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THE FAMINE IN THE LAND.

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Death reapeth in the fields of Life, and we cannot count the corpses :  
Black and fast before our eyes march the biers and hearses ;  
In loneways, and in highways, the stark skeletons are lying,  
And daily unto Heaven their living kin are crying—

“ Must the slave die for the tyrant—the sufferer for the sin—  
And a wide inhuman desert be, where Ireland has been ?  
Must the billows of oblivion over all our hills be rolled,  
And our land be blotted out, like the accursed lands of old ? ”

Oh ! hear it, friends of France ! hear it, our cousin Spain !  
Hear it, our kindly kith and kin across the western main—  
Hear it, ye sons of Italy—let Turk and Russian hear it—  
Hear Ireland's sentence register'd, and see how ye can bear it !  
Our speech must be unspoken, our rights must be forgot ;  
Our land must be forsaken, submission is our lot—  
We are beggars, we are cravens, and vengeful England feels  
Us at her feet, and tramples us with both her iron heels.

These the brethren of Gonsalvo ! these the cousins of the Cid !  
They are Spaniards and not Spaniards, born but to be *bid*—  
They of the Celtic war-race who made the storied rally  
Against the Teuton lances in the lists of Roncesvalles !  
They, kindred to the mariner, whose soul's sublime devotion  
Led his caravel like a star to a new world through the Ocean.

No ! no ! they were begotten by fathers in their chains,  
Whose valiant blood refused to flow along the vassal veins.

Ho ! ho ! the devils are merry in the farthest vaults of night,  
This England so out-Lucifers the prime arch-hypocrite ;  
Friend of Peace, and friend of Freedom—yea, divine Religion's friend,  
She is feeding on our hearts like a sateless nether fiend !

Ho ! ho ! for the vultures are black on the four winds ;  
No purveyor like England that foul camp-follower finds ;  
Do you not mark them flitting between you and the sun ?  
They are come to reap the booty, for the battle has been won.

Lo ! what other shape is this, self-poised in upper air,  
With wings like trailing comets, and face darker than despair ?  
See ! see ! the bright sun sickens into saffron in its shade,  
And the poles are shaken at their ends, infected and afraid—

'Tis the Spirit of the Plague, and round and round the shore  
It circles on its course, shedding bane for evermore ;  
And the slave falls for the tyrant, and the sufferer for the sin,  
And a wild inhuman desert is, where Ireland has been.

'Twas a vision—'tis a fable—I did but tell my dream—  
Yet twice, yea thrice, I saw it, and still it seem'd the same ;

Ah ! my soul is with this darkness nightly, daily overcast,  
And I fear me, God permitting, it may fall out true at last ;  
God permitting, man decreeing ! What, and shall man so will,