

to gladden the cheerful fireside, around which cluster a loving band of undivided hearts, shall be all that is left to remind them of past happiness—when the mother's favorite song shall be sung, and the mother not thore to listen—the song of the beloved, now changed or dead—the cradle-song, and the little one in Heaven—the song of joy that serves only to set us weeping—the song that marks an anniversary in young lives, turning our tears into laughter, and our laughter into tears, recalling scenes, events, fair faces, gentle tones, hopes, fears, and memories, mysteriously linked and associated with old songs.

In the early stages of life we can have but few anniversaries. Time is unmasked by memory and full of hope. Gradually, however, there arises a calendar in our individual history, made up of such strange hieroglyphics as to be incomprehensible to any but ourselves. Bright days, hours never to be forgotten are signified only by a flower or a song. An old tune, registered long since in that fairy almanac, brings along with it a crowd of recollections that have not visited our minds for years, and seemed to have gone away for ever—dim shapes familiar to the memory, forgotten and remembered again like the fragments of a dream. "Once more we walk the great city of the past," so vividly described by Professor Longfellow—"with its silent marble streets, and moss-grown walls, and spires uprising with a wave-like flickering motion,—and here, amid the mournful sound of funeral bells, sweet and sorrowful voices that keep continually singing, 'O, forget us not! O, forget us not!'"

Happy, for the most part, are those families where Aoido holds a place among household deities, and has an altar on the domestic hearth. It is to be regretted that music and singing, especially the latter, should be so little cultivated in the homes of our English poor, where it could scarcely fail to shed a gentle and humanizing influence, besides forming a fresh link to bind its inmates together. Attention has, however, been already drawn to this subject, and Harmony now forms a prominent branch of education in most of our principal schools. Throughout the greater part of the Continent, the cultivation of music and singing prevails more or less among all classes, and is a source of pure delight to the poor as well as to the rich. And also in Bohemia, and other districts of Germany, Professor Robson mentions, that he has frequently heard pleasant vocal music even among the Russians boors.

The celebrated Dr. Rush advocates singing on a fresh ground from any we have yet touched upon considering it as a powerful corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonary complaints; and records his entire conviction, that the true cause why the Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption is the strength which their lungs acquire by being constantly exercised in vocal music. He considers no education complete in which singing is not included; learned not as an accomplishment, but a sweet and untiring source of enjoyment for ourselves and others; and thus lessening the temptation to wander out of the charmed circle of home in search of amusement or pleasure.

The utilitarian spirit of the present age, so far from destroying, as some murmurers assert, keeps guard over the Beautiful! not as a thing apart, to be worshipped by the few, but a feeling and an influence to be shed abroad among the common things of every-day life, to gladden and to bless the many. Nothing can be too highly prized which tends to cherish and keep alive the flame of domestic love and sympathy. The spirits of that lamp, whose gentle radiance makes our happiness here below, are many; but Aoido is the blithest and busiest of them all! Her sweet voice lures back the wanderer, and cheers the weary exile with visions of his lost home. A welcome guest in palace or bower; or sitting with the home-loving, by the quiet hearth, making the long hours pass pleasantly away—she hushes to sleep the cradled child—makes melody for the young—and soothes the aged with a world of bygone memories. While enjoying the present she forgets not to lay up a precious store of sweet thoughts for the future; and, like an enchantress as she is, weaves many a tuneful spell, which winds itself irresistibly about the heart for evermore! A blessing on Aoido! A blessing upon Old Songs!

Hamilton and its Scenery.

HAMILTON, if not world-renowned, is at least Canada-renowned for its scenery. Placed on an elevated plain between the Burlington Bay and an extensive ridge called "the mountain," it affords the most delightful situations for building, either on the sloping hill-side or on the heights overlooking the bay. The view from the eminence above Hamilton combines, indeed, more than the usual beauties of mountain and lake scenery. Standing at this point, we see the ridge extending for several miles towards the west, and then sweeping round to the north, forming one of nature's vast amphitheatres. The beautiful sheet of Burlington Bay, about seven miles in length, lies reposing within this ample semicircle, with the city of Hamilton spread out at a little distance from its southern side, along the foot of the mountain, having all its buildings and streets fully revealed from our elevated position above it. A narrow sandbank, called "the beach," pierced by the Burlington canal, separates the bay from the broad surface of Ontario; while just beyond it, on the northern shore of the lake, are dimly discerned the roofs of Wellington Square. The Burlington Heights bind the head of the bay crowned at one end by the noble castle of Dundurn, the residence of Sir Allan McNab. The Dundas Marsh stretches away on the other side of these, filled with rank flags, or the broad leaves of the water lily except where it is traversed by the Des Jardines canal, which leads to the thriving village of Dundas, embosomed among the hills. The vastness of the circular range bounding the horizon on every side save that of the lake, the placid beauty of the bay encircled within it, and the stirring, life-like appearance of the city by its side, all contribute to awaken in the mind sensations of the most unmingled delight and contentment. The pleasure which we receive in contemplating the scene, is likewise enhanced by the reflection that it may at one time have been the bed of a large body of water, as seems probable from the circumstance of the country being perfectly level after we reach the summit of the ridge as well as from the nature and position of the land in the valley.

Next to the mountain, the Burlington Heights afford the greatest attraction to the lover of nature and art. Commencing at the north-west of Hamilton, they extend along (with a level surface and no greater elevation than that of the city, though much higher than the water) between the Burlington Bay and the Dundas marsh, in the form of a promontory, gradually diminishing, around the extremity of which pass the vessels to Dundas, on the outlet between the two bodies of water. On the side nearest Hamilton appears the castle of Dundurn, placed near the verge of the heights, and commanding an excellent view of the bay and the surrounding scenery. Two turrets project on the side of the water, with a balcony between them, and rise up above the building, giving it its castle-like appearance; while a row of columns improves its aspect on the opposite front towards the road. The edifice, however, is seen to best advantage from a boat on the water or from the mountain. Passing on beyond the grounds of the castle we have a new but still pleasing view of the bay, walled in on the left by an almost perpendicular bank with smiling farm houses here and there interspersed upon the top—the beach on the opposite side appearing like a dark line resting upon the blue waters, and the shore on the right studded with sails, storehouses, and wharves, that speak of man's industry and enterprise.

But besides the natural beauties with which the Burlington Heights abound, they possess some historical relics, which give them a still livelier interest. Nearly opposite the castle is seen a large mound of earth, on which lie the last mouldering remains of an old block-house. A few rods from this a high embankment stretches entirely across the ridge, and still farther on another where the space is very narrow. It was behind these entrenchments and protected by this block-house that the English army encamped, during the last American war, in 1813, after being driven by superior forces from Fort George at the mouth of the Niagara river. The American army pursued them and took up a good position by the side of Stony Creek, about eight miles from Hamilton. The British, however, did not await their attack, but, rousing up by night, surprised them amid the dark-