

THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN.

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Select Poetry.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY L. E. F.

Two youthful brothers, fired by Mars, Enlisted in their country's wars...

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY MRS. W. E. BENSON.

I saw her once and loved her. For her face and form were fair...

Miscellaneous.

TOO LATE;

PARTED BY A HAIR'S BREADTH OR UNKNOWN.

My lady Paterdale sits in the large drawing room of her place down in Blankshire...

the fire: it is upon two figures at the other end of the room—so far away that in the dim light they can rather be imagined than seen...

"Oh, yes—my dearest friend." "Well, and the fair haired young fellow leaving over the prieu deau is a stranger to you?"

streak has come: look here George Haughton. He saw it at once as she bent her head before him—the one white hair, glistening on the black locks.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING. A NEW VERSION, TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DER TRUFEL-TO-PAY. WIZARD-LOCHIEL.

Lo! annihilated by Heaven with vials of wrath. Behold, where he flies, on his desolate path! Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight: