

could not speak it, and having listened almost breathlessly to the recital of the lady, now rose once more from the sofa. But again she stayed my steps.

'Listen to me a moment longer,' she said. Your friend Ernest after leaving the Grange last evening to meet you, stopped here, and this delay prevented him from arriving at the stage-road until too late to see you, but he learned that you had proceeded on horseback towards his father's residence, more than an hour before. Thick clouds shadowed the sky and it was dark and late when he returned through the forest, when his attention was arrested by the groans of some person. Hastily alighting, and following the sounds, he discovered this man wounded, and having raised him with some difficulty, he placed him on the horse, and brought him here as the nearest house. But Ernest has since been arrested on suspicion of wounding him, although we all know he is innocent. His brother has gone with him and the officers of the law to the next town.'

'Do not detain me a moment,' I exclaimed. 'Ernest is innocent! It was I who, in self-defence, shot at Darell, who attacked me in the forest last night, no doubt mistaking me in the darkness for my friend.'

The party with Ernest had been gone but a short time, and were soon overtaken by one of the neighbors, when they immediately returned to the cottage, and I, certainly the happiest of the group, with a face too full of truth to be doubted, told my story, which entirely exonerated Ernest, and myself too. The officers then departed, and a surgeon having examined and bandaged the limb of Darell, who had only received a flesh wound, he appeared so mortified and chagrined at his mistake and exposure, and so anxious to leave the cottage, that it was thought best to remove him on a litter to the village inn. He soon recovered, and one morning made an early departure, leaving his bill to be paid by me. Subsequently we learned he was a gambler, and had probably sought the seclusion of the valley to evade the pursuit of the law. But enough of him.

What a joyous party returned to the Grange to which Richard had been dispatched at an early hour, to relieve the anxiety of Linda and her father. Bertha, whose beauty had wrought all our past trouble, accompanied us, but I scarcely looked at her, as she rode by the side of Ernest, for I could for some time think only of him, and surprised my friend very often by the tight pressure I gave his hand whenever I could reach it.

On our arrival at the Grange, I explained the cause of the distress and anxiety I had shown there on the night before, and oh, how sincerely my heart joined in the pious and simply beautiful thanks to God, from the lips of my old tutor, as we surrounded his hospitable board. How truly I felt that a benign and overruling Providence alone could bring joy out of sorrow.

Years have passed since then, years of happiness with Linda, but the memory of that night and morning can never be effaced from my mind. Yet it has taught me a grateful dependence on the Giver of all good, and one of the earliest lessons learned by the little happy group who call us parents, was to look on the bright side of life, and never imagine sorrows which may have no reality.

A FIGHT WITH A POLAR BEAR.

THE crew of a British fishing vessel had killed, on the coast of Labrador, an enormous white polar bear, which was conveyed to Halifax, and there stuffed. Mr David Dixon, one of the chief actors in the battle with his polar majesty, gave the following particulars of the fight:—The vessel to which the crew in question belonged, was the Lord Exmouth, of Halifax. The scene was the verge of Labrador, near Greenland. Two of the crew of the Lord Exmouth were cruising in a boat, when they discovered the bear upon an island. They immediately returned to the vessel, took in six others of the crew, and eight muskets, with which they returned to the vicinity of the island. Upon approaching within gun shot, the bear perceived, and came towards them. The first discharge wounded him in several places, but did not in the least check his approach. Finally, however, after receiving quite a number of balls in his body, he turned and slowly retreated, making his attackers shudder, by the fierceness of his howling. It was then proposed by Dixon that they should land upon the island, in order to consummate the victory. To this the majority of the crew demurred from fear. Three of the sailors, however, including Dixon, landed, having armed themselves with two loaded guns a-piece. The bear, as soon as he saw them upon land, turned about and began to approach, when six more balls were put into his body, without stopping his approach. Before, however, he got near enough to harm them, Mr Dixon succeeded in loading another gun. At this moment the bear presented his side, which he had not before done and a bullet was lodged in his throat, which caused the animal to fall. It was more than half an hour, however, before they dared approach, as every few minutes the bear would, by a desperate effort, get upon his feet, with the intention of reaching them. After it was deemed safe, they ventured near, and found him to be dead. He was with considerable labour taken to the vessel, and found to be sixteen feet long, and to weigh 2200 pounds. Five hundred pounds of fat were taken from him in Halifax, and it was found that sixteen balls had lodged in his body. The contest lasted for an hour and a half, and the roars of the

infuriated animal might have been heard for many miles.

From the London Working Man's Friend.
THE LAMP UPON THE RAILWAY ENGINE.

BY MARTIN F. TOPPER.

SHINING in its silver cell,
Like a hermit, calm and quiet,
Though so near it, hot as hell,
Furious fires rave and riot.
Posted as an eye in front,
'Mid the smoke and steam and singing,
Steadily bears all the brunt,
The lamp upon the railway engine.

So thou traveller of life,
In the battle round the crashing,
Heed no more the stormy strife
Than a rock the billows dashing.
Through this dark and dreary night,
Vexing fears and cares unbinging,
Shine, O mind aloft, alight,
The lamp upon the railway engine.

By the oil of Grace well fed,
Ever on the future gazing,
Let the star, within thy head
Steadily and calmly blazing,
Hold upon its devious way,
Through each ideal unflinching,
Trim'd to burn till dawn of day,
The lamp upon the railway engine.

Safe behind a crystal shield,
Though the outer deluge drench us,
Faith forbids a soul to yield,
And no hurricane can quench us;
No! though forced along by fate
At a pace so swift and swinging,
Calmly shine in silver state,
Ye lamps on every railway engine.

UNKINDNESS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see;
Nor think, nor care, for others, more
Than they may care for me!
Why follow thus, with vain regret,
To serve a broken claim;
If others can so soon forget,
Why should not I the same?
Oh! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see;
Nor think, nor care, for others, more
Than they may care for me!

There is no blight that winter throws,
No frost, however stern,
Like that which child's affection knows,
Which hearts, forsaken, learn!
What solace can the world impart
When love's reliance ends?
Oh! there's no winter for the heart
Like that unkindness sends!
Oh! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see;
Nor think, nor care, for others, more
Than they may care for me!

OPINIONS OF AN EDITOR.

The gentleman who edits the Kentucky Rifle, having been taken to task by a lady correspondent as to what constituted his particular faith, thus puts forward his creed:—We believe that guano and lime mixed together will make splendid hartshorn.—It is our opinion that a donkey's kick and editing a newspaper are two of the hardest things in creation.—We believe that getting 'tight' loosens the morals, but we shall always contend that it is cheaper in the long run to try the experiment with good whiskey than with a mean article.—We believe that a man who can be kept awake six nights in the week with the jumping toothache, and be 'roused' by a squalling baby just after he has fallen into a doze on the seventh night, without getting mad or wondering why babies and toothache were invented, is a greater philosopher than Newton, and a greater hero than Leonidas and all his Spartans put together.—We believe a man is not likely to be sick as often if he pays his physician by the year as if he pays him by the visit.—We believe that every well-regulated family ought always to have one baby in it—just for the fun of the thing. It is our opinion that if a number of gentlemen are sitting together, talking sensibly upon some sensible subject, and a lady enters, they will immediately commence talking foolishly, and keep it up until she makes her exit. We believe they do so by way of complimentary condescension to female weakness.

THE MOTHER.

It has been truly said: 'The first being that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor, in his heart's difficulty, is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardness induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her, his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instills the lesson of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave; but she has left behind her influence that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped; and will do its office.'

It is an unreasonable thing to expect the same consideration in adversity as in prosperity, and no wise man either expects it or complains of its absence. The fact is, men as naturally love sunshine, and as naturally draw to it, as do their fellow-insects flies.

The Politician.

UNITED STATES PRESS.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

VICTIMS OF PROGRESS.

MARTYRS of an ever-advancing, never finished civilization,—they die that steamboats may be better built, that railroads may be better laid, that the speed of travelling, by land and sea, may be accelerated in a ratio that never becomes constant, and toward a maximum which is never to be attained.—Thoughts like these force themselves upon us whenever the ear is pained, and the heart sickened by the thick-coming reports of such startling accidents as have lately taken place on our most thronged and inviting thoroughfares. They are, in fact, the only consolation presented by the most modern philosophy, and, may we not say it, by some of the most modern forms of what calls itself religion.—Those who suffer are martyrs to the Spirit of the Age. There may, indeed, have been individual crime, or a selfish recklessness of human life, presenting, in some of its aspects, a more revolting moral spectacle than vindictive malice itself, but these are only partial incidents of the ever moving drama. They are only the smaller wheels of the great machinery. When they break, or get out of order, it may be thought necessary to pour upon them some of the essential oil of popular indignation; but this indignation is itself only another law of our nature, a part of the same apparatus of progress, tending to the same result with every other part, and valuable only in its relations to them. It must therefore, soon subside, in view of what is inevitable, and then everything goes on as before. For what, after all, are a few score lives, or a few hundred, or even a few thousand lives to the great cause of human advance! What is the individual, or any number of individuals, to the improvement of the race? And what is any amount of present or passing pain, to the triumph of ideas?

Again—these sufferers by fire, and flood, and steam, furnish the occasion of advancing our knowledge of the physical laws—and there is much consolation surely in this. From such appalling events we learn that fire will burn us, or that the force of gravitation will crush us, if we unscientifically expose ourselves to its influence. At the cheap price of a hundred lives, we purchase the most useful knowledge that the elasticity, or expansive power of steam may exceed the cohesion of ill wrought iron, or that the collision of hard bodies can not take place without a risk of most serious damage. And men will deliver lectures, and write books on these precious discoveries. They will lament over the darkness of past ages, in this respect, and tell us how all the miseries of mankind have come from the neglect of the 'physical laws,' and mistaken notions about Providence, and ill fancies respecting a moral government regarded as any thing else than a system of natural consequences. Study the 'physical laws'—obey the 'physical laws.' This is the grand lesson which 6000 years have been teaching our suffering race. This is emphatically the revelation—this is reason—this is morality—this is religion.—This is the chief end of man, to glorify nature, and enjoy her for ever. 'Christianity,' says one of the seers of the age, 'is but scientific development.' And yet, if we would give heed to it, no experience is more common, or more certain, than this new Gospel, ever reveals its perils faster than it can apply its remedies, ever creates wants with more rapidity than it can satisfy them—and thus, instead of diminishing, must inevitably add to the unrest of our fallen humanity.

Could we, indeed, regard the present age as a transition period to some higher and permanent development, such a thought would abate much from the gloom with which we can not help contemplating the mighty sacrifice it seems to demand. But the view which makes science and nature the ultimate of human destiny, and finds relief in a physical fatalism from the ideas of moral decrees and a moral providence, can furnish no such relieving prospect to its interminable landscape. It is all transition—movement evermore. Steam brings us no nearer the consummation than oars and sails. Newspapers and railroads, and magnetic telegraphs, hold out no better prospect of a resting-place, than the discovery of the alphabet, or the first invention of the art of printing.

But this train of thought may be charged, perhaps, with undervaluing the highest glory of our age. Be there conceded, then, all the good the most sanguine advocate of human progress has ever ventured to predict; still, it may be well, in a moral sense—it may even be conducive to that progress in its best physical aspect, to keep ever before our minds the many evils which would seem to be almost inseparable from it. We are called upon to do this for the sake of justice and humanity to ourselves, that we may not rashly charge upon the mere proximate agents the blame justly attaching to the age, and to the movements that are constantly growing out of its impatient restlessness. If we will have progress, democracy, 'manifest destiny,' individualism, private judgment, undiscouraged freedom of thought, unrestricted freedom of trade, unlimited liberty of speech and action, the most rapid facilities of conveyance, and the instantaneous transmission of intelligence—without regard to end or character, or motive,—if we must have all these—then must we pay their prices, and take them with

all the mischiefs that follow in their train.—Then, too, must he be regarded as the best friend of a true and rational progress, who most faithfully points out these attending evils, and teaches us in a spirit of justice and magnanimity, to assign them to their legitimate causes.

The steamboat captains who traverse the Atlantic in nine days, are complimented in the public prints, by highly gratified passengers; they are treated to public dinners, they are rewarded by flattering voices of thanks, and rich presents of golden pitchers. Their zealous emulation of the spirit of the age is recompensed by more substantial tokens still, from the treasuries of two most powerful and rival nations. Now, if a nine days race across the Atlantic, attended, of course by nine-fold peril, is only a proud manifestation of national superiority, why should not a nine hours' race on the Hudson call forth a proportionate applause? In fact, it is so, whenever success crowns the effort.—Before the fatal destruction of the Henry Clay, the newspapers of our city had repeatedly chronicled the shortness of its trips, and thereby commended the exertions of its owners to compete, as far as, 'physical laws' would permit, with the more rapid speed of the railway on the bank. Private competition may have been the proximate cause in this as in other cases, but justice demands the admission that the main spring of all lay farther back—in a desire to go beyond others in gratifying the well-known expectation.—It was only on the passage before the terrific disaster, that a flattering vote of thanks had been presented to the 'gentlemanly and attentive captain' who is now under an indictment for manslaughter; and had that ill-fated trip been successfully accomplished in seven or eight hours, the event would doubtless have been announced in the morning papers with every expression of satisfaction at a result evincing so laudable a 'public spirit,' and so generous a desire to promote the public convenience. Perhaps, too, some of the very passengers whose voices were loudest in the indignation meeting, might have displayed their oratory in advocating a resolution of thanks, or a recommendation of the boat and its most 'worthy commander' to all travellers who would prize the union of elegance and comfort with the maximum of velocity and the minimum of time.

We have no desire to excuse or even to palliate the individual criminality; but we feel compelled to protest strongly against the injustice that would hold the immediate agents as alone accountable. They are but the representatives of the public feeling, which is ever stimulated and stimulating to demand a higher and still higher rate of speed at whatever risk it may be attained. The inevitable result is a competition, which is lauded instead of blamed, until a succession of terrible events arouses the public indignation, to vent itself upon the proximate instead of the remote, yet real causes.

Two hundred victims in less than a month! Terrible indeed is the lesson; but what rational prospect is there of effectual prevention? The immediate offenders have been indicted: the initiatory steps have been taken to procure the enactment of laws, with severer penalties and greater securities for their faithful execution. But have not similar means been tried again and again, and ever with the same want of success? The case of the Swallow is almost forgotten; yet how vehement at the time the popular wrath! Two or three years elapsed before the trial took place, and the whole affair slumbered among events that had ceased to interest or excite. We well remember being drawn by curiosity to the court-room in which the prosecution was conducted. A languid trial, in the presence of a few dozen spectators, and devoid of all public interest, was followed by an acquittal, barely chronicled in the smallest type of the ensuing morning papers. And this was the finale of an event which had called forth as mighty torrents of indignation as the late burning of the Clay, or the sinking of the Atlantic, or the explosion of the Reindeer—to say nothing of those frequent catastrophes on our western waters, which have made danger the rule and safety the exception. New subjects of interest had, in the mean time taken possession of the public mind. New singing men and singing women had arrived from abroad.—New political contests had absorbed every thought. New inventions for greater speed had drawn away the popular attention from the disasters occasioned by the mismanagement of the old.

But what is gained, it may be said, by showing that the fault is in the age? If special legislation fails, how are we to reach that insensible thing, the universal conscience? Something, however, is gained, at least to the cause of truth, by getting at the real source of the evil. We shall at all events, learn the injustice of visiting upon a few what is really the guilt of the many.—It is something to see clearly that there are moral causes lying back of the physical, and that they are removed, all this babble about the physical laws will only quicken the naturalizing tendencies from which the mischief mainly flows. It may lead us to reflect that in such removal each man has some degree of personal responsibility. It may revive the thought of a moral Providence having regard to special ends, although carried on through the agencies of general laws. It may teach us—and no lesson could be more profitable if thoroughly learned—that events like these have been contemplating are really benevolent admonitions, intended to arouse us from that false state in which the purest moral and religious ideas are in