

No, these were indeed qualities to attract and delight me; but he had obtained a stronger and faster hold upon my affections,—he had spoke to me of home!

Of all the ties that bind us to the chance acquaintances we meet with in life, what can equal this one?—what a claim upon your love has he who can, by some passing word—some fast-fitting thought, bring back the days of your youth?—what interest can he not excite, by some anecdote of your boyish days,—some well remembered trait of youthful daring, or early enterprize? Many a year of sunshine and of storm has passed above my head; I have not been without my moments of gratified pride, and rewarded ambition; but my heart has never responded so fully, so thankfully, so proudly to these—such as they were—as to the simple touching words of one who knew my early home, and loved its inmates.

#### THE LADIES' COMPANION.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the December number of this elegant monthly, which is one of the most welcome of the American periodicals. It is, as usual, wholly indebted to its original contributors for its interesting contents. The number is accompanied by a very fine steel engraving, by Dick, and a beautiful plate of fashions for the winter season. It continues to earn well the favour with which it is received by an immense list of readers.

#### AMERICAN MELODIES—EDITED BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

The Americans are, essentially, a reading, and of consequence a thinking people. Education, to a certain extent, is diffused among all the different classes of their heterogeneous society; and the man who neglects to secure for his children, such a quantity of learning as his means admit of is looked upon as a species of moral pestilence—a being unfit to exercise the honourable duties with which his political and social position has endowed him.

Among such a people literature has naturally made rapid progress. Periodicals, in immense variety, and many of them admirably conducted, have sprung among them, as if spontaneously from the soil; and the liberal encouragement they have received is an earnest that the people for whom they are produced duly appreciate the fortunate position in which, with respect to the intellectual treasures of the age, they have been placed.

Where *all* are readers, it is only natural that there should be many writers, and, in America, their name is “Legion.” Myriads there are who write—but whose ambition does not soar beyond the “Olio” of some village newspaper.

These effusions, though generally such as to perish with the current number of the journal they adorn, are not altogether unmixed with gems of genuine lustre—rays from the Promethean fire of genius. Many of these rays are necessarily destined to shine in vain,—but there are some whose light, catching an eye which can discern their beauty, are rescued from the oblivion they seem to covet, and placed where they may not be altogether lost to their country and to the world.

With some such patriotic design, the editor of these American Melodies, George P. Morris, Esq. seems to have been inspired, when he undertook the compilation of the very elegant volume before us—a work consisting of two hundred pieces, by two hundred different authors, some of whom stand in the foremost ranks of American literary men, the great majority of them however being, until now, altogether, “unknown to fame.” The compositions are all of them respectable—many of them very beautiful, and such as to reflect the highest credit upon the condition of literature on the continent of America.

Among the names which appear in this long list of authors, we observe with pleasure that of J. H. Willis, of Quebec, with the productions of whose genius the people of Canada have long been familiar. The piece selected is the beautiful melody, “Hark, comrades hark!” written and published some years ago, and which was reproduced in the *Garland* during the last year. We are pleased to observe the name of this gentleman, not less because it is worthy of such fellowship, than because it shews that our American neighbours are willing, as far as the common ground of intellect is concerned, to overstep the imaginary barrier which the force of circumstances has raised up between the different portions of this immense and beautiful country.