

"That's thrue, he wouldn't," said another; "Mr. Burkem told me that he only served the notices to hurry us in."

"I hope so," said the woman, with a sigh; "God help us, we are bad enuff as it is, widout being worse; see, I have brought these ten geese to make up the last pound; I'm sure he won't refuse them from the poor widow."

"And it's you had the nice job to drive them too, Mrs. Dunne; begor, you'd think the cratures knew where they were goin' to, they cackled and flew at such a rate."

A large group was all this time collected near the kitchen door, some thumbing o'd receipts, some looking over their little money, some in deep abstraction.

"As soon as Mr. Burkem made his appearance there was a general rush around him."

"What news, Mr. Burkem?"

"Is the master in good humor?"

"Will he take the rint from us?"

These and similar questions were put to Mr. Burkem.

"Begad, I think he is," said Burkem, "for he said to me, 'Burkem, go tell these poor people to come in. I hope they have the rent; for, God knows, I rather that they had than be turning them out.' 'I think they all have it, sir,' says I, 'and it would be a pity to turn them out when they can pay their way.' 'That's true for you, Burkem,' says he."

"You know, boys, there is no harm in having the good word."

"Sorra harm, Mr. Burkem, and may God bless you for it."

"Thanks be to God!" were the general exclamations of the expecting crowd.

"Now," said Mr. Burkem, let ye that have the money plentiest, go in first; come with me, Mr. Doyle, I know you have the shiners; nothing softens a man like them, Mr. Doyle."

"How do you do, Mr. Doyle?" said Mr. Ellis, in a very bland manner.

"Well, thank your honor," said Mr. Doyle, with a most obsequious bow.

"I suppose you have your rent, Mr. Doyle, £21 14s."

"Yes, your honor; by allowing me half the rates."

"I cannot allow it this time, Mr. Doyle; so I will give you a docket for the present; will that do?"

"Yes, your honor; but I'd sooner get the resate; Mr. Burkem told us that you'd allow it."

"Mr. Burkem, that's good! how did Burkem know; ay, Mr. Burkem?"

"Shure I only thought so, your honor."

"Well, you needn't be telling what you think, Mr. Burkem; however, it makes no difference; I could not give a receipt until I see his lordship about these notices. You know I am only a servant, Mr. Doyle; must carry out his lordship's wishes—write a docket for Mr. Doyle, Hugh, £21 on account."

"Well, Mrs. Cormack, have you the rent, ma'am?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Fifteen pounds, ten shillings, ma'am."

"Here is fifteen pounds, your honor; and may God bless them that gave it to me."

"Pray, who gave it to you, ma'am," said Mr. Ellis; drawing the money towards him.

"Young Mr. O'Donnell; God spare him, he is the tender-hearted young man; he comes into me and asked me had I the rent. I told him—"

"See, that will do, ma'am; I'm sure he is a good young man; but," said he, in a mutter too low for Mrs. Cormack's hearing—"A fool and his money soon parts."

"Ten shillings more, ma'am, if you please," said Hugh.

"Ten shillings! arrah, hav'n't you it all there except the poor rates?"

"We cannot allow any poor rates now," said Mr. Ellis; "the next time though, the next time; it makes no difference; give her a docket, Hugh."

"What about the notice, your honor?"

"I'll see his lordship about it; I'm sure when he hears you all paid he will withdraw it; you know I am only a servant to his lordship, and must consult him."

"Well, good woman, have you the rent?"

This was addressed to a miserable-looking poor creature, whose patched garments were scarcely sufficient to cover her shivering form.

"All but a thrifle, your honor."

"Well, I cannot take it without the full."

"God help us! shure your honor knows that a great deal of the pratics war black and four pounds is too much entirely for a cabin and haggard."

"Come, good woman, don't be taking up my time; I'm sure it wasn't I made the potatoes black; as for the rent, why did you engage to pay it? it's only what you are paying always."

"Call some other one, Burkem; this woman goes out. Mark her down to be ejected, Hugh."

Burkem whispered something to Mr. Ellis.

"Have compassion on the poor woman, your honor; she has some geese—maybe she'd sell them to you."

"God bless you, Mr. Burkem—I have, your honor; but I thought to sell them to buy a stitch of clothes for myself and the orphans; have compassion on us, your honor; and God will have mercy on you."

"To be turned out, Hugh; we can't lose any more time."

"Take them, your honor," said the poor woman, with a sigh; and she wiped the tears from her eyes with her tattered apron.