that noo! Giv' us the hond agean, yoongster. Beatten a school-measther! Dang it, I loove thee for't."

With these expressions of delight, John Browdie laughed and laughed again—so loud that the echoes far and wide sent back nothing but jovial peals of merriment—and shook Nicholas by the hand meanwhile no less heartily. When his mirth had subsided, he inquired what Nicholas meant to do; on his informing him, to go straight to London, he shook his head doubtfully, and inquired if he knew how much the coaches charged to carry passengers so far.

"No, I do not," said Nicholas; "but it is no great consequence to me, for I intend walking."

"Gang awa' to Lunnun afoot!" cried John, in amazement.

"Every step of the way," replied Nicholas. "I should be many steps further on by this time, and so good bye."

"Nay noo," replied the honest countryman, reining in his impatient horse, "stan' still, tellee. Hoo much cash hast thee gotten?"

"Not much," said Nicholas, colouring, "but I can make it enough. Where there's a will there's a way, you know."

John Browdie made no verbal answer to this remark, but putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out an old purse of soiled leather, and insisted that Nicholas should borrow from him whatever he required for his present necessities.

"Dean't be afeard, mun," he said; "tak' eneaf to carry thee whoam. Thee'lt pay me yan day, a' warrant."

Nicholas could by no means be prevailed upon to borrow more than a sovereign, with which loan Mr. Browdie, after many entreaties that he would accept of more (observing, with a touch of Yorkshire caution, that if he didn't spend it all he could put the surplus by, till he had an opportunity of remitting it carriage free,) was fain to content himself.

"Tak' that bit o' timber to help thee on wi', mun," he added, pressing his stick on Nicholas, and giving his hand another squeeze; "keep a good hart, and bless thee. Beatten a school-measther! 'Cod its the best thing a've heerd this twonty year!"

So saying, and indulging, with more delicacy than could have been expected from him, in another series of loud laughs, for the purpose of avoiding the thanks which Nicholas poured forth, John Browdie set spurs to his horse, and went off at a smart canter, looking back from time to time as Nicholas stood gazing after him; and waving his hand cheerily, as if to encourage him on his way. Nicholas watched the horse and rider until they disappeared over the brow of a distant hill, and then set forward on his journey.

He did not travel far that afternoon, for by this time it was nearly dark, and there had been a heavy fall of snow, which not only rendered the way toilsome, but the track uncertain and difficult to find after daylight, save by experienced wayfarers. He lay that night at a cottage, where beds were let at a cheap rate to the more humble class of travellers, and rising betimes next morning, made his way before night to Boroughbridge. Passing through that town in search of some cheap resting-place, he stumbled upon an empty barn within a couple of hundred yards of the road side; in a warm corner of which he stretched his weary limbs, and soon fell asleep.

When he awoke next morning, and tried to recollect his dreams, which had been all connected with his recent sojourn at Dotheboys Hall, he sat up, rubbed his eyes, and started—not with the most composed countenance possible—at some motionless object which seemed to be stationed within a few yards in front of him.

"Strange!" cried Nicholas; "can this be some lingering creation of the visions that have scarcely left me! It cannot be real—and yet I—I am awake. Smike!"

The form moved, rose, advanced, and dropped upon its knees at his feet. It was Smike indeed.

"Why do you kneel to me?" said Nicholas, hastily rasing him.

"To go with you—anywhere—everywhere—to the world's end—to the churchyard grave," replied Smike, clinging to his hand. Let me, oh do let me. You are my home—my kind friend—take me with you, pray."

"I am a friend who can do little for you," said Nicholas, kindly. "How came you here?"

He had followed him, it seemed; had never lost sight of him all the way; had watched while he slept, and when he halted for refreshment; and had feared to appear before lest he should be sent back. He had not intended to appear now, but Nicholas had awakened more suddenly than he looked for, and he had no time to conceal himself.

"Poor fellow!" said Nicholas, "your hard fate denies you any friend but one, and he is nearly as poor and helpless as yourself."

"May I—may I go with you?" asked Smike, timidly. "I will be your faithful hard-working servant, I will, indeed. I want no clothes," added the poor creature, drawing his rags together; these will do very well. I only want to be near you."

"And you shall," cried Nicholas. "And the world shall deal by you as it does by me, till one or both of us shall quit it for a better. Come."

With these words he strapped his burden on his shoulders, and taking his stick in one hand, extended the other to his delighted charge, and so they passed out of the old barn together.

From Millengen's Curiosities of Medical Experience.

## MEDICAL POWERS OF MUSIC.

The powerful influence of music on our intellectual faculties, and consequently on our health, has long been ascertained, either in raising the energies of the mind, or producing despondency and melancholy association of ideas. Impressed with its sublime nature, the ancients gave it a divine origin. Diodorus tells us that it was a boon bestowed on mankind after the deluge, and owed its discovery to the sound produced by the wind when whistling through the reeds that grew on the banks of the Nile. This science became the early study of philosophers and physicians. Herophilus explained the alterations of the pulse by the various modes and rhythms of music. In the sacred writings we have many instances of its influence in producing an aptitude for divine consolation. The derangement of Saul yielded to the harp of David, and the hand of the Lord came upon Elisha as the minstrel played. In Egypt certain songs were legally ordained in the education of youth, to promote virtue and morality. Polybius assures us that music was required to soften the manners of the Arcadians, whose climate was heavy and impure; while the inhabitants of Cynæthe, who neglected this science, were the most barbarous in Greece. The medical power of harmonious sounds was also fully admitted. We find Pythagoras directing certain mental disorders to be treated by music. Thales; called from Crete to Sparta, cured a disastrous pestilence by its means. Martinus Capella affirms that fevers were thus removed. Xenocrates cured maniacs by melodious sounds, and Asclepiades conquered deafness with a trumpet. In modern times it has been related of a deaf lady that he could only hear while a drum was beating, and a drummer was kept in the house for the purpose of enabling her to converse. Aulus Gellius tells us that a case of sciatica was cured by gentle modulations, and Theophrastus maintains that the bites of serpents and other venomous reptiles can be relieved by similar means. Ancient physicians, who attributed many diseases to the influence of evil spirits, fancied that harmonious sounds drove them away, more especially when accompanied by incantations, and we find in Luther, 'that music is one of the most beautiful and glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy.'

In more modern times we have several instances of the medical powers of music, and the effect produced by Farinelli on Philip of Spain is well known. This monarch was in such deplorable state of despondency from ill health, that he refused to be shaved or to appear in public. On the arrival of Farinelli, the Queen was resolved to try the power of music, and a concert was ordered in a room adjoining the King's chamber; Farinelli sang one of his best airs, which so overcame Philip that he desired he might be brought into his presence, when he promised to grant him any reasonable request he might make. The performer, in the most respectful manner, then begged of the King to allow himself to be shaved and attended by his domestics, to which Philip consented. Farinelli continued to sing to him daily until a perfect cure was effected. The story of Tartini is rather curious: in a moment of musical enthusiasm, he fell asleep, when the devil appeared to him playing on the violin bidding him with a horrible grin to play as well as he did; struck with the vision, the musician awoke, ran to his harpsichord, and produced the splendid sonata which he entitled '*the Devil's*.'

Curious anecdotes are related of the effect of music upon animals. Marville has given the following amusing account of his experiments. 'While a man was playing on a trump-marine, I made my observations on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, some cows, small birds, and a cock and hens, who were in a yard under the window: the cat was not in the least affected; the horse stopped short from time to time, raising his head up now and then as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind legs, looking steadfastly at the player; the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive; the cows slept a little, and after gazing at us, went forward; some little birds that were in an aviary, and others on trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats with singing; but the cock who minded only his hens, and the hens who were solely employed in scraping a neighbouring dung-hill, did not show in any manner that the trump-marine afforded them pleasure.' That dogs have an ear for music cannot be doubted: Steibelt had one which evidently knew one piece of music from the other; and a modern composer, my friend, Mr. Nathan, had a pug dog that frisked merrily about the room when a lively piece was played, but when a slow melody was performed, particularly Dussek's Opera, 15, he would seat himself down by the piano, and prick up his ears with intense attention until the player came to the forty-eighth bar; as the discord was struck, he would yell most piteously, and with drooping tail seek refuge from the unpleasant sound under the chairs or tables.

Eastcock relates that a hare left her retreat to listen to some choristers who were singing on the banks of the Mersey, retiring whenever they ceased singing, and re-appearing as they recommenced their strains. Bossuet asserts, that an officer confined in the Bastile drew forth mice and spiders to beguile his solitude with his flute; and a mountebank in Paris had taught rats to dance on the rope in perfect time. Chateaubriand states as a positive fact, that he has seen the rattle-snake in Upper Canada appeased by a musician; and the concert given in Paris to two elephants in the Jardin des Plantes leaves no doubt in regard to the effect of harmony on brute creation. Every instrument seemed to operate distinctly as the several modes of the pieces were slow or lively, until the excitement of these intelligent creatures had been carried to such an extent that further experiments were deemed dangerous.

The associations produced by national airs, and illustrated by the effect of the Ran des Vaches upon the Swiss, are too well known to be related; and the *mal de pays*, or *nostalgia*, is an affection aggravated by the fond airs of infancy and youth during the sad hours of emigration, when the aching heart lingers after home and early ties of friendship and of love. It is somewhat singular, but this disease is frequent among soldiers in countries where they are forcibly made to march; but is seldom, if ever, observed in the fair sex, who most probably seek for admiration in every clime.

The whims of musical compositors have often been most singular; Gluck composed in a garden, quaffing champaign; Sarti, in a dark room; Paesiello, in his bed; Sacchini, with a favorite cat perched upon each shoulder. The extraordinary fancies of Kutswara, composer of the 'Battle of Prague,' are too well known, and led to his melancholy, but unpitied end.

Great as the repute of the most popular musical performers, whether vocal or instrumental, in the present day may be, and enormous as the remuneration may seem, the ancients were more profuse in their generosity to musicians and the factors of musical instruments. Plutarch, in his Life of Isocrates, tells us that he was the son of Theodorus a flute maker, who had relized so large a fortune by his business, that he was able to vie with the richest Athenian citizens is keeping up the chorus for his tribe at festivals and religious ceremonies. Ismenias, the celebrated musician of Thebes, gave three talents, or £581. 5s. for a flute. The extravagance of this performer was so great, that Pliny informs us he was indignant at one of his agents for having purchased a valuable emerald for him at Cyprus at too low a price, adding, that by his penurious consent he had disgraced the gem. The vanity of artists in those days appears to have been similar to the present impudent pretensions of many public favorites. Plutarch relates of this same Ismenias, that being sent for to play at a sacrifice, and having performed for some time without the appearance of any favourable omen in the victim, his employer snatched the instrument out of his hand, and began to play himself most execrably. However, the happy omen appeared, when the delighted bungler exclaimed that the gods preferred his execution and taste. Ismenias cast upon him a smile of contempt, and replied, 'While I played, the gods were so enchanted that they deferred the omen to hear me the longer; but they were glad to get rid of you upon any terms.' This was nearly as absurd as the boast of Vestris, the Parisian dancer, who on being complimented on his powers of remaining long in the air, replied, 'that he could figure in the air for half an hour, did he not fear to create jealousy among his comrades.'

Amœbæus the harper, according to Athenæus, used to receive an Attic talent of £193. 15s. for each performance. The beautiful Laima, the most celebrated female flute-player, had a temple dedicated to her under the name of Venus Laima. The Tibicinæ, or female flute players, who formed collegiate bodies were as celebrated for their talent and their charms, as for their licentiousness and extravagance. Their performances were forbidden by the Theodosian code; but with little success; since Procopius inform us that, in the time of Justinian, the sister of the Empress Theodora, who was a renowned amateur *tibicini*, appeared on the stage without any other dress than a slight and transparent scarf.

In the early ages of Christianity, the power of music in adding to religious solemnity was fully appreciated, and many of the fathers and most distinguished prelates cultivated the auxiliary science. St. Gregory expressly sent over Augustine the monk, with some singers, who entered the city of Canterbury singing a litany in the Gregorian chant, which extended the number of the four tones of St. Ambrose to eight. A school for church music was established at Canterbury; and it was also taught in the diocese of Durham and Weremouth. St. Dunstan was a celebrated musician, and was accused of having invented a most wonderful magic harp; it was, perhaps, to prove that the accusation was false, that he took the devil by the nose with a pair of tongs. This ingenious saint is said to be the inventor of organs, one of which he bestowed on the abbey of Malmesbury.

It appears however, that instruments resembling the organ were known as early as 364, and were described in a Greek epigram attributed to Julian the Apostate, in which he says, 'I beheld reeds of a new species, the growth of each other, and a brazen soil, such as are not agitated by winds, but by a blast that rushes from a leathern cavern beneath their roots, while a robust mortal, running with swift fingers over the concordant keys, makes them, as they smoothly dance, emit melodious sounds.'