

piano to touch for me any note that I call for. It is the old Italian method."

"Vastly well," said the Prince, laughing; "but why choose this old man for a duty which he by no means seems to relish?"

"Why, your Royal Highness, 'tis the *lex talionis*. When this old fellow and I first met, it was in the stirring times of the ninety-three. We musicians were forced to teach the people patriotic songs. My worthy friend, who had a voice like a bear, made me play the *Marseillaise* to him for eight days. So I swore to be revenged if I could ever find an opportunity."

"And you have found it?" said the Prince.

"Yes; it so happened that, fifteen years afterwards, he applied to me to take him into my service. Aha, said I, comrade, you forced me to accompany you when you had the upper hand; so sit down there, and make notes for me when I want them."

The Prince was amused with the story; but, like a generous confidant, he got Cherubini to give his old domestic some employment more to his taste than his everlasting task of *making notes*.

WAIT FOR THE APPLAUSE.

At a country festival, where the *Messiah* was performed, the gentleman to whom the aria, "O thou

that tellest," had been assigned, anticipating a favourable appreciation of his talents, wrote at the end of the song (the chorus following immediately) the words "wait for the applause." This he indorsed not only in the leader's copy, but in every one in the orchestra. At the conclusion of the song the leader stopped, and there was a dead pause. "Why do you not go on?" said the singer, in an agony of disappointed vanity. "I am waiting for the applause," was the calm reply of the sarcastic conductor. This story reminds us of an anecdote which Robert Hall, of Bristol, was accustomed to relate. "I remember," said his biographer, "at the distance of many years, with what a vivid feeling of the ludicrous he related an anecdote of a preacher of some account in his day and connection. He would sometimes weep, or seem to weep, when the people wondered why, not perceiving in what he was saying any cause for such emotion, in the exact places when it occurred. After his death, one of his hearers, happening to inspect some of his manuscript sermons, exclaimed 'I have found the explanation; we used to wonder at the good doctor's weeping with so little reason sometimes, as it seemed. In his sermons there is written here and there in the margins, 'cry here;' now I verily believe the doctor sometimes mistook the place, and that was the cause of what appeared so unaccountable."

IN VAIN WOULD FORTUNE.

Andante.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

S. Webbe.

In vain - - would for-tune with tem-pous blast, The
 Lock'd in the sa-cred treasura of the past, What
 Lock'd in the sa-cred treasures of the past, What
 pre-sent pile of hap-pi-ness de-destroy.
 I have once pos-sess'd I still en-joy.
 I have once pos-sess'd I still en-joy.