

## AN ARTIST'S FIRST TRIUMPH.

EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF OLE BULL.

Behind the Alps is the land of miracles, the world of adventure. We do not believe in miracles; adventure, on the contrary, is very dear to us—we listen to it with willingness, and such a one as only happens to genius took place at Bologna in the year 1834. The poor Norwegian, Ole Bull, whom at that time no one knew, had wandered thus far southward. In his fatherland some persons certainly thought that there was something in him; but most people, as is generally the case, predicted that Ole Bull would amount to nothing. He himself felt that he must go out into the world in order to cherish the spark into a flame, or else to quench it entirely. Everything seemed at first to indicate that the latter would be the case. He had arrived at Bologna, but his money was spent, and there was no place where there was any prospect of getting more—no friend, not a countryman, held forth a helping hand toward him; he sat alone in a poor attic in one of the small streets.

It was already the second day that he had been here, and he had scarcely tasted food. The water-jug and the violin were the only two things that cheered the young and suffering artist. He began to doubt whether he really were in possession of that talent with which God had endowed him, and in his despondency breathed into the violin those tones which now seize our hearts in so wonderful a manner—those tones which tell us how deeply he has suffered and felt. The same evening a great concert was to be given in the principal theatre. The house was filled to overflowing; the Grand Duke of Tuscany was in the royal box; Madame Malibran and Monsieur de Beriot were to lend their able assistance in the performance of several pieces. The concert was to commence, but matters looked inauspicious—the manager's star was not in the ascendant—Monsieur de Beriot had taken umbrage and refused to play. All was trouble and confusion on the stage, when, in this dilemma, the wife of Rossini, the composer, entered, and in the midst of the manager's distress related that on the previous evening, as she passed through one of the narrow streets, she had suddenly stopped on hearing the strange tones of an instrument, which certainly resembled those of a violin, but yet seemed to be different. She had asked the landlord of the house who it was that lived in the attic whence the sounds proceeded, and he had replied that it was a young man from the north of Europe, and that the instrument he played was certainly a lyre, but she felt assured that it could not be so; it must either be a new sort of an instrument or an artist who knew how to treat his instrument in an unusual manner. At the same time she said that they ought to send for him, and he might, perhaps, supply the place of Monsieur de Beriot by playing the pieces that must otherwise be wanting in the evening's entertainment. This advice was acted upon, and a messenger was dispatched to the street where Ole Bull sat in his attic. To him it was a message from heaven. Now or never, thought he, and, though ill and exhausted, he took his violin under his arm and accompanied the messenger to the theatre. Two minutes after his arrival the manager informed the assembled audience that a young Norwegian, consequently a "young savage," would give a specimen of his skill on the violin instead of Monsieur de Beriot.

Ole Bull appeared. The theatre was brilliantly illuminated. He perceived the scrutinizing looks of the ladies nearest to him; one of them, who watched him very closely through her opera glass, smilingly whispered to her neighbour, with a mocking mien, about the diffident manners of the artist. He looked at his clothes, and in the strong blaze of light they looked rather the worse for wear. The lady made her remarks about them, and her smile pierced his very heart. He had taken no notes with him which he could give to the orchestra; he was consequently obliged to play without accompaniment. But what should he play? "I will give them the fantasies which at this moment cross my mind!" And he played improvisatory remembrances of his own life—melodies from his soul. It was as if every thought, every feeling, passed through the violin and revealed itself to the audience. The most astounding acclamations resounded through the house. Ole Bull was called forth again and again. They still desired a new improvisation. He then addressed himself to that lady whose mocking smile had met him on his appearance, and asked for a theme to vary. She gave him one from "Norma." He then asked two other ladies who chose one from "Othello" and one from "Moses." Now, thought he, if I take all three, unite them with each other, and form one piece, I shall then flatter each of the ladies, and perhaps the composition will produce an effect. He did so. Powerfully as the rod of the magician the bow glided across the strings, while cold drops of perspiration trickled down his forehead. There was fever in his blood; it was as if the mind would free itself from the body; fire shot from his eyes; he felt himself almost swooning; yet a few bold strokes—they were his last bodily powers.

Flowers and wreaths from the charmed multitude fluttered about him, who, exhausted by mental conflict and hunger, was nearly fainting. He went to his home accompanied by music. Before the house sounded the serenade for the hero of the evening, who meanwhile crept up the dark and narrow staircase, higher and higher,

into his poor garret, where he clutched the water-jug to refresh himself. When all was silent the landlord came to him, brought him food and drink, and gave him a better room. The next day he was informed that the theatre was at his service, and that a concert was to be arranged for him. An invitation from the Duke of Tuscany next followed, and from that moment name and fame were found for Ole Bull.

## END OF A ROMANTIC CAREER.

The Manitoulin *Expositor* says: "News has just been received of the death of Arthur Cole Hill, who died at Serpent River on April 8th. The deceased came from England, was about 35 years of age, and possessed a good college education. He entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company for three years, and upon the expiration of his time signed for two years more. After putting in about one year of the latter term he made the acquaintance of a squaw and wanted to get married, but, as he could not do so until he left the company, he wrote to headquarters for his discharge and his salary up to time. Mr. Mackenzie, who was in charge of the post at that time, also wrote explaining matters, which resulted in the discharge not being granted. Hill was then sent up to Lake Superior to another post, where it was thought he would give up the idea of marrying a squaw, but he did not stop there long; he deserted and got married. According to some rules of the company, a man who does not serve his time out loses all back money, and such was the case with Hill. However, he heard from his brother, Henry Hill, who, we are informed, holds some office in the Bank of England, that there was \$500 to his credit there, and he intended to sue the Hudson Bay Company for back pay, which is about \$600. After he got married he made his home among the Indians at Serpent River, following their life, fishing, hunting, etc., and received a small amount for looking after Murray's mill at that place. Last November he took sick, and as there was no medical attendance at hand he lingered on till his death. Frank Miller who has been trading on the North Shore all winter, was at Serpent River on April 7th and went to see Hill at the sugar bush about fifteen miles from there; upon asking him what was the matter he replied that he had been sick, but felt better then. Miller stopped in the wigwam that night, and next morning Hill took worse and told him he was dying. He told Miller that if anything happened and if his money could be obtained his wife was to have it. He was silent for a while. Suddenly a gun was fired, followed by two more reports, then turning on his side he said, 'Frank, do you know what that means?' On being told that he did not, he said, 'that means there's a death in the camp, but I ain't a gone coon yet.' After lying quiet a few moments he asked Miller to teach his little boy to pray, and that was his last request; he died at 2 p.m. It was a hard scene, Miller being the only white man with him; the deceased's wife and child, her mother and four Indians, comprised the funeral. The body was rolled in a blanket and drawn out of camp on a dog-sleigh, followed by the little procession in single file, and placing a few arrows in the grave they buried him. Deceased was well liked both by the Indians and white men, and his sad death is deeply felt by all those who knew him."

## HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, June 14.—Trickett sails from Sydney for England to-day, and will row Hanlan in November. England won the international rifle challenge trophy match at Edinburgh yesterday. A Dublin despatch says riotous outbreaks have occurred in Mayo and Roscommon counties. The rise in the price of wheat has caused a loss of \$1,000,000 at Auclair, Wisconsin. The list of saved from the Narragansett disaster now numbers 361, and the dead and missing 48. Mr. Gladstone's Government has accepted France's proposals relative to the Turko-Greek frontier line.

TUESDAY, June 15.—The Chilians captured Arica on the 7th instant, made the garrison prisoners, and sank a Peruvian corvette. Despatches from Calcutta relating to trade matters state that fears of an approaching disastrous crisis are entertained there. Business is suspended in Leadville, Colorado, on account of the miners' strike. The county has been placed under martial law. A Durban despatch says the ex-Empress Eugenie was returning to that place from the place where the Prince Imperial was killed. Renewed rumours of revolutionary troubles in Buenos Ayres caused a fall in Argentine Bonds on the London Stock Exchange yesterday.

WEDNESDAY, June 16.—Minister Maynard has declared Murran to be guilty of murder, and sentenced him to be hanged on the 1st of October. The Anchor Line steamer *Anchorita* collided with the steamer *Queen*, of the National Line, on Sunday, some 300 miles off Sandy Hook. An anti-riotous disturbance occurred at Drunashene, County Leitrim, yesterday, in which one of the attacking party of peasants was shot by a landlord. An interpellation in the French Chamber of Deputies yesterday on the Anglo-French commercial treaty, called forth a unanimous vote of confidence in the Government. The Porte announces that it will not be bound by any decision of the Berlin Conference, the parties interested in the treaty not having been asked to the Conference. The possible secession of Buenos Ayres from the Argentine Confederation is reported. The ports of Buenos Ayres and Usania, on the river Plate, have been closed.

THURSDAY, June 16.—M. DeFreycinet is to bring in a bill for plenary amnesty. Cattle plague is reported to be very prevalent in Derbyshire. Unpropitious weather for Henley International Regatta yesterday. Three thousand colliers have struck in Leicester against a 10 per cent. reduction. A Bombay despatch says the Burmese pretender, Nyaungoke, has assembled his adherents. Destructive disease among cattle has broken out in Manitoba and surrounding territory. General Terry telegraphs that 355 Sioux have surrendered to the U.S. authorities at Fort Keogh. Despatches

from Constantinople indicate that Turkey is quietly preparing for possible war with Greece. The result of the professional race at the Providence regatta was a surprise. Hanlan was nowhere, Wallace Ross winning the race. Laing rowed third for the amateur race.

FRIDAY, June 18.—Ismail Pasha's harem have arrived at Constantinople, and will be permitted to reside in Turkey. A motion will be made in the House of Commons on Monday to the effect that Bradlaugh be not permitted either to take the oath or affirm. The Berlin Conference had under discussion yesterday the subject of the boundary lines between Bulgaria and Roumania. The Leander Rowing Club won the grand challenge cup at Henley International Regatta yesterday. The eldest son of the Prince of Wales is to receive an active commission in the army as soon as he has qualified. The House of Commons last night adopted Sir Wilfrid Lawson's local option resolution by a vote of 229 to 303. The Provisional Government of the Argentine Republic have abolished the import duties.

SATURDAY, June 19.—The rising against the Russians in Central Asia is receiving fresh impetus. It is said that the Turkish Cabinet intend publishing a new programme of reforms in Asia Minor. The Bordeaux Chamber of Commerce have memorialized against Mr. Gladstone's new wine duties. Municipal elections in Rome resulted in a victory for the Clericals. General Garibaldi was among the defeated. Paris has voted 200,000 francs for the 14th of July fete, on condition of the Government contributing another 500,000 francs. A petition is to be presented in the Commons from Mr. Bradlaugh's constituents asking that he be not allowed to take his seat.

## VARIETIES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Boulevard*, writing from London, says:—"How different it is talking to Lord Beaconsfield! He seems to converse in epigrams. One feels in his presence that he is immeasurably your superior in his grasp of every question he speaks about. I fancy he does not talk of things he does not understand. Now Gladstone does; he will discuss anything and everything you chose to 'lead up to.' But it is truly 'a mask' that face of Beaconsfield's. *Punch* never hit the mark straighter than when it drew Beaconsfield as the Sphinx. 'Everything has arrived at a crisis,' Gladstone said to me the other night; 'events natural and political have been developing to this point.' I don't quite know what he meant; but his eyes sparkled and he seemed to look beyond the present."

CHILDREN'S HATS.—Now that the sun is again regularly visible, it may be worth while, writes a medical authority, to remind parents that the use of a child's hat is to cover its head, and the use of the brim is to shade the eyes. It is painful to see infants and little folk of tender years with half-closed eyelids, corrugated brows, and faces screwed up and distorted by the glare of the sunshine, from which they ought to be protected. Fashion is the juggernaut of life all the world over, and children are tortured, with the kindest intentions, in the worship of the hideous monster; but it is needless to inflict petty sorrows and annoyances which do not actually form part of the orthodox sacrifice to folly. While children are beneficently allowed to wear hats with brims, these useful appendages should be turned down so as to shade the eyes. This simple precaution will save considerable pain, spare some trouble with the eyes, and produce a more pleasing expression. Children who are perpetually struggling to keep the sun out of their eyes do not either feel amiable or look happy, as a walk in one of the parks any fine morning must convince the attentive observer.

## SCRAPS.

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.—An almost perfect house has been lately disinterred at Pompeii. It is probably the best preserved of all the Roman dwellings hitherto discovered. There are two atria and a very spacious peristyle, in the middle of which there is an ornamental fountain. There is also a complete bath, which must assist in clearing up some of the doubtful points concerning the arrangements of Roman baths. The paintings in the interior of the house seem to have been executed with considerable taste, and they are in good preservation. Those on the first floor, representing for the most part marine animals, are especially interesting. The frescoes also which are contained in the wings of the building are excellent representations of scenes from animal life. They are so admirably preserved that they cannot fail to shed much light on the condition of painting among the Romans at the time, although they also give evidence of the influence of Greek Art.

EXPERIMENTS IN MAGNETISM.—An interesting experiment in magnetism has been described to the French Academy by M. Obalski. Two magnetic needles are suspended by fine threads attached to unlike poles, over water in a vessel. Their distance from each other is a little greater than the sum of their radii of mutual attraction, and their poles are opposite each other. The water is gradually brought up over them by means of the tube of caoutchouc, connected with the vessel and wound on a drum. When immersion commences, the needles approach each other by their immersed parts, and when the immersion has reached the third or fourth of the needle's length, they go together. The explanation seems to be, that when hindered the approximation of the needles was their own weight; and the force of gravity being weakened by the immersion, the magnetic forces become manifest. A corresponding though opposite phenomenon is witnessed, when the needles are suspended by their poles of the same name.

REST AND REPAIR.—It may be safely assumed that those have been mistaken who supposed

that physiological rest consists in inaction, and that repair goes on during quiescence. Nutrition—and, therefore, repair—is the concomitant of exercise. Appetite is one thing, the power to digest food another. A man may feel ravenous, and consume large quantities of material containing the elements of nutriment, but be unable to appropriate the supply furnished, or, in other words, to nourish himself. It is so with rest. Mere inaction may be secured without rest, and idleness without the restoration of energy. The faculty of recovery and recuperation after exercise is in direct proportion to the vitality of the organ rested. This faculty is not to be called into action by inactivity! It follows that relief and recovery from the effects of what is improperly called "over-work" cannot be obtained by simply "going away for change" or by indulgence in idleness. A new form of exercise is necessary, and the mode of action must be one that supplies moderate exercise to the very part of the system which it is required to "rest" and restore! Health-seekers often err in trying to recover their powers by simple diversion of energy. It is a popular error to suppose that when the brain is over-worked the muscular system should be exercised by way of counter-action. The part itself must be worked so as to stimulate the faculty of nutrition; but it should be set to fresh work, which will incite the same powers to act in a new direction.

THE HEART'S-EASE.—The specific name of the heart's-ease, *tricolor*, needs no comment. The name pansy is derived from the French word *pensee*. Our minds at once turn to the passage in Shakespeare where Ophelia says, "There's pansies, that's for thoughts." That the thoughts the plant is supposed to suggest are altogether right and pleasant ones may be gathered from its other names, heart's-ease and herb-constancy. It is also sometimes by old writers dedicated to the Trinity, because it has in each flower three colours—like many of the old monkish ideas, a somewhat strained and fanciful one. The plant is in many old herbals called the *Herba Trinitatis*. The heart's-ease was formerly in great repute as a remedy in asthma, epilepsy, pleurisy, and many other ailments. As the plant was also considered a cordial, and efficacious in diseases of the heart, it has been by some writers supposed that its name, heart's-ease, really owes its origin to no such poetical association of ideas as is ordinarily imagined, but that it is simply a testimony to the plant's curative powers. The balance of evidence, however, in the writings of our poets goes far to outweigh this idea. Numerous passages from Spenser, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and the writings of lesser men, might easily be brought forward did space permit, and it would then readily, we think, be felt that the poetical associations very considerably outweighed the medical—that the heart's-ease was no mere absence of bodily pain, but a considerably more subtle presence and possession, altogether beyond the power of pill or potion to produce or to destroy.

THE HORRORS OF MUSIC.—We mark our disapprobation of the noise-loving qualities of Frenchmen by calling them "our lively neighbours," but if we apply these words to "the people next door" it is with a ghastly facetiousness that masks a world of concentrated spite and hoarded venom appalling in these days of civilisation. We are shocked at the immodesty that causes them to give publicity to their abortive efforts. We cannot understand their want of consideration for the feelings and comfort of others; we fail to imagine how they can derive enjoyment from such ill-assorted harmony (!); we are at a loss to comprehend why their common sense does not step in and put a check upon them. Our dilemma is excusable, and the horns of it are wide apart and grievously pointed. My facetious friend T. H. says that every man, when he is under an arch, thinks he can sing; echo is the cause of many a self-admiration. Now there are people who are born, who spend their existences, under an arch—a moral arch, I mean. To them, if their bent be musical, crescendos and diminuendos are fantastic adornments, time an unnecessary restriction, semitones needless refinements. They thump, they bang, they bellow, they roar, they shout, they scream, they squeal. But to them the meanest, the most erratic, sound they make is better than heaven's sweetest music. It is trying to listen to the facile, well-connected amateur who dashes off a *pot-pourri* of the popular airs of the day. It is trying to detect the laboured efforts of the humble, untiring, untalented student, who is ever striving, ever failing, to attain the correct rendering of a well-known classical composition. But, reader, have you ever lived next door to a family of orthodox ladies who every afternoon sing a selection of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, artfully so contrived that there is at least one note in each tune half a tone beyond the compass of the performer's voice? Why is it—I submit it to you—why is it that all musicians, good as well as bad, are prouder of their extreme notes than of any other portion of their voice? Why should the bass be ever struggling to perform feats natural to the tenor? Why should the soprano be constantly endeavouring to commit larceny on the property of the contralto?

A LITTLE boy being at a children's evening party, his papa was told that he chose the biggest girl to dance with, so he asked him, "How old was she?" He said, "I would not be so rude as to ask her."