

These were a sample of the men who looked across the channel, and longed for a chance of raising the standard of revolt in their native land. Independent of these inferior actors in the great drama of English history, there resided in Holland the Duke of Monmouth, the Duke of Argyll, Cochrane, son of Lord Donaldson, Sir Patrick Hume, Fletcher of Saltoun, and many other men of note, self-banished on account of their political or religious contumacy, and representative of two bodies of British reformers. Between the English and Scotch exiles there did not exist any active principle of union, however; they were one in their aversion to the despotism of the Stuarts, but in their ideas of opposition they were not agreed. They would willingly have circumscribed the power of the throne; but each party would rather have done so, independently, than have assisted the other. If the two parties of exiles were divided by national prejudices and pride, the individual jealousy of the national parties, also, destroyed their cohesion. The members of the Scotch confederacy, especially, of which the Duke of Argyll was the nominal head, were generally haughty, impetuous, impracticable cowards, who, having neither power nor influence, were jealous of their leader; and who not only obstructed his operations by their impudent ignorance, but ruined him by their pusillanimous obstinacy. The death of Charles II., and the ascension of his brother James, gave a color of hope to these exiles. Inflamed by their own desires, and the distorted accounts of those men of their party at home whose life was strife, and whose principles were commotion and intrigue, Monmouth and the Duke of Argyll were induced to organize and head two expeditions, whose purpose it was to overthrow the throne of James VII., and to set up that civil liberty which was established three years afterwards. The elements of which these expeditions were composed, were incapable of great actions, however. The men generally were contemptible egotists or brawling bullies. Their talents consisted in supporting interminable debates, and in frustrating everything like positive action. They commanded their leader; and although the Duke of Argyll well knew the utter impracticability of conducting an expedition requiring its success determined effort and rapid action, yet he consented, in an evil hour, to be named commander in an affair where he had no command.

Ship's and ammunition for Monmouth and Argyll's expedition were purchased in Holland. The jewels of ladies, and the remnants of gentlemen's fortunes, were converted into muskets and swords; and the leaders of these desperate adventures embarked. Argyll's hopes of success lay in the devotion of his own numerous clan, and in the disaffection to the government of the oppressed Covenanters. He expected to raise an army of 5000 devoted personal adherents in the Highlands, and of many determined foes to the government in the low country. The expedition, however, became a mere dramatic farce—a blending of the contemptible, the heroic, and the sad, which fate, like a capricious child, seems often to scatter on the page of history. The perpetual egotism of Hume and Cochrane distracted the purpose and destroyed the unity of Argyll's leadership, and broke up the forces which he had raised in his own country, and which he led. The only man who possessed the least power of conducting the cause which he had espoused to victory, was constrained to succumb to two conceited politicians, who eventually ruined the expedition and raised Argyll. The following is Mr Macaulay's graphic description of the termination of Argyll's rising, and of the death of Mac-Callum-More, three years before the advent of William of Orange, and the triumph of constitutional freedom:—

Cochrane, having found it impossible to raise the population on the south of the Clyde, rejoined Argyll, who was in the island of Bute. The earl now again proposed to make an attempt upon Inverary; again he encountered a pertinacious opposition. The seamen sided with Hume and Cochrane; the Highlanders were absolutely at the command of their chieftain. There was reason to fear that the two parties would come to blows; and the dread of such a disaster induced the council to make some concession. The castle of Eilan Ghierig, situated at the mouth of Loch Riddan, was selected to be the chief place of arms. The military stores were disembarked there. The squadron was moored close to the walls, in a place where it was protected by rocks and shallows such as it was thought, no frigate could pass. Outworks were thrown up. A battery was planted with some small guns taken from the ships. The command of the fort was most unwisely given to Elphinstone, who had already proved himself much more disposed to argue with his commanders than to fight the enemy. And now, during a few hours, there was some show of vigor. Rumbold took the castle of Ardkinglass. The earl skirmished successfully with Athol's troops, and was about to advance on Inverary, when alarming news from the ships and factions in the committee forced him to turn back. The king's frigates had come nearer to Eilan Ghierig than had been thought possible. The Lowland gentlemen positively refused to advance further into the Highlands. Argyll hastened back to Eilan Ghierig. There he proposed to make an attack on the frigates. His ships, indeed, were ill fitted for such an encounter. But they would have been supported by a flotilla of thirty large fishing boats, each well manned with armed Highlanders. The committee, however, refused to listen to this proposal, and effectually counteracted it by raising a mutiny among the sailors.

[To be continued.]

From the London People's Journal.

SOUL-UTTERANCES.

ADDRESSED TO THE HARD WORKERS.

Oh! struggle to live a holy life—
That struggle shall give thee joy;
Shall clothe thee with conscious dignity,
As doth a great employ.

Not the holy life which hypocrites feign,
But that which is one with right;
Not that which effeminates the soul,
But clothes it with masculine might!

Oh! struggle to live a life of Truth
Responsive to thy soul;
Let its dictates direct thy destiny,
Its voice alone controul.

Fear not, though thy pathway lie,
Through poverty, peril, and pain,
It leads where even Ambition's eye
Hath labor'd to look in vain.

Oh! struggle to live a life of Faith:
Let thy forehead face the sky;
And ever walk the way you gaze—
The feet will follow the eye.

Oh! walk no longer behind the great,
Nor wear the world's livery;
Enthroned thy soul, let it keep its state,—
Degrade not thy dignity.

Oh! struggle to live a life of Hope:
Who walks among the stars
Shall not be shaken by worldly winds,
Or earth's distracting jars;

Beneath his feet, the clouds which gloom
The gaze of the soaring sight;
He looketh down on Earth's highest hills
Who dwells on Heaven's height.

Oh! struggle to live a life of Love—
'Tis love that maketh great:
Genius is but a living love,
Love only can create.

Like the latent life in the hidden seed,
Love breaketh the stubborn soil,
Grows up in the face of bickering blasts,
Yet seemeth not to toil.

Love maketh the world its own—
Yea, more, even Heaven above;
Love is the legitimate monarch of might—
The spirit of life is love.

Oh! sternly struggle on
For all things yield to the soul;
Even time, and fate, and destiny,
All bow to this controul.

New Works.

From Humboldt's Aspect of Nature.

HOW THE ELECTRIC EEL IS CAUGHT.

All other fishes fly the vicinity of this formidable eel. Even the fisherman angling from the high bank fears lest the damp line should convey the shock to him from a distance. Thus in these regions, electric fire breaks forth from the bosom of the waters. The capture of the gymnoli affords a picturesque spectacle. Mules and horses are driven into a marsh which is closely surrounded by Indians until the unwonted noise and disturbance induce the pugnacious fish to begin the attack. One sees them swimming about like serpents, and trying cunningly to glide under the bellies of the horses. Many of these are stunned by the force of the invisible blows; others, with manes standing on end, foaming with wild terror sparkling in their eyes, try to fly from the raging tempest. But the Indians, armed with long poles of bamboo, drive them back into the middle of the pool. Gradually the fury of the unequal strife begins to slacken. Like clouds which have discharged their electricity, the wearied fish begin to disperse; long repose and abundant food are required to replace the galvanic force which they have expended. Their shocks become gradually weaker and weaker. Terrified by the noise of the trampling horses, they timidly approach the bank, where they are wounded by harpoons, and cautiously drawn on shore by non-conducting pieces of dry wood.

From the Wild Beauties of the Boyne.

THE CROSSES OF SAINT KIERAN, IRELAND.

The old tradition current among the people here concerning these crosses, is, that Saint Kieran had a number of them hewn at the quarry of Carrickleck, and brought here to adorn his church. They were the wonder, the admiration, and—alas! that such a sentiment should enter the breast of Christian saints—the envy also of all the neighboring saints and church builders. St. Colomb, who was then erecting his church and tower at Kells, cast, it is said, a longing eye upon St. Kieran's crosses; he came by night and surreptitiously abstracted at least three of these, which the traditional legend says are those now remaining at Kells.

At last, upon the night that he was taking away the fourth, St. Kieran awoke, and caught him in this very act of petty larceny. Kieran immediately buckled in his brother of Kells, just as he was stepping into the ford of the river with the base of the cross on his back; but the later being the younger and the stronger man, the cross owner was soon worsted. He was not, however, to be beat so easily, so he still held fast by the thief, who, seeing that he could not get off clear with his booty, threw it into the middle of the river, from which it has never since been removed, and where, except during a heavy flood, it is always to be seen.

From the Church of England Review.

WALES.

The destiny of Wales amongst its sister kingdoms has been a strange one. Whilst the passions and prejudices, the requirements and necessities, of the other three, have been urged in turns by arms and eloquence—whilst from time to time the din of war, the horror of revolution, or the strife of popular commotion has agitated to its very base the social system of England, Scotland and Ireland—during all this Wales has stood quietly by, with its arms not altogether folded perhaps, but never more than akimbo, waiting to see what the destiny of other people would cause to be its own. During the ferment of the Reformation when was Wales? When the new idea of Puritanism began to sap men's ancient notions of monarchical authority, who heard of a Welsh voice uplifted amongst the leaders in prayer and praise? When the great rebellion begun in Scotland—made its way over to England and finished in Ireland—changed for a while the whole principles of the country, who pauses to enquire what part Wales took in the business? Why should we particularise further? During the momentous movements which, one by one, have created the present state of political and social development among us, Wales alone remained mute and motionless—so entirely forgotten that not one even remarked her quietude. If, during the latest struggles, the Welch chartists have for a moment stood forward in assertion of popular rights, the clumsy way in which they managed their business, and the utter failure of all their efforts, proved their inexperience and inaptitude for this kind of turmoil. The leaders of the affair blundered themselves into a penal colony—the more fortunate subordinates blundered quietly home again—and since that time no one has heard of Welch chartism. Meanwhile the resources of the country have developed themselves, and its prosperity steadily increased. Wales has been fortunate enough, without sharing the political ferment of her neighbors, to keep pace with them in social progress. The spirit of her sons has been of a kind which follows rather than leads, but follows so judiciously as rarely to make a practical blunder. It is seldom that a people, apparently without the energy to take a foremost part in the vindication of their rights as a body politic, have nevertheless retained sufficient energy to turn those rights to an equal account when gained for them by the perseverance of other people. Thus it is that, without hearing of Wales in the various vicissitudes of the British Constitution, we turn suddenly round to look at this quiescent race, and are surprised to find that their labours are among the most industrious—their resources among the best cultivated in the three kingdoms.

Thus it is that, without any noise or boast whatever, we find that Wales has contributed most materially to the actual wealth and prosperity of the British nation.

From Lynch's Expedition to the Dead Sea.

A NOBLE ARAB.

The elder sheriff (who by the way of distinction we call the sheriff) and 'Akil, frequently visited our tent. The former was our counsellor, sagacious and prudent; the latter was the bold warrior and the admirable scout. On the march, it was said, that he contrived to get a sight of the boats when nobody else could. We never tired of the company of this graceful savage. Altogether, he was the most perfect specimen of manhood we had seen. Looking at his fine face, almost effeminate in its regularity of feature, who would imagine that he had been the stern leader of revolt, and that his laughing, careless eye, had ever glanced from his stronghold on the hill upon the pasha's troops in the plain, meditating slaughter in their ranks and booty from the routed Turk; or searched the ravines and the hill sides, the wady, and the valley, for the lurking fellow and their herds? That arm which then, in its easy and graceful position, seemed almost nerveless, had wielded the scimitar with fatal strength; and he, seemingly so mild, had successfully led a small but desperate band against the authority of the Sultan, and forced the governor of Acre to treat with him, and purchase the security of the district with a high office, and the crimson pelisse of honor. 'Akil did not excel in physical qualities alone; his intelligence was far above mediocrity; and although a barbarian, he had much of the manners and feelings of a gentleman. Indeed we have never seen manners more courtly, or an address more winning, than his. Sheriff was the Nestor, and 'Akil the Achilles, of our camp. When 'Akil was this evening a-keed why he did not settle down on some of the fertile lands in his district, and no longer live on pillage, his reply was, 'Would you have me disgrace myself, and till the ground like one of the fellahs.

The Politician.

The British Press.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS.

From the London Morning Chronicle.

The Canadian intelligence will occasion concern and uneasiness rather than surprise to those who have watched the progress of affairs in British North America during the last six months. The total prostration and paralysis of the powers of Government, in the hands of a Governor General who makes a sin-coure of vicerealty, and who mistakes helpless bewilderment for 'dignified neutrality,' continue to produce their natural effect—an anarchy and chaos of ideas, in which all contingencies seem (for the moment) possible, and all questions become open questions. Although it by no means appears that the annexation mania of the Montcalists has yet infected the population of the two provinces to an extent that can be called dangerous, it is only too certain that large masses of the people of Lower Canada are daily becoming more familiarised with the wildest and most mischievous political speculations; and there are not the faintest traces of any real resisting power on the part of the official depositaries of authority. Up to the 22d ult.—the latest day to which our advices reach,—the notorious manifesto for the 'peaceful and friendly' dismemberment of the empire had received upwards of 1200 signatures; whilst a counter-demonstration had obtained the support of little more than half that number. It is not without significance, that of this minority of loyalists only about one in fourteen belong to that French party for whom Lord Elgin has sacrificed so much and risked so much more. Upper Canada appears thus far to have decidedly resisted the separatist movement—if, at least, the language of her press may be taken as a reliable criterion; but it is obviously impossible to answer unconditionally for the depth and strength of a loyalty which receives not the smallest countenance or encouragement from the representative of the Crown.

So long as Lord Elgin continues to represent the Crown in Canada, nothing, we fear, is to be looked for but the progressive continuance of that process of political and moral disintegration which seems to be eating like a canker into the heart of British authority in North America. We never heard of a great empire being kept together on the 'voluntary principle'; and yet, for anything that has hitherto appeared, Lord Elgin's whole and sole policy in Canada consists in leaving loyalty and sedition to settle it among themselves. The contemptuous sarcasms of the press of all parties—especially of that party which is most energetically devoted to the cause of imperial unity—are literally every thing that there now is to show for the presence in Canada of any British Government at all. While agitators and annexationists are coolly settling even the details of their 'peaceful and friendly' disruption of the empire, the British Viceroy is quietly recreating himself near Niagara, after the fatigues of a not very productive 'popularity' tour—in the course of which he is said to have tried the well-known electioneering ruse of kissing children. Of his ministers we only hear that some of them have set their names, in their individual capacities, to a somewhat mildly worded protest against the expediency of the new agitation.

As it is impossible to say how long Lord Elgin may be allowed to carry on this perilous farce of 'dignified neutrality' between loyalty and treason—and as the wildest conclusions will infallibly be drawn from the continued apathy of the Queen's responsible advisers—we distinctly intimate to all whom it may concern, that the 'peaceful and friendly' transference of the British North American possessions to a foreign power is as far as possible from being that easy, matter-of-course affair which the annexationists seem to think it. It is not true that the people of England, as is pleasantly alleged, 'are very generally prepared' for parting with Canada, and regard such a fate to their empire in North America as a thing 'inevitable.' In the first place, England is not in the habit of considering any relinquishment of territory to be 'inevitable,' unless she has previously satisfied herself that it is intrinsically wise and advantageous; and in the next place, she is so far from being 'prepared' for the surrender of Canada in particular, that she has never yet given the subject a serious thought. The annexationist gentlemen must be pleased to understand, that the notion of making over British North America to the United States is essentially a new notion to the English mind—and that, even were the material, commercial, and political expediency of the transfer perfectly demonstrable, there are popular prejudices existing on the subject, which it would be a work of time and difficulty to overcome. It may not be amiss to suggest further, that the final consent, if given, might very possibly be clogged with conditions that might prove even more distasteful to the agitators than a peremptory refusal. We feel it necessary to say thus much at once to our annexationist fellow subjects—for it is clear that they will never learn anything of the sort from their Governor General and his Cabinet. Once for all, there could not be a greater mistake than to assume, as of course, the consent of England to a scheme for giving away her colonies.

From the London Daily News

It is as desirable as it is difficult to ascertain the real state of feeling among the majority of the Canadians respecting annexation. It is perhaps too soon yet to expect sufficient data