon Felton.
- Mrs. Rebecca E. Good-
win, Stephen Graham, Mr. F. Gardner, Mrs. Elizabeth Gibson, James Gordon.
- Dr. John Hendree, Susan Hunter, Mrs. Caroline Hunter, Rev. John Hank, William Hinton, Miss Isabella Hinton, Hugh Houston, P. M., L. Hamilton, Miss Louisa Hardy, Richard Hill, Sergeant, Green Hill, Miss Jane Hill, Master Charles Harri-
son.
- James Hoshal, Kithley Harp, Mrs. Catherine Horton, Estate of John Hollar-
way, Oliver L. Holland, Bennett Holland, Moses Harrison, Emely Holmes, W. William T. Horne, J. Wade Hampton, Isaiah S. High, Messrs. Green & Hast-
ings.
- Kendrick Johnson, Giles Johnson, Patrick H. Johnston, Allen Johnson, Elizabeth Joiner, Matthew Jones, M. Jones, Allen Jones, Willie Jones, Mrs. Susan Jimeson, Moriah Ivans, Isral E. James, Christopher C. Isbell.
- Charles R. Kinney, J. K. Kuhl, Edward King, Dr. John Y. Young.

THE ATTACK OF THE GLOBE.

From the Globe.
The Democratic party must have observed, throughout the twelve years of the Jackson and Van Buren administrations, that whenever an individual or a press formed the design of deserting the party, and assailing those placed by it in the conduct of national affairs, the Globe was always selected as the first object to make the war upon. It seems to have been considered a sort of piquet to be driven in, or sentinal to be shot down—either because it was held to be some little defence to the main point to be carried, or, at the least, (like the noisy geese that saved the Roman capitol,) had voice enough to wake up the people on the ap-
proach of their stealthy adversaries. Another consideration, which naturally suggested to all the plotters against the Democracy the advantage of making the Globe the butt of their shafts, was the circumstance that it was not identified with the party by any official relation; it was only recog-
nized by the Administration as an organ through which it communicated with its constituents in the informal way characterized as semi-official; and its connexion with the great body of the party was, therefore, every where looked upon as partaking of this sort of qualified acknowledgment, which might be readily and properly disavowed whenever the conductor, through mistake, or perverseness, failed in his duty. The Globe's tenure, as only representing the democracy at the seat of Government by surffiance—being always responsible to the whole, or any portion of the party, and subject to be excluded from its confidence, at any moment, for misbehavior, without the forms of a trial—was ever looked upon as a tottering position. Such an exposed outlook—so accessible, and, from the nature of its functions, so liable to give dissatisfaction, as failing in the perfect fulfilment of the expectations of those to whom ac-
countability was due—as a matter of course, by its weakness, invited attack. The old enemy, Federalism—in its glozing, tempting, sleek, bright look, uncoiling itself from the bank vaults, and writhing its serpentine way under the foliage of the aristocracy—soon made its approaches, and did its worst. Whiggery and Coonery, and now foolery, (in the organ of the present Administration,) have successively made their assaults. But no enemy has ever effected so much against the Globe, or worked such mischief upon the Democracy, as the conspirators within the camp, who, from time to time, have made secret terms with the enemy, and who invariably begin their work of treachery by traducing those in whom the party (to which they profess to belong) have confided their trusts.
Hence the Globe, as we have intimated, always comes in first for the insidious strokes of these fair professors of devout allegiance to the cause. The cry begins: "Oh! the Globe is such a savage paper; it attacks everybody. It is a shock-
ing radical—an unsparring ruffian!" The nation has not forgotten that this was the way in which mod-
est Conservatism began that gentle dity, which swelled into full chorus with the hard-core bur-
rah. The smooth and varnished-visaged Mr. Tallmadge, who established the Madisonian as a Conservative organ, most sacredly assailed the Democracy that his only object was to support the administration and the Democracy, and "to repre-
sent truly" Mr. Van Buren, who suffered so much from the indecorum of "the ruffian Globe." And how long was it before the little Spartan band of Conservatism—gathered under the wing of the credit system, "the blit paper credit" of Mr. Bid-
dle and his stockjobbing, speculating coadjutors—"approximated" to Federalism? How long was it before this soft-spoken Mr. Tallmadge, who, with bated breath, only sought to modulate the harsh tone of the Globe to something befitting the gentler accents suitable to a journal truly represent-
ing Mr. Van Buren, was out, with phrenzy in his mouth and fire in his eye, venting imprecations on the administration, in speeches, where-
ever he could get an auditory? Conservatism had no sooner gathered head by its fair profes-
sions, and means by its foul and secret ar-
rangements with the credit system gentry, than, with the loud denunciation of "the spoils of of-
fice," thundering from the tongue, it rushed heart and hand into the coon-hunt—not merely to strip the Government of its skin, but to hang, draw, embowel, and quarter the people themselves. Old-fashioned Federalism was mild and forbearing, in comparison with the little knot of deserters who had betrayed the Democracy. The Old Iniquity might have been content, (to use the idea of Mr. Floyd of New York,) like Sir John Falstaff, with the order, "The first thing thou dost, Hal, is to rob me the King's exchequer." But such a small matter would not serve the Conservatives. Mr. Tallmadge soon showed what he meant by the conservation of the property of creditors, by a sweep-
ing bankrupt act. Here was a harvest for men who had appropriated the means of others, in the cancellation, without the consent of the confiding class, of the obligations held as evidence of their rights. And who has forgotten Mr. John C. Clark's little autocratic edict disposing of public offices and the spoils, which he so much despised? He writes to Mr. Granger: "Mr. A or B, postmas-
ter at C, is thought to be a head too tall," and this line was sufficient to despatch him with as short shrifts as the axe of the guillotine; and Mr. Clark gave the name of another man who was just tall enough to fill the place. He was put in, as the man with the head off was no longer capable.
We recur to this history of Conservative De-
mocracy, that the teaching of the example may have its use in revealing the designs of the new sects of the same sort, who now revolt and refuse to stand by the doctrines of the old Democracy—who, although but just investing themselves with the name, undertake to speak absolutely for the party, and insist upon new tests, to which all must subscribe or be disqualified. This new Conservatism shows itself in New Hampshire in the shape of Isaac Hill; Mr. Spencer stands godfather for it in New York; Messrs. Webster and Cushing in New England; Mr. James M. Porter in Pennsylvania; Mr. Wickliffe in the West; Mr. Wise in Virginia; and Mr. Tyler every-
where.
Towards the Globe, especially, the playing off the game of Conservatism, it seems, is not to be trusted altogether to the former manager—the Madisonian. That organ has been too completely identified with the last foul trick of Conservatism, to succeed well in the second attempt. The old moves are therefore made upon us from another quarter—the Spectator—which obtained justly a Democratic reputation under the editor whose po-
litical and literary character established it, but

who refused to participate in giving it the new di-
rection it is destined to take.

This new malcontent begins, like the Madisonian, modestly. It has no other aim but to "inculcate harmony in all portions of the Republican party;" but, like its prototype, too, its first effort is to impress the Democracy with the idea that the Globe makes war upon the party's welfare and peace. Its second number of to-day, under its new management, has a leading article headed, in capitals, "THE ATTACK OF THE GLOBE," and it tells its readers, "We regret that this paper (the Globe) should thus early have assumed a hostile attitude towards the Spectator."
And yet the only specifications it gives to mark us as an aggressor, consist of the two insulated sentences which follow, from the Globe:
Specification No. 1.—"In a formal editorial article, (the Spectator) brings him (John Tyler) forward as one of the Democratic candidates whose names are to be before the Democratic national convention."
"If we may venture to surmise, as a Democratic journal, as to the views of the Democratic party, it is not likely to allow that the Spectator shall take it for granted that Mr. Tyler's name is to be recognized in the national convention of Democrats as one that has any claim to its nomina-
tion."
Specification No. 2, is the objection we took to the exclusion of Mr. Van Buren as a candidate before the convention. The Spectator has our remarks quoted thus:
"It is that which is to rule Mr. Van Buren out of the convention. The Spectator tells the public, in its new prospectus, 'It will strongly advocate the limitation of the tenure of the Presidential office to one term.' This, again, is part of the Harrisburg convention creed."
Now, we ask the Democracy whether the "at-
tack" or the defence is on the part of the Globe? whether the bold intrusion of Mr. Tyler into the ranks of the party, as one among its favored lead-
ers, from whom its presidential candidate is to be nominated, and the exclusion of Mr. Van Buren from the number, do not tend to militate against the harmony of the Republican party—to innovate on the harmony of the Harrisburg Whig convention candidate, and the Harrisburg creed?
Our offence—the attack of the Globe, "its hostile attitude to the Spectator," a paper seeking "to inculcate harmony in all portions of the Republican party"—consists simply in an open, frank dissent to the Spectator's avowed purpose of introducing Mr. Tyler into the Democratic convention, and dismissing Mr. Van Buren at the door. We have expressed our dissent, as will be seen by the passages from our article quoted by the Spectator, (and which we give again, as quoted) without harshness; but it is resented by the new organ of the Tyler Democracy. It characterizes an adverse opinion to the course laid down by it for the party, in its prospectus and first num-
ber, as dictation, or something worse; and we are told, by way of rebuke for venturing to disagree with its suggestions, that "Party journals have their proper and appropriate sphere; if they attempt to muzzle public opinion, or misrepresent it, or attempt to dictate to the people, they deserve the contempt and disregard of the party. If this is Tylerism, the Globe may make the most of it."
The Spectator then again insists on Mr. Tyler's just claim to a place among the Democratic candidates for the Presidency; and if this is yielded, on the same ground, we suppose, Mr. Webster and the rest of the Cabinet are eligible to seats in the convention, to vote for his nomination! And why may not, on the same principle, the whole Coon party be admitted to attend the public meet-
ings of the Democracy, and choose such men as delegates to the Democratic national convention, as will impose John Tyler on the party for its candidate?
For the other proposition—the exclusion of Mr. Van Buren from the consideration of the Democracy for a second term—the Spectator produces high authority. Of this suggestion of its prospectus it says:
"It has an older and higher sanction in the name of one who was a faithful and honest representative of the popular impulses, and whose name should be authority with even the editor of the Globe. Gen. Jackson, in his first annual mes-
sage to Congress, thus alludes to the subject:
"It would seem advisable to limit the service of the Chief Magistrate to a single term of either four or six years."
"This is a sound Republican principle; and, even though it should conflict with the wishes of leading politicians or leading journalists, it should be sustained by the great mass of the people."
We have always supposed that reference to a change of the Constitution—not to the mode of election under it, as now existing. The General seems himself to have considered that the restriction of the popular will by the mere behests of a party convention, was not sufficiently authorita-
tive to establish what he recommended as a new principle, which, as varying with the Constitu-
tion as it is, he would not now adopt. He did not hesitate to allow himself to be renominated for the Presidency by the party to which he was attached, because the Constitution, as it now ex-
ists, authorized it; yet he recommended an altera-
tion, which would have excluded him from a sec-
ond term. And we would ask those who now would exclude Mr. Van Buren, from re-election, on principle, whether it be of recent growth, or operated on them when last the nominee of the Democratic party? If they were opposed to Mr. Van Buren in the last struggle of the De-
mocracy, on the score of aversion to two terms in the Presidency, we can excuse them for the wish to exclude him from re-nomination now; but, then, how can the Spectator justify itself in bring-
ing forward Mr. Tyler before the convention as eligible?
But, to mark the Spectator's regard for the decisions of Democratic conventions called to promote harmony, we quote another paragraph from that journal, appended as a comment on an article of the Globe written to preserve the unity of the party; which we leave without further comment:
"MODE OF VOTING IN CONVENTION
LEFT TO THE OPTION OF EACH STATE DELEGATION."
"The following passage of the address of the late Virginia Convention to its democratic constitu-
tency, will be considered of high importance as indicative of the course which the delegation of that State will probably take in relation to the mode of voting in the national convention. As each State has the power of so choosing its elect-
ors of President and Vice-President, under the

Constitution, as to combine the whole vote of the State in favor of the candidate preferred by a majority of the people of the State; so we think it probable that the Democratic delegates in each State will follow out the principle which confers this right on the several States, and so vote, in convention, as to throw the whole suffrage on that candidate for nomination who has the majority of the popular vote on his side in the State represented by such delegation in convention."
We understand that the Democracy of Virginia intend to hold meetings in each county to either condemn or justify the proceedings of the late convention. So far as regards the manner of voting in convention, we presume the people of each district, when they appoint a delegate, are capable of instructing said delegate as to the manner in which he shall vote to represent the wishes and feelings of his constituents on the Presidency ques-
tion. Spectator.

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 excep-
tion, 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 them-
selves to administer relief, in different ways. Money was subscribed—(then came England's whis-
kific dominion—God prosper her for it!)—whole-
some food, or food as wholesome as a bad season permitted, was provided; and men of respectability, bracing their minds to avert the danger that threat-
ened 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 some 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, had done so, till it was too late. Except for a glance, and, doubtless, a little inward pang while he glanced—at the starving, and perhaps infected wife, or child, or old parent as helpless as the child, he blessed God and died. The appearance of a com-
forter at his wretched bedside, 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 crying, 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 res-
tored. 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 not 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, indeed, and more hopeless than ever; for the neighbors 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 Michael Carroll; "a body could spake for him, and not speak for nothin', for all that he's an Englishman; and I don't like the thoughts of '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 master himself."
Another fortnight elapsed. Michael's hope proved vain. Mr. Evans was still in London; though a regular resident on his small Irish estate, since it had come into his possession, business un-
fortunately—and he would have said so himself—now kept him an unusual long time absent.—Thus disappointed, Michael overcame his repug-
nance to appear before the "hard" steward. He only asked for work, however. There was none to be had. He turned his slow and still 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 "stanin," and hired men at his right and at his left, but no one addressed Michael. Once or twice, indeed, touched perhaps by his sidelong look 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 humane feeling which started up before him in the man's heart, and, with a choking in his throat, poor Michael saw the arbiter of his fate pass on.
He walked homeward, without having broken his fast that day. "Bad, muska what's the harm o' that," he said to himself; "only here's the old father, an' her pet boy, the weenock, without a pyate either. Well, ashore, if they can't have the pyates, 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-cryin' to-night, father—you and the child, there; but sleep well, and ye'll have the good breakfast afore ye in the mornin'."
"The good breakfast, ma bauchal? a then an' where 'ill it come from?"
"A body promised it to me, father."
"Avich! Michael, 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, Michael, an' if we keep trust in the God, an' ax his blessin', too, mornin' an' evenin', gettin' up an' lyin' down, He'll be a friend to us at last; that was always an' ever my word to you, poor boy, since you was the years o' your own weenock, now fast asleep at my side; an' its my word to you now, ma bauchal; an' you won't forget it, and there's one sayin' the same to you out o' heaven, this night—herself, an' her little angel-in-glory by the hand, Michael, an' her name!"
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 Michael had laid 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 dependence upon God, which, as he loved 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 Carroll, indulging in some of the pride and egotism for which an Irish peasant is, under his circumstances, remarkable. And then came the thought of personal peril incurred by Michael; 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 cracking 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 in the door, and all he had feared met full confirmation.—There, indeed, sat Michael, 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 blood on his son's hands, and all. He was barely able to keep himself from falling. A fear, if not a dislike of the unhappy culprit also came upon him. His unconscious impulse was to re-enter their cabin unperceived, without speaking a word; he succeeded in doing so; and then he fastened the door again; and undressed and resumed his place beside his innocent little grandson.
About an hour afterward, Michael came in cautiously through the still open window, and also undressed and reclined on his straw, after glancing towards his father's head, who pretended to be asleep. At the usual time for arising, old Carroll, saw him suddenly jump up, and prepare to go abroad. He spoke to him, leaning on his elbow.
"And what 'oll' get on you now, ma bauchal?"
"Going for the good breakfast I promised your father dear."
"An' who's the good christian 'ill give it to us, Michael?"
"Oh, you'll know that soon, father; now, a good bye;" he hurried to the door.
"A good bye, then, Michael; bud, tell me, what's that on your hand?"
"No nothin'," stammered Michael, changing color, as he hastily examined the hand himself; "nothin' is on 'it; 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 any thing 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 square, and spake so strange to your father, this mornin'; only 'ill ax you, Michael, over again, who has took such a sudd'n likin' to us to send us the good breakfast? an' answer me straight, Michael—what is it 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 forment me. Mate? the good mate? What 'oll bring mate into our poor house, Michael? Tell me, I bid you again an' again, who is to give it to you?"
"Why, as I said afore, a body that—"

scalded, Michael, an' your mind was darkened, for a start; an' the thought o' getting comfort for the old father, an' for the little son, made you consent in a hurry, without lookin' well afore you, or without lookin' to your good God."

"Father, father, let me alone! I don't spake them words to me," interrupted Michael, sitting on a stool, and spreading his large and hard hands over his face.
"Well, thin, an' I won't, avich; I won't; nothin, to trouble you, sure; I didn't mean it; only this, a-courteen, don't bring a mouthful o' the bad, un-rounken, victuals into this cabin; the pyates, the wild berries o' the bush, the wild roots o' the earth, will be sweeter to us, Michael; the hunger itself will be sweeter; an' when we give God thanks after our poor meal, or after no meal at all, our hearts will be lighter, and our hopes for to-morrow stronger avich-ma-chree, than if we fasted on the fat o' the land, but could not ax a blessin' on our fast."
"Well, thin I won't, either, father; I won't; an' sure you have your way now, I'll only go out a little while from you—to beg; or else, as you say, to root down in the ground, with my nails, like a baste brute for your breakfast."
"My vourneen you are, Michael, an' my blessin' on your head; yes, to be sure, avich, beg, an' I'll beg wid you—sorrow a shame is in that—No; but a good deed, Michael, when its done to keep us honest. So come; we'll go among the christians together. Only, before we go, Michael, my own dear son, tell me—tell one thing."
"What father?" Michael began to suspect.
"Never be afraid to tell me, Michael Carroll, ma bauchal! I won't—I can't be angry with you now. You are sorry; an' your Father, in heaven forgives you, and so do I. But you know, avich, there would be danger in quitting the place without hidin' well every scrip of any thing could tell on us?"
"Tell on us? What can they tell on us?" demanded Michael; "what's in the place to tell on us?"
"Nothin' in the cabin, I know, Michael; but—" "But what, father?"
"Have you left nothin' in the way, out there?" whispered the old man, pointing toward the barn.
"Out there? Where? What? What do you mean at all, now, father? Sure you know it's your ownself has kept me from as much as laying a hand on it."
"Ay, to-day mornin'; bud you laid a hand on it last night, avich, an' so—" "Curra-doul!" imprecated Michael—"this is too bad, at any rate; no I didn't—last night or any other night—let me alone. I bid you, father."
"Come back again, Michael," commanded old Carroll, as the son once more hurried to the door; and his words were instantly obeyed. Michael, 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 "Hush, now, father—it's time."
"No Michael, I will not hush; an' it is not time; come out with me to the barn."
"Hush!" repeated Michael, 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 it in your mind to go back in your sin, Michael, an' tell me you were not in the barn, at day break, the mornin'?" asked his father, still unconscious of a reason for silence.
"Araah, hush, old man!" Michael made a hasty sign toward the door, but was disregarded.
"I saw you in it," pursued old Carroll, sternly; "ay and at your work in it, too."
"What's that you're sayin', old Peery Carroll? demanded a well known voice.
"Enough—to hang his son," whispered Michael to his father, as Mr. Evans' land steward, followed by his herdsmen and two policemen, entered the cabin. In a few minutes afterward, the policemen had in charge the dismembered carcass of the sheep, dug up out of the floor of the barn, and were escorting Michael, handcuffed to the county goal, in the vicinity of the next 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 Carroll did not speak a word. Without knowing it, as it seemed, he sat down on his straw bed, and remained staring stupidly around him, at one or another of his visitors. When Michael was about to leave the wretched abode, he paced quickly toward his father, and holding out his ironed hands, and turning his cheek for a kiss, said, smiling miserably, "God be with you, father dear." Still the old man was silent, and the prisoner and all his attendants passed out on the road. But it was then the agony 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 Michael; and, kneeling down before him in the dust said—"I ax pardon o' you, avich—won't you tell me I have it afore you? an' here, I've brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forgot him, a vourneen."
"No, father, I didn't," answered Michael, as he stooped to kiss the child; "an' get up father, get up father, get up; my hands are not my own, or I wouldn't let you do that afore your son. Get up, there's nothin for you to trouble yourself about; that is, I mean, I have nothin' to forgive you; no, but every thing to be thankful for, an' to love you for; you were always an' ever the good father to me; an'——" The many strong and bitter feelings which till now he had almost perfectly kept in, found full vent, and poor Michael could not go on. The parting from his father, however, so different from what it had promised to be, comforted 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 his lost sight of the prisoner, and holding his screaming grandson on his knees, thought the cup of his trials was full. By his imprudence he had fixed the proof of guilt on his own child; that reflection was enough 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 Michael. The policemen came back to compel his appearance before the magistrate; and when the little child had been disposed of in a neighboring cabin, he understood, to his consternation and horror, that he was to be the chief witness against the sheep stealer. Mr. Evans' steward knew well the meaning of the words he heard

My boy.
Term of endearment.
What are you about.