

years o' your own weeneck, now fast asleep at my side; an' it's my word to you, now, *ma-bouchal*; an' you won't forget id; and there's one sayin' the same to you, out o' heaven, this night—herself, an' her little angel-in-glory by the hand, Michaul, *a-vourneen*."

Having thus spoken in the fervent and rather exaggerated, though every-day words of pious allusion of the Irish poor man, old Carroll soon dropt 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 rose, 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 he had heard him utter, was no 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 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 the personal peril incurred 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 haggard face, in quartering the animal he had stolen from Mr. Even'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 afterwards, Michaul came in cautiously through the still opened window; and also undressed and reclined in his straw, after glancing towards his father's bed, 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 *holle** is on you now, *ma-bauchal*?"

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

"Ah! who's the good Christin' ill give id to us, Michaul?"

"Oh, you'll know that, soon, father: now, a 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 colour, as he hastily examined the hand himself; "nothin' is on id: what could there be?" (for 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, an' spake so strange to your father, this mornin';—only I ax you, Michaul, over again, who has took such a sudd'n likin' to us, to send us 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 forment me. Mate?—the good mate?—What 'ud bring mate into our poor house, Michaul? Tell me, I bid you again an' again, who is to give id to you?"

"Why, as I said afore, father, a body that —"

"A good body that thieved id, Michaul Carroll!" added the old man, as his son hesitated, walking close up to the culprit; "a body that thieved id, an' no other body. Don't think to blind me, Michaul. I am ould, to be sure; but sease enough is left in me to look round among the neighbours, in my own mind, an' know that none of 'em that has the will, has the power to send us the meat 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 growing up from a boy to a man widout bringin' a spot o' shame on yourself, or on your weeneck, or on one of us. No; I won't say that. Your heart was scalded, Michaul, an' your mind was darkened, for a start; an' the thought of getting comfort for the ould father, an' for the little son, made you consent in a hurry, widout lookin' well afore you, or widout lookin' up to your good God."

"Father, father, let me alone! don't spake 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 *avich*; I won't,—nothin' trouble you sure; I didn't mean it;—only this, *a-vourneen*, don't bring a mouthful of the bad unlucky victuals into this cabin; the pyaties, the wild berries of the bush, the wild roots of the arth, will be sweeter to us Michaul; the hunger itself will be sweeter; and when we give God thanks after our poor meal, or after ne meal at all, our hearts will be lighter, and our hopes for to-morrow stronger, *avich-ma-chree*, than if we faisted on the fat of the land, but couldnt ax a blessin' on our faist."

"Well thin, I wont either, father; I wont:—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 our breakfast."

"My *vourneen* you are Michaul, and my blessing on your head; yes, to be sure, *avich*, beg and I'll beg wid you—sorrow a shame is in that:—No, but a good deed Michaul when it is done to keep us honest. So come, we'll go among the Christins together. Only before we go, Michaul, my own dear son, tell me—tell me one thing."

"What, father?" Michaul began to suspect.

"Never be afraid to tell me, Michaul Carroll, *ma-bauchal*; I won't—I can't be angry wid you now. You are sorry; and your Father in heaven forgives you, and so do I. But you know, *avich*, there would be danger in quitting the place widout hiding every scrap of any thing that could tell on us."

"Tell on us! What can tell on us?" 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 nothing in the way, out there?" whispered the old man, pointing towards the barn.

"Out there? what? what? What do you mean, at all, now, father? Sure you know it is your ownself has kept me from as much us lyin' a hand on it."

"Ay, to-day-morning; bud you laid a hand on it last night, *avach*, and so —"

"*Curp-an-duoul!*" imprecated Michaul—"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 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 is time."

"No Michaul, I will not hushth, and 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, and tell me you were not into the barn, at day-break, the morning?" asked his father, still unconscious of a reason for his silence.

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

"I saw you in id," pursued old Carroll, sternly: "ay, an' at your work in id, too."

"What's that your sayin', ould Perry 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 herdsmen, and two policemen, entered the cabin.

In a few minutes afterwards, the policemen had in charge the dismembered carcass 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 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, or at one or other of his visitors. When Michael was about to leave the wretched abode, he paced quickly towards his father, and holding out his ironed hands, and turning his cheek for a kiss, said, smiling miserably—"God be wid ye 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 Michaul; and kneeling down before him in the dust, said—"I ax pardon of you, *avich*—wont you tell me I have id afore you go? and here, I have brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forget *him avourneen*."

"No, father, I didn't," answered Michaul, as he stopped to kiss the child; "and get up father, get up; my hands are not my own, and 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 nothing to forgive you; no, but every thing to be thankful for, and to love you for; you were always and ever the father to me; and—The many 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, comforted him. The old man held him in his arms, and wept on his neck. They were separated with difficulty.

To be Continued in our next.

THE BENTHAMITES.

The disciples of Mr. Bentham are more like the hearers of an Athenian philosopher than the pupils of a modern professor, or the cool proselytes of a modern writer. They are, in general men of competent age, of superior understanding, who voluntarily embrace the laborious study of useful and noble sciences; who derive their opinion not so much from the cold perusal of his writings, as from familiar converse with a master from whose lips these opinions are recommended by simplicity, disinterestedness, originality, and vivacity; aided, rather than impeded, by foibles not unamiable; enforced, of late, by the growing authority of years, and of fame; and, at all times, strengthened by that undoubting reliance on his own judgement which mightily increases the ascendancy of such a man over those who approach him. As he and they deserve the credit of braving vulgar prejudices, so they must be content to incur the imputation of falling into the neighbouring vices of

* What are you about.