



A Monthly Magazine of General Literature.

Vol. II.

MONTREAL, 1877.

No. 12.

THE O'DONNELLS
OF
GLEN COTTAGE.

A TALE OF THE FAMINE YEARS IN IRELAND.

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"Saraceni; or, The Last Great Struggle
for Ireland," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

AN AGENT PROMISES TO BE A FRIEND—
BURKEM BEGINS TO APPEAR IN HIS TRUE
COLORS—HIS LOVE ADVANCES, AND THEIR
WARM RECEPTION.

Next morning, after breakfast, Frank proceeded to Mr. Ellis's residence. In answer to the bell, Nelly Cormack came to the hall-door.

"Arrah, Mistor Frank, is this you?" said she; "shure you're welcome; walk in, sir."

"I'd scarcely know you, Nelly," said Frank, as he shook her hand; "you're getting to be such a fine girl."

Nelly blushed.

"You needn't blush so, Nelly. I am sure they are very kind to you here."

"Indeed they are, sir. Won't you come in?"

"Yes, Nelly, I want to see Mr. Ellis. Where is he?"

"He's in the office; I'll tell him that you are here?"

"Do, Nelly."

Nelly tripped into the office, and shortly returned with orders for Frank to step in. Mr. Ellis was sitting at a writing-desk; beside him was Hugh Pembert. As soon as Frank entered, Mr. Ellis raised his head, and said:

"Good morning, Mr. O'Donnell."

"Good morning, sir," said Frank, respectfully.

"Well, Mr. O'Donnell, what can I do for you?"

Frank stated his case fairly and clearly,

and told him how his father sent him to him for protection.

"I understand, Mr. O'Donnell, that you want me to make a seizure upon all your stock and effects, and to sell them for rent."

"Yes, sir, in order to protect us from pressing and, I must say, unjust debtors; though there is only a half-year's rent due, the running gale will enable you to do so."

"Exactly so, Mr. O'Donnell. Well, I'll make the seizure this day, and send over Burkem and a few others as keepers. You know we must do these things openly to deter others from proceeding."

Frank bowed, and left the room.

"The fools," said Mr. Ellis, as he heard the hall-door close after him.

"They have a nice place there, sir," said Mr. Pembert; "it's a pity to have it going to rack as it is."

"It won't be long so, Hugh; I often wished to have them in my power, but now I have them. Hurry with that account; we must drive over there."

As Frank returned home he called to see his old nurse, Mrs. Cormack. She was at her usual occupation of knitting, and was seated near the door, with her spectacles jauntingly fixed upon her nose.

"Good-day, ma'am," said Frank, as he entered the cottage.

"Oh, Mistor Frank, is this you; and how are you and all at home? Shure it's a month of Sundays since I seen you. How is that little darling, Bessy? I'm tould sho's not well. Shure I've threat'ened, I dunna how long, to go see you."

"Why, Mrs. Cormack, you seem to forget us altogether. We are all well at home, except Bessy; she, I hope, however, is improving. You seem to be very comfortable here, ma'am; and he cast his eyes around the comfortable cottage."

"We have no reason to complain, the Lord be praised; the boys have good wages, and Nelly is a favorite wid the masher. She's housekeeper there. She brings me many a present of tay and sugar to sthir my ould heart."