THE LITERARY TRANSC 1

## OETAY <br> <br> THE WIE.

 <br> <br> THE WIE.}"How in the Wife is dearer than the Bride." m , in the spring-lide bour nr 6 \% wihh smilcs he nuptial bow'r ought is marry murnur, like a frigititen'd bird; have thought murnur, like a frighten'd bird; ; hrinking form each stranger's gaze, have thonght flinkling from each stranger's gaze,
false-hearted /ag when she heard the voice of praise, Such weng to hima as some superior tuing,
 secret ale pos
and six wes
salime was ${ }^{\text {n/ }}$, ereation's lord, before the blast
saline iu the gra like parched scrpil or with ring leaf, Therees in depospir, his scarce uplined eye
Joveng' in doppair, his srane uphineal eye, rds forth, and boldy braves ds Fitr us the granite rock;

Ove, umsininking meets the storm, opt eheck the tempost's course, ther from is whelming foree. pare sporting with his fame, donbt-clears every mist away,
ndiant in the face of day ? ch terian fortune, fame, and life, oht has zhe -The devoted Wife. Vrved to dice that Trusecript.] Every in CANAD
every expe joodreLLow.
Tcoprersation stern and unfriendly sea-
full its naime is equpled with dismal full, its naine is erupled with dismal bee may be so in England,
vitle season there dignified with the Winter is but a long succession of
niins and raw piercing blasts, with 11 rains and raw piercing blasts, with
tuch of snow as in our land would fall, yoch of snow as in our land would fall,
fi, in the lat week of old October, Car hour's space in bright December, Thidren newly born would think it far
Wher surdy natures to case themshother surdy natures to case themWhef ande threp foin the heat of sultry, St, inter, the real" gelida inyems,
as wide as widely difering from the raw Jtagonians froin the tiny denizens Ipf Lapland. The giant grasp yast SL. Lawrence for the space Truth, is little like the shadowy - thptering upon with his benumbed fingers, Tpespe shining seales, and exhibits
tinter to the blue-nosed members of iv family.
rofe, December makes his cold shelters the ice-bound fields emency with which a bare and here would otherwise vist the unny beams of May would else then is the time when, like a e in Canada puts off the semarb that to the soft and indolent uld seem more horrible than the the disastrous simoom. Then Taly and blight in Hindostan taly and blight in Ho Ho bendof the purple grape, no groves of nor tall and stately palm, await des he set like molten copper-but Wheautiful an orb of silver lustre yn sy, and sets the same in hue and it was biky! and sets the same in hue and



ini gnged the air whence his
laspe cone of Montmorenci $Y$ os, don your fars, and case yo circle your delicate necks, lep like those of your old gouty anf the roundest pillow on your g. Then send a mighty draught gof brandy, down its appointed
your inner men and women your inner men and women
dwiches, cut from the delicate the forbidden beast; and then, lolas of shaggy buftalo, roil up upon the stuffed and pouting for, with wn,
, see how I gol ep and lordly niver, firm
strength. And now, my
gentle Saxons, survey the scene around you: mountains of wreathy drifts arise in quick
succession, smooth as a lady's clieek, white as her palm ; and now they sink in wavy valleys, where the dark green hue of the bare ice reflects the dazzling beams of the bright sun-now cemes a piercing blast, and myriads of particles dance is the air, in all the colours of parteces dance is
thandy prism.
But halt we now our tandems, for see the steepy cone-heaves in majestic view. Briskly ssing their arms ; while ye, more lumbering unaccustomed animals, stretch your cramped limbs, and murmur curses on the cold, and, limping like the first ungainly essay of a fish on land, roll from your warm enclosures all slippery and numb, and cut ungainly capers on a treacherous surface. But an ye dread
the smile of ridicule, tempt not, good friends, the smile of ridicule, tempt not, good friends,
the dangerons bottom of the sleighs that many a wheedling brat will offer you ; stir not an inch on any other stay than those or that which nature gave you-the latter I would shrewdly recommend ; mount not too high not lest your waxen wings should melt, (smal) fear of that,) but lest your head come foremost down, smashing your bones, your thews, and sinews, in one great common ruin !-
Beware of this ; and next beware of-Hark! wrinkle in the art of gliding I will unfold. Quebec, 5th March, 1838.

## MISGELLANEOUS SELECTIONS

## "The course of true love never did run smooth."-

 (Shasspanke.)"Well, take it, Henry "" said a lovely girl, as she cut a tress of hair frum her
anber locks, and which, as she twined it around her ivory fingers, appeared like gold contending for beauty with alabaster--But how long will thy love for her who once as Friendship does when smoothing the pillow of suffering, while her heart whispers, it is vain. "Nay, nay, Ellen, has not that love been the orb which has checred my merning of life ; and think you that I will forsake its beams amidst the difficulties which may impede my noon-day path I Ah no! on the bright
current of pleasure, and on the storm-tossed waves of adversity, thou shalt be the polar star to guide me from destruction." -s Be it so, Henry, and remember that death must arrest the pulsations of faithful woman's heart, M wil ceace to love ${ }^{m}$
Months rolled on, and saw Henry established in a subordinate mercantile situation, exlis, and far from the scenes consecrated by the pure feelings of a first affection. Stift Ellen was gladdened by the continuance of his love, still she perused with delight the repeated, the ardent declaration of his affection. but, alas ! too soon did those declarations beeome less and less frequent : too soon was their love chilled by estrangement ; too soon did their total discontinuance dash into a thousand atoms the defence erected by hope for the preservation of the heart's peace of Ellen: happily for her, she knew not thie cause, The infatuated votary of dissipation, for this phantom Henry had sacrificed every virtuous principle ; at the gaming-table time, fame, for sune, all were squandered; and finding his resources unequal to his wants, he had determined to unequal
forge a draft in his father's name, hoping to rorge a drain the money before the act was disco-
replat vered. To initate the signature with exactness, he had recourse to one of his father's letters ; it was the first which Henry had received on his arrival in the capital, and contained all the admonitions to virtue, all the dissuasives from vice, which a parent's heart could cictate. Though buried in the silence of night, and in the solitude of his chamber, still the conscionsness of his purpose paralysed his hand: he faulteringly opened it, but started on discovering that hair The sight of it revived all the recollections of joy and innocence connected with her image : he paused even upon the threshold of crime ; he perased the admonitions of his father, and virtue conquered. But too transient, alas I was her empire: Henry, impelled by vanity, and lured by tbe fascinations of a beauty who, bound to no authority but that of passion, prepared to fy from a husband only too indulgent, from children whose only fault was, that their heiplessness and innocence reproached their mother. The day previous to that had arrived op which Henry had resolved to separate from
ianosence for ever; the arrangements for hi
$\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text { his departure were con } \\ \text { the few valuables he }\end{array}\right.$ contained in an antioue ceeded with hurried them into a small cask and that the most valuable still reman dd a small bo mind absorbe in the idea, he mechanu ly once loved one, whose faded from his soul, as heaven retires from the wind and the storm. minutes nive ted to the s,
nutes the electric spark mory, and the pictures of love appeared glowing blushes a welcone to the ed by remorse, he instan
don his present design darewell to her whose him from the path of honot bered with agony the time bered with agony the time
since he had last written solving to tell his tale of p his pardon. On arriving found the roses bloming and the brightness of a sum loveliness and animation o a heart vibrating between entercd the cottage, and $t$ remained of Ellen. EExhaust was reclining onta sofa, pale
which, rearing its pentle which, rearing its gentse
sunbeam which it loves, winter's blast, then droops recorering the shock which gave her, she calmly listene his errors and his rerentar her eyes upon him "Henry, feel that my very hours are lieving that you had tramplei only beat for you, death has the best gift of Heaven. H dearly I have loved, my gray May God bless you frr (soot presence mys bless you, for cheerir hope that we ghall mnet in a ${ }^{\text {a }}$ has extracted the last thom if in prayer,-she looked op expired!

## (From the Religious Magate.) <br> One moming in eariy life I member to

 have been playing with my youk sister notmore than three yeass old. It was he of those bright mornings in Spritg, that brig jo and life to the heart, and diffose gladnes and animation through all the ribes of living creatures. Our feelings wee in perfect harmony with the universal gladiess of nature. Even now I seem to hear the merry laugh of my
little sister, as she followed me through the winding allies of the girden, her cheek suffused with the glow of lealth and animation, and her waving hair floating in the wind. She was an only sister the sole companion of all my childish sports. We were constantly together, and my young heart went out to her, with all the affection, all the fondness of which childhood is capable. Kothing afforded me enjoyment, in which she did not partieipate ; no amusement was sought, which we could not share together.
That morning we had prolonged our play till near the hour of brealfast with undiminished ardour when at some sight provocation, my impetuous nature broke forth, and in my anger 1 struck my little sister a blow with my hand. She turned to me with an appeaing Her heart was too full to allow her to speak and shame made me silent. At that moment the breakfast bell summoned me away, and we returned to the house, without exchanging a word. The excitement of play was over, and as she sat heside my mother at breakfast, I perceived by occasional glances at her, that she was pale and sad. A tear seemed ready to start in her eye, which her little self posession could scarcely repress. It was only when my mother inquired if she was ill, that she drank her coffee, and tendeavgoured to eat. wis ashamed and grieved, and inwardly resolved to embrace the opportunity when we were alone to throw my arms around her neck, and entreat her forgiveness.
When breakfast was ended, my mother re: tired with her into har own room, directin me in the meantime to sit down to my leeson. I me in the melantime to sit down tn my lesson.
lesson, but did not leann it. My thoughts were perpetually recurring to the scene in the garden and at the labie. when she did it wa ay mocher retel look, and huried step, to (e) with an agitated me that aif porit to her but was not pereageriy if migh bo wost Ishorh. A physician mitted, lest sun weans used for her rewas called and ne purpose. The disease which was in her head, constantly increased in viowas in her head, and she became delirous. It was not leace, and she becaw wermitiedtio see her. She was a little recovcred from the severity She was a litue recorcth her eyes clused, and of her pain, and lay on the pillow beneath her little hand res I longed to tell her the sorrow I head. How longed to her in the morning, felt for wy unkindnuss to her in during the day and how much I sutfered for it dung cone was But I was forbidden to speak io During that soon taken ort following, she continued to night, and the following, she concs, but she grow worse. I saw her sevear umes, bur she was always insensible of my presence. Once indeed she showed some signs omediately reness, and asked for me,
lapsed into her former state.
On the morning of the third day, I arose at On the morning of hie third day, 1 arese an early hour, and repaired io the sick room. -My mother was sitting by the bed. As I entered she drew me to her, and was for some time silent, while the tears flowed fast down
her face: I first leamed that my sweet fister her face: I first leamed that my sweet fister was dead, as my mother drew aside I felt as
tain that concealed her fiom me. tain that concealed her flom me,
though my heart would break. The rememthough my heart would break. The remem-
brance of her affection for me, and my last unkind deed revived in my mind; and burying my face in the folds of the curtain, I wept long and bitterly
1 saw her laid tis the coffin and lowered into the grave. I almost wished to lie down there with her, if so I might see once more her smine and hear my forgiveness pronounced in her sweet voice.
Years have passed away, and I am now a man -but never does the recolection of this inctdent of my earief and remane. And never do sce young friends exchanging looks, or words of anger without thinining of my pastime with my owa loved Ellen.
$\mathrm{H}-$ —.


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