

gether the next morning; and then, followed by her crupier, left me for the night.

I ran to the wash-hand-stand; drank some of the water in my jug; poured the rest out, and plunged my face into it—then sat down in a chair, and tried to compose myself. I soon felt better. The change for my lungs, from the fetid atmosphere of the gambling room to the cool air of the apartment I now occupied; the almost equally refreshing change for my eyes, from the glaring gas-lights of the "Salon" to the dim quiet flicker of one bed room candle; aided wonderfully the restorative effects of cold water. The dizziness left me, and I began to feel a little like a reasonable being again. My first thought was of the risk of sleeping all night in a gambling-house; my second, of the still greater risk of trying to get out after the house was closed, and of going home alone at night, through the streets of Paris, with a large sum of money about me. I had slept in worse places than this, in the course of my travels; so I determined to lock, bolt, and barricade my door.

Accordingly, I secured myself against all intrusion; looked under the bed, and into the cupboard; tried the fastening of the window; and then satisfied that I had taken every proper precaution, pulled off my upper clothing, put my light which was a dim one, on the hearth among a feathery litter of wood ashes; and got into bed, with the handkerchief full of money under my pillow.

I soon felt, not only that I could not go to sleep, but that I could not close my eyes. I was wide awake, and in a high fever. Every nerve in my body trembled—every one of my senses seemed to be preternaturally sharpened. I tossed, and rolled, and tried every kind of position, and perseveringly sought out the cold corners of the bed, and all to no purpose. Now, I thrust my arms over the clothes; now, I poked them under the clothes; now, I violently shot my legs straight out, down to the bottom of the bed; now I convulsively coiled them up as near to my chin as they would go, now I shook out my crumpled pillow, changed it to the cool side, patted it flat, and lay down quietly on my back; now, I fiercely doubled it in two, set it up on end, thrust it against the board of the bed, and tried a sitting posture. Every effort was in vain; I groaned with vexation, as I felt that I was in for a sleepless night.

What could I do? I had no book to read. And yet, unless I found out some method of diverting my mind, I felt certain that I was in the condition to imagine all sorts of horrors; to rack my brains with forebodings to every possible and impossible danger; in short, to pass the night in suffering all conceivable varieties of nervous terror. I raised myself on my elbow, and looked about the room,—which was brightened by a lovely moonlight pouring straight through the window—to see if it contained any pictures or ornaments, that I could at all clearly distinguish. While my eyes wandered from wall to wall, a remembrance of Le Maître's delightful little book, "Voyage autour de Ma Chambre," occurred to me. I resolved to imitate the French author, and find occupation enough to relieve the tedium of my wakefulness, by making a mental inventory of every article of furniture I could see, and by following up to their sources the multitude of associations which even a chair, a table, or a wash-hand-stand, may be made to call forth.

To be continued.

FOLLIES OF FASHION.—In no instance have the folly and childlike-ness of a portion of mankind been more strikingly displayed than in those various and occasionally very opposite modes in which they have departed from the standard of nature, and sought distinction even in deformity. Thus, while one race of people (the Chinese) crushes the feet of its children, another flattens their heads between two boards; and while we in Europe admire the natural whiteness of the teeth, the Malays file off the enamel, and dye them black, for the all-sufficient reason that a dog's teeth are white. A new Zealand chief has

his distinctive coat-of-arms emblazoned on his face, as well as on his limbs, and an Esquimaux is nothing if he has not bits of stone stuffed through a hole in each cheek. Quite as absurd, and still more mischievous, is the inflating ion which among some Europeans, attaches beauty to that modification of the human figure which resembles the wasp, and compresses the waist until the very ribs have been distorted, and the functions of the vital organs irreparably disordered.—*The Camera*, by J. T. Davis, Esq.

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CANADIAN FAMILY HERALD.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1852.

MUSIC.

In last number we purposely avoided the slightest remark as to the musical treat, which along with so many hundreds of our citizens, we enjoyed during the week,—from the fact, that we wished to hear the conclusion of the matter on Friday night, as well as its commencement on Monday. It was gratifying to see the concerts so well attended by a happy and delighted audience. All wore the aspect of cheerfulness, but, whether their anticipations were fully realized we know not. The drama has closed, and the mental and physical excitement, which it necessarily created, has calmly subsided. Catharine Hayes unquestionably possesses a sweet pianissimo, of great compass, and highly cultivated; but that she is true to her own nature in endeavouring to monopolize all the branches of modern music is a question somewhat worthy of her own earnest consideration. There is a wide difference between the heavy, highly elaborated harmonies of the German School, and the light, artless, natural, and pathetic ballad music of Ireland or Scotland; and the voice that is fitted by Nature, with all the requisites to excel in the one, may lack some requisite quality to obtain equal proficiency in the other. The music of the one school is prepared seemingly with a view to test the executive powers of the artist, and at the same time test the patience of an audience;—while the other is the natural and spontaneous outburst of the soul;—simple, because it is natural, and overpowering the mind by its very simplicity. Then we have an intermediate class of music, and it is the general conviction of the Toronto connoisseurs, that in this class, Catharine Hayes was far more effective than in either of the other two. Her sacred song—"I know that my Redeemer Liveth," was given with a wonderful power and pathos. She has attained considerable proficiency in foreign music, but that very proficiency has made an inroad upon the natural grace, the artless simplicity, and the melting tenderness, so absolutely necessary to give effect to the pathetic ballad music of her native land. We are satisfied that with so great musical abilities, were Catharine Hayes to give herself up entirely to the class of music which the accident of birth and early associations have incorpo-

rated with her constitution, and in which by Nature she has been furnished with the peculiar qualities of voice, so greatly to excel that she would find no rival on the globe. As it is there are several—all equally excellent in their respective departments. How seldom does Nature produce a Rubens, a Raphael, a Turner, a painter, the enlightened scholar, the skilful diplomatist, and the accomplished man of the world! How few Washburtons has the world ever seen,—a man unequalled in all the characteristics of true greatness, and in prudence, conscientiousness, serenity of temper, absence of ostentation, simplicity of tastes, and lofty and ennobling resolution, standing out as nearly as may be the measure of a perfect man. It is the same with musicians. Few are fitted to excel in all the branches of their art; and where perfection is aimed at, universal excellence should seldom be attempted.

As regards the preliminary arrangements of our concerts, there seems a great want of adaptation to existing circumstances in the selection of the various pieces, so as to be most highly appreciable to the respective audiences before whom they are to be performed. There were many in the audiences of last week, able, thoroughly, to appreciate *Adieu l'Alsace*; but how many more would have their hearts warmed and their sympathies enlisted in—Auld Robin Gray, or The Last Rose of Summer. Whether this results from the principle enunciated by Hume in his treatise on taste—"that we are more pleased with pictures and characters that resemble objects found in our own age or country, than with those which describe different set of customs,"—does not alter the fact, even although that fact should subject one to the unhappy reflection that his musical taste is not sufficiently refined. A practical study of music for upwards of a dozen years, under the guidance of able tutors, would have been simply a waste of precious time, if it had not at least conferred the ability to distinguish music from mummery. And while we would give all credit to such a performance as that of Herr Griebel or Mr. Kyle, in so far as they displayed a great amount of executive skill, nice appreciation of tone, exquisite modulation, symphonious grace, depth of pathos, which few persons could equal, and fewer still excel,—yet viewed in its tendency to elevate the mind to noble and heroic conceptions, it appears as the tinkling cymbal. Without alluding to the Paganini School, we would say that few men have made more successful violin players than Neill Gow, and wherein lay his power to enchain and enchant an audience?—was it simply in the grace with which he handled the bow?—was it in the power to run from G to the treble octave at a bound, without a jar?—we think not, for in this it may admit of doubt, whether some of our modern violinists are not greatly his superior. His endless fame was founded on the fact, that with a refined musical taste, highly cultivated musical powers, and keenness of perception,—he gave to the music of his country a power and a vitality that were irresistible. His fine old Miller o' Drone appeared before his audience as a living reality. The musical portraiture was as vivid to the mind, as are the eloquent individualities of his gifted countryman—Wilkie's Blind Man's Buff, or his Blind Fiddler. We do not however, in the slightest degree wish to be understood as referring to the music of the German School—strictly understood. It is noble, bold, massive, magnificent. We allude simply to that mimicry which is foisted upon an English audience, and to which they are called upon by the rigid conventionalities of society, to give their warmest, their most rapturous applause, although they have not understood a bar that has been executed. We can all appreciate the true national music of any country as thoroughly as we can, the Pastoral scenes of Paul Potter, or the delicate pencilling of Claude, or the deep massive shades of Rembrandt, because in each we find but the lineaments of nature; and if concert conductors, would keep this fact in view in the arrangement of their programme—then, when applause is given