

tensive view of a broad, fertile valley thickly dotted with trees, with their green foliage waving in the breeze. About a mile further down the glen, seated on a rising ground, stood the proud residence of Lord Clonrall, or, as it was styled, the Castle. This, with its surrounding groves of shady trees, added to the picturesqueness of the view from the lodge. Behind the cottage was an extensive range of farm-houses, and a large haggard of hay and corn, well thatched and secured. Care and wealth marked everything, from the tasty dwelling, down to the humblest shed. If, without all were gay and well cared, within the appearance was not less pleasing. The large flagged kitchen was well lit with a huge peat fire, and well stored with tins, pans, pots, and all the accessories of kitchen use, not forgetting several slitches of bacon that hung from the ceiling. A hall, with stone steps reaching it from the outside, ran through the centre of the house. Off this hall branched a drawing-room and parlor. At the end of the hall, with a passage leading to it from the kitchen, was an office, where Mr. Ellis transacted his business with the tenants and servants. As we have no business there for the present, we will just walk into the parlor.

This was a comfortable room, covered with a Brussels carpet. Its furniture consisted of an elegant oval table in the centre of the floor, two lounges, some easy chairs, a side-board, and a piano. A large gilt mirror was suspended over the chimney-piece; whilst on the latter were placed a few pretty vases filled with flowers, and some rare china ornaments. In an arm-chair, to the right of the blazing coal fire, sat Mr. Ellis. He was a man of about fifty, years of age. His dark hair was streaked with grey, and deep lines of care, that betokened his plotting nature, ran across his forehead. He was of middle size, and spare in flesh. His eyes were grey and penetrating. His lips were compressed about the angles of the mouth. On the whole, there was an expression of deep cunning and acuteness in every feature of his rather sinister-looking face. His dress was of the costume of the present day, to wit, a frock coat, tweed trousers and waist. At the other side of the fire, deeply engaged with some papers, sat a young man of about twenty-five. He bore evident likeness to the other. This was Hugh Pembert, nephew to Mr. Ellis.

There was a cunningness about the small grey eye, about his narrow wrinkled brow, and coarse, sensual-looking face, that made you feel not at ease in his company. He pored over his papers with a certain air of half assurance and uneasy diffidence; that ill became one so nearly related to Mr. Ellis. At the end of the table, with her head resting on her left hand, sat a young girl reading a book that lay open before her. She was about

eighteen; her figure, of middle size, was gracefully moulded. Her face was rather long and fair. So delicate did she appear, that you might easily see the net-work of blue veins that traversed her forehead and hands. There was in her countenance, though, something of a dreamy listlessness, that gave her an air of childish dependence. Such was Lizzy Ellis, the daughter and only child of Mr. Ellis. There was nothing of the crafty cunningness of the father about her; she must have inherited her pale face and gentle, unassuming manner from her mother. Lizzy was alone, her mother had died a few years before, and as she had no society, for her father was seldom at home, she spent her time reading novels and religious tracts without due regard to their merits. Perhaps to this excessive, and I must say, unnatural study for one so young and susceptible, was owing her inactive listlessness of character.

"Well, Hugh, my boy," said Mr. Ellis "have you made it out yet?"

"Na, sir," said Hugh; for Hugh being but a few years from Scotland had not yet got rid of its dialect.

"Well, then, let them alone until tomorrow; we will have a glass of punch, for I have good news—ring the bell, Hugh."

Hugh did so, and a servant shortly made her appearance.

"Get some hot water and spirits," said Mr. Ellis.

"I must tell you, Hugh," said he when the servant disappeared, "that his lordship has appointed me agent over the Ballybrack property."

"Na, indeed," said Hugh; that is muckle kind of his lordship."

The servant had now laid the glasses and decanters. "That will do; you may go," said Mr. Ellis. "Come Hugh, lad, fill a glass and let us drink a health to his lordship."

"With muckle pleasure," said Hugh; and they emptied their glasses to the toast.

"How long do you think am I living with his lordship?"

"Five years, I ken," said Hugh; counting from the death of the present lord's father."

"No, no, that's not what I mean. How long am I in this county altogether?"

"I dinna ken, I'm sure," said Hugh.

"Let me see—," and Mr. Ellis leant back in his chair in a state of deep reflection; "yes, that's it! exactly twenty-five years next March, Hugh. I had three pounds in my pocket when I commenced as steward under his lordship. I am now worth in cash alone, Hugh, about ten thousand; which is in his lordship's hands, so you see I got on well, and Lizzy here," said he, looking at his daughter, "will have a nice fortune."

"Ay, indeed, sir," said Hugh; "and