

Shaded was her dream  
By the dusk curtains :—'twas a midnight charm  
Impossible to melt as iced stream :—

He took her hollow lute—  
Tumultuous—and, in chords that tenderest be,  
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,  
In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans mercy :"  
Close to her ear touching the melody :  
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan :  
He ceas'd—she panted quick—and suddenly  
Her blue allrighted eyes wide open shone :  
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,  
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep :  
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd  
The blisses of her dream, so pure and deep,  
At which fair Madeline began to weep,  
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh,  
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep ;  
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,  
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

" Ah, Porphyro !" said she, " but even now  
" Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,  
" Made tuneable with every sweetest vow ;  
" And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear :  
" How chang'd thou art ! how pallid, chill and drear !  
" Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,  
" Those looks immortal, those complainings dear !  
" Oh, leave me not in this eternal woe—  
" For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far,  
At these voluptuous accents he arose,  
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star,  
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose,  
Into his dream he melted, as the rose  
Blendeth its odour with the violet—  
Solution sweet : meantime the frost wind blows,  
Like Love's alarm pattering the sharp sleet  
Against the window-panes.

" Hark ! 'tis an elfin storm from fairy land,  
" Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed :  
" Arise—arise ! the morning is at hand—  
" Let us away, my love, with happy speed.

And they are gone : ay, ages long ago  
These lovers fled away into the storm.

On the 20th of February, 1749, Usher Cahagan, by birth a gentleman, and by education a scholar, perished at Tyburn. His attainments were elegant and superior ; he was the editor of Brindley's beautiful edition of the classics, and translated Pope's " Essay on Criticism" into Latin verse. Better grounded in learning than in principle, he concentrated liberal talents to the degrading selfishness of robbing the community of its coin by clipping. During his confinement, and hoping for pardon, he translated Pope's " Temple of Fame," and his " Messiah," into the same language, with a dedication to the Duke of Newcastle. To the same end, he addressed Prince George and the Recorder in poetic numbers. These efforts were of no avail. Two of his miserable confederates in crime were his companions in death. He suffered with a deeper guilt, because he had a higher knowledge than ignorant and unthinking criminals, to whom the polity of society, in its grounds and reasons, is unknown.

Accomplishments upon vice are as beautiful colours on a venomous reptile. Learning is a vain show, and knowledge mischievous, without the love of goodness, or the fear of evil. Children have fallen from careless parents into the hands of the executioner, in whom the means of distinguishing between right and wrong might have become a stock for knowledge to ripen on, and learning have preserved the fruits to posterity. Let him not despair who desires to know, or has power to teach—

There is in every human heart  
Some not completely barren part,  
Where seeds of truth and love might grow,  
And flowers of generous virtue blow :  
To plant, to watch, to water there,  
This be our duty, be our care.

BOWRING.

#### THE MOORISH BRIDAL SONG.

It is a custom among the Moors to sing the bridal song when the funeral of an unmarried woman is borne from her home.

The citron groves their fruit and flowers were strewing,  
Around a Moorish palace, and the sigh  
Of summer's gentlest wind, the branches wooing  
With music through their twilight-bowers went by ;  
Music and voices from the marble halls,  
Through the leaves gleaming, 'midst the fountain-falls.

A song of joy, a bridal-song came swelling  
To blend with fragrance in those silent shades.  
And told of feasts within the stately dwelling,  
And lights, and dancing steps, and gem-crown'd maids ;  
And thus it flow'd—yet something in the lay  
Belong'd to silence as it died away.

" The Bride comes forth ! her tears no more are falling  
To leave the chamber of her infant years—  
Kind voices from another home are calling :  
She comes like day-spring—she hath done with tears !  
Now must her dark eyes shine on other flowers—  
Her bright smile gladden other hearts than ours !—  
Pour the rich odours round !

" We haste ! the chosen and the lovely bringing,  
Love still goes with her from her place of birth—  
Deep silent joy within her heart is springing—  
For this alone her glance has less of mirth !  
Her beauty leaves us in its rosy years,  
Her sisters weep—but she hath done with tears !  
Now may the timbrel sound !"

Know'st thou for whom they sang the bridal numbers ?  
One, whose rich tresses were to wave no more !  
One whose pale cheek, soft winds, nor gentle slumbers,  
Nor Love's own sigh to rose-tints might restore !  
Her graceful ringlets o'er a bier were spread—  
Weep for the young, the beautiful, the dead ;

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