

NEW MUSIC.

We are favored by Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington St., W., London, England, with a collection of new music of a variety suited to the talents and tastes of all classes of musicians, instrumental and vocal. Among the vocal compositions—with piano accompaniments—are five songs by Lawrence Kellie: "Crossing the Bar" a beautiful little melody in A flat, treble time, the words by the late Poet Laureate; "My Fairest Child" a lovely slumber song with a charming accompaniment in cradle-rhythm, the words by Charles Kingsley. "Oh, Beautiful Star," perhaps the most original of this composer's contributions, a serenade with words by Oscar Wilde; "The City of Night" a more ambitious song in the flat keys of F and A, with organ or harmonium accompaniment (ad libitum), the words by Mowbray Marras; and the fifth song, entitled "I had a Flower" a simple pleasing melody in D flat, the words of which are said to be anonymous, but we have some recollection of hearing them in former years to a melody very popular at one time in the United States with the refrain, "They stole, they stole my child away."—"Time's Gift" is a charming light melody, triple measure, in A minor, by J. M. Capel, with words by Clifton Bingham. By the same composer we have "That Victor Love" in natural major key, simple and effective with words also by Clifton Bingham. Mr. Capel's "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" is a most effective and charming little melody with pleasing allegorical words by Eugene Field, which cannot fail to have a permanent hold as a drawing-room or light concert song. By the same composer we have "Fanchette (graceful dance)" for the piano, in andante movement, in a light and airy style and within the range of the veriest amateur. Among the collection are two songs by Edward M. Chesham, "A Fickle Pair" and "The Boys of Limerick Town;" the latter though original and quite characteristic, compares favorably with the recent rollicking compositions of the "Ballyhooly" class, and is sure to have an equal degree of popularity, the former is like wise in a comic strain and cannot fail to be welcomed by people who enjoyed humour as well as sentiment in their music. "Beyond Compare" is a beautiful song, the music by Theresa Bency, the words by Hartley Coleridge. And here let us remark that the latter day tendency of song-writers, to choose their words from the writings of distinguished authors, is highly commendable.—"Why I Know" by the same lady, is a graceful little melody in common time, E flat, with words by Eugene Field. Mary Carmichael has gone further afield for a theme. "Age" from Boyce's *Annecron* with the words by the poet Cowley is the title of a very effective

song which has received no little favor in English drawing-rooms of late and has been sung, we perceive, by Mr. Norman Salmond, which alone is quite sufficient to stamp it as a work of no ordinary merit. "With Early Horn" is an old song by the same composer, the words by John Ernest Galliard, written about one hundred and fifty years ago, which was at one time very popular in England. The movement is very suggestive of the chase and one can almost fancy he hears the "View Halloo" of the huntsman and the cheerful musical echoes of this popular sport. A song by Percy Goufre, "Katie's Answer," with the words by C. H. Thayer, is a pleasing little pastoral in the dialect of "Killarney" with a very pretty turn of sentiment at the close. "Till Thy Heart is Won" by the same composer is an Eastern love song with beautiful dreamy music and words, the latter by Arthur Chapman, and quite characteristic of the clime to which it refers. To say that "To be My Love" is from the pen of Tito Mattei with words by W. Toynbee is quite a sufficient recommendation for the lovely song of that name. "A Thousandfold" is the name of a pretty song in 12-8 measure by Clement Locknane, the words by Maud Blackett, and it is needless to say that it breathes the sentiment of love throughout. "The Light of Memory," music by Senderi and the words by Clifton Bingham, is a dreamy pathetic melody with a simple and effective accompaniment. "My First, My Last" with music by Charles Deacon and words also by Arthur Chapman, is a pleasant little melody, with an accompaniment within the capabilities of young amateurs. "Love Lives On," the music by Sebastian C. Schlesinger, the words by Ellis Walton, is a composition of a somewhat higher class and can hardly fail to have a permanent place in musical collections.

(To be continued in our next.)



A Sprinkle of Spice.

"Her face is her fortune"—true,
But I've sold so many sonnets
On her eyes and cheeks and bonnets,
I think it's my fortune too!"

—Town Topics.

Mr. Plummer—I just found my hat on the refrigerator. I wonder on what ridiculous thing I will find it next?

Mrs. Plummer—Probably on your head, dear. And Mrs. Plummer smiled sweetly as Mr. Plummer slammed the door and rushed down-stairs.—Judge.

"Do you know Mrs. Everready?"

"Yes, the woman who is such a friend to the heathen."

"Well, she has taken up the temperance fad, and won't even let her corsets get tight."—Truth.

The Agency for Folls.

(Translated from the French.)

There are, as everybody knows, so very few homely women in this country, says the editor of "Romance," to whom we are indebted for the translation, that the following story would hardly flourish here:—

I.

I was astonished, yesterday, when I heard of an industry which a man named Durandau has had the ingenuity to start. It is founded upon the idea of making money out of ugliness.

You undoubtedly have sometimes met women walking, two and two, upon the larger avenues. They saunter along, stopping to look into the shop-windows, trailing their gowns in a graceful and engaging fashion. They walk arm-in-arm, like intimate friends, speaking frequently to each other in an affectionate manner; they are nearly of the same age and are clothed with equal elegance; but always one is possessed of faultless beauty, while the other is atrociously ugly—an ugliness which irritates, which holds the gaze, which compels the passer-by to make comparison between the two. Confess that, occasionally, you have followed the two women. The ugly one, alone upon the avenue, you would have fled from; the young woman with a merely pretty face, you would have passed indifferently. But as it is, the ugliness of the one has enhanced the beauty of the other.

The monster, the young woman atrociously ugly, belongs to Durandau's Agency. She takes the part of a Foil—a Contrast—a Set-off.

Th. wonderful Durandau has hired out this ugly one, in consideration of five francs per hour.

II.

Here is the history of the institution: Durandau is an eccentric and inventive manufacturer, rich into the millions. For many years he sighed whenever the thought came to him that no one had ever been able to utilize the ugliness of women.

One day, he was suddenly struck by an inspiration. He was strolling down the Boulevard, when he saw, walking in front of him, two young women, one beautiful, the other ugly; and as he looked at them, he comprehended that the ugly woman acted as a foil, by which means the pretty woman was made to appear beautiful.

"It is just and logical," he said to himself, "that as a beautiful woman buys ribbons, rice-powder, and false hair, with which to beautify herself, she has the right to buy ugliness as she would an ornament which pleased her."

Durandau returned home to think over the matter at his ease. The commercial operation which he contemplated would, necessarily, have to be conducted with