

The Poet Laureate and the Late Prince Consort.

A new edition of the *Idylls of the King* contains the following dedication:—

These to his memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there, unconsciously,
Some image of himself—I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate, with tears.
These Idylls,

And, indeed, he seems to me
Scare any other than my own ideal knight,
Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander—no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only; and who claved to her—
Her, over all whose realms to their last isle,
Commingled with the gloom of eminent war,
The shadow of his loss moved like eclipse,
Darkening the world. We have lost him; he is gone;

We know him now: all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How, modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly—
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure; but, through all this tract of years,
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot: for where is he
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstain'd than his
Or how should England, dreaming of his sons,
Hope more for these than some inheritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be—
Laborious for her people and her poor,
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day,
Far-sighted summoner of war and waste
To fruitful strifes, and rivalries of peace,
Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,
Dear to thy land and ours—a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, through all times, Albert the Good?

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee; that ye made
One light together, but has past and left
The Crown a lonely splendor.

May all love

He love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee;
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again.

VALUE OF A DEAD HORSE IN LONDON.—
from 8d. to 1s.: used for haircloth mattresses;
crushing seed in oil mills. Hide and tendons
leather, glue, gelatine. Flesh, £1 8s.: meat
men, dogs, and poultry. Heart and tongue
mystery. Intestines: covering sausages and
like. Fat, 3s 4d.: used for lamps after distill.
Bones, 4s, 6d. per cwt.: knife handles, phospho-
rous, and superphosphate of lime. Hoofs, 8s.
10s.: buttons and gelatine. Shoes 2s. to
old iron. Total value, from £2 17s. 6d. to
4s. 10d.

Editorial Notices, &c.

PURE SHORT HORN STOCK.—We beg leave
direct the attention of breeders of Short Horn
Cattle, to the advertisement in another
of pure bred cattle for sale by Dr. Phillips
Prescott, C. W., the stock being at pre-
sented for keeping on the opposite side of
river, near Ogdensburg, N. Y. These
were exhibited at the London Provincial
last September, where they gained several
prizes, and although from their recent passage
across the Atlantic, and rather poor keeping
arrival, they were not in so high condition
they should have been to show to advantage,
they yet attracted the attention of connoisseurs
by their good points and evident high breeding.
The cattle are from some of the best herds
of the old country, and have all good hereditary
pedigrees. We understand that private reasons
have induced Dr. Phillips to return to the
country to reside, instead of settling pre-
sently in Upper Canada, as was his intention,
when he imported his cattle, but we trust
the stock may remain in the country for the
improvement of our native herd.

Imported Thorough Bred Cattle

FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE
the whole of his lately imported
improved Short horns. Full pedigrees
authenticated by reference to Coates's
Herd Book.

G. W. PHILLIPS,
Ogdensburg,

March 6th, 1862.