

COPY

County Clare,
KIRE. Ireland.

17th March, 1840.

Dear Nephew,

Your welcome letter received and me and your Aunt Bridget thank you kindly for the money you sent. We had seven masses said for our Grandmother and Grandfather, God bless their souls. You have gone high places in Australia. God bless you; I hope you'll not be putting on airs and graces and forgetting your native land.

Your cousin Hughie O'Toole was hung in Londonderry Jail last week for killing a policeman. May God rest his soul - and may God forgive him. Times are not as bad as they might be. The Herrings is back and nearly everyone who has a boat is making ends meet. The prices of fish is good. Thanks be to God. We had a great time at Pat Muldoon's wake. He was an old blather-skite, and it looked good to see him stretched out in his box with his big mouth shut. He is better off dead, and he'll burn until this damned place freezes over. He had too many friends among the Orangemen. God curse the lot of them.

Bless your heart, I almost forgot to tell you about Uncle Denny; he took a pot shot at a turncoat from behind a hedge, but he'd had too much to drink and he missed; God's curse be on the drink. I hope this letter finds you well and may God remind you to send the money.

The Brennan's are 100% strong around here since they stopped going to America. They have kids running all over the place. Father O'Flaherty who baptised you is now feeble and he sends you his blessing.

Millie O'Brien - the brat you went to school with - has married an Englishman - she'll do no good.

May God take care of you all and keep sending the money.

Your devoted uncle,

Timothy.

P.S. Things looked bright here again. Every police barracks and Protestant Church has been burnt to the ground in County Clare. Thanks be to God.

P.P.S. Keep sending the money.