



Print

Jan 30 1897

Dear Father O'Mahony,

Enclosed you will find an introduction which, I hope, you will find appropriate. I am also sending for a sketch of your sketch by Father Phelan S.J., which

may be useful to you.

so I have written a main leaf of the book is on the front of publication,

you would do wisely to hurry up with you over. ~~Appropriations~~ (of interest to you) would be published might partly ~~be~~ a European edition.

I had not been sketch in my mind in preparing my 2^d part to deposit in my books.

With all best wishes for your project & for every other blessing in the New Year,

Yours sincerely,

John J. O'Mahony

Rev. Father O'Mahony

Rector

Louisville Ky.

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Introduction.

America was the discoverer of Canon Keble's genius, and may justly lead the way in supplying the world with some account of a spiritual and intellectual activity as inspiring as his material life was modest and unseen. While his books, to his own gentle surprise, found eager readers among the unconventional democracy of the new world and exercised a no less wholesome fascination over many thousands of sensitive Protestant minds in England thirsting for a more reassuring creed, there will always be some humiliation in the avowal that, in Ireland, up to the last years of his life, they attracted little notice except that of not too generous critics. Ireland's

loss is the more grievous because no Irish priest of his generation could have given us with so much certainty as Canon Sheehan the key to the most enchanting study of Irish life — the mystic relations between the true Irish priest and his people — and, much though he died in books like The Blindness of St. Gray and My new Curate to shed a new light upon a subject hitherto held sacred to mannikish conventionalities, it is only too certain that he might have bequeathed to his country very much richer memorials of contemporary Irish life — and with as infinite profit to religion as to the national character — but for discouragements which chilled his creative energies, although they could not touch his fine soul with the smallest taint of bitterness.

A ~~distaste~~, not to say disdain, of
 the applause of the world was, in
 truth, the cornerstone of his philosophy.
The Triumph of Failure is the
 authentic record of his own essential
 view of life. The unquenchable craving
 for the pleasures of the senses
 to which he found the new
 generation abandoning themselves, and
 the readiness with which intellectualism
 debased itself in order to remove
 all supernatural restraint on the
 indulgence of human appetites, seemed
 to him the negation of the first
 principle of Christianity as to this
 world's uses. "Beating the record," in
 the mad race for this or that
 poor distinction of the hour, rather
 excited in him sympathy for the
 bruised and beaten of all the
 world's Calvaries than any temptation
 to shout in the train of the

silly victims. For him the brightest
 life that ended in this world was
 the helot's intoxication of a moment,
 a meaningless conundrum, the deification
 of selfishness and brute power,
 a wrong to the innumerable millions
 of lives, which under the best
 of human laws, must continue to
 be born and die without brightness
 or hope. To his vision those who
 can think of life but as a ~~stage~~ ^{stage}
 whereon to indulge their greed
 and lust for a fleeting hour
 and the intellectuals who minister
 to their disbelief in any higher
 reward are the true vainus de la
vie and the genuine success in
 life is that of the dwellers in
 the benign light of the only
 authority which can pretend to
 speak from eternity to eternity
 and which alone can interpret

human existence into anything less senseless than an idiot's dream.

One might even dread that Canon Sheehan's sacred wrath against the destroyers of the supernatural might defeat itself, as did the zeal of one of ^{the} two or three greatest Irishmen who ever lived - Columbus - by making too great a demand upon poor human nature only that his books abound with the sweetest proofs that the spiritual life he dreams of exists in every Irish village as truly as it did in the cloisters of Bobbio or Clairvaux - in a deliciously pedantic old Father Dan - in the immortal "confession" (of nothing at all) by one of his maiden penitents - before the artless altar where the old washerwoman without in the least

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suspecting I rival the most ethereal
of her own Saints — even in the
frail spiritual structure of Jem
Deady where the flavour of
malt liquor almost heightens the
~~charm~~^{charm} of native genius and inborn
reverence. And we may be sure
that his patriotism combined with
his religious mysticism to create
a standard of conduct which in-
-vested failure in the world's ~~eyes~~^{mean}
concerns with a virtue all its
own, and made success all but
an argument of unworthiness. It is
our legacy from a history in
which truth for ever mounted
the scaffold while wrong possessed
the throne that the funeral-
car is most frequently the only
triumphal-car known to Gaelic
enthusiasm. The headman who
held up Robert Emmet's young

head, after his unavailing revolt, with the cry "This is the head of a traitor!" was in reality holding him up to immortality in the love of a martyr - nation.

Time has already given its consecration to America's belief in Canon Sheehan. His influence in creating the reaction already visibly at work in withstanding the tremendous wave of hedonism which threatened to engulf the world of the future, and not least the ancient self-effacing ideals of Ireland, is evident to every

discriminating observer of recent events. The publication in the Irish Rev. Ledger in July 1917 an outstanding article of Father John D. Sheehan, is an event of considerable magnitude in this connection. Monsignor Benson perhaps

more nearly resembled him than any contemporary Catholic thinker in the new-found art of applying the personal appeals and seductions of fiction to the preaching of high moral truths. ^{IF} The books

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of the delightful big-brotherly ~~brother~~ ^{confessor}
whom his readers will prefer to
remember most affectionately as
"Hugh", surpassed those of Canon
Sheehan in knowledge of the world
and of its social ~~affairs~~ ^{arcana} — as, indeed,
who shall marvel, recollecting the simple
outlook of the Irish country priest,
experienced only in types of character
as limited as the familiar blossoms
of his own rustic flower-beds? —
few will, I think, contest that
in the elucidation of the ^{enigmas} ~~of~~
of human existence which torture
contemplative thinkers, beset with
the thousand doubts and demoralizations
of a corrupt time, the shy Irish
priest caught the profounder
lessons and left the deepest
traces on the English Protestant
soul. That is the answer to the
captious or the envious, who, moved

themselves in the backwaters of Irish security, far from the ocean storms of contemporary doubt in which Luke Delmege battled his strong way have actually found offence in the teachings which have brought Catholic youth to the rescue of more agitated souls, English and American, than any moralist since Newman succeeded in reaching.

Canon Sheehan's influence in the purification of Irish public life will be found no less durable. He began life in years when it took all the heroic self-immolation of the Fenian struggle to redeem the Irish cause from the ignoble rout of placemen, sycophants and ingrates, who had made it their prey. His last years were saddened by the spectacle

of a renewed deterioration in the character of "Constitutional Reputation" which he described himself by the horrifying term "putrefaction". He saw Ireland's "nationalist" representatives constitute themselves in a body as functionaries of the English treasury, decide the proposals of Conciliation with their Protestant countrymen while they might easily have been effectual and then associate themselves with a "Home Rule settlement" which would have erected six of Ireland's most historic counties - including the See of St. Patrick and the battlefields of the O'Neills - into a separate Orange State, forced by the very necessities of its existence to make religious and racial rancour everlasting and this audacious betrayal of Ireland's unity as a nation

They endeavoured to thrust upon the
 country by their command of the
 multiform resources of Dublin Castle
 patronage, by which they were
 able to feed ~~an~~ ^{their} army of parasites
 fat with places, emoluments and
 sacred dignities. With an unerring
 vision, Canon Sheehan foretold
 that the phenomenon by which
 Parliamentary corruption was followed
 by armed rebellion in the Fenian
 days was about to be repeated
 and that, however triumphant
 the reign of faithlessness and
 selfishness might seem for
 the moment, and however faint
 the voice of protest in "a country
 soused over head and ears in
 the ^{deepest} pits of corruption,"
 there remained an unconquerable
 instinct of Irish patriotism which
 would yet again raise ^{up} men —

"Who, tho' they know the strife is vain —
 Who, tho' they know the even chain
 Snaps but to enter in the heart
 Of him who rends its links apart —
 Yet dare the issue, blest to be,
 E'en for one bleeding moment free,
 And die in pangs of Liberty!"

Altho the author of The Graves
 at Kilmoena lay long in his own
 grave before the Irish Rebellion
 of Easter week, nobody can now
 read the Tenth and Eleventh
 Sections of the First Book of
 that tragic tale without feeling
 that he was indeed a seer in
 the inspired meaning of the word
 who could have forecasted what
 has happened with an accuracy
 as startling as if the pages
 were written today. It may be
 that his anguish at seeing the
 simple Irish virtues of old

disappearing under a flood of
 self-seeking, inconstancy, ~~and~~ ingratitude
 and pretentious vulgarity sometimes
 led him to too austere a judgment
 of a people inebriated with their
 first draughts of material prosperity
 and power after ages of prostration
 and contempt. The event indeed
 proved that the fault lay rather
 with ~~the~~ guides than with the
 masses of the people. Never was
 a period of national shame
 followed by a prompter demonstration,
 even unto blood, that under the
 surface muddied ^{MUDDIED} by the politicians
 the well-springs of Irish ratio-
 =nality rose as crystal-clear
 as ever. Nor can it be doubted
 that if the regenerating miracle
 has been accomplished, and
 the process of "pubefaction"
 staged, it was largely the

worth of his own prophetic warnings and of those magnetic properties of character which, even from the depths of his retirement, never failed to command the confidence and enthusiasm of the best of his young countrymen.

It was wholly characteristic of the man that his last months overshadowed though they were by a mortal malady, were ~~among~~ the happiest, and indeed the cheeriest of his life. Looking straight into the eyes of death, he saw nothing there to sadden him — much, rather, to lighten his sense of the inauspiciousness of human destiny which had never been ^{allowed to grieve} for sorrows of his own. Where, indeed, could a Irish priest have lived a life which was a pure, although

a solemn, idyll. One loves to picture
 him behind the drawn curtains
 in the glow of the winter fire
 in the midst of the books
 which to him were as royal
 guests at his board — pacing
 his garden inhaling the fragrance
 of the spring flowers of his
 own rearing, or "under the
 Cedars and the Stars" where
 he was visited by ~~the~~ his
 sublimest thoughts — across the
 garden wall, the Christian Brothers
 Schools to whose children his
 grave smile was as welcome
 as a ray of radiance from
 on high, and the Convent
 of the Presentation Nuns whose
 adoring friendship was at once
 the angelic and the human
 consolation of his days —
 all around him the flourishing

homes of a parish where, thanks
 to his wisdom, every field
 was owned by a freeholder, and
 the thud of the evictor's crowbar
 was never to be heard again -
 and only a few miles away
 his native town of Mallow
 consecrated by a thousand undying
 fondnesses of memory and
 united - men, woman and
 child - in paying him back
 with ^{uncharging} love and worship.

How enviable the labourer,
 and, as the shadows lengthened,
 how much richer than all
 the gold of office the reward!

William Dixon

Mallow. New Years Day. 1917

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Rev. Jeremiah O'Mulony

Cathedral Rectory

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*The Right Reverend
John Joseph Mitty, D.D.*

Bishop-elect of Salt Lake

*requests the honor of your presence at the
Ceremony of his Consecration*

His Eminence

Patrick Cardinal Hayes

Archbishop of New York

officiating

The Right Reverend John Joseph Dunn, D.D.

Titular Bishop of Camuliana

and

The Right Reverend Daniel Joseph Curley, D.D.

Bishop of Syracuse

Assistant Consecrators

St. Patrick's Cathedral

Wednesday morning, September eighth

Nineteen hundred and twenty-six

at half after nine o'clock

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R Malloy
No. 119

Rev. Jeremiah P. O'Mahony
The Cathedral of the Assumption
443 South Fifth Street
Louisville Ky

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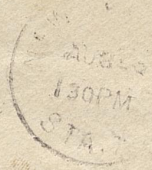
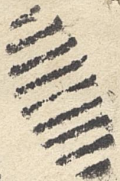
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Handwritten initials or signature in blue ink.

sent



1928



Rev Jeremiah P. Mahoney

~~De ka Salla~~

162 E. 90 St Oriskany

N. Y.

N. Y.

623 EAST 138TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

~~623~~



ARZOBISPADO DE LIMA

R.P. J. P. O. Mahoney

Handwritten signature in blue ink, possibly reading "J. P. O. Mahoney".



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Joe Dowling
Jack Brown
Thomas Smith

26-20

Call

August
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Riticia 539

60 Carbons

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