

We had the pleasure, during the past month, of attending the lectures of Mr. White on the subject of the national melodies of Ireland. The lecturer is himself an Irishman, and being an enthusiastic admirer of the poetry and music of his native land, he could not fail to make a deep impression upon his audience. With the subject matter of his addresses many of the audience were, doubtless, before acquainted; but the eloquent manner in which he delivered his ideas compensated well for what might have been wanting in novelty. Mr. White is particularly happy in the introduction of characteristic anecdotes, and the songs with which he illustrated his subject, were such as to call forth the applause he so richly earned.

Possessed of little critical judgment upon music, we estimate a song only by its effects, and certainly the singing of Mr. White was such as to arouse a sympathy with that breathed in the words of his strain. Several of his songs were touchingly beautiful—"The harp that once through Tara's Halls," "the Minstrel Boy," and "Aileen Aroon," being decidedly the favourites, although there were many others of nearly equal beauty—"Nora Creina," "When Morning Beams," and "Rory O'More," receiving the "popular suffrage," as freely as their sweeter, but more melancholy rivals.

We are happy to perceive, from many of the American journals, that Mr. White has been warmly received by his countrymen in all the parts of the Union which he has visited. We believe it is his intention immediately to leave for Europe, and we are certain he carries with him the good wishes of the crowds who have had the recollections of their country refreshed by his spirit-stirring songs, as well as by his eloquent descriptions of the ancient minstrelsy of Ireland.

It is with regret that we feel ourselves called upon to explain the want of punctuality in the publication of the present number of the *Garland*, a circumstance which is owing to the non-delivery of paper, for which a contract had been entered into with the manufacturers. This is the more to be regretted, as, being the first number of the second volume, many of our friends have been led to suppose that it would not be furnished to them unless their subscription was renewed. We take the opportunity of stating, that, to all those who have favoured us with their patronage during the past year, the new volume will be sent, unless otherwise instructed by any individual who may wish to discontinue. We take pride in stating, that not more than six names have been withdrawn from our subscription list since the commencement of the work.

In the present number, which is almost entirely composed of original contributions, we have the satisfaction of being enabled to present the commencement of a spirited tale from Mrs. MOODIE, an interesting sketch from E. M. M., and the first portion of an historical romance from E. L. C., with a number of excellent papers, in prose and verse, which we commend to the perusal of our readers. We have been under the necessity of postponing several pieces which we had intended to publish in this number, the unusual hurry of publication, necessary on receipt of a supply of paper, preventing the publication of an extra sheet, which we had intended to add to the *Garland* for this month, to enable us to keep pace with the favours of our numerous contributors.

In the concluding portion of "The First Beloved," published in our last, the following errors occurred:—

Page 548, line 52—for "You must say you will," read, "You must, say you? Well."

Page 555, line 20—for "Thy ruffled brow," read, "So smooth thy ruffled brow."

" " " 25—for "Through the so smooth mazes of the country dance," read, "Through the mazes of the country dance."

In the 39th page, the song headed "The Warrior's Farewell to his Ladye-love," is printed with an incorrect version of the 6th stanza, commencing, "Yet dear as my hopes are, &c.;" it should read thus:—

"Yet freely, sweet girl, as from thee I depart,
And proud as the gay dream of glory may be,
Did a thought of thee, weeping, come sad to my heart,
To itself 'twould turn recreant, and fly back to thee."