

**HARMONY.**—The dignity of the arts, like that of birth, seems founded on three illustrious prerogatives: the antiquity of its origin; the power that attends it; and the veneration of mankind. That music enjoys this triple advantage, is what we will in some future number attempt to show.

The historians of the arts and sciences, like those of states and empires, have generally fallen into one common error: both of them admirers of the marvellous rather than lovers of truth, have too often ascribed a fabulous origin to the art or state they meant to celebrate, or at least involved it in impenetrable darkness; and it would seem as if they could not bear the thoughts of deriving it from small or obscure beginnings; not remembering that there was a time when the most majestic rivers were only inconsiderable brooks, proceeding from sources almost imperceptible.

Authorized by such examples, we might draw a mysterious veil over the cradle of harmony, or pompously introduce her as the daughter of Apollo, the progeny of some favorite muse on the sacred top of Olympus, or some imaginary Parnassus.--- But in truth, music existed long enough before such imaginary gods had a being, even in fable.

To these sublime fictions, we might join the golden dreams of Pithagoras; we might extol the music of the stars, the melodious revolutions of the planets in their several orbits round their respective suns, joining in harmonious concert through all the systems of the universe.

In consulting the archives of the world—those venerable records that have triumphed over oblivion—those ocular witnesses of age—the cotemporaries of every art, and what do they tell us? why, that music is as old as the creation. They tell us that the amiable mother of mankind was the first who invented harmonious sounds; that the melodious notes of the little birds, naturally exciting her curiosity, soon inspired her with an ambition to rival them and try the compass of her own voice;—that the surprising flexibility, the superior graces she found there, soon convinced her that music, as well as speech, was a talent she had received from the hands of nature to enable her to praise her great Creator. We have reason to believe that her first attempts were gratefully employed in that noble, that delightful service; and we must conclude that this gift was some consolation to our unhappy parents after their disgrace, in cheering their hearts and raising their drooping spirits when exiled from the delicious garden.

But if this may not be thought sufficient, let us open the sacred records; there in the very first pages, we see that Jubal the

son of Lamoch, was the father and master of those who first sung the birth of nature and the recent bounties of the Creator on the harp and organ: we must of necessity conclude that vocal music was an art well known before his time; since instrumental music, which is only its imitation was already invented. Whether this last invention was the effect of chance, or an effort of genius, we shall not stop to inquire—nor is it of any importance.

Taking our departure then from the morning of time, this infancy of the world, let us gradually descend through every succeeding age, and at every step we will find fresh and legible traces of the antiquity of this noble art; we shall see it advance from beauty to beauty, from nation to nation, from throne to throne. Originating in the east, the first nursery of taste and genius, every age is ambitious to improve its charms. The Hebrew nation, the happy Assyria, the learned Egypt, the wise and polite Greece, have successively made harmony a fundamental law of their several constitutions, till at last it has become the common depository of all her public monuments.

**MEMORY.**—How seldom it is that mankind confess a diminution of their intellectual powers, even in old age. There is a record of one solitary instance, and only one. Fontenelle, in speaking of the loss of his memory towards the latter part of his life, says “I am on the point of removing into another country, and memory is sent off before, with the heavy baggage.” He well knew how necessary memory was to the understanding, and consequently to the supply of wit: and frequently remarked that memory collected ideas; that the understanding arranged them, and judgment determined the propriety of their union.—It is necessary that a person should have an extensive and prompt memory to present to his choice a number of ideas, for the mind to apply and use at pleasure.

Various have been the opinions as to the origin of the Italian language. Dr. Lardner in his Cabinet Cyclopædia, says that Frederick II. was Italian as well by language as by affection and character. The Italian language, spoken at his court, first rose above the *patois* in common use thro'out Italy, regarded only as a corruption of latin; he expressed himself with elegance in this language, which from his time, was designated by the name of *lingua cortigiana*. He encouraged the first poets who employed it at his court, and he himself made verses; he loved literature and encouraged learning; he founded schools and universities; he promoted distinguished men; he spoke with equal facility, Latin, Italian, German, French, Greek and Arabic: he had the intellectual suppleness and

fineness peculiar to the men of the south, the art of pleasing, a taste for philosophy, and great independence of opinion.

**EMIGRATION.**—Late English papers state that preparations are now making in every part of Great Britain for emigration to America. One hundred and fifty-six persons left Frome on their way to Bristol, to embark for Canada. The greater portion of these emigrants leave the county in consequence of the entreaties of their friends who have gone before them and prospered.

**LITERARY COTTAGE.**—It is a remarkable fact, that Homer wrote his tragedy of Douglas, Dr. Blair composed his Lectures, and Dr. Robertson compiled his History of Charles V. in the same small white cottage still to be seen at Burreisford Links in Scotland.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Our correspondents “Briton,” and “D. M. B.” must be aware that it is impossible for us to do justice to our readers generally, if we give preference to their lengthy communications on a subject that will not interest only a small portion of them, to the exclusion of our usual variety. We shall always be happy to receive their communications, but let their subjects be of a more general character.

Does the author of “Beauties of Agriculture,” consider his communication a proper subject for the Casket? We hope to hear from him again.

The lines to an “Absent Friend,” have been received, and if we can make any thing of them, they shall have a place.

We confess ourself under some obligation to “J”; we recognize his J but not his meaning. At our leisure we will look into the affair.

#### RECEIPTS.

LETTERS.—From William H. Merritt, P. M.

REMITTANCES.—Alfred Barrett, \$1.

#### POETRY.

Written for the Canadian Casket.

TO MISS M. L\*\*\*.

Oft do I view thy rosy cheeks,  
And oft I turn away;  
Yet whilst I turn, the bursting sigh  
My inward thoughts betray.

Why should my weakness thus be seen,  
Or why thus sigh for thee,  
When thy proud spirit soars above  
My humble destiny?

Fain would I hush these weaker thro'ts  
Nor let them here remain:  
But soon thy presence lights the flame  
And brings them back again.

D. M. B.