

from Lord Clearall, that hunted us out of the houses himself, and his skinflint devil of an agent; shure tell him ye are sharving and that will do."

"Success, Jim, you're right," shouted the crowd.

"Give us something to eat, or we'll pull down the house over ye," shouted the mob.

"Let us brake in the door!"

Some heavy stones were flung against the door, and wild yells rang from the men, and a wail of hunger and despair from the women and children.

"We are going to commence work on Knockcorrig on Monday next," said his lordship from the window.

"What will feed us until then?"

"Pull in your head, you tyrant you, that threw my poor ould father out of the house, and he dying, and wouldn't lave him the house over him to gasp in."

"Och! shure that's his thrade; 'tis he knows how to quinch the poor man's fire; but he'll get into a warm corner for it some fine day himself."

"Bad luck to the tyrant; let us drag him out, himself and his d—! bastard of an agent!"

"Break in the house. Give us male! Ye have it inside there, ye old cadgers."

"It is better to divide what meal is in the house, Mr. Ellis," said his lordship, turning very pale; "you'll be paid for it."

"I think so, too," said Mr. Ellis, who feared that it would be taken without his leave.

"If you keep quiet," said his lordship, addressing the crowd, "what meal is in the mill will be divided upon you, and you will all get work at the mill on Monday next."

A wild cheer echoed from the crowd. Lord Clearall and Mr. Ellis slipped away backwards.

Mr. Ellis returned home satisfied that he had made good use of the day. He had set his house to advantage; he had also got a handsome salary for himself for doing nothing. He had been lately appointed a justice of the peace, so that he could now sit on the bench equal in magisterial power with his lordship. His lordship was the sheriff for the ensuing year, and he was to be his deputy. He had cleared off the Ballybrack tenants, and had pocketed a thousand pounds by the event; so, all things considered, Mr. Ellis ought to be a happy man. Yet, he did not feel too happy. He knew there was a wild spirit of revenge abroad; he knew that he was a marked man. Only a few months ago an assassin fired at him, but missed.

He now began to cling to life; he would wish to enjoy the sweets of hard-earned wealth and honors; so, in his soul, he resolved, if he had but a few more estates cleared, to change his life, and become a different man altogether.

Though a bold man, Mr. Ellis was wavering in his resolutions. He felt that life was sweet, and that it was possible to lose it by the hand of an assassin. Besides, it was terrible to be hurried before his God, without a moment's preparation, for Mr. Ellis felt that he was no saint; in fact, he had the reputation of being as gallant a widower as he was a bachelor. He began now to act from policy, and because his nephew and Burkem were eternally dining into his ears that the Cormacks were resolved to shoot him, he gave them a nice lodge on his property, and constant employment, at remunerative wages; he also took Nelly Cormack into his employ as housemaid. Mr. Pembert and Burkem never expected this, so they were disappointed in their plans; but they laid with greater success new and more fatal plots for their victims.

Mr. Ellis had received a new guest into his family, the Rev. Robert Sly, or, as he was familiarly called, Bob Sly. The Rev. Mr. Sly was a snar, rather well-looking young man, of about thirty. He was a very sanctimonious man, this Rev. Mr. Sly. His very dress was quite clerical, all black, except a most immaculate white neck-tie. He was so very spruce and neat in his dress, and so demure and pious-looking in his very appearance, that you at once set him down as a man of great sanctity. It is no wonder, then, that he became a great favorite with Mr. Ellis, and also with his daughter Lizzie. Lizzie Ellis was a gentle creature of impulse and sentiment. Her father could spare her little of his company: so her heart longed for some one to commune with. There is a deep feeling of love in the human heart, which must be directed in some channel. If we receive a good moral training in early life, this love may be the source of our happiness. If directed right, it will be the sunshine of our existence; if not, it will be a cloud of darkness in our path. Lizzie Ellis was left alone without society, to ramble about the splendid rooms of her father's house. Her flowers, her pictures, her little pets were now become too familiar to her mind; so her heart craved for some one to respond to that mysterious something that throbbed within it. She loved her father dearly; yet he was a cold, business man, that little understood or appreciated her gentle, clinging disposition. Not that he was a bad father—by no means. He surrounded her with all the luxuries that wealth could supply. She wanted nothing material, so he thought that she ought to be very happy. Wealth and position were his criterions of happiness; he little knew that there is a something in the heart, particularly of youth, that wealth cannot supply. A cheerful smile, a kind pressure of the hand, a deep sympathy of joy or sorrow, awake a warmer feeling in the heart