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The following beautiful lines will find a response in the bosom of every reader:—

A DIRGE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

"Earth to earth and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just;
Here the youthful and the old;
Here the fearful and the bold;
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust;
"Earth to earth and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along,
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, those that weep
All shall with these sleepers sleep,
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun or winter's storm,
Song of peace or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more,
Death shall keep his sullen trust:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and the last!
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil;
It shall come in blood and spoil.
It shall come in empire's groans;
Then, Ambition, rue thy lust!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign,
In the East, the King shall shine,
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousands, thousands round his state;
Spirits with the crown and plume;
Tremble then thou solemn tomb!
Heaven shall open in our sight,
Earth be turned to living light,
Kingdom of the ransomed Just!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem,
Then shall in the desert rise,
Fruits of more than Paradise;
And the earth again be trod,
One great garden of her God!
Till are dried the martyr's tears,
Through a thousand glorious years;
Now in hope of him we trust
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

SPRING.

"When conscious beauty puts on all her charms."—I really do not understand what people can want who do not find all they wish in London now.

Moore says, that, in the Malay language, the same word expresses women and flowers; if so, it is the prettiest compliment ever paid the sex, not that any one of them will be grateful for it, for who cares for a general compliment more than a general lover. Just, however, at this season, the Malay tongue might be used in London. How many sweet bright and lovely faces pass us by! Most women look well in their bonnets; and as for the other sort of flowers we have them in profusion and perfection—such exquisite violets, such delicate lilies of the valley, such a rainbow world of hyacinths as now fill the rooms with perfume. How often at the end of morning with the fashionable world—afternoon with the more quiet part of the community—and evening with the very respectable indeed—a young cavalier may be seen curbing a horse "impatient of the rein," at the nursery grounds of the King's Road, till a bouquet of the most fragrant exotics is brought out. It does not ask much imagination to read a history of sighs, smiles and blushes on every leaf. But I have less to say for the spring than for any other season; it has a name which is tantamount to every thing in this world—all know the pretensions of a London spring.

SUMMER.

Nothing can be so pleasant as London in summer! It is so cool, putting Piccadilly, from two till five, out of the question; there is always shade on one side or other of the street, a shade which you doubly enjoy, on the principle of contrast. It is satisfactory to think how hot the people must be on the opposite side; then, though I do not eat ice myself, I can suppose other people doing it. If they do, an Eastern poet might gain new ideas about coolness and fragrance, while enjoying the colored coldness at Grange's.

Towards the close, flowers begin to pass away; you are not met at every second step in Regent's street by a bunch of moss-roses—a little faded it is true, allegorically by the way of our pleasures, but sweet notwithstanding. Dark-eyed pinks no longer heap the stands in such profusion; but then the fruit is come in, such fruit as London only can furnish. I confess that I have no simple and natural tastes about gathering it myself. My experiences in that way have been unfortunate. I once picked some strawberries, and disturbed a whole colony of frogs; I once gathered a plum, and was stung by a wasp. I pass over a horde of other miseries, such as stooping in the sun, thorns, dirt, &c. and will only observe, that fruit never looks to such an advantage as it does on china, whether Dresden, Sevres, or even Worcester. There are two seasons when Covent Garden will more especially reward a visit,—at the beginning of summer and at the close, Flora holds her court in the first instance, and Pomona in the second. Pass along the centre arcade, and it is lined with trophies of the parterre or of the orchard, and you may look upon the early roses, and grow sentimental about

"The blush that ever haunted early love!"