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DAILY NEWS

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1880.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, the English war correspondent, was entertained at a banquet last evening by the Toronto newspaper men.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH has scored another success in London, a fact which will cause much rejoicing among his friends in America.

CERTAIN Turkish diplomats advocate the submission of the Greek frontier question to neutral powers, such as the United States, Belgium, and others.

THE LAND LEAGUE TRIALS have commenced, and will, no doubt, be watched with deep interest during their progress. Our special cable dispatches graphically describe the opening scenes.

A DESPATCH from Candahar to the *Times* says: Khan Agha, the Jamshadi Chief, who had abandoned the coalition against his son-in-law Ayoob Khan, and had gone in and surrendered to him, was put to death on his arrival at Herat.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Inter Ocean* from Mentor says: "New England, New York, and Pennsylvania will each be represented in the new cabinet, and probably Indiana. In case General Harrison is not elected to the Senate, he will undoubtedly be invited to a seat."

A NATIONAL convention of delegates from the branches of the Irish National Land and Industrial Leagues of the United States will be held in Buffalo, on January 12th and 13th. Each branch of 50 members is entitled to one delegate, and each branch of 300 members to two delegates.

THE total grain storage capacity of Chicago is reported to be 22,702,000 bushels, of which 19,455,000 is elevator, and the remainder vessel room. There are now in store at the port 14,000,000 bushels against 12,000,000 at the end of December last year. A grain glut similar to that of last spring is considered not improbable.

H. D. CUNNINGHAM, editor of the *Telegram* of Troy, New York, was arrested last Tuesday afternoon, on the charge of having criminally libeled the Mayor, Edward Murphy, Jr. After spending some time in the station house cell, Cunningham was released in \$3000 bail. The *Telegram* yesterday reported that the Mayor attended a dog fight on Monday, and that he was said to own one of the dogs.

PROF. ARNDT, of Leipzig, who has been making a specialty of the study of Goethe's life and writings, has discovered a hitherto unknown work of the poet, a "Singspiel" (operetta) in prose.

A new edition of Alexander Gilchrist's "Life of William Blake" has appeared in London. It contains a memoir of the author. Mr. Gilchrist's wife and children, we believe, are now residents of the United States.

THE celebration of the centennial of the battle of Cowpens, and the unveiling of the monument to Daniel Morgan, at Spartanburg, South Carolina, has been postponed from January 17th to a day not yet determined upon. The chief object of the postponement is to give an opportunity for the co-operation of the States of New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, whose Legislatures meet in January.

ENGLISH "Protectorates," or the gunpowder party, have one war of independence on their hands already, besides the mutterings from Ireland. The "Boers" or Dutch settlers in the Transvaal were transferred some three years ago without their consent from an independent colony to the protection of England. The President of their republic appears to have carried the liberties of the Transvaal over to England in his pocket, as he would a patent for a diamond tract in the vicinity, and to have by some juggling of legislation secured its protectorate under the English flag. But leading Boers have never acquiesced in this transfer, the revolt has been smouldering for a year past, and now seems to be well afire. So the present administration gets legacy of Lord Beaconsfield's games of hazard. They are the heirs of his Irish indifference, and of his Berlin zeal for Greek boundaries, his Afghan and South African annexation schemes. The Boers of the latter country are as clearly in the right, for fighting as the North American colonies were in the time of George the Third, and more so, for they owe nothing to England in any way. They had established their colony and were governing it in tranquillity, and, moreover, were Dutch and not English in their inheritance and their affinities. It is rather unlucky that the present administration that has no matter so vital as Irish and English land troubles before it, should have to transport troops to South Africa or perfect unjust and needless war.

ENGLAND had its usual green and merry Christmas, the weather being mild and genial. A cablegram says:

"The weather, however, is as warm as summer; the thrushes are singing and the violets are blooming in the gardens. To-day is much colder, though it is a fine day. We have hitherto seen no sign of snow or frost—except in the illustrations of the 'Christmas numbers'—and the nights have been warmer than in June."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

This is a little too thin to let go by unnoticed, we well remember, Christmas in England, and instead of the above description, it was mud, frost, snow, smoke—smoke, fog—fog—fog, generally naughtiness.

THE New York *Sun* (Democrat) says: "It has seemed to us that the whole Democratic campaign was a series of blunders."

"The party had one man—only one—whose immense strength had been demonstrated on a national field—Samuel J. Tilden. It is the one great pre-eminent name in the Democratic party."

"This illustrious man the Democratic party thought it could afford to dispense with as a candidate! There is a word of one syllable with two o's in it which might not inappropriately be inserted here."

The party nominated General Hancock a good man, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds.

"But Hancock is not Tilden."

WHEN Frank Danaldson wanted to be made city attorney, and the Republican party thought, that to the victors belong the spoils, after the municipal elections, what was the answer of our "brainy" council? O, we'll wait till spring, who knows if the same dog, will wag the same tail next spring; and aint it always better to appreciate one bird when you have it well in hand, than to wait for half dozen prospective ones. There are morals in little fables sometimes.

THE Chicago Bar Association enjoyed its seventh annual banquet last evening at the Tremont House.

SOON the question, of "whose the best man for mayor," will come up.

Has any body heard about an ordinance?

The Comparative Endurance of Men and Horses.

PROBABLY no man in the country had a wider field for the study of the horse than General Pleasonton had during the war. I asked him about the comparative endurance of men and horses in the army. He said that infantrymen, if properly fed and clothed, would march farther in a week than cavalry, and that he believed that human endurance was greater than that of any animal, if such a comparison may be made. Half the trouble with horses is that they are not properly cared for. They would often endure three as much if people knew how to manage them. If infantry are on the march a careful Captain will see that his men, when a halt is made, are made to rest. Their accoutrements are removed, and if possible they are urged to wash their feet in cold water. Coffe is made, and when they start off again they are new men. Horses, on the contrary, are generally made to stand with saddles and bridles on and very frequently a heavy man on top. Of course there can be no comparison between a cavalryman and an infantryman. The former has much the harder life. He is scouting when the infantryman is resting, and at night, when the march is over, the infantryman makes his coffee, broils his pork, eats heartily, spreads his blanket, and in two minutes he is gathering flowers with his sweetheart in the meadows at home. The cavalryman, on the other hand, is, in all probability, gathering forage for his poor horse. He has to feed his nag as well as himself, and he has to take care of his equipments, and to bathe the poor beast's back and rub down his tired legs—perhaps fix a bit or sew a broken girth.—*Washington and Philadelphia Times*.

"I believe, after all," exclaimed Peterjohn, impatiently, "that a man is never so happy as when he is making a fool of himself." "I must needs respect your superior wisdom," replied Fred, quickly. "And, great Scott! how you must have enjoyed yourself through life, Peterjohn!"

Ole Bull—Sketch of the Great Violinist's Interesting Career.

WITH Ole Bull passes away the last great violinist of the class of whom Paganini was the head, and who became known in musical Germany as the "Naturalist." He was a remarkable and prominent figure in the history of music for half a century, equally well known in England, France, America, Germany and his native Norway. To the American of the last generation especially he was the greatest of violinists—none, except those who had heard Paganini, knew anybody who could stand comparison with him. To the younger generation he did not come with quite so much prestige. The youthful connoisseurs who heard him at his last performance in this city in March, 1877, for instance, did not place him in the category of greatest artists, and did not discuss him in the same breath with Joachim, Vieuxtemps and Wieniawski. They had no early memories to soften their judgment, and could not avoid applying the standard of judgment to his performance that they had applied to the other masters. This he could not endure in his last years, if ever he could, which is doubtful. Ole Bull was an original phenomenon in art and was not accountable to modern rules. He was a musical trickster, with a vein of strong but peculiar poetical feeling, and could only be well fairly outside the conventional provinces. He established this character early in his career. As long ago as 1838, Spohr, while expressing great admiration for the wonderful certainty of his left hand and the depth of real feeling in him, nevertheless stated that, like Paganini, he sacrificed too much to the tricks of the art, and he related how the Norwegians would draw out a dimnuendo until the listeners would lean forward in their seats to catch the dying tones, and then how he would lift the hair of the bow from the strings, but retain his attitude for several seconds and thus deceive them into the belief that he was still playing. This story is characteristic of Ole Bull's manner throughout his long career; tricks like this, together with his eccentricity of appearance and conduct, were relied on to produce the effects that made the impresario and not very discriminating American people wild with enthusiasm. Behind it all, however, was a vast deal of native genius and extraordinary talent.

Ole Bornemann Bull was born in Bergen, Norway, on the 5th day of February, 1810. His father, an apothecary, and his uncle, a newspaper editor, were both men of musical tastes. From the latter he learned his first notes and received his first violin. His progress was rapid on the instrument, and at eight years of age he played first violin in a performance of Beethoven's Symphony in D. When twenty-one years old he made his first concert tour. It led through Denmark and Holland and its goal was, of course, Paris. He reached the French capital in 1831, during the prevalence of an epidemic of cholera, and for a time his lines were hard indeed. His small savings ebbed away, and finally he was robbed of his little property, including his violin. Now he despaired and tried to drown himself, but was rescued by a woman named Villemot. Two years later he made a prominent concert appearance and a success, and from that time his progress in public favor was rapid. He traveled in France, Italy, England and Germany; and created a furor everywhere. In 1843 he came to the United States, receiving a cordial reception. One of the incidents of his first visit to this country he told in a newspaper interview three years ago. Said he: "At Washington I gave a grand concert, which was attended by the President, Senate, House of Representatives, and the members of the diplomatic corps. There is a little history how that was brought about which I will tell you. Henry Clay was very sick, and I was invited to visit him by a mutual friend. I accepted, and proposed that I should take my violin and play for him. The idea was approved by my friend, who said that Henry Clay would, no doubt, be delighted. On arriving in the house, I took up a position adjoining the sick chamber and played in a low tone, Clay's favorite melody. 'The Last Rose of Summer.' His interest was immediately aroused, and he asked if some one was not playing in the street. As the tone was raised, he said, 'Ah! that must be Ole Bull; no one but him could play that air.' When I ended the doors were thrown open and the great man came and embraced me, and I felt that a higher honor than that of all the sovereigns in the world had embraced me. When this incident became known I was requested to give a concert in Washington, and the request was signed by the Senators and Representatives and also by President Fillmore."

He returned to Bergen in 1848, having amassed a fortune. His thoughts ran to great enterprises. He wanted to found a National theater of a model kind, but the project fell through. He was back in the United States in 1852, and embarked in a great colonization scheme. He purchased one hundred and twenty thousand acres of untilled land in Potter County, Pa., and established the Norwegian Colony of Oleanna. The colony was a failure, and a subsequent venture as lessee of the New York Academy of Music was a disastrous failure. Since then he has divided his time between Norway and the United States, having married a young lady of Wisconsin in 1870. After returning to Europe in 1877, he gave concerts throughout Germany, and played his violin on the top of the great pyramid, promptly notifying the Khedive of his latter exploit. He was buried in his native town, where he died.—*Missouri Republican*.

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A Lady's Wish.

"Oh how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me as you observe." Read of it.—*Carlo Bulletin*.

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