

## Notes on Irish Literature.

Hundreds of our readers were delighted with the communication from Miss Hart's prolific and versatile pen which appeared in our last issue. Accompanying that letter were a few selections, either concerning Rev. J. B. Dollard, or from his pen, which space would not permit us to reproduce. This week, however, we give these poems as evidences of the merit and style of one whom we can justly rank as an Irish-Canadian. The first of these selections consists of a tribute paid by William O'Brien to Father Dollard and the poem which gave birth to such flattering remarks. In runs thus:

In the opening number of the new Irish Journal, the Irish People, edited by William O'Brien, appears a poem by Rev. Father Dollard, of Toronto. The editor makes the following reference to it:

"Rev. Father Dollard (Sliev-na-mon), who contributed the lines 'The Cry of the Exiles' to our opening number, is the best living representative of the lyric gift which gave its touch of sacred fire to the Young Ireland ballads."

The following is the poem referred to:

### THE CRY OF THE EXILE.

Hear ye the cry of the exile from over the ocean waves,  
Hear ye the cry from prairie and plain,  
The cry from a million graves,  
From lands where shines the Southern Cross,  
Where mad Niagara raves.

Hark ye the cry from a thousand fields  
Where'er was fought a fight,  
From families to Dendermond,  
Boston to Mary's Height.

Hear ye the cry of the exiled dead,  
Their mandate is "Unite,"  
From dear Australian Bushland  
Where never a warblers sing.

This is the cry of the Exiles. "We've made our beds afar  
Our bones shall lie beneath alien sky  
Across the broad earth's bar  
But our hearts are true to Ireland  
As pole to the Boreal star."

Here is the cry of the Exile,—"Our souls are sad to see  
Her ranks all bent and broken, her chiefs that sundered be,  
Unite, let the banded people proclaim  
They shall be free."

Heed ye the voice of the exiles from  
Clear unto Madin Head,  
Heed ye the voice of the living, heed  
Ye the voice of the dead,  
He that not heeds is a traitor, look  
Ye, his hands are red.

See while ye rant and squabble the  
Land's best life blood flows  
With anguish heart and broken the  
Peasant to exile goes,  
Bleeding and bound lies Erin,  
The scorn and jest of her foes.

He is a traitor to Ireland who now  
Shrinks back from the fight  
Deal him the doom he merits, true  
Men, up in your might,  
Cease in God's name to quarrel, Brothers  
Be one—Unite!

Heed ye the voice of the Exiles, the  
Cry of the quick and the dead,  
He that not heeds is a traitor, look  
And his hands are red,  
The blood of a murdered nation,  
The wrath of God on his head.

—J. B. Dollard, Sliev-na-mon.

Another is the latest poem penned by Father J. B. Dollard. It is one that will appeal to all lovers of Irish literature, of fairy and of legendary lore. All familiar with the scenes described must appreciate the exactness of the poem in that respect:

### CNOG-MAOL-DHOUN.

[Rev. James B. Dollard, "Sliev-na-mon," in The Gael.

Ah! sweet is Avondhu that flows by  
Jordly Cappoquin  
And sighing low the south winds  
Blow across the Vale of Glin,  
God's blessings on our Irish land,  
As well in field and town,  
But give me strength and let me  
Stand on Cnog-Maol-Dhoun.

My gold-haired Moran kissed me  
(Oh bleeding heart so sore)  
"This home we'll come at mornin'  
With a brimmin' boat galore;  
"This home we'll come at mornin'  
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Now fairy hands are finding me and  
friendly sprites are they,  
Oh, fairy hands are binding me,  
"Well bear you up" they say,  
"Come up where starry heather  
flows and golden gorse en-  
crown  
The monarch of all fairy-mounts, our  
Cnog-Maol-Dhoun."

I yield me to their magic spell, its  
power is not gain-said,  
We leave at once the lowly dell, and  
seek the mountain's head,  
I feel the breeze of ocean now, I smell  
the fragrant brown,  
And cooled the fever of my brow on  
Cnog-Maol-Dhoun.

Afar the shifting Suir leaps Ardlin-  
an's woodlands o'er,  
Afar the thundrous billow sweeps  
thine echoing wall Ardmore;  
On sunny hill and misty vale my  
vision ranges down,  
And fancy teems with olden dreams,  
on Cnog-Maol-Dhoun.

On yonder plain, in war-array, I see  
the hosts of Finn,  
And mighty chiefs of ancient day,—  
I hear their arms din;  
Famed Oisín of the Yellow Locks  
and Conán of Renown,  
Their shadows rise before mine eyes,  
on Cnog-Maol-Dhoun.

Pass Conall and the Red Branch  
Knights,—and Maev, to con-  
flict dire,  
See great Cucullain, "Lord of Fights"  
his spear a flame of fire.  
A moment through the shifting mist  
sad Deirdre's face is shown,  
Kind fancies grant the sight ye list,  
on Cnog-Maol-Dhoun.

Ah! poor in sordid wealth of gold,  
but rich is Erin still  
In magic spell and legend old, that  
cling to heath and hill,  
Dearer than gold a thousand fold,  
God's beauties rare that crown,  
The streams that flow thy heights  
below old Cnog-Maol-Dhoun.

\* The brown Smooth Hill,—In Coun-  
ty Waterford, Ireland.

A third selection, and one which  
has gone far and wide, is entitled  
"When the West Wind Blows." Com-  
ment on these lines is superfluous;  
sufficient to say that we are proud  
to know that Canada has become the  
home of such a gifted Irish singer,  
and that the Catholic Church num-  
bers the bard amongst her sacer-  
dotal children. We can only repeat  
that it was a happy error which  
awakened so much interest in a sub-  
ject so intimately connected with the  
Irish race in Canada. The poem is as  
follows:

WHEN THE WEST WIND BLOWS.

I'm leavin' of Kilronan,  
An' I'm goin' ten mile away,  
To the back of Nephin Mountain,  
Where the gentle rivers play,  
I must leave the wicked ocean  
That has caused my woe of woe,  
For its cryin' waves they rack me,  
When the West Wind Blows.

"This the torture of a mother,  
When her treasured ones are lost,  
And she sees the bitter waters,  
Where their cold limbs are tossed,  
Oh, black the hour they sailed away,  
The angry clouds arose,  
An' their bed is cold an' troubled,  
When the West Wind Blows.

I heard the Banshee wailin'  
An' woke in heavy fright,  
I said, "My Nell and Moran,  
"Oh, go not out to-night,  
For I heard the Banshee wailin'  
Where the haunted hazel grows,  
An' 'tis weary sound her moanin'  
When the West Wind Blows.

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man, and of the Rev. Daniel Lyons,  
a learned priest whose work, "Chris-  
tianity and the Infallibility of the  
Pope," is much consulted by theolo-  
gians.

After forty-four years' service in the  
Provincial Bank, Mr. John Gihner is  
about to retire from the Drogheda  
branch. The citizens, headed by the  
Mayor, are organizing a presentation  
as a token of respect and esteem.

Irishmen are paying dearly with  
their blood for the Chamberlain war.  
Among those who fell in the Maf-  
eking sortie was a well-known Kin-  
sale athlete and cyclist, Mr. Nichol-  
as Walsh.

Another victim was James Fitz-  
patrick, who hailed from Ballysine,  
County Limerick. He was killed in  
the hail of bullets from the Boer  
sharpshooters at Glencoe.

Several large subscriptions to-  
wards the Thurler '98 Memorial have  
been received by Mr. J. H. Ryan,  
honorable secretary, including one of  
£10 from the distinguished Arch-  
bishop of Philadelphia, who claims  
Thurler as his native place.

The vacancy created in the Thurler  
Board of Guardians by the death of  
Mr. Wm. Bourke, has been filled by  
the co-option of Mr. Manning, a  
well-known and popular Thurler Na-  
tionalist.

Clonmel has lost a prominent fig-  
ure in its public life by the death of  
Mr. Edward Cantwell, J. P., who  
was Mayor of the ancient borough  
no less than eight times. Mr. Can-  
twell's connection with the Corpora-  
tion extended over forty years. He  
was a staunch Nationalist who never  
feared to put his principles into  
practice.

At the April elections, Kilmoney  
distinguished itself by returning Lord  
Castlerosse, an uncompromising Tory,  
to the Kerry County Council, over  
the head of such a sterling National-  
ist as Mr. D. M. Moriarty, Lord Cas-  
tlerosse has had his career in the  
council cut short, he being no longer  
qualified to act owing to disqualifi-  
cation.

While proceeding to a field to cut  
grass, Patrick Crue, residing near  
Lisnakea, was shot in the back of  
the neck. He had a gun with him at  
the time, and it is not known whether  
the occurrence was accidental or  
otherwise.

The Cavan County Council is to be  
congratulated on the unanimous elec-  
tion of Mr. Patrick McManus, a  
sturdy and fearless Nationalist, to  
its chairmanship. Mr. McManus will  
honor his responsible office, to which  
he brings high talents and ripe ex-  
perience.

Until recently the excellent stone of  
the Multifarnham quarries, Coun-  
ty Westmeath, was almost exclu-  
sively used for window sills, but lately  
the proprietor, Mr. Wright, recognis-  
ing the splendid quality of the mater-

ial, decided to manufacture curbing,  
flagging, and paving sets out of it.  
The stone is so suitable for these  
purpose that an expert has expressed  
the opinion that the material in the  
Multifarnham quarries is superior to  
the Welsh sets presently used in the  
streets of Dublin, being actually  
harder, of a flinty character, and  
possessing no trace of lime. In price  
they are also cheaper than the Welsh  
sets. By request, samples of the  
stone have been left with the en-  
gineer of the Dublin corporation, and  
should they stand the test which will  
be imposed and prove satisfactory  
they will get the preference to the  
imported materials.

Sligo is doing its own part in for-  
warding the revival of the Irish lan-  
guage. The local Gaelic League is  
about re-opening its classes, and has  
been fortunate enough to secure the  
services of Rev. J. Hynes, B.D., of  
Summerhill College, a brilliant Gaelic  
scholar, who will conduct the course  
of studies.

A Scotch paper contains a flatter-  
ing notice of Miss M. T. Gallagher,  
who recently after a distinguished  
course, passed her professional ex-  
amination in Zoology and Botany.  
She is the daughter of Mr. Patrick  
Gallagher, supervisor of Inland Re-  
venue at Tralee, and niece to Mr.  
Joseph Gallagher, Drumkeerin.

The little children at the Bullin-  
dine National Schools held sports on  
Lord Oranmore's grounds. A green  
flag was used to denote the starting  
point, and the fact created the ire of  
Lord Oranmore's bailiff, who, rushing  
in and beating and tossing the  
children about, demanded the flag's  
removal. Mr. Morris, the teacher,  
pluckily refused, and rather than see  
the children further maltreated, stop-  
ped the sports and took his charges  
away.

A typical instance of how Lord  
Sligo treats his tenants was discov-  
ered at Westport Guardians by an evic-  
tion notice on the part of that nobles-  
man against a poor tenant, Michael  
Gavin Tolongee. Gavin held land in  
company with others and lately his  
cattle were seized for the rent of all  
parties. They realized £20, far more  
than the rent due for the land, on  
which even snipe could not exist.  
Within twelve months two of Gavin's  
children died, and his wife has been  
confined in the lunatic asylum. He  
is now to be evicted.

Mrs. Anne Higgins, widow, and an  
unfortunate evicted tenant, applied  
to the Bullinrobe Guardians for out-  
door relief. Her application was re-  
ceived with kindness and considera-  
tion, the chairman remarking, "If it  
takes £2,000 to relieve you we will  
do it."

James Woods, farmer, Killeen, near  
Annagh, left his home to feed his  
cattle. Some time later he was miss-  
ed, and on search being made his  
body was found in a bog-hole, a por-  
tion of his clothing being found on  
the bank. Exactly how he came to  
his death can never be discovered.

## IRISH POSTULANTS FOR AMERICA.

In one of our Irish exchanges we  
found a description of the departure  
of a number of Irish Postulants for  
the field of their future mission in  
Texas. We had intended giving a  
summary of the article; but on re-  
flection, we find it so touchingly  
beautiful, so admirable in every ac-  
ception of the term, that we have  
concluded to give it in its entirety,  
and we feel that our readers will be  
grateful to us for so doing. It is as  
follows:

"Nigh 1,300 years ago there was  
witnessed outside of Henry's walls a  
scene that has been re-enacted in Ire-  
land year after year, century after  
century. There was then seen a frail  
barque carrying away from the dear  
old land a noble band of missionar-  
ies to far-off Iona. That was among  
the first departures of our people in  
their apostolic career to teach the  
nations. The last was witnessed on  
October 15, at Queenstown, when  
Sister Benedict with her twenty-nine  
young postulants embarked on that  
beautifully equipped ship the Etruria,  
en route to San Antonio, Texas.

"Sister Benedict, who is a native  
of the county Carlow, belongs to the  
Order of Divine Providence, which is  
one of the great teaching Orders in  
the United States, and which has a  
large community, with about forty-  
branch houses in Texas and Louisi-  
ana, all being subject to the mother-  
house in San Antonio. This Order  
has under its management large aca-  
demies or boarding schools, pension  
schools, parochial and public schools.  
The genial, energetic, and enterpris-  
ing Mother Florence, the Mother-  
General of the Order in America is  
eager to make new foundations, and  
hence the need of more Sisters. Com-  
missioned by her Mother-General and  
blessed by her Bishop, Dr. Forrest,  
Sister Benedict came back to Ire-  
land last July in search of postu-  
lants for her Order. Though conscious  
of her heavy responsibility, she glad-  
ly came to the Emerald Isle from the  
Lone Star State, and re-visited the  
scenes of her thrice-happy childhood,  
and beheld again the once familiar  
faces of the loved ones at home,  
and knelt over the grass-grown  
graves of friends now no more. She  
travelled through the most of Ire-  
land seeking postulants, and received  
everywhere the greatest kindness,  
courtesy and hospitality from our  
Irish priests and sisters. She wishes  
to thank in a special way the St.  
John of God, the Brigidine, the Mercy  
Sisters for their hospitality to her  
whilst travelling, and also for afford-  
ing her every facility and assistance  
to secure suitable postulants.

"The result of her visit was that  
she secured twenty-nine devoted,  
holy, and self-sacrificing young lad-  
ies, who freely volunteered to devote  
all the energies of their souls and

bodies to promote the glory of God  
and spread and foster our holy re-  
ligion under the American flag. These  
young ladies hail from different Irish  
Counties—from Carlow, Kilkenny,  
Galway, Fermanagh, Clare, Kerry,  
and Leitrim.

"The scene that has been so often  
witnessed in Ireland was seen as  
these young ladies bade a last adieu  
to their loved ones at home—the  
scene of the departure of the Irish  
youth from fond and loving parents,  
from affectionate brothers and sisters,  
from home and fatherland. To wit-  
ness it is to have it indelibly impressed  
on the memory and deeply engraved  
on the heart. It is full of real pathos.  
It would warm the coldest heart to  
affection, and bedew the hardest face  
with a gentle tear, to see the Irish  
mother bid a last farewell to the  
child of her bosom. Unlike the case  
of the ordinary Irish emigrant, it  
was not want nor the fear of want  
that made these dear girls voluntary  
exiles. No; it was the charity of  
Christ which urged them to go and  
spend and re-spend themselves for  
their brethren, to labor in America,  
where such an abundant harvest of  
souls might be secured for God only  
that the reapers are so few. Joy fil-  
led their innocent and happy souls  
as they arrived at Queenstown, be-  
cause they realized that then at  
length they were about to do some-  
thing great for God, something that  
the Recording Angel would write in  
letters of gold in the Book of Life.  
Oh, could the transport last!

Joy so seldom weaves a chain  
Like this to-night that oh! 'tis  
pain  
To break its links so soon.

But the morrow came when they  
were to take their last glimpse of  
Erin, as a sickly sun strove to shine  
through the broken, fleecy clouds.  
They were towed to the Etruria. As  
soon as there came a lull in the bus-  
tle of the boarding operations they  
grew pensive and sad. The softened  
remembrances of home and friends  
and of happy childhood in holy Ire-  
land gradually dispelled the heart-  
beaming smile that hitherto lit up  
their serene and happy faces. The  
gangway falls—the last connection  
with the land of their birth was  
broken; the Etruria is under weigh;  
and above the puddle's splash and the  
seaman's hurried step and the hissing  
rush of the Atlantic's waves, there  
might be heard the gentle wail of  
the Irish emigrant, the half-suppres-  
sed sob that told of commendable ef-  
fection for the old folks at home. With  
tear-bedimmed eyes they bade a leav-  
ing adieu to the shores of poor Ire-  
land, and their sadness soon turned  
to joy as they looked towards the New  
World. There was not the gloomy  
sadness and despair that oppresses  
the ordinary Irish emigrant's heart,

for the joyful hope inspired by their  
bountiful Master's promise of the end-  
less reward soon drove away their  
transient grief. Conscious that  
they have chosen the better part,  
with the calm courage and buoyant  
hopes of true missionaries they  
watched the shores of Ireland