

of expectation. The aspect of the portrait remained unchanged, but from the lips stole out, in the tones which had won her heart, the single word, Bernice! It struck her ear like the knell of a catastrophe. She uttered one despairing cry and sunk upon the floor. That ejaculation was borne on her last breath.

"When my efforts had been unavailing exhausted in efforts to resuscitate the unfortunately lady, for being the nearest physician, I was first called, my attention was turned toward the wretched originator of the tragedy.—Werner lay crouched upon the carpet, gazing with an expression in which insanity and despair were strangely blended, upon the form of Bernice. Reason was now indeed, overthrown. Perceiving himself noticed, he crawled to my feet, and piteously looking up, murmured in a convulsive tone, "I didn't do it." His constant repetition of this phrase, year after year, has obtained for him the title of The Disclaim'er. Remorse peoples his imagination with her awful images. And he will doubtless be a wanderer, feared by the rabble and pitied by few, till accident or disease lays low his powerful frame, and infranchises from the thrall of insanity his extraordinary and aspiring spirit."

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.—A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

When stationed at Bathurst, (Cape of Good Hope,) a couple of years ago, I was taking a solitary ride, accompanied by my usual pack of about a dozen dogs of every description; but instead of my rifle, I happened on that occasion to be only provided with a stout hunting whip. Whilst jogging quietly along the edge of the Lowie bush, about five miles from Bathurst, the dogs suddenly gave tongue, and I "yoked" them forward through the covert, whose increasing thickness soon obliged me to dismount; whereupon, tying up my nag to the stump of a tree, I followed up the chase on foot. The dogs soon brought their quarry to bay; and fancying it must be a porcupine, I boldly advanced, flourishing aloft the aforesaid hunting whip. Scarcely had I approached the scene of action—a thick "wacht-ten-beestje" bush, around which the dogs were loudly baying—than a canine yell of agony, then two or three grunts, and a heavy crash amongst the underwood, announced the presence of a wild hog; and, before I had made up my mind what to do, an immense boar, with bristles like toothpicks, all standing on end, rushed at me through the intervening bush. Of course I turned tail, and never ran so quick in all the course of my life, clearing at a single bound the clumps of brambles and shrubs which came in my path. Spite of numerous tumbles from my spurs catching in the creepers and monkey ropes, I still kept ahead; but piggy, perseveringly forcing his way through the underwood, which I had to jump over, was soon close at my heels; and at every purl I got, I fancied I felt his tusks grinding against my ribs. The pace we were both going at was too quick to last, and just as I found myself quite done up, fortunately for me, a thick speck-broom brush stood in my way. With a last desperate effort, I made a spring which carried me into the midst of its soft fleshy foliage and flowering boughs; the latter, fortunately, did not give way under my weight; and here, like King Charles in the oak, I looked down—though in no comfortable mood—upon my baffled and angry foe, who trotted round and round my place of refuge, sniffing the stems of the bush, and ever and anon casting up towards me his little twinkling bloodshot eyes, at which—for so close was I to the brute—I kept striking with the butt-end of the whip, whilst gathering up my legs in the best way I could to keep them out of his reach; and, as you may well fancy, all the time in the most confounded stew, lest the soft pulpy branches should give way and leave me to the tender mercies of Mr. Piggy, who, maddened at not being able to reach me, and at the baying of the dogs around, every now and then would make a sudden dash at some of the boldest of his assailants, and with a side thrust of his enormous tusks send them off howling with fearful wounds; and I had thus the mortification of helplessly witnessing the destruction of many of my favorites. A poor little devil of a pup happened to be of the party, and probably not knowing its danger, was suddenly turned upon by his assailant, who seized him in his foaming mouth, placed him on the slope of a bank, and appeared determined to disembowel him in the most scientific and approved-of-fashion. At this critical moment of poor puppy, a powerful blood-hound rushed to the rescue, and though in so doing was badly ripped in the shoulder, succeeded in laying fast hold of the boar by the end of the snout, and thus pinned him to the ground. "Now," thinks I to myself, "is my sole chance." The only weapon I had with me beside the hunting whip, was a small mother-of-pearl penknife I had bought in the Quadrant for a shilling, when on the coach by which I left London to start for this country; it was my last purchase in Old England, and never was a shilling better laid out. Seeing this was my only chance, I opened the knife, jumped out of the bush, and seizing the boar by the ear, whilst the bloodhound was pinning his nose to the ground, I, thanks to some knowledge of anatomy—thrust it into what I knew to be an artery, left it sticking there, and as quickly scrambled back again to my former place of refuge. This was done, everything considered, with tolerable skill, as the event fully proved; for let me tell you, gentlemen, though a pig's internal conformation greatly resembles that of a man, yet under the peculiar circumstances of the case, the carotid artery might easily have been missed.

But to go on with my story, the boar, on finding himself wounded, made such a violent effort that he shook off the dog; the penknife fell from the wound, and, to my inexpressible delight, was followed by a plentiful stream of blood. The astonished animal suddenly stood still, and appeared steadfastly to listen to the novel sound, as the mimic cascade, spouting forth with a graceful curve, fell in a crimson shower, with—to my ears—the sweetest music of a spattering noise, on the dry and parched up soil. Being no longer molested by the dogs, who were now laying about in every direction, in a more or less disabled state, my bristly acquaintance had full leisure to indulge in his new meditations. He, after a while trotted

off some twenty or thirty yards, stopped again, remained a few seconds quite motionless, assumed rather a sentimental look, staggered and fell forward, rolled over on his side and then gave up the ghost. Still, I could not bring myself to believe that the grim monster was really dead; that the Jew boy's penknife, like David's pebble from the brook, had actually slain this fierce Goliath of the woods. For a moment, therefore, I still remained enconcealed amongst the branches of my leafy castle, in a state of the most anxious suspense, till, seeing no signs of returning life, as the dogs approached and sniffed the carcass, I slid cautiously down, picked up the bloody knife, crept on tip toe towards my fallen enemy, touched him first gingerly with my foot, and then, finding him really dead, and no mistake, in the ecstasy of the moment, I took off my cap, and gave three hearty cheers.—Sketches from the Cape.

DOING A LANDLORD.

There was once a landlord, in the West, at whose house the stage passengers were accustomed to take breakfast, and who had an agreement with the driver to blow his horn almost as soon as the passengers sat down to eat. By this means he generally received his fifty cents per meal, without losing his viands. The Spirit of the Times tells of a fellow named "Hez," who did the landlord completely notwithstanding.

As the stage drove up to the door, the landlord came out and said,

"Breakfast just ready, gents! Take a wash, gents? Here's water, basins, towels and soap."

After performing their ablutions, they all proceeded to the dining room, and commenced a fierce onslaught upon the edibles, though "Hez" took his time. Scarcely had they tasted their coffee, when they heard the unwelcome sound of the horn, and the driver exclaimed, "Stage ready." Up rose eight grumbling passengers, pay their fifty cents, and take their seats.

"All aboard, gents?" inquired the host.

"One missing," said they.

Proceeding to the dining room, the host finds Hez very coolly helping himself to an immense piece of steak the "size of a horse's lip."

"You'll be left, sir. Stage is going to start."

"Wal, I haint got nothin to say agin it," drawled out Hez.

"Can't wait, sir, better take your seat."

"Dew wot?"

"Get in, sir."

"I'll be darned if I dew, nuther, till I've got my breakfast! I paid for it, and I'm goin' to get the value on't! and if you callate I aint, yew air mistaken."

So the stage did start, and left Hez, who continued his attack on the edibles. Biscuits, coffee, steaks, &c., &c., disappeared from the eyes of the astonished landlord.

"Say, Squire, them cokes is 'bout East; fetch us nuther grist on 'em." "You," (to the waiter,) "nuther cup of that air coffee. Pass them eggs." "Raise yewre own pork, squire? This is mazin' nice ham. Land 'bout here tolerable cheap, squire? Haint got much maple timber in these parts, hev ye? Dewin' right smart Squire, I callate. Don't lay yew're own eggs, dew ye? and thus Hez kept quizzing the landlord until he had made a hearty meal.

"Say, Squire, now I'm 'bout tew conclude payin' my devowers tew this ere table, but of yew'd just give us a bowl of bread and milk tew sorter top off with, I'd be obliged tew ye."

So out go the landlord and waiter for the bowl, milk and bread, and set them before Hez.

"Spewn tew, effyew please?"

But no spoon could be found. Landlord was sure he had plenty of silver ones laying on the table when the stage stopped.

"Say, yew! dew ye think them passengers is goin' tew pay yew for a breakfast and not get no compensation?"

"Ah! what! Do you think any of the passengers took them?"

"Dew I think? No, I don't think, but I am sartin'.—Ef they air all as green as yew 'bout here, I'm goin' tew locate immediately and tew wot."

The landlord rushes out to the stable, and starts a man after the stage, which had gone about three miles. The man overtakes the stage, and says something to the driver in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and on arriving at the hotel, Hez comes out to take his seat, and says,

"Heow air you, gents? I'm rotten glad tew see yew!"

Landlord says to Hez, "Can you point out the man you think has the spoons?"

"Pint him out? Sartinly I ken. Say, Squire, I paid yew four nine-pences for a breakfast, and I callate I got the value on't! Yew'll find them spoons in the coffee pot!"

"Go ahead, all aboard, driver."

THE MECHANIC.—In the circles of false refinement, or where true refinement perhaps never dwells, you may hear the expression sometimes used, as if in denunciation or commiseration, "Oh! he is only a mechanic." It may seem strange, but there are men and women, too, who can boast no other lineage themselves, and who, when told of this poor man's misfortunes, or that man's sudden fall, pass over the matter with the old remark of—"He is only a mechanic—no matter, God help him—he is only a mechanic." God does help him, my friends—God helps those who help themselves; and I say it boldly here this day that there are far more happy, prosperous, aye, noble men among the mechanics of this, our land, than in any other class of equal numbers. "Only a mechanic!" Why I remember there was a certain man called Felix in the Scriptures. What his pedigree was, I do not know, but his countrymen were a proud race, and hated the mechanics. But one of these despised mechanics, a tent maker, made this same Felix tremble. "Only a mechanic!"—Why, Noah was a ship-wright—Solomon an architect.—And who built the pyramids—who the ancient cities

whose ruins all the historians, philosophers, and learned men of modern times are unable to explain? The great temples of the holy city—Tyre and Sidon, Bathsee, Persopolis, Babylon, and Palmyra? Who built them? "Oh! it was only a mechanic!"

A "medical student" advertises for "a few patients of sound constitution for domestic practice. An excellent arrangement can be made by such persons, with the subscriber, who will attend them entirely free of charge, and the medicine and throw the bottles in."

"Dennis, darlint, och Dennis, what is it you're doing?" "Whist, Biddy, I'm trying an experiment!" "Murder! what is it?" "What is it, did yer say? Why, it's giving hot wather to the chickens I am, so they'll be afeather laying boiled eggs!"

IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.—This famed symbol of kingship is a broad circle of gold, set with rubies, emeralds and sapphires, and was deposited in an ornamented cross placed over an altar, closely shut up within folding doors of gilt brass. The crown is kept in an octagonal aperture in the centre of the cross. It is composed of six equal pieces of beaten gold, joined together by close hinges; and the jewels and embossed gold ornaments are set in a ground of blue and gold enamel, interesting as exhibiting an exact counterpart of a gold ornament now in the Ashmolean museum, which once belonged to King Alfred. But, for those who have an appetite for relics, the most important part of this crown is a narrow iron rim, which is attached to the inside of it all around. The rim is about three-eighths of an inch thick, made out of one of the nails used in the Crucifixion. The crown is said to have been presented to Constantine by his mother; and the sacred iron rim, from which it has its name, was to protect him in battle. And, although this iron has now been exposed more than fifteen hundred years, there is not a speck of rust upon it.

He who has a love for nature can never be alone. In the shells he picks up on the shore—in the leaf fading at his feet—in the grain of sand and the morning dew—he sees enough to employ his mind for hours. Such a mind is never idle. He studies the works of his maker which he sees all around him, and finds a pleasure of which the devotee of sin and folly can form no conception.

A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND.—A worthy farmer living in a country village in France, was recently aroused at midnight by the barking of a dog. On endeavoring to quiet the dog, he found him unusually agitated, whereupon the farmer took his gun and went out to look into the cause. All at once he saw a horrid phantom rise up behind the hedge, clothed in a white sheet. He turned quite pale, and his limbs shook with dismay. At length he plucked up sufficient courage to ejaculate—

"If you are from heaven, speak! If from the devil, vanish!"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the phantom, "I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Marie—, to whom you are making love. She is unworthy to share my bed. The only woman to succeed me is Henrietta B—. Marry her, or persecution and eternal torment shall be your portion."

This strange address from the goblin, instead of dis-

may the farmer, restored his courage. He accordingly rushed on the ghostly visitor, and stripping off the sheet, discovered the fair Henrietta B— herself, looking excessively foolish. It is said that the farmer, admiring the girl's trick, had the banns published for his marriage with her.

A CLEVER BOY.—A farmer's wife, in speaking of the smartness, aptness, and intelligence of her son, a lad six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said, "He can read fluently in any part of the Bible, repeat the catechism, and weed onions as well as his father." "Yes mother," added the young hopeful, "and yeste day I kicked Ned Dawson, throwed the cat into the well, and stole old Hinckley's ginslet."

A TOWN CUSTOMER.—A Canadian of this city who bought a patriarch of a turkey that had frightened every purchaser from the idea of making a jaw-ful feast off him, said afterwards—"I took him home—my wife bile him tree houn, and den he crow. My wife put him in de pot with de 'tators, and he kick 'em all out."—Northern Tribune, Bath, Me.

An Irishman, writing from Ohio, says it is the most illigant place in the world. The first three weeks, he says, "you are boarded gratis, and after that you are charged nothing at all. Come along, and bring the childer."

PURGATORY VS. MATRIMONY.—By the way, the "ghost of the departed," reminds me of old Joe Kelley's ghost coming to his wife:

"Molly," says he, "I'm in purgatory at this present."

"And what sort of a place is it?" says she.

"Faix," says he, "it is a sort of half-way house between you and heaven, and I stand it mighty aisy after leaving you."

CONJUGIAL.—The editor of the Albany Knickerbocker says he found the following advertisement posted on a lamp post in Canal street:

STRAYED OR STOLEN.—My wife Ann Maria. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As for trusting her, any body can do so, who sees fit—for as I never pay any of my own debts, it is not at all likely that I will lay awake nights thinking about other people's.

JAMES Q. DOBSON.

"Ma," said an inquisitive little girl, "will rich and poor people live together when they go to Heaven?" "Yes, my dear, they will all be alike there."

"Then, ma, why don't rich and poor christians associate together here?" The mother did not answer.