

THE OMNIBUS.

ST. CATHARINES, MARCH 3, 1861.

Years have come and gone since last the *Omnibus* appeared to the Barrie public. Our argus eyes, however, have not been closed—in other spheres we have done duty, with, we venture to say, advantage to the public. Must we apologize for our contracted appearance now—then hear us. We devote our whole souls to the press, we illustrate, delineate men and things, and in our peregrinations through the County of Simcoe observed many things not consonant with our appreciation of right. Albeit, in Barrie, the people were music mad—man, woman, and child, involuntarily squeaked in street, lane corner and every vacuum that tolerated sound—the maids indoors, thumped their instruments with violence really shocking—in the mornings before the soap had dried on their faces, again at night, when their choral orgies were more sublimely concentrated than the war strained efforts of a legion of Kilkeany cats. Maddened by the baneful influence, we attended the first opposition concert vs. Glee Club. The critique of the two village newspapers we studiously read, and feeling somewhat hypercritical, we give our impressions in the language of the *Spirit of the Age*, which is the first instalment, promising in a future number to continue our opinions until the singing mania shall have died out, and Barrie become as stale, flat, and unprofitable as usual.

From the *Spirit of the Age*.

BARRIE GLEE CLUB ON THE STAGE.

Concerto Grosso, with much Fantasia and Caprice. In which Jones figured as the Musical Lamulus and Johns as the Musical Adonis.

NO VENUS THAR.

The Town Hall jammed with a galaxy of wealth, beauty, and fashion, to swell the Relief Fund, as well as to swell the swollen popularity of the Glee Club.

The extensive Programme played entirely out, as well as the Musical appreciation of the audience.

OVER FIVE HUNDRED SOULS PRESENT, AND ONLY ONE HUNDRED DEAD-HEADS!

Wednesday, the 17th of February, was the memorable eve which brought to a focus the concentrated talent, Vocal and Instrumental, of Barrie, and the entire Country as far South as Newmarket. It was the most astounding musical triumph that ever sent its thrilling echoes into the bush wilds of our county, where less than a century ago the "Silvery tones" of the wild cat and savage murmured through the otherwise impenetrable woods. It must not be supposed that the charitable object of the

musical melange had something to do with the spontaneous exodus of the people from their domestic firesides into the resplendent dazzle of the chandeliered Town Hall; but undoubtedly it was the presumptive popularity of the Club, whose embryonic existence had been the universal theme of gossip, that induced the attendance of music lovers, influenced as they and we were by the exalted character of its professional directors, and the well-known plucky voices of such as modestly set themselves down as Amateurs.

The hour for the performance to commence having arrived, some little impatience was manifested by the expectant audience to hear the ringing of the sounds seraphic; but the refined and educated majority were sufficiently regaled by the *Fioritures* of the disinterested and generous instrumental Professor, whose active and exalted nervous temperament, under such a weight of responsibility, kept him constantly on the start, like the fretted wings of a galvanic battery; and at the moment of a portending ebullition of stamping, his genial look and winning action would avert the noise and insure the good humor which threatened to give way. Another cause of anxiety was that part of the programme in which somebody's sister was to be introduced to the audience, and we ourselves felt ambitious, with other highly intellectual auditors, to grasp the hand of this inspiring female genius.

Suspense at length was at an end. The Professor made his last preliminary grimace, and the serious business of the evening commenced by the entree of the entire Club—some two or three more favored ones, having ladies attached to them—but no appearance of Jones' sister. "Rule Britannia" was the introductory overture, which went off as "merry as a marriage bell," if not merrier, and with as decidedly brass intonations. Following this was an instrumental piece, well executed, in which a fiddle, trumpet, and a piano were concerned. It was well received; but the audience, being discomfited at the non appearance of that "sister," mumped a little, and refused to call again for either fiddle, trumpet, or piano—we have known equally marked instances of suppressed "popularity." A lady from Newmarket was next ushered into public presence, her gallant being awkwardly in the rear, detained, as it appeared to us, by an endeavor after stage effect, which the enterprising Club we presume, had no proper opportunity of practising. This lady's song was well and sweetly sung, and the hearty *encore* she received was the first evidence of "popularity," though all was yet mum and mysterious regarding "Jones' sister." "The Blind Girl to her Harp" was sung immediately after by a Barrie lady, a piece of much feeling and pathos.—Another lady tripped upon the stage, but not Jones' relative, whose solo and duet was given with indignant skill. "Facing

trip it" and the "Canadian Boat Song" were applauded, and would have been repeated had the audience demanded it. Mr. Mann next appeared, and presented good claims upon the taste of the audience in his "Monks of Old." Two little girls from Newmarket, (the Misses Hackett) were prodigies in piano execution, and were displayed to the best effect by the ingenuity of the Director, the instrument being so arranged as to preclude a sight of the performers, which position was further compensated for by the classic attitude which the Professor was enabled to assume for the gratification of his half-thousand admirers. "Mary of Argyle" underwent exemplification very well indeed, by Mr. Rogers. Upon Mr. Jones, however, devolved the principal work of the evening, and well did he realize expectations. The great event of the occasion was nearly forgotten, when with almost a surprise, "Jones' sister" was introduced. It did not take us with that degree of shock we had laid out for, and though a comic song, fairly executed, we confess, being a young man from the country, to some disappointment. "Really great talent," however, is sometimes marred by an excess of flourish, or, to use a musical technicality, "embroidery"—that there was too much sufflation in this case we seriously suspect, although our nerves might have been too highly strung from being in half-a-dollar seat, and too near the platform. "Kathleen Mavourneen" though on the programme, failed to come in its proper order—the lady assigned it having made a favorable impression, was by call urged to sing it, and yielded. The first part passed off well, and so would the second had not the worthy Professor who accompanied, attempted an *appogiatura*, with but partial success, causing what is known in music as a *staccato*, or detached note, when both player and singer got woefully stranded on the B flats.

Take it all in all, the Glee Club deserve thanks for their patriotic efforts. No Assyrian darkness can ever afflict a community so rich in musical talent as Barrie. We now know our own resources, and would advise all melancholy subjects who are tired of this mortal coil, whether here or elsewhere, to attend the harmonious strains of our Club—science, and in short, every intellectual of modern times may be summed in them, and we feel satisfied that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, will receive no more welcome wedding present, than the photographs of the illustrious dozen, now being made ready by an illustrious local artist, Mr. Garton. Jones' sister will receive perpetuity in all the illustrated papers, so that the struggle henceforth among the urchins will be greater to get her profile, and that of her illustrious professor, than it ever was to get a picture of the Hippopotamus, or any other of the world's rarities.