

THE PASSIONATE VIOLINIST.

A Story of Love, Music and Adventure.

And ever, against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the melting soul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With swan-like quaver and giddy cunning;
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

—MILTON.

"We shall find him in the summer house, I trow," said Pietro Tartini to his wife, a comely and gentle-looking dame, as drawing her arm through his, he led her from the shaded verandah of their dwelling, down a few steps into a flowery garden, and onward, through smooth valleys bordered by gay parterres, towards the little building he had named. It was a rustic temple, simple and unpretending, but its rough walls were so thickly covered with climbing vines that it resembled rather some green and lovely tower of fairy land.

As they approached it, strains of delicious music floated through the living drapery that curtained the open windows, but the harmony seemed to produce no soothing effect upon Pietro, for as it greeted his ears, an ominous cloud darkened his brow, and he uttered in a low, growling tone:

"Curse on that eternal violin! I wish to heaven the vile thing of wood and oatgut were at the bottom of yonder ocean, for not all the schools of Padua will make the boy delight in learning, till it is fairly wrested from his grasp."

"But he touches it with such rare skill, dear husband," said the gentle Pauline; "and from his cradle he hath loved it so fondly, that it were cruelly to force it from him. List, now! to those wild, yet tender tones. Go they not to thy heart, breathing as they do a melody so plaintive and so fond?"

As she spoke, strains that might have softened a sterner heart than that of Pietro's, so full were they of impassioned grief and tenderness, flowed from that little instrument, which is so wonderful in the hands of a master, and stirred up in those that listened emotions that betrayed themselves in moistened eyes, and imposed a silence that remained unbroken as they continued their walk towards the summer house. Having reached it, they ascended between balustrades wreathed with vines the short flight of steps which led to the apartment where the young violinist sat alone.

It was a small octagon room, simple, yet containing such objects as a poet and musician might be supposed to love; flowers loading the air with fragrance, casts from exquisite originals, with a few pictures, whose glowing beauty lent life and coloring to the plastered walls. The evening breeze played gently among the thick vines that garlanded the windows, through one of which was visible the broad and lovely Adriatic, blazing at this sunset hour with every hue of radiance that painted the overhanging sky with glory. Innumerable white sails studded its surface, and ever and anon the song of the passing voyager was wafted to the ear, blending its unfaded melody with the thrilling strains which the cunning touch of the rapt musician drew from the strings of his instrument.

For rapt indeed he seemed, and in a spell which the steps of the intruders failed to break. With his head thrown back, and revealing his white throat, fair and beautiful as that of a young girl's, the light breeze, as with loving fingers, softly stirring the rich brown curls that clustered around his brow, and his deep blue eyes upraised with passionate, yet melancholy enthusiasm, to the gorgeous sky, Giuseppe Tartini half sat and half reclined upon a cushioned seat before the window, clasping with enamored hand his precious violin, from which he drew forth such sounds as expressed in melting strains the emotions of his sensitive and overflowing heart.

The elder Tartini stood for a moment silent upon the threshold of the little chamber, struggling to subdue the softened feelings which the plaintive music awakened in his paternal heart, but Pauline stepped quietly across the floor, and laying her hand lightly upon the shoulder of her son, she said in an accent of reproachful tenderness:

"Thou wilt leave us to-morrow, my child, and is it right in thee thus to deprive us of thy last hours?"

The youth looked vaguely towards her, as though unable immediately to recall his soul from the world of harmony in which it had been revelling; but at the sight of his mother's tender face, of her loving eyes filled with tears and bent earnestly upon him, he cast aside his violin, and rising, pressed her fondly in his arms, murmuring, while he printed a warm kiss upon her cheek:

"Forgive me, my mother; my last hours, as also my last thoughts, shall be thine; but I saw thee busied with my father, and I stole hither to utter my last farewell to yonder kindling sky—to that blue ocean in whose buoyant waves I have sported like one of its own sea gods since my arm had strength to breast its billows—to those aerial mountains, amid whose shadowy summits my youthful fancy found an enchanted home—to this cool breeze, these hanging vines, this earthly paradise which here surrounds me. Baptized are all with high and holy associations—for here my life first dawned into consciousness, and here amid home affections and nature's sweetest influences hath my soul day by day expanded into a nobler life, into a fuller and more perfect conception of God and His glorious creations. To-morrow, as thou knowest, I commence my exile, and

"Ay, to-morrow!" interrupted the mother, sadly. "To-morrow I shall not see thee, and desolate will be the home which thou hast so long made glad by thy presence."

She rested her face upon Giuseppe's bosom as she spoke, and he felt it wet with the tears she had no longer power to restrain. Pietro made an impatient step towards them.

"Thou art a good wife, Pauline, but a foolish mother," he said, or thou wouldst say to thy son, 'Thou art no longer a sapling drawing strength and nourishment from the parent root, but a sturdy tree,

whose trunk must now be my support, and beneath whose green branches my age must seek a grateful and protecting shade.' This wouldst thou say to him, and more; thou wouldst bid him cast away all enervating thoughts, and go forth in his manhood to gird on that armor of knowledge and of science that shall give him might and power when he enters the great arena of life, and which, used aright, shall cause his name to be enrolled among those who shine as the lights and benefactors of mankind."

"Many times, dear husband, have my lips uttered these very thoughts to our son, as he himself will tell thee. Ay, out of the fulness of my affection, I have given him both warning word and earnest counsel, for fond as is my mother's heart, there is a pride mingled with its fondness which yearns to see him attain that wisdom and excellence which may be his, if he give earnest heed to the counsel of those to whose guidance we are about to intrust him. But now the parting hour draws nigh, and I would fain embalm it with remembrances only of tenderness and love."

"It shall be as thou sayest, good wife, since thou art not oftentimes in the wrong, nor yet apt to grow unreasonable, when by chance thou witness the triumph of thine own will," said Pietro, touched by her emotion. "And so, Giuseppe, the word more of counsel that I may have for thee shall be given to thy private ear, and till the moon dips the end of her crescent in the Adriatic we shall sit together before this open window, mingling our own low and pleasant converse with the voice of the cool sea-breeze as it whispers to the night blowing flowers that open their fragrant bosoms to his enamored kiss."

"Ah, my father, thou art ever kind" said the youth, "so kind, that it will indeed grieve me not to deserve thy love. I would fain do so, and constrained by this desire alone, have I yielded to thy wish in turning my thoughts to the study of jurisprudence. That it hath no charms for me, thou well knowest, and that thou mayst not chide me if I fail to attain that eminence where thy aspiring love longs to behold me, thou wilt not be angry if I say to thee, even on this farewell eve, that one divine strain of Corelli's, one thrilling touch of Veracini's, awakens in me a rapture unknown to the sublimest caesars of the schools, and to become the pupil, perchance the competitor, of these wonderful masters, is an object more tempting to my ambition than to sit crowned with oracular wisdom first among the robed lawgivers of the land."

Giuseppe's fine face was in a glow of enthusiasm as he uttered these words and they had scarcely fallen from his lips when a nightingale, as if in approval of his sentiments, broke forth beneath the window in a song of soul-stirring melody, which thrilled the inmost spirit of the young musician with delight.

"Seraphic bird," he said; "thou dost understand and answer the emotion which I strive so vainly to express. But I will speak to thee in thine own divine language, whose eloquence asks not the aid of words," and with the most exquisite skill he taught the flying bow to touch the strings of his instrument, producing with wonderful variations, and a harmony even more delicious, the very strain with which the lovely warbler from her flowery covert had just ravished the ear. At the entrancing sounds, the nightingale for an instant suspended her song, only to break forth again when Giuseppe ceased, into louder and still more extatic melody.

It was, indeed, a regular duet to which Pauline, who loved music almost as dearly as did her son, listened in silent wonder and delight. Pietro's face, however, expressed more of annoyance than of pleasure, and though he strove to preserve his composure, he could not avoid a somewhat testy tone, as he said:

"At another time, Giuseppe, thy folly might chafe me, but it shall not be so now; for thy mother's sake, I will not suffer any cloud to darken these last hours before thy departure. Soothed am I, likewise, by the almost certain assurance that embracing, as thou art about to do, higher objects and nobler studies, thou wilt soon feel thy soul elevated by them, and learn to regard the songs and sonatas that now enrapture thee, but as the lighter recreations of thy leisure hours, subservient to graver and more abstruse thoughts, and unworthy to become the serious pursuit of a life which was bestowed for more exalted purposes, and far more glorious attainments."

"There is, there can be nothing more glorious, my father," said the youth, ardently, "than to speak through the harmonious combinations of delicious sounds to the living soul of man. Is not music the language of heaven? Nay, hath not the Almighty hand so hung the spheres that their very motions produce celestial melody? By its divine power all that is spiritual and Godlike in humanity may be awakened, and the soul linked as by a golden chain to the purity and harmony of heaven!"

"Thou art but a boy, Giuseppe, and so filled with a boy's vagaries and untamed enthusiasm," said his father, with a serious smile. "But I will wait patiently to see what change will be wrought in thee when one year shall have passed away, and then when thou shalt sit with thy mother and me beside this window, if thou dost not lavish more of this self same ardor upon the wisdom of ancient poets and modern digests, than upon Veracini and his concertos, I will own myself a false soothsayer, and leave thee to twang thy fiddle bow for the rest of thy life."

"Remember this, my father! Mother, dear, thou art a witness to his promise, which surely I shall claim," said the youth, triumphantly; "for the love of music is innate in my soul, and it has grown and strengthened with me since my birth, till it hath become a passion so absorbing that no hope of worldly wealth or honor could ever tempt me to forgo it for any other pursuit. In that alone can I ever attain excellence, and it is for thy sake only that I have promised, and will earnestly strive to bend my mind to those studies which I am almost certain to find most barren and uncongenial to my tastes."

"Thou art a good lad, Giuseppe, for thy cheerfulness with which thou dost yield thyself to my wishes," said Pietro; "and I cannot doubt of thy success if thou dost sincerely strive to excel in the vocation to which I have destined thee. But whether failure or success is to be the issue of thy endeavors, time must deter-

mine—at all events it may profit thee to go forth for a while from the paternal roof; it will give manliness to thy mind and thy manners, to mingle with the world, and a year's residence in the famed city of Padua cannot be to thee sought other than a season of pleasant and profitable enjoyment."

"If worldly wisdom may be esteemed profitable, my father," said the youth, "doubtless I may there attain it; but as for enjoyment, I find all of that which I desire in my own happy home in the exquisite scenery amid which it is cradled, and in the companionship of my violin, from whose strings I draw forth melodies which express, as no language hath power to do, the deep and unutterable emotions of my soul."

"Thou canst not give him verbal expression, my son," said Pietro; because thou hast not yet learned by intercourse with others to frame into fitting words, the thoughts that stir, orude and unformed within thee. When thou shalt have drunk from the deep fountains of classic lore, and listened to the eloquence of minds that bask in the sunlight of knowledge, thou wilt awaken to a new and diviner life, and become conscious of those wonderful capacities which now lie wrapped in the dormant sleep of ignorance."

Giuseppe remained silent for a few moments, absorbed, as it seemed, in some pleasant thought, for a smile played upon his lips, and his fingers involuntarily ran over the strings of his instrument, yet without producing any sound; then lifting up his sunny eyes, he said:

"My father, dost thou remember the day when thou tookest me with thee to Venice, and in the Church of St. Giovanni we heard that wonderful performer, who by his divine music wafted the listening spirit upward and onward, even to the opening gates of paradise, and held in breathless and adoring silence the vast multitude that thronged the spacious courts of the temple? Then, when that marvellous solo of Veracini's ravished my ear, then a new life dawned upon my soul, pure thoughts awoke, and high aspirations sprung up within it, which if thy son be ever able to attain, even thy paternal pride may be more than satisfied with his success."

"I will not question thee as to the nature of these aspirations now, Giuseppe," said his father. "It is enough that thou hast promised with earnest endeavor to pursue the course I have marked out for thee, and when thou hast heard the wise doctors of Padua discourse of science and of knowledge, it will be time enough to unfold to me thy secret thoughts and thy settled purposes for the future."

"So be it, my father," replied the youth, "and till then this precious instrument shall be the companion only of my leisure hours, and they shall be few in comparison with those given to the graver studies of the law."

"I appreciate thy willingness to fulfil my desires," said Pietro, "and if after hearty effort thou findest of success, I will not let my disappointment weaken the love I bear thee one iota. But see, while we have been prating here thy mother hath spread her table with ripe grapes and figs, pomegranates, too, with bursting rinds, and honey from our own hives, whiter and sweeter than the bees of Hybla ever made. Let us gather around the board which she blesses with her eyes of love, and when our simple meal is ended we will sit beside thee and look forth upon the moonlight water, while thou dost repeat that wild and tender solo with which thou wert beguiling thy solitude when we entered. For I love well thy music, Giuseppe, as thou knowest, and only when it obtains over thee the mastery do I check thy too abundant ardor."

To be continued.)

Meeting of Bee Keepers.

Yesterday a meeting of the bee-keepers of the county was held at the Exhibition grounds, and an association formed with the name of the Wentworth Bee-keepers' Association. The following officers were elected: J. M. Knowles, West Flamboro', President; J. H. Cornell, Lynden, Vice-President; G. M. Henderson, Hamilton, Secretary; A. Robertson, Carlisle, Treasurer. The association has for its object the protection of the bee-keeping interests. About 20 bee-keepers signed the roll of membership, which will soon be enlarged. The next meeting will be held on the 4th of November at the Dominion Hotel.

Starved Lighthouse Keeper.

A very serious report has been brought by a passing steamer from Bird Rock's light in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to the effect that telegraph communication with the Rock has been interrupted or broken, and the light keeper's boat smashed, cutting off connection with the mainland for provisions. The party on the Rock, numbering 11 persons, were so short of the latter that they had been without bread for 12 days. The steamer supplied the famished party with a certain quantity of food to satisfy their most pressing wants.

Who ever heard of slandering a bad man? Who ever heard of counterfeiting a bad note? Slander, as a rule, is the revenge of a coward. It is generally the best people who are injured in this way.

The means for crossing the Thames at London are still insufficient, and the Board of Works is considering three schemes for a passage below London bridge—a subway, a high level bridge, and a low level bridge.

At Victoria, B. C., a man who resided there for twenty years had accumulated, through a small business, a fortune of many thousand dollars. His wife concealed the money in a place known only to herself. Last week she died suddenly, and the strictest search has failed to reveal the place of deposit. The husband is distracted in consequence of his double loss.

The Prince of Wales has taken three weeks of mineral water and rest at Homburg, drinking from the nauseous spring with scrupulous regularity, keeping early hours, and eating plain food, in order to get over the effects of London high living. He is now in Scotland for a month of Highland air, and it is hoped that he will be in satisfactory condition for the hunting season. After that will come such arduous public duties as presiding on corner stone occasions and at dinners.

A USEFUL INVENTION.

The Talent of a Canadian Substantially Recognized.

Most needles are manufactured in England, France and Germany doing but little in that class of work. Heretofore needles have been made by hand. Mr. Fontaine, of Detroit, has, after a labor of two years, perfected a machine for making needles which will usurp hand labor in that direction, and which promises to revolutionize the manufacture of that much-used article. The result is a joint stock company with headquarters in Brooklyn, the capital being half a million in shares of one hundred dollars each. The factory will have twenty-five machines, each of the capacity of sixty needles per minute. The inventor has secured his release from the National Pin Company of the United States, and covenants not to disclose the secrets of the pin business, nor engage in the pin business himself, nor assist any other company or any persons in so doing. Years ago he emigrated from the forests of Canada an untutored lad at the age of 16. Prior to that time he had never seen a railroad engine, and little imagined that within him lay the latent genius of a great inventor.

The First Steamboat.

The honor of this invaluable discovery undoubtedly belongs to an Ayrshire man, Mr. James Taylor, of Cumnock. In the year 1785 the late Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, was engaged in speculations on the practicability of propelling vessels by paddle-wheels, and in 1787 he constructed a double boat of sixty feet long, with paddle-wheels in the space between the two vessels; these were worked by capstans, turned by men. The speed of this vessel was tried against a row boat belonging to the Custom House, which was distanced in the race, the men at the capstans having had to make exertions which could not be maintained for any long period. Mr. Miller became desirous of substituting some other mechanical power for that of men, and consulted Mr. Taylor (at that time the tutor of his sons) regarding it.

On this Mr. Taylor proposed that a steam-engine should be applied to give motion to the paddle wheels. After making some objections Mr. Miller consented to be at the expense of an experiment, and authorized Mr. Taylor to employ a clever mechanic of the name of Symington to make a small engine with a four-inch cylinder. This was accordingly done, and on the 14th of October, 1788, this engine having been erected on a twin-boat, the first steamboat voyage ever made was successfully performed on Dalswinton Lake. Encouraged by the success of this trial Mr. Miller agreed to make another on a larger scale, in consequence of which Mr. Taylor and his engineer, Mr. Symington, proceeded to Carron Foundry, where an engine with a cylinder of eighteen inches diameter was prepared and fitted to a vessel, which was tried on the Forth and Clyde Canal, for the first time, in November, 1789. This vessel moved at the rate of seven miles per hour. The expense of this experiment having exceeded the estimates Mr. Miller became dissatisfied and declined to proceed any further, nor could he ever be induced to resume the subject. In 1801, Lord Dundas, then Governor of the Forth & Clyde Canal Company, employed Mr. Symington to make an engine for an experimental vessel for that company. The vessel was soon after completed, and made many experimental trips on the canal, but being found to create a wave destructive to the banks was, on that account, laid aside. It was this latter vessel (the third in succession from the first trial) which was visited and studied by Mr. Fulton, the American engineer, whose first steamboat was launched in 1807, nineteen years after the successful trial at Dalswinton Lake. Mr. Henry Bell, of Helensburgh, who constructed the steamboat Comet, on the Clyde, in 1812, accompanied Mr. Fulton on his visits to Lord Dundas' vessel. The above noted facts are supported by vouchers from various persons and are fully corroborated by accounts published in the Dumfriess Journal and the Scots Magazine, of 1788, and in the Edinburgh newspapers of February, 1790.

Many old people will remember to have seen in their youthful days the comet of 1811, which in the period of the ascendancy of the first Napoleon was looked upon with much dread. This wandering star was supposed to be the precursor of still greater triumphs to Bonaparte, and there was not wanting many who regarded it as ominous of great calamities to Britain. In 1812 the first steamer began to ply on the Clyde, and as the public mind was full of the great comet the boat was named after it, the Comet. This was the beginning of that gigantic industry which places the Clyde now on the first rank in shipbuilding. According to a recent statement in the Glasgow Herald, this industry alone brings to Glasgow about four millions annually. The Comet steamer plied upon the Clyde for thirteen years, but on the 21st of October, 1825, it was run down by the Ayr steam packet, when upwards of 40 persons lost their lives.—Senex, in Kilmarnock Standard.

Monument to Hon. Geo. Brown.

The committee entrusted with the task of erecting a monument to the memory of the late Hon. Geo. Brown have resolved to place the work in the hands of Mr. Birch, A. R. A., of London, England. The statue is to be of bronze, ten feet high, and the cost will be £1,000 sterling. It is supposed that a year will be consumed in the completion of the statue.

Choose the company of your superiors whenever you can have it, that is the right and true pride.—Chesterfield.

There are few people more often in the wrong than those who cannot endure to be so.—La Rochefoucauld.

Thomas Fortune, an engineer on the Kansas Central Road, while on a curve in the woods at low speed, discovered a toddling child on the track. After reversing the engine and opening the sand-box he leaped out upon the pilot and grabbed the little fellow by the clothes.

Cattle and hogs in Carden's Bottoms, Arkansas, are running mad. The women and children are kept indoors, and the men are out with their guns shooting the rabid animals. Five or six cows and as many hogs have been killed, while others are expected to go mad. The people have quit using milk.

HOW TO MEMORIZE.

Means by which the Subject is Thrown into a Trance.

A recent writer on the mysteries of mesmerism says: I lay it down as a matter which can be verified by all who are curious enough to try it that the mesmeric conditions can be produced without the supposition of a subtle fluid, without the use of the cabalistic passes of the mesmerist, without the bouquet, the magnetic rod or any of the mysterious means employed by the professionals to heighten the effect of what would be too simple and too unattractive if performed straightforwardly. The directions are these: Place the person to be operated on naturally in a chair. With your left hand suspend by a string, about a foot from the eyes, some small object, a dark marble, or a bright steel ball, or a diamond—it matters not what, though something bright is, perhaps, preferable. Direct the subject to fasten his eyes and concentrate his attention on the object. Slowly raise your left hand until the object is as far above the eyes of the patient as is compatible with his gazing steadily at it. Watch his eyes. At first you will see the pupils contract, but after a few seconds they will expand rapidly. When they are at the point of greatest expansion, move the first two fingers of your right hand from the object directly toward the eyes, the fingers being separated, forklike, to embrace both eyes. As the fingers approach the eyes will close, and the subject will be unable to open them. After a quarter of a minute the subject will be thoroughly under control, so that the operator may make him believe whatever he tells him. Left quiet, the subject will sink into a profound torpor, during which his ears may be pierced, his cheeks sewed to his nose, and even a finger cut off without pain. To arouse him—and this is an important step—wind, either from a hand-bellows or a fan, should be directed against his eyes, or else his eyes should be tickled with a feather. The rationale of the method is simple. The fixed stare of the subject fatigues his retinal nerves, and when the operator's fingers approach, the eyelids close, as eyelids always do when the eyes are threatened. But the fatigue of the nerves has produced muscular fatigue as well, transient paralysis in the eyelids has resulted, and they cannot be opened. The eyes being then closed, the delicate frontal nerves being exhausted, and the mind made vacant by monotonous attention to one object, the patient is in a condition to fall asleep, and he does fall asleep. He is now ready to dream. The only thing remaining to do is to make him dream. But how is this to be effected? Dreaming, as has long been determined, is the result of external suggestion. Dr. Gregory, to illustrate, having been thinking of Vesuvius, went to bed with a jug of hot water at his feet and dreamed that he was climbing the sides of the burning mountain. Dr. Reid read a book on the Indians, put a blister to his head on retiring and thought in his sleep that he was being scalped. Both the dreams, as all others are, were caused by suggestions offered externally. These suggestions, being received while the directing power, the common sense of the mind, was in abeyance owing to sleep, were interpreted very erroneously, yet according to plain laws of association. The hot water in the one case called up the previous subject of thought, Vesuvius; the stinging blister in the other, the equally stinging scalping-knife. It is now easy to see how the sleeping subject may be made to accept as truth whatever he is told.

Brook's Monument.

The gentleman employed by the Government to inspect General Brook's monument at Queenston Heights has sent in his report to the Attorney-General. It states that with the foundation and monument itself there is nothing defective. The joints, however, were never properly filled up, being in the first place simply filled up in the face. The report suggested that the joints should be repaired with Portland cement. The terrace wall was also considerably out of order, and some of the stones in it projected from one to two inches. It was suggested that channels be cut around the base of the pedestal leading over the projection. The steps and pavement leading to the monument need also to be repaired.

Warton, Ont., has been constituted an outpost of customs.

The use of character is to be a shield against calumny.—Burke.

Rev. Prof. McLaren has returned from the Northwest, where he was visiting the Indian missions of the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. J. W. Cook, mathematical master of t. Thomas Collegiate Institute, has resigned.

A son and heir has been born to Lady Lister Kaye, formerly Miss Yznaga, of New York.

Mr. F. H. Cowen has been unanimously selected Principal of the proposed Academy of Music in Edinburgh.

Mr. Philp has decided to accept the position of organist in Grace Church, Winnipeg, at a salary of \$1,200 per annum.

Mr. Rutherford B. Hayes is considered a model husband because he insists on shell-peas and peeling potatoes for dinner.

A Chicago minister makes a note of the fact that he has never seen a lady reading a newspaper in a street car. Well! He has never seen a lady smoking on a car platform, either, has he? It simply goes to show that a lady is no gentleman.

Sims Reeves sang in the choir at York Minster on a recent Sunday on the occasion of a special collection for the benefit of a hospital, and so great was the crowd to hear him that several persons were seriously crushed. Mr. Reeves sang from "The Messiah," with much of the power and richness of his palmist days.

It now transpires that Guitreau's bones found their way into the Army Medical Museum at Washington, through a bargain between Rev. Mr. Hicks and Dr. Shafford, of the Museum. It is alleged that Mr. Hicks accepted \$500 in lieu of all claims to them. Dr. Shafford removed the flesh of the face and preserved it in alcohol, the expression being retained as it appeared after death. The bones have all been well bleached, but are not yet articulated.