

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT.

UPPER CANADA.

DEATH OF CATHARINE BRANT.—The Upper Canada papers announce the death, at the Mohawk village, on the Grand River, of Catharine Brant, relict of Captain Joseph Brant, the celebrated leader of the Six Nations, aged 78 years. This Indian princess was a remarkable woman. She was the third wife of the distinguished Chief, whose name during the war of the American revolution carried terror into every border hamlet, and was moreover, in her own right, by birth, the head of the great Indian confederacy of the Six Nations, hence, on the death of her husband, in 1837, upon her devolution of the naming of a successor to the Head Chieftaincy of the Alliance. The post was conferred on her youngest son, the late John Brant, who died of the cholera, in 1832. On the decease of this brave fellow, who was her favourite son, she appointed to the Chieftaincy an infant grandchild, the son of Colonel William J. Kerr, of Brant house, Wellington Square, who married the youngest daughter of Joseph Brant. The Chief is a sprightly little fellow, three quarter Mohawk, and inheriting his white blood from Sir William Johnson. Mrs Brant, the deceased, was a true Mohawk. She was very handsome when young, and was married to Captain Joseph Brant, at Niagara in the spring of 1780. When the old Chief visited England the first time in 1775-6, having resolved to take up the hatchet in the cause of the Crown, he procured a large gold ring, upon which his name—Joseph Brant Thavendanegea, was engraved, in order that, in the event of his fall, his body might be known. Soon after his death this ring was lost, and was not seen again until ploughed up in a field, two years ago. Its recovery gave great joy to the old lady, who happened to be on a visit to her daughter, when it was found. After the war, her husband built a mansion at the head of Lake Ontario, where he adopted the English style of living to a considerable extent. But on his death, Mrs. Brant resumed the Indian mode of life, and returned among her people, on the Grand River where she has resided ever since, with the exception of occasional visits to her accomplished daughter at the Brant house.—*New York Commercial.*

A seizure was made last evening by A. Jones, Esq., Custom House Officer in this village, of a large quantity of spurious copper coin, brought by a person from Lower Canada and stated by the owner or individual in charge, to have been manufactured in Great Britain; the coin was contained in nine separate bags, weighing in all 430 lbs.—*Preston Sentinel.*

LOWER CANADA.

Montreal, Feb. 17.—The Williamstown Glengary Highlanders marched on Wednesday for St. Philippe and adjoining parishes. The battalion numbered 871 bayonets, and presented a fine body of effective men. Colonel Fraser is the commander of the battalion. This gentleman was in the army during the war with the United States, and for two years was stationed at St. Philippe, so that he will be quite *au fait* in his present quarters. Whatever service this corps may be employed on, we feel assured it will do its duty; and one great object has been already gained for the maintenance of this colony as portion of the British Empire, namely, proof has been afforded that the militia of Glengary are not only willing to fight at home, but abroad; not only ready to protect themselves, but to give their assistance to their friends, the Constitutionlists of this Province. Well may they claim the motto "Aye ready."

We learn that the county of Glengary can turn out upon emergency, two thousand fighting men.—(*Montreal Herald.*)

A few evenings ago one of the sentries of the St. Lawrence Ward was attacked near the barrier by three "loyal" Canadians, who knocked him down and attempted to wrest his bayonet from his grasp. With admirable presence of mind, he unfixed his bayonet, and sheathed it about four inches in one of the ruffians, on which they all engaged to see it reported that the man is since dead.—*Id.*

The two men who so brutally beat Mr. Knapp, a few days ago, are now in jail. Their names are J. Baptiste Desjardins and J. Baptiste Johannek. The latter it will be recollected, was one of the witnesses of the House of Assembly, in the affair of the 21st May.—*Montreal Transcript.*

army, nearly annihilated, is flying before his enemies. The moment that peace is established, hasten to the arms of your affectionate father, nor leave me till I expire in yours.

"ARROWFIELD AND EASTONVILLE." Horace did not read this letter unmoved—he promised a great deal of love to his three cousins; but vowed that it should be strictly brotherly.

There was another commended letter to be opened. It was from Lord Montescue, and ran thus:—

"My dear Lord Milintower,—What was the cause of that little *bramillier* of ours? You misunderstood me quite. "Walk out of my house was plain speaking, however," muttered Horace. "I was quite surprised at not finding you at dinner that evening.—We were so disappointed, particularly Bella. She tells me you robbed her of a handkerchief. *Adieu, an adieu.* I can't allow that, you know, so immediately you return to England, you must come to me and restore it with your own hand. So I find by the Gazette that that most estimable nobleman, your highly respected father, is one of the cabinet. No one can rejoice at it more than myself. Tell him that he may command my vote and interest in both houses. I shall not say adieu, but merely *au revoir.*"

"MONTSCUE." Contained in this was a little billet, merely containing these words:—

"Do not, Horace, lose or spoil my handkerchief. I set a great value upon it."

"I have cut it in halves," said he, as he kissed the perfumed note.

Hardly had Horace appalled himself that the admiral signalled to the Harleux; to send Lieutenant Lord Milintower on board the Flag. This was a great annoyance to the Harleux. Horace, of course went, and was highly respected with all manner of honours and attention. The admiral presented him with his commission, and the young lieutenant came on board his own ship in the commander-in-chief's barge.

The hands were immediately turned up, and the commission read. That day, the midshipmen lost their appetites in astonishment. They were in a state to swallow anything but their dinners. Not only was it now believed that the dirty brig's midshipman was the son of a minister, but that that very midshipman was going home to be appointed the First Lord of the Admiralty. However, they resolved to make the most of him whilst they had him. It was not long.

Horace that day dined with the admiral, and the evening night slept on board his ship. The next day it was announced to Sir Hippobrande Canine, that Lord Milintower had exchanged into the Flag. The son of a cabinet minister and a real Lord was an article much too good for the Harleux.

How Horace bore his change of fortune, and what other advantages befell him are all foreign to our purpose. He had known adversity and borne it like a man. We hardly can suppose that he would act unbecomingly, in his prosperity.

It was a long time before the excitement among the Harleux subsided. Cutters' and brig's midshipmen were treated better among their afterwards. Lord Milintower went over the ship's side for the last time: Mr. Wilkins and his friend Mr. Filkins sided up to him, and asked him hesitatingly to shake hands with them as old messmates, the which his lordship did most heartily, and rather painfully to them in his energy.

When peace was proclaimed, and Mr. Wilkins had it all his own way round the fire-side in Tooley-street, and Mr. Filkins ditto, at the villa at Peckham, both of these half-pay lieutenants would spin most extraordinarily long yarns, among which there was always sure to figure something very remarkable about their intimate friend and messmate, Lord Milintower.

UNITED STATES.

SPECIE PAYMENTS.

It is believed that the United States Bank of Pennsylvania is the sole obstacle at this moment to the resumption of specie payments by the banks throughout the Union.

Governor Ritner, in his annual message, assured the Legislature, that "the banks of Pennsylvania are in a better condition than before the suspension, and that the resumption of specie payments, so far as it depends upon their resources and situation, may take place at any time."—(*Albany Argus, February 12.*)

room for him with wonder, he passes them all, to the solitary corner where stands the disconsolate Horace Elmston, he seizes the slender-stricken youth by both hands, works them violently, in my humble fashion, and of length exclaims: "My dear Lord Milintower, I wish you all manner of joy!" Then, leading him forward by the hand, he continues, addressing the assembled officers, "Gentlemen, I am proud to introduce to you the junior lieutenant of this ship, my friend, Lord Milintower."

"Lor—er," said Mr. Wilkins to Mr. Filkins. "My," said Mr. Filkins to Mr. Wilkins. I wish I had lent him a clean shirt."

"Well, a real lord too; nobody can say I wasn't his messmate, however." There was consolation in the idea, and Mr. Wilkins paced the deck more proudly.

We are not going to occupy three or four pages with the expressions of surprise, and congratulations, and the offers of friendship that ensued. Every one now perceived, at once, the air of aristocratic in my Lord Milintower, that was totally imperceptible in Mr. Midshipman Elmston. Every one accused himself of being a fool for overlooking so much latent merit. However, the captain soon rescued our friend Horace from the persecutions of politeness by taking his arm and leading him into his cabin. The reader may be sure that no allusion was made to the deputy clean shirt. Sir Hippobrande's valet was sent for, and the whole toilet of his master placed at the service of a young lord.

But, for all these attentions, there was but small occasion: Horace's father, now the Earl of Arrowfield, had thought of the dignity of his son. The two small boxes were for him, and contained the necessary uniform for his advanced rank in the service, and a fresh supply of linen. There were also two letters placed in the hands of Horace.

"Command, my dear lord," said the captain; "the privacy of my after-cabin; you will there be able to read, unmolested, your communications from home." Sir Hippobrande again shook Horace's hand, and our hero found himself alone.

For a few minutes he could only pace the deck of the cabin; so tumultuous were his feelings. Though the news that he had just received were so joyous, yet joy at first was hardly felt. Astonishment seemed to possess one half of the faculties of his mind and tenderness the other. He had his father's letter sealed with the impression of an immense coronet, in his hand, and yet he was thinking of Lady Elizabeth Montescue. There too, amidst his thoughts, when the reflection stole upon him that he had not achieved greatness, but that it had been thrust upon him. "But she will pardon me this, I hope," he thought. He would not have been so well pleased if he had known how easily.

At length, when his perturbation had a little subsided, he broke the seal of his father's letter. It was to the following effect:—

"My dear Son,—You have been a blessing and a pride to me during many years of poverty, and almost a privation, and knowing and feeling this, I am assured that you will be my boast and my honour in our unexpected affluence and advancement. Your uncle, the late Earl of Arrowfield, though he never could love, could not forbear esteeming me. On his death, the honors of which I trust I have alleviated, he desired to be commended to you, and to express his regrets that he had never been known to you. My poor brother has been severely tried. Two fine youths, his sons, cut off in the short space of seven months,—I marvel not that the blow was too heavy for him. He bowed his head before the infliction and died. There are three of his daughters living, your cousins, whom you have not only never seen, but perhaps, whose very names are unknown to you. We must be kind to the poor orphans.

"For myself, I felt that I wanted occupation; by the time that you will have received this, most likely I shall have joined the present ministry; it seems that my stern and uncompromising character will be more appreciated in the cabinet than at the bar. I doubt it, but we shall see.

"As to yourself, my dear Horace, I wish you to remain in the service till the conclusion of the war. After that, of course, as you will have heavy responsible duties as a great land-owner and a future statesman to perform, you will retire from the service, and educate yourself carefully for the important office that Providence has called upon you to fulfil.

"The white flag will soon be flying on the batteries of Toulon; for Bonaparte, with his