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STANZAS.

"The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord, but the prayer of the upright is his delight."—Prov. xv.

"Whatever passes as a cloud between
The mental eye of Faith, and things unseen,
Causing that brighter world to disappear,
Or seem less lovely, and its hopes less dear;
This is our world, our idol, though it bear
Affection's impress, or devotion's air."

Alas, how many a fading thing
Our Heavenly prospects blight,
Yet o'er a worshipp'd idol fling,
A robe of borrow'd light!

Alas, how many a passing cloud,
Of dark or gorgeous hue,
Our brightest hopes awhile beshroud,
And intercept our view!

If passion's poisonous tendrils cling
Around the yielding heart,—
Yet oh, what tears from it they wring,
What bitterness impart!

If love should there a throne obtain,
Or wealth, or pride, or power,
Or anxious cares its empire gain,
What misery their dower!

Let not an evil passion cling,
Or hold possession there,
Or else how vain its offering,
What mockery its prayer!

Oh, Saviour, Thou, and only Thou,
Can'st mould us to Thy will;
Submissive to that will we bow,
Oh purify us still!

The flesh is sinful, but the soul
Would spurn its heavy chain;
Do Thou, oh Lord, subdue, control
Thoughts that would leave a stain!

Though sin hath set its hateful seal
On all we think and do,
We bless thee, Lord, that we can feel
We bear Thy impress too.

Pure essence! that can thus refine
Such utter worthlessness:
Bright spark! that can through darkness shine
And our weak efforts bless.

Oh may that spark of heavenly flame
To kindred light aspire,
To animate the drooping frame,
And kindle pure desire!

Though sin may mar each bright design,
And dim its loveliness,—
Oh, shall it tempt us to resign
Our hope of happiness?

Away, ye earthly cares, away,
Hope smiles and points above,
But ye would still obstruct my way,
And shroud my Saviour's love.

Behold his star, how calm, serene,
How beautifully clear:
Why should ye darkly intervene
To dim its atmosphere?

CONFESSION OF A MURDERER.

(The following is the confession of Andrew Howard, recently executed in New England; it will be found instructive.)

This being the last Sunday, and almost the last day previous to the time set for my execution, and now giving up all hopes of a pardon or a reprieve, and being satisfied that it can now do me no good, any longer to deny the crime for which I have been condemned, I have concluded that it cannot now hurt me to make a full confession of my guilt, and I do so the more willingly, because I believe it may deter others from committing crimes which may lead them to an end like mine.

I had long supposed Phebe Hanson and her brother Jacob had a large sum of money hid away in their house, and I became satisfied such was the case when I worked for Jacob in 1842 and '43. Jacob swore at my trial that he did not recollect ever taking money from any other place except his pocket when I was near, but I remember very well seeing him a great many times go to his chest and to other places in the house and put away, and take sums of money and count them. Just before he paid me for my work in 1844, I saw him go to his chest and put what I supposed was a great deal of money, and the thought struck me that I might get it very easily, and I resolved that I would do it some way or other very soon.

On the morning of the 19th of September, 1843, feeling half-crazy from the effects of drinking a great deal of rum the day before, I determined I would get Jacob's money that day, and knowing it was the day of general muster at Barrington, and that all the people in Meader borough would be away from home, I supposed I could do it without being found out.

I took my gun and a bottle of liquor, and started for Jacob Hanson's, distant from my house about ten miles. I started from my house early in the morning, and leaving the main road travelled through the woods and on the cross roads, lest I should be seen by some one who knew me. I was conscious that I was about to commit an unlawful act, that I was about to take the life of a feeble and unoffending woman, who had never injured me in any way, but had frequently acted the part of a kind mother towards me, and oftentimes on the point of abandoning the idea of murdering her, and of returning home, when the cursed thought of the large sum of money which Phebe had with her, and the ease with which I could then obtain it, rushed into my already half-crazed brain, impelled me to commit a crime, the perpetration of which I should have shrunk from in my sober moments with horror.

After having wandered through fields, and woods, and cross roads, and having partaken freely of the contents of the bottle with which I had provided myself previously on leaving home, I arrived at the house of Jacob Hanson between eleven and twelve o'clock A.M., ready for the commission of any crime. In fact, so freely had I drunk that morning I hardly knew what I was doing.

I found Phebe Hanson alone in the kitchen preparing for dinner. She asked me how I did, and if I had been to Barrington to muster. I told her I had not been, but that I should go in the afternoon. I then asked her to give me some cider; she did, which I immediately drank. I then asked her to give me some money; she refused, saying she had but little. I told her I knew she had a large sum in her trunk, which she kept in the other room, and that I would have some of it.

I went through the entry into the room where the trunk was. She followed me. I told her not to come, for I would have the