



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Yet now such things would even end
A Constitutional Monarchy.

Magic for a holy race
Is surely wrong; how strictly hidden
The future in its crystal case
Lies—oh, so near, and yet forbidden!

Though gentile kings upon their thrones
May weave a spell or dance like Tich,
Yet ponder on the bleaching bones
Of Saul, who sought the Endor witch.

DEAD MAN'S WOOD

In Dead Man's Wood
The rustling trees
Shiver, shudder
In the breeze.

The bird-song drips
On Dead Man's Wood,
Trickles through
Like falling blood.

And if the sun
Gives forth its light,

Osbert Sitwell

The yellow glory
Turns ash-white.

The dark tall trees,
When day is past,
Draw back their leaves,
Pale and aghast.

When rusty shadows
Fall at dusk,
Surely the spirit
Leaves its husk?

All night, all day,
Within this cover,
I sit and wait
For my dead lover.

Osbert Sitwell