

In the darkest recess of my soul I registered a vow to seek Reardon over the world, until I had signally revenged her wrongs, my own blighted manhood, and darkened future.

Alice then spoke of mercy and peace to all men, and conjured me for my own sake to spare her destroyer. I heard without accurately comprehending her. My future course was irrevocably determined, and with that stupefaction which only the extreme of mental suffering can produce, I listened to her dying words.

In two hours after my arrival the family was called in to receive her last farewell. I supported her upon my breast, which no longer heaved with the pulsations of anguish that had so long thrilled in every throb of my heart. No; the worst was known, and above my great sorrow arose the intense and burning desire for revenge. Two great emotions cannot exist together: one must succumb to the other.

Alice comprehended something of what was passing in my mind, and almost with her last breath she murmured, 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.'

I muttered; 'Aye; but He often chooses earthly instruments by which to accomplish it.'

She died; and imprinting a last kiss upon her pale lips, I left the house; I could not remain to perform the last rites to her precious remains.

I wandered in the woods in communion with the spirit of the dead, until the returning stage arrived. I was then borne to the scene of anticipated retribution. It was midnight when I reached New York. I felt that I could not rest: in such a condition of feverish excitement, motion was the only state I could bear, and I hurriedly paced the streets arranging in my mind the means of discovering my doomed enemy. Day was just beginning to dawn when I passed the open door of an oyster cellar, from which two men were emerging. A voice spoke which made my blood bubble in my veins. It was Reardon. He said: 'I shall leave to day, or that fool Purcel will be on my track. If that girl had not played me such a trick, I should long since have been buried in the far West, where I would have defied him to find me. I have fooled away too much time in trying to seek her out.'

He stepped on the pavement. At that moment a line of rosy light shot upward from the rising sun, and streamed full on my pale and determined countenance. Reardon recoiled and drew his knife from his breast. Not a word was spoken, we rushed on each other, and I sheathed my dagger in his traitorous heart.

The prisoner ceased and the priest said emphatically: 'Your life must be saved my son. I must now leave you, but you shall hear from me ere long.'

We will only add that all the facts of the case being taken into consideration, the sentence of Erlon Purcel was finally changed to imprisonment for ten years. His good conduct caused that time to be reduced to half the term. Once more free, he went to St. Louis, and joined a band of trappers bound for the far West. Let us hope that in the eternal forest far from the haunts of civilized men, he has repented of the crime he committed, and found that peace and trust in the future which is Life's most precious possession.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

PROGRESS.

We have heard much during the last few years of Progress—by which seems to be generally meant an advance of the physical and moral conditions of society. To promote this progress by the education of the masses, and the diffusion of intelligence through all classes, has been a ruling object with many active minds; while, on the other hand, a portion of society has appeared almost as devoutly bent on establishing a retrogressive movement. Prominent as the idea has been amongst us, there are several misapprehensions, or imperfect apprehensions, regarding Progress.

It has even been a question whether the destiny of humanity does really involve such an idea or not. Those who take the negative or doubtful view, point to large portions of the earth, such as Asia and Africa, where, to all appearance, there has been no progress whatever for many centuries—in many parts of which, indeed, there has been retrogression. It may quite well be, however, that the movement is liable to indefinite retardations, and even partial retrogressions, and yet be a true onward movement in the main. Geographical accidents, producing isolation, paucity of population, or physical unhealthiness, have evidently much to do in determining the matter. Accidental contiguity to rude warlike nations may cause a partially civilized one to be thrown back or effectually checked. Such things are to be admitted. Yet it may be questioned if even in those nations which appear to be the most stereotyped, there is not one small change constantly going on. The most receivable theory is this—that conditions being allowed to have an influence, the rate of the progress is rapid in proportion to the amount of time passed over: so slow at first as to be imperceptible; then a little faster, so as to tell during a few centuries of history; finally so rapid, that one generation is sensibly in advance upon that which immediately preceded it. Thus the Asiatic nations, for example, may be only in one of those early stages of progress when the movement is so slow as to escape superficial

observation. Supposing the same conditions to last, the next two or three thousand years of their history may present only a slight improvement of the rate of progress. But the chance, to be sure is, that European civilizations will break in and communicate an external impulse entirely subversive of the present rate. Perhaps India is at this moment brought up by the British domination to about the ratio at which England herself was in the time of the Heptarchy. The last fifteen years have probably done more for China than any influences at work within her for progress during the last thousand.

There is something sublime both in the vast spaces of time required for the problem, and the accidents by which may it be effected. In a rate like that of most Asiatic nations during the time we have any knowledge of them, a generation is nothing. The individual man wakes into the world, goes on laboring in his course through youth, maturity and old, and dies without having been able to appreciate the slow movement of that index on the dial of time. The dust and the memorials of such a set of generations is of scarcely any more importance in the moral retrospect than that well-compacted mass of the leafy honours of many successive summers which we can trace in the stratum of peat bog. But who can tell when the Interference is to take place? Amidst all the monotony, Providence brings, some morning, a fleet of strangers, breathing totally different aspirations, and from that day the ratio of speed is changed. All old things begin to pass away, and men begin to find literally a new heaven and a new earth placed before them.

Even in the most progressive nations a generation is not of much account. Among ourselves, seventy years pass, and produce only a number of minor changes. Manners are softened in some particulars; improvements take place in matters affecting the convenience of life; classes of men take a more enlightened and liberal aspect. But it is given to few such spaces of time to see great revolutions in thought and opinion, in politics, in religion, or in the plan of society. The individual must be content to see only his small part of some of those grand movements, the issues of which form landmarks in history. It were well for the most forward class of minds to see and resign themselves to this view of their lot. Seeing with tolerablefulness and clearness what society is working towards, they are apt to chafe themselves in vain efforts to realise what only shall be vouchsafed to their children's children. Better to reserve themselves in a calm anticipation of the joys to come—glad to think that such things are to be, though they shall have gone far hence before they are. Minds of this class, by their vehemence, often retard the movement they desire to promote. It is just one of the first fatal points in the history of all great causes, that first the tremendous obstructions raised by their injudicious advocates are to be overcome. But this is not all. By aiming directly at remote results, the efforts of the progressive are rendered of comparatively little avail, seeing that remote results are not to be immediately achieved. The true duty of all who wish to see the best interests of humanity developed, is to promote whatever intermediate things promise a partial benefit towards the main object. The generation, in short, should seek to do only a generation's work. If it does that well, without attempting anything further, it will be more in the way of a true progress than it could be by the most energetic efforts to propel the general machine beyond the rate of speed which, in spite of everything, the general mind will determine.

This counsel, it must be observed, is only applicable to extreme cases. It would not do to bind down every mind which entertains generous and aspiring views in behalf of humanity, to some tame ideal of what is possible to be done in any particular space of time. In fact they will not be so bound down. It is their nature to be ever pressing on the bonds of the practicable; and this within a certain limit, is an admirable and serviceable feature of such minds, tending to overcome petty difficulties, and really to produce an acceleration of the mass of inertia. One could almost say that there is an idea of progress seated in human nature, and filling a space in what may be called the end or final cause of life. Most men will be conscious, in the latter part of their course, of having originally burst in upon it with a vague consciousness that there was something to be done in the world which they were to have a share in doing. It led them on from year to year, always perhaps getting a little duller, according as it was found unverified, but yet always exercising a sustaining power and forming a lively enjoyment, until at length the approach of the night, which closes man's work, turned their thoughts to other objects too apt to be neglected in the noon and pride of the day. We had almost said that a sense of the vanity of the feeling at last steals over the mind; but surely that cannot be vanity which has an evident place amongst the influences by which the great ends of Providence are worked out. A man's day's work is not a vanity because he sits down weary and perhaps disgusted with it at the close. Neither is this impulse a vanity merely because its force is at last spent. Its effects remain, though perhaps too small to be appreciable. With a reflective mind the worst disappointment that can take place will be that attending the correction of the original idea that something great and definite was to be done, and to be seen done. In at length finding that we can only do our part, and that perhaps a small part, towards some huge result to be realized

long after we shall be forgotten, our sense of power will be sensibly mortified; but still we may rest tolerably satisfied with the consideration, that we have done all that God designed a single generation to do in the case. It is scarcely necessary, moreover, to suggest that some higher pulse of joy is yet to be awakened in another state of being in looking down on the accomplishment of the good work to which our mortal hands have contributed.

Although there is certainly some such impulse as this in human nature, it is obviously of very different degrees of force in different nations. How vivid among the Anglo-American people—how dull amongst the Esquimaux! But so also is the sense of beauty dull or brutified amongst some people. So also are some nearly deficient in industrial inclinations. If torpid, or at least inactive, amongst the great majority of mankind, so also can it be dispensed with as a source of enjoyment. The poor wanderer of the desert, the miserable savage, the neglected, low-living portions of Celtic nations, as the Highland cottors amongst ourselves, will be found content if they can only obtain immediate daily necessities. Sad, indeed, it is to reflect how to so many on the face of the earth, from age to age, this mortal life is little better than that of the coral insects or the silicious animalcules, which only leave their dust for future generations to tread upon. The fact no doubt has its import in the Great Design, though we do not really see it. But it may meanwhile be allowable to congratulate ourselves on having attained a point so different in human progress, when, in the very idea of that progress, and our workings upon it, some of the purest sources of happiness are laid open to us.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

NEVER COMES THE BEAUTIFUL AGAIN.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Oh! the cruel words that have been spoken—  
'Never comes the beautiful again!'  
Credit not the saying: still unbroken  
Is the pledge which Nature's tongue hath spoken  
With an earnest eloquence to men.

Beauty ne'er departeth! Beauty dwelleth  
Where'er love's eyes look out for her—  
Where the woods glisten and the wild deer  
belletta,  
Where mystic echoes 'mid hill grottoes dwelleth,  
Where rills rush through deep glens, her  
footsteps stir.

What gem-like stars are sparkling in the heavens,  
And fragrant flowers are springing from  
the earth—  
Where sunny morns are bright, and golden  
evens  
Shed their many-tinted clouds across the  
heavens,  
Beauty, in changeable glory, wanders forth.

Where sea-waves, to the summer sunshine  
dancing,  
Receive white pinioned birds upon their  
breast—  
Or where mad tempest, o'er the deep advancing,  
Ushers forked lightning, that in rapid dancing  
Curls, snake-like, o'er each tumbling billow's  
crest;

Where genius looketh forth, with high endeavor,  
From mental casements on the peopled  
world,  
Beauty may aye be seen—'a joy for ever'—  
To him who seeks her with a high endeavor,  
Love's loyal banners in his hand unfurled.

Men may shut out the bright and glorious vision  
By hateful arts and actions, and the sway  
Of thoughts unnatural; but no hard decision  
Of minds penurious robs us of the vision  
Which beauty sheds across her lovers' way!

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

Of all the sights that nature offers to the eye or mind of man, mountains have always stirred my strongest feelings. I have seen the ocean when it was turned up from the bottom by the tempest, and noon was like night, while the conflict of the billows and the storm, tore and scattered them in mist and foam across the sky. I have seen the desert rise around me; and calmly in the midst of thousands uttering cries of horror, and paralysed with fear, have contemplated the sandy pillars, coming like the advance of some gigantic city of conflagration, flying across the wilderness, every column glowing with intense heat, and every blast death; the sky vaulted with gloom, the earth a furnace.

But with me, the mountain in tempest or calm, the throne of thunder, or with the evening sun painting its dells and declivities in colors dipped in heaven, has been the source of the most absorbing sensation. There stands magnitude, giving and instant impression of a power above man; grandeur, unencumbered; beauty that the touch of time makes only more beautiful; the truest earthly emblem of that ever-living, unchangeable, irresistibly majestic, by whom and from whom all things were made.

The Politician.

THE COLONIAL PRESS.

From the Toronto Patriot.

THE RAILWAYS OF THE STATES FOR CANADA IN TIME OF WAR.

We have been prevented resuming our observations on the future importance of Railways to British North America, and particularly to Canada, by the interference of other matter, not admitting of postponement, which has since occupied our pages; but we now return to the subject.

When we last noticed them, we raised the question, whether or not we should expend Canadian capital in the construction of one vast trunk line, running through British American territory, terminating at a British American port, employing our own shipping, our own seamen, and our own labour; increasing our own manufactures, improving our own territory and property, enriching our own people, in short deriving all the benefits ourselves—or whether we should at some one or more point or points cross the American lines, connect ourselves through their territory with their Atlantic ports, send the whole export trade of the British territory through the States, and so enrich our neighbors, not ourselves.

There are several outlets for Canadian produce, contemplated or preferred, through the States by railway to the ocean. From Montreal and Quebec, it is proposed to connect ourselves at Melbourne with Portland, where we may either ship our goods for the European markets, or passing that by, go on to Halifax. Then we have the railway from Ogdensburg to connect us either with Boston or New York. We have also a railway from Buffalo, and another from Dunkirk, all tending to the same ports, so that in point of fact we have only to place our purse in the hand of the Yankee speculator and direct him at once to make our railways so as to tend to those points, and to make at our cost, within American territory, such lines as may be necessary to complete the chain of railway connexion with all or any of these places with which it is now imperfect, and then we shall have the process of "tapping the Canadas" so extensively in operation, that the absentee drain which has done so much to aggravate the poverty of Ireland, will be nothing to the effect of our Yankee connection. We shall, in fact, have taps at every point, with suction perhaps applied to them to drain us more quickly. In a brief time everything worth extracting would be drawn from us, and poverty, with complete dependence upon Yankee generosity, be the lot of Canada.

The only reasons that we have ever yet heard given, why we should invest our money in the construction of Railways, to be connected with those of the States, and run our traffic over theirs, to their Atlantic ports, are few. One more applicable to Kingston, is urged by proprietors in the Rome and Cape Vincent Railway, who say that that line is the nearest route from Kingston to the Atlantic by seventy miles; and why, then, should Kingston be kept in a state of vassalage to Montreal? Another reason given is, that we have had such experience in Upper Canada of mercantile dealings with the Montrealers, that there is no desire to extend them, and that we had better be independent of them; but surely all this latter can be attained in British territory. Another reason urged was, that most of the American Railways in the Northern States, were already made, some to the lines as at Buffalo and Ogdensburg, others could be brought to them at little expense, and, by them, we should, almost at once, have a means of transit to the ocean ports in the neighboring States.

This is all very true, and if our neighbors in the adjacent States like the speculation, let them make the Railways to our towns with their own capital, and so connect them, if they please, with our main Trunk line from Port Saranja to Halifax. If the route through their territory has all the advantages for us, which they say, they are sure to have our custom, as quicker, cheaper, and better than our own. But there are weighty reasons why we should not invest one penny in the Railways of the adjacent States, for the attainment of such an object, to the rejection of Railways in our own territory.

One reason is, that if we send all our produce through the States to the Yankee ports, we have no longer employment for the 500,000 tons of British shipping which frequent the St. Lawrence in the summer. If we export from Yankee ports, our neighbours will take right good care that we do so in Yankee bottoms. If we have no return freights to offer vessels coming to the St. Lawrence, the British manufacturer who sends his goods must pay freight both ways. At present he can hardly compete with the Americans—then he could not do so at all, and we should have no market to derive our manufactured goods from but the States, and they would, once they were freed from British competition, very soon exact their own prices for every thing.

If we make our railways to the Atlantic ports in British Territory, the British Government will aid us to the extent of one half the cost. If we prefer the Yankee connection, the British Government will not aid us to the extent of one penny.

If we invest our capital in making railways in the United States, to enable us to bring our produce to the seaboard, it may be all very well while the United States are at peace with all the world, but if she becomes involved in war, no matter with whom, we