

**Midsummer.***(From the N. Y. Tribune.)*

I lie beneath the quiet trees  
That murmur softly, like a song,  
Breathed gently through unconscious lips,  
Happy as summer days are long!  
I lie and gaze, while pulse and thought  
Flow on with deep and lingering tide.  
The one into my dreaming heart—  
The other outward, vague and wide.

The drowsy hours, full-freighted, drift  
Along life's ocean, as of old  
Deep laden argosies went down  
To Eastern cities, fraught with gold,  
And tropic fruits, and spicy drugs  
Whose very names and fragrance bear,  
As vases which have held rich flowers,  
Betray the sweetness once was there.

Not of the future dream I now:—  
The spring will with those dreams return;  
And hope and energy will wake  
When winter's fires again shall burn.  
Nor of the past—let mem'ry sleep  
Till autumn's pensive touch once more,  
Shall tune my heart to sad delight  
And paint lost visions fondly o'er.

Hope—memory—regret—despair—  
Gone are your hours of light and gloom;  
Midsummer days are not for you,—  
For the rich present now make room.  
The womanhood of nature breathes  
Its warm fruition everywhere,  
And the deep triumph of her heart  
Fills like a passion all the air.

I breathe its inspiration in;  
She bears it brimming to my lips;  
Not half so full of rosy joy  
The wine the flushed bachante sips.  
So Hebe bore the fabled cup  
To bless the heathen gods of yore,  
So, deep drank they the fragrant bliss  
From the full chalice running o'er.

Oh weary heart, with passion sick,  
Has thy deep love—unanswered—lost—  
Brought no repayal to the breast  
Which gave it at such fearful cost?  
Has life grown weary in its noon—  
Uncrowned—inglorious—incomplete?  
The flower faltered in its bloom  
Withholding its most precious sweet?

Around its fragrant centre, still,  
Folding in darkness and decay  
Those inmost petals, which in love  
Blossom life's fragrant joy away?  
Oh come with me beneath the trees!  
Forget thyself in nature's joy!  
Here dwells no baffled, longing pain,  
No disappointment to annoy.

Here triumph in her full success;  
Here revel in her boundless bloom;  
Blend her sweet consciousness with thine,  
And take her sunlight for thy gloom.  
Thus shall thy inmost spirit feel  
The thrill of deep victorious song,  
And life be crowned with happiness  
When fair midsummer days are long.

**MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.***Compiled for Montreal Witness, 10th Aug.*

**FLOUR.**—Considerable transactions at the end of last week—25s for No. 1 Superfine. The demand and supply are both small this week. O'ld Flour, in small lots, is selling at 24s 6d to 24s 9d. No. 2, 23s 6d to 23s 9d. Sour, No. 1, 22s to 22s 7½d.

**WHEAT.**—5s 3d to 5s 6d for small parcels; no good shipping parcels in market. Oats inquired for at 1s 9d, but cannot be obtained.

**ASHES.**—Pots, 27s 3d to 27s 6d; Pearls, 27s.

**PROVISIONS.**—Beef, Prime Mess, 57s 6d to 58s 9d; Prime, 45s to 46s 3d. Pork, Mess, 92s to 93s; Prime Mess, 66s 3d to 67s 6d; Prime, 61s 3d to 62s 6d; Cargo, 55s to 56s 3d. **BUTTER.**—None

**FREIGHT.**—Little tonnage in port. Flour, 4s 3d to 4s 6d. Pot Ashes, 35s to 37s 6d. Grain, 9s.

**EXCHANGE.**—10 per cent. for Bank 60 days.

**BANK STOCKS.**—Bank of Montreal 26 per cent.; British North America 20; Commercial 15; City 7½; Bank du Peuple 2, all premium; Bank of Upper Canada, none in market.

**RAILROAD STOCKS.**—Declined. Champlain 15 per cent.; Atlantic 15½. New York, sellers at 16—no buyers—all discount.

**CONSOLS.**—36s 3d. Gas Stock, 6½ discount.

Forsyth & Bell's Timber Circular of 9th instant, quotes White Pine in demand at 5½d to 5d; Red Pine very scarce at 9d to 11d; Oak 1s 1d to 1s 4d; Elm 8d to 10d; Tamarac 7d to 11d; Staves £42 10s to £45; Freight, scarce and high, 40s to 45s.

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