

Duneraile. 40 Leake.

April 30 / 98

My dear William,

I deferred writing to thank you  
for the great favour you have  
done me by sending me an early  
copy of your new novel, until  
I should have had the gratification  
of reading it and telling you  
what I thought of it. I have  
now gone carefully through  
the chapters; but last night  
I had to close the book at  
the XXI chapter, <sup>the</sup> <sup>wreck</sup> <sup>35</sup>  
quite overpowered by the dramatic  
intensity of the description. I am  
not acquainted with any  
chapter in fiction that equals  
its dramatic force. It challenges  
comparison with the famous  
storm scene in David Copperfield

\* "A Green of Men"

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which culminated with Pterforth's death; but the latter is easy reading. "The Wreckers" cannot be read without great nerve tension.

I think you have produced a memorable book. It is your greatest step towards realising the vocation that many have foreseen for you - that of being the "Walter Scott" of Ireland. What will strike every one most in the book is its peculiarly Gaelic flavour. You did a wise and artistic thing in giving the Irish expressions as they occurred, and inserting the Irish idioms in the dialogue. But it must have cost you immense study - in history and language. It is a grand, Irish novel; and will be taken to the heart of the people. But it is all so pitiful, so sad - the eternal story of Irish trustfulness and English perfidy. You have

done justice to Sir John Perrot — <sup>3</sup>  
a figure almost too much  
reflected in Irish history.

I hope you will deal yet with  
my deceased parishioner, Edmund  
Spencer — and Raleigh.

There will be a peculiar  
attraction in the book just  
now, as it calls up so  
powerfully our past relations  
with Spain. And a very  
large percentage of our  
countrymen cling to these  
traditions, and give all their  
sympathies in this present  
war, to our old ally.

With most grateful  
thanks for your kind  
remembrance, and with  
all good wishes for your  
future, fraught with such  
vast consequences to  
Ireland I am, my dear William  
a word of remembrance to your kind yours affectionately  
wife, whom I had the honour of meeting. P. A. Sheehan P.P

Grand Hotel Bramore. Aug 18/02 4

Dear Mrs. O'Brien,

Your very kind letter was forwarded here. You are very good to think of sending me the Review. It will await my return home next week; and I only hope that this delay will not detain it too long from the Lock Library. I had some intimation that such a notice of my book was about to appear; but I know nothing yet of its nature.

A hundred times since you returned from your sea voyage I have been tempted to write William — to congratulate him on his recovery to perfect health, and to beseech him to economise his strength and to prolong a life that has become so extremely valuable to the <sup>country</sup> ~~country~~.

But then I considered that the <sup>5</sup>  
infliction of an additional  
letter would but add to  
the labour from which  
we would all wish to  
save him.

Give him my kindest  
remembrances and good  
wishes; and accept my  
thanks for your thoughtful  
kindness.

I am, dear Mrs. O'Brien  
very sincerely  
P. W. Gleehan.

Donegal. Oct. 9<sup>th</sup> 1911.

The Hon Secs, All for Ireland Club, Cork

Dear Sirs,

Many thanks for your kind invitation. I regret very much that owing to many circumstances, I shall be deprived of the pleasure of being present at the inaugural address to be delivered on Monday night by Mr. O'Brien\* whose place in contemporary literature is only eclipsed by the greater prominence he has attained in public and political life. Probably the greatest sacrifice Mr. O'Brien has made for Ireland is his voluntary abandonment of the gentler and perhaps more congenial pursuits of literature for the more strenuous and exacting work of the Senate and the platform. I am afraid his lecture will not be altogether founded on experience, but for that reason it will be all the more generous and hopeful.

I am, Dear Sirs, yours faithfully

P. H. Ghechan P.P.

\* An Address to the All-Ireland Club, on the subject of "Happines"

## CORRESPONDENCE

The following correspondence was read from Canon Sheehan: \*

Doneraile, Co. Cork,

6th August, 1913.

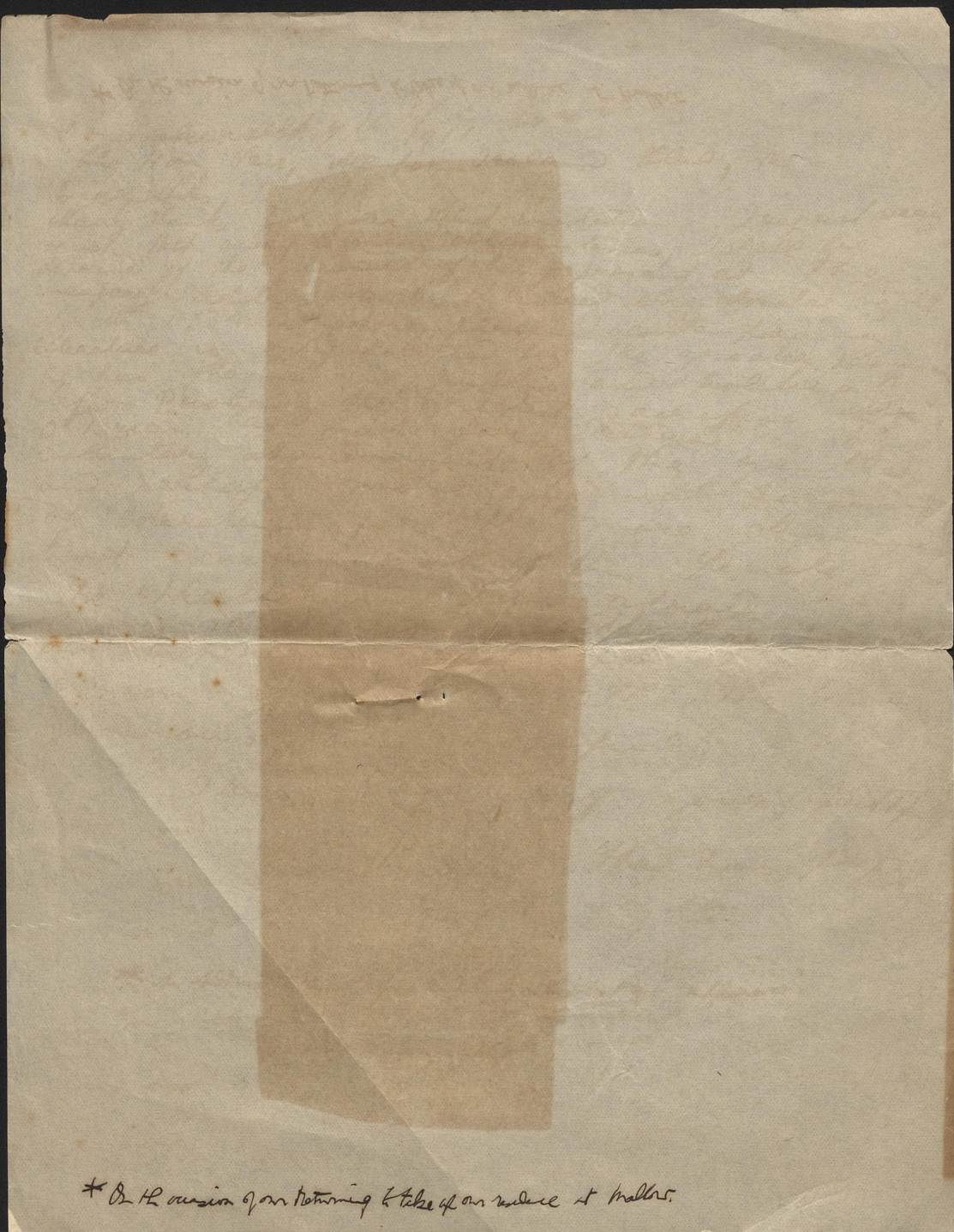
Dear Mr. Fitzgerald,—I deeply regret that impaired health will not permit me the pleasure of being associated with my fellow-townsmen in the welcome you propose to accord to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O'Brien on next Thursday. I am aware that it was always the hope of the people of Mallow that Mr. O'Brien would spend the closing years of his remarkable life in their midst; and now that their wishes are about to be accomplished I am quite sure that they will esteem the honour as it deserves, and that if outside in the political world he may yet have to face these trials that are incidental to the lives of all public men he may always find a haven of rest amongst a people who for thirty years have shown the most unexampled loyalty and fidelity towards him. You associate very properly the name of Mrs. O'Brien with that of her distinguished husband. Owing to a

modesty that was almost culpable the many excellences of Mrs. O'Brien's character have been hitherto more or less shrouded from the public. Her benevolence, her kindness towards young people, cast upon the world, her secret beneficences, are only coming to be known and appreciated. And if the theatre of such benevolence shall be somewhat narrowed by a remote residence from city life, it will afford her larger opportunities for indulging her literary tastes and talents, which have already attracted the attention of experts in the world of literature.

Please convey my thanks to your Committee for the honour of inviting me to Mallow on such an occasion, my regret that I cannot be present, and believe me to be, my dear Mr. Fitzgerald, yours very sincerely,

P. A. SHEEHAN, P.P.

\* On the occasion of our returning to take up our residence at Mallow.



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