

magistrate. Mr. Ellis and another magistrate were the only ones in attendance. The streets were crowded; for there were several indicted for assault upon the Rev. Mr. Sly and Mr. Adam Steen.

There was the greatest possible excitement among the people. The prisoners were convicted, of course, and sentenced to different periods of imprisonment. Lord Clearall made a very touching speech on the heinousness of their crime in assaulting a minister while preaching the word of God; also in creating a riot, which set hundreds, who were depending on their hire for subsistence—for life—idle; but, then, out of compassion for their wretched state, the works would be resumed to-morrow. He then complimented Mr. Sly on his forbearance and Christian meekness.

The poor wretches were then huddled off to jail, and their families left to starve and die.

Lord Clearall held a meeting of magistrates in the jury-room, and it was agreed to petition the Lord Lieutenant for additional police force, to be paid by the county; also to have the county brought under the new Coercion Act, as it was in a lawless state.

All this, of course, was done; and the Viceroy not only granted their request, but thanked them for their zeal in behalf of law and order!

CHAPTER XIX.

FAMILY DERANGEMENTS—THE O'DONNELLS IN TROUBLE—LOVE'S PLEDGES.

Mr. O'Donnell was, as I said before, not only a wealthy farmer, but also manager of a local bank.

This gave him much influence. A great many loan-fund banks had been established through the county; Mr. O'Donnell, as manager of one of these, conceived the bold plan of converting it into a discount bank. Having got legal advice as to the safest and best mode of proceeding, he opened his bank. The safe and liberal accommodation given by Mr. O'Donnell enabled him to pay large interest to the shareholders. However, the affair being new, he had to secure many of the depositors. With their shares, and what available money he had himself, he had a working capital of some thousands.

Mr. O'Donnell was the poor man's friend, and as he was wealthy and generous, he often ran heavy risks to enable the poor to meet their rents.

His bank was useful also to the middling class of farmers, and the needy landlord. It is no wonder, therefore, that he was a popular and a rising man.

The country was fast collapsing into a state of ruin. Mr. O'Donnell could not foresee this. No human foresight could foretell the failure of the potato crop. It came like the withering simoom of the

desert, spreading death and desolation in its track.

The shareholders applied to him for their money; he paid them as fast as he could get it from the borrowers.

Several of these, though, became bankrupt, and fled the country; others had to give up their farms to get relief or work, in order to keep themselves alive. In this state of things those who held his notes sued him for the amount; he offered to forfeit all his own money, and to hand over the bank to their management. No, they'd have nothing to do with it; they held his notes, and should be paid. He then asked time until he would recover what he could out of the bank. They would not consent to this, but took executions against him.

Two years have passed since we introduced our readers to that happy Christmas party, around Mr. O'Donnell's pleasant hearth. It is Christmas-eve again, but there is no yule-log burning on the hearth, or Christmas-tree sparkling on the table. Times are changed indeed.

Mr. O'Donnell sits near the fire; his head is bent upon his hands; his hair is quite grey, and he seems as if twenty years had passed over him in so short a time. There is nothing of his former strength and gay good-humor about him.

Mrs. O'Donnell, too, looks very thin and pale; care and trouble are wearing her down. Beside her sat Bessy; she looked quite sickly; the thin, blue veins showed through her hands and face; black rims were under her eyes, and she had a short, dry cough. It was evident that consumption was fast doing its work.

"How do you feel now, darling?" said Mrs. O'Donnell, turning to Bessy, after a fit of coughing.

"Better, mamma; I'll lay my head upon your lap."

"Do, pet."

Bessy nestled her little head in her mamma's lap. Mrs. O'Donnell looked at Bessy, then at her once fine manly husband, and sighed. He raised up his head and looked at her, then at Bessy, and sighed also.

"I wonder," said he, after a time; "what's keeping Frank; I hope he'll bring good news."

"I hope so too, John; my dear, you take things too much to heart. It will not mend matters to fret this way; how many, in those times of affliction, have cause to mourn as well as we?"

"True, love; Heaven knows our cup is bitter enough. There is actual poverty staring us in the face, and I fear that's not the worst either," and he gave a mournful look towards Bessy.

"God help us! John; it is true, we could bear poverty; but other afflictions—"

and she wiped the tears from her eyes. Bessy slept on, and a hectic flush now