

Poetry.

NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOHN A. WHEATIER.

Land of the forest and the rock—
Of dark blue lake and misty river—
Of mountains reared aloft to look
The storm's excess—the lightning's shock—
My own green land, forever!

Select Verse.

THE KING'S WARD.

I have no joy of this contract to-night.
SHEEPSKIN.
hat! not a word to thy poor old nurse
By faithful hower-women! Not a nod, or
tilt, or a kindly look, to show that thou
test us? Thou that was wont to be the
fiest and kindest damsel in merry Cum-

were growing! And these velvets from Genoa;
were ever such colors seen? And the
silken stuffs from Padua; that stand on end
with their own richness; what kirtles and
mantles they will make! And the gloves of
lakes, that cause the chamber to smell like
a garden full of spice, cloves and jessamine!

our old dear home, amongst the pleasant
vales and breezy mountains of Cumberland.
There was health and freedom in the very
air. Dost thou not remember the day when
old Geoffrey the falconer had lamed himself
among the rocks, and the youth Albert, the
travelling minstrel, took charge of the hawks
and waited on my lady, as if he had been
trained to the sport all his life long?

And titles high and higher name
Lord Howard's lovely bride may claim.
And yet the wreath of Hawthorn bough
One's lighter pressed that snowy brow;
And hearts that wither now were gay,
When she was but the Queen of May."

Well-a-day!" quoth Bridget, "this love! this
love!"
THE EASTERN WAR.
THE WAR IN EUROPE lags along so
lazily, that it becomes very evident that the
end is afar off. It may last but one year
more, or it may last ten years,—but it is clear,
England and France have not yet made im-