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THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride,
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on thy lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye,
And the red was on thy lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day as bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words,
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here;
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest;
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, oh! they love the better far
The few our father sends
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Your's was the brave good heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength had gone,
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you for that same, Mary,
Though you can't hear me now.

I thank you for that patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it for my sake,
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;
Oh, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true;
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to,
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as far.

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile,
Where we sat side by side;
And the springing corn, and the bright May
morn,
When first you were my bride

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON'S OVERLAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

(From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.)

An overland journey to India is performed by sea, with the exception of the narrow Isthmus of Suez; but an overland journey round the world is a vastly different thing. In the latter, the traveller traverses three continents—Europe, Asia, and America—and crosses the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. But Sir George Simpson, in addition to this, paid a flying visit to the Sandwich Islands, in the middle of the North Pacific, and coasted along the opposite American shores for a distance of some 25 degrees. The idea of such a journey bewilders the imagination. The exploits of the circumnavigators seem nothing in comparison; and one feels disposed to place Sir George at the head of all adventurers of his class. But when we remember, as remember we must, the changed circumstances of the world even since the most recent of preceding expeditions—when we find that “our hero” traversed the two oceans by means of steam—that he found the savages of America tamed at least into submission—the murderers of Cook a comparatively civilised and somewhat luxurious people—and the deserts of Siberia the track of a regular commerce—our surprise diminishes, while our interest increases. In fact, we know of no book more suggestive than the one before us of proud and elevating thoughts—more conclusive, when taken as a whole, of the rapid advancement of mankind in their glorious but indefinite career.

Sir George, accompanied by some other gentlemen connected with the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, left Liverpool on the 4th of March, 1841, and on the 20th arrived at Boston. From Montreal he embarked on the St. Lawrence in light canoes, with the Earls of Caledon and Mulgrave, who visited the wilds of America to enjoy the amusement of hunting. The nature of this part of the route may be collected from the following picturesque description: “To begin with the most important part of our proceedings—the business of encamping for our brief night—we selected, about sunset, some dry and tolerably clear spot; and immediately on landing, the sound of the axe would be ringing through the woods, as the men were felling whole trees for our fires, and preparing, if necessary, a space for our tents. In less than ten minutes, our three lodges would be pitched, each with such a blaze in front, as virtually imparted a new sense of enjoyment to all the young campaigners, while through the crackling flames were to be seen the requisite number of pots and kettles for our supper. Our beds were next laid, consisting of an oil-cloth spread on the bare earth, with three blankets and a pillow, and, when occasion demanded, with cloaks and greatcoats at discretion; and whether the wind howled or the rain poured, our pavilions of canvas formed a safe barrier against the weather. While part of our crews, comprising all the landsmen, were doing duty as stokers, and cooks, and architects, and chambermaids, the more experienced voyageurs, after unloading the canoes, had drawn them on the beach with their bottoms upwards to inspect, and, if needful, to renovate, the stitching and the gumming; and as the little vessels were made to incline on one side to windward, each with a roaring fire to leeward, the crews, every man in his own single blanket, managed to set wind, and rain, and cold at defiance, almost as effectually as ourselves.

“Weather permitting, our slumbers would be broken about one in the morning by the cry of “Lève, lève, lève!” In five minutes—wo to the inmates that were slow in dressing!—the tents were tumbling about our ears; and within half an hour the camp would be raised, the canoes laden, and the paddles keeping time to some merry old song. About eight o'clock, a convenient place would be selected for breakfast, about three-quarters of an hour being allotted for the multifarious operations of unpacking and