

Never was a response to a charitable appeal more requisite than at this juncture. Fever has made its appearance, and is now very prevalent, the heads of families having in many cases, succumbed to this horrifying disease."

The Secretary of the Kittoon, Athlone, County Leitrim, Committee, writes:—

"There are numbers of families in a very critical position here just now. They have actually nothing to eat, and we have no funds to provide food for them. At our meeting yesterday we had serious thoughts of dissolving and leaving the people to a fate which, we fear, we cannot much longer avert. We earnestly ask your committee to make us a grant, even though it should be the last, and thus assist us in preserving the lives of the poor people for another week or two."

The parish priest of Basky, County Sligo, writes:—"We are at a complete standstill for want of funds; we have 620 families on our list, and we had nothing to give them last week."

The parish priest of Turbert, County Kerry, writes:—"The distress is deep and wide yet and will be so until the 1st of August."

The Secretary of the Kilmaedunane, County Clare, Committee writes that there are still 242 families, or 958 persons in dire need there.

The curate of Kilmurphy Ibricane writes that the distress will be over there in three weeks. Great numbers of families have been forced into the poorhouse, and the high rates thereby laid on the farmers still struggling outside have made destitution general in this parish.

The parish priest of Kilkree writes that his people are in the most abject want.

The Secretary of the Kilnamena committee writes that, having no funds at their last meeting, "we were regularly besieged by a hungry crowd, begging of us to do something for them."

From Clondragad comes bad news: "We are starving on the backward mountain. * * * I am sorry to tell you that the (potato) blight has appeared. I saw it to-day on the stalks and subers. One week of this weather will place Ireland in a worse condition than she was in 1847 and 1848."

The morning papers report the appearance of the blight in other districts.

JAMES REDPATH.

THE LAST OF THE O'MORES.

A TALE OF THE IRISH "TROUBLES."

CHAPTER II.

THREE years of a college life directed my mind to different ideas, and softened down the keener points of feeling with which I had left my home, although they could not wholly obliterate the impressions then received. As I mixed little in the gaiety of the Capital, but devoted my time exclusively to study, I learned of the events, either political or otherwise, that were then rapidly occurring, saw the occasional reports of having taken place between the military and the people through the country, which I was inclined to treat as mere fabrications, or at least exaggerations, till one morning I received a letter from home, written by my uncle, requesting my immediate return, and stating in brief terms that the country was in a state of insurrection; the soldiery, having been let loose upon the people, were committing the most diabolical acts; and my father having been implicated in the opposition to the Government, was imprisoned on the charge of high treason. For a time surprise rendered me incapable of action, and scarce could I believe that the secluded spot which I had left, all so still and happy, where no rude soldier had ever profaned its tranquil solitudes, as if peace had chosen that retired valley for her own quiet dwelling place; but now the long rest was rudely broken; the licensed robber and hireling murderer were let loose, and turmoil, bloodshed, and oppression, were the altered state of things at my once happy home. The following morning I left for Limerick, by the mail, which I observed was escorted by a strong body of horse soldiers. The journey then occupied two days; the next morning, after the arrival of the coach, I started with post-horses for home. The summer's sun, as it rose brightly in the clear heavens, ushered in as beauteous a moon as ere it smiled on; and as I passed along I looked to the distant hills, and over the level plains, and on the silvery lake, shining