

object, is to crush and grind them down, until chance gives him an opportunity of exterminating them.

As I said before, I have, up to this, been describing a state of things existing previous to the famine years. The population had increased in rapid proportion. This was owing to the great facility there existed of procuring the necessaries of life. Parents felt no uneasiness about the support of their offspring when food was so easily procured. The potato was the manna of heaven to the Irish peasant; it supported him in ease and plenty at least.

The potato grew almost spontaneously; it grew luxuriantly, placing abundance within the reach of the poorest; their moderate wants were amply satisfied. A peasant and his family, collected around a dish of meaty potatoes—if they had the addition of a sup of milk—felt that they were happy in their frugal enjoyment.

They then clung too closely to the land of their fathers, the land of their hope and love, to seek wealth or distinctions elsewhere.

The Indian does not leave his hunting ground or the bones of his fathers with more reluctance than does the Irish peasant his humble cabin, and the grave-yard, where rest the bones of those he holds dear. He will suffer persecutions in order to cling to the green fields of his youth, to the home of his affections. There was a charm for him besides in the light rollicksome humor, the merry dance and play, the kind and social intercourse that characterize our peasantry.

The famine came and changed all this. The heartless indifference, the experimental philosophy of the English Government, the cruel, unchristian conduct of Irish landlords, in laying waste the country, in levelling the poor man's cabin, and sending him and his family to a pauper's grave, have wonderfully changed this state of things.

It is true, that in the autumn of '45, the time of which I am now writing, there was a partial blight of the potato crop; and as all other crops were luxuriant, the people did not bring home to their minds the dreadful chances of famine arising from a more general failure.

It is time that we say something about Mr. Ellis. Beyond the few hints thrown out already concerning him, there is little to tell our readers.

He was a Scotchman, and had come over some twenty years before as a steward and agriculturist to the late Lord Clearall. With the canny foresight of his race, he improved his position, until he was able to lend large sums to the young lord, whose travelling and expensive habits forced him to make frequent calls on Mr. Ellis's purse. After the death of his father, young Lord Clearall settled on his fine property, and was guided in its management by the

sagacious Mr. Ellis. On account of the large sums he had advanced, Mr. Ellis came in for farm after farm, agency after agency, until the exclusive management of the property remained in his hands. Mr. Ellis had his own ends in view; he was a deep thinker, and for near twenty years his heart was set on becoming proprietor of at least a part of the estate. All his plots, all his schemes, had this grand object in view. He impressed the landlord with the benefit of improvement, for improvement with him meant eviction first, and then to enrich himself and his friends upon the spoil. He drew the attention of the landlord to his house and farms; nothing could be better managed, nothing could be neater; then he pointed out the rudely-tilled fields of the tenants, whose weedy corn was evidence of their laziness and improvidence. Thus did he school up the landlord with the spirit of improvement, until farm after farm, estate after estate, were cleared off their hard-working, but oppressed tenantry, and then handed over to Mr. Ellis's reforming care. When this was done, Mr. Ellis was sure to recommend some of his Scotch friends as tenants. The landlord took this very kindly of him, thinking that he was, in his zeal for his service, providing for him industrious, enterprising tenants.

It is true that large sums had been expended on the improvement of the land and in building houses, and after all, the so-called lazy Irish were paying as high, if not a higher rent, but then, there was such an appearance of neatness and improvement about the estate. Had Lord Clearall but given leases, or afforded protection to the old tenants, he need not expend these large sums that were sinking him in debt; his property would be well managed, and he would have raised about him a grateful and happy tenantry. Lord Clearall did not know that Mr. Ellis had got large sums from his Scotch friends for his kind offices in their behalf. Thus is the spirit of the people broken down, and their hearts demoralized by a system of cruelty and oppression peculiar to unfortunate Ireland,—a system which has poisoned the deeply reflective and imaginative minds of our peasantry, and has derverted their gay, light hearts, sparkling with wit and humor, into morose sullen spirits, thirsting for vengeance upon their oppressors.

It is better that we should let the reader see the subtle machinery used for regenerating the unfortunate tenantry.

The Lodge, as Mr. Ellis's residence was called, was situated about two miles from Mr. O'Donnell's. It was formerly the residence of some unfortunate farmer; it was repaired and ornamented, and some new wings built to it by its present occupier. It was converted into a very tasty-looking residence outside, and a very comfortable one within doors. It commanded an ex-