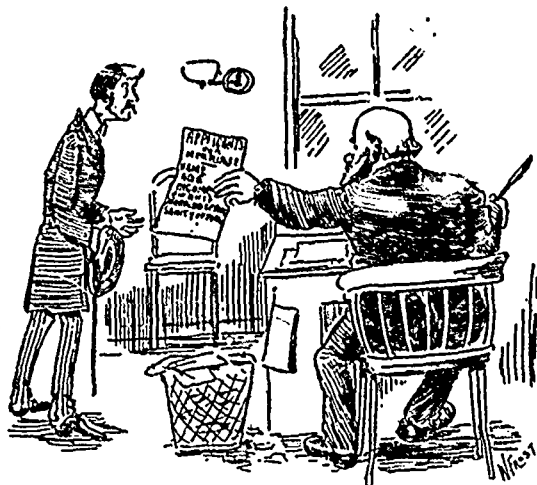


taste of the musical public. His "La Gioiosa, Danse Italienne," a characteristic and sparkling composition, "Marche des Mousquetaires" in which arpeggios and triplets are employed in an effective and original manner, and his "Sans Souci" Gavotte, surprisingly beautiful among the number of gavottes of recent composition, have become deservedly popular in English circles. Among other attractions for the pianoforte is "La Resignation" by Eugene Wagner, remarkably sweet and soothing, which we are not surprised to find has already reached a seventh edition. It is rare to find so much beauty contained in so short a piece. Those who like a spirited military quickstep, will find "Tommy Atkins, his March," by Alex. S. Beaumont, among the best of its kind. It is the popular march at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, and Dan Godfrey of the Grenadier Guards pronounces it "one of the best marches he ever played." The "Sylvan Glen" by Karl Kiefert is a sweet Polka-Mazurka with a prettily illustrated title page. A "Tarantella" by I. A. de Orellana, is lively and brilliant. It is no discredit to the composer to say that it reminds us of the well-known Tarantella of Raff.

Among the compositions for Violin and Pianoforte is an "Elegie" by G. St. George, originally and beautifully expressive, and worthy to rank close to that on the same subject by Ernst. The same composer's first number of his "Feuilles d'Album," entitled "Romance," is a most effective drawing-room or concert piece, and cannot fail to rank among the classics. It is quite within the capacity of moderate amateurs. Clarisse Mallard, a new name on this side the Atlantic, has sent forth two short pieces (1) "Sehnsucht" (Longing), and (2) "Hoffnung" (Hope), which give evidence of much talent and genius. The former is one of the most expressive short pieces we have seen for many a day; the latter is in a bright "tempo di Mazurka" which effectively complements the first movement.

Among the songs sent us by the Messrs. Woolhouse is one that cannot fail to live among the choicest vocal compositions of the period. It is entitled "To Neera," the words from the Latin of the old Scottish writer George Buchanan, (1506-82), translated by the Rev. W. Johnson, M.A., the music by Noel Johnson, and chosen to be sung at the Conference of the National Society of Professional Musicians at Liverpool last year. The "London News" (illus.) truly pronounces it "a passionate setting of beautiful words." Two songs by the same composer—"Music when soft voices die," words by Shelley, and Byron's "There be none of Beauty's daughters," fully maintain his reputation, though we must express our preference decidedly for the former. Other songs in the series



PAPA'S NEW PLAN.

BUSY PATERFAMILIAS TO APPLICANT FOR HIS DAUGHTER'S HAND.

"Yes, Yes, I understand. Just fill up this form and call again,—meanwhile, my careful consideration,—good morning."

comprise "There's a Bower of Roses" (Tom Moore) and "The song of the Egyptian Girl" Lew Wallace), with suitable and entire; original settings by Walter Alcock. "Keramos," the Potter's song, by Clarisse Mallard, on Longfellow's words, is of a high order. The whirr of the wheel is heard throughout the accompaniment. "Siegfried's Sword," a spirited song by Martin Pluddermann has been a favorite for some time at the Berlin "Loewe-Ver-ein." The words are from the German of Uhland. Christina Thompson, one of the best composers of the day, is to the front with "Heaving the Lead," words anonymous of the year 1780, a fine baritone song. The first verse is in C minor, the second in E flat major, the third verse repeats the first strain, which in the fourth modulates into a spirited C natural ending with the refrain "All's Well."

TO MY PIPE.

"Sublime tobacco!" Thus Lord Byron began
His verse, long before I'd the beard of
a man;
I was not e'en born, but the words still
are true
And thus, my old pipe, do I now ad-
dress you.

I (thirty years ago) bought you in Bom-
bay,
'Twas at Treachers, and you are with
me to-day;
I often have smoked you from morning
till eve,
And unlike other friends you ne'er did
deceive.

"Fashioned so slenderly," tho' old, yet
"so fair,"
I fill you, and light you, and take my
arm chair.
Puff! puff! how delicious! away with
all strife;
I glance up; and then, I catch sight of
my wife!

That lady—God bless her—good enough
as wives go,
Will sometimes cry "Yes," when I wish
to have "No."
Silence is golden, so I pull at my pipe,
In India I smoked it, while shooting the
snipe.

If vexed, you will "soothe," even my
"savage breast"
Like music; to joy you are adding much
zest;
You ne'er contradict me, but always
concur,
Our wives do not so, ev'ry husband will
swear.

I've smoked 'Trichies,' *Manillas, like-
wise the cigar
Imported from Cuba; but sweeter by
far,
Are you than all others, my dearest
old pipe,
(I puffed you in India, while shooting
the snipe.)

The whiffs do I watch, curl in clouds,
and in rime,
Old smokers know only, the pleasure
it brings.
Some slug of good wine, and some of
women fair;
Give me my old pipe, with a nice easy
chair.

* Short for Trichinopall cheroots.

Last week "The Antidote" had a new
heading, and this week it has a new
"take in," both intended to please its
readers.

Rear-Admiral A. G. Wootton, has
recently paid a visit to Montreal,
and expressed himself as highly pleased
with both the city and its environs.

Customer (to tailor).—What enor-
mous sleeves you've made to this coat!
Facetious Tailor.—They're made so
as you can find room to laugh in 'em,
sir!