

Arouse thyself, then, thou boasted land of intelligence! Shake off the vermin—proclaim an *auto-da-fé*—put a stop to the outlandish and unmeaning words which are daily being grafted on the English language. Fine words are not half as good as pure words—and more than this, let your writers not introduce new words, without European authority. If the fountain is to cast forth waters of different colours, you must go to the fountain-head to produce the desired effect. If the language of the Anglo-Saxons is to be remodelled, let it be remodelled by the people of England. And now “farewell, a long farewell,” to the “distinguished literary artists,” and the “greatest living writers!” Peace be unto their ashes!

THERMOPYLÆ.

BY DR. HASKINS.

THERMOPYLÆ!

Proud gate of glory!

Watchword of Liberty,

Till from Time's brow be rent the scant locks hoary.

While Æta's steep,

Sternly majestic, frowns o'er thy dark valley,—

Still at the word, with passions high and deep,

Freedom's true sons shall to the conflict rally.

Buast of the brave—

The hero's charter!

Who—who would fear a grave

Like his—Leonidas—his country's martyr!

Head of the warrior band,

Whose blood, as swells the torrent from the mountain,

Swept slavery afar from that lov'd land,

And purified earth's border with its fountain.

Thermopylæ!

Thy fame is glorious;—

Hallow'd that region be

Where fought the few, o'er million slaves victorious.

We of this later time

Can glow e'en at the tale in hisc'ry's pages;

How felt at the great hour the band sublime

Whose daring deed shines through the gloom of ages!

Where Æta's form

Its brow uplifteth,

Defies the raging storm,

Frowns at the thunder, blast its crag that riseth,—

Sits Freedom on her throne,

Bas'd by the mountain on its broad foundations;

Wide o'er the world, and not fair Greece alone,

Darts her bright eagle glance through all the nations.

Thermopylæ!

Deathless example!

Like those that fought—the free—

Would that our souls the legion foes might trample!

Have we no heroes now—

Now when Heaven's light the universe hath kindled;—

Drooping his high-born brow,

Flath monarch Man to pigmy stature dwindled!

Spirit of War—

Earth's plague—still slumber;—

Not thee—not thee;—thy course afar

I deprecate;—yet, yet, ye chosen number—

On, Christians! to the fight;—

Hell with its host our heavenly march opposes;

The Prince of the world pow'rs displays his might—

Firm be your ranks—the front of battle closes.

MUSICAL HINTS.

No. II.

ON MUSICAL ACADEMIES.

BY MUSICUS.

Indocti discant, et ament reminisse periti.

THE man who would dictate to society on any science, certainly ought to possess undoubted qualifications to entitle him to the attention and respect of his readers: but he who would only advance, without any wish of coercing the opinions of the *Oi πολλοί* some sentiments of regret that art is so little cultivated, cannot with justice be accused of the vanity of believing himself capable of dictating and directing the public taste.

The object of this communication is to call the attention of our professors of music to the unnaturally low ebb of the science in Montreal—in Canada. I say unnaturally, for the love of harmony is so rooted in the disposition, that the lack of its cultivation is at variance with every feeling of the educated and refined. Nor will I simply content myself with pointing out the defect, for I will also shew in what manner this deficiency can be remedied.

It is really a matter of regret that music is so little cultivated among us. This appears less remarkable when we consider the limited encouragement which is given to music in this country. To eulogise a science, the love of which is engraven in every heart, is needless. All pay it homage: the enthusiast and the crabbed—the youthful and the aged—the iron-minded and the simple—alike acknowledges its influence. Charity enlists her as her handmaid, Misfortune as her comforter; Joy courts her as a coadjutor, and Measure as an assistant; and humanity can boast of more ennobling thoughts from the science of Euterpo than any other pursuits. By the would-be wise it may be termed frivolous, or by the toiling Cressus, unprofitable; but satire has never dared to cast its arrow at her temple; none could yet be found with the mad effrontery to stigmatise it as enervating. Montesquieu was right when he said “it is the only one of the fine arts that does not corrupt the mind.”

If antiquity give it additional zest, let it be stated that, so old is the science that subtle but gives its origin. In Athens to this day can be seen two monuments erected in honour of a victory gained in music, the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, built in the time of Demosthenes, 330 years before the Christian era: and the Choragic monument of Phrysilus, erected in the 115th Olympiad, about 318 years B. C.