

Wanda
Doherty's
Brother a teacher
in Yslcarrogh
to my gran father
Dan Doherty

Yslcarrogh,
23rd. February, 1913.

Dear Brother,

Many a time all winter
it occurred to me that I should write
to you, but I have usually so much
writing to do in connection with
school work, O'Duffy Testimonial,
a new Irish book that is being issued
soon, and other matters, that I am a
good bit in arrears in the matter of
correspondence. I was very glad
to receive your long and interesting
letter with so much news from
"around the strands." Time is bringing

about as many and as rapid changes
in the Rosses as in any place I
know, especially as regards the
passing away of the older generation
of whom there will very soon be but
few representatives left. I was
very much surprised to hear of poor
"Dominick Hamey's" death, as I had been
asking Hugh Campbell about him
at Tom Cannon's burial just 3 weeks
before, and he was then very well,
Hugh told me. And he looked so
robust and healthy in the Chapel
that Sunday I was last there that I
thought he might safely count on 20
years more of life. But life is un-
certain, and appearances are deceptive.
Poor "Lony Neil," the unfortunate creature,

had a sad ending. His fate ought
to serve as a warning to other young
fellows to abstain from fair-day
poison. We had "Mary Dominick"
of Mullaughduff here the night
before your letter arrived, and we
had received from her nearly all the
items of news contained in your letter
and lots more that you did not
think of mentioning. She came to
employ the little head-boy she had
last year, one of the Roddys who had
been at the Milltown gate-house. We
sat up till 2 o'clock talking
over matters generally, and we had
many a hearty laugh, in which Mary
herself joined, at her descriptions of
things and events, all given in English

of course, so as to give Mary M^cCauley
the benefit of them. It was all very
amusing, but occasionally very sad,
as for instance when she told us of the
death of poor Thib Boyle of the
Public-house, Mullaughrauff, in British
Columbia, and the illness of his little
boy (as fine a little child as ever I knew)
which it was feared was going to prove
fatal. The Boyle family, one and all,
were extremely nice and kind to me
while I was in Mullaughrauff, and
indeed everywhere else I ever met them
as well.

I got some very hard mornings
all Winter on my daily journey to School,
more especially as the wind and rain
were all the time steady in my face
going; but, thank Goodness, through