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Camp,
Castleisland,
Co. Kerry.

C. J. France, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I beg to thank you and through you the people of America for their generous contributions to the American Committee for Relief in Ireland.

On Sunday, 24th April, following an attempted train ambush in our locality my premises were surrounded by Crown Forces openly and in uniform who without allowing us to remove anything completely destroyed the whole place informing us it was done as an official reprisal. They did the work in a very thorough manner completely destroying a fully furnished dwelling-house and all the farm buildings, while the uprights of the hayshed were broken that the roof should come down on the blazing hay where it was completely destroyed. It is indeed hard to find words to sufficiently express ones gratitude to so generous a people when one recalls that beautiful April morning the evening of which spelled so much ruin to me and mine. When I saw my place surrounded by British soldiers, my only son manacled and cast into prison. When I saw the home which we cherished and which years of toil made comfortable and happy ablaze, and before evening's sun had gone down was but a smouldering ruin. When I saw that our farmyard was no more, our cattle without fodder or shelter. When I saw my girls come forth from the burning buildings with a few little articles they prized only to have them torn from their hands and cast back into the flames.

Ah Sir! my heart should indeed be callous if it did not glow out in beautiful gratitude to your generous countrymen for the aid I have received through the Irish White Cross now amounting to a loan of £100. and a grant of £25. which provided us with a temporary hut and urgently necessary utensils and clothing. No Sir, my heart is not callous or my spirits daunted by the savageries perpetrated on our country and on our people, nor will I regret for my country's sake should destiny so ordain to spend the evening of my life in that lonely substitute for my spacious sitting and dining rooms with all their antiquated furniture and valuables, my pantry shorn of its plenty; my comfortable bedrooms from which I once hoped to start the long, long, journey to that Court which knows no injustice.

Yours Gratefully,

(sd) Honoria O'Connor.