

ORGANIST No. 1.—Mozart accompaniments may be do in a small hall, but in a place like this they want a large organ.

ORGANIST No. 2.—Yes, and somebody to play it. Terribly up-hill work this, isn't it?

LADY No. 1 (with the limited number of pupils) Thank, goodness, none of my pupils belong to the Society.

LADY No. 2 (ditto) I'm sure my two pupils are the best sopranos they've got. I told them not to strain their voices, but they are so precocious.

LADY No. 3 (ditto) It's but a very indifferent affair is it not? and only fancy Mrs. Oscoob singing in the chorus!

NEWSPAPER REPORTER (to your representative) Can you oblige me by telling me what it was they sung last?

I told him the "Hallelujah Chorus" and he noted it down. One must enjoy themselves some how.

Then Miss WELCH sang and these critics spared her not. Next Mr. DELAUNT essayed to satisfy them, and he, they literally tore in pieces. But when Mrs. Oscoob had finished, she succeeded in silencing them. They had nothing to say, and the distinguished amateur and the Tonic Sol Fa Man were of the unanimous opinion she should be named Mrs. SOGOOD. Even one of the three ladies went so far as to admit she had heard worse singers, which was—coming from such a source—a great compliment to Mrs. Oscoob.

But, Sir, I am wearying you. The duty you have entrusted me is too much, so in self defence I must appeal to the Press. Their opinions will be sure to give satisfaction.

The *Witness* says "Mr. WISCH" is undoubtedly a genuine artist and the best tenor Montreal has heard for a long time."

The *Herald* says Mr. WISCH's voice "was only a baritone worked up into the upper register."

The *Gazette* says Mr. WISCH "sang with his usual good taste"—a very safe thing to say. You will observe the critic does not commit himself by saying whether Mr. WISCH is a tenor or a baritone—or both.

Of Miss WELCH the *Witness* informs us "she has a contralto voice of great richness."

The *Gazette* is of the opinion "her singing was marked by much feeling," but with that diplomacy which never commits itself, does not say whether she sung soprano, contralto or bass.

What the *Herald* says I cannot say, but it says something, generally. Concerning Mr. DELAUNT the *Witness* asserts "he certainly excelled himself."

Of the same gentleman the *Gazette* goes so far as to say he is a basso, and sang with as good force as we ever heard from him." Is this meant to be sarcastic? for further on we are told that "he managed to muffle the tones of an otherwise good voice, while his articulation was faulty and unnatural."

With regard to the chorus the *Witness* asserts "it was very fine; the parts being well balanced, and showing evidence of careful training."

Of the chorus the *Gazette* thinks "there was much to commend," and this is the way the "critic" commends the chorus: "the sopranos were also prominent, and although not so well up as usual, the tenors were much stronger than the *altos*—the weakest part of the whole chorus." The basses come in for unmeasured praise.

With reference to the orchestra, the *Witness* says "it was creditable."

The *Gazette*, on the other hand, says, "it was not so strong as usual either in numbers or efficiency." Then the *Gazette* man "goes" for the flute player and the trumpeter, who, however, doubtless prefers to blow his own horn.

But I cannot close without referring to a remarkable statement contained in the *Gazette*: It says "All we like sheep" was a part of the Oratorio where their power and tone was especially telling." Does this refer to the sheep or the singers? Bah!

But I can't follow it—it's too much for me. For I read in the same paper for the first time that "*Houdel*" was the author of this sublime music. Why didn't you criticise the Oratorio yourself, and then I shouldn't have got into this confounded mess?

#### OUR "MILINGTARY" COLUMN.

(Want of space compels us to hold over our usual quantity of ammunition until next week, when our reserve forces will be brought to the front and every shot made to tell. Ed.)

ADVICE TO VOLUNTEERS in future—Mind your eye.

A VOLUNTEER OFFICER says his experience of subscribing to a military dinner is like buying up lands in Manitoba—one never knows when they are paid for."

"Didn't you guarantee that that horse wouldn't shy before the discharge of a cannon?" said a cavalry officer to a horse-dealer. "Yes, I did, and I'll stick to it," replied the dealer, "He never shies until after the cannon is fired."

## WON BY ONE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Last Wednesday, in our history made immortal,  
The House was crammed from Gallery to portal,  
Conservatives and Liberals joined the throng,  
Each one rehearsing his great Party song.  
Conservative and Liberal both maintained  
Each side the victory for itself had gained  
Contractors, editors, policemen, too,  
Discussed the fate of parties, *Rouge* and *Blou*.

At three o'clock the well known Sir George MUIR,  
Clerk of the House, (an office most secure,  
Presided at the opening of State,  
Those politicians hadn't long to wait,  
For JOLY rose and stern, cold silence reigned—  
He most, of all, who's been both praised and blamed—  
His eagle eye swept o'er the mingled scene;  
While hearts throbbled quick, and some felt "awful mean."  
His liquid voice in nervous accents fell  
And moved that TURCOTTE, whom he loved so well,  
Be Speaker of the House—the post of honor—  
Then Tory members felt their case "a goner."  
Their aides looked dazed; but this fact only proves  
How much a man will do for those he loves.  
Enlarging on the virtues of his friend,  
Whose splendid talents ne'er can have an end,  
The PREMIER's voice grew joyfully ascendant  
And said that TURCOTTE was an Independent.  
Conservative, perhaps, in Party faction;  
But Independent both in thought and action.  
Then ROSE, supported by some strange fatality  
Commended TURCOTTE's wise impartiality.

But up rose CHAPLEAU, like a lion bearded,  
And shouted out that TURCOTTE had succeeded;  
Whose great profession was a contradiction;  
Whose steadfastness of purpose but a fiction!  
He tore his hair and stamped his feet with rage,  
Like an "outraged parient" on the modern stage,  
He groaned; he writhed; grew red and pale by turns  
While in his breast a storm of anguish burns.  
Growing exhausted, in a voice of grief,  
He next tried satire to give him relief.  
In killing sarcasm, which failed to kill  
He tried to swallow this most bitter pill.  
And in the middle of his great oration  
Foretold the shame, the deep humiliation,  
Which that majority, that sent T—there  
Would feel in learning that he wasn't "square."  
He once held TURCOTTE as his brother, friend,  
But that delusion now was at an end;  
He could only gather but one sad deduction:  
That TURCOTTE was the victim of seduction,  
Grief, disappointment, tears and deep chagrin  
Concluded CHAPLEAU's history of false TURCOTTE's sin.

But TURCOTTE calm as any ancient Sphinx  
Waited and wondered. And exchanging winks  
With JOLY just as if to say  
"He'll finish soon, and then I'll have my way;"  
Arose quite coolly, stroked his flowing beard  
And said he wasn't the least bit afraid.  
Quite true it was Conservative was he;  
Quite true it was he intended so to be;  
Quite true it was, although no office seeker  
He'd keep the chair when once elected Speaker.  
Disgusted with De Bouchervillian folly  
He thought it time to give his aid to JOLY;  
To him he'd stick far closer than a brother,  
Since one good, useful turn deserved another.  
No principles at stake on either side,  
He viewed the office with no little pride  
And if elected do his best to serve  
That Party most which most his aid deserved.  
His record in the Future, as 'twas in the Past,  
Would all depend how long the Ministry would last,  
And if the hay crop didn't turn out all clover  
To t'other Party forthwith he'd go over.  
But as it was he could not aid a better  
Despite what CHAPLEAU said about that private letter.

The Vote was counted, and the House was still,  
And people paused to hear "the people's" will;  
But criticisms, jokes and curses loud  
All took possession of the excited crowd  
When 'twas announced that JOLY gained by one,  
The Liberals cheered—Conservatives looked glum.

#### MORAL.

Be wise ye Tories in the lesson learned  
Your sad experience has been dearly earned,  
'Tis hard to prove that Virtue's not a Vice  
For even politicians must command their Price.  
Since from your hands the victory's been snatched  
Dont count your chickens—until they are hatched.