

### Madam Anna Bishop's Concert.

The concert given by this splendid cantatrice in the Horticultural Gardens on Wednesday evening last was a distinguished success, notwithstanding some slight misunderstanding touching the early arrival of the music and music-stands of the band of the 16th. The *clic* of our city began pouring into the grounds at an early hour from every quarter, and were greeted upon their arrival by a very charming scene, beautifully illuminated with colored lamps, while the large rustic edifices in the centre of the gardens was finely decorated with flags and appropriate devices, all blazing with light and presenting an appearance the most picturesque imaginable. This large structure was soon crowded to its utmost capacity, and through the activity of the officers of the Horticultural Society—and we especially name Mr. Small, the Vice-President—was rendered comfortable for the vast audience that crowded it. The decorations were, we are informed, under the immediate direction of this gentleman; and certainly they reflect the highest credit upon him—particularly the large and brilliant central star that caught the admiration of all the moment the grounds were entered.

In the absence of Mr. Lacelles, who, by some means missed his connexion with the trains from the west, Mr. Pearson—a young gentleman of great musical taste and possessing a superb bass voice—opened the performance with "The Renegade," from Donizetti; and most charmingly did he render that grand song. Every note was full, round and even, and all his runs clean and manly. We advise Mr. Pearson to make music a profession, for most certainly he is native to it born; as the manner in which he was received on this occasion must have made apparent to him.

Of course, the appearance of the great cantatrice herself was the signal for such thunders of applause as always greet her wherever she moves. In splendid voice as usual, and looking as fresh and as happy as the flowers of May, she brought down the house at every pause throughout the evening—whether in the exquisite "Recitative and Aria," from the immortal Meyerbeer, or in the brilliant and characteristic flashes of "The Dashing White Sergeant," in which we catch a glimpse of the superb actress commingled with the magnificent singer. In short, everything that she sang was so delightfully executed that we can scarcely find words to express our admiration of her. In that simple song "The Beggar Girl," she wields a strange and fascinating power over every audience. Not that there appears to be much in the air itself; but the way in which she treats it possesses a charm which is absolutely irresistible.

Mr. Humphreys, too, sang "The Stirrup Cup"—a splendid and difficult song—finely. In addition, he was very effective in the trio from "Atila," in which he showed his careful and thorough training. This trio, we may observe, is of extreme beauty. It was sung by Madam Anna, Mr. Pearson and Mr. Humphreys, and were it not for some little difficulty regarding the pianoforte accompaniment, its rendition might have been pronounced perfect.

Miss Louisa Bishop has much improved in voice

since we last had the pleasure of hearing her, and sustained her position admirably throughout the evening. Her pianoforte solo was of the first order, and gave evidence of her long and thorough acquaintance with all the beauties and difficulties of that instrument.

Sedgwick is a very comic fellow, and a most wonderful Concertina player. His "Rhode's Andante" with all its elaborate and difficult variations, was not to be surpassed; his buffo songs, too, were everflowing with thorough humour, and very deservedly brought down the house on more than one occasion.

The Overture to "La Muette di Portici" and selections from "Martha," were charmingly performed by the fine band of the 16th, which, through the kindness of Col. Peacock and the officers of that popular regiment, was present upon the occasion. Toronto may well be proud that it possesses such an admirable band; for seldom did we hear a set of instruments in better tune or better handled than those belonging to it. About half past ten o'clock, God Save the Queen closed the performance, amid a brilliant display of fire-works, when all wended their way homeward, thoroughly satisfied with the evenings entertainment. We understand, with pleasure, that it is the intention of Madame Anna to give yet, before she bids us any lengthened adieu, one or two more concerts, the first of which is to take place in the Horticultural gardens on Tuesday evening next.

### St. George's Pic Nic.

We recommend to the perusal of our readers a very able, though somewhat metaphysical essay on the above subject, which appeared in our cotemporary of the *Leader* on Tuesday last. Most assuredly the writer has invested the Mimico with an interest quite new and refreshing, as well as given a classical status to Pic Nic's quite agreeable and unique in its way. There are, however, one or two flights of the imagination as to numbers, knives and forks, and groves which it were better perhaps had they been pruned a little; but then the subject is for the most part an inspiring one, and in this view of the case we are inclined to overlook the trifling defect. There is, nevertheless one long sentence which we fancy requires some explanation, and which we quote for the benefit of our readers: "The officers and the executive committee started at seven to make the necessary preparations incident upon such an event; and it is no exaggeration to say they would have been formidable if failure had been the penalty of the fancy of the projectors." Now, the gentlemen who preceded Daniel in an attempt to decipher the terrible hand writing on the wall were not more puzzled than we have been with this little bit of logic, as well as with the application of the badly spelled or printed and imperfect latin quotation, "Idem velle idem nolle," which has been crammed into the article in question. Give us, we say, the old, Anglo Saxon yet for purely a newspaper subject. Newspapers are for the masses; and the masses generally are ignorant of the dead languages.

### The Theatre.

Some how or other since old John Nickinson—peace to his ashes—left us, the drama has gone to the dogs in our midst. True that occasionally a few wandering and brilliant stars stray into our orbit; but their stay amongst us is transient only and seldom of a satisfactory nature to them. The fact is we are too grasping and matter-of-fact a set for this highly civilized and intellectual age. We are altogether too gross for the refinement of the stage; and may consequently be ranked with some of the minor intelligencies. Here we are, the capital, of Western Canada with as many airs and as many members of Parliament as the city of Dublin can boast of, and still we are unable to keep up a respectable audience for even a single week when visited by *artistes* of real ability. Some of our old curmudgeous may imagine that this is a matter of but small importance to our city; but let us tell them it is a very grave importance, for it is an undoubted fact that where forty or fifty thousand people are congregated together as we are, and when they are at the same time unable to sustain the usual sources of amusement the evidence is conclusive that neither their trade nor their finances are in a prosperous condition. This is just the long and the short of it; and until Toronto bestirs herself and remedies this case she will have to play second-fiddle to many a town in Western Canada of less pretensions.

### The Athenæum Concert Hall.

This place of amusement seems to be quite the popular thing in Toronto, if we may judge from the crowded appearance of the houses every night. The performances seem to be conducted on a better principle than we have had for some time, and the audiences seem to be of a more respectable character. A great deal of that low ribaldry and slang that was formerly indulged in is not shown so much as we have seen. Under Mr. Murhard's good management this establishment is likely to become a permanency here.

### Risley's Panorama of London & the Thames.

This magnificent work of art is now on exhibition at the Music Hall. From mere description our citizens can form no idea of its truthfulness and beauty. The Thames, from its source to the Pool below London, with its throng of shipping, is beautifully depicted with its splendid bridges, villas towns and cities, &c. London: too is produced with amazing effect. While looking on it, you actually imagine that you are absolutely among its towers, churches and paces. Every soul in our city capable of comprehending this unequalled panorama should visit the Music Hall at once; as we hear the proprietors of the work makes but a limited stay amongst us.

### Mr. Charles Lascell, s.

This celebrated vocalist and pianist arrived in town yesterday; and will, we learn, take part in Madam Anna Bishop's concert at the Horticultural Gardens on Tuesday evening next.