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WE ARE SEVEN.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

— A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ?"
"How many ? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they ? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I,
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven — I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be ?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are a-cheer ;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then, ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sun-set, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid ;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If those two are in Heaven !"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master ! we are seven."

"But they are dead ; those two are dead !
Their Spirits are in Heaven !"
'Twas throwing words away : for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are Seven !"

THE POOR MAN'S FUNERAL.

BY GRAHAME.

You motley, sable-suited throng, that wait
Around the poor man's door, announce a tale
Of woe ; the husband, parent, is no more !
Contending with disease, he labour'd long,
By penury compell'd. Yielding at last
He laid him down to die ; but lingering on
From day to day, he from his sick-bed saw,
Heart-broken quite, his children's looks of wan
Veil'd in a clouded smile. Alas ! he heard
The elder, hesitatingly, attempt to still
The younger's plaint—languid he raised his head,
And thought he yet could toil—but sunk
Into the arms of death—the poor man's friend.—
The coffin is borne out ; the humble pomp
Moves slowly on ; the orphan mourner's hand—
Poor helpless child !—just reaches to the pall.
And now they pass into the field of graves,
And now around the narrow house they stand,
And view the plain black board sink from the sight.
Hollow the mansion of the dead resounds,
As falls each spadeful of the bone-mixed mould.
The turf is spread ; uncovered is each head,—
A last farewell : all turn their several ways,
Woe's me ! those tear-dim'd eyes, that sobbing breast,
Poor child ! thou thinkest of the kindly hand
That wont to lead thee home ; no more that hand
Shall aid thy feeble gait, or gently stroke
Thy little sun-bleached head and downy cheek.
But go ; a mother waits thy homeward steps ;
In vain her eyes dwell on the sacred page—
Her thoughts are in the grave ; 'tis thou alone,
Her first-born child, can'st rouse that statue gaze
Of woe profound. Haste to the widow'd arms ;
Look with thy father's look, speak with his voice,
And melt a heart that else will break with grief.

A VOYAGE FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO TRIESTE.

(From Dr. Baird's Letters.)

Venice Dec. 26, 1846.

A word in relation to my fellow travellers on this voyage. They were indeed of almost all nations that border on the Levant, or Mediterranean. In the first place, we had many Turks, as far as Gallipoli and Smyrna—some few of whom, such as merchants and military men, were well dressed and agreeable. But the masses were rough and outlandish enough in their dress and manners. The deck was covered with them.

The Greeks were next in number, with their *red caps*, their