

husband! what an unwearied watch did he keep over the very curl of her lip, and the lifting of her eye-lash, when her smiles were bestowed upon her new favorites.—A thousand times in a fit of irritation did she determine to free herself from the tyranny of this self-erected monitor; and a thousand times she did she shrink from, and attempt under the did she think from, the attempt under the bitterness that her own folly had in some measure placed in her power. He might measure Lord Glenallan, who was gradually becoming not openly jealous—no, he was too fashionable a husband for that—but coldly displeased and distant at times, and superciliously reproachful at others. He might ridicule her to his companions: he might—in short, she felt, without exactly knowing why, that it would be better to keep well with the person whose admiration had once been so grateful to her. Meanwhile, young Linton gradually became absorbed in his passion for his beautiful protectress:—that a being so gifted, so worshipped, so divine, should love her time her talents, her affection, to one so unknown, so insignificant as himself, was extraordinary as it was interesting. His mornings were spent in her lodgings—his afternoons in riding by her side—his evenings in wandering through the crowded assembly, restless, fevered, and dissatisfied, till her arm was linked in his, and then—all beyond was a blank—a void—a nullity that could scarcely be deemed existence. His little fair, consumptive sister was almost forgotten; or when remembered, the sudden pang of having neglected her would strike him, and he would hurry her here and there in search of amusement, and load every table with new books, and hot-house flowers; and kiss away the tears that she had in her eyes; and murmur, between those light kisses, how willingly would he lay down his life to save her one hour's vexation; and wonder she still looked fatigued and still seemed unhappy. But by degrees these fits of kindness became more rare—the delirium which steeped his senses, shut out all objects but one. Day after day—day after day—Lucy Linton sat alone in the dark, not drawing-room, and with a weakness, which was more of the body than of the mind, wept and prophesied to herself that she should die very soon; while her brother persuaded himself she was too ill—to tire to go out—to anything—rather than she should be in the way.

It is true, Lady Glenallan could not be aware of all these solitary musings; but it is equally true that she was jealous of Linton's love, even for his sister, and in the early days of their acquaintance, when Lucy used to accompany him to the opera, exacted the most undivided attention to her fair self. Occasionally, indeed, when some charitable dwager had taken Lucy to a party,—and that little pale wistful face passed Lady Glenallan in the crowd, and gave one lingering look of fondness at the brother who was her natural protector, the heart of the admired Countess would smite her, and her arm would shrink from her companion, as she reflected that she did not even return the love she had taken so much pains to secure to herself, but for the most part she forgot all save her own interests or amusements.

At length a new actor appeared in the scenes we have been describing. Claude returned to England; Fitzroy Glenallan's eye rested on Bessie's face, when some careless tongue communicated the news to her. For one moment she looked round to assure herself there was no other obvious cause for the emotion that crimsoned the brow, cheek and bosom, of the being before him. Lady Glenallan lifted her conscious eyes to his, and turned deadly pale—she looked at her a moment more—bit his lip till the blood started, and moved away. A moment's hesitation, and she followed with a light step into the adjoining room. "Fitzroy," she gasped, as she laid her hand on his arm, "you know I knew him before I was married." "I did not know it," he replied coldly, "neither do I believe does Glenallan." For a moment Bessie shrank angrily from the insinuation which the tone, rather than the words, implied. She shrank from her companion; and the consciousness that even that rapid moment, which had scarcely allowed time for the crimson blood to rise and subside in her cheek, had sufficed to flash the thought, through her mind of how and where and when Claude would meet her, and what would be the result of such a meeting, bewildered her, and increased her agitation, as, with a nervous laugh, she said: "You will not jest before him about it—will you?" It was the first time she had directly appealed to him—so directly endeavoured to propitiate him.—A

conscious and bitter smile of triumph played on his lip, and lashed in his eye.

"You may depend on my never mentioning the past," said he; "but tell me"—what he desired to know was left unasked, for at that moment Claude Forester himself walked through the room. He saw Lady Glenallan—paused—hesitated for a few seconds—crossed the room and stood beside her. A few words he spoke but what they were Bessie did not hear, though they were spoken in a clear firm tone. To her imagination it seemed as if there were contempt and reproach even in the sound of his voice; she murmured something inarticulate in return, and when she ventured to lift her eyes, Fitzroy Glenallan alone stood before her. Oppressed with the suddenness of the interview—overcome by previous agitation—and stung to the heart, Bessie Glenallan burst into tears. Fitzroy had taken her hand, and was endeavouring to soothe her, when Lord Glenallan and George Ashton entered at the same moment. Shall I ask the carriage, Lady Glenallan, are you ill? he asked the former, as he glanced with a surprised and discontented air from one to another. "If you please," murmured Bessie, and he went followed by his cousin. Not a word was spoken by the pair who remained, but once when Lady Glenallan looked up, she caught George Ashton's eye fixed on her with earnest pity; how different from Fitzroy's smile! thought she, and as she stepped into the carriage, she asked him to call the next day and see her.

(Concluded in our next.)

TIME.

I saw a temple, reared by the hands of man standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain. The streams beat upon it, the God of nature hurled his thunderbolts against it, and yet it stood firm as adamant. Revery was in its halls; the gay, the happy, the young, and the beautiful were there.—I returned—and lo! the temple was no more! Its walls lay in scattered ruins; moss and wild-grass grew rankly there; and at the midnight hour the wail of a young cry added to the deep solitude. The young and gay who revelled there had passed away.

I saw a child rejoicing in his youth—the idol of his mother, and the pride of his father.—I returned, and that child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years he stood the last of his generation, a stranger amidst the desolations around him.

I saw the oak standing in all its pride upon the mountain—the birds were carolling upon its boughs—I returned, and that oak stood leafless and sapless; the winds were playing at their pastimes through its branches.—Who is this destroyer? said I to my guardian angel?

"It is time," said he. "When the morning stars sang together with joy over the new made world, he commenced his course; and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful of earth—plucked the sun from his sphere—veiled the moon in blood—yes, when he shall have rolled the heavens and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on sea, and one on land, lift up his hand toward heaven and swear by heaven's Eternal—Time is, Time was, but Time shall be no longer!

"Is there no way," said I, "to render Time a blessing instead of a curse?"

"Yes," said the angel, "by laying hold of him as he passes by; but by neglecting him, and suffering him to pass unheeded, he will bear you swiftly through waves of trouble to a deep Gulf of woe. He rolls on most rapidly and will soon land you beyond his Influence, where he who made him will reward you for your conduct towards him. If you would be happy, you must esteem him of infinitely more value than gold or silver. Grasp each moment as it flies, and spend it in doing good. Minutes are worth dollars; and sixty years, the number allotted to man in this world, if well spent, are to him who spend them, even after they are numbered and finished, thousands of worlds, yes, eternity! but the same number of years spent in sin, will prove, to him to whom they belong, a curse as deep as hell. Be wise, O man; before it shall be too late!"

UNITED STATES.

LARGE FIRE AT HARRISBURG, PA.—A fire broke out in this place on Friday afternoon. The loss is estimated at about \$30,000—the principle part of which falls upon that class of the community which can least afford to sustain it.

STEAMSHIPS FROM NEW YORK.—We do not know as yet any definitive measures being taken in this city for the establishing of a line of American Steamships for Europe. There has been much talk upon the subject, but for people have not yet made up their minds that the income would meet the outlay. We see the Baltimore American urges a Baltimore line upon the people of that city; and in Philadelphia, there have been some plans. As yet, however, we think the Americans will wait till the British work out the experiment. Our packet ships do pay,—and the Steamships may pay.—N. Y. D. Express, July 7.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A serious accident occurred on the Lewiston railroad day before yesterday. As the cars were descending the mountain by horse power, conveying a company of the U. S. troops under the command of Capt. J. Smith, such an impetus was caused by the rear car not being controlled by the breakers, as to alarm the driver, who, jumping from his seat, left the train. The very next instant the horse forced off the track and down the precipice about fifty feet, being completely demoralized. About twelve soldiers were more or less injured by cuts and bruises. One poor fellow had his leg so shattered as to probably require amputation. Every attention was paid by the citizens of Lewiston to the sufferers, who were conveyed by the steamboat United States to Fort Niagara.

The officers, with their wives and children, and the wives and children of several of the privates, fortunately were in the middle car, and escaped all danger and injury.—Buffalo Journal.

LOWER CANADA.

Montreal July 24.—Yesterday evening a serious accident occurred in St. Urban Street to an old man of the name of Luckie, who was employed in the Cellar of a house to blast a projecting rock at the bottom. While charging the mine it by some accident exploded, while the poor man was bent over it, and wounded his face and head in a shocking manner. Several small particles of rock had struck in his face, and besides suffering severely, he was considered in a dangerous state.

On Sunday the body of a colored man was observed floating near the Longueuil wharf of the Horse Boat, and was taken on shore. The hands were a good deal mutilated, and the body bore evident marks of having been a long time in the water. It is scarcely credible, yet it is fact, that notwithstanding the weather, and the publicity of the place, the body still lay exposed in the same spot at six o'clock on Monday evening.

CAPTURE OF DESERTERS.—Since Friday last the Volunteer company stationed here have captured five deserters, one from the 68th, one from the Royals and three from the 15th. Captain Starke has taken measures to secure every pass to the United States, so that it is impossible for any deserters to cross the frontier.

Several deserters, from the company of American regulars at Swanton, have succeeded in escaping to this Province; so that the Queen gains as much as she loses.—Missisquoi Standard, July 24.

THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT IS PUBLISHED Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, Price Ten Shillings per annum.

The Office of the Transcript has been removed from St. Antoine Street to No. 12, Sault-au-Matelot Street.

THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, SATURDAY, 28th JULY, 1838.

LATEST DATES.
London, - - - June 17. New-York, - - - July 11
Liverpool, - - - June 17. Halifax, - - - July 14.
Havre, - - - June 13. Toronto, - - - July 13.

By the steamer CHARLEVOIX, which arrived here at four o'clock this morning, we have received the Montreal Courier, from which we have made a few extracts.

New York papers furnish no later European intelligence. It was again reported in Montreal that the steam ship ROYAL WILLIAM had arrived at New York; but New York paper of Tuesday evening, received this morning, makes no mention of it, and the report may consequently be considered to be unfounded.

(From the Montreal Courier of yesterday, received by steamboat this morning.)

A passenger by the Upper Canada stage of last evening reports that Moreau, leader of the gang; at Sault-Rapids, has been found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

His Excellency the Governor General left here yesterday afternoon about 6 o'clock, in the John Bull steamer. We were pleased to observe the good order preserved on the wharf, by an extra body of the Police, under the direction of Lieut Worth, who appears to understand the management of this very useful force.

Yesterday morning, the troops in garrison, consisting of the 7th Hussars, the Royal Artillery, the 24th, 71st, and a detachment of the 93d Regiment, and Montreal Volunteer Cavalry, went through the manoeuvres of a sham-battle, under the directions of Major General Clithero, in the woods and open ground, facing the old Race Course. The Ladies Lambton, and the young Viscount Lambton, were on the ground, on horseback. We regret to learn, that a slight illness prevented His Excellency the Governor General from being present.

His Excellency the Governor General arrived about eleven o'clock A. M. yesterday, in the steamer JOHN BULL, and was received with the usual ceremonies. His Lordship was cheered by a large concourse of people who had assembled to witness his landing.

Montreal, Wednesday evening, July 25.—

This day at 11 o'clock, a deputation composed of a large number of our most influential citizens, proceeded to the John Bull steamer for the purpose of presenting a Petition to His Excellency the Earl of Durham, on the subject of feudal tenures. The petition, I have been informed, is, numerously signed.

Since writing the above, I have learned that the gentlemen composing the deputation met with rather a cool reception from His Excellency, in consequence of an objectionable clause in the petition. I believe he only gave a verbal reply, which was anything but satisfactory. I have read the petition, and submit what I think is the clause alluded to.

"The pecuniary resources of its inhabitants have been cut off, at least for a period; commerce has been crippled, and agriculture checked; and any call on the inhabitants of this island, of a pecuniary nature beyond the present offer, for the redemption of a right so hateful in its nature and destructive in its effects, would be met, your petitioners feel bound to say, with a deep and heartfelt animosity, which even their loyalty and attachment to their Sovereign would fail to subdue."

The above paragraphs are from the Correspondent of the Quebec Gazette. The Montreal Courier of yesterday contains the following advertisement:—

"Whereas it appears by the Reply of His Excellency the Earl of Durham to the deputation which waited on His Excellency with the Petition on the subject of the Feudal Tenure, on the 25th of July, instant, that as the Petition had not been determined upon at a Public Meeting it contained the sentiments of those only who presented and signed the Petition, and not the sentiments of the public generally; and 2dly, that the Petition which was so presented contained a threat towards the Government, in the event of the Petition not being granted.

We, the undersigned, Members of the deputation who waited on His Excellency the Earl of Durham, with the Petition, hereby solicit the attendance of the Citizens of Montreal to a Public Meeting, to be held in the St. Ann's Market, on Monday, the 30th day of July instant, at the hour of twelve o'clock, (the Chair to be taken at half-past 12 precisely,) in order to remove from the mind of His Excellency the erroneous impression entertained by him in relation to the Petition, and there to express their approbation of disapprobation of the Petition which has been so presented."

This requisition is signed by the following gentlemen:—Messrs. J. Redpath, David Torrance, J. Ferrier, Jan. Smith, Adam Thom. J. Henry Lamb, J. D. Gibb, Ebenezer Muir, Robert Armour, E. Maitland, T. Phillips, T. McKay, D. P. Ross, Orin Bostwick, Robert Howard, Stanley Bagg, Wm. Baird, B. Hart, Henry Bay, R. Robinson, H. Corse, John A. Perkins, A. H. Armont, Archibald Hall, M. D. Archibald Ferguson, J. T. Howell, J. M. Millar, H. Valentine, George Auldjo, David Chisholm, R. Weir.

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