

*Azor.* Nay, day by day, I've trained them for  
her sake,  
And oft at twilight's hour, as here I sat  
In meditation deep, the fountain's flow  
Seemed like the murmurs of her gentle voice,  
And all that ministered to sense or soul,  
All objects and all thoughts,—the perfumed flowers,  
The evening song of birds, the insect's hum,  
The gorgeous clouds of heaven, the starry hosts,  
The rosy beam of yonder planet fair,  
And the unrivalled beauty of the moon,—  
Have whispered to my inmost heart of her,  
Who once in happier days, blest with her smiles,  
Our home, and shed around a beaming light  
On all that since is dark !

*Mordecai.* Hush these regrets !  
List the low plaint of Judah's captive sons,  
And triumph that a champion has arisen,  
Yea, even for them the slighted and despised !  
Mourn not for her, the flower we cherished long,  
And nurtured with affection's tears and smiles,  
She has gone forth strong in her heart's pure faith,  
Invincible in virgin innocence,  
And guarded by the arm of Israel's God.  
Thus with a triple shield of adamant  
Defended well, she sallied her to task,  
Crushing each gentle hope, each cherished wish,  
Home-born, and whispering of joy to come,  
In the high hope deliverance to achieve  
For those who sadly sing their exile strain  
Far from Judea's land. Yon rising moon  
Twelve times her silver horn has filled with light,  
Since my heart's treasure left these circling arms

To seek the palace walls—and patiently  
I have endured uncertainty's dread pangs,  
That like a gnawing worm tugged at my heart,  
Drinking its very life-blood, drop by drop,—  
Most patiently, till now,—now, when suspense  
Has grown to agony, more bitter far,  
Than sad assurance of extremest ill.

*Azor.* Alas ! alas ! so beautiful ! so young !  
So rich in all those graceful attributes,  
That make soft woman in her weakness strong !  
And now ! oh, God, what has she now become !  
*Mordecai.* Whate'er to us she seems—a rifed flower,  
Cast forth to perish from the spoiler's hand,  
Or that same flower nurtured by kingly pride,  
And taught to shed his beauty o'er the throne,  
Round which a nation kneels, in God's pure eye,  
She is a stainless and a holy thing—  
By her renouncement of each selfish thought,  
Her singleness of heart, that to one end,  
One noble purpose, led her forth to dare  
The obloquy or plaudits of the world,  
Indifferent to each, so she achieved  
Her nation's safety from besetting foes,—  
She is so purged from every taint of earth,  
So spotless white, that naught dare e'er assail  
Her heaven-born purity. Whate'er her fate,  
Untouched she stands,—nor calumny's foul breath,  
Nor withering scorn, with her low demon laugh,  
Can cast one shadow on her stainless name.  
It is engraved in characters of light.  
On thousand hearts, whose latest pulse will throb  
With love, and pride, and holy gratitude,  
At the high courage of this matchless maid.

The poem entitled "Judith" having been originally published in the *Garland*, our readers will be sufficiently familiar with its beauties.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND, DURING THE REIGN OF THE STUARTS ; INCLUDING THE PROTECTORATE.—BY JOHN H. JESSE.

AN agreeable and very useful compilation of facts, which, while not possessing the charm of absolute novelty, are sufficiently unknown to make the book one of interest to the general reader. The period embraced in the volumes published, is from the reign of Elizabeth until the Protectorate ; and a continuation, comprising the History of the Stuarts, until the expulsion, is promised. The style of the book is light, but instructive, and will ensure success to its author.

THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR JULY,

Is a very excellent number, having Washington Irving among its contributors. There is more sterling talent displayed in the pages of this magazine, than in any other original monthly published in the United States.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR

HAS lately commenced a new volume, with every promise of continued exertions to please. This beautiful weekly continues to command the public favour, which it well deserves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to thank several of our Correspondents, whose favours do not appear, for want of disposable space. A number of deferred articles of value will appear in our next.