

pany) were mutually complaining that they had not been on the stage for nine successive nights, and regretting that the Lessee had not sufficient discernment to discover where real talent was to be found.

"I left the theatre that evening in a meditative mood. Although at that time I knew but little of the mysteries of dramatic politics, I had just heard enough to convince me that all was not going on right, without precisely knowing what was wrong. The vision of the tall gentleman, habited in the flowing robes of a Roman, and making tears to flow at will, would occasionally steal across my mind: and the low comedian and the pretty girl I had seen together in the green-room appeared to reproach me for conspiring to keep them from the stage. I had evidently committed a crime against one portion of the company by not having written all the parts equal, and against the other portion by having written an opera at all. As I wheeled my arm-chair closer to the fire, however, and drew the window-curtains of my little study, I began gradually to arrive at a more comfortable frame of mind, and feeling convinced that, notwithstanding these minor difficulties, nothing could occur to interrupt the career of so successful a production, I resolved to dismiss at once all useless suspicion, and employ myself in the more agreeable task of conjuring up bright visions of the future. Full of these pleasant reflections, I retired to rest, and dreamed that I was being presented with a silver *baton* in the presence of the audience.

"I arose in the morning in a good humor with everything and everybody, and went out for a walk. The air was delightfully refreshing, and, my ideas flowing freely, I had almost concluded a grand chorus of brigands, when a bill of the evening's performance at the theatre suddenly riveted me to the spot. I could scarcely believe my eyes: there was no mention of my opera; and the announcement ran thus:—

LEGITIMATE DRAMA IN THE ASCENDANT.

his evening will be acted the classical play, in five acts, called

A ROMAN'S SACRIFICE,

OR THE PATRIOT'S DOOM.

After which a new interlude, entitled,

PRETTY LITTLE PRATTLERS.

To conclude with the laughable farce of

GONE TO JERICHOL!

"I never wrote a second opera.

"A few months afterwards an organist's situation was vacant in the country. I became a candidate, was elected to the office, and have now quietly settled down into a teacher. My leisure time is chiefly occupied in writing songs for young ladies, and dedicating them to their mothers."—*Henry C. Lunn.*

### ANECDOTES.

HERSCHEL AND WAINWRIGHT.—Dr. Herschel, the celebrated astronomer, was originally brought up to his father's profession, that of a musician, and accompanied a German regiment to England as one of the band, performing on the hautboy. While acting in this humble capacity, in the north of England, a new organ was built for the parish church of Halifax, by Snetzler which was opened with an oratorio by the well known Joah Bates. Mr. Herschel and six other persons became candidates for the organist's situation. A day was fixed on which

each was to perform in rotation; when Mr. Wainwright of Manchester, played, his fingering was so rapid that old Snetzler the organ builder, ran about the church, exclaiming, "He run over de key like one cat, he will not give my pipes time to speak."

During Mr. Wainwright's performance, Dr. Miller, the friend of Herschel, inquired of him what chance he had of following him. "I don't know," said Herschel, "but I am sure fingers will not do." When it came his turn, Herschel ascended the organ-loft, and produced such an uncommon richness, such a volume of slow harmony, as astonished all present; and after this extemporaneous effusion, he finished with the one hundredth psalm, which he played better than his opponent. "Ay, ay," cries old Snetzler, "thish ish very goot—very goot intect. I will lief dis man; he gives my pipes room for to speak."

Herschel being asked by what means he produced such an astonishing effect, replied: "I told you fingers would not do," and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, said, "One of these I laid on the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above, and thus, by accommodating the harmony, I produced the harmony of four hands, instead of two." This superiority of skill obtained Herschel the situation, but he had too many other higher objects in view to suffer him long to retain it.

A GOOD BARGAIN.—Mr. L., a well-known professional singer in the metropolis, one day entered a cheese monger's shop to make a purchase.

"Have you any more of this paper?" said he to the master, regarding with curiosity and astonishment that in which his purchase was wrapped.

"Plenty, sir, a great pile of it." Mr. L. requested to see it, and followed the tradesman into a little back room, where many reams of waste paper were collected, to be used in his business.

"Well," said Mr. L., after inspecting the pile from whence the wrapper of his parcel had been taken, "Will you sell this? What would you ask for it?"

"Twopence half penny per pound," answered the man, much astonished at the uncommon queerness of his customer; you can have it as waste paper at that price if you like."

Mr. L. readily assented, and thus purchased for a few shillings thirty-three complete oratorios and operas of Handel, besides fragments of the best, viz., Arnold's edition. Henceforth let no one despise the literature that may find its way to the trunkmakers and chandlers, &c.

### STUDIO NOTES.

This may be said to be the season of harvest for the painter, or rather for the painter's patrons, for now is the time of year in which artists' exhibitions most abound. In London, the 1st of May sees annually the throwing open the great galleries of Burlington House to the public, and the rush of all classes of visitors is invariably enormous. In fact, so great is the eagerness to inspect the great pictures of the year that special policemen have to be detailed to remain by them to prevent the crush from resulting in the actual destruction of the objects of curiosity and enthusiasm. Paris, too, about the same time, opens her immense display of contemporary French, and, indeed, cosmopolitan Art in her grand *Salon*. New York, with the proverbial American eagerness to get ahead of creation, opened her annual exhibition in the National Academy of Design early in