



The "Creation" concert of the Toronto Choral Society on Tuesday evening was a brilliant success. The pavilion was very nearly crowded, while the work done on the stage was exceptionally good. The addition of an organ erected for the occasion by the Messrs. Warren greatly assisted in securing this result, though the chorus and orchestra were more numerous than on previous occasions. Of course the interest of the audience was centered on Mrs. Osgood and Mr. Werrenrath, the New York "stars." The lady had no difficulty in captivating her hearers with the first note she uttered, and no singer could wish for a more complete success than she achieved throughout the evening. Mr. Werrenrath was only moderately successful; his voice is not a pure tenor, and his manner of pronouncing his words was far from pleasant. Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Caldecott, Miss Dick, Mr. Schuch and Mr. Egan were all well received in their solo and concerted efforts. Miss Boyd presided at the piano as usual, and Mr. Fisher wielded the baton. We congratulate him and the Society on the success of their first concert for 1882.

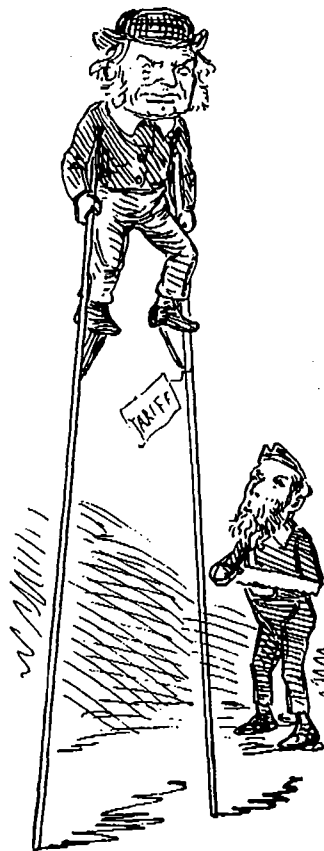
A good many of our readers may have seen the modest announcement of the two concerts to be given in the Pavilion on the 20th and 21st insts. by the "Royal Hand-Bell Ringers and Glee Men," without knowing fully what that signified. Let us whisper, then, that it simply means the greatest musical treat that we have ever had in Toronto. Nearly every Canadian who has visited London has heard of or visited the famous Company of Bell-Ringers in Poland-street, a company which has for many years been one of the institutions of the great capital, and time and again have appeared by command before Her Majesty the Queen. Well, this famous organization has crossed the Atlantic to see America, and one of our enterprising citizens has undertaken the responsibility of paying them their high terms for two concerts here as specified. If the Pavilion is not packed on both evenings it will only be because the public are not posted as to the merits of the Bell-Ringers.

The charming little actress, Miss Minnie Palmer, with an excellent supporting company, headed by Mr. R. E. Graham, is bewitching large crowds at the Royal this week, in her new play, "My Sweetheart." The piece does not call for serious criticism, its success depending mainly on the cleverness and agility of Miss Minnie—qualities in which she is without a rival, if we except Lotta.

"Uncle Tom" still lives, and the rumour that his "Cabin" had been sold by the Sheriff is unfounded. He must be rather more than a century old now, but he will continue to hold the fort as long as it brings money to the till. He may be seen just now at the Grand Opera House.

Mr. Charles Roberts' Humorous and Dramatic Readings are to be given in Shaftesbury Hall, on the evenings of Jan. 26 and 27, under the patronage of the Lieut. Governor and His Worship the Mayor. The New York press speak very highly of Mr. Roberts' abilities.

A restaurant sign—cheap fork hash.—Equivocation is own cousin to a lie.—E. R. Wick, Danbury News.



THE HIGH TARIFF.

MACKENZIE.—Don't be scared, Sammy. I ain't goin' to cut it all down at once on a sudden: I'm going to do it gradually!

The Insanity Plan.

ERINGOBRACH TERRACE,

January 14th, 1882.

DEAR MISTHER GRIP:—

It's many's the time I'm ather thinkin' about you, since writin' me last unfortunateth letter, but praise be to ivry saint in the calindir, sure it's here I am again intirely, right ind up, an' wishin' yez a——, sure an' what am I talkin' about, an' the year a-goin' on three weeks old. No matther, "bether late than niver" as the divil says, sittin' in the court-room a-waitin' for Guiteau. Well, durin' the writin' av me lasht letter, sure meself got clane crazy whinivir I'd think av the way I was drev out av me mind wid that infarnal advertisement, an' what does me relations do but claps me into the lunatic asylum. Bedad sur, whin I was ather wakenin' up an' fudin' meself out av me liberty to go down town an' amuse meself in me own way, sure me heart was broke intirely, an' it was wid the gratest difficulty that I kept me hands aff meself for bein' such a contounded fool as to get into such a place. However, ather a day or two, I had a bit sensible talk wid the docther, a very fouse man intirely, an' ather that I began to walk about the grounds an' corridors an' began to get acquainted wid the onfortunateth inmates. An' I solemnly declare to you, Misther Grip, it's mighty little difference I'm ather makin' out atune the world outside, an' the world inside the asylum. There they were, some siugin', some dancin', some preachin', some prayin' an' some layin' down the law wid a gravity an' a dignity, that some lawyers over the bordor would do well to be ather imitatin'. An' there, just as in the outer world, were the poor misfortunateth souls

who have gradually sacrificed health, wealth, an' reason, wid all their grand possibilities of greatness or goodness, to the cup that cheers not, but inabretos; the victims av a traffic which the Government av this Canada av our's is afraid to crush out av existence, because, forsooth, av the loss to the revenue which would result from the stoppage av this wholesale poisonin' av the bodies an' souls av Canadians. In the first week av this new year, in Hamilton, behowld ye, a baby is found freezing to death beside the father an' mother lying drunk on the floor. An' in Toronto here we have the spectacle of a woman roasting amid the flames of a miserable straw bed, an' her husband, like herself, is too stupefied wid drink to lend a hand to save her; while all over this blisid young country, from the gaols, asylums, refuges, orphanages, an' from thousands av wretched homes, the cry av breaking hearts ceases not day nor night. How long, oh Lord! how long! and it's the misery, misery, misery av drink anywhere an' everywhere we turn. Yet in the face av all this there are people outside the asylum, who plausibly declare that it is quite possible to serve two masters, who dilate on the expy-dieny av making an "agreement with death and a covenant with hell," instead av settin' to work to exterminate the whole thing, distillery root and tavn branch, trusting to the righteous God they profess to believe in, to send prosperity and revenue to the country and people who believe so strongly in right, as to dare to do it. No sir! the madness inside is nothing at all, at all, to the madness outside the asylum. Still I musht say one does meet with mighty quare customers there too. For instance:—

"I'm going home to-morrow," says wan av them to me wan day.

"You are?" says I.

"Jes," says he, "I'm cured," says he agin, wid a quare comical look, puttin' his forefinger to his nose, an' winkin' at me wid first wan eye an' thin the other. Begorra, says I to meself private, it's madder than ever yez are thin.

"Whisper!" says he.

"Whist!" says I.

"Do yez know how I cum here?" says he.

"No," says I.

"I was no more insane, sir, than you are at the present moment, a mere dodge, I assure you on my honour. I took a long loan from the firm I was bookkeeper for, and when the old duffer found me out, I managed with the help of some friends to get iv here."

"The dickens, you did," says I, in grate astonishment. "Sure thin, it's in gaol yez ought to be, an' not here among decent people."

"My dear sir," says he, patten' me on the crown of me hat, "you are perfectly verdant. Your innocence is positively Pickwickian; you are too good to live. Did you never hear of the insanity plea?"

"No," says I. "What's that?"

"Ye gods!" says he. "Lend me your ears," says he to me.

"The divil a lend, thin," says I, clappin me two hands on me ears an' movin' aff a bit. (Betune you an' I, it's a little scared I was av this quare-talkin' mortal.)

"Hut-tut, don't be running away from a fellow like that," says he. "When I say 'lend me your ears,' I mean, listen with all your might."

"Oh!" says I, "that's a cat wid another tail." An' thin I comes back, an' wo both sits down on the settle in the hall.

"Can you understand a parable?" says he.

"Maybe perhaps now I moight," says I.

"Well," says he, howldin' out the palm of his left hand, an' layin' his finger on it, while he winked wid his left eye, "There was a certain man who was well off, shrewd business man, old respected citizun, and all that sort of thing, you know. He lends a man in trouble a bit of money, which he can't very well pay