

Ole Bull's Debut.

In the following graphic account of the entrance of the veteran of the violin, Ole Bull, before the public, is from the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen:

Behind the Alps is the land of miracles, the world of adventure. We do not believe in miracles; adventure, on the contrary, is dear to us—we listen to it with willingness, and such an one, as only happens to genius took place at Bologna in the year 1834. The poor Norseman, 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, no countryman held forth a helping hand towards 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 notes which tell us how deeply he has suffered and felt. The same evening a great concert was to be given in the principal theater. 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 unpropitious—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 north of Europe, and 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 the 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 evenings 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 skill on the violin instead of Monsieur de Beriot.

Ole Bull appeared; the theatre was brilliantly illuminated. He perceived the scrutinizing looks of ladies nearest to him; one of them, who watched him very closely through her opera-glass, simply whispered to

her neighbor, with a mocking mein, about the diffident manners of the artist. He looked at his clothes, and in the strong blaze of light they appeared 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 the orchestra. He was, consequently, obliged to play without accompaniment; but what should he play? I will give them the fancies which at this moment cross my mind! And he played an improvisory remembrance 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. They still desired new improvisation. He then addressed himself to that lady whose mocking smile had met his 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 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 founded for Ole Bull.

—A teacher that cannot keep up with his class is not fitted to teach; and if he must study hard between times to keep even with his class, the class will soon find out the fact, and, as a consequence cease to learn. A good, competent teacher is always ahead of his class. As soon as his scholars "ketch up" to him, they may then take his place. By parity of reasoning, we may say, that elders, as instructors in the "schools of Christ," in knowledge and wisdom, should always keep in advance of the congregation. This can only be done by severe application and hard study. The elder who lays behind the congregation in Bible knowledge and general information, or who has to struggle hard to keep up to the wants of the congregation, or who allows the congregation to shoot ahead of him will have a sorry time of it. He who takes the office of an elder, must take the responsibilities of the position; and if he finds himself incompetent, and thereby fails to command the respect of his little flock, let him bend himself down to hard study let him take a small share of time out of his worldly time; let him collect a few books of reference and read and investigate; let him patronize one or more of our Church periodicals, and keep even with the advance of our people. In a word, he should study to make himself intelligent in the Scriptures, conversant with human nature, a good disciplinarian, and, with all a sympathetic and generous-hearted man.—*Ex.*

A Judge's View of the Liquor Traffic.

In sentencing a murderer to death, Judge Johnson, of California, made use of the following language:

"Nor shall the plate be forgotten in which occurred the shedding of blood. It was one of the thousand antechambers of hell, which mar like plague spots the fair face of our State. You need not be told that I mean a tippling-shop—the meeting place of Satan's minions; and the foul cesspool, which by spontaneous generation breeds and matures all that is loathsome and disgusting in profanity, and babbling, and vulgarity, and Sabbath-breaking. I would not be the owner of a groggery for the price of this globe converted into precious ore. For the pitiful sum of a dime he furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool, and this trembling culprit a demon. How paltry a sum for two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and therefore the vendor has committed an act not cognizable by earthly tribunals, but in the sight of him who is unerring wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught which inflames men into violence and anger and blood-shed, is *particeps criminis* in the moral turpitude of the deed. Is it not high time that these sinks of vice and crime should be held rigidly accountable to the laws of the land, and placed under the ban of an enlightened and virtuous public opinion?"

Why People Drink.

Mr. A. drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little. Mr. B. because his doctor has ordered him not, and he hates quackery. Mr. C. takes a drop because he is wet. Mr. D. because he is dry. Mr. E. because he feels something rising. Mr. F. because he feels a kind of sinking. Mr. G. because he is going to see a friend off to America. Mr. H. because he's got a friend home from Australia. Mr. I. because he's hot in the evening. Mr. K. because he's cold in the morning. Mr. L. because he's got a pain in his head. Mr. M. because he's got a pain in his side. Mr. N. because he's got a pain in his back. Mr. O. because he's got a pain in his chest. Mr. P. because he's got a pain all over him. Mr. Q. because he feels light and happy. Mr. R. because he feels heavy and miserable. Mr. S. because he's married. Mr. T. because he isn't. Mr. V. because he likes to see his friends around him. Mr. W. because he's got no friends and enjoys a glass by himself. Mr. X. because his uncle left him a legacy. Mr. Y. because his aunt cut him off with a shilling. Mr. Z.—We should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z.'s reasons are for drinking, but, putting the question to him, he was found to be unable to answer.—*Homoeopathic World.*

—In the gallery of the Louvre, before the statue of Milo. *Little Boy:* "What did they cut her arms off for?" *Mother:* "Because she put her fingers in the sugar bowl."

—What adds interest to the Jewish question, says the *Cologne Gazette*, are the discoveries made by scholars of the whereabouts of the lost "Ten Tribes," or the tribes of the Northern Kingdom, carried away by Shalmanezar a century before the Babylonian exile of Judah, the Southern Kingdom. It seems to be established that the Jews of Afghanistan and in the Caucasus, and those in China, with the 200,000 Falashas in Abyssinia, are all descendants from the Ten Tribes. Whatever some people may think of prophecy, it is clear that a grand movement is on foot for the regeneration of Palestine. The Holy Land looms up with every agitation of the Eastern question, and is, in fact, its central point.

—Life is like a pack of cards. Childhood's best cards are hearts; youth is captured by diamonds; middle age is conquered with a club; while old age is raked in by the insatiable spade.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GENUINE
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WORM SPECIFIC
OR
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SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and lead-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccup; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE will certainly effect a cure.

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