

## "CURIOUS—IF TRUE."

TRANSLATED FROM THE "JOURNAL DU PEUPLE."

The following circumstance, of which we are far from guaranteeing the authenticity, and which we merely extract from the newspapers of the day, appears to us singular enough to warrant insertion in our columns. One can easily conceive an irregularity in hearing, caused by the interior conformation of the ear, but it is somewhat difficult to believe that a single defect in the shape of its outward flap could produce such singular effects:

A curious enough circumstance has just taken place in the town of Nuremberg. Baron G——, a wealthy resident of that town, had an unconquerable aversion for music, so much so as to be unable to listen to the simplest air with any degree of patience. His wife, on the contrary, was an excellent musician.

Whenever an entertainment was given at his mansion, the baron went through the ceremony of receiving the company with the greatest ease and elegance, but the moment that he heard the first note of the music, a feeling of uneasiness took possession of his mind, his features involuntarily contracted, and he gradually retired from the assembly room to conceal his sensations from the guests.

Whence could proceed this singular defect of the sense of hearing? Was it the result of some moral cause? No. It was a physical infirmity, though a most uncommon one, which has been examined into and allowed by the most eminent physicians of Nuremberg. By means of interrogating the baron as to the sensations which he experienced upon listening to the voice of a singer, or the sound of an instrument, Doctor Schoeeler at length succeeded in discovering the origin of this singular antipathy: One of the baron's ears is too long—now don't laugh! the fact is well authenticated. The two ears of the baron are not of the same height, they are also formed differently for the reception of sounds; consequently they transmit to the brain only a confused and irregular sensation, and produce on him the same effect as two instruments constantly playing in different tones. Every melody, every air, from the first to the last, had always the same effect upon him; every thing appeared outlandish. Say, after that, if the patient could love music!

A very simple experiment confirmed the suspicions of Dr. Schoeeler. "Shut one ear," said he to the baron, seating himself at the same time at the harpsichord, and playing (in A major) an

air from the overture to Der Freischutz; the baron, delighted, entreated him to continue. The doctor told him to shut the ear which he had formerly left open, and to open that which had been shut, and then repeated the same air—still in A major. "Charming!" exclaimed the baron; "but you have changed the key." Now the doctor had not changed the key, but the ear of the baron, in consequence of its defect, heard the tune in G major, instead of A major. Thus was solved the problem of the baron's intense hatred to music. How, indeed, is it possible for any one with two organs of hearing, which differ a whole tone in their perception of sounds, to listen quietly to any singer or performer? The experiments of Dr. Schoeeler, then, have revealed the cause of this phenomenon, and has at the same time remedied the evil, to the great gratification of the baroness and all the friends of the patient.

Nothing is talked of in Nuremberg at present, but this strange event. Baron G—— now dotes on music; only, fully to comprehend all its beauties, he is obliged to shut one of his ears.

## SABBATH MORNING.

Now along the morning gale,  
Tolls the church-bell soft and slowly!  
And o'er mountain, wood and vale,  
Sleeps the Sabbath silence holy.

Not a human voice is heard,  
Voice of labour or of pleasure,  
Mingling with the tuneful bird,  
As it trills its early measure.

Now, from every mountain glen,  
Scenes of unpolluted nature,  
Come the lonely shepherd men,  
Peace in every heart and feature.

Now, along the village way,  
Clad in meet and homely dresses,  
Matrons staid, and milkens gay,  
Join the crowd that churchward presses.

Now the youthful and the old,  
Now the cheerful and the weeping,  
Tread along the flowery mould,  
Where their kindred dust is sleeping.

Now the pious spirit glows,  
Now the holy psalm is singing,  
Bringing thoughts of long repose,  
Thoughts of endless glory bringing.

## CURIOUS TITLE.

A book was printed during the time of Cromwell with the following title:—"Eggs of charity lnyed by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled with the water of Divine Love—Take ye and eat."