

ing from those which dwell in the varying character of the song.

The origin of many of these melodies is unknown. Ireland claims them—they came as a "bard's legacy" from the remote ages of antiquity. Scotland asserts an equal right, and points to the years during which they have echoed among her hills. But this is a subject we would not, if we could, discuss. While Ireland possesses the melodies of Moore and Lover, with the strains transmitted through ages upon the harp-strings of her minstrels—the unwritten music of the heart—and, while Scotland has the thrilling lays of her Burns, Campbell, Hogg, Ramsay, and Gilfillan, neither need envy the other the original right to any of these disputed lays—beautiful as they are, they are not alone in their glory—they are rivalled by others which none venture to dispute, and the music of either will live forever in the heart which has once learned to love it, and the holy feeling it cradled in childhood will be erased only when death seals up the feeling, and extinguishes forever the thoughts which bind the being of clay to the earth he treads.

Years may pass over the head of the emigrant, and scenes the grandest in the book of nature may be spread before him, but it boots not upon what shore he may leave his foot-print—in the hovel or lordly hall, by the mountain cataract or purling stream, in the untracked forest or on the fertile plain, his thoughts will be of his childhood's home, and when from some kindred lip shall burst one of the unforgotten lays, which once thrilled upon his heart, time, in an instant will roll back the veil of years, and the grey haired man will be a boy again,

"In fancy's glass to see
His native home."

What can better purify the heart than this, "the hallowed remembrance that throws" into the present the thrice happy hopes of the cherished past.

France, Italy, Germany, and all the countries of Europe have their own poetry and songs, from which they individually derive pride and pleasure, forming as they do, an "imperishable monument" of their refinement and taste. The poetry of Greece and Rome has long outlived the power of the states and empires, whose mightiness is chronicled in the heroic strains of the poets who sung their greatness; and to all future time will be preserved the records of what once was the majesty of the ancient world, the recollection of which might have altogether perished, had it not been rescued from oblivion by these indestructible creations of their immortal genius. The formal record of the historian, coldly pictures the soul-stirring events which occasionally startle admiring nations, and, if untouched by the poet's pen, the world would never feel the magic influence, which, in their day and age, they had upon the minds of men. To the poet and the minstrel, the warrior owes the immortality of his fame. Time will efface

the records of his achievements from the marble which was erected to keep them in the memory of posterity; but, once graven upon the heart, by the glowing pen of poetic genius, they are transmitted from age to age, and will endure, in the freshness of yesterday, forever.

The neighbouring American states, young as they comparatively are, in national existence, are fast crowding around them the riches of intellect which their country produces. They are rapidly progressing in enlightenment and intelligence, and their music, though often erring from their attempts at over refinement, gives promise of future excellence. Already they have many beautiful songs, and when the novelty of their situation is worn away, their increasing taste will teach them to adopt much of the simplicity to which is owing the delightful lays of their "fatherland," many of whose delicious songs are still cherished among their people, although they no longer sing the glories of the lion-flag.

We have, in Canada, scarcely any music which may be called our own, if we except the songs to which the voyageurs ply their oars, as their light barks speed over the blue waves of our inland seas. Some of these airs are wildly beautiful, and chorussed by the hardy crew, are borne over the waters, rich with their untaught melody. They are, however, few, and comparatively unknown, and their words, as far as we have heard them, possess no merit. The time we trust is coming, when we may no longer make this remark in connexion with our Canadian "home."

We have in this country, all the elements of song. We have scenes as grand as the eye of the painter could wish to dwell on—glorious waterfalls and murmuring streams—lakes of unimaginable grandeur, upon whose breast to ride, when the pale moon is mirrored in their depths, might awaken the spirit of poetry and song. We have the towering wilderness—the "wood and wild," peopled with legends of the tawny warriors, who wandered amid their fastnesses in the "olden time"—traditional lore upon which to build the stirring numbers of heroic verse. We have among us, "maidens as hours fair,"—cheeks blushing with a consciousness of their own surpassing beauty—eyes into whose liquid depths to gaze, might kindle the electric flame in any heart that has ever poured out its hopes at the shine of Woman's beauty. We have all these—and who can doubt that, among us, there are many whose souls yearn, to try their wings in the heavenward flight of fancy. Something only is wanting to call the latent spirit into action. When danger, yet fresh in the memory, was amongst us, thousands of gallant hearts, and strong arms, were organized to meet it. The perilous character of the time called into vigorous life a power which might else have slept unheeded, and unknown forever; and our people learned to know themselves, a "tower of strength,"