

And still, wherever the beautiful maid wandered, a deafening yell of wrath and vengeance rose up against the tyrants.—The people of both races and all classes flew to arms, appointing a general rendezvous for the 24th of June, at the residence of the absent and now imprisoned Juan Costa.

It was there debated by the people as to the mode of attack, and who should be their leader, but nothing being agreed on the whole assemblage bade fair to break up in confusion when a tall and powerful built stranger, who had just entered Texas from the States, came forward and addressed the multitude as follows:

"I am a stranger, but I am also a man; and I owe my life, soul, body, health and happiness, all—all to a woman—my mother! And if I turn a deaf ear to the prayers of an innocent woman, asking my aid against a villain, may both my mother and my God curse me! I go for one, and should you stay behind, alone to fight Col. Pedras, and his armed ravishers of your wives and daughters."

The speech was received with three tremendous cheers, and then a general shout that seemed to shake the solid earth, uttered the first peal of the revolution. "We will go. Death to the tyrants! Freedom for the Texans, and the giant shall be our leader."

And then for the first time was heard in the land of the wild a name destined to become an echo to the pulsation of all hearts—the name of Thomas J. Rusk.

The next day he led his raw troops to the attack of Nacogdoches, and stormed every position against immense odds. After an assault of four hours the charge being dreadful on both sides, fortunately among the slain was the dead body of the atrocious Ferdinand Pedras.

Such was the debut of Rusk of Texas; and from that day his popularity has gone on steadily increasing, without a transitory eclipse, or so much as a cloud to dim its splendour. In vain, for three years, Gen. Cos demanded his arrest. Mexico had not soldiers enough to take him, and in 1845-6 he assisted to chase the last of these out of the country. Afterwards he amassed a fortune at the Texan bar, and was chosen one of the first senators of the new State annexed—a place which he may hold for life if he wills it.

THE PRINCE OF MAGICIANS.

It is related of Signor Blitz, that wishing one day while in Pennsylvania, to procure a draft on New York, for a certain amount, he stepped into one of the country banks in that State and made known his wishes to the proper officer, who, by the way, was a stiff staid old Quaker. Being informed that he could be accommodated, he was asked—

"In whose name shall I draw the draft?"

"In my own, Signor Blitz," was the answer.

"Art thou the wonderful man who is performing all these mysterious things?" asked the Quaker.

"The same," answered the Signor.

"And now, friend, will thee show me one of thy tricks?" enquired the quaker.

"With pleasure," said the Magician, and taking a quarter of a dollar from his pocket, he handed it to the officer and requested him to mark it so that he would be able to distinguish it. This the Quaker did.

"And now," said the Signor, taking a glove from his pocket and placing it over the quarter, which he had laid on the counter, "are you sure the quarter is under the glove."

"Quite sure," answered the Quaker, gently lifting the glove and beholding the quarter snugly ensconced under it.

"Sure, quite sure?" asked the Signor.

"Yes, friend, I see it with my own eyes," answered the other.

"Lift the glove," said the Magician.

The Quaker did so, and to his consternation the quarter was gone.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "wilt thou do that once more?"

Again the quaker placed the quarter in the same position, and motioning the Signor to stand back, the Quaker placed his eyes down upon a level with the counter, and in a sudden

dive at the glove, he lifted it and the quarter was gone.

"Jonathan," said the Quaker, drawing a long breath, "place that money," referring to the amount received for the draft, "away in the safe, and lock it up, and put the key in thy pocket."

"Well," said the Signor, who is always fond of a joke, "now I will give you a proposition. If I can, standing where I am, draw that money into my pocket, I may keep it; if I cannot I will surrender the draft, and the money is yours."

"Go thy way, friend, thou shouldst not do such things," said the Quaker, politely bowing the Signor to the door.

WIVES WELL APPRECIATED.—The clergy of the Greek Church are permitted to marry while in deacon's orders, but their bishops and monks are unmarried. If, however, the wife of a papas dies, he cannot give her a successor; and it is said the knowledge of this gains for her a larger amount of respect and attention than is usual the lot of her sex in the East. A friend of mine who had resided some time in Syria, was surprised, on entering the house of one of the principal priests, to find the Reverend Papas washing with his own hands the linen of his household. On enquiring the reason, the papas replied, "I do this to save my wife labour, that she may live the longer; for you know, oh Kyrie, that the law of our church does not permit me to have another, and I wish to keep this one as long as I can."—*Notes from Nineveh.*

NAVAL ANECDOTE.—A friend of ours mentions a laughable anecdote which he heard not long ago in Rotterdam. It seems that on one occasion one of our national vessels, exchanging salutes with a Dutch vessel, accidentally fired a shotted gun. No sooner did the ball strike the Dutch ship, than up ran a defiant flag, the firing ceased, and two officers came in the captain's gig to announce that a man had been killed, and to ask redress. The American commander instantly ordered his barge, and in fifteen minutes was on board of the Dutch vessel, explaining the accident; adding, as he concluded: "And the man whose carelessness has occasioned this sad disaster shall be hung at the yard-arm to-morrow morning, if I succeed in discovering him." "No, no, no!" exclaimed the Dutch commander; "it ish enoff now—de abology is enoff—blaanty; let the poor devil go; dare ish blaanty more Dutchmen in Holland—blaanty!"—*Knickerbocker.*

THE TWO ERRANDS.—At Perth, recently, a Free Kirk minister and a medical friend fell in with each other upon the street, and walked and talked together until they reached a certain door, when the surgeon was about to shake hands, saying that he had a call to make. "Nay," replied the minister, "I am calling here too; so we shall not separate,"—and in they both went. The divine had been sent for to marry a fair disciple, a pattern of virtue and decorum; the doctor had been sent for, at a subsequent hour, to put the lady to bed! There was yet time, however, for the marriage. The priest did his office and departed; leaving his friend behind him to assist in increasing the number of guests for the wedding dinner.

LYING IN BED FOR FORTY YEARS.—Considerably above forty years ago, a yeoman of the neighbourhood of Keighley, got entangled in the meshes of the tender passion, and suffered disappointment. Having taken to bed at that time he has kept it ever since, neither threats nor entreaties ever once inducing him to leave it. His health is uninjured, he eats well, is conscious of all that is being done around him, and enjoying a small competency, he resolves to end his days where he has so ingloriously immured himself for nearly half a century.—*Bradford Gazette.*

A PUFF AS IS A PUFF. A Correspondent of the *New York Courier and Enquirer* writes an account of a new iron safe which was exposed to a heat that completely destroyed its competitor, and from which was taken, after the trial, a live rooster and a lump of stamped butter. The butter was harder than when it was put in, the stamp remaining perfect, and

the rooster came out alive and well, only suffering from the cold, and almost frozen by the coldness of the temperature to which he had been exposed.

"Can you tell me," asked a grave "pundit," "why a conundrum that nobody can guess is like a ghost?" "No."

"Shall I tell you now or next month?"

"Now, if you please."

"Well, sir, because sooner, or later, every body must give it up!"

"Sam, can you tell me why the art of self-defence am like a ribber at low tide?"

"No, Sambo, doesn't see any similarity of de two subjects, so derfore, I guv it up."

"Well den, I'll tell. 'Case it develops de mussels."

A Modern physiologist notes the extraordinary fact, that at the dinner table, every time a man crooks his elbow his mouth opens. Can anybody explain this phenomena.

Jenny Lind has £150,000 in the British funds—the 3 per cents—and pays to the British Government annually £4,500 income tax. She has given away about £48,000 in charity. The whole amount of her European wealth is estimated at One million dollars.

More Jews, says Professor Tholuck, have been converted to Christianity during the last twenty-five years than during the seventeen centuries preceding.

THE EXAMINER.

Saturday, December 7, 1850.

"LIARS SHOULD HAVE GOOD MEMORIES."

THAT "liars should have good memories," is an undeniable truth, whose exemplification is nearly every week obligingly presented to us in the columns of that most veracious Print which professes to be "open to all parties and influenced by none"—(tis quite in character for the thing to have a lie always printed conspicuously under its name) and which draws its weekly supply of twaddle from the pen of an individual who became the "humble and obedient servant" of the Family Compact, partly through spite and disappointment, and partly through a genuine canny love of the siller, after he had been deservedly kicked about his business by a constituency he had disgraced and betrayed. We beg now to point out a remarkable instance wherein the liar of the *Islander* verifies the above truth.

Not more than two or three weeks have elapsed since he gravely informed his readers that the late Governor was desperately solicitous, last winter, to establish Responsible Government, and was only prevented from doing so by the alleged blundering of the Liberal party in the Assembly. In his paper of the 29th he quite forgets the lie, when he asserts that the majority wanted Sir Donald "to exert his influence to establish Responsible Government," which "he resolutely," says the *Islander*, "refused to" do.

Maclean says, he is credibly informed that "certain Snatchers" called upon Sir Donald, when the question of voting an increase to his Salary was about to come before the Assembly, and offered to support the measure, providing his Excellency would change his Government. Now, what need was there of the bribe, if the Governor was himself desirous of the change? All the facts, as we have repeatedly and successfully shewn, are opposed to the belief, that Sir Donald

Campbell had any wish or intention to establish Responsible Government; and as for the information said to have been received by Maclean, namely, that "certain Snatchers" sought to bribe Sir Donald, we may ask, why are the public not furnished with their names? It is not from any feeling of delicacy or respect for the Snatchers, that the names are withheld—it may, however, be from the wholesome fear of a cowhiding, or something of that nature; for all your great liars are invariably great cowards. Mr. Coles was the only member of Government in the House at the time the question of increasing the Salary came before it. Sir Donald distinctly told that Gentleman that he might exercise an independent judgment in reference to it—that the increase of Salary was not to be regarded as a Government question—that the Colonial Minister did not urge it in his despatch, wherein he recommended the re-enactment of the Land Tax, though Maclean attempts to shew, that if the increase were not voted, the re-enactment would not receive the Royal allowance. Mr. Coles, of course, spoke and voted against the increase, and still held his place in the Council. Could he have done so, in the teeth of a recommendation from Lord Grey—a compliance with which could alone secure, according to Maclean, Her Majesty's assent to the Land Tax Bill.

There is no "probability" whatever, that "the vesting the Land Tax in the Colony, for a series of years, would be refused the Royal assent" if no provision were made for the Governor, for Lord Grey suggested that the proceeds of that Tax, "would admit of a reduction of Duties, with a view to the encouragement of the Trade of the Colony." He says not a word about a provision for the Governor. We quote his Lordship's words, as printed in the Appendix to the Journal for 1848:—

"I can see no objection to the renewal of this Tax. On the contrary, I am of opinion that in the present circumstances of Prince Edward Island, it is by far the best mode that could be adopted for providing for the necessary expenditure of the Colony. I should even be prepared to advise the Queen to sanction any Law which might be passed by the local Legislature for raising a larger proportion of the Colonial Revenue from this source, so as to admit of a reduction of Duties, with a view to the encouragement of the Trade of the Colony. I would suggest, however, that the Tax should be levied at the same rate per Acre upon all Lands, whether the same be improved or unimproved."

Even if it were true, that the Governor "never received a shilling of the £500," which the Public Accounts can prove to be false, that would be no excuse for the Assembly's extravagance in voting it, when they were not required to give it, for it was Sir Donald's intention to pocket every farthing of the amount in the absence of an increase out of the British Exchequer.

THE Steamer *Rose* made her last trip for the season on Thursday morning last. She has not yet returned. We anticipate no important news. The Mails will be despatched in a sailing vessel, in charge of Capt. Turnbull, until the closing of the navigation.

THE Brig. *Empress*, noticed under our shipping head on Wednesday as being