

The following beautiful lines were written by Madame Guyon, while a prisoner in the Bastille of France. She was confined there and in other French prisons for ten years.

A little Bird I am.

Shut from the fields of air;  
And in my cage I sit and sing  
To him who placed me there;  
Well pleased a prisoner to be,  
*Because, my God, it pleases Thee!*

Nought have I else to do.

I sing the whole day long,  
And He, whom most I love to please,  
Doth listen to my song;  
He caught and bound my wandering wing,  
But still he bends to hear me sing.

'Thou hast an ear to hear;

A heart to love and bless,  
And though my notes were e'er so rude,  
'Thou would'st not hear the less;  
Because thou knowest as they fall,  
'That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round,

Abroad I cannot fly;  
But though my wing is closely bound,  
My heart's at liberty.  
My prison walls cannot control  
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

O, it is good to soar

These bars and bolts above,  
'To him whose purpose I adore,  
Whose providence I love;  
And in Thy mighty will to find  
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

## NEWS.

**AN AMERICAN "NOTION."**—We have now entered the iron region, and the huge masses of iron ore which block up the roads in every direction render the way still more precarious. We passed an abandoned iron furnace a short time ago, with its huge cupola cracked and rent in every direction. The abundance of iron utensils of different kinds is, at least, evidence that the proprietor did not labour altogether in vain. The far-famed iron mountain which has been showing us its lofty head, enveloped in the clear and frosty atmosphere all day, is at length at hand, and we are preparing to ascend. Our driver, a fresh one, assures us, as usual, that it is more than our necks are worth to ride up its steep, rugged, and slippery sides, so we must, *per force*, walk up. Several thousand cords of wood, cut upon the lands of that easy and accommodating old gentleman, Uncle Sam, show that the celebrated Iron Mountain Company, about which so much has been said and sung, have at length commenced operations. Whenever a really useful operation is started in this country, how natural is it to divest it of its utility, and envelope it in such a fog of romance and nonsense, that one can scarcely decide whether it is worthy of attention or not. Here was a company started for the ostensible purpose of purchasing the iron mountain (which they did), and of erecting furnaces, &c., for the manufacture of that most useful matter therefrom. Instead, however, of going to work and *doing* the latter, they founded an immense city at the mount, called Iron Mount City, commenced a railroad to the Mississippi river, and founded another city there, called after the mighty river, and intended to vie with it in magnitude. Charts, plans, and maps in abundance were made, beautifully painted and drawn off, with hundreds of steamers making for Mississippi city, and thousands of railway cars running from Iron Mount City; and all this before a pound of iron or even the furnaces had been made! Ten years have elapsed, and still the gigantic trees which nature placed there are the only improvements made in these (to be) great cities, and the company has just begun to put their shoulder to the wheel in a common sense way.—*The Critic*. Art. *A Journey down the Mississippi in 1845-6*.

**RAILWAY TRAVELLING.**—It is worthy remark now, already, after only about ten years trial, that railroads are surpassing all previous calculation. The last week's accounts shows one company—the Birmingham—in the receipt of more than £40,000 in seven days, or at the rate of about two millions per annum. This same company is now contemplating the addition of two new rails, from London to Birmingham, so as to allow four rails to pass and re-pass each other without

danger. The speed, also, now seriously attempted, is equally beyond all ideas entertained seven years since. An engine has lately been placed on the Great Western line which carried the directors to Bristol, a distance of 118½ miles, in two hours and fourteen minutes. And it is shown that, by employing a like speed, of about sixty miles per hour—which is practicable—passengers will be able to go from London to Edinburgh, dine, do business, and return in the same day, *i.e.*, between six in the morning and ten at night. As might be anticipated, the increase in the number of travellers is prodigious. The five railways which enter Manchester, carried into, or out of that town, in the course of the Whitsun week, no fewer than 395,000 passengers. The subject is worthy of the most serious attention of the Christian philanthropist. It has, like everything else, its good and its evil points. We perceive, by the daily journals, that during the Whitsun week, the London theatres were almost deserted. And we know that nothing is more common among the London mechanics, than to retrench in drink and other like enjoyments, in order to acquire means for a week's trip to Paris.—*Record*.

**IBRAHIM PACHA IN THE WHALE'S BELLY.**—On Monday week an amusing incident occurred during the Pacha's peregrinations round Birmingham. There happens to be at this moment in Birmingham the skeleton of a large whale on view, at the price of a penny a-head. Ibrahim saw the long line of caravans in which the animal is contained, and he paid it an impromptu visit. The showman received his Highness at the door, and conducted him with all gravity into the whale's belly, where he suddenly slipped away and could not be found. The official conductors of the Prince were wholly at a loss either to explain the different parts of the huge creature, or to show him the way out again, and a search for the showman was instituted, when he was discovered outside his caravan, beating a large gong and blowing a trumpet, bawling at the top of his lungs, when not occupied with his musical instrument—"Now's your time, ladies and gentlemen, walk up, walk up—Ibrahim, King of Egypt, and all his officers, are at this moment in my whale's belly, and they can't find their way out without me." The fellow's ingenious device (for he doubled his charge at once) brought so large a crowd together that the Pacha and his attendants were fain to make their exit at the whale's vent, as the ordinary entrance was too much blocked up for him to be able with convenience to escape as he had come in.—*English Paper*.

**EXPECTED CONVULSION IN EUROPE.**—The *Times*, referring to the present state of Europe, apprehends, at no distant day, a great convulsion. In its foreign summary it remarks:—"The evidence that the elements of a coming, though possibly distant, storm exist on the continent is pressed upon us in nearly every letter we receive from France, Italy, or Germany. Of the state of Spain and Portugal, our readers require not now to be informed. The condition of Switzerland would be deemed alarming if anything done by the mountebanks at the head of the movements in the cantons could appear important. Throughout Germany a ferment prevails, the profundity of which is not appreciated by the governments of the various states of which the confederation is composed. The Italian peninsula, from north to south, is notoriously agitated. Lombardy and the Legations are even represented as ripe for revolt the moment when Austria shall have occupation elsewhere. To Poland it is unnecessary to refer. 'It is not,' says one of our private letters, 'the force of Russia, the strength of her armies, the depth of her intrigue, or the unbounded character of her ambition, nor the power and the absolutism of Austria and Prussia, nor the selfish views of France, supported by vast military force—it is not any or all of these that menace peace and order—it is the progress.'

**RIPPING OPEN NEGROES.**—Senor Geronimo Paéz director of a Brazilian diamond mine, having reason to suspect a negro for stealing diamonds ordered him to be ripped open, when a magnificent rose diamond was found in his intestines. Encouraged by the success of this first experiment, he ordered it to be tried on the second, third, and fourth suspected negro, but in each case the victims were innocent, no diamonds were found. This result, however, did not check Senor Paéz, who repeated this atrocious act upon two more negroes, but unsuccessfully. His conduct at last reached the ears of the proprietors of the mine, by whom he was summoned before the tribunal of Villa Bella. By the judgement delivered on the 25th Feb. last, we learn that Paéz was ordered to pay Senores Cifuentes and Co., the lessees, of the mines of Brassala, a sum of 2,500 piasters as the value of the five negroes of whom he had deprived the company by putting them to death, without any utility. No order was made for the first negro, as his death was for the benefit of the owners! For the crime, no proceedings had been taken.

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