

As it were written in the book of God
By a celestial penman. Answer me,
Once more! when hurricanes have rock'd these
walls,

And dash'd upon our wondering ears the roar
Of the far sea, exulting that its wastes
Were populous with agonies; with loves
Strongest in death: with memories of long years
Grey phantoms of an instant;—as my arms
Enfolding each, grew tighter with the sense
Of feebles to save; have you not known

Her looks, beyond the power of language, speak
In resolute content, how sweet it were
To die so link'd together?

LADY MACDONALD.

I have mark'd it.

HALBERT.

Then wherefore do you torture me with doubt?
What can you know, what guess, that you can weigh
Against these proofs?

LADY MACDONALD.

Be firm: she loves another.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.

To this excellent work we are indebted for a short article entitled "Speculations on Commerce," published in the pages of our present number. The "Speculations" refer to the other side of the Line 45°, but are scarcely less applicable to our own country, which is as much indebted to commerce as any other portion of America. Indeed, Canada is, or is rapidly becoming, a commercial country, and though looking to her agricultural capabilities as the primary source of her prosperity, she must assign to commerce a pre-eminent position in the prospects of her future advancement.

The Magazine from which the paper to which we have alluded is extracted, is one of the most valuable in the Union, and though but a short time in being, it has already attained the rank which the character of its contributors so well entitles it to maintain. The September number which is now before us, contains much valuable matter, and many carefully compiled tables, and commercial statistics, all of a character to secure for it the support and commendation of the mercantile community.

Among the original articles we have in the present number the pleasure of presenting to our readers, is a spirited poem entitled "The Passions," accompanying the manuscripts of which was received an explanation, to the effect that the poem had been too hastily prepared to admit of that careful revision necessary to arm it against the shafts of mere verbal criticism, whatever might be the opinion formed of its poetical merits. Certainly we are of opinion that in the poem may be traced evidences of rapidity—we cannot say of haste—in its composition; but in the unstudied freedom with which it is written, as well as the richness of originality, and boldness of expression which distinguish it, we should imagine it is sufficiently shielded against any mere war of words, were it probable that such should be waged against it. Even in this respect, however, we look upon it as very securely fortified; and lay it before the literary world, confident that our judgment, given though it be in all humility, will be confirmed.

Again we have the eloquent pen of E. L. C. lending its grace to the pages of the *Garland*, in a prose tale. We call it prose, though the language of E. L. C. is poetry, whatever the garb it may assume. The ease and fluency of style, as well as the unity of plot, and the felicity with which this gifted authoress traces out the denouement of her tales, command the admiration and interest of every reader.

"Beatrice, or the Spoiled Child," is the title of a new story we have received from the authoress of "Aunt Mary's Note Book," "the Confided," and many other beautiful tales which have appeared in the *Garland*. Owing to the near approach of the end of the second volume, we have been unable to commence its publication in the present number, it being contrary to our design to continue any tale from one volume to another. It will be commenced in the December number of the *Garland*.