

could build up a house which might very well serve you for a year or two; so that, altogether, many have begun the world with less and with worse prospects.

'How have I deserved such kindness!' exclaimed Edward—'I who have nothing of my own to offer! but I dare not think of the life you picture—my mother requires my exertions, and I cannot leave her in poverty.'

'Nor shall you,' said Grace, earnestly; 'her home shall be with us.'

'Of course,' said Mrs Anderson: 'what is the difference between one or two on a farm! She will assist and advise you; and William, too, you will have plenty of need of him, and of the waggon. And a few more stones, for whose loss the land will be all the better, will make the house large enough for you all. Though I should myself like to steal your eldest sister Mary, to help me in the place of Grace. For what with making, mending, churning, baking, and drying fruit for the market, I have scarcely time to look about me.'

There could be but one reply to this, and yet the generous-hearted Andersons did their best to check all words of gratitude. There were happy hearts beneath the widow Reid's roof the following day, when her sons and her old friends arrived together; and some were even happier, when, a few months after, Grace welcomed, with smiles full of affection, her mother-in-law to her new home. Here Mrs Reid found once more ample field for her industry; and her skill in making butter and cheese soon rendered the dairy one of the most productive departments on the little farm. Edward also wrought with all the energy of a man who strives thus to compensate for want of wealth, and aided by the neighborhood and kindness of Mrs Anderson, who, in her unclouded prosperity, was able to do far more than she had promised for the inmates of the smaller dwelling, the Reids rose gradually to the level from which they had sunk. After years saw the young wife's affection and generosity amply rewarded, even by worldly possessions; and in the love and happiness which blessed her, she had long before found a recompense sweeter and dearer far.

But the widow Reid's first charge to her son was, to lose no time in making his will. 'Never was man more attached to his family than was your father,' she would often say, 'yet thoughtlessly led him into a neglect which reduced us all from comparative affluence to poverty; while before us is the evidence of how very differently we might have been situated. But it was God's will that we should suffer; and, if we had not, I might never have known how good and dutiful my children were, nor felt the true worth of one who is now my daughter also.'

From Hogg's Instructor.

ARGYLL'S RISING IN 1685.

Mr Macaulay continues:—"All was now confusion and despondency. The provisions had been so ill managed by the committee that there was no longer food for the troops. The Highlanders consequently deserted by hundreds; and the earl, broken-hearted by his misfortune, yielded to the urgency of those who still pertinaciously insisted that he should march into the Lowlands. The little army therefore hastened to the shore of Loch Long, passed that inlet by night in boats, and landed at Dumbartonshire. Hither, on the following morning, came news that the frigates had forced a passage, that all the earl's ships had been taken, and that Elphinstone had fled from Eilan Gharig without a blow, leaving the castle and stores to the enemy. All that remained was to invade the Lowlands under every disadvantage. Argyll resolved to make a bold push for Glasgow. But as soon as this resolution was announced, the very men who had, up to that moment, been urging him to hasten into the low country, took fright, argued, remonstrated, and, when argument and remonstrance proved vain, laid a scheme for seizing the boats, making their own escape, and leaving their general and his clansmen to conquer or perish unaided. This scheme failed; and the poltroons who had formed it were compelled to share with braver men the risks of the last venture.

During the march through the country which lies between Loch Long and Loch Lomond, the insurgents were constantly intested by parties of militia. Some skirmishes took place, in which the earl had the advantage; but the bands which he repelled, falling back before him, spread the tidings of his approach, and, soon after he had crossed the river Leven, he found a strong body of regular and irregular troops prepared to encounter him. He was for giving battle. Ayloffs was of the same opinion. Hume, on the other hand, declared that to engage the enemy would be madness. He saw one regiment in scarlet. More might be behind. To attack such a force was to rush on certain death. The best course was to remain quiet till night, and then to give the enemy the slip. A sharp altercation followed, which was with difficulty quieted by the mediation of Rumbold. It was now evening. The hostile armies encamped at no great distance from each other. The earl ventured to propose a night attack, and was again overruled. Since it was determined not to fight, nothing was left but to take the step which Hume had recommended. There was a chance that, by decamping secretly, and hastening all night across heaths and morasses, the earl might gain many miles on the enemy, and might reach Glasgow without further obstruction. The watch-fires were left burning; and the march began. And now disaster followed disaster fast. The guides mistook the track across the moor, and led the army into boggy ground. Military order could not be preserved by undisciplined and disheartened soldiers under a dark sky, and on a treacherous and uneven soil. Panic after panic spread through the broken ranks. Every sight and sound was thought to indicate the approach of pursuers. Some of the officers contributed to spread the terror which it was their duty to calm. The army had become a mob; and the mob melted fast away. Great numbers fled under cover of the night. Rumbold and some other brave men whom no danger could have scared, lost their way, and were unable to rejoin the main body. When the day broke, only five hundred fugitives, wearied and dispirited, assembled at Kilpatrick.

All thought of prosecuting the war was at an end; and it was plain that the chiefs of the expedition would have sufficient difficulty in escaping with their lives. They fled in different directions. Hume reached the Continent in safety. Cochrane was taken and sent up to London. Argyll hoped to find a secure asylum under the roof of one of his old servants who lived near Kilpatrick; but this hope was disappointed, and he was forced to cross the Clyde. He assumed the dress of a peasant, and pretended to be the guide of Major Fullarton, whose courageous fidelity was proof to all danger. The friends journeyed together through Renfrewshire as far as Inchinnan. At that place the Black Cart and the White Cart, two streams which now flow through prosperous towns, and turn the wheels of many factories, but which then held their quiet course through moors and sheepwalks, mingle before they join the Clyde, the only ford by which the travellers could cross, was guarded by a party of militia. Some questions were asked. Fullarton tried to draw suspicion on himself, in order that his companion might escape unnoticed. But the minds of the questioners misgave them that the guide was not the rude clown that he seemed. They laid hands on him. He broke loose and sprang into the water, but was instantly chased. He stood at bay for a short time against five assailants. But he had no arms except his pocket pistols, and they were so wet, in consequence of his plunge, that they would not go off. He was struck to the ground with a broadsword, and secured.

He owned himself to be the Earl of Argyll, probably in the hope that his great name would excite the awe and pity of those who had seized him. And indeed they were much moved. For they were plain Scotchmen of humble rank, and, though in arms for the crown, probably cherished a preference for the Calvinistic church government and worship, and had been accustomed to reverence their captive as the head of an illustrious house. But, though they were evidently touched, and though some of them even wept, they were not disposed to relinquish a large reward, and incur the vengeance of an implacable government. They therefore conveyed their prisoner to Renfrew. The man who bore the chief part in the arrest was named Riddell. On this account the whole race of Riddells was, during more than a century, held in abhorrence by the great tribe of Campbell. Within living memory, when a Riddell visited a fair in Argyllshire, he found it necessary to assume a false name.

And now commenced the brightest part of Argyll's career. His enterprise had hitherto brought on him nothing but reproach and derision. His great error was that he did not resolutely refuse to accept the name without the power of a general. Had he remained quietly at his retreat in Friesland he would in a few years have been recalled with honor to his country, and would have been conspicuous among the ornaments and the props of constitutional monarchy. Had he conducted his expedition according to his own views, and carried with him no followers but such as were prepared implicitly to obey all his orders, he might possibly have effected something great. For what he wanted as a captain seems to have been, not courage, nor activity, nor skill, but simply authority. He should have known that of all wants this is the most fatal. Armies have triumphed under leaders who possessed no very eminent qualifications. But what army commanded by a debating club ever escaped discomfiture and disgrace?

[To be continued.]

ECHOED IN HEAVEN.

Echoed in Heaven is the Mother's prayer
When fondly she her darling boy surveys;
Her sweetest smile now with his glad lip
plays,
Lighteth his eye, and makes his forehead fair—
"May pass thine infancy in angel care,
Thy life long, happy, and in all thy days
May Virtue lead thee in her beauteous ways,
So that esteem of honest men thou'lt share."
Echoed in Heaven is the lay that sings
Of Nature's loveliness—the tuneful line
That's ever breathing of exalting things,
And doth with precept, 'Love each other,'
twine:
Echoed in Heaven the Bard's last sigh, and
wings
Celestial waft him to his home divine.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SCIENCE BEGETTING SCIENCE.

To the reflective mind human science presents this singular aspect. Whilst the speculative reason of man continually seeks after unity, strives to see the many in the one—as the Platonist would express himself—or, as we should rather say, strives to resolve the multiplicity of phenomena into a few ultimate causes, so as to create for itself a whole, some rounded system which the intellectual vision

can embrace; the discoveries of science, by which it hopes and strives to realize this end, do in fact, at every stage, increase the apparent complexity of the phenomena. The new agencies, or causes, which are brought to light, if they explain what before was anomalous and obscure, become themselves the source of innumerable difficulties and conjectures. Each discovery stirs more questions than it sets at rest. What, on its first introduction, promised to explain so many things, is found, on further acquaintance, to have added but one more to the inexplicable facts around us. With each step, also in our inquiry, the physical agents revealed to us become more subtle, more calculated to excite and elude our curiosity. Already, half our science is occupied with matter that is invisible. From time to time some grand generalisation is proposed—electricity is now the evoked spirit which is to help us through our difficulties—but fast as the theory is formed, some new fact emerges that will not range itself within it; the cautious thinker steps back, and acknowledges that the effort is as yet premature. It always will be premature.

From the London People's Journal.

A FRAGMENT.

On Olive's mount, all lone, a pilgrim stood,
Gazing on Salem's towers right fixedly,
Nor ever mov'd, but seem'd he in mood
With that fair scene in holy extasy.
And now, while sombre twilight fell around,
Each broken wall and tower more perfect
seem'd,
And the pale moon, in circling halo bound,
On each uprising dome most chastely beam'd;
And silence threw her charm upon the scene.
For nought the raptur'd mind disturb'd here,
Save when the death-wail, coming from afar,
Sadly yet softly smote upon the ear.
Long did this scene arrest his pensive mind,
Long the lone pilgrim, half-unconscious,
staid,
When through the silence came this lowly
plaint,
Half sung, half wept by some poor Jewish
maid:—
"My lyre the joyful note denies,
And ev'ry stricken chord
In plaintive harmony agrees
With each lamenting word:
For while, in every object round,
This desolation fair I view,
I can but weep my native ground—
For I'm a Jew.

"The last fair remnants linger still
Of what, with burning tongue,
Bards, whilst they taught Jehovah's will,
And holy prophets sang.
But these fair, mouldering rains ave
My patriot love renew,
Which bids me glory when I say
That I'm a Jew.
"Like as the tender eye and placid brow
Of death, within us move,
Amid the transport of our woe,
A deeper, holier love:
Thus do my tears all calmly pour,
As Zion's corpse I view,
For though I weep, I love the more,—
For I'm a Jew.
"Anger or shame may tinge my cheek,
In ev'ry land to see
The Jew to Gentile prostrate, meek,
A name for misery.
But here, where yet remains the trace
Of grandeur, noble, true,
I love, I glory in my race,—
For I'm a Jew.

"Oh, may my closing eye be turn'd,
Jerusalem, to thee;
And my last breath, of my fond strain
Of love, the key-note be!
For here, and thus, to yield my breath,
With all I love in view,
Would be a holy, noble death,—
For I'm a Jew."

* The peculiarity of the death-wail has been alluded to by many Eastern travellers: its melancholy sound at the hour of sunset is forcibly described in the 'Mission of Inquiry to the Jews, by the Church of Scotland.'

From the London Morning Herald.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

In addition to what we have already published, we subjoin the following portion of some rough notes of the proceedings of Sir James Ross's expedition in search of Sir John Franklin:—"The last accounts from the expedition were from Uppernavick, via the Danish Consul. The ships started thence on the 20th July, and worked up along the coast, opposite Melville Monument, in Melville Bay, long. 75.35, when they crossed over to the middle sea, and finally got through it, August 19. They then ran down to Pond's Bay, the western coast of Baffin's Bay, the settlement of the navies, and where the whalers annu-

ally visit, and arrived there 22nd August. No one landed here, but the ships, coasting along as far as Possession Mount, reached there on the 26th; and Lieutenant McClure, and the surgeon of the Investigator, went ashore. Here they accidentally discovered, under a cairn or beacon, a bottle left by Parry, bearing an inscription, 'Hecla and Griper,' of which they took possession, erected another cairn, and deposited a copper cylinder, with information of the objects of the expedition. The ships then proceeded towards Cape York, up Barrow's Straits, on the western shore, where all was clear water, no ice whatever being visible. At Cape York, a beacon and flag-staff were erected, and cylinders deposited. From this place ice was seen, extending right across Prince Regent's Inlet; consequently the ships stood towards the north, for Cape Fellfoot, upon the north shore of Barrow's Straits; early in September, and on the 7th of that month, stood across to Leopold, the place of rendezvous; and here, getting entangled in the ice, were swept past the island, but subsequently got free and entered port Leopold, a spacious harbour, with excellent groundings and deep water. 11th September, 1848. Here were immediately deposited three months' provisions for each ship, on shore at Whaler's Point, at the entrance of the harbour. The harbour at that time was perfectly free of ice.

The provisions were deposited with all despatch, under the impression that the expedition would start the next morning; but on the 12th the significant appearance of the young ice setting in very sharp, and the probability of being frozen in at a more disadvantageous position, Sir James Ross was induced to delay his departure, and ultimately to make this anchorage his winter quarters, this being the most eligible point of departure in the ensuing spring. In the course of a few days Sir James's predictions were verified; the harbour continued to freeze over, alternately freezing and clearing until about the 24th, when the ice became settled. The crew were now employed to cut a canal forty feet wide, leading in towards the north-east side of the harbour, and protected by Whaler's Point from any heavy pressure of ice setting in from the inlet, or Barrow's Straits. This harbour was found to be most commodious and safe, with good depth of water and sandy bottom. The ice was perfectly flat, and frozen over with as plain a surface as the Serpentine in January. The ships were moored abreast each other, about two hundred yards apart. As soon as they were frozen in, they were hoisted over from the fore-castle to the mizen-mast, and the anchors were weighed and stowed. The crews then commenced building a wall seven feet high from one ship to the other, to facilitate communication; and the next thing was the erecting of an observatory for each ship for magnetic observations. They were composed entirely of snow, with plates of ice for the windows. They were six feet high inside, and built of snow bricks one foot thick and two feet long, cut out with a cutlass, and well squared and trimmed—these little houses displaying tasteful, varied, and in some instances, fanciful forms of architecture. The wall required great care from the accumulation of snow. The sun was not seen from November 9 until February 9 from the ship, but from the top of a hill, N.E. of Cape Leopold, a sight was caught of him so early as the 26th January.

During the long evenings, from October till May, schools were formed along the midship part of the lower decks, which were well attended by the young men, who were instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, on board the Enterprise, by the clerk; and a youngster from Greenwich school, named Grunsell, second class volunteer, taught the pupils navigation. Many of the scholars made great progress in their studies during the six months. Ample time was allowed to the crews of both ships to meet each other, and games of football and other exercises relieved the monotony which surrounded them. During the whole of that dreary winter, the only other living animals seen were the white foxes. These were not allowed to be shot, but as many were taken alive as could be trapped, and about forty were then sent away with copper collars round their necks, upon which was stamped the name of the ships, and the localities of the depots of provisions &c. As it was well known that these foxes travel an immense distance, this measure was resorted to with the view of making them the possible medium of acquainting the missing parties with the means taken for their relief and succour. The foxes were caught in a barrel converted into a door trap; and to shew the intensity of the cold, it may be stated that the poor little animals in endeavoring to escape, often attempted to gnaw the iron bars, when in many cases their tongues adhered to the iron, and were frozen off; when they were killed from motives of humanity. The foxes were sagaciously denominated Twopenny postmen. The thermometer at this time was 15 below zero but the Sylvester stove apparatus, which answered admirably well, always kept the lower decks at a temperature of between 55 and 60 degrees. Christmas Day and New Year's Day were kept as seasons of jollity. Double allowance of spirits and provisions were served out, and every one fared sumptuously. The health of the Queen was drunk with devoted loyalty and enthusiasm by the gallant little band; 'absent friends,' and 'sweethearts and wives,' were not forgotten; and the dance and song enlivened the festivities. For a few hours, the outward world was forgotten in the joyous realisation of the comforts and happiness of home. The crews during the winter were also employed in making tools and portable apparatus for travelling in the spring, and