

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

Scarcely had they got fifty yards from the house, when, at a turn in the road, they came upon four privates of the privateer service. The men were on duty. Kate instantly accosted them, related the transaction which had taken place upon the reef, and commanded them to accompany her. They looked—and obeyed.

Three weeks after, there was a trial and an execution. Black Norris was the criminal. Among the spectators at the latter were a young man and a young woman. As soon as the body swung in the air, a shrill peal of laughter arose from the crowd. It was from the female, who, the next moment, lay fainting in the arms of her companion. Kate was conveyed home. She was restored to consciousness; but her mind, so highly excited before, seemed now to have sunk into a state of infantine imbecility. Thus she remained for several days, not speaking. A gentleman seemed to have access to her lover's mind, who threatened consequences similar to those under which the being whom he tenderly loved had laboured. He avoided society—he would hardly exchange a word, even with his mother. He was continually wandering about the cliff and the shore alone.

One day, when he had thrown himself upon the very spot, where, as we related in the beginning, he had intruded upon the slumbers of the maniac, revolving the cause which now utterly absorbed his mind and soul, and lost to external consciousness, he was startled by something falling on his face. He looked up, and saw the loved one hang over him. The tear-drop stood trembling on his forehead—the light of reason beamed from his eyes. She pronounced his name, talked to him of her father's death, informed him that she believed his murderer had suffered the penalty of his crime, but knew not when, or by what means. He drew her softly toward him—encouraged her to speak—questioned her—found that of all that had passed since her wits had gone astray, the only circumstance which had left an impression upon her memory was the fat of Black Norris. He now endeavoured to ascertain the state of her heart with respect to him. At a eye, at once cast down—a burning cheek—lips that made soundless motion—confirmed the dearest hopes, crowned the most ardent wishes of his soul. Reason was perfectly reinstated—love had never lost its seat. He urged the soft confession—and her face was buried in his bosom. In a week she was his wife and alone; with his mother, accompanied him to a distant part of the country, lest old and painful recollections might be recalled by the presence of familiar scenes.

SPEECH OF THE HON. R. B. SULLIVAN,

Delivered at a Meeting of the *Loyal Irish Inhabitants of Toronto, Upper Canada.*

MY GALLANT COUNTRYMEN,—It is said that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," but sometimes the heart is too full for utterance. The principal object of my ambition has been to gain the good opinion, the love and favour of my countrymen, and when I receive a mark of my success in such a compliment at their hands, as the calling me to preside at an Irish meeting, convened for so high a purpose, my feeling almost deprieve me of the power of fulfilling the duties which your choice has cast upon me.—You will have learned, by the public notice of this meeting, that we are called together to express our feelings of loyalty and attachment to our young and gracious Queen; I need not say to you that, while as subjects of a Constitutional Government and as a free people, we expect to receive from our Sovereign acknowledgments of our rights and privileges, and solemn assurance of their maintenance and preservation, it is no less our duty to cheer and fight the anxious and heavy task of wielding the power of a great empire, by warm and cordial declarations of fealty and devotion. It is by the profession and performance of these reciprocal duties, that a nation becomes glorious and mighty, free, prosperous, and respected. It is by these means that the Empire to which we belong has attained its proud pre-eminence, and that we see before us, the sublime spectacle of a young and lovely Queen, wielding with a woman's hand the might of millions, speaking with the melody of a woman's voice the destiny of nations, and wearing on a woman's brow the stars of peace and battle, with trophies from the gorgeous East, the rich and trophies from the cities of palaces and forest homes—(cheers)—from the wild desert, and the blue and boundless sea.

I care not for the murmurings of sour and discontented minds, or the self-sufficient and scornful reasonings of the inventors of untried theories of Government. I speak to an audience of Irishmen, of men accustomed to an foe's well as to their own—men who learned that attachment to their Country and their Sovereign was their privilege and their duty, before experience taught them that it was their interest. Yes, I can speak to no scene so interesting as a Constitutional Monarch ascending the Throne, and assuming the Government of a free people. And when I tell them that this Monarch is an amiable and lovely woman, who longs to their support, claims their affections, and demands their bravery. I do not feel that it requires eloquence to draw forth their exclamations.—(Great cheering.)—But, my countrymen, we must for the present turn from this pleasing picture, to other considerations which now claim your serious attention. You have seen the most constant, and strenuous efforts to divide you, to set Irishman against Irishman, and your enemies have secretly exulted when they have often, alas! seen their exertions but too successful, in their plans for the overthrow of our Government, and the elevation of themselves upon the ruins of the Province. They have said, as for the Irish we may look upon them as neutral—they are a divided nation—if one half be true and loyal, dissent and hatred will at least give us the other half. Ours have I grieved over your party differences, and, with others who wish to see you united and powerful, endeavoured to bring you together. But what man could do, was wrought about by him whose attribute it is, out of the machinations of the wicked, to bring order, and harmony, and blessings. Was it not fearful that rebellion should have come amongst us, like a midnight assassin, and found us a divided people? Was it not horrible to hear that the murderous pike was forging, and the rifle (the weapon of the skulking ruffian) was being smuggled across our waters, the faithless pledge of sympathy, from a professedly friendly people? Was it not more horrible to fear, that when these implements of murder should see the day, they possibly might be found in the hands of our countrymen? But no! From the moment that rebellion raised its flag, our people were united—(cheers)—united, without distinction of class, of creed, or of party. That cursed badge of rebellion disgraced no Irish arm. In vain was it said by the apostles of secession, to our poor countrymen, "join us—march upon Toronto—write upon the arms—make yourselves rich from the plunder of the Banks!" Oh, gentlemen, they know not what stuff an Irishman's heart is made of.—(Great cheering.)—The solitary backwoodsman started from his bed at the first alarm, he waited not for formal call, or legal warning, but hastened at once to the post of duty and danger; he heard no drum or trumpet; he had no "pomp and circumstance of war" to inspire him; he embraced his wife, and blessed his children, and hastened along the rough and toilsome road—beset with enemies; he wore no gaudy plume—no gay or gorgeous uniform, but his heart was true and valiant, and his hand was ready. The wintry blast stopped not his way—the tangled forest restrained not his footsteps—fragments of his garments hung upon the thorny brake—his torn and bleeding feet stained the snow on his path, with the hue which was shortly to adorn his cap—the colour of the loyal and the true.—(Cheers.)—Gentlemen, we are met to celebrate, in joyous jubilee, the union of Irishmen thus caused by the hand of Providence; the motto of one of our flags, "Quis Separabit," who shall sever as, points at the sacred union of heart and hand. We are now, thank God, united, "and these whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Having thus stated the object of this meeting, you will ask who originated it. I confess, I cannot tell; it seemed to be a spontaneous wish; it was whispered amongst us that Irishmen should meet, and now having met together, I trust you will see that we come for no party purpose, to accomplish no low trick or political manoeuvre—we make use of no name but that of our Queen—we advance no doctrine but that of loyalty and truth; and when these broad principles and common ground are made known to our countrymen, we know that it will rejoice their hearts and cause their cordial co-operations. But, gentlemen, let it not be thought that while we profess unhesitating, uncalculating loyalty, let it not be said of us that loyalty is not our interest as well as our duty and our delight. What advantage is offered us by change in our political insti-

tutions? What freedom do the self-styled Patriots offer you? Is it freedom of speech, by uniting you with a country, where the grave Legislators make way while the Speaker murders his fellow Members? (No! no!) Is it freedom of the press, by union with the land of slanted Editors and cackled printing offices? (No! no!) Is it freedom of religion? Alas! gentlemen, the smoke of the Charlestown Convent yet ascends to heaven, calling down curses on unpunished sacrifice! (Cheers.) Is it freedom of person, by union with a land of slaves, where the father sells his child? (No! no!) Will you unite with a country governed by a mob, where justice is dispensed by Judge Lynch? (Great cheering, and cries of "No!" "Never!") Do you seek for strength of Government in a country where its chief officers crouch before the populace, and humbly request the sovereign people not to violate the laws, and where these mean and pitiful supplications are received with mockery and insult? Do you expect faith or friendship from a land in which thousands are now assembled in arms, ready, if they dare, to make our country a scene of devastation and blood? (No! no!) Do you expect even generous enmity from a people who sent into Lower Canada not the noble market or the manly bayonet, no gentlemen, but boxes of bowie knives?—(Cries of chimes, chimes.) Will you unite with a country, in which Irishmen are received with contumely and insult; where they are stigmatized as fire-eaters; where they are taxed like so many cattle; where the Irish Montgomery Guards were insulted, and Americans refused to parade with them; where they were even pelled with bricks and stone through the city streets—because they were Irish; where it is said you are not worthy of the elective franchise, where Irishmen are only tolerated to dig and delve, to cover the sides of canals with their graves—to be as beasts of burden to those who look upon honest labour as a degradation. In one word, my countrymen, shall your children be American citizens?—(Great cheers, and cries of "no, never!")—I feel that I have detained you too long—(cries of no, no.) I shall now hasten to conclude. I see round me, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Canadians—my friends, your friends, and the friends of loyalty and humanity—(cheers)—let them not think that in congratulating my countrymen on their unanimity, and in my endeavour to draw still closer the bands which unite them together, either in this audience are forgetful, or do not duly appreciate the national characters, and the individual merit of those, with whom, and for whom, Irishmen are ever ready to fight, to conquer, or to die. I can assure them that this meeting is not one of exclusiveness or intolerance, that we aim but at the same mark with themselves, and that we only seek to compete with, and rival them in the noble qualities which we know them to possess.—(Cheers.)—We have joined with them, a noble race—we have shewn that they can trust in us—we know, and we have found we could confide in them. The English, Scottish, and Irish character, which united, has made our common country the pride and envy of the world, is still alive and vigorous in Canada, and will yet shew Canada, a child, worthy of its illustrious parentage; and as for that Canada, the land of our hopes, the birth-place of our children—perceive the thought that would disunite us from its native inhabitants.—(Cheers.) [After thanking the meeting for the attention with which he had been heard, the honourable gentleman sat down amidst loud and continued cheering.]

UNITED STATES.

The N. O. Picayune says the coffee crop of the Island of Cuba will be one half, if not two thirds, short of former years. The sugar crop, on the other hand, will be increased one fourth.

A gentleman, lately deceased at New Orleans, has directed 600 of his negroes to be liberated, provided they will go to Africa.

The House of Representatives of Ohio have passed to a third reading, a bill abolishing imprisonment for debt.

On the 14th of Feb. a duel, with rifles, at the distance of thirty paces, was fought at New Orleans, between a merchant of that city and a Frenchman. The former fell at the first shot.

An action is at this moment pending in the Prussian Courts of law, in which the whole population of the town are accused of theft. Three hundred of the inhabitants are under arrest.

UPPER CANADA.

Toronto, March 20.—Yesterday, Leont and Matthews received the awful sentence of death, which was pronounced by Chief Justice Robinson, after a most solemn and affecting address to the prisoners, who, we understand, appeared, penetrated with a deep sense of the enormity of their crime, and the justice of their doom. Oh! that their fate may prove a warning to generations to come, to beware the wiles of designing, sinister demagogues, "whose cup is bitterness" and "whose path lead unto sin and death!" On John Anderson being brought to the bar, he resumed his plea of "guilty," which he had been before advised to retract. We understand he is to be brought up this day for sentence.

In the case of Sutherland the court Martial did not all assemble yesterday, so that he could not proceed with his defence. We hear the Court will assemble on Monday.

Toronto Patriot.

A splendid silk flag was presented to the Belleville Volunteer Rifle Company on the 13th ult., by Mrs. A. M. Baldwin, on behalf of the Loyal Ladies of Belleville. Mrs. Benson of the same place had formerly presented a flag; to the 24th Regt. Hunting Militia.—*Id.*

The Election for the County of Granville, to supply the place of W. B. Wells, expelled, would commence yesterday at Merrickville.

Roger R. Hunter, Esq., has been returned for the County of Oxford, in place of Dr. Duncombe, expelled.—*Id.*

The River has been open to the Lake since Thursday, but the ice still remains in our harbour. The Steam Boat Transit has been cut out, went down to St. Johns I. this morning, will leave here for Toronto and the head of the Lake to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock. The Wm. W. comes up on Saturday. Lake Erie is free from ice.—*Id.*

LOWER CANADA.

Montreal, 7th April.—Thursday last was a beautiful spring day, all sunshine and gladness which was taken advantage of by a more numerous turn out of beauty and fashion than we have ever seen before in Montreal. A great many ladies appeared on horseback, adding to the gaiety of the scene. But the smiles of April are but for a day—the evening came, and her tears descended in copious showers. Yesterday the streets presented rivers of mud, and not a pretty face to be seen.—*Herald.*

As a proof of the remarkable mildness of the season, we learned that yesterday a brace of woodcock was shot by C. T. Pulgrave, Esq., in the neighbourhood of the city. The ice on the river has every appearance of soon breaking up, two channels being already formed in front of the old market.—*Id.*

We are sorry to learn that the Missisquoi Standard is about to be discontinued from the want, not of subscribers, but payers of just debts. We are sorry for this, as the Standard has effected much good in the country; and its loss may be seriously felt. We hope that measures will yet be taken to secure a continuance of its existence.—*Id.*

A detachment of the St. Johns Volunteers, under the command of Sergeant Harrison, arrived in town yesterday with a prisoner named Enoch Jacques, an American, charged with being a leader in the affair at Potten.—*Id.*

Montreal, 3rd April.—Yesterday at noon the Queen's Light Dragons were presented, on the Champ-de-Mars, with a splendid banner, the gift of Mrs. McDonald. The troop was drawn up so as to form three sides of a square, and an appropriate speech was delivered by Mr. James Fraser, who, with Mrs. McDonald, came to the ground in a stanhope. The banner represents, on one side, the red-cross flag of Britain, and on the other, a beautiful painting of St. George and the Dragon. It is fringed with gold lace, and is equal, to point both of design and execution, to any of the splendid banners belonging to the charitable societies in the city. Captain Jones returned a suitable reply to Mr. Fraser's energetic address, and the banner was landed, in due form, by Mrs. McDonald, to the Captain, and by him to Cornet Duff, amid the cheers of the troops and the numerous spectators of this interesting event. We are sorry that a press of matter prevents our giving even an outline of the speeches delivered on the occasion, which we intended to have laid before our readers.—*Herald.*