

EARTH'S WEARY ONES.

Open the grave, the vaulted grave,
 For the weary ones of earth—
 They are pressing on, and their bosoms heave.
 For the morn of heavenly birth;
 They are pressing on, in the strength of power,
 And the pride of wealth—they wait the hour.

Ye may trace them in the hall of song,
 By the lamp's high flaming light,
 Where pipe and tabret their notes prolong,
 And jewels are sparkling bright.
 In the show of beauty, of mirth, and pride,
 Light down the mazy dance they glide;
 By the pallid cheek, 'neath the smiles they wear,
 And the smothered sigh, ye may trace them there.

They are deck'd in the ruby's ruddy glow,
 And wealth of the far down sea;
 And the diamond shines but to mock their woe,
 And proclaim the spirit free.
 But, alas! alas! for the fond hopes crushed
 For the ones of love in the dark tomb hushed,
 For affection changed and vows forgot—
 Nor gems, nor pearls, can that memory blot.

Raise ye the veil at the festal hour,
 From that fair unfurrowed brow—
 A bride!—but wo for the bridegroom's power—
 The grave ye may open now;
 From the glittering robes of royalty,
 Peers the broken heart through the sunken eye;
 And the wreath of fame crowns the weary band—
 'Mid the honoured crowd, the hopeless stand.

Ye may trace them in the house of prayer,
 On the lowly bended knee—
 With uplifted eye, and a brow of care—
 The burdened soul to free.
 Then open the grave—they are pressing on,
 In beauty and youth, but a visage wan;
 In festal halls—'neath the laurel's wave,
 They are weary of earth—open the grave!

A QUADROON GIRL.

She was a most lovely, clear-skinned quadroon girl. She could not have been twenty; tall and beautifully shaped. Her long coal-black tresses were dressed high on her head, which was bound round with the everlasting Madras handkerchief, in which pale blue was the prevailing colour; but it was elegantly adjusted, and did not come down far enough to shade the fine development of her majestic forehead—Pasta's, in *Semiramide*, was not more commanding. Her eyebrows were delicately arched, and sharply defined, and her eyes of jet were large and swimming; her nose had not utterly adorned its African origin, neither had her lips—but, notwithstanding, her countenance shone with all the beauty of expression so conspicuous in the Egyptian sphinx—Abyssinian, but most sweet—while her teeth were as the finest ivory, and her chin and throat, and bosom, as if her bust had been an antique statue of the rarest workmanship. The only ornaments she wore were two large virgin gold earrings, massive yellow hoops without any carving, but so heavy that they seemed to weigh down the small thin transparent ears which they perforated; and a broad black velvet band round her neck, to which was appended a large massive crucifix of the same metal. She also wore two broad bracelets of black velvet, clasped with gold. Her beautifully moulded form was scarcely veiled by a cambric *chanise*, with exceedingly

short sleeves, over which she wore a rose-coloured silk petticoat, short enough to display a finely formed foot and ankle, with a well selected pearl-white silk stocking, and a neat low-cut French black kid shoe. As for gown she had none. She wore a large sparkling diamond ring on her marriage finger.

WALTZING.

Time was—girls scarce could understand
 The pressure of the waltzer's hand,
 By slight advances gently placed
 Below the chin, above the waist,
 And many a virgin cheek had blush'd,
 And snowy breast with crimson flush'd,
 And prudish feeling then had sought,
 Perchance, to check some rising thought;
 But now, in "conscious virtue bold,"
 Belles can their stoic beaux unfold,
 And not a vein shall e'er betray
 The pulse in more than usual play;
 And beaux can scan the female form,
 As if 'twere not with life-blood warm—
 And clasp it too—indifferent grown,
 As though the beautiful thing were—stone!
 Oh! let the blind fanatic rage,
 This—this is surely virtue's age!

AN ENGLISH INN.

The wayside inns of staid Scotland will not bear comparison with those of merry England. There you see them smiling, with their trellised gables, low windows, and overhanging eaves all a-twitter with swallows, a little way off the road, behind a fine tree, palisaded in the front circle—

"In winter, shelter, and in summer, shade."

The porch is bloomy; and the privet hedge, running along the low wall, does not shut out a culinary garden, deficient neither in flowers nor in fruits, with a bower at the end of the main gravel-walk, where, at tea or toddy, in love or friendship, you may sit, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot;" or take an occasional peep at the various arrivals. Right opposite, on entering, you see the bar—and that pretty bar-maid, she is the landlord's daughter. "The parlour on the left, sir, if you please," says a silver voice, with a sweet southern—that is, English accent—so captivating to every Scotchman's ear—and before you have had time to read the pastoral poem on the paper that gives the parlour walls their cheerful character, the same pretty creature comes trippingly in with her smoothed hair comb-surmounted, and having placed you a chair, begins to wipe the table, already dustless as the mirror in which she takes a glance at her shadow, as you take a gaze on her substance; and having heard your sovereign will and pleasure expressed with all the respectful tenderness of a subject, retires with a curtsy—and leaves you stroking your chin, in a mood of undefinable satisfaction with her, with yourself, and with all the world.

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