

playing in concert so prevalent among modern amateur players. Under all these circumstances it is a matter of astonishment that parents should be weak enough to tolerate, much less encourage, a system of sonorous, (commonly called musical) education, which is in itself inconsistent with the very character of music, and which, by placing unnecessary difficulties in the way of the learner, damp his energies, and disgust him with the study, before he has acquired a proficiency on his instrument, by the perfect hopelessness of conquering those unmeaning passages, which few, indeed, can execute, and which are thoroughly worthless when they are executed. To this in a great measure may be attributed the existence of such a host of players infinitely below mediocrity. It is not every one who has a taste or capacity for great performances in the practical part of music; and most persons possess the talent only to a degree, beyond which it is impossible to carry their powers, and there can be little doubt, that by overcharging the capacity, many a youth has failed to play tolerably, who, even under a more rational system of tuition, might have played well.

This is much to be regretted, as there can be little doubt that nothing would be productive of a greater moral benefit than the popular study and practice of good music. If, in place of teaching girls to strum upon the piano one or two of Herz's or Panormo's, next to impossible pieces, and then placing before them the fashionable quadrilles, in which again, very frequently, the spirit and character of the music, from which they are taken, are sacrificed to suit the ball-room figure, by which an imperfect, false, and vitiated taste is acquired, in the same way that false historical information is acquired by reading "historical novels"—we say, if, in place of this, the early practice were confined to the works of those masters which have stood the test of ages, which are admired by all nations, and which can be listened to with satisfaction, however often repeated, a striking difference would appear in the character of our musical parties—a good taste would be cultivated in private life, which would speedily effect a change in our public performances, by which the multitude would, by degrees, be led back to delight in pure harmony, the language and exaltation of the soul.

We will endeavour to illustrate our position a little further by an analogy. No rational parent would think of teaching his child the History of England from the plays of Shakspeare, or that of Scotland from Scott's Novels; in both, truth is distorted to produce a particular effect. So it is in those quadrilles taken from the favourite operas; the passages are taken as parts, and crammed into a certain rhythmical compass which completely destroys, in many instances, the effect intended by the composer, and thus cultivates a vitiated and corrupt taste. They certainly suit the dancing figure; but, we will appeal to the votaries of Terpsichore whether they do not find, plain common-place airs better adapted

to the ball-room than the mystified passages from Rossini, Auber, Weber, Balf, Spohr, &c., which are "got up" to sell as quadrilles. Of their value in the drawing-room, our opinion may be collected from what we have already said.

A great deal is said and done to promote morality and check dissipation among the lower orders; but, giving all credit to the parties for good intentions, we cannot help thinking their endeavours are not directed in the proper channel. Severe, gloomy censures are miscalculated to effect the object. The mind of man requires relaxation—it loves its vivacity when deprived of it; and to the absence of rational amusements for the poorer classes, may in a great degree be attributed the spread of intemperance, the most debasing of all vices. On the Continent, where public spectacles, musical entertainments, and such enjoyments are frequent and accessible to the millions, the people are remarkable for sobriety, good order, and moderation; while, with us, where among the higher classes a principle of exclusion prevails, which shuts out the poor man from participating in rational pleasure, he is driven to seek relaxation in the ale-house, or amidst other scenes of the lowest and most debasing debauchery. From these habits it is not easy to wean him. We may awaken his judgment to the fatal consequences of such pursuits, but we by so doing, make him miserable. It is not the vice that he loves for its own sake; but, he is driven by a dire necessity to join in the revel, or abandon himself to the horrors of solitude, which, to the ignorant, is of all things the most horrible. If we wish to draw the populace from the tavern, the gaming-house, or the brothel, we must not only shew them the evils of such places, but offer them a better, more innocent, but equally beguiling, recreation elsewhere. By so doing, we do not call upon men to abandon their pleasures, but merely to change the vicious for the rational, the dangerous for the safe, the debasing for the exalting.

It is with this view that we have always been favourable to the foundation of museums, public lectures, public galleries, libraries, &c., &c., being assured that such establishments by offering better fare, would supersede the attractions of the midnight revel and bacchanalian carouse. The misfortune is, that they are not sufficiently general to effect all the good of which they are capable; and therefore we hail with much satisfaction the formation of a new Institution in Tasmania, from which we expect great things, if perfectly supported by the countenance of those whose position in society would give a tone and character to the Institution. Our readers will pretty well anticipate that we allude to the "Hobart Town Choral Society" of the principles and objects of which we have been favoured with the following outline by the secretary:—

"This Society is established for the purpose of cultivating good

musical taste, and producing occasionally to the public the classical works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Pergolesi, &c. &c., with all the effect of which the colony is capable. To this end it is desired to concentrate all the available musical talent, vocal and instrumental, amateur and professional, of which Tasmania can boast. The choral members, that is, such as lend their aid either vocally or instrumentally, and among these are all the leading professionals, male and female, in the town, give their services gratuitously, and indeed contribute towards the funds requisite for defraying the expenses. The subscription of such members is fixed at £1 1s. per annum, payable half-yearly in advance; that of other members who do not perform, at £2 2s. per annum. The principles of the Society are as liberal and open as is consistent with a due regard to decorum, and the preservation of good order, while its regulations are sufficiently stringent to prevent the introduction of improper characters. The admission or rejection of members, as well as the general management of the Society, rests with a committee, of whom the Secretary is the organ. The choir and orchestra meet weekly for practice, and it is proposed to give occasional public festivals as the performances can be perfected. To these festivals the members will be presented with tickets, the number being regulated by the frequency of the performances. It is also proposed to give monthly soirées at the Society's room, to which subscribers only will be admitted, and the admission to these performances will be so regulated as to ensure, at the least, four in the year to each subscriber. The chief design of the Society is the practice of sacred music, and the splendid oratorio of the Creation is now in rehearsal."

We cannot but applaud and advocate such an institution, and sincerely trust that the *élite* of Tasmania will not hesitate to enrol their names as patrons and patronesses of so desirable an establishment. The pecuniary demand made, is exceedingly modest, and even in these times of hardship, inconsiderable. Even the mechanic may worse bestow his *ninepence halfpenny* per week, than in supporting such a Society. For our own part, we have no doubt that numbers and prosperity will mark the progress of the Choral Society, to which we earnestly wish every success.

C. Y. X.

THE PATRIOT.

INVOCATION.

"HARP of the North!" so sung the magic voice
Of him * who, Scotia, bid thy hills rejoice ;
Who peopled every hollow, forest, glen,
With rich creation of the enchanter's pen,
Whose strains alike in courtly hall or cot,
Have charm'd, will charm, all others long forgot.—
"Harp of the North!" if touch unknown essay
To tune thy wild note to heroic lay,
Discourse sweet music to the daring hand
Thy minstrel melody would fain command.
Inspire him with the glory of the song,
And arm him 'gainst the censures of the throng
Who grant no pity to the vent'rous wight,
If droops his plume in such a daring flight.

Genius of Scotia! O'er my vent'rous lay
The rich outpourings of thy wild harp fling,
That with a high and gifted hand I may
The triumphs of thy deathless Wallace sing,
Telling how still the hostile Southron's band
By his bold quenchless spirit swept away ;
Till coward treason wrought the mournful fall
Of him who scorn'd to live base Edward's thrall!

CANTO I.

Scotland was conquer'd. Her proud chivalry
Had bent the neck submissive to the rod
Of iron-hearted Longshanks. Party feuds,
Petty disputes, ignoble jealousies,
Unworthy brawls, unnatural revenge
Had cast an ancient, honourable state,
Beneath the fangs of an insatiate tyrant—
A false friend—a perjured mediator—
An umpire scorning every sacred trust—
Gaining by craft what manhood fail'd to win.
Th' unwilling serfs to rivet in his chain

* Sir Walter Scott.

The apostate lords, reckless of ignom'y,
 Like parricides that lap their parent's gore,
 Were gratified with lauds, erewhile their own,
 Or bought with rich possessions wrung by force
 From the brave few who counted honour dear,
 And held their country's rights a sacred trust,
 Not to be bartered for a tyrant's gold,
 Nor basely yielded, hold who might the crown.
 But few, how few, in the exalted list
 Preferring death and an unsullied fame
 To wealth and power, the wage of infamy.

Of Scotia's great ones such the abject lot :—
 Small wonder, then, her lesser citizens
 Should bow to every wrong illicit fraud,
 Or open violence might choose inflict.
 Edward's high-born, ignoble minded slaves,
 Let rapine, fire, and sword work their wild will.
 The Southron bands,—spread thro' each hamlet,
 City, castle, town,—from feeble, helpless, hands,
 Wrung paltry stores oppression yet had spared.
 Grief was full. Men sunk dismayed and nerveless—
 And fainting woman sorrowing wept the woes
 Her once protector could not now avert.
 Each place of trust, rank, profit, power,
 Was filled by Edward's minions. All the land
 Quailed at his nod. Each domestic hearth
 Shrunk from the rude contaminating blight
 Of his licentious, ruthless, mercenaries—
 At ev'ry pore the best and bravest blood
 Of hapless Caledon gave forth its stream.
 Ev'ry breeze rose charged with prayers to Heaven.
 Those who had warred whilst life or hope was left
 Were dead, exiled, or harassed wanderers,
 Whilst those by birth their country's guardians
 Were banded with its mortal enemies,
 Bond slaves of foreigners, bought with the gold
 Of those who doubted much as they despised.
 The very bond of nationality
 Was laid in ruins—Patriotism died :—
 And of her pristine, oft tried, much prized worth,
 Scotland retained no vestige save her name.

Yet darkest night the herald oft to dawn
 Of glorious golden promise—
 Tried in the fire of stern adversity
 The purest metal purged and proven shines—
 Scotland's legions on Dunbar's fatal plain
 Dispers'd and shatter'd brook'd the field no more.
 Still, native fastnesses and mountain glens
 Gave refuge to the few—the outlaw'd few—
 Who did not quite despair their country's cause.
 Oppression silently but surely paved
 The path to after freedom—Hearts were crush'd,
 Not quell'd—Furious outbursts served to keep
 The victors apprehensive of their slaves.

Deep in the valleys of the pleasant West,
 A bright peculiar star of matchless worth
 Was speedily in glory to arise
 To strike with wonderment the nations round
 England with terror and defeat to 'whelm,
 But Scotland from the abject'st point of shame
 To raise to glory ne'er attained before—
 To cast a deathless beam o'er freedom's path
 To shield, to save, to liberate, and *die!*
 Noblest of champions, poor the bard's essay
 To paint thine arduous, virtuous, fearless, course.
 How tame enthusiasm to the frigid rule
 Of cold historic truth? The pen should glow,
 Or seek to glow, in characters as grand
 As those which erst inflam'd thy mighty soul!
 And, yet, how vain, how poor the minstrel art
 To blazon deeds beyond the poet's skill—
 To add fresh lustre to a deathless name
 From age to age a quenchless beacon light
 Pointing in radiance the spotless path
 To every after patriot that would rend
 The bonds of despotism. A meteor fire
 To rouse each Scottish bosom e'en although
 Thy cruel'st foes their brothers now and friends!
 It boots not me our hero's birth to paint,
 His early feats, his love of liberty,—
 By patriot uncle with his being blent,—

Need I pourtray the sire whose oft tried blade
 Was wielded ever by an arm that fell
 Avenging to the last dear native land?
 His lineage tho' by Royalty ungraced
 Was stampt by the nobility of Heav'n—
 No hope to right his country ere escap'd—
 His vengeance smote the oppressor, high or low,
 And the forsaken found in him a friend.
 Train'd to endure, 'mid highland fastnesses,
 Famine, fatigue, and danger, tun'd his mind
 To reckless daring, whilst his frame grew knit
 In iron durance and Herculean might.
 The perils of the rugged mountain chace
 The mountain goat's activity begat,
 And sylvan war the indignant patriot taught
 Strife's primal lesson prov'd in deathless fields.
 To such a leader flock'd the intrepid hearts,
 Who spurning a vile life of slavery,
 Preferred the air of outlaw'd liberty,
 Environed as it was with doom and death,
 To safety purchas'd with their country's shame.
 This advent'rous band waxed stonger daily—
 Scotland's fee'd Barons marvelling shook the head—
 Scotland's self—her People!—tugged at her chains,
 Her bonds to burst when fate and fortune willed.

'Twas holiday in Ayr—an English holiday—
 And Southron soldiers eager sought the means
 To gall the vanquish'd, e'en in their search of sport.
 "Come on," in jeering terms, "ye craven Scots,"
 Shouted a huge buffoon, with gesture rude;
 "Here, for a paltry groat I offer ye
 Upon my goodly person the revenge
 Ye, cur-like, bear your lords and masters, dogs,
 Art 'fraid to lay this pole across my back,
 Or are your pence more sweet than your desires?"
 Loud laugh'd the bully, whilst his mailed friends
 Triumphant echoed back his merriment.
 "They laugh who win," observed a youthful Scot,
 "Hold! here is thrice the money.—Now thy staff,
 If thou wilt bide the buffet thou provok'st—"

The jester gave the weapon with a leer,
 But not unnoticed by the Scot the trick,—
 Grasping the pole 'bove where 'twas meant to part
 The blow descended so unerringly,
 That spine and frame sank a crush'd mass to earth,
 And the poor witling with a groan expir'd.

The flash of steel gleam'd fiercely in the sun,—
 One who advanced too rashly grappled fate,
 And seeking to be avenger, victim fell—
 Numbers prest on, but still, the fatal pole
 Made fatal, fearful progress, till a blow—
 A sweeping, nervous, trenchant, downward blow,
 'Gainst the steel cap of thick-skulled trooper,
 Shiver'd the o'er tried weapon to the grasp—
 The stranger stood unarm'd.—Rose then to Heaven
 The exulting shout of a fierce soldiery,
 Rushing in number to o'erwhelm the foe.
 Calm and collected he from 'neath his robe
 A trusty falchion drew, its biting edge
 Clearing a passage 'midst the boldest there.
 Five fell to rise no more, the living paused,
 Till the athletic chief the copse regained
 Where stood his trusty steed. With a bound
 He sprang into the saddle. All pursuit
 Proved fruitless. Baffle'd return'd each trooper
 To curse his fortune and to vow revenge.

But not for lengthened space did Wallace fly;
 Unmindful of their late discomfiture,
 Ayr's soldiery 'gan busily devise
 To flout the Scots, themselves to glorify—
 An Englishman renowned for skill at arms,
 Proclaim'd himself the general challenger.
 To Ayr our hero hied him in disguise
 With fifteen stalwart, chosen followers,
 Their corslets veiled beneath the garb of peace.
 Scot after Scot confess'd the Southron's arm,
 And 'midst the scoffs of an insulting foe,
 Withdrew their own and country's grief to weep.

On Wallace' cheek fierce burnt the glow of shame,
 Not unregarded of the conqueror

Who, flush'd with triumph, dared him prove *his* skill—
 No second call was needful—Wallace' blade
 Was ready as his hand. Artifice or art
 Availed the Southron nought ; his blows fell faint,
 Whilst those of his antagonist rained thick
 And rapid as the torrent in its might,
 Striking the vaunting " buckler player " dead !—
 Aghast the Southrons stood, but when they saw,
 Victor of their proud champion, him who late
 Had slain their jester, buffeted themselves,
 Laughing to scorn all odds,—blinding rage
 Possessed their souls. Pressing on every side
 They strove escape to bar. Difficulty
 Served but as spur to Wallace' energy—
 Baring their blades his comrades joined the fray—
 Death and destruction in each single arm.
 On every hand assailed, ambush dreading,
 The English 'gan to waver, but just then
 Fresh succours from the castle took the field,
 And with redoubled fury charged the Scots.—
 To capture Wallace seem'd the general aim,
 Tho' few that dared the dread accomplishment ;—
 His Spartan band, concentr'd in their might,
 Dash'd on the English phalanx—every stroke
 Thinning the host that rashly dar'd oppose—
 Odds grew on odds.—Retreat all hopeless seem'd,
 Whiles the fierce fight waxed fiercer. Fiercer still
 The ire of Wallace. Fronting the battle's storm,
 All was thrust down before him, till, at last,
 Three knights of fair Northumbria bit the dust,
 With seven and twenty lesser men at arms,
 Bedewing with their gore Ayr's ruddy streets.
 The o'erlaboured Scots their trusty steeds regained,
 Mid' Langlane woods a refuge sure to find.

Of such as these the feats of Wallace' youth
 Ere Edward's puppet Baliol filled a throne,
 His wit and manhood all unmeet to keep—
 The foreign lord taunting the royal tool,
 Caused him to yield obedience at his beck—
 Idle plaints, vexatious suits, degrading summonses

Galled Baliol's soul to frenzy—roused the ire
 Of Scotland's gentry, till its king was forced
 Into renouncement of his fealty sworn—
 Battle became the arbiter—but, ah, alas,
 The veterans of Largs had passed away,
 And Scottish discipline was all unmeet
 To cope with Edward's warriors, train'd
 In many a field, in many a varying clime.
 Why recount the savage spoil of Berwick—
 Wherefore paint the fatal route of Dunbar—
 Or dwell upon the tyrant's bloody course
 Of subjugation through the bleeding land?
 Where the sword had spared, gleaning a harvest,
 Fell the reeking axe, else dungeon's hopeless gloom,
 Sapped sense and brain even while life was spar'd—
 All *seem'd* lost for aye—Still Wallace' soul survived—
 Out-living that wild storm to wake yet fiercer still—
 As felon branded—outlaw vile proclaimed.
 The woods afforded shelter to the head,
 Teeming with schemes to set his country free.

(To be continued.)

STAR OF MY SOUL.

Star of my Soul! my path is dark,
 Unless illumin'd by thy ray,
 And vainly strives life's lonely bark
 To track aright its dubious way.
 Like some poor mariner, when he—
 No star to guide—his compass lost—
 Perceives amid a dangerous sea
 His fragile vessel tempest-tost.

Star of my Soul! thou shinest out
 As thou wert wont in times gone by;
 And driv'st away those clouds of doubt
 That hid thy lustre from mine eye.
 Thy smile renews in all their bloom
 And freshness all my happiest hours,
 As light, when pass'd the thunder's gloom—
 Revives the drooping world of flow'rs!

J. K.