

ORGANIZATION.



N itinerant musician has sent us the following communication, in reference to the great demand at present existing for the article known as "Marseilles," the supply of which, by the way, has run very far short of the demand. Perhaps the local Board of Health, in the plenitude of its wisdom, will see that, for the future, no hurdy-gurdy shall be allowed to parade our streets,

without a certificate of ability to grind out that particular description of Republican grain, for which our hungry young friends of *la Nouvelle France* have of late been so ravenously bellowing. In carrying out their crusade against concerts, the Board certainly should be consistent, and put an additional stop to the organ,—which is a concert in itself,—by stopping it altogether. "I am never merry when I hear sweet music," said little Jessica, in the moon-lit avenues of Belmont; and thus, though in a less romantic sense, did a pale melancholy take possession of our bilious Board of Health, curdling its milk of human kindness with the electricity of Madame Laborde's melody.

We give our correspondent's letter *verbatim*, considering that its graphical eccentricities shed an additional lustre upon its beauties as a literary composition :

MUNTREY HALL, 6 Aug. 1849.

SIR,

As a perfeshinal man, I have long made mewsick conjucive to health, by turning the Handel of a barrel-organ. Brought up in the classic shades of the college of Maynyouth, I displayed, in the intervals of my severer studies, such a wonderful turn for the mangel, that my best frinds recommended me to renounce my purshoot of langwidges, and make a perfeshin of the instrumnt which is, at present, both my solus and support, and for which my previous perfishency on the mangel had so imminently adapted me. Thus accoutered, I thravelled through most of the cities of Ewerope, a-quiring by the way a smattherin of the Frinch langwidge, and much iligance of demaynour. In coorse of thyme, the weaves of the profound Atlantic Oshen threw me upon the free and liberal shoars of Emerica; and surkemstances, needless to indite at the present riting, bent my wayward steps toardst the city of Muntrey Hall; where I found the hospitalities of my imerald home, amongst the green and pig-deliting ponds of Griffintown—from which retrate I emanated each bright mornin, and thraversed the fashionable promeneedes of the methropolis in the carackther of an Italian nobleman in diegnise, doing some itinerant mewsick, for a large weejer with an English Discount of great iminence. And now it is that I find my airly a-quirements standing to me sthrong—for in this place I experience no difficulty in passin' off my slight Irish axent, (more like a Limerick glove than a brogue,) for an Italian die-elect. Indeed didn't I hear ould Mrs. Mawkins, who lives in the big house on the hill, remarking to her daughter the other day, upon the iligance of my Tuscan moduleeshun, as she was plazed to call it—when by the same token, I was only philandhering with Biddy the cook-maid, in a little polished monolog of the purest Tipperary. Smooth as the strame of my neetive Shannon, flowed the tide of my existencie, to the melojus strains of my delightful instrumnt; and my popewlarity was becomin almost painful to my pheelings, when, one night, at Madam Laughon's, I found myself the center of attraxion of a lot of quare, wixened young haroes, with cultivated muzzles, who stopped my handel just as it was executin one of the most touchin cadencies of our Nashinal Anthem, and permiscuously vosipherated with loud

yells for "Marsellays! Marsellays!"—which doesn't come up in the rounds of my barrel by no manner of grinding. So there was a pawe like for a minute or so.

"Voo savey de shawnty set air," says a near-sighted, long-nosed crayture, with a complection like Corporation pipe-wather, addressin himself to Jocko, my monkey, who sat by, smokin a cigar as grave as a Roushian Embassidor—"voo savey de shawnty set air; shawnty la, Narcisse, poor le pover Moshoo Hurdi-gurdi!"

But, puttin up his glass, he found he had mistaken poor Jocko for one of the young men of the *Have-an-ear* Newspaper; and the crayture was so mad with himself, that he began pitchin into me for "Marsellays! Marsellays!" and makin a great show of fightin out, when there was nobody forenenst him.

"Alley vooz ong, Sherry!" screeches a fidgetty little chap, whose straps alone kep his big mustashoves from rising him off the face of the airth—"Alley vooz ong, Sherry,"—(I think that was what he called him; and says I to myself, faix if that's your sherry, what must your wather be like;)—"Alley vooz ong la, and let ze Italian jontlehomme alone by himself, for play ze gloriooze air de Marsellays, tra la lira tiddy iddy tol lol!"—and away he went, balling out some soari of a rafts-man's chorus, that made Jocko pull his jim-crow hat down over his ears to thrown the noise.

Well, this gave them the cue—to spake thuyatrically—and the divel sich a row ever I heard before or since, when they all came about me, sthrovin to prompt me for the *Marsellays*,—every-body with a different tune, and none of them with the right one. So when I see how the cat jumped, I made a sign for silence; and when they stopped screechin, I turned the handel of my barrel, and let on the mewsic of the "Bould So'ger Boy;"—and may every bit I ate for the next twelve months choke me, if they didn't dance round me in a ring, sthrovin to adapt the words of the *Marsells* to my melojus Hibernian strains; and a bad fit it was.—But in the midst of their festive if not iligant evolwshuns, the door opened, and a couple of young Anglo-Saxons, as they call 'em here—though I think myself they were Englishmen—entered the saloon, politely requesting me to favor them with a turn of the Nashinal Anthem; which I immediately ground up with all the inergy of a thrus subject; and when I looked up, to see the effect of my mewsic upon the little red republicans, the divel a one of them was there at all,—for they had all sloped out through the kay-hole of one door, as the Anglo-Saxons came in at the other.

So it was more cry than vool with them flagrant young litherrary spooneys—for, aafter all their talk, bad scran to the one of them knew the *Marsells* Him from a *Marsells* westcoast.

Yours mewsically,

MARTINI SULLIVANI.

SONG OF "L'AVENIR."

Let us shout "*la Marséillaise*,"
Let us play our childish tricks;
Nothing mean we but to raise
The cry of "*Vive les British Bricks*."

"*Vive nos lois, Vive nos lois*!"
We'll dispense Canadian kicks,
Establishing Republic law,
Demolishing these "*British Bricks*."

At the risk proud "*Fortin*" quakes,
Feasting he'll get awful licks,
And down the street "*Fast tracks*" he makes,
Kicked behind by "*British Bricks*."

Cowards by "*Nos constitutions*!"
We may jaw,—yes, we may jaw,
Gone for o'er "*nos institutions*!"
Et nos langues, et nos lois.

Yet though kicked by "*British Bricks*,"
And feeling sore, feeling sore;
We long to render back the kick
To men of straw,—men of straw.

"Let us have a truce" to prove
We're not quite pumps,—not quite pumps;
We'll make some "*buffers*" quickly move,
And stir their stumps, yes, stir their stumps.