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THE  
**PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE,**  
AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1846.

No. 12

**A CHRISTIAN SLAVE SOLD AT AUCTION.**

BY WHITTIER.

A Christian! going, gone!  
Who bids for God's own image?—for His Grace  
Which that poor victim of the market place  
Hath in her suffering won?

My God! can such things be?  
Hast thou not said that whatsoever is done  
Unto thy weakest and thy humblest one  
Is even done to thee.

Grave, reverend men shall tell  
From Northern pulpits how their work was blest  
While in that vile South Sodom, first and best,  
Thy poor disciples sell!

God of all right! how long  
Shall priestly robbers at thine altar stand,  
Lifting in prayer to Thee the bloody hand,  
And haughty brow of wrong?

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,  
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry;  
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,  
How long—OH GOD—HOW LONG!

**THE GRAND DUKE AND THE JEW.**

The following singular story, which was current among the English residents in St. Petersburg at the coronation of the present Emperor of Russia, has been narrated to us by a person newly arrived from that part of the continent:—

In the early part of the year 1826, an English gentleman, from Akmetch in the Crimea, having occasion to travel to France on business of importance, directed his course by way of Warsaw in Poland. About an hour after his arrival in that city, he quitted the tavern in which he had been taking a refreshment, to take a walk through the streets. While sauntering in front of one of the public buildings, he met an elderly gentleman of a grave aspect and courteous demeanour. After mutual exchange of civilities they got into conversation, during which, with the characteristic frankness of an Englishman, he told the stranger who he was, where from, and whither he was going. The other, in the most friendly manner, invited him to share the hospitalities of his house till such time as he found it convenient to resume his journey—adding, with a smile, that it was not improbable that he might visit the Crimea himself in the course of that year, when, perhaps, he might require a similar return; the invitation was accepted, and he was conducted to a splendid mansion, elegant without and commodious within.

Unbounded liberality on the part of the Pole, produced confidence on the part of the Englishman. The latter had a small box of jewels of great value, which he had carried about his person from the time of his leaving home.—Finding that mode of conveyance both hazardous and inconvenient in a town, he requested his munificent host to deposit it in a place of security till he should be ready to go away. At the expiration of three days he prepared for his departure, and in asking for his box, how was he amazed when the old gentleman, with a countenance exhibiting the utmost surprise, replied,

“What box?”

“Why, the small box of jewels which I gave to you to keep for me.”

“My dear sir, you must surely be mistaken; I never, really, saw or heard of such a box.”

The Englishman was petrified. After recovering himself a

little, he requested he would call his wife, she having been present when he received it. She came and on being questioned, answered in exact unison with her husband—expressed the same surprise—and benevolently endeavoured to persuade her distracted guest that it was a mere hallucination. With mingled feelings of horror, astonishment and despair, he walked out of the house and went to the tavern at which he had put up on his arrival at Warsaw. There he related his mysterious story, and learned that his iniquitous host was the richest Jew in Poland. He was advised without delay, to state the case to the grand duke, who fortunately happened at that time to be in Warsaw.

He accordingly waited upon him, and with little ceremony was admitted to an audience. He briefly laid down his case and Constantine, “with a greedy ear devoured up his discourse.” Constantine expressed his astonishment—told him he knew the Jew, having had extensive money transactions with him—that he had always been respectable, and of an unblemished character. “However,” he added, “I will use every legitimate means to unveil the mystery.” So saying, he called on some gentlemen who were to dine with him that day, and despatched a messenger with a note to the Jew, requesting his presence. Aaron obeyed the summons.

“Have you no recollection of having received a box of jewels from the hand of this gentleman?” said the duke.

“Never, my lord,” was the reply.

“Strange, indeed. Are you perfectly conscious,” turning to the Englishman, “that you gave the box as stated?”

“Quite certain, my lord.”

Then addressing himself to the Jew—“This is a very singular case, and I feel it my duty to use singular means to ascertain the truth. Is your wife at home?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Then,” continued Constantine, “there is a sheet of paper, and here is a pen; proceed to write a note to your wife in such terms as I shall dictate.”

Aaron lifted the pen.

“Now,” said the second Solomon, “commence by saying—All is discovered! There is no resource left but to deliver up the box. I have owned the fact in the presence of the grand duke.”

A tremor shook the frame of the Israelite, and the pen dropped from his fingers. But instantly recovering himself, he exclaimed—

“That is impossible, my lord. That would be directly implicating myself.”

“I give you my word and honour,” said Constantine, “in presence of every one in the room, that what you write shall never be used as an instrument against you, further than the effect it produces on your wife. If you are innocent you have nothing to fear—but if you persist in not writing it, I will hold it as a proof of your guilt.”

With a trembling hand the terrified Jew wrote out the note, folded it up, and as he was desired, sealed it with his own signet. Two officers were despatched with it to his house, and when Sarah glanced over its contents, she swooned and sunk to the ground. The box was delivered up and restored to its owner—and the Jew suffered the punishment his villany deserved. He was sent to Siberia.

**THE SLAVE-TRADE OF THE GREAT DESERT.**

Among the many manifestations of Christian philanthropy in the present day, there is perhaps none more admirable and extraordinary than the expedition of Mr. James Richardson into the interior of Africa, by the route of the Great Desert, in order to ascertain the extent and character of the slave-trade there carried on, with a view to subsequent intelligent efforts for its abolition on the part of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. This, though the most important, is not the first service rendered to the