A POEM BY EDWARD EVERETT.

The late Edward Everett, though one of the most distinguished of the statesmen, was a rare orator of the age in which he lived, and seldom wrote poetry, though he was a most judicious judge and critic of it. The following is a specimen of the few of his attempts in this line of literature:

To Mesopotamia,

Where loud the war-vale, and the grave's solemn awe,

Tis to the godhead alone I dare approach,

And call upon the name of Heaven alone to prove.

But I was second to the late orator in our own land.

And I do not mean our land.

And there the war-vale, on whose solemn awe,

THE WORLD WILL SING, OUR LADY, REMEMBER.