

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

fair terminate in marriage no evil has been committed.

The parties agreed to separate—four to pursue the by-roads leading to a wild district of morass and hill, called Keenahan's wood; and three, the more direct and better known way, to the same place, in another direction. The neighbourhood of Keenahan's wood had been formed as the residence of a sort of Catholic Green-glass Irish priest—a jovial outcast friar, who lay dead and parched, and married. Although none of the regular clergy associated with him, he concluded all sorts of run-away and forced matches; it was, therefore, natural to suppose that Mary had been borne in that direction. Alick, his father, and two friends, took the former road and Corney Sullivan, and two others, the latter. As they passed Cormack's house, Alick looked anxiously at it; and his father almost involuntarily exchanged glances with him, when they perceived a head, which could not be mistaken, withdrawn from one of the windows, and an open shutter closed.

"Father Neddy's early at his devotions," observed Alick, in a low and bitter tone.

"I wonder what he thinks of seeing so many of us astray in the dim of the morning," replied the other.

"May-be he knows by inspiration," continued the youth with increasing bitterness; "but if it is as I think, I'll drive, and fear, and throw open—ay, the very altar; and I'll have justice and revenge before I lay side on a bed, or taste drink stronger than water."

"Whist! for mercy's sake, whist!" exclaimed the father; wait awhile, and don't be so rash."

They stopped at every hamlet—they questioned every individual, but for many miles received no intelligence. At last a beggar woman who had slept under shelter of a ditch during the night, and was to use her own phrase, getting the children to rights, and making them comfortable," said, that about two hours before, three men had gone that way—she had looked up, upon hearing them pass—"they were riding aisy," and one of them carried a struck woman before him on the horse, "which struck her strange," as she lay more like a dead than a living thing. They took off the night road across the bog, in the direction of Keenahan's wood; and she soon lost sight of them as daylight was dawning.

Our friends followed the track she told of, and heard a rattling from some turf-choppers that the same party had passed them about an hour before. The information, however did not appear to increase the chance of their search being crowned with success. In the direction pointed out by the turf-cutters all trace of road was lost; the ground was uneven, and they were obliged to lead their horses. Scrubby, and often gigantic furze, thickened on the borders of the wood, so as to present almost a positive barrier to their progress; while every now and then, a deep pitfall, or a treacherous snaking bog, impeded their course; and it required all their strength and dexterity to extricate themselves from the clayey thickness of the soil.

Keenahan's wood showed darkly in the distance, as it crept up the Slioth mountain, whose craggy top frowned amid the thin and fleecy clouds.

"There can be no harm," observed the elder Sullivan, "in going to Friar Leary's; 'sorra' a job of the kind does that he hasn't a hand in; and something tells me we shall soon find our lost lamb."

It was agreed that one of the party should take charge of the horses, while the others proceeded slowly and cautiously on foot, under cover of the wood. They could not expect any information from the beings who inhabited the dreary and dangerous district they now entered, as they were generally believed to subsist by plunder; for in times of national tumult, suspicious persons always found shelter in the fastnesses of Slioth, and many bloody acts of violence had been perpetrated under the dense trees.

The few half-naked urchins whom they met, either pretended total ignorance of the friar's dwelling, or as they afterwards discovered, invariably set them wrong. Thus fatigued in mind and body, they struggled through the tangled brush-wood; and although the sun was high in the heavens, its rays could hardly penetrate the deep thickness of the matted trees.

A broad and brawling stream, bubbled and frothed over the impediments that huge stones and ledges presented to its impetuosity, dividing the path (if the course they had pursued might be so called,) and formed an opening,

where the air, relieved from its wearisome confinement, rushed in a swift pure current over the waters.

The party followed the course of the mimic river, and the mountain grew higher and higher, as they proceeded. The depth of the water, too, had evidently increased; probably owing to the late rains; for it rushed over a rustic bridge, well known in the district by the name of "the friar's pass," and which they rightly conjectured, led to the abode of "the Irish Friar Tuck."

Above this simple structure, that consisted of two huge trees tied together, a portion of the mountain jutted, and formed a semi-arch of wild and singular beauty. Its summit was thickly imbedded in bright and shining moss, and its glittering greenery was a delightful relief to the eye that had so long gazed on mossy weeds and rugged rocks.

While the little party was gazing on the fairy spot, a loud shout thundered in their ears. For a moment they were petrified; and then involuntarily rushed to cross the bridge. Their progress, however, was arrested by the scene that presented itself, in what, as they gazed upon it, appeared mid-air: Walter Sullivan—his black hair streaming like a pennon on the breeze—in eager pursuit of Stephen Cormack, who seemed anxious to gain the path that descended to the stream; and put with another shout, or rather howl, Watty spring on his horse, as the eagle would on the hawk, and both engaged in a fierce and desperate struggle. Neither were armed, but the fearful effort for existence gave strength to Stephen's exertions. With the tenacity of tigers they caught each others throats, and as they neared the edge the half-madness redoubled his exertions to throw his weaker antagonist over it. Alick and his father flew up the cliff overlooking but the supernatural energy with which Walter was imbued could have saved Cormack's life. He had succeeded in loosening the hold upon his throat, and then taking aim round the waist as if he had been an infant, upheld him for a moment, over the abyss and hurled him forward; and he been pushed over, his doom must have been instant death, the pointed rocks would have mangled him into a thousand pieces; but the crime that would have attached to the bitterest harmless innocent, was providentially prevented, and Stephen fell into the stream.

The combat I have taken so long to relate occupied but a few seconds—before the worthless youth's associates in crime were able to effect his rescue.

Where the wild man had wandered shall be presently related; he was on his return, and by way of shortening his road determined on crossing Slioth and the wood; he came unexpectedly upon the gang, who had been obliged to dismount, and were forcing his sweet cousin Mary up the narrow and winding path, leading to the hut or cell where the friar resided; armed with but his riding-whip, he instantly fell upon them, and, as "conscience doth make cowards of us all"—they at first imagined they were overtaken by the party, which, notwithstanding their precautions, they had little doubt would muster with the morning dawn. The eagerness evinced by Walter to punish the principal aggressor has been already shown, but it was fortunate for him that his friends arrived at the critical moment; he could have had little chance of escape, as the other ruffians had recovered from their surprise, and doubtless would have had slight scruples of conscience about despatching him.

Mary was soon surrounded by her friends, for her father and the men who had taken the other road joined them shortly after the rencontre had taken place.

Alick's pony was invaluable; the creature seemed to know its way by intuition, and had now the honour of carrying Mary. Alick guided the bridge, while her father supported her with his arm. Stephen's object had evidently been to force a marriage; and had the rescue been delayed a few minutes longer, his plan might have been successful.

"It's no time to talk of it now," observed Alick; "but I'll have my revenge yet. I'll go to the Bishop—and if that won't do, to the Pope; and I'll have that man—"

"Alick; avoument!" interrupted Walter, "if it's no time to talk, can't you hold yer tongue?—look, I've no manner of compassion for any of ye; 'tis very minute, the only notable to be pitied is just me and the pony—who's as good as gould, and goes as smily along as if he hadn't travelled near seventy miles, since ere last night;—then I pity myself, because I'm a fool—and so, I suppose, can never have a sweet-heart, but must live alone, like that great poplar tree, that even

the birds fly by without resting upon. It's very quiet, I never found even a sparrow's nest in a poplar!"

(Concluded in our next.)

UNITED STATES.

SUSPECTED MURDER—Melot, a French Canadian, has been arrested at Buffalo on the charge of murdering a man named Smith, whose pocket book was found on the person of Melot.—*N. Y. Evening Star.*

We learn that a messenger arrived in the city yesterday from Lord Durham, with despatches for the British Government.—*N. Y. Morning Herald, 23d Aug.*

The Philadelphia ships have matured a plan for a large steam ship to ply between that city and England and France.—*Ev. Star.*

ANOTHER STRAW-NAY LOW.—The steam-boat *Clinton* struck a snag a few days since at Island No. 1, in the Ohio, and immediately sank. She was laden with sugar, and the boat and cargo are a total loss. Boat insured for \$6000.

The Albany Daily Advertiser says that there are between sixty and seventy British vessels engaged in the carrying trade between Nova Scotia and the adjacent British Possessions and Boston.

Wheat was selling in Rochester on the 18th at 24 and 26 cents per bushel.

The business done on the New York State Canal this season is nearly double that of the last.

A monument is to be erected at Rockaway to the memory of the crew and passengers lost on board the *M-ACE*.

Orders have been issued by the Treasury Department of the United States to the Director of the Mint at Philadelphia to have the dies prepared for coming gold Eagles, &c.

UPPER CANADA.

Niagara, 13th August.—The Solicitor-General moved for judgment on *Eliasus Warner, John H. Brown, and Jacob Beamer.* They were brought up.

His Judge asked each of them if they had any thing to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced against them. The two former made some observations respecting things having been charged against them which were not true. Beamer had nothing to say. The Judge in addressing Warner and Brown, told them that the sentences of other prisoners whose cases were similar to theirs had been commuted by the mercy of the Government. To Beamer he said that his case was an aggravated one. He was one of the principal causes of the unhappy movement, which had already resulted in the ignominious death of one unfortunate man. It was known only to himself and his God before when he must shortly appear, what had been his motives in this unhappy affair. There was no hope for him in this world, and he exhorted him to make his peace with God.

The sentence was then pronounced, "that you be taken from this place to the goal from whence you came, and on the 31st inst. be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck till you are dead; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

A respite has been granted to Chandler, Waite & McLeod till the 31st inst. George Scott & Murdoch McFadden—sentence commuted—Penitentiary. All the rest are to be transported to a penal colony for life.

It will scarcely be credited, but so it is, that on the eve of a war with the United States, Mr. Durand and ten others of the prisoners in our goal, convicted of High Treason, have been discharged on their own recognizances; and, on condition of quitting the Province of course for the States) within three days;—and five more are to be discharged this day, on the same terms;—and, for the same purpose, to add fuel to the fire. May God in his infinite mercy enlighten our State Councillors since human admonition is of no avail!—*Toronto Palladium.*

We understand that three of our deserters are employed at the Niagara Fort as drill sergeants. This is another proof of the desire to maintain the "friendly relations." Can any body where the American deserters go, after they get to this side? We can tell, that our authorities, both civil and military, allow them to go to the devil—their legitimate destiny—if they please; but where they do go, no body knows or cares. They are not employed to teach the British soldier "how to shoot."—(Jb.)

LOWER CANADA.

Montreal, 28th August.

In corroboration of the rumours regarding the re-organization of the rebels under Dr. Cote, at Champlain and Rousse's Point, we may mention, that when Major General Clithrow and his attendants were on their way to Isle-aux-Noix, on Friday last, their progress was impeded in consequence of a bridge, about three miles on this side of the island having been cut down, and the party was under the necessity of taking a circuitous route past the house of a brother of Cote's, which commands the road. It is said that Major General Clithrow sent an invitation to General McCord, commanding the American forces at Plattsburgh, that our Government would consider him and his Government responsible for any invasion of our territory by the American pirates, and that he ought to disperse them. We are happy to learn that the barracks and fortifications at Chambly, Laprairie, and Blairfinnie are on a most extensive scale, and that there is every prospect of their being soon finished for the reception of troops. The fortification and garrison at Isle-aux-Noix are also to be made much stronger than they at present are.—*Herald.*

FIRST ARRIVAL OF NEW FLOUR.—Murphy & Sanderson's barges brought to market, yesterday, a lot of flour made from new wheat. This is the earliest arrival we can remember for many years.—*Courier.*

We are sorry to learn that a man named Peleau, who was the owner of a boat load of firewood, which he brought from Berthier, was drowned on Saturday evening, by having made a false step in attempting to step from the wharf to his boat. He appeared to have miscalculated the distance, and received a wound on the forehead, probably from his having struck against the side of his boat. The body was found on Sunday morning. We understand that he has left a widow and five or six children.—*Jb.*

Mr. Hypolite Dehaut, and other Citizens of Laprairie, have purchased the steamboat *Britannia*, which will regularly ply between Montreal and Laprairie. She will make her first trip on Sunday. On Sunday she will take all free of expense. The regular price will be tenpence.—*Transcript.*

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, THURSDAY, 30TH AUGUST, 1838.

LATEST DATES.			
London, - - -	July 20.	New-York, - - -	Aug 23
Liverpool, - -	July 20.	Hullifax, - - -	Aug 18
Havre, - - -	July 18.	Toronto, - - -	Aug 24

By this morning's mail we received New York papers of Saturday last, Toronto of the 23rd instant, and Montreal of the 28th. Their contents are not important. A few extracts will be found in another column.

MacKenzie's Gazette contains a Proclamation, which is copied into the *Burlington Sentinel*, signed "Donald McLeod, General Commanding the Patriot Army of Upper Canada," and countersigned "James Colquhoun, Adjutant General;" addressed to "Sir George Arthur, &c. &c. &c." threatening vengeance against "the Tories" should the sentence of death against the prisoners convicted of treason be carried into effect; and declaring that for every "Patriot" heretofore taken this General will sacrifice two of "the Tories." The amusing document is dated "Patriot Army, Cedar Swamp, Upper Canada, 4th August, 1838."

The *Canadian* of yesterday contains the particulars of a correspondence which passed between the Hon. C. Buller, Principal Secretary, and Mr. Chas. De Foy, on behalf of 2000 individuals who had signed an address to His Excellency the Governor General. It appears that a copy of this address was transmitted to His Excellency's Secretary together with a request to be informed when His Lordship would be pleased to receive the deputation appointed to present it. These documents, it seems, were either overlooked or mislaid until the 20th inst., when Mr. De Foy was informed that His Excellency would receive the Deputation with the address on the 25th, to this Mr. De Foy, on behalf of the signers, replied that under the circumstances and for reasons which he assigns, they decline presenting the address to His Excellency.

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