

innate propensities, whatever these may be, and evil generally predominates over good, but the good that is in us (and no one is absolutely devoid of natural virtue,) becomes more elevated, the wider the range of our intellectual knowledge; and when intelligence serves to enable us duly to appreciate the value of religion in its purity and simplicity, then and then only can it be properly said to answer its legitimate aim. If the head be cultivated, and the heart suffered to run to waste, men will be neither better, nor happier (we had almost said "nor wiser,") for all the instructions that may be given them.

Our fair city has recently had no lack of amusements to complain of. Fêtes, balls, concerts, and theatrical representations—races, and military spectacles, have succeeded each other in pleasing variety, and have in turn commanded the admiration of the wonder-loving crowd.

The eloquent music discoursed by the vocalists who have given us a call, *en passant*, is the theme of every tongue, and it would seem as if our citizens had "learned to love the lyre," touched as it has been, by hands so cunning in its mysteries.

The science of music may be with many, as it is with us, a sealed book—an unfathomable mystery—but few hearts will not own a mystic influence when some thrilling strain awakens memory's echo, and recalls nearly forgotten scenes, with which, long years ago, we have been familiar. Love, friendship, war, and the time-honoured legends, telling of the mighty ones of departed days, are graven indelibly upon the page of memory by the minstrel's lay, and become part and parcel of the mysterious tie which links the future with the past,—presenting again to heart, ear, and eye, the forms and voices which, in earlier days, were mingled with our happiest dreams.

The musical festivals have been well attended, and the songsters have richly deserved the applause bestowed upon them; for each successive *artiste* has struck some newer chord,—powerful, and full of magic, as the last;—but to us the latest visitors have afforded the greatest pleasure; for, woven with the pathetic and simple strains which seem to linger upon their lips, are scenes and sympathies with which few are unfamiliar, who own their birth-place in the far off and sea-girt isles. The soul-searching music of Miss Shireff's voice, and the deep-toned melody of that of Mr. Wilson, will be long remembered by the crowds who have every where listened to their songs.

There is one thing which has been brought home to us by the visits of these vocalists, which we much regret,—that we have scarcely any music of our own—no Canadian melodies,—a want which we cannot but hope may be supplied before many years are suffered to elapse. We have among us numbers

of aspirants for the bay, who have drunk at the fount of Helicon—let them turn their attention to this—and there is no fear but we shall speedily have some witching strains of our own, worthy of the rapidly rising character of the country.

The theatre, too, has been liberally patronised; but praises have been so liberally bestowed that little remains to be said by us. On the last night, the representations were surpassingly excellent—and it required it,—for, mixed up as it was with the self-applause which Miss Davenport is forced to speak, by her injudicious guardians, superior and brilliant acting only could cause the audience to forget the glaring attempts made to dictate to their judgment. The young actress is also too highly taxed—far too much is required from her. Her guardians must not load her with so many, and such arduous characters, or she will soon be a "falling star" indeed!

In our last number, we ventured to call upon our friends for some assistance in pecuniary matters—a call which we gratefully acknowledge has been generously answered. The punctuality which has been so generally adhered to, is such as to claim from us the warmest thanks. We confidently anticipate from those who have not yet turned their attention to our individually trifling claim, a corresponding degree of consideration and encouragement, at the earliest period which may conveniently offer.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"H. V. C." has been duly attended to.

"A Traveller" is respectfully declined, although containing many good lines and original ideas. We would recommend to the author a greater attention to the rhythm and versification of the stanzas, by which considerable improvement might be effected.

We regret that "R" was received too late. It will appear in our next.

"R. J. C." has been received; but too late for our present number.

"D. D." has been inserted.

The "Renouncing of Love" is unavoidably postponed.

"Delia" is declined.

"Whip-poor-Will" is scarcely fit for the *Garland*.

"Polonius" is ready to be returned to the author.

We have received several other contributions, for which we return our best thanks. They shall be attended to whenever time permits a due consideration of their merits.