

after a certain time. The lawyer weaving an intricate plea, the student hunting out a knotty point of history or philology, the young lady just on the eve of the *denouement* of some fearfully thrilling romance, will all denounce in no measured terms the horrid wretch who will disturb them with his noise, but would the Queen's band or Jullien's orchestra fare better? There is a time for every thing, and I suspect that street music is indebted for much of the acrimony with which it is assailed to its untimeliness. It has no respect for persons or things. It plays alike under the windows of the happy and the miserable. It takes its stand before the house cheered by a wedding or darkened by a death; it bothers the engineer in his calculations about sewerage and conduit pipes, the parson in his argument upon apostolical succession, and of course must take its chance with other intruders—welcome perhaps at proper seasons—but scowled at *because* intruders. I admit again that as there may be too much of it in time, so there may be too much in sound, and it cannot be denied that the proprietor of the huge organ nearly as large as that of St. Paul's Church, drawn by a horse and the sweep of whose handle is about four feet, which one occasionally meets in London streets, rather overdoes the thing. But extremes are not examples, and neither the big horse-organ nor the jangling hurdy gurdy must be permitted to destroy the character of street music. Behold me having dined upon a beefsteak and a pot of that world-renowned beer, whereof I have already sung the praises, stretched on a sofa, on a summer's evening, calmly gazing at the world without the window, the steak unresistingly yielding itself up to the gastric juice and patiently abiding its conversion into chyme. While thus enjoying the relaxation so sweet after a day's tramp over London pavements and a surfeit of London sights, a soft strain steals upon the air. Perhaps Jeannette pours forth her sorrows to Jeannot, and when that song first came out it was bewitching; perhaps Pestal bids farewell to hope and life. Commencing far down the street it gradually steals its way along, and as the shades of evening fall, so nearer and more near is heard the voice of Pestal or Jeannette. No false note mars the melody; it glides along like a summer stream; but soon the nearer it approaches the more faintly it falls upon the ear, for lo! in defiance of the doctors I sleep, and while my wife flings a sixpence to the wandering minstrel her lord and master lulled by his music enjoys an after-dinner nap.

ESSAYS ON ASYLUMS.—REVIEW.*

THIS pamphlet comes at a time when the spirit and instruction it embodies are peculiarly needful for this Province. The necessity for a home specially

* Essays on Asylums for Persons of Unsound Mind. Second Series. By John M. Galt, M. D., Richmond, Va. Publishers: Ritchie and Dunniven. 1853.