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ILLUMINATION FOR VICTORIES IN MEXICO.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD

Light up thy homes, Columbia,
For those chivalric men
Who bear to scenes of warlike strife
Thy conquering arms again ;
Where glorious victories, flash on flash,
Reveal their stormy way—
Resaca's, Palo Alto's fields,
The heights of Monterey !
They pile with thousands of thy loes
Buena Vista's plain—
With maids and wives, at Vera Cruz,
Swell high the list of slain !
They paint upon the Southern skies
The blaze of burning domes—
Their laurels dew with blood of babes ;
Light up, light up thy homes !
Light up your homes, oh fathers !
For those young hero bands
Whose march is still through vanquished towns,
And over conquered lands !
Whose valour, wild, impetuous,
In all its fiery glow,
Pours onward like a lava tide,
And sweeps away the foe !
For those whose dead brows glory crowns
On crimson couches sleeping ;
And for home-faces wan with grief,
And fond eyes dim with weeping ;
And for the soldier, poor, unknown,
Who battled madly brave,
Beneath a stranger soil to share
A shallow, crowded grave !
The statesman ye have honored long*
Is wrestling with despair—
Thick shadows from the wing of death
Are round him everywhere ;
For the crushing of that mighty heart,
The tears of weary nights,
For the bowing of that lofty head,
Gleam out your mocking lights !
Light up thy home, young mother !
Then gaze in pride and joy
Upon those fair and gentle girls,
That eagle-eyed young boy ;
And clasp thy darling little one
Yet closer to thy breast,
And be thy kisses on its lips
In yearning love impressed.
In yon beleaguered city
Were homes as sweet as thine,
There trembling mothers felt loved arms
In fear around them twine ;
The lad with brow of olive hue,
The babe like lily fair,
The maiden with her midnight eyes
And wealth of raven hair.
The booming shot, the murderous shell,
Crashed through the crumbling walls,
And filled with agony and death
Those sacred household halls !

*Henry Clay, who lost his son in the war.

Then, bleeding, crushed, and blackened, lay
The sister by the brother,
And the torn infant gasped and writhed
On the bosom of the mother !

Oh sisters, if ye have no tears
For fearful tales like these,
If the banners of the victors veil
The victim's agonies,
If ye lose the babe's and mother's cry
In the noisy roll of drums,
If your hearts with martial pride throb high,
Light up, light up your homes !

MEMOIR OF ADELE D., LATE AN INMATE OF THE MONTREAL MAGDELENE ASYLUM.

BY THE MATRON.

Adele D., the subject of this memoir, was born near the city of Montreal ; and, fearful to relate, at the tender age of fourteen years, was seduced by none other than her own uncle ! During the period of pregnancy, she was sent to entire strangers, in a distant village, in order to conceal the inhuman conduct of her destroyer. There her sufferings were extreme. • • • Being now a mother, she gazed on her little one with mingled feelings ; now writhing it had never been born, and now clinging to it as her all. Thus four months rolled slowly by, when the babe of poor Adele, without any previous intimation, was torn from her tender embrace, never to be seen by her again.

Soon after this painful circumstance, she was sent to the city, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of dress-making. I believe she was unaccompanied either by friend or relation. Having arrived in town, all was new. Delighted with the surrounding objects, the unthinking child passed from street to street, occasionally inquiring for a dress-maker. Wo to her that is alone when she falleth. She hath none to lift her up. The enemy of all righteousness, ever on the alert, spread his net for the feet of this poor child. Meeting a person, whom she took for a lady, and being encouraged by her apparent kindness, she told her errand to the city. The lady was a dress-maker, and just then in search of an apprentice. The unsuspecting girl followed her, as a sheep to the slaughter ; and knew not where she was, till given by this lady to a favourite friend in the shape of a gentleman ! For a year and a half, she continued the object of his lawless love, when he suddenly disappeared, and was seen by her no more. Another offer, however, was soon made, and accepted ; and another year spent, as the guilty companion of a new associate. Being abandoned by him also, she went another step farther down the valley of degradation, and became a common prostitute. Soon, however, her career was arrested by disease, and she was compelled to take refuge in the hospital, where she lay for some time. Being restored to a measure of health, she was again received to her old lodgings ; only, however, for a short season, for a second attack of her malady caused her re-admission into hospital, where her stay was protracted, and her cure but partial. Again she was discharged from the hospital, and again she sought the road to ruin. But health and strength failed, and her unhappy race was run. Being no longer able to earn the wages of unrighteousness, her cruel mistress had her moved to a back garret, where she lay on a dirty pallet of straw, frequently destitute of every necessary of life, save a jug of cold water. True, occasionally she was compelled to drink wine or brandy, but this was done with a view of not annoying the company by her moans and cough.

During this sad season, both soul and body were dreadfully dis-