

in his arms, and hugged him just as he is hugging him now."

"And the beard, Dora?"
"Why, that seemed to take the child's fancy; he put up his little hands and played with it, and laughed in his grandfather's face, and flung his chubby arms round his neck, and held at his feet most to be kissed; and how my uncle adored him! I thought he never would have done; and then he sat down on a wheat sheaf and cried; and I cried too! Very strange that one should cry for happiness!"
"Very strange," added Dora, as some large drops fell on the wreath which she was adjusting round Walter's hat; "Very strange," repeated she, looking up, with a bright smile, and brushing away the tears from her rosy cheeks with a bunch of corn-flowers; "Very strange that I should cry, when I am the happiest creature alive; for Mary and Walter are to live with us; and my dear uncle, instead of being angry with me, says that he loves me better than ever. How very strange it is," said Dora, as the tears poured down faster and faster, "that I should be so foolish as to cry!"

ON INFIDELITY IN LOVE.

BY E. L. BULWER, ESQ.

To the vulgar there is but one infidelity—that which, in woman at least, can never be expiated or forgiven. They know not the thousand shades in which change disguises itself, they trace not the fearful progress of the alienation of the heart. But to those who truly and deeply love, there is an infidelity with which the person has no share. Like ingratitude, it is punished by no laws. We are powerless to avenge ourselves.

When two persons are united by affection, and the love of the one survives that of the other, who can measure the anguish of the unfortunate who watches the extinction of a light which nothing can re-illumine? It mostly happens, too, that the first discovery is sudden. There is a deep trustfulness in a loving heart; it is blind to the gradual decrease of sympathy—its divine charity attributes the absent eye, the chilling word, to a thousand causes, save the true one; carelessness—some worldly trouble—some engrossing thought; and (poor fool that it is!) endeavours by additional tenderness to compensate for the pain that is of its own creating. Alas! the time has come when it can no longer compensate. It hath ceased to be all-in-all to its cruel partner. Custom has brought its invariable course—and indifference gathers round the place in which we had garnered up our soul. At length the appalling light breaks upon us—we discover we are no longer loved. And what remedy have we? None! Our first, our natural feeling is resentment. We are conscious of treachery; this ungrateful heart that has fallen from us, how have we prized and treasured it—how have we sought to shield it from every arrow—how have we pleased ourselves, in solitude and in absence, with yearning thoughts of its faith and beauty;—now it is ours no more! Then we break into wild reproaches—we become exacting—we watch every look—we gauge every action—we are unfortunate—we weary—we offend. These our agonies—our impetuous bursts of passion—our ironical and bitter taunts to which we half expect, as heretofore, to hear the soft word that turneth away wrath—these only expedite the fatal hour; there are new crimes in us; the very proofs of our bitter love are treasured and repeated as reasons why we should be loved no more;—as if without a throne, without a murmur, we could resign ourselves to so great a loss. Alas!—it is with fierce convulsions that the temple is rent in twain, and we hear the Divinity depart. Sometimes we stand in silence, and with a full heart, gazing upon those hard cold eyes which never again can melt in tenderness upon us. And our silence in dumb-stupidity is gone. We are no longer understood. We long to die in order to be avenged. We half pray for some great misfortune, some agonizing illness, that it may bring to us our soother and our nurse. We say, "In affliction or in sickness it could not last desert us." We are mistaken. We are shelterless—the roof has been taken from our heads—we are exposed to any and every storm. Then comes a sharp and dread sentiment of loneliness and insecurity. We are left—weak children—in the dark. We are bereft more irrevocably than by death; for will even the Hereafter, that unites the happy dead who die lovingly, restore the love that has perished, ere life be dim? What shall we do? We have accustomed ourselves to love and to be loved. Can we

turn to new ties, and seek in another that which is extinct in one? How often is such a resource in vain! Have we not given to this—the treacherous and the false friend—the best years of our life—the youth of our hearts—the flower of our affections? Did we not yield up the harvest? How little is there left for another to glean! This makes the crime of the moral infidelity. The one who takes away from us his or her love takes from us also the love of all else. We have no longer, perhaps, the youth and the attractions to engage affection. Once we might have closed out of the world—now time is past. Who shall love us in our sear and yellow leaf, as in that time when we had most the qualities that win love? It was a beautiful sentiment of one whom her lord proposed to put away—"Give me, then, back," said she, "that which I brought to you." And the man answered, in his vulgar coarseness of soul, "Your fortune shall return to you."—"I thought not of fortune," said the lady; "give me back my real wealth—give me back my beauty and my youth—give me back the virginity of soul—give me back the cheerful countenance and the heart that had never been disappointed."

Yes: it is of these that the unfaithful rob us when they dismiss us with the world and tell us, with a bitter mockery, to form new ties. In proportion to the time that we have been faithful—in proportion to the feelings we have sacrificed—in proportion to the wealth of soul—of affection, of devotion, that we have consumed, are we shut out from the possibility of atonement elsewhere. But this is not all—the other occupations of the world are suddenly made stale and barren to us: the daily avocations of life—the common pleasures—the social diversions, so tame in themselves, had had their charm when we could share, and talk over, them with another. It was sympathy which made them sweet; the sympathy withdrawn, they are nothing to us—worse than nothing. The talk has become the tickling symbol, and society the gallery of pictures. Ambition, toil, the great aims of life—even these cease abruptly to excite. What, in the first place, made labour grateful and ambition dear? Was it not the hope that their rewards would be reflected upon another self? And now there is no other self. And, in the second place (and this is a newer consideration), does it not require a certain calmness and freedom of mind for great efforts? Persuaded of the possession of what most we value, we can look abroad with cheerfulness and hope; the consciousness of a treasure inexhaustible by external features makes us speculative and bold. Now, all things are coloured by our dependancy; our self-esteem—that necessary incentive to glory—is humbled and abased. Our pride has received a jarring and bitter shock. We no longer feel that we are equal to stern exertion. We wonder at what we have done before. And therefore, it is, that when Othello believed himself betrayed, the occupations of his whole life suddenly become burdensome and abhorred.

"Farewell," he saith, "Farewell the tranquil mind—farewell content." And then, as the necessary but unconscious link in the chain of thought, he continues at once—

"Farewell the plumed troops and the big wars That make ambition virtue—oh, farewell! Farewell the neighing steed—and the shrill trump—The spirit-stirring drum—the ear-piercing file, The royal banner, and all qualities, Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war—Farewell!—Othello's occupation's gone."

But there is another and a more permanent result from this bitter treason. Our trustfulness in human nature is diminished. We are no longer the credulous enthusiasts of Good. The pillars of the moral world seem shaken. We believe, we hope, no more from the faith of others. If the one whom we so worshipped, and so served—who knew us in our best years—to whom we have offered countless daily offerings—whom we put in our hearts—against whom if a world hinted, we had braved a world—if this one has deserted us, who then shall be faithful?

At length we begin to reconcile ourselves to the worst; gradually we gather the most of our feelings from this heart which has become to us a stone. Our pride hardens down into indifference. Ceasing to be loved, we cease to love. Seasons may roll away, all other feelings ebb and flow. Ambition may change into apathy—generosity may sour into avarice; we may forget the enmities of years—we may make friends of foes. But the love we have lost is never renewed. On

that dread vacuum of the breast the temple all the garden rise no more—that feeling, but hatred, be it scorn, be it indifference which replaces love, endures to the last. And, altered for ever to the one, how many of us are altered for ever to the world? neither so cheerful, nor so kind, nor so active in good, nor so incredulous of evil as we were before! The deluge of passion has rolled back—the earth is green again. But we are in a new world. And the new world is but the sepulchre of the old.

UPPER CANADA.

(From the Kingston Chronicle, 30th ult.) Thursday last being the day appointed for the Coronation of our beloved Queen, was observed in Kingston as a Holiday—public offices, banks, stores, &c. being closed.

In the forenoon, the interesting spectacle of presenting the colours to the 1st Frontenac Regiment of Militia took place. Mrs. Kirby, Lady of Lieutenant Colonel the Hon. J. Kirby, delivered the following eloquent and appropriate address with much grace and feeling:—

To Colonel Markland, and the brave Frontenac Militia.

When in the hour of our country's need, young and old flew to arms to protect their firesides, and to maintain the supremacy of the Queen and the Laws, be assured that the feeble sex were not unanxious spectators of the loyal enthusiasm which pervaded all ranks and ages around us, but that our warmest wishes were with you in this holy contest.

When the cause of your country and your duty as Christians summoned you to the battle field, believe us that we shared in the patriotic ardor by which you were animated, and that from our hearts we bade you—God speed.

Accept, brave defenders of our insulted country, ladies' Colours, the most appropriate gift we can offer, which bear upon their folds the emblems of our national might and glory; once unfurled, may they never be tarnished, and when in the hour of danger and the din of battle, you behold them floating proudly in the breeze, think of your wives, your country, your unrivalled Constitution, and your beloved Queen; and let them never be yielded to imbrued traitors or to foreign foe.

To which the following Reply was made by the gallant Colonel Markland.

The honor conferred on the 1st Frontenac by the elegant set of Colours now delivered by you as a present from the Ladies of Kingston, calls from us our warmest acknowledgments, and for so splendid a gift our sincere thanks.—The Regiment having been called on at the outbreak in December last, furnished four Companies, which have remained on duty since that period. The whole corps are most anxious to share in the toils and dangers of a soldier's life. Should the enemies of our country ever give the 1st Frontenac an opportunity of meeting them in the field, when we look on these splendid Colours, the gift of our fair Townswomen, we pledge ourselves to you, Madam, they shall be guarded as becomes so sacred a gift. Should the hour arrive when it will be necessary to unfurl these emblems of our national might and glory, we trust they will ever wave untarnished, and triumph over the enemies of our Queen and Constitution.

LOWER CANADA.

Montreal, July 5.—Yesterday morning His Excellency Sir John Colborne arrived in town by the Steamer British America, and received the usual salute from the St. Helen's battery. He left town again for Kingston, Upper Canada, with a company of Sappers and Miners, which came up with him from Quebec. We are happy to say that he has recovered from his indisposition.

A troop of the 7th Hussars, under the command of Major Biggs, was inspected yesterday morning on the Champ de Mars by Major General Clitherow, presenting a spectacle such as has not been seen in Montreal since the last war. The number of men amounted to about sixty, besides eight officers, and the manner in which they went through their various evolutions of marching and wheeling, disconcerting and remarking, excited feelings of wonder and admiration in the minds of the immense crowd of spectators. The beauty and docility and training of the horses have to be seen to be believed—in fact, no infantry could have kept more correctly in line in quick, double quick march, and wheeling.

The peculiarity of the dress of the privates, and the gorgeousness of that of the officers, excited considerable interest. Soon after her arrival yesterday morning, the British America returned to Three Rivers to bring up a troop of the Dragon Guards, destined, we believe for Upper Canada.

Two companies of the 71st Regt. are under marching orders for Upper Canada this day. A troop of fifty of the Royal Montreal Cavalry received orders yesterday for instant departure for Missisquoi Marsh, where the "sympathisers" are concentrated. We hope they have learned enough to prevent them taking any prisoners, should they meet the enemy.

Among the passengers from London by the Sirius, we observe the name of Mr. W. Kennedy, a gentleman who has been sent for by Lord Durham, but it is not known for what situation. Mr. K. is a distinguished poet, being the author of a volume of fugitive poems, published under the title of "The Arrow and the Rose, &c;" and a tragedy, called "The Siege of Antwerp," which has been very highly spoken of. He is an intimate of James Sheridan Knowles, and was for some time editor of a Paisley paper, when another distinguished poet, the late William Motherwell, left it to be editor of the Glasgow Courier.

Mr. Edward Gibson Wakefield, a gentleman who accompanied Lord Durham, is the same who eloped with Miss Turner, the rich heiress, for which he was confined three years in Newgate, and his brother, three years also in Lancaster goal. He is a man of education and abilities, and is the author of a work entitled "England and America." He does not hold any situation under the Government, but has made an agreement that provided he successfully carried into execution some scheme which he has in view for materially benefitting the Province and the Mother Country, he is to receive a certain equivalent. The public lands are his hobby, and he wishes them to be sold to defray the expense of sending out paupers from England to the Colonies. Whig-Radical though he is, he is decidedly opposed to the views of the House of Assembly on the Land Company question, and, if so, he is just the man we stand in need of.

The New York correspondent of the Burlington Sentinel mentions, as a report, that Sir Wm. Molesworth and Mr. Leader, intended sitting the Canadas this summer. We hope they will come among us and get their eyes opened. They will be able to judge whether a population of intelligent educated people from the old country is not more competent to discharge the duties of a constituency to elect members to Parliament, than a population of inhabitants, as ignorant and happy as they are lazy and careless.—Montreal Herald.

THE TRANSCRIPT. QUEBEC, SATURDAY 7th JULY, 1838.

LATEST DATES. London, - - - June 3. New-York, - - - July 2. Liverpool, - - - June 1. Halifax, - - - June 23. West, - - - May 30. Toronto, - - - June 30.

New-York papers of Monday last, received by this morning's mail, contain no later European advices.

The news from Upper Canada is interesting and important, and seems to justify apprehensions of a protracted contest on the frontier.

The Montreal Herald, of Wednesday gives the following extract of a private letter from Toronto dated, 30th June:—

"The 34th are ordered off to Hamilton tonight. The rebels or yankees had made a landing West to the number of eight hundred and are now in the London District. This is by a special despatch this evening, there is no mistake.

"I send you an official Gazette published yesterday, and issued to-day. Twenty-one Patriots came here last night by the Transit, from Drummondville. Such a motley crew you scarcely imagine."

The Montreal Gazette of Thursday says:— "Information has reached town this morning, that, a few days since, the authorities at Toronto had received despatches from the Colonel Maitland, commanding the 32d Regiment, at London, U. C. stating that a large body of American brigands had crossed Lake St. Clair, and effected a landing at Beau