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## THE FATHER IS COMING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The clock is on the stroke of six,  
The father's work is done;  
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,  
And put the kettle on!  
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,  
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,  
He's stronger than the storm;  
He does not feel the cold, not he,  
His heart it is so warm.  
For father's heart is stout and true  
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light;  
Would all men were the same,  
So ready to be pleased, so kind,  
So very slow to blame!  
Folks need not be unkind, austere,  
For love hath reader will than fear!

And we'll do all that father likes,  
His wishes are so few;  
Would they were more—that every hour  
Some wish of his I knew!  
I'm sure it makes a happy day  
When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming, by this sign,  
That baby's almost wild;  
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares,  
Heaven bless the merry child!  
His father's self in face and limb,  
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now—  
He's through the garden gate;  
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,  
And do not let him wait!  
Shout, baby, shout, and clap thy hands  
For father on the threshold stands!

## SIR GEORGE SIMPSON'S OVERLAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

(Continued from Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.)

'The Aleutian islands are now far less valuable than they once were. The human inhabitants hardly muster one to ten of their early numbers, having been thinned, and thinned, and thinned again—for here there is no mystery in the case—by hardships and oppression. They were ground down through the instrumentality of the natural wealth of their country; they experienced the same curse in their fur-seal and their sea-otter, as the Hawaiians in their sandal-wood, and the Indians of Spanish America, in their mines of silver. To hunt was their task; to be drowned, or starved, or exhausted, was their reward. Even now, under better auspices, and more humane management, the Aleutians are, in every respect, servants of the Russian-American Company, acting as labourers at the establishments, and as hunters throughout the whole country from Behring's Straits to California; while they almost entirely feed and clothe themselves without obtaining supplies.' Nor is Kamschatka better off. 'The favourite maxim of most of the public officers, great and small, in Siberia, is, that "God is high, and the emperor far off;" and of this watchword the

Kamschatkales are sure, from their unfortunate place on the map, to enjoy the fullest benefit." So far from making a profit by this oppression, the emperor loses; paying five thousand rubles a year beyond the amount of the local revenue to the persons who take the trouble of plundering his subjects.

'The sea of Ochotsk, is completely land-locked, being in this respect, as well as in size and general situation, not unlike Hudson's Bay. The waters are shallow, not exceeding about fifty miles from land, an equal number of fathoms; and rarely given, even in the centre, above four times the depth just mentioned.' The population of the town of Ochotsk, 'is about eight hundred souls,' though forty years ago, it amounted, according to Langsdorff's estimate, to about two thousand. 'The diminution is ascribed, and with great appearance of truth, to the circumstance, that the town has since then been supplanted as a penal colony by the mines—a change which the neighbourhood had no reason to regret; for the convicts, always the worst of their class, were continually escaping, to prey on the public, like so many wild beasts. A more dreary scene can scarcely be conceived. Not a tree, and hardly even a green blade, is to be seen within miles of the town; and in the midst of the disorderly collection of huts is a stagnant marsh, which, unless when frozen, must be a nursery of all sorts of malaria and pestilence. The climate is at least on a par with the soil. Summer consists of three months of damp and chilly weather, during great part of which the snow still covers the hills, and the ice chokes the harbour; and this is succeeded by nine months of dreary winter, in which the cold, unlike that of more inland spots, is as raw as it is intense.' Sir George saw little of the people of this dreary place. In summer, if the weather be fine, a dread of the noxious vapours of the marsh keeps them at home; and if the weather be not fine, then the rain and wind have the same effect. In winter, the cold of course is too severe for frequent exposure; although walking in snow-shoes a trifle of eighty or ninety miles a day, is esteemed a recreation by the gentlemen.

Leaving Ochotsk, they set forth in a caravan, under the guardianship of some of the Yakuti tribe, for Yakutask. 'If there is anything in earth or air more formidable to these poor fellows than a Cossack, it is the "Spirit of the Forest"—a personage invested, in their imagination, with almost unlimited power, whether for good or for evil. In the branches of the trees along the road were suspended numberless offerings of horse hair, the gift being probably selected as an emblem of what the giver valued most; the extemporaneous songs seemed to be dictated by the hope of conciliating the great unknown; and at supper, the first spoonful was invariably thrown into the fire, to purchase a sound sleep from the genius of the place. As every locality has its own elf, the Yakuti, when on a journey, have no respite—soothing one object of terror after another, and only multiplying their tormentors as they increase their speed.' On their way through this remote nook of Asia, they were constantly meeting with numerous travellers and rich caravans, although some such scene as the following occasionally reminded them that they were not exactly within the precincts of civilization:—'While crossing a point of woods, we were surprised to hear loud shouts from some party a-head of us. Our Yakuti, however, returned the cries, while our horses apparently as intelligent in the matter as their owners, grew very restive. To increase our perplexity, the fellows who had begun the commotion were now seen; still vociferating as loudly as ever, with a band of cattle scampering wildly before them; and our curiosity was soon tinged with fear, when we observed our attendants making ready their knives for some desperate work. We did not know what to make of all this, till at length we perceived a huge she bear and her cub making