



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, APRIL, 1880.

No. 6.

A MALEDICTION.

BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

I.

"My native land! how does it fare
 Since last I saw its shore?"
 "Alas! alas! my exiled trère,
 It aileth more and more.
 God curse the knaves who yearly steal
 The produce of its plains;
 Who for the poor man never feel,
 Yet gorge on labor's gains!

II.

"We both can well recall the time
 When Ireland yet was gay;
 It needed then no wayside sign
 To show us where to stay.
 A stranger sat by ev'ry hearth,
 At ev'ry board he fed;
 It was a work of maiden mirth
 To make the wanderer's bed.

III.

"Tis altered times: at every turn
 A shiftless gang you meet;
 The hutless peasants starve and mourn,
 Camp'd starkly in the street.
 The warm old homes that we have known
 Went down like ships at sea;
 The gateless pier, the cold hearth-stone,
 Their sole memorials be.

IV.

"We two are old in years and woes,
 And Age has powers to dread;
 And now, before our eyes we close,
 Our malison be said:
 The curse of two gray-headed men
 Be on the cruel crew*
 Who've made our land a wild beast's den—
 And God's curse on them, too."

* Meaning the "exterminating" landlords.

THE D'ALTONS OF CRAG.

AN IRISH STORY OF '48 AND '49.

BY VERY REV. R. B. O'BRIEN, D. D.,
 DEAN OF LIMERICK,

Author of "Alley Moore," "Jack Hazlitt," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. BARING'S DIFFICULTIES GROW THICKER.—"AN OLD FOLLOWER OF THE FAMILY MAKES SOME SUGGESTIONS TO HIM."

MR. BARING'S difficulties grew and grew, until the sunshine looked dark, and, among men, he felt like one in an enemy's country. He became more and more moody and reckless, because excitement became every day a greater excitement. He had exhausted Cunnocn's endurance and liberality—Cunnocn himself used to say he had exhausted his means—and yet the more he needed economy, the more he plunged into hazards and projects and multiplied losses, until to "get more" or to face ruin became an inevitable alternative.

One night, Baring came home late, and in a mood which boded a wakeful night and a miserable morning. He seized a light in the hall, and made for his apartment, which boasted two rush-bottom chairs, a deal table on which a crippled mirror was falling in two, and a four-posted stretcher not over luxuriously provided with either mattress or bed-covering. The room was about twelve feet square, and the window of it looked over at the stables.