Partry.

NEW ENGLAND.

by John of Whittier Loud of the firest and the rock-Of dark bine lake and mighty river— Of mountains reared aloft to neek The stona's career—the lightning's shock— Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career—the Heltbring's shock—
My own green land, forever!
Lend of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman's home—the marty's grave—
The mussery of glant mee.
Whese deeds have linked with every glee.
And every hill and every stream.
The romate cold some ward or dredut!
Oh—never may a son of thine.
Where er his wandering stops incline.
Forget the sky which bent above.
His childs will like a dream of leve—
The stream beacath the green hill fewin.s—The broad armed trees above it growing—
The clear breeze through the foliate dowing:
The never many red the tante of scorn ireathed b'es the brave New England born (—
Or make the stranger's Jaguar Lind
Disturb the ashes of thy dead—
The burdet glory of the land
Whose sid with noble blood is red,
And sanctified in every part.
Nor feel resentment, like a brand.
Unsheathing from his fiery heart:

the greener hills may eatch the sun Beneath the porious hoaven of France: And streams rejoicing as they run Like Me beneath the day-beams glause. Like Mie beneath the day-beauts glauce.

Very wander where the orange-bounds

With golden fruit is bending low;

And there may bend a beighter sky.

Ver green and classle Ifaly

And piliared fane and ancient grave

Bear record of another time,

And over shaft and architerive

The green luxuriant by climb;

And far towards the risine sun

The palm may shake its leaves on high,

Where towers are opening, one by one.

Like st us upon the twilight sky,

And bree tes soft as signs of born

And seems with a sight say,
And breezes with a sight of love
Above the bread brunnant stray,
And through the Brahmith's secred grove
A thousand bright hard pinious play!
At unto they, New England, still
Thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms,
and thy rude chart of rock and hall on dearer thun the land of palms! Thy massy cak and mountain ping More welcome than the barrows shade

And every free blue stream of thine Seem richersthad the golden bed if Oriental waves, which glow And sparkle with the wealth below

Sefert Gute

THE KING'S WARD.

I have no joy of this contract to night." SHARSPEARS.

hat! not a word to thy poor old nurse iv faithful hower-women! Not a nod, or tile, or a kindly look, to show that thou test us? Thou that was wont to be the iest and kindliest damsel in merry Cumand, the fair and bold Edith Clifford, the ithiest maiden, north of Trent; about to sedded, too, to the young Lord Howard. goodliest and the bravest knight of King rry's court, for whose favor the gay dames he south have been trying and vying at eant, at joust; and at tournament, ever e his return from the wars! Men say it, for all that he hath fought against the lan, and earried the "blanche-lion," the . banner of his house, foremost among the and chivalry of France and Italy, he hath her the mein of a young page than of a Lwart warrior, so smooth and fair is his w, so graceful his form, so gentle and girteous his bearing. Still amort, Sweet-! mute as a marble image on thy very dal evel" And the good old Margaret, ing her lady still unmoved, paused for v vexation.

'So generous a wooer, too!" exclaimed e of the attendant maidens, glancing at · profusion of rich gifts with which a heavy tin had been laden; and which had arrivthat very day at the castle, under convoy the good knight's squire, and a score or o of pages and men-at-arms, and which w lay in magnificent profusion about the pestried chamber, scattered amidst the aint antique furniture, high backed chony lairs, oaken screens, cut into mimic laceork; marble slabs, resting and gilded grifis, or some such picturesque monsters of -raldev; and huge cabinets, composed of the rarest woods, an entire history, profane sacred, carved upon the doors, and surcounted with spires and pinnacles, like the corated shrine of a Gothic cathedral; 'the idle scene, lighted up by the bright beams the evening sun, colored into a thousand id hues, as they glanced through the stod panes of the oriel window. A scene are bright, or more gorgeous, than that stely lady's bower, tonanted, as it was, by man in her fairest forms, by venerable age d blooming youth, could hardly be found merry England. Yet, there sat the youthlady of the castle, in the midst of all this tly beauty, languid and listless, pale and

tionless as a statue. "So generous a wooer, too!" exclaimed stress Bridget, the pretty bright-eved bruite, the Lady Edith's principal bower-wcwent in, who, being reckoned the best adjuster a head-tire, and the most skilful professor. all arts of the loom and the needle, whethin white-seam, cut work, tapestry, or broiy, of any maiden in the North country, s more especially alive to the rarity and Amess of Lord Howard's gifts.

So génerous a wooer, too! only look at se corpets from Persial "Tis a marvel ; falls can have the hearts to put foot on

with their own richness; what kirtles and mantles they will make! And the gloves of old Geoffrey the falconer had lamed himself Cales, that cause the chamber to smell like among the rocks, and the youth Albert, the grapes and ivy?"

"That was wrought by a cunning goldsmith of Florence," responded old Margaret, "whose skill is so surpassing, that albeit he imploys chiefly the precious metals, the workmanship is of more value than the materials. This silver tray, with the delicate her elder attendants, nor the ringing tones of tramp of barbed steeds and mailed horseround the edge, and the story of Diana and arrested at once by the soft, low voice of Al- the expected bridegroom had at length ar- the world the Black Sea, and secures a freer get my own name soon! Diana and-he that was turned in o a stag-"

and most youthful of Lady Edith's attend- arrowy hail rebounds without impression .ants, gently and unostentatiously supplying the good dame's failure of memory, without looking up from her work.

wits are younger than mine by fifty good which her own fond recollections of the freeyears or more. The silver salver, with the dom and happiness which they had tasted light delicate edge, that seems like the work of the fairies, and the story of Diana and in her mind. Actaon inside, is by the same hand."

"And then the caskets of precious stones!" pursued the enthusiastic waiting damsel, lodging for one night, and sofourned with us warming at the contemplation of the finery. [for three long months] and then, when he "The brooches and bracelets! The coronets had wrought himself up to go, -and, verily, and the carkanets 1 - Why youder wreath of it was a parting like that of the spirit and rant child, that knew not what she said! Do ground at all, would have been brought beemeralds and amethysts, which lies on the the flesh, when he left our old walls,-returntable under the great Venetian glass,-to ed again and again, and finally fixed himself think of my lady never having had the curi- in the fisherman's cottage, where the mounosity to look into that!" (and Mistress Bridg- | tain streamlet, after meandering along the et took a self-satisfied peep at her own pretty meadow, falls into the lake. Poor Albert! I figure, as it was reflected on the broad, clear warrant me he taketh good care of Lily-bell surface of the rare and costly mirror,) "that and my lady's merlin, whereof he craved the single wreath, which she hath never vouch charge from old Geoffrey. I marvel whether tsafed to glance upon; and the ropes of pearls my lady knoweth that her pretty Lily-bell which I laid upon her lap, and which she and her favorite falcon be in hands that will both let drop upon the floor; do pick them tend them so heedfully for her dear sake!tup. Alice! I verily believe the foolish wench To my fancy, Bridget, that poor youth, albeit leareth as little for these precions adornments so fearful and so ashamed in her presence, the locks that float upon the breeze for the interest. The autumn is upon them, and as the Lady Edith herself! That one wreath | worshipped the very ground that she trod and those strings of pearls, be worth an earl's upon. I have seen him kiss Lily-hell's glos- and narrow convent cell—a living tomb! O, ty especially in the higher latitudes of the

neard, and the voice of the minstrel arose hely relic in the great minster at Durham.' rom beneath the casement:

"Waken to pleasure, Lady sweet! Lo! an empire's treasure Is spread at thy feet: Here be shawls of cashingre fine; Rubies from Bulybacia's mine; The pear shaped pearls of Ormuz's bay; And gold, 'mid Yenen's sands that lay. Waken to pleasure, Lady sweet! Love, and Love's treasure, Be spread at thy feet.

roice that of Robert Fitz-Stephen, one of the most approved of the courtly minstrels; but still the Lady Edith sat pale and motionless, as though the tide of melody had glided unelt over her senses, producing no more impression than the waters of the lake upon the plumage of the evgnet:

Dame Margaret sighed deeply, and Bridget giving her head a provoked, impatient erk, resumed her embroidery with such fu- ens." rious rapidity, that she broke her silk half-adozen times in the course of a minute, and well-nigh spoiled the carnation upon which she was engaged, and which she had intended to outvie the natural blossom in Father checking, with some impatience, the prattle Francis' flower-horder, Young Alice, draw of her attendants, and leaning against the further from Lady Edith, and speaking in a deep and earnest voice of the minstrel again low tone, even lower than her own soft and resounded through the apartment. "Be sigentlo natural-voice, resumed the gonversa- lent, I pray ye!"

tion. A For my own part, good Bridget (call me foolish an' thou wilt,) I do not wonder at our sweet lady's sadness. Think what a piteous thing it is to be an orphan; think but of that great grief! And then to be a great heiress to boot, left in the king's ward and dragged from her own dear home in her old dear north country, to this fine grand castle (which, albeit her own also in right of her lady deemed that this strange fondness for Lilymother, seems too strange and too grand for bell-albeit as pretty and playful a creature happiness,) and all for the purpose of being as ever gamboled on the green sward, and as wedded to this young lord, with his costly, swift of foot as ever followed have over the Buttering gitts, who had never vouchsafed to mountains—had a deeper source than love the bridal, when it hath pleased him to give He is a goodly youth!" notice of his approach. Holy St. Agatha, "Hush! hush!" exclaimed the Lady Edith, defend me from such a wooer! A wooer, as the symphony finished, and the voice, whose actions show, as plainly as words could again mingled with the chords of the harp, tell, that he seeketh Lady Edith's broad lands struck falteringly and unsteadily now, as and careth as little, for Lady Edith's warm though the hand trembled and the heart waxheart as I do for a withered rose-leaf. I'll ed faint. jell thee what, Bridget, I mayer look to see or to they exact they seem as if they a look hope down again, as when we dwelt in

were growing! And these velvets from Ge- our old dear home, amongst the pleasant non; were ever such colors seen? And the vales and breezy mountains of Cumberland. silken stuffs from Padua, that stand on end There was health and freedom in the very air. Dost thou not remember the day when , garden full of spice, cloves and jessamine! Travelling minstrel, took charge of the hawks And these veils from the Low Countries, as land waited on my lady, as if he had been ine as a spider's web! And the cloth of gold | trained to the sport all his life long? Hast and the cloth of silver,-where did Master thou forgot how she stood by the lake with Eustace say they came from, Dame Marga her favorite merlin on her wrist and ber ret? And this golden vessel for perfumes, white grevhound, Lily-bell, at her side, lookwhich looks like a basket all overrun with ing like the very goddess of the chase, so full of life, and spirit, and cherishness? And that bright evening, when she led the dance a woeful change!"

attention, which neither the louder speech of the massive drawbridge, and the echoing this not because Russia will be in the pro-Ac-Ac-fie on my old brains! I shall for- ice. The womanly sympathy sank soothingly into the woman's heart; just as the gentle rain from heaven penetrates the parched hill-"Acteon!" whispered Alice, the fairest side, from whose arid surface the sharp and The drooping mistress listened in mournful sileuce, while her faithful maiden, unconscious that she had attracted her notice, pur-"Ay, Acteon! I thank thee, Alice. Thy sued, in still lower accents, the train of the't wretched hour!" And poor Edith burst in interested in such a result as this. among their native mountains had awakened

"Poor Albert, too! the wandering minstrel, who came to the castle gate to crave

Again the full and ringing chords of the harp, but, this time, to an old border air, well eth with another" known to the Northern maidens, rose from beneath the easement. The voice, too, was different from that of the courtly minstreldeeper, manlier, pouring fourth the spirit of it seemed, from his lips, as though, in his The air was smooth and flowing, and the despairing lover. So the strain rang:

"High o'er the baron's castle tell Rich Lanners float with heavy fall; And light and song, in mingling tide, Pour forth, to hail the levely bride. Yet lady, still the birchen tree Waves o'er the cottage on the lea; The bubbling stream runs bright and fair, The love-star of the West shines there.'

"Ha!" exclaimed old Margaret, "that dit-

"'Tis the roundelay which she herself was wont to sing," observed Bridget, "but the words are different."

"Malled wardens pace o'er keep and tower; Ony maidons deck the lady's bower; Page, squire and knight, a princely train, Wait dutcous to her bridle-rein. Yet in that cot the milk-white hound, The favorite falcon, still are found; And one more fond, more true than they, Born to adore and to obey."

"Alack! alack!" sighed the tender-hearted Alice. "Well-aday, poor youth!'I ever

"The coronet of lewels rare Shores propally over hundred so fair; February 19

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

"Alas! alas! my lady,-my dear, sweet lady I" murmured Alice to herself, as poor Edith, after lingering at the window, long and the harper gone, sank into a seat with a sigh and a look of desolation, that proved more plainly than words the truth of the last

lines of the minstrel's lay.
"Alas! alas! dear lady!" exclaimed she in a louder tone, as the sudden burst of startat the Maypole? Well-a-day, poor lady? 'tis ling noises, the warlike blasts of trump and It was remarkable that the Lady Edith's by raising the heavy portcullis and lowering have made an impression upon Russia—and

Edith wrung her hands in desperation.

"This knight I cannot and will not see .-Go to him, Margaret; say that I am sickbear with is that thou wilt say but the truth in so telling him. Sick at heart am I,-sick to the death! O! that I had died before this to an agony of tears, that shook her very

"Why goest thou not, Margaret?" inquired she, a few moments after, when, exhaust-sibility of the subjugation of Constadt by the ed by its own violence, her grief had become fleet of Admiral Napier, or by the French more tranquil. "Why doest thou not carry soldiers co-operating with him. The Bommy message to the Lord Howard? Why dally thus, old dame? Bridget, go thou! They stand about me as though I were an igno- tions, which, if likely to be brought on the my bidding on the instant, Bridget; thou fore this. The efforts to involve Sweden in wert best."

"Nay, good my lady, but our gracious lord

the king—" the prioress of St. Mary's. The church Wor is me! that, for being born a rich heir, ' I must be shut from the free breath of heaven, the living waters, and the flowery vales,

play me false? Or is it Edith Clifford that templated retreat either in the British or speaketh thus of a low-born churl?"

were merged in the impassionate grief of the Never till nowknew I that he loved me; and is, remains to be seen. ---. Hasten to to this Lord, Alice. The probable prolongation of the war is of the pitying damsel, who staid her steps because of the consumption of human enerwith an exclamation of surprise, as the door gies, industry and capital, in very unprofitaof the chamber was gently opened. Tell the ble and unproductive pursuits. Our own Lord Howard the very truth; men say that | country, instead of realizing any benefits he is good and wise-too wise, too good, to therefrom, as some imagine, but sees capital seek his own happiness at the expense of a that would otherwise come here, in demand, ty hath aroused my lady. See how she list | poor maiden's misery. Tell him the whole and wanted elsewhere. The three great pow-Say that I love him not; say that I love—"

lips must come that sweet confession," said "Peace! peace!" cried the Lady Edith, a voice at her side, and, turning to the well-one country damages or deranges them, is known accents, Edith saw at her feet him who having won her heart as the minstrel, ing her tapestry frame nearer to them, and casement which she had flung open, as the the humble falconer, claimed her hand as the rich and high born Philip. Howard, the favorite of the king."

A cry of joy burst from the astonished waiting-women, and was echoed by the pretty greyhound Lily-bell, who had followed the Lord Howard into the room, and now stood trembling with ecstasy before her fair mistress, resting her head in her lap, and looking up into her face with eyes beaming with affectionate gladness -eyes that literally glowed with delight.

Never was happiness more perfect than dreaded bridal eve. And heartily did her an statesman from respect and admiration of come near her unfil now, on the very eve of of the good hound. Well-a-day, poor Albert! joy, as in that of fear and sorrow, her dearly with others, grieve at the loss which society

> turns out to be none other than the youth Al- the departure of all that made life a source bert, my lady will not vouchsafe to tell me of enjoyment to them." whether her kirtle shall be cloth of gold or cloth of silver; or whether she will don the coronet of rubies, or the emerald wreath !- | bad debt.

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, enough to ascertain that the harp was silent England and France have not yet made impression enough upon the Emperor Nicholas to bring him to terms. St. Petersburgh can scarcely be taken this year, as at first contemplated, or if taken, Russia is no more conquered than when Napoleon took Moscow. When the Crimea is in the French and British possession, and Sebastopol also theirs, cornet, the jarring, dissonant sound caused then, for the first time, the allied Powers will cess of subjugation, but because that will trellis-work, wreathed with lilies and roses the harper, had been able to command, was men in the courts of the castle, showed that have been gained, which, if kept, opens to trade therewith. The opening of this sea, which has been hitherto little else than a Russian lake, is a world-wide matter of interest, for if the allied Powers conquer Sebastopol that I am dying. The blessed saints can and the Crimea, the trade of the world, as well as of England and France, it is to be presumed, will profit from the victory. Even the remote United States, then, are not un-

The Crimea, if taken, is likely to be the only fruit England and France can expect from this war. We very much doubt the posarsund was an easy victory, but the capture of Constadt requires, forces and combinathe war, seem to be a confession that the Swellish army is indispensable for a co-operation,-but it is hardly to be expected that "Tell me not of kings, maiden! I'll to swoden will involve herself in a war, in sanctuary. I'll fly this very night to my aunt, which, if she gains any thing now, she is ceftain to lose all of it the moment the allied knoweth well how to protect her votaries. - | fleets retire. Nevertheless, money subsidies (may change her mind.

The allied fleets are now about to make some winter experiments in the Baltic and in the dark and gloomy cloister! To change Black seas, which the world will watch with dismal veil! To waste my youth in the cold winter is at hand, a winter of great severisy head, after her hand had patted it, rever-tit is a sad and a weary lot! But better so Baltic, and it remains to be seen what Rus-At this moment the sound of a harp was ently and devotedly, as though it had been a than to plight my troth to one whom I have sia can do on the ice, and what England and never seen, and can never love! To give France can do, frozen up in its midst. The my hand to one man, whilst my heart abid-destruction of the fortifications of Bomarsund would seem to indicate a retreat for the "Lady!" cried Margaret; $_p$ "do my senses $^{\perp}$ winter, but we hear nothing of such a con-"A low-born churl?" French Press. The journals of both counthe words, as they gushed spontaneously, as "There is a regality of mind and of spirit ing for a winter campaign; and it is evident about that youth, which needeth neither these countries expect one. Meanwhile the case, song were but the medium of feeling, wealth nor lineage to even him with the Russians are giving out what they will doand the poet's fancy and the musician's skill greatest-the inborn nobility of genius!- on the ice-this winter; but what that what

> and see that he cometh not hither. Where much to be deprecated by the whole civilizfore lingerest thou, maiden?" inquired Edith ed world, not only because of its horrors, but truth, Alice. Spare thy mistress that shame. ers of the earth cannot be in arms without our feeling the re-action, and, in the end, suf-"Nay, sweetest lady, from thine own dear fering therefrom. The bonds of all humanity are now so sympathetic, that whatever in soon felt everywhere.

> Mrs. Benton .- The death of this lady has called forth the most genuine testimonials to her exemplary worth from those who were acquainted with her private life. She was the constant companion, adviser and counseler of her husband, and during his storing political life has ever been where his duties called him. A cotemporary, who appears to speak from a personal knowledge of her character, says, that "many a difference between Col. Benton and his colleagues of the Senate or House of Representatives was healed by her soothing meditation, and many a that of the betrothed maiden on this so bitter enemy became reconciled to the veterfaithful attendants sympathize in her happilithe exalted virtues of his wife. To her, inness; only Bridget found it impossible to deed, applied the beautiful words, "Blessed comprehend why, in the hour of hope and be the peacemakers." While we, in common beloved finery should be neglected. __ and the country have sustained by the death-"To think," quoth the provoked bower for such a woman, we cannot but feel for Col. woman, "that now that all these marvels Benton, who is thus stricken in his old age, have come about, and that the Lord Howard and left with his orphaned children, to mourn

> > Miraculous Cure.—The recovery of a