

sinking gradually, but without regularity or rhythm.

Inorganic Nature produces only noises—no musical sounds. The rolling thunder, the fury of the tempest, the rustling of leaves in a forest, the pleasant prattling of a mountain brook and the mighty roar of the ocean—all these are nothing more than a mass of confused noises, and it is only occasionally that mere accident lends to these sounds a musical charm: such were the utterances of the Memnon Statue at the rising of the sun, and such were the sounds heard in the famous Fingal Cave on the island of Staffa, where the falling waters have given it the name "Cave of Music."

On the other hand the animal world abounds in countless noises; the Spaniards on their first arrival in America thought there were people living in the forests who practiced singing at night, and the Jesuite Kircher in his famous work entitled "Masurgie" said that if music had been invented in America, he should not have hesitated to declare that it originated with the marvellous song of the Ai of South America. The nightingale is the queen of European birds, her song is unsurpassed in real beauty and sweetness of sound and withal, so loud that it reaches as far as the human voice; next to her the Skylark is praised for its sweet voice and wonderful perseverance, for the higher it mounts, the greater efforts the brave little fellow makes to be heard and finally it seems determined to verify the Poets' words.

"Hark, Hark; at the gate of Heaven: the lark sings"

And again the pretty though fanciful imagination of the song by the French author, Du Bartas, who says:

La gentille alouette, avec son tirelire,
Tirelire, relire et tirelirant tire
Vers la voute du ciel; puis son vol enee lien
vire et semble vous dire; adieu, adieu, adieu!

Thus there are a thousand voices continually swelling the great anthems which nature sings to its Creator by day and night; for even when we fancy that all is still and silent around us, in deepest solitude, in the darkest night, on the highest mountain top, there are still sounds uttered which may not lie within the compass of all ears, but which become distinctly audible when our hearing is properly attuned. Every region, moreover, has its own acoustic nature—large cities have an incessant roar, now low and deep, now loud and over-whelming, the "confusae sonus urbis"—the result of unceasing activity of hundreds of thousands of men, as the bee-hive resounds with the hum of busy laborers. The roar of London may be heard for miles and miles; and yet Paris noises are louder, because the city is largely built upon an elastic soil which overhangs the Catacombs, and serves like a sounding board to increase their volume. The country, on the other hand, is filled with nature's own voices, the singing of birds, the cries of animals the purling of the brooks, and the music of the wind in the branches of the trees.

Man himself has at first two kinds of sounds by which he can make himself understood, one he calls language, the other music: in fact, however, music is language like all others, which makes up in softness and beauty what it may lack in precision and accuracy. It has been called, not inaptly, *dreamy speech*.

The ancients comprehended under the term music the harmonious order of all things, and hence included besides the music of our day, Dancing, Poetry and even

the Sciences. The great philosophers of Greece, hence, saw music in the whole system of the Universe and bequeathed thus to posterity the mystic views of a harmony of the Spheres and the music of the Cosmos, which was long the favorite theme of Mediaeval writers, revived through the agency of Swedenborg and will probably long survive, in spite of our better knowledge of the true nature of celestial bodies.

All nations agree upon the almost magic power indwelling in music; now it enables Orpheus to tame the wild beasts of the forest, and induce rocks and mighty trees to join in merry dance, and now enables Amphion to build the walls of Thebes, the stones following willingly the impulse given by the sounds of his lyre; in one age, music builds cities; in another it casts down the walls of Jerico. Shakespeare called even the drum the great maker of courage, and history has more than is flattering to our race to tell of the blood shed by men acting under the impulse given by the Marseillaise.

Nevertheless, not all men are equally susceptible to the charms of music; but where it is not, as often must be the case, purely the fault of the ear, it draws upon the unlucky man in popular estimation, at least, the well known stigma, that:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

Certain motions of inanimate nature produce the same effect as music. The cascade that falls from a steep, rocky height, the brook running merrily between sandy banks, or the waves which restlessly beat against the sea-shore, affect the soul, like visible music. We can sit for hours watching the waves as they come, one by one, and ever try to catch each other without success. Their rythmical change produces a happy, soothing effect upon the mind and teach us the power of regular, well ordered motions upon the eye as well as upon the ear.

D. H. W. Jr.

New York shop-girls carry books too and from their places of business to give pedestrians the idea that they are school-girls; but the trick deceives no one. They behave too well.—*Ex.*

In recent number of a respectable periodical appeared a new and astounding argument against "Woman's Rights." The editor fears that the fair sex will be admitted to the professions; it will by competition drive all men from their occupations and one half of the world being thrown out of employment will die of starvation. We didn't think of that before. It does seem conclusive, indeed! But the unhappy editor seems to lament in some such strains as follows:—O woman, why does a mysterious providence permit you to appear in the world to vex the life of so many men? Why will you not be quiet? Why will you pray and preach and teach when you know that you are depriving so many men of the means of obtaining an honest living? You are gradually stealing all the employments men have so long and fondly called their own. A thousand generations protest against you being lawyers, doctors, preachers and teachers. Your sphere is in the blessed retirement of your husband's shadow; to minister to his comfort and cook his dinner should be your joy and ambition. "Eureka," exclaimed the editor with tears of joy in his eyes, "Eureka."