

"Senhor, what that man said," pointing the corporal, "is a lie—a black lie. I call on the blessed saints to assist me in proving that the accused is innocent. Murphy was in league with Sergeant Webber, who used to purchase our contraband brandy and tobacco. On the evening of the night when he states the murder was committed, he himself lowered a rope for me to climb up a perpendicular part of the rock, as he had often seen the sergeant do on former occasions; the cargo with which I was loaded the corporal took charge of, and was to share the profits of its sale. I remained on the edge of the rock for the purpose of helping a countryman of mine engaged in the same trade, up this dangerous place, and, whilst there, saw Webber's daughter in discourse with the prisoner; what they said I know not, but he strove hard to prevent her leaving him; at last she made a sudden spring, and leaped into the sea. If you search Murphy's quarters, you will find proof of what I say. Senhores I swear by the blessed St. Iago, and our Lady of Compostello that Catherine Webber destroyed herself."

"By direction of the president, I was led out of court, and during my absence an officer minutely examined the room occupied by the corporal. Between his bed and the sacking many rolls of tobacco were found, and some empty pig-skins that had contained *aqua dente*. I was recalled, and, not to keep you in suspense, honorably acquitted; whilst my villainous prosecutor was committed to the prison I had occupied through his accused malice. He was reduced to the ranks, and underwent severe punishment for his smuggling transactions. What became of the sergeant I never learnt; but, I think you will allow, after what I have told you, that any representation of Gib must be a mournful picture to me."

"I wonder that you have never recounted your story to your excellent, amiable, and exemplary Chaplain.—You must be aware that Mr. Gleig has published many interesting adventures, gleaned from your brave comrades. 'No living soul but yourself knows my history.'"

A BUFFALO HUNT IN SOUTH AFRICA.—Balanced on the low boughs of a thorn tree, I struck a bull, which ran towards the report, his ears outstretched, his eyes moving in all directions, and his nose carried in a right line with the head, evidently bent upon revenge: he passed within thirty yards of me, and was lost in the bush. Descending from my frail perch, Frolic (a Hottentot servant), again discovered this buffalo standing amongst some small, thick bushes, which nearly hid him from view; his head was lowered, not a muscle of his body moved, and he was without doubt listening intently. We crept noiselessly to a bush, and, some twigs intervening between his shoulder and the line of aim, I fired through them, and again had the satisfaction of hearing the ball tell: the huge brute ran forwards up the wind fortunately not in our direction, and stood still again. Presently he lay gently down, and knowing that buffaloes are exceedingly cunning, and will adopt this plan merely to escape notice and entrap their persecutors, we drew near with great caution. I again fired through his shoulder, and, concluding from his not attempting to rise, that he was helpless, we walked close up to him, and never can the scene which followed be erased from my memory. Turning his ponderous head round, his eye caught our figures; I fired the second barrel of my rifle behind his horns, but it did not reach the brain. His wounds gave him some difficulty in getting up, which just afforded Monypenny and myself time to ensconce ourselves behind the slender shrubs that grew round the spot, while Frolic unwisely took to his heels. The buffalo saw him, and uttering a continued, unearthly noise, between a grunt and a bellow, advanced at a pace at which these unwieldy creatures are rarely seen to run, unless stirred by revenge. Crashing through the low bushes, as if they were stubbles, he passed me, but charged quite over Monypenny's lurking place, who aimed at him as he came on, and lodged the ball in the rocky mass of horn above his head. The buffalo was so near at the time of his firing that the horns struck the gun barrels at the next instant; but whether the noise and smoke confused the animal, or he was partially stunned by the bullet, he missed my friend, and continued in pursuit of Frolic.—Frolic dodged the enraged and terrific looking brute round the bushes, but through these slight obstacles he dashed with ease, and gained ground rapidly. Speechless we watched the chase, and in the awful moment, regardless of concealment, stood up, and saw the buffalo overtake his victim and knock him down. At this crisis my friend fired his second barrel into the beast which gave Frolic one or two blows with his fore feet, and, pushing his nose under, endeavoured to toss him; but the Hottentot, aware of this, lay with much presence of mind perfectly still.—Monypenny now shouted at me, "The buffalo is coming!" and, in darting round a bush, I stumbled on my rifle, cutting my knee very badly. This proved a false alarm, and directly after the buffalo fell dead by Frolic, who then rose and limped towards us. He was much hurt and a powder flask which lay in his game bag was stamped flat. The buffalo was too weak to use his full strength upon him, having exhausted all his remaining energy in the chase; otherwise the Hottentot would undoubtedly have been killed; since a man is safer even under the paws of a wounded lion than under the head of an infuriated buffalo.

—Wanderings in South Africa.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—A farmer in one of the western counties in England was met by a man whom he had formerly employed, and who again asked for work.—The farmer (rather with a view to be relieved from his importunity than with any intention of assisting him) told him he would think of it, and send word to the place where the man told him he should be found. Time passed on, and the farmer entirely forgot his promise. One night, however, he suddenly started from his sleep, and awaking his wife, said he felt a strong impulse to set off immediately to the country town, some thirty or forty miles distant; but why he had not the least idea. He endeavoured to shake off the impression, and went to sleep again, but woke again with such a strong conviction that he must start that instant, that he directly rose, saddled

his horse and set off. On his way he had to cross a ferry, which he could only do at one hour of the night when the mail was carried over. He was almost certain he should be too late, but nevertheless rode on, and when he came to the ferry, greatly to his surprise found that though the mail was carried over a short time previously, the ferryman was still waiting. On his expressing his astonishment, the boatman replied, "Oh, when I was on the other side I heard you shouting, and so came back again." The farmer said he had not shouted, but the other repeated his assertion that he had distinctly heard him call. Having crossed over the farmer pursued his journey and arrived at the country town next morning.

But now that he came there, he had not the slightest notion of any business to be transacted, and so amused himself by sauntering about the place, and at length entered the court where the assizes were being held. The prisoner at the bar had just been to all appearance, proved guilty, by circumstantial evidence, of murder; and he was then asked if he had any witness to call on his behalf.—He replied that he had no friends there; but looking about the court amongst the spectators, he recognised the farmer, who almost immediately recognised in him the man who had applied to him for work. The farmer was instantly summoned to the witness box, and his evidence proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that at the very hour the prisoner was accused of committing murder in one part of the country, he was applying for work in another. The prisoner was of course acquitted and the farmer found that urged by an uncontrollable impulse which he neither could explain nor account for, he had indeed taken his midnight journey to some purpose, notwithstanding it had appeared so unreasonable and causeless. "This is the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes."—*Churchman's Companion*.

A "DOWN EAST" JOKER "SERVED OUT."—*Mr. "Spirit."*—I never wrote a story in my life, yet, with your permission, I will chronicle one through the columns of your ever-welcome paper. The story is true, and set the particular crowd to whom it was related in a roar. Thus it is:—

A Mr. D., in the town of W., in this State, was applied to by an Irishman for the loan of his gun for a day. Pat was unacquainted with its use, and enquired of Mr. D. how to load it? D. supposing that he was quizzing, said he generally put in about two feet of powder and shot altogether! The Irishman took the gun and started for the field; when he was cleverly out of sight he commenced charging his gun. "By the powers, an' I pry the man that finds game a plinty" was his soliloquy as he emptied the contents of the powder-flask into the barrel. He found on putting down the wad that the "two feet" were coming short. Next he emptied his shot-pouch into the barrel, and found that all his ammunition made only a foot and a half of load altogether. As luck would have it, Pat did not find anything in the shape of lawful game to "empty at," so he brought up at Mr. D.'s with the gun in prime condition. No questions being asked honest Pat respecting his luck, the gun was laid aside and forgotten.

A few days after D. had occasion to use his gun; being in haste he glanced at the lock, and seeing that it was capped he pulled the trigger at his object; the consequences may be imagined. The gun burst into pieces "too numerous to mention," and the unfortunate joker found himself, after an indefinite space of time, looking at the stars as well as he could, with one eye "bunged tight," and his nose enquiring the way over his shoulder! His first thought was vengeance on the Irishman. When he found him he commenced enquiries as to what the devil he had been doing with his gun—"you blasted hog-trotter, you put in powder enough to blow up all the castles in Mexico!"

Pat not understanding him, and supposing he had not put in powder enough, replied—"An' sure, I put in all the powder and shot I had, an' it was full eighteen inches load; if that was not enough, sure, I couldn't help it.—Faith, an' you'll be pleased to load your own gun next time!"

Poor D. shut his other eye and left for Canada—the States couldn't hold him.

LION HUNTING AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—*BOLEM FRONTIERE JAN. 28.*—This is the most advanced post in Southern Africa, being 500 miles in a direct line from the sea-coast at Port Elizabeth, and 300 from Port Natal. A fort, containing powder magazine, commissariat, store ward-room and cells, and mounting four 9-pounders, has been constructed, and burnt-brick gun-sheds, cavalry stables, men barracks, commissariat and ordnance stores (in addition to those in the fort), built by the two companies of the reserve battalion, 45th Regiment (who so nobly distinguished themselves at Bolemplaats during the last year), in which they have had the assistance of half-a-dozen Sappers. The only part of the expense to be borne on the Ordnance estimates is about 180*l.*, the remainder will be defrayed from the colonial chest. It is the most requisite and important post on the whole frontier, as it in a great measure cuts off the rebel Boors who crossed the Vaal River from the colony, in which they have numerous friends; with whom they would soon foment new disturbances, were it not for this hindrance. Brevet-Major Blenkinsopp and Captain Bates, of the 45th Regiment, made last week what is considered even here an extraordinary bag in lion shooting. In two mornings they slaughtered five lions and a leopard, all full-grown animals, and killed within an hour and a half's ride from the cantonment. The major's share of the bag was three lions and the leopard; the remaining two lions fell of course to the share of Captain Bates, by whom, curious to relate, they were killed with one bullet each, the first at 30 yards by a shot through the head, the only part of the animal visible in the bush into which it, with two others, had been pursued by the dogs, and the other by a shot through the heart both fired from horseback, the latter on an open plain, at 70 yards, distant. A miss would have brought the animal on him, as she was in the act of charging when the fatal

shot was fired, Captain Bates was badly mounted and quite alone, and would have stood no chance in a run with, or rather from, the brute. Thousands of antelopes and quaggas of every variety cover the vast plains in this neighbourhood, which likewise abound in ostriches and the minor beasts of prey. I should have remarked that Major Blenkinsopp, so well known on the frontier as a first-rate sportsman, could have killed three lions on the first morning in about 20 minutes, but he generously gave up the shot at the third to Captain Bates, who joined him just as the two first bit dust.—*British Army Despatch*.

PUNCTUALITY.—Punctuality is a virtue which is not sufficiently practised, although the want of it is every where condemned. There are few things more annoying than to be compelled to wait beyond an appointed time for an interview with an individual. But there are some persons who regard their own convenience as paramount to every other earthly consideration—who will never keep an appointment—but are always behind hand. It would seem that they were born half an hour too late, and have never yet been able to overtake the time thus lost. If they agree to join a party of pleasure, the whole party is vexatiously delayed on their account. If they are called for at an appointed hour they are never ready. If they go to church they begin to array themselves when the bell is done tolling, and interrupt the congregation by solemnly advancing up the aisle after the services have commenced. If they visit a lecture or a concert, they are seldom, unless by chance, in due time on the spot—but wander through the room, hunting for an eligible seat, and distracting the attention of the audience, at a moment when the performances are particularly interesting.

This want of punctuality is a vile habit—it often proves a source of mortification to the individual who cherishes it—and very often sours the temper, and creates the most unpleasant feelings in the minds of others. Persons addicted to this habit, sometimes argue that they have a right to do what they please with their time. This, however, is true only to a certain extent; they have no right to waste the time of their friends; or annoy, by indulging this vice or foible, or whatever it may be called, persons to whom they are utter strangers. Punctuality is a virtue which should be cultivated by every one. It conduces to the happiness and well being of society—and the habitual want of it cannot be too severely censured.—*Boston Journal*.

There was an assembly of Roman Catholic Bishops here, a short time ago, and thinking men pondered what could be the object. Doubtless, the effects would be felt in some way; but how, or where, no one could tell, on account of the profound secrecy with which that corporation, the Church of Rome, manages all her affairs that are of any consequence. Processions, gorgeous dresses, painted images, incense, and music for the people, scheming, planning, deciding the fate of National or Provincial affairs for the Bishops. That is the way of Rome, and will continue to be her way so long as the people choose, and no longer.

Well, it appears that the Bishops have not met in vain—they have done two things which have transpired, and perhaps more, which may yet transpire. They have appointed a suitable agent to proceed to Rome, to attend to their affairs there—with which step, Protestants here have, so far as we can see, nothing to do; and, it is said, they have appointed a suitable agent (all their agents are suitable) to watch over the process of law-making at Toronto, in which step Protestants here will, we fear, prove only too deeply interested. This agent is, doubtless, clothed with the power and influence of the Church of Rome, and provided with instructions from a secret council of her chiefs, to watch over all her interests, near and remote and to tell the Government what they may or must do, and what they may or must not do. Or, should the Government (an almost impossible case in Canada) prove any way refractory, tell the Roman Catholic members what they are to vote for, and what they are to vote against. The clerical threat will, in case of need, we doubt not from past experience, operate precisely in the same manner as the overseer's whip on a Southern plantation. But what a state of things does this exhibit!—Our Legislation, at least in all points that affect the Church of Rome, such as education, endowments, holidays, etc., etc., conducted by a secret conclave of Bishops!—*Montreal Witness*.

EARTHQUAKES.—From Smyrna, under date the 17th of April, we learn that the greatest consternation prevailed in the city, in consequence of continuous shocks of earthquakes. Thousands of persons fled from their homes and were lodged in the open air, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and others had taken refuge in the vessels lying in the harbour. The Greek Church the Armenian College, the Austrian Consulate, and several mosques, were greatly injured, and part of the city has been thrown down; a large rocky mountain about four miles from the city has been rent; huge masses of rock have been dislodged and in their fall have hurled down trees that have stood for centuries, and overwhelmed a part of the city. The river has been forced from its channel, and the water suddenly become brackish. All the hills surrounding the harbour are full of fissures. Prayers to Almighty God to arrest further evil are being put up in all the churches. It appears that the earthquake has traversed the whole of the Archipelago, and may be traced to the uttermost boundaries of Caramania.

By private letters from Washington we learn that the Senators and Representatives from Maine are decidedly opposed to reciprocity with New Brunswick and the Lowland Colonies, unless "wood and lumber of all kinds" are excluded; and they contend for this exclusion on the ground, that our small stumpage dues on Timber would render it impossible for Maine to compete with us in the American lumber market. It will be observed, that in the reciprocity bill with Canada, the products of the fisheries are not included. If the products of the forest and fisheries