

tence as our enterprising neighbours. Some of the sweetest pieces in the volume are from the graceful pen of Mrs. Sigourney, who has been called the "Hemans of America," a distinction to which she is well entitled; for through the whole of her poems, the same breathing piety, the same simplicity and ease of composition are apparent. The following may be taken as a specimen.

Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe  
Of terror and of beauty. Yea, flow on  
Unfathomed and resistless. God hath set  
His rainbow on thy forehead: and the cloud  
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give  
Thy voice of Thunder power to speak of him  
Eternally—bidding the lip of man  
Keep silence—and around thy rocky altar pour  
Incense of awe-struck praise.

Ah! who can dare

To lift the insect-trump of earthy hope,  
Or love or sorrow, 'mid the peal sublime  
Of thy tremendous hymn! Even Ocean shrinks  
Back from thy brotherhood; and all his waves  
Retire abashed. For he doth sometimes seem  
To sleep like a spent labourer—and recall  
His wearied billows from their vexing play,  
And lull them to a cradle calm: but thou  
Dost rest not, night or day. The morning stars,  
When first they sang o'er young creation's birth  
Heard thy deep anthem; and those wrecking fires  
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve  
This solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name  
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,  
On thine unending volume.

Every leaf

That lifts itself within thy wide domain,  
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,  
Yet tremble at the baptism. Lo!—yon birds  
Do boldly venture near, and bathe their wings  
Amid the mist and foam. 'Tis meet for them  
To touch thy garment's hem, and lightly stir  
The snowy leaflets of thy vapour-wreath;  
For they may sport unharmed amid the cloud,  
Or listen at the echoing gate of Heaven,  
Without reproof. But, as for us, it seems  
Scarce lawful, with our broken tones to speak  
Familiarly of thee. Methinks, to tint  
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,  
Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,  
Were profanation.

Thou dost make the soul

A wondering witness of thy majesty;  
But as it presses with delirious joy  
To pierce thy vestibule, dost chain its step,  
And tame its rapture with the humbling view  
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand  
In the dread presence of the Invisible,  
As if to answer to its God through thee!

The volume is elegantly "got up," and is in upwards appearance, a casket well deserving of the gems it contains. It is embellished with numerous engravings—some of them highly imaginative in design—the typography is excellent, and although wanting the exquisite finish apparent in English works of similar character, it is altogether an excellent specimen of art, and one which ought to be liberally encouraged.

HITS AT THE TIMES BY G. P. MORRIS.

This is a very neat American volume, and comprises a number of amusing tales and sketches, the leading one of which, "the little Frenchman and his water-lots," "is a very clever "hit" at the land speculating mania recently so rife in the neighbouring States. In a previous page we have copied the very popular song, "Woodman, spare that tree," sung by Mr. Russell, with Mr. Morris' letter, accompanying its presentation to the vocalist, as published in the volume to which we have referred.

We have, since the publication of the September GARLAND, received so great a variety of original contributions, that we have experienced some difficulty in selecting from them. The most prominent among those which have been inserted are, the tales by E. L. C. and E. M. M., the productions of whose pens have heretofore been received with so great a share of public favor.

Being under the necessity of closing all "continued" articles in our next number, we are compelled to postpone the publication of several short papers, which were intended for the October GARLAND, in order to make way for the commencement of "The First Beloved," (with which we were favoured towards the close of the month,) the concluding portion of which will be published in November.

Our readers will be gratified with the continuation of "Sketches of Paris," by E., and the short articles under the heads of "Envy and Defamation" and "Scribbles of a Wanderer."

The poetry of our present number will, we doubt not, be read with pleasure. Several pieces which we have necessarily postponed, will appear in our next.

R. J. C. is informed that we have no objection to an article upon the subject to which he alludes, and shall be glad to be put in possession of the paper referred to.

We beg leave to tender our best thanks to our numerous correspondents, whose spirited exertions have established a literary character for the GARLAND, which we confidently trust may be preserved through the same gratifying means.