

Mr Hancock

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THE SONG OF STEAM.

BY G. W. CUTTER.

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight,
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.
When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;
When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the courier dove,
As they bore the law a King decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripp'd afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car,
Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last,
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with thunder blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and the ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind nor tide.
Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountains steep decline,
Tim—space—have yielded to my power—
The world, the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the orient floods divine.
The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling at my voice;
I carry the wealth and the lords of earth,
The thoughts of god-like mind;
The wind lags after my flying forth,
The lightning is left behind.
In darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.
I blow the bellows, I forge the steel
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel,
Where my arms of strength are made;

I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print,
On Saturday every eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT VOLCANOES OF HAWAII, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

(From Correspondence of New-York Evangelist.)

I have written first impressions of the great Hawaiian volcano, such as it appeared when it was my privilege to view its remarkable phenomena. But these phenomena are ever-varying, so that no two visitors ever found them alike, or the aspect of the crater unchanged at two several visits. At the time I saw it, its fires were uncommonly low and quiescent, and the crater almost supernaturally still. Thus my companion, who had been there twice before within the last two years, had never observed so little activity as now. And the changes he found and pointed out as we passed along in the bed of the crater, are very great. Many huge cones that a year ago were labouring with unearthly throes and groanings, and now and then projecting from their top smoke, and steam, and liquid lava, with terrific detonations, have entirely vanished, and the places where they stood are hardened and smooth.

The hissing of steam, the roaring as of mighty fires, and the sound of the lake, like the noise of many waters, were then distinctly heard from the tops of the cliffs, and streams of bright lava were seen falling and flowing between the labouring cones. Now there was an entire absence of those appalling noises, and suppressed struggles, and inward mutterings of agony and wrath, as of immense power writhing under chains and darkness, which almost all visitors will tell you of. Neither did we hear any of those underground explosions which are said sometimes to reverberate from end to end of the crater, and shake even its massive walls. Such an explosion occurred in the night while Mr. Stewart and the English naval commander Byron, were on a visit to the volcano in 1825. An account of it is given in the popular volume entitled "Journal of a Residence in the Sandwich Islands, by C. S. Stewart," page 307. The tumult and tremour awakening them, and springing from their sleeping-places, they "saw a dense column of heavy black smoke rising from the crater directly in front. The subterranean struggle ceased, and immediately after flames burst from a large cone near where we had been in the morning, and which then appeared to have been long inactive. Red-hot stones, cinders and ashes, were also propelled to a great height with immense violence, and shortly after the molten lava came boiling up, and flowed down the sides of the cone, and over the surrounding scoria, in two beautiful curved streams, glittering with indelible brilliance. At the same time a whole lake of fire opened in a more distant part, which could not have been less than two miles in circumference. Its surface had all the agitation of an ocean—billow after billow tossed its monstrous bosom in the air, and crested and broke in sheets and spray of fire, like heavy rollers sweeping over a reef to the shore, and occasionally burst with such violence as in the concussion to dash the fiery spray forty and fifty feet high."