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MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

James's new work—Charles Tyrrel's *Childhood*.—The innocence of childhood is tender, the sweetest, and not the least of remonstrances against the vices and lessons of grown man, if he would but listen to the lessons and take it to his heart. Seldom, do we do so.

Language.—Throughout life we are hardly holding long conversation without a word, for the expression of the sense is just as much a language as which hangs upon our tongue; and though the other are often equally deceitful we are constantly endeavouring to the falsehoods and mistakes of either ordinary-school Education.—She had in things a natural good taste, and notwithstanding having been at school, was not illiterate, vulgar, except inasmuch as the approach to affection of any kind is in itself.

House of Cobourg.—The house of Saxe Cobourg is indisputably the most fortunate of all the existing great families in Europe. No common lot has attended them in our time, and they appear destined to fill a remarkable place in modern history. The reigning Duke has succeeded to the inheritance of the duchy of Saxe Gotha, which he enjoys in addition to his original sovereignty of Cobourg. His brother, Leopold, was born under an extraordinary star—he first married the heiress to the British throne, and subsequently the daughter of the King of the French—two ladies not less amiable than elevated,—and after declining the throne of Greece, he has been chosen King of Belgium. One sister espoused the arch Duke Constantine of Russia, and thus in the ordinary course of events would have become Empress of all the Russias.—The history of an other sister, the Duchess of Kent, is too well known to require comment—she is the mother of the Queen of England. Another brother has married one of the greatest heiresses of the Austrian Empire, the daughter of the Prince of Cohary, and occupied the highest post of lieutenant field-marshal in the service of the Emperor. Finally, a nephew of the Duchess of Kent is the reigning King of Portugal. An impartial review of the progress of this distinguished family compels us to do, that it does not owe success to unworthy intrigue—its members bear their great estate with prudence, with good sense, and with moderation and their domestic qualities form an antidote to the venom which generally pursues a career of success.—*Houskins' Germany*.

Curry's Courtship.—"Well, Sally," smiling, "am I to lose you on Sunday?" "I am afraid so, ma'am," and she, sliding the door.

"I am not ashamed, Sally," said I, "I show you such an example of matrimony—whom I preferred, that I am sure I blame you."

"This, Sally looked up, and I asked her long she had known Mr. Curry. She began twisting a gold ring that was forefinger of her left hand, and

"Mother, ma'am, was a poor woman, the widow of a sea captain. He went on a voyage, and she fell sick, delicate. I was her only child. It was stormy night, a year ago, and my mother very ill. I went to a neighbour to see if she would stand it. Our neighbour's son was sick; but a young man named Mr. Curry, a very decent person, would come and sit with me. I was thankful to see a liveliness, and said he might come and sit with me."

"It was my father's night, but Mr. Curry sat up for me. My mother was in a night, and he was as tender as a child. Once he began to tell a sea story, to cheer me up; but he had made me cry, because it didn't seem to cheer me up, and stopped talking, and only now and then, when he found he could not comfort me, he would raise her either, he would fetch up a story, as if he wished he could. He was just dawning, when my mother came to a little, and spoke to me. "Sally, hear."

"What mother?" says I, and my heart it would come through.

"Where say body with you?" said she. "My dear mother, a friend," says I, wishing to take care of you."

"I will take care of you," says she, and went right up, and came by the bedside, and took her thin hand, and a voice quite loud and solemn. "I care of her, so help me God."

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"When we recollect that every child of surprising genius, it is of serious inquiry where all the ordination come from, who cross our path of our life."

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Freemasons.—The first Grand Lodge of England met in 926, at York, by a charter from Athelstan, who became a member. St. Alban was also a freemason, and so were King Alfred and St. Swithen. Amongst the great masters of England are numbered St. Dunstan, Edward the Confessor, William of Wykeham, Henry VII., Sir Thomas Gresham, Juigo Jones, and Sir Christopher Wren. William III. and George IV. were also freemasons.

Grand Masonic Festival.—The annual grand festival of the English masonic fraternity took place on Wednesday, at Freemason's Hall, under the presidency of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the most worshipful grand master. Among the appointments consequent on this anniversary were those of the Earl of Durham, as pro grand master, in the room of the late Earl of Zetland; the present Earl of Zetland as a deputy grand master, in the room of Lord John Spencer Churchill, whose promotion to the Druid takes him from his masonic duties; A. H. Morcott, Esq., senior grand warden; Capt. Deans Dundas junior grand warden; Joseph Douglas and Stephen Norris, Esqrs., grand deacons; and the fraternity then adjourned to the festival, which was attended by about 300 members of the craft.

Short Respite.—The celebrated Mr. Mills, who has created so much alarm in some quarters by his prediction that the world was coming to an end in 1845, has discovered a trifling error of about a hundred years in his calculation; and the great event is postponed until the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-two. "We breathe again!"

The Board of Excise have come to the determination to discharge all officers who may, in future, be arrested for debt.

Two brothers named Elm, were once subpoenaed on trial. The first of them having been examined; the late Mr. Justice Park, from his venerable appearance was induced to ask him his age, and received his reply, eighty years of age, my lord. And how do you live? Very regular. And pray what do you make use of as your beverage? Tea, and milk and water. His Lordship, in reply, addressed himself to the counsellors thus—"There, gentlemen, there's a specimen for you of regularity." The other brother was called, and from his appearance, the counsellors in the case were induced to ask him his age, and were told that he was eighty-three. And pray, Mr. Elm, how do you live? Very regular, your honour, I go to bed drunk every

night of my life. "There, there, my lord, there's a specimen of regularity; what do you think of that, my lord—eighty-three." "Ah! gentlemen, Elm, wet or dry, lasts a long time," said his lordship, gravely.

Eggs.—As an example of the extent to which the trade in this seemingly inconsiderable article is carried, we may state, that there were shipped here by the Isabella Napier, steamer, from Liverpool, on one day, 123 tons, calculated at 738,100 eggs, the value of which, at 1d. each, would be £1537, 14s. 2d.—*Derry Journal*.

The members of the Anti-Corn-law League are not idle. They have commenced, in Manchester, a newspaper, called the Anti-Corn-law Circular, containing information respecting the history and operation of the Bread-tax, and suggestions for carrying on the movement against the monopolists. Four lecturers are employed in different parts of the country, whose chief object is to instruct the farmers and agricultural labourers.

Seaman's Prisons.—The brig Rover, of Liverpool, having received on board a cargo of sugar at Pernambuco, in South America, being all square fore and a', and ready for sea, the crew on the night previous to sailing, were allowed to go on shore and take their "farewell spree." After getting "half seas over," and being mighty of cash, they went into a puicerie, or grog shop, which was kept by a person well known by the cognomen of "Black Sam," and calling for a bottle of Ogenedente, or rum, drank the contents while mine host was preparing breakfast. Having finished their early meals, for it was only five o'clock, the signal was given to "fill away the main yard," and off marched our heroes leaving poor darkey to whistle for payment.

English sailors in foreign parts (generally speaking) consider they have an undoubted right to do just as they please; and so it was with the crew of the Rover, for all through the town they went singing, and knocking at street doors, and occasionally kicking up a row with the guards. But on nearing the beach where their boat was hauled up, intending to go on board, they were stopped by the sentinel, who was ordered to take into custody all persons seen about during the night, (the Brazilians being at war with Portugal), and being considered spies, were treated accordingly. But our lads were not to be treated in such a cavalier manner, and taking hold of the bold soldier, soon disarmed him, and then dragged him to the water side, gave him a good ducking, and left him stuck in the mud, bellowing for assistance. He was soon rescued from his awful predicament by a party of soldiers from the garrison, who were immediately despatched to take our heroes into custody, but having been informed that our veterans had taken water, they instantly hailed a Brazilian corvette that was lying inside the reef and informed them of the circumstance. By this time, the sailors had got safe on board, but it appeared they were merely out of the fryingpan into the fire, for a boat was soon discovered rowing towards the ship, closely crowded with a party of soldiers and crew of armed sailors from the Brazilian man-of-war.

Now was the time to "clear for action," some seized hold of handspikes, others crow-bars, or whatever they could get at the moment, presenting a truly formidable appearance. It so happened that the cook, an old weather-beaten tar, had but one arm, and not being able to handle a weapon like the rest of his shipmates, laid hold of a 32lb. shot, kept to pound the cocoa; and before the boat could reach the ship, whirled the shot with such force, crying "There, c—n you take that," that it went through the boat's bottom, and in less than five minutes soldiers and crew were struggling in the water, and roaring most lustily for assistance; from this situation they were soon rescued by the crews of several vessels who had heard the noise; and having lost their ammunition, muskets, &c. were put on board their own ship.

By this time the whole roadstead of shipping had gained intelligence of the fray, and a num-

ber of British vessels, that gloried in the sport hastened on, and assisted in getting the Rover man-of-war weighed anchor, the Rover had a good offing, and promised fair for a wife chase. And so it was, for the corvette returned the following morning, quite chagrined at not being able to come up with her.—*Gazette of Variety*.

WILLERIEU.—"A man can't help what happens behind his back," as the loafer said when he was kicked out of doors.

UNITED STATES.

Yankee Ingenuity.—A Baltimore paper states that of all the silk huggers practised this season is that of the venter in Connecticut who makes his eggs of bees wax which is melted and poured through a fine sieve into water; the water is then poured out, and the bottom is given a multitude of first rate silk worms eggs, made of wax. It is said that unless great attention is paid during the progress of solar incubation, the worms from these eggs prove to run away before they are hatched!

Texas Prices.—\$6 per diem is the price of Mechanics' wages in Texas; but beef is 37 1/2 cents per lb.; pork 75 do.

Extraordinary Humidity.—We copy the following from the *Crawfordsville, Ia. Examiner* of the 4th instant. The events of which it speaks are most extraordinary, even in these days of strange things.

An unfortunate occurrence took place in Brown township, in this county, a few days since, which resulted in the death of a human being, the circumstances of which have been detailed to us as follows: A man named Moses Rush was married to Mrs. Jane Rush about three weeks ago, and upon the first night of their marriage the husband endeavoured to choke the wife to death. She, however, contrived to prevent it, and they lived together about two weeks in a very unhappy manner—Rush beating her upon all occasions. At the time the act was committed, Rush informed his wife, that he had already killed two wives, and one man for his money, and that he intended to kill her, and beat her most unmercifully. She begged him not to kill her till next morning. He then told her he would wait a while, and take a sleep, and accordingly taking his axe, and placing it under his arm, lay down acrossing her in the door to prevent her escape, assuring her that when he awoke he would execute his fiendish purpose. He fell asleep, and his wife, fearing that her destruction would be inevitable if he awoke, seized the axe, and despatched him by inflicting a mortal wound on his head with it. She gave herself up to a justice of the peace, who had her sent to prison. She was taken out, however, on a habeas corpus, and tried before his honor Judge Naylor, who, from the insufficiency of the testimony, ordered her to discharge.

Public opinion is in her favor, and justifies the act on the ground that it was committed in self-defence. He was about eighty years of age; she is about thirty.

Of course this wife-murdering husband was crazy. His friends ought to have put a strait-vestcoat on him, instead of letting him tie himself up in a matrimonial noose.

We see notices in the Philadelphia papers that subscription papers are open for the relief of the family of Wm: L. McKensie, the Canada "Patriot" at the offices of the Herald, National Gazette, the Pennsylvania, and the Inquirer. For the family of this felon and vagabond we feel all the compassion, that the case calls for, but we question very much the propriety of all this formality of flourish in giving countenance and encouragement to a fellow who has been instrumental—and will probably be instrumental again—in causing more murders, robberies and expenses to the country, than could be atoned for by fifty gibbets. He is unquestionably rather the most contemptible specimen of the genus humankind that has ever been classed. Most mountebanks have some shadow of deception in their villainy, but there is not even an apology for one in the case of McKensie.—*New York Gazette*.