

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

equal to the occasion is undoubtedly a natural gift, and there is apparatus, however, of such an intricate nature as to require a few and a blessing are somewhat few and far between. Without a doubt many of us prefer back, not perhaps without a regret, to more than one occasion on what we might have made an appropriate remark or observation—only to think of it at the time. When we allowed the golden opportunity to pass, in fact, we were not equal to the occasion.

thoughtful enough to send their representatives. It was a saying of Lord Brougham's, that a lawyer was a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself. The following may be considered a specimen of a lawyer being equal to the occasion: A gentleman, while bathing in the sea, saw his lawyer rise up at his side, after a long dive. After an exchange of salutations had been briefly made—"By the way," said he, "how about Gunter? Have you taken out a warrant against him?" "He is in quod," replied the lawyer, and diving again, showing his heels as a parting view to his client. Nor did the latter hear more of the interview with his lawyer until he got his account, which, among other matters, contained the entry: "To consultation at sea, on the incarceration of Gunter, six and eight-pence."

GIUDETTA—A ROMAN TALE.

One of my young friends, a talented artist, had become inspired with a profound sentiment of attachment to a young peasant girl of Albano, named Giudetta, who came sometimes to Rome to offer her classic head as a model to the pencils of our most skillful painters. The ingenious grace of the child of the mountains, the beautiful and candid expression of her features, had rendered her the object of a species of worship among our artists, which the admirable reserve of her conduct in her station of life wholly justified. From the very day that my friend A— appeared to take a pleasure in seeing her, Giudetta left Rome no more; Albano, its fine lake, its delightful scenery, were exchanged for a small and obscure chamber, which she occupied in the Transtevere with the wife of a poor artisan, whose children she took care of. Pretences were never wanting for her to make frequent visits to the studio of her bellarose. One day J found her there. A— was seated gravely before his easel, pencil and palette in hand; Giudetta crouched at his feet like a spaniel at those of his master, watched his every look with intensity of interest, now listening with suspended breath to his every word, then rising with a bound to place herself opposite to him, and contemplated him with delight, and threw herself upon his neck in fits of convulsive laughter, wholly lost to all reflection of disguising from me her mad affection. To show thus to me her happiness—to me—I who had loved as madly, who saw myself in Giudetta, and to whom the sight made my fatal isolation more cruelly felt! "Alone! alone?" I again said to myself, "as when in St. Peter's, alone in the world, without a heart!" My eyes became dim, I felt the muscles of my chest begin to swell—I hurried out. Who would have told me then that there is such a thing as justice! For several months the happiness of the young Albanese was without a cloud; but jealousy, the bane of human felicity, came at length to blight it. Doubts, cruel doubts were awakened in the mind of A— upon the fidelity of Giudetta; from that moment he closed his doors upon her, and obstinately refused to see her. Giudetta, struck with a mortal blow by this sudden rupture, gave herself up to the most abject despair. In the hope of meeting A—, she would sometimes wait for him on the promenade of Zinca, from rise to set of sun; she refused all consolation, and became in her manner and language more gloomy and abrupt. I had already uselessly endeavored to soothe her mind; whenever I met her, her mournful countenance, heretofore so radiant with love and beauty, bowed down and bathed in tears, filled me with grief, and I could only turn away my eyes and retire, with a sigh of compassion. One day, however, I met her walking with extraordinary agitation near the bank of the Tiber, on an elevated precipice called Ponsina's Walk. "Well, Giudetta! where are you going?" No answer was returned. "You will not answer me?" Still she replied not. "As I live you shall go no further; I foresee you are about to commit some act of rashness." "Ah! do you not know that he will see me no more—that he no longer loves me—after that? No, I go to drown myself!" Upon this she uttered the most heart-rending cries. I saw her cast herself upon the earth, writhing with anguish, and uttering imprecations against the vile authors of her misfortunes, till, when worn out with sufferings, I besought her on my knees, to promise me that she would subdue her agony, and become tranquil until the next day, engaging myself solemnly to make a last attempt on her behalf with the inflexible A—. "Listen, my poor Giudetta, I will see him this night; I will tell him all that your unfortunate passion, and the pity which it inspires me with can suggest to obtain his forgiveness. Come, Giudetta, to-morrow morning to my lodgings, I will then let you know the result of my endeavors, and what it is necessary you should do to regain his final confidence. Should I not succeed, as there will then be effectually nothing better for you to do—the Tiber is still there."

interrupt my repose, but, boiling with impatience, she seized a guitar and struck three chords, which awoke me. On turning round in my bed, I perceived her standing near my pillow, overcome with emotion. Heavens! How beautiful she looked! Hope beamed upon her ravishing face, through the brown tinge of her complexion I saw her impassioned blush; she trembled in every limb. "Well, Giudetta, I think and hope he will receive you; if the key is in the door, it is a token that he forgives you; if he is worthy of such a love he will, and—"

Oscar Wilde's Lecture.

When Mr. Wilde stepped upon the New York stage to lecture on Monday night, a burst of applause greeted him. Then there was a tittering that created a blush upon the large face of the lecturer who was to make his debut before the public. It was, in fact, his first appearance upon any stage, but his apparent discomfort was momentary. Two chairs had been placed a few feet from the lecturer's stand. Mr. Wilde and Col. Morse, his agent, at once occupied them, and began to survey the audience. The batteries of opera glasses were turned upon them. Some one chuckled. This was followed by quiet laughter from the rear of the hall. Then the tittering and chuckling increased, and must soon have grown to the full strength of a general laugh had not Col. Morse arisen from his seat and stepped to the edge of the platform. There was an instant hush, and the dropping of a pin might have been heard. "I have the honor," said the Colonel, in a clear voice that was heard all over the hall, "to introduce to you Oscar Wilde, the English poet, who will deliver his lecture upon the 'English Renaissance.'" The Colonel then bowed himself through the side door, leaving Mr. Wilde still calmly seated in his chair and gazing at the audience. The poet recognized a lady in the parquet, and nodded. Then he arose, and advanced to the small stand, his long and bushy hair crowded in front of his ears and nearly to his eyes, but it was brushed well off his forehead. He wore a low-necked shirt with a turned-down collar and large white necktie, a black, claw-hammer coat and white vest, knee-breeches, long black stockings, and low shoes with bows. A heavy gold seal hung to a watch-guard from a fob-pocket. The poet had no flower in the lapel of his coat. In his picturesque attire he was a study that seemed greatly to interest the audience. He wore white kid gloves and when he placed his hands upon the stand in front of him, rested one of his feet on the base of the stand, and raised his eyes as though bound to get a good view of the lofty ceiling of the hall, the audience looked in wonder upon him. He began to speak in a voice that might have come from the tomb. It grew monotonous and was fast becoming painful, when, to the evident surprise of everybody, he smiled as he uttered something in reference to the various definitions of aestheticism. The audience was at once relieved from the sepulchral atmosphere, and broke into a hearty laugh which did everybody good. The lecturer was undoubtedly highly gratified, and for fully a moment displayed his white teeth as he good-naturedly smiled. After this he found good sailing, and many things he said were applauded. References to his "old friend, Arthur Sullivan," to "Patience," and to sunflowers and lilies were heartily enjoyed, and the lecturer laughed with his audience. In the course of his lecture Mr. Wilde explained why lilies are worshipped. He said: "You have heard, I think, a few of you, of two flowers connected with the æsthetic movement in England (I assure you erroneously) to be the food of some æsthetic young men. Well, let me tell you that the reason we love the lily and the sunflower, in spite of what Mr. Gilbert may tell you, is not for any vegetable fashion at all; it is because these two lovely flowers are in England the two most perfect models of design, the most naturally adapted for decorative art—the gaudy leonine beauty of the one and the precious loveliness of the other giving to the artist the most entire and perfect joy. And so with you; let there be no flower in your meadows that does not breathe its tendrils round your pillows, no little leaf in your forests that does not lend its form to design, no curving spray of wild rose or briar that does not live forever in carven arch or window of marble, no bird in your air that is not giving the iridescent wonder of its colour, the exquisite curves of its wings in flight, to make precious the preciousness of simple adornment; for the voices that have their dwelling in sea and mountain are not the chosen music of liberty only. Other messages are there in the wonder of the wind-swept heights and the majesty of silent deep—messages that if you will listen to them, will give you the wonder of all new imagination, the treasure of all new beauty. We spend our days, each of us, in looking for the secret of life. Well, the secret of life is in art." (Applause.)

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

The C. B. and queue ought to be the popular road with the Chinese. Prestige was defined by Lord Rosberry at Hull the other day as "the most expensive word in the French or any other language." The Philadelphia North American says that Becher's theology is made up of free trade and the pleasanter parts of Christianity. When bad men combine, the good must associate, else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle. A Catskill coroner's jury decided that a woman "came to her death in the providence of God by the accidental inhalation of chloroform and heart disease." Senator Wade Hampton denies the report that his daughter Mary is preparing to become an actress. She makes her debut in society, not on the stage, this winter. A New Brunswick four year old, on seeing the cook take the baked potatoes from the oven, was astonished at one which had burst its skin. Oh, "Annie," he exclaimed, "there's one all unbuttoned!" A Washington correspondent wrote: "The time is coming when Congressmen and monopolists will run this country from one end to the other." If came out "rum" instead of "run," and nobody supposed it was a mistake. "There's our Jeremiahs," said Mr. Shelton, "he went off to make his living by his wits." "Well, did he succeed?" inquired his friend. "No," said the old man with a sigh, and significantly tapping his head, "he failed for the want of capital." A Bostonian has discovered that the circular saw was first introduced into this country about the year 1817; but the year in which a man first placed his hand on a rapidly revolving buzz saw to learn if it was moving still remains in doubt. A lady made the remark that "she thought the Bulletin was getting very dull of late; that she did not see the death of any of her fashionable friends published lately." The above is a fact, as it occurred yesterday in our business office.—[Phil. Bulletin.] The house in which Samuel Rogers, the most elegant of English poets, and most brutal of English wits, resided once upon a time, at Stoke Newington, is about to undergo what the paragraphists of the west describe as the process of demolition. A recent number of the London Athenæum contains two letters from George Eliot to Professor D. Kaufmann, thanking him for a favorable notice of "Daniel Deronda." She seems to have had the usual sensitiveness of the literary tribe, a fact of which her guide, philosopher and friend, Mr. G. H. Lewes, was studiously aware. "I've got the correct of seeing Rossi," remarked a club man last evening. "I'm going to take an Italian friend with me. He won't understand a word the English actors say, and I shan't understand a word Rossi says, but between us both we shall understand and appreciate the whole play," and he puffed his cigar calmly as he thought of the happy idea. Miss Louisa De La Rama, the eccentric Englishwoman who writes under the pen name of Ouida, and who has not hitherto been credited with any conscious sense of humor, has written what is said to be a bright and attractive little comedy entitled "Cloth of Gold and Cloth of Freize." She has also written a new Italian novel, the title of which has not yet been announced. In a recent "conversation" on personal beauty, Mr. A. Bronson Alcott expressed himself strongly in favor of the blonde type as being nearer to the divine likeness, but it is a trifle severe upon the brunettes, though he claims to speak with no disrespect. He kindly admits that some dark people have inherited, or have cultivated, admirable qualities, which contradict their outward appearance; but he affirms that darkness is the outcome of sin, near or remote, and dark eyes are synonymous with a vicious disposition. He recommends fruit diet to such persons as wish to attain some measure of the blonde purity, in both mind and complexion. Now, if any other man talked like that he'd be accused of being mashed on the Victoria Loftus troupe.

Brigham Braved.

An old plainsman who was with General Harney at the time of the Mountain Meadow Massacre, tells the following story illustrative of his bravery: The morning that we started from Salt Lake City back to Yuma, a young girl, about 17 or 18 years old, came out to the camp and appealed to Brady, the train master, to help her escape. Her parents were English, who had joined the Mormons not long before, and one of the elders wanted to marry her. Her parents were trying to force her to this polygamous marriage, and she could only avoid it by running away. She had an uncle and aunt in San Francisco and to them she wanted to go. Brady wasn't the man to say "no" under such circumstances, but he stowed her away in the flour wagon by piling the barrels around her in such a way that she couldn't be seen from either end. We hadn't gone far before a dozen Mormons overtook us, the girl's father being along with them, and they went through that train until they found the girl. After they had got her out, she turned to Brady and bade him good-by, at the same time thanking him for trying to help her. That, of course, grieved him dead away, and the Mormons arrested him for kidnapping the girl, and they all went toward the city. Harney saw that there was something wrong with the train, and back came a messenger to see what was the matter. As soon as Harney was informed of what had occurred he ordered the train to halt and stay there until he got back, and away he and all the troops went for the Mormons. They had a long start of him, however, and reached the city first. Right up the main street Harney went at a gallop, and when he jumped from his horse and cried "Halt!" it was right in front of Brigham's office. There was a guard on duty there with a musket and fixed bayonet, but as he brought his weapon to a charge Harney gave it a kick that turned the guard half round, and the next instant he was disarmed. Harney strode into the office with half-a-dozen soldiers at his heels, and two minutes later Brigham was a straddle of a horse and galloping down the street in the center of a troop of cavalry. It was fun to see the Mormons stare as they saw the old man in such company, but before they could have time to act we were out of the city. About five miles out Harney ordered a halt, and it wasn't long before a lot of Mormons came up, riding as fast as their horses could carry them. When they got within sound of his voice, Harney ordered them to halt or he would fire on them, and they halted. Then he ordered Brigham to tell them to go back to the city and bring Brady and the girl back with them, and he said to Brigham: "If they are not here within two hours I'll fill your carcass full of government lead!" "You don't dare to," says Brigham. "Why," says Harney, "I'll shoot you myself!" Long before the two hours were up Brady and the girl were there, and when we got to Yuma, Harney sent a guard with her to San Bernardino, on her way to San Francisco. That's the kind of a man Harney was.

Good Resolves for the New Year.

On the 21 day of January, 1882, a business meeting of the proprietors, editors and sitters of this paper was held in the editorial arena at No. 914 Congress avenue. The proprietors, editors and sitters were all present. In other words we were both in attendance. Colonel Knox was appointed a committee to draw up a select assortment of resolutions regarding a swearing off platform. The Colonel retired, and after an absence of half an hour, returned, accompanied by the aroma of a coffee bean, and presented the following: Resolved, That we hereby swear off using any stimulating beverages, said swear-off to continue and to be in force for one year from date, with the following exceptions regarding time and place: First, Solely and strictly as medicine. Second, When samples are sent the office. Third, When laboring under a sense of discouragement. Fourth, When we receive a new subscriber. Fifth, When we feel that we actually need something. Sixth, On any special occasion.—Texas Siftings. Of no account now: "Look heah, 'Squire, dah's a niggah in Galveston what's been sassin' me; suppos' I just want de life out of him?" The lawyer replied: "You would be apt to get your neck stretched." "Now, boss, you jokin'." What do you white folks care for one niggah more or less now de census is took.—Texas Siftings. An actress at Albany, N. Y., last week literally brought down the house. The lonesome young man who occupied the gallery went to sleep and fell over the rail down into the pit, knocking over the orchestra chairs crazy. When they picked him up, expecting to find him a gory corpse, he rubbed his sleepy eyes and earnestly inquired, "What act is it?"

A Murky Metropolis.

There are some sentimental as well as hard practical reasons why Londoners of a newer age complain of the smoke which enshrouds their city. One hundred and fifty years ago London was famous for her roses, but to-day no rose nor conifer will grow there. Fancy a tea rose, normally fragrant, and daintily tinged with palest yellow, giving forth in London anything else than an odor of smoke, or with petals colored in any other way than with soot. Once on a time there were bleacheries and around London, and among other things wax exposed to the Sun so as to get rid of its color. But actinic influences are thwarted by the particles of carbon which float forever in the London atmosphere. Still, when the vital statistics of this great hive of human life are examined, in proportion to its vast population London is not unhealthy. It is supposable, since light is necessary for physical well being, that there has been adventiveness on the part of the Londoners to their artificial surroundings. More light on London, at earlier stages, a later crepuscule would make wonderful changes, and gas companies have calculated the millions on millions of cubic feet that would not be consumed if the general length of the day were increased. The very absence of light in a certain manner absolutely increases the sum total of the darkness, for just in proportion as there are more artificial illuminators of the old style, the greater is the making of the floating carbon. If, now, there were only some kind of compensation about these things which nature could bring about, a balance might be struck. A fine-spun æsthetic story might be constructed on the absence of light, the increase of crime, and where roses could not bloom or lilies give out their fragrance there would the novelist make his pandemonium of human turpitude.

Carry Caution to an Extreme

A farmer was called as a witness to prove the bad character of Enoch Jones, who had formerly been his near neighbor. "Well," said the counsel, "What do you know of Jones, the plaintiff?" "I can't say that I know much about him." "Does Jones bear a good character?" "We didn't like him any too well in our neighborhood." "We don't suppose you did; but would you trust Jones, or believe him under oath?" "He might tell the truth if it was for his own interest." "Do you think Jones an honest man?" "I never gave him a chance to steal anything from me." "But do you think Jones would steal if he had an opportunity?" "Well, I can't say positive, but I should rather not try him." "Perhaps not; but am I to understand that you have such a poor opinion of Jones's honesty that you would be afraid to leave anything where he could steal it if he were so inclined?" "No, I shouldn't be afraid to, if I watched it."

The Cane and the Umbrella Nuisance.

In the hands of nine men out of ten on the streets a cane or an umbrella is an infernal machine. It is carried under the arm, the ends sticking far out front and back. The hand which holds it is stuck in the coat or breeches pocket, throwing out the sharp point half a yard behind the owner. It is laid across the shoulder, making it dangerous to pass upon either side of the thoughtless creature; or it is twisted rapidly through the fingers. It is twice this nuisance is abated. It is not a trivial thing, and the police should be instructed to order the pretty man with the cane to so manage his pet that he will not endanger the persons of those so unfortunate as to encounter him.—Philadelphia Progress.

A New Jersey school boy secured a week's extra vacation by placing a torpedo where the schoolmaster would step on it. Nothing is impossible to a serious, thinking boy.