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MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED.

BY MRS. ADDY.

"How much is expressed by the form of oriental benediction, 'May you die among your kindred.'"—*Greenwood.*

"May you die among your kindred;" may you rest your parting gaze
On the loved familiar faces of your young and happy days;
May the voices whose kind greeting to your infancy was dear
Pour lovingly, while life declines, their music in your ear.

"May you die among your kindred;" may the friends you love the best,
List to your fainting accents, and receive your last request,
Read your unuttered wishes, on your changeful features dwell,
And mingle sighs of sorrow with your faltering faint farewell,

"May you die among your kindred;" may your peaceful grave be made
In the quiet, cool recesses of the churchyard's hallowed shade;
There may your loved ones wander at the silent close of day,
Fair buds and fragrant blossoms on the verdant turf to lay.

'Tis a tender benediction; yet methinks it lacks the power
To cast a true serenity o'er life's last solemn hour.
Ye whom I love, I may not thus love's Christian part fulfil;
List while I ask for you a boon, more dear, more precious still.

So may you die, that though afar from all your cherished ties,
Though strangers hear your dying words and close your dying eyes,
Ye shall not know desertion, since your Saviour shall be near
To fill your fainting spirit with the "love that casts out fear."

So may you die, so willingly submit your soul to God,
That evermore your kindred, as they tread the path you trod,
May picture your existence on a far-off heavenly shore,
And speak of you as one not "lost," but only "gone before."

So may you die, that when your death to pious friends is known,
Each shall devoutly, meekly wish such lot may be their own;
Not heeding if you died in want, in exile, or in pain,
But feeling that you died in faith, and thus "to die is gain."

TO DELAWARE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Thrice welcome to thy sisters of the East,
To the brown tillers of a rocky home,
With spray-wet locks to Northern winds released,
And hardy feet o'erswept by ocean foam;
And welcome to the young nymphs of the West,
Whose harvest mantles, fringed with prairie bloom,
Trail in the sunset! Oh! redeemed and blest,
To the warm welcome of thy sisters come!

Let the weak chains which bind thee fall apart,
At the strong swell of thy awakened heart,
Broad Pennsylvania, down thy sail-white bay,
Shall give thee joy, and Jersey from her plains,
And the great lakes whose echoes, free alway,
Moaned never shoreward with the clank of chains,
Shall weave new sunbows in their tossing spray,
And with their waves keep cheerful holiday.

And smiling on thee through her mountain rains,
Vermont shall bless thee, and the Granite peaks
And vast Katahdin, o'er his woods, shall wear
Their snow crowns brighter in the cold, keen air.
And Massachusetts, with her rugged cheeks
O'errun with grateful tears, shall turn to thee,
When at thy impulse the electric wire
Shall tremble northward with its words of fire.

GLORY TO FREEDOM'S GOD! A SISTER STATE IS FREE!

THINK ERE YOU SPEAK.

Think ere you speak, for a word lightly spoken
Oft wakens a pang that has slumbered for years;
And mem'ry's repose, when once it is broken,
May turn a sweet smile into sadness and tears.
No pleasure can then chase the gloom from the mind,
Or recall the sweet smile that played on the cheek,
With the heart's deepest woe that word may be twin'd,
Then strike not the chord—but think ere you speak.

Think ere you speak, for a cold word may sever
The friendship of one time can never restore,
A blight may destroy the affection for ever,
And the bud that now blooms may blossom no more.
You cannot recall the word when 'tis spoken,
Although you may own it has caused you regret,
Still when the spell of affection is broken,
The heart may forgive, but it cannot forget.

CHARITY BOWERY.

BY MRS. CHILDS.

Inquiring one day for a washerwoman, I was referred to a coloured woman, in Lisperard street, by the name of Charity Bowery. I found her a person of uncommon intelligence, and great earnestness of manner.

In answer to my inquiries, she told me her history, which I will endeavour to relate precisely in her own words. Unfortunately, I cannot give the highly dramatic effect it received from her expressive intonations, and rapid variations of countenance.

With the exception of some changes of names, I repeat, with perfect accuracy, what she said, as follows.

"I am about sixty-five years old. I was born near Edenton, North Carolina. My master was very kind to his slaves. If an overseer whipped them, he turned him away. He used to whip them himself sometimes, with hickory switches as large as my little finger. My mother nursed all his children. She was reckoned a very good servant; and our mistress made it a point to give one of my mother's children to each of her own. I fell to the lot of Elizabeth, her second daughter. It was my business to wait upon her. O, my old mistress was a kind woman. She was all the same as a mother to poor Charity. If Charity wanted to learn to spin, she let her learn; if Charity wanted to learn to knit, she let her learn; if Charity wanted to learn to weave, she let her learn. I had a wedding when I was married; for mistress didn't like to have her people take up with one another, without any minister to marry them. When my dear good mistress died, she charged her children never to separate me and my husband; 'For,' said she, 'if ever there was a match made in heaven, it was Charity and her husband.' My husband was a nice good man; and mistress knew we set stores by one another. Her children promised they never would separate me from my husband and children. Indeed, they used to tell me they would never sell me at all; and I am sure they meant what they said. But my young master got into trouble. He used to come home and sit leaning his head on his hand by the hour together, without speaking to anybody. I see something was the matter; and I begged of him to tell me what made him look so worried. He told me he owed seventeen hundred dollars, that he could not pay; and he was afraid he should have to go to prison. I begged him to sell me and my children, rather than to go to jail. I see the tears come into his eyes. 'I don't know, Charity,' said he, 'I'll see what can be done. One thing you may feel easy about, I will never separate you from your husband and children, let what will come.'