

# THE QUEBEC TRANSCRIPT.

make me in your restoration. But to your story. Whence arise your horrible suspicions?"

"I will tell you," said the youth. "Giulietta is the marchese's only child, in the event of whose death the vast estates of the family will, as her father's decease, go to the Count Rinaldi, his sister's husband, in the right of his wife. Now all the world knows that the count is in such pecuniary embarrassments that he has been driven to exile himself. His wife is an ambitious woman, and I know her to be an unprincipled one, though she bears a fair name in the world, and is an especial favorite of her generous and too confiding brother."

"Well," rejoined Leonardo, "you have assigned a motive to the end of the young lady; whether she is actuated by it, is not for me or you to determine; but whence arise your suspicions of Vivaldi?"

"I like not that the same Vivaldi," exclaimed the page.

"Nor I either," was the reply, "because he never laughs, and that is a bad sign; but a man may be very disagreeable, and yet not harbor thoughts of murder."

"My mistrust of him," resumed the youth, "arises not so much from one or two stories, what singular deaths which have occurred in families where he has attended, although they struck me forcibly at the time—as from a look, which was exchanged between him and my lady's nurse, and which was not likely to have passed between two persons who professed to meet as entire strangers. They were evidently betraying to the signal by a forgetfulness of my presence, of which they were no sooner conscious, than Vivaldi turned an eye of scrutinizing inquiry upon my countenance."

"And what read he there?" asked Leonardo.

"As much as he would have gathered from a deal plank or stone wall," was the dry rejoinder of the stippling.

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the other, "that your fears should have aught of truth for their foundation! But tell me who among were the drugs purchased which Vivaldi prescribes?"

"Of Grasso, the little apothecary, by the church yonder," was the answer.

"An honest man and a true," remarked the student. "I know him for one who would not put his hand to so dark a deed as that you hint at. But, tell me, who is despatched for the medicines?"

"Myself," replied the page.

"Then, perhaps," resumed his companion, "you can name the ingredients."

"Nay," said the boy, "it passes my humble knowledge to read the tamped scrawl of the learned physician; but there," he added, drawing a paper from his bosom, "I read it for yourself! I am even now on my way for another supply."

Leonardo eagerly snatched at the paper; but after a glance at its contents, he remarked, "Well! there is nothing here to kill or cure. One would think that Vivaldi, having been called in, deemed he must do something for his fee; and, therefore, has prescribed that which will do neither good nor harm, while he trusts to Nature to work the cure of an unimportant ailment in her own way."

"But are you sure," said the page, "that it is not the mere vehicle—menstruum I think you doctors call it—of some pernicious drug, intended to work the mischief I apprehend?"

"To be sure," was his reply.

"Who, of course, administers it to the patient," resumed Leonardo.

"No," said the boy, "that office, by special arrangement—where does I know not, except for the purpose of implicating me—is reserved for me; and as the potion is not taken until noon, when my lady has quitted her chamber, there would appear no reason why I should not perform it."

To be concluded in our next.

## ANECDOTES OF THE ORIGIN OF WORDS.

**Grog.**—This compound beverage, received its name from Admiral Vernon, who was the first that made such a dilution imperative on board a ship. The old naval hero used to wear a gray cloak in foul weather, which first gained the appellation of Old Grog for himself, and finally for the liquor which he introduced.

**Punch.**—is directly derived from the Persian name of the Sanscrit puncha, five, indicating the number of the ingredients. Addison mentions a fox-hunter, who testified extreme surprise on finding, that, out of the

five materials of which Punch (which he was wont to call a fine old, truly English beverage) was composed, only one, namely the water, belonged to England.

From Punch, it is an easy transition to Negus—which is said to have derived its appellation from a gentleman of the name of Francis Negus, a person of considerable consequence in the reign of George the First. Party spirit ran high at that period, and even intruded itself dangerously at convivial meetings. On one occasion, when Mr. Negus was present a set of political opponents fell out over their cups, and came to hot words, when Mr. Negus interfered, by recommending the disputants to retire, to dilute their wine; which suggestion fortunately diverted their attention from the subject of dispute to a discussion on the merits of wine and water. The argument ended in a general resolve so to qualify their potations in future, and also to give the beverage the nickname of Negus, which ultimately became universally used.

While we are upon this convivial subject, we may advert to the names of

**Port and Sherry**—which are derived, the first from the Portuguese city of Oporto, one of the principal places whence it is exported, and the second from the district of Xeres in Spain, where the vines are grown which yield that species of wine.

**Hock**—is a word derived from Hochheim, in Germany, where Hock is made.

**Porter**—got its name from being chiefly used, at one time, by the class of people in London called by that title.

**Gas.**—The term gas sprang from the same source as *ghaist* or *ghost*, both being from a Teutonic word signifying spirit or supernatural being, and variously spelt, *gast*, *ghast*, or otherwise, according to the different Teutonic dialects. Some of the mineral springs of Germany exhale a vapour, which hangs above them in the semblance of a light thin cloud. This being seen, was occasionally taken for a *ghaist* or *ghost*, but those who had a little more wit at their finger ends, knew the thing to be neither more nor less than a vapour. From this deceptive appearance, however, arose the custom of applying the term *ghaist* to all vapours or aërial bodies, and being adopted by the continental chemists, the word soon became universal in this sense. By the bye, may not this circumstance of vapour arising from natural springs, under certain states of the atmosphere, be the origin, source, and foundation, of all the *white ladies* that ever haunted wells, from the Naiads of old Greece, to that beautiful apparition that flitted for a moment before the gaze of the last lord of Ravenswood, when, in fulfillment of his sad doom, he sought to win the heart and hand of the unhappy bride of Lammermoor!

**Arena.**—Arena is a word now in common use, to designate a field, or theatre of action of any kind. The term is a Latin one, and means simply sand, at least it originally did. It acquired its present signification from the circumstance of the amphitheatre at Rome being strewn with sand, in order to fit the ground for the combats of the prize-fighters, and also to drink up their blood! The word arena, therefore, remains a monument, as it were, of the cruel propensities of the Roman people, whose very women were wont to shout with savage and unnatural delight at the spectacle of wretched creatures hacking and maiming each other's undefended bodies, on dire compulsion, or struggling for their lives, in the agonies of mortal fear, with prowling beasts of prey.

Talking of amphitheatres and arenas, puts us in mind of the word

**Orchestra.** Every one knows that this term is now applied to the place set apart, in theatres and other resorts of the kind, for the band of musicians. The haughty patricians of Rome, could they become eye or ear witnesses of this employment of the word, would feel very indignant, seeing that orchestra had once the honor to signify the seats or gallery appropriated to their lordly order, in the places of assembly, in the city.

**Sterling.**— Camden gives the following account of the origin of the word. About the time of Richard I, money coined in the eastern part of Germany came into special request in England, on account of its purity, and was called *Easterling* money, as all the inhabitants of that region of Germany were called *Easterlings*. Ultimately, some of these people skilled in coinage, were sent for to London, to bring the English coin to perfection; and to the new issue under their direction, the name of *Easterling*, contracted afterwards to *Sterling*, continued to be applied. The word became fixed in the language.

**Sarcasm.**—has a fearful derivation. It comes from the Greek *sarxido*, to pick the flesh off; and in truth, sarcasm may be justly said to pick the flesh, not off the body, but off the mind—if such an expression is allowable.

If one turns up Dr. Johnson, or any other grave etymologist, the term

**News**—is found ascribed to the Latin *novus*, new. We cannot help admitting that this derivation is a very probable one; still he must have been an ingenious and clever fellow who hit upon another way of accounting for the origin of the word, namely, as compounded of the first letters of the cardinal points, North, East, West, and South; whereby it is to be understood, that news signifies information from all quarters. This is a good idea and worthy of note, though it be fanciful.

## LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Wherever, O man, God's first sun beamed upon thee—where the stars of heaven first shone above thee—where his lightning first declared his omnipotence, and his storm-wind shook thy soul with pious awe—there are thy affections—there is thy country.

Where the first human eye bent lovingly over thy cradle—where thy mother first bore thee joyfully on her bosom—where thy father engraved the words of wisdom on thy heart—there are thy affections—there is thy country.

And though it be among bare rocks and desert islands, and though poverty and care dwell there with thee, thou mayst love that land for ever; for thou art man, and thou canst not forget it, but it must abide in thine inmost heart.

And freedom is no empty dream—no barren imagination—but in her dwells thy country; and thy pride, and the certainty that thou art of high and heavenly race.

There is freedom where thou canst live in the customs, and fashions, and laws, of thy fathers—where that which rejoiced their hearts rejoiced thine—where no foreign oppressor can command thee, no foreign ruler drive thee according to his will, as cattle are driven at the will of their drivers.

This thy country—thy free country—is a treasure which contains within itself indestructible love and faith; the noblest good, (excepting religion, in which dwells a still higher freedom) which a virtuous man can possess or can covet.

## ROMANCE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A recent letter from Thessalonica gives the details of quite a romantic adventure, which affords rich material either to the playwright or the novelist. Mustapha Pacha, one of the ablest public officers of Turkey, has recently delivered Macedonia from formidable brigands, who have infested the country for upwards of four years. The means he adopted are creditable to his talents for stratagem, and his knowledge of human nature. They are too singular not to be mentioned. Having learned that a young Albanian girl, bearing the name of Theodosia Maria Samik, residing at Mielnick, a town on the frontiers of Greece, had secret communications with the robbers, Mustapha had her watched and questioned, but he failed in obtaining any disclosures. He then engaged one of his lieutenants, named Ismael, a young man of remarkable personal beauty, to go and endeavour to gain her affections. This officer succeeded to such a degree that she became warmly attached to him, and informed him that her father's name was Endoxia Theresa Gherundaxi, and that she was the niece of the chief of the brigands, Michael Gregorio Gherundaxi, whose troop amounted to between fourteen and fifteen hundred men. She painted in glowing terms the charms of their errant and adventurous life, and urged Ismael to join them. He pretended to yield to her supplications, and then learned further from her, that her uncle would hold a general muster of his band on October twenty-eighth, in the forest of Pheloides. All this Ismael communicated to Mustapha, but, in order to avert suspicion, went with his fair one to the rendezvous. The wily Mustapha collected his troops, surrounded the assembled freebooters, and, as they refused to surrender, attacked them with all his force. The greatest number of the brigands fell on the spot, preferring death on the field to a capture and an ignominious execution. A few escaped for the moment, but they were afterwards taken, and are awaiting their sentence in the Citadel of Thessalonica. Among the dead were found the chief, Gherundaxi, whose head was cloven by a stroke from a sabre, and the young lieutenant, Ismael, whose breast had been penetrated by a musket ball. Mustapha cut off the heads of all the

others, and then paraded them in triumph through the town. The wretched Endoxia, on discovering the treachery and subsequent death of her lover, fell into a state of complete abandonment, and lost her reason. Mustapha ordered her to be taken to his own palace, and afforded her every attention which could ameliorate the condition of her lot.

**THE LATE CHARLES GILBERT.**—The quotation manager of the Bowery Theatre was a peculiar fellow, and one of the most fascinating men of his day. At Albany he met with a Mr. Lemair, a Frenchman, of whom he borrowed money until he nearly ruined him. Lemair was one day in a towering rage at the cause of his misfortunes, and used to tell the following characteristic story of his friend:—"Monsieur Charles Gilbert, he come to Albany. He have ruin me in my business—*mes affaires*. He borrow de Pargent from me to large amount. He go to New-York, and promise to send him, right away, ver quick. But, *voez-vous*, when I write to him, he return me *vous répondez incertaine*, *vous impudent* answer, and say, I may go to the devil for look for him. I leave Albany instantly, determined to have the grand personal satisfaction for the affront he put upon me. I walk straight away from de bureau de vapeur, de steamboat. I go to my boarding-house. I procure you large stick, and rush out of de *partition* to meet him. By-and-by, *bientôt*, I see him *vous* large *vous* off, very *roté*. I immediately button up my coat with strong determination, and hold my stick *vers* in my hand, to break his neck several times. Ven he come near, my indignation rise. He put out his hand. I reject him. He smile, and look over his spectacles at me. I say, *vous* scoundrel, *coquin infâme*. He smile de more, and make an *grand effort*, a great trial, to pacify my *grande indignation*, and before he leave me, he borrow twenty dollars from me once more, by gar! A very pleasant man was Monsieur Charles Gilbert; ver nice man to borrow Pargent, *na fol!*"

## THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 9TH FEBRUARY.

INTEREST DATES.			
From London, . . .	Dec. 31	From New York, . . .	Feb. 1
From Liverpool, . . .	Dec. 31	From Montreal, . . .	Feb. 1
From Paris, . . .	Dec. 31		

The packet ship *Philadelphie*, 25th December from London, arrived at New York on Saturday last, bringing papers a few days later than previous dates.

The steam ship *Liverpool* was anxiously looked for, and the *Great Western*, which was to sail on the 19th ult. may now be considered due.

The *London Courier* contains a long statement purporting to be a plan for the future Government of the Canadas, intended to be submitted to Parliament by the Earl of Durham. By this it is proposed to establish the name of Canadas, and to divide the two provinces into four; namely, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto and Kingston, having their own Legislatures, these, with the Provinces of New Brunswick, &c., to come under the general name of British North America, and to be governed by a Viceroy. It is proposed that there shall be a Secretary for the British North American Colonies, and an office established at London. Other minor details we have not time to give.

The *Liverpool* steam ship arrived home late in safety in fourteen days and ten hours. The Queen was residing at Brighton, and Lord Melbourne was transacting business in London.

The Torch-light meetings continue to be numerous, and it is said that troops have been sent over to England from Ireland, to be ready in case of necessity to suppress riots.

At Toronto, on the 28th ultimo, the Proclamation of His Excellency Sir John Colborne, as Governor General of British North America, and other public documents, were read in the Executive Council Chamber, and His Excellency Sir George Arthur again took the oath of office.

The following volunteer corps at Montreal, are to be placed on the sedentary footing on the 15th inst., but will receive pay and gratuity to the 28th:—

The Volunteer Artillery; Montreal Rifles;—First Bat. Montreal Local Volunteers; 2nd do.; 3rd do.; and the Montreal Light Infantry.

The following extra outrage committed on of Vosburgh and family are taken from an office of the *Montreal Gazette*.

"Between two & three morning, as the family their clothes on, (a) pelled to adopt in coat state of that section warning, the window gently stove in, and a party of twelve or fifteen muskets, and bay made no attempt at dog-d that they would marauders demanded, being all the money in them. They then be cond, and having plac'd into the kitchen, t into the other rooms themselves to every troyed that which they then entered the them seized some fire of valuable losses, an a sleigh, set fire to the nine cows, and eight flames—a large quant trod—they brought house and having lo they had brought by; women and children w the kitchen while in another part of the burning in various p pushed the Vosburg bound with cords, into men, and commenced only man the family dian lad, of between years old, who had fe the family, and who d in the attack. His fa husband and wife car this man commenced his bayonet into Vosb. Although his hands w seize the bayonet, and ant, and although th in wrestling the bayor rushed through the do shots after him, but w Another of the party into the father, who al the bayonet from the leader or officer of tl sword and cut the ol dreadful wound on hi and states that he r remembered before he seeing the first ruffian herel and endeavour with the breach while from the first blow on sensible. You will k men were all specta roborated the evidence.

"You will observe or leader of the part sword, and cut down man was minutely de midding stature, darl whiskers, was the g although the Vosburg a Frenchman spoke g dently a man in the and swore, "that be damn Tories, as the C our friends?"—this h were praying for mer

"When the ruffian the elder Vosburg, tl sleighs—on crossing t shouts of triumph, w can farmers who live men arms, and seei barn, cam to the ass and ultimately see flames, and saving t meantime, however, V from his swoon, and fuge in the house of a

The only one of the nised by the Vosburg Michel dit Pointe Ron

The several Volu they were inspect-d Thursday last, by A Macdonell, who r expa fline of the corps.