

My life is like the autumn leaf
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray ;
 Its hold is frail, its date is brief :
 Restless—and soon to pass away ;
 Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade
 The parent tree will mourn its shade,
 The winds bewail the leafless tree.
 But none shall breathe a sigh for me !

My life is like the prints which feet
 Have left on Tampa's desert strand :
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
 All trace will vanish from the sand ;
 Yet, as if grieving to efface
 All vestige of the human race,
 On that lone shore loud moans the sea.
 But none, alas ! shall mourn for me !

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

WE have received the October number of the MARITIME MONTHLY, published at St. John, N. B., under the editorial management of H. L. Spencer, Esq., a gentleman whose established literary reputation is in itself a sufficient guarantee for its success. The number opens with an interesting paper on "The Discoverers of North America, and the First Colonizer of Newfoundland," by Rev. M. Harvey ; Geo. J. Forbes contributes an article on "The Valley and River Platte ;" "Notes of a Run through Italy," and "The Voyage of Magellan," are both readable productions ; and the narrative of "Travels and Adventures in the South" presents a vivid picture of the condition of matters in the "blockade-running" ports, growing out of the exigencies of the war of Secession. The poems and lighter articles in the number are excellent ; and we have no hesitation in recommending the MARITIME MONTHLY to the patronage of our intelligent readers, as an everyway able and high-toned publication.—*Yarmouth Tribune.*

WE expect in a short time to announce the publication of the essays and poems of the late Alexander Rae Gamie. The MSS. which he left will shortly be placed in the hands of a publisher, and we hope to welcome their appearance in a volume at no distant day.