



It is no less extraordinary, than true, that, at a time when the attractions of the Exhibition are expected to draw a greater concourse of persons than the Queen City of the West has ever before assembled, at one time, within her limits, there should be no musical treat prepared for the visitors. We really think it a sort of retributive justice, for when the Toronto people have talent within their reach they do not know how to appreciate it. Witness Paul Julien, and Mrs. Bostwick.

The Infant Drummer is exhibiting, in conjunction with the Panorama of the World's Fair, at the Lyceum; and Payne's Grand Exhibition of the Oxyhydrogen Mammoth Microscope, with dissolving Views, Chromatropes, &c. will be at the Royal Exchange Hall, during the week.

We have already expressed our opinion with respect to the merits of the Panorama, which has only to be seen to be appreciated, and we have also recommended every one, who is able, to visit it, not once, but as often as circumstances admit, as each visit will give increased satisfaction.

Of the Infant Drummer, we would observe, that it is impossible, without hearing him, to form a just estimate of his powers.

His execution is really marvellous, and when we add, that he is an admirable timeist, we think there remains very little more to be expected. His is no clap-trap exhibition, the child is better worth both hearing and seeing than most things that have yet appeared in the city.

The next open night of the Vocal Music Society will take place on the 29th inst., in the large hall of the St. Lawrence Buildings, and we can safely promise, on that occasion, a rich treat to Musical Amateurs. We regret that previous arrangements prevented this meeting taking place during the exhibition week.

MADAME ALBONI.

The warmest well-wishers of this distinguished lady could not have desired a higher success than was that of her third grand concert, at Metropolitan Hall, on Tuesday evening last. The house was filled, and the audience was as appreciative and as much delighted as any that we have ever seen assembled in that gay and handsome concert room.

The Signorina appeared to be in excellent health and spirits, and afforded therefore an opportunity of fully enjoying the perfections of her style and execution, and the marvellous qualities of her voice. Of the latter it were in vain to attempt description; its individual charm and character are such, that commonly understood and ordinary epithets would be merely wasted in the endeavour. But added to every attribute of excellence we would say that a most delicious and heart-inspiring freshness is an element which predominates more in the voice of Signorina Alboni than in that of any other singer we have heard. It is not, however, this quality alone which lends such peculiar charm to her singing; there is in it something so natural, she seems so perfectly at home in all her performances, and her obvious trust and faith in her own inspiration and in the intrinsic beauty of what she undertakes to impart to her audience are so sincere, that an atmosphere of perfect repose is created by her, both delightful in itself, and delightfully contrasting with the high finish and wonder of her execution. Now this, to us, seems one of the very highest attainments possible for a singer; for although we cannot refuse sympathy to the evidences of lofty aspiration and of striving after high distinction, we feel more happy and grateful when the art by which we are enchained is thus concealed. Those therefore who desire to gratify the natural and universal love of the marvellous, in the study of a musical star of the first magnitude, and to enjoy at the same time in the fullest sense *ars sine arte*, should go and hear this accomplished woman.

Madame Alboni's first triumph was the *Cavatina*, "*Una voce poco fa*." She retired, perfectly laden with bouquets, after the encore, and a beautiful wreath was sent to her by the hands of a little boy from one of the audience on the right.

"*Ah, non credea mirarti*," from "*Sonnanbula*," was, we think, Alboni's greatest achievement of the evening. The sweet plaintive strain at the commencement, set off the voice to admiration, and her *crescendo* with the concluding shake in more joyous key brought down such a storm of applause, and such an impetuous encore as we have seldom witnessed.

The *Rondo Finale*, "*Non pia mesta*," is one of the brightest gems in Madame Alboni's casket; and though the audience had been already called upon for so many proofs of approbation, it was warmly applauded and encored.

Sontag (the Countess Rossi) arrived by the *Arctic* on Sunday evening. Last night she was to be serenaded at the Union Place Hotel. We do not see her first appearance yet announced.