well attended, the tickets were not demanded with the same avidity as before; the edge of novelty was blunted; the expenses of the performances were increased, and the means of defraying them diminished. At this last Abbey-meeting the immortal Haydn, then on his first visit to this country, was present; and from it derived his deep reverence for the mighty genius of Handel, which, to the honour no less of his candid modesty than of his judgment, he was ever ready to avow. The last commemoration was that of 1834.—Knight's London.

PRICE OF A VIOLONCELLO.

Batta's violoncello was once sold to a French family in a small town in Spain for 300f., and remained for years silent, neglected, and unappreciated. One day it accidentally came under the eye of a connoissieur, who at once pronounced it to be worth 3000f., but he was treated as a wild enthusiast. Some time afterwards, Batta had the fortune to fall in with the instrument and determined to possess it, but its intrinsic werits had hecome known, and he could not obtain it for less than 8000f. Having had it repaired it is now considered without a rival in Europe. An English gentleman lately offered Batta 25,000f. for his favourite, but the artist declared that no price could

induce him to part with it. Upon this, the amateur offered Batta the same sum for the reversion of the violoncello after the cunning hand of the master had ceased to draw forth its "potent witchery" and was unstrung by death, but whether this has been accepted is not known.

APOLLO.

A SONNET AFTER* THE ANTIQUE.

Methought I stood on high Olympus mount,
What time great Jove did hold celestial state;
There heard the Nine, from golden harps create
Songs sweetly bubbling as Pierian fount;

The great god Pan, too, and his jocund choir, With one vast chorus wake the trembling sky,— Scare swarthy Vulcan from his smithy fire, And make Jove pause amidst the revelry.

Then all was hushed, and one stood forth, who drew From well shaped viol, tones most exquisite; And as their quickening spirit through me flew, I asked of one stood by—"Apollo is it?"

"Apollo don't play at these rooms, Sir, and I'm sure he Can't play one half so well—why that there's Mori."

William J. Thoms.

* A long way .- Printer's Devil.

IS IT NIGHT?







