

which he could reply without danger to any of his friends, and refused to say more. He was told that unless he returned fuller answers he should be put to the torture. James, who was doubtless sorry that he could not feast his own eyes with the sight of Argyll in the boots, sent down to Edinburgh positive orders that nothing should be omitted which could wring out of the traitor information against all who had been concerned in the treason. But menaces were vain. With torments and death in immediate prospect, Mac-Callum-More thought far less of himself than of his poor clansmen. "I was busy this day," he wrote from his cell, "treating for them, and in some hopes. But this evening orders came that I must die upon Monday or Tuesday; and I am to be put to the torture if I answer not all questions upon oath. Yet I hope God shall support me."

The torture was not inflicted. Perhaps the magnanimity of the victim had moved the conquerors to unwonted compassion. He himself remarked that at first they had been very harsh to him, but that they soon began to treat him with respect and kindness. God, he said, had melted their hearts. It is certain that he did not, to save himself from the utmost cruelty of his enemies, betray any of his friends. On the last morning of his life he wrote these words: "I have named none to their disadvantage. I thank God he hath supported me wonderfully."

He composed his own epitaph, a short poem, full of spirit and meaning, simple and forcible in style, and not contemptible in versification. In this little piece he complained that, though his enemies had repeatedly decreed his death, his friends had been still more cruel. A comment on these expressions is to be found in a letter which he addressed to a lady residing in Holland. She had furnished him with a large sum of money for his expedition, and he thought her entitled to a full explanation of the causes which had led to his failure. He acquitted his coadjutors of treachery, but described their folly, their ignorance, and their factious perverseness, in terms which their own testimony has since proved to have been richly deserved. He afterwards doubted whether he had not used language too severe to become a dying Christian, and, in a separate paper, begged his friends to suppress what he had said of these men. "Only this I must acknowledge," he mildly added; "they were not governable."

Most of his few remaining hours were passed in devotion, and in affectionate intercourse with some members of his family. He professed no repentance on account of his last enterprise, but bewailed, with great emotion, his former complacency in spiritual things with the pleasure of the government. He had, he said, been justly punished. One who had so long been guilty of cowardice and dissimulation was not worthy to be the instrument of salvation to the state and church. Yet the cause, he frequently repeated, was the cause of God, and would assuredly triumph. "I do not," he said, "take on myself to be a prophet. But I have a strong impression on my spirit, that deliverance will come very suddenly." It is not strange that some zealous Presbyterians should have laid up his saying in their hearts, and should, at a later period, have attributed it to divine inspiration.

So effectually had religious faith and hope, co-operating with natural courage and equanimity, composed his spirits, that, on the very day on which he was to die, he dined with appetite, conversed with gaiety at table, and, after his last meal, lay down, as he was wont, to take a short slumber, in order that his body and mind might be in full vigor when he should mount the scaffold. At this time one of the lords of the council, who had probably been bred a Presbyterian, and had been seduced by interest to join in oppressing a church of which he had once been a member, came to the castle with a message from his brethren, and demanded admittance to the earl. It was answered that the earl was asleep. The privy councillor thought that this was a subterfuge, and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was softly opened; and there lay Argyll on the bed, sleeping in his iron-placid sleep of infancy. The conscience of the renegade smote him. He turned away sick at heart, ran out of the castle, and took refuge in the dwelling of a lady of his family hard by. There he flung himself on a couch, and gave himself up to an agony of remorse and shame. His kinswoman, alarmed by his looks and groans, thought that he had been taken with sudden illness, and begged him to drink a cup of sack. "No, no," he said; "that will do me no good." She prayed him to tell her what had disturbed her. "I have been," he said, "to Argyll's prison. I have seen him within an hour of eternity, sleeping as sweetly as ever man did. But as for me—"

And now the earl had risen from his bed, and had prepared himself for what was yet to be endured. He was first brought down the High street to the Council House, where he was to remain during the short interval which was still to elapse before the execution. During that interval he asked for pen and ink, and wrote to his wife: "Dear heart, God is unchangeable. He hath always been good and gracious to me; and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults; and now comfort thyself in Him, in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, bless and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu."

It was now time to leave the Council House. The divines who attended the prisoner were not of his own persuasion, but he listened to them with civility. He mounted the scaffold, where the rude old guillotine of Scotland, called the Maiden, awaited him, and addressed the people in a speech tinged with the peculiar phraseology of his sect, but breathing the spirit of serene piety. His enemies, he said, he forgave, as he hoped to be forgiven. Only

a single acrimonious expression escaped him. One of the episcopal clergymen who attended him went to the edge of the scaffold, and called out in a loud voice, "My lord dies a Protestant." "Yes," said the earl, coming forward, "and not only a Protestant, but with a heart hating of prelacy, and of all superstition." He then embraced his friends, put into their hands some tokens of remembrance for his wife and children, knelt down, laid his head on the block, prayed for a little space, and gave the signal to the executioner. His head was fixed on the top of the Tolbooth, where the head of Montrose had formerly decayed.

From the London People's Journal.

NO GOOD EFFORTS WHOLLY LOST.

BY G. LINNEUS BANKS.

Struggle, struggle, late and early,

Struggle hard and struggle long,

Though the world be dark and surly,

And its rancour coarse and strong.

Fear not trials, shun not danger,—

Shrinking least where danger's most,—

Who to conflict is a stranger?

No good efforts wholly lost!

By the midnight taper poring,

O'er the mind-reflecting page;

Thought-darts, soul-helps, gladly storing,

Like a warrior of the age.

Reading, writing, por'dring, thinking,

Till the latest sheet is cross'd,

Neither truth nor duty blinking,—

No good efforts wholly lost!

In the great commercial city,

Where the tyrant Mammon reigns,

Weaning hearts from sense of pity,

Meting virtues by their gains,—

There, with angel tone and feature,

Calm and kind, though tempest-toss'd,

Show the good-seed in your nature,—

No good efforts wholly lost!

Where the storm of passion rages;

Where the felon victim weeps;

And the pang no love assuages

Is the fruit which folly reaps.

Clothed with mercy—full of kindness—

Hail him from a friendly coast;

Pity thou and cheer his blindfold,

No wholly efforts wholly lost!

Where the outcast mother, bending,

Watches o'er her famished child,

With her sighs pure heart-prayers bleeding,

Keep her spirit undefiled;

Cheer her loneliness with His story,

Who of suffering knew the cost;

How a manger hid his glory—

No good efforts wholly lost!

To the stern one preach compassion,

Move the rocky heart of pride;

Speak of that more glorious fashion

First worn by the Crucified;

How He triumphed through His meekness,

Quell'd, amazed the rabble host;

Pitying every human weakness—

No good efforts wholly lost!

If you meet a fallen daughter,

Maddened, wronged, by guilt and shame,

Wound not with stale maxims, taught her

Ere she knew a harlot's name;

But with words of love and duty

Lead her back to virtue's post;

So regain her heavenly beauty—

No good efforts wholly lost!

Struggle, struggle on for ever,

Strong in purpose, deed, and mind;

Pausing never, ceasing never,

In your love-works for mankind—

Caring not for frown or danger,

Shrinking least where peril's most;

Who to conflict is a stranger?

No good efforts wholly lost!

From Walpole's Four Years in the Pacific.

SLAVERY IN THE BRAZILS.

A slave was flogged one evening for some offence, under our windows. The instrument used was one tail of rope with a single knot; the fellow seemed well used to it, and dodged so adroitly that the post came in for the greater part of the blows; nevertheless he made as much noise as if it really was dreadful punishment. Many persons send their slaves out in the morning, to earn, by labor of any kind, a certain sum; and if they return in the evening without the full amount, they suffer for it. The emancipated slaves exceed all other owners in cruelty and oppression. Englishmen, who, of course, are not permitted to own slaves, though to their shame be it said, they often do hire them of the natives; they are compelled to do this, as no free man will perform the dirtiest menial offices. It frequently happened, on your calling an ebony coloured fellow to do something—empty your water, pull off your boots, or what not—that he would say, "I will send a black fellow to do it sir." Many

are very useful servants, and adepts at the different trades; these frequently run away, and detection is very difficult; some escape in this way, earn enough to purchase their freedom, and dwell in peace for the rest of their lives. Newly imported slaves are not allowed to be sold in Rio; old ones are. This prohibition is easily and frequently eluded. The slave market is a miserable hole; at least such it seemed from the glimpse I caught of it. A young and very handsome girl was put up for auction, and finally knocked down to a villainous, profligate looking Creole; poor girl! I wished her a kind master, but she herself seemed careless of the event. Little fat, round aigger babies are hawked about for sale, and offered to passers by at a very low price, perhaps by their own mothers. I saw one bought, and the seller, a great fat negress, put the money in her purse, and turned away, evidently thinking she had made a capital bargain. Many of the slaves, or free black women, who hawk about baskets with fruit, tapes, and other small wares, are very richly adorned. They wear torn upon turn of massive gold chains round their necks and on their arms, and rich heavy ear-rings. They are frequently most noble looking women, tall, and wondrously well made. Some of both sexes, (free, I suppose) strut about the streets, togg'd up in the last new fashions. Of course all heavy labor falls on the slaves; it is they who pull the huge boats, after each stroke rising up on the bench before them, entering their oar in the water, and then falling back in the stroke, thus giving the whole weight of their bodies. The speed attained by this method of rowing is very great. All the porters, too, falls to their lot, nor is a cart to be seen in Rio. They run along with their loads in gangs, the foremost carrying a rattle, the rest shouting in time to his noise. The masters with an eye to the everlasting welfare of their slaves, always have them baptised on their arrival in the Brazil; they then receive names and are admitted within the pale of the church. Some are even compelled to attend mass; but as instruction in this their new idolatry—for, to them, what else can it be—is not thought necessary, probably the feast days, which are holidays, are the brightest truths, and chief articles of their faith.

From the London Morning Herald.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

A fatigue party from the Investigator, under Captain Bird, with Dr. Robertson, accompanied Dr. Robertson for five days, all of whom were pretty well knocked up. In this journey the whole party were charged by an immense bear. Bruin walked boldly up to them, and was only checked in his advance by an attempt to fire upon him. Of the entire number of guns levelled, however, the only firearm that went off was Lieutenant McIntock's. The ball took effect, but the old gentleman did not seem to care much about it; he merely scratched his head with his paw, stopped within 15 yards, and then turned his back upon them, and walked off with a most contemptuous air. The track of blood which marked his retirement in the snow, showed that he was wounded. The fatigue party proceeded just as far as the eastern side of Cape Rennell, about 40 miles from the ships, and repaired after supplying the other party with their stock of provisions.

The second party consisted of Lieutenant Robinson, of the Investigator, and 8 men. They proceeded down along the western side of Prince Regent's Inlet, until they arrived at Fury Point. Here they found the provisions of the Fury all in a good state of preservation; and Sir John Ross's (Somerset House) standing in good order. A tent was erected inside, in which they lit some fires, and here Lieut. Robinson was obliged to leave two of his party, who were too much fatigued to go any further. With the remainder he pushed on to Grenwell Bay, about 25 miles distant, where he erected a cairn, and deposited the usual contents. By order of the captain, he destroyed all the gunpowder at Fury Beach. On returning to the wreck of the Fury he picked up his invalids and came back to the ship, after an absence of three weeks, having one day's provisions remaining. This party saw some young seals and bears, but had no time for sport or pursuit.

The third party, under Lieut. Barnard, consisted of himself, Dr. Anderson, and four men (Investigator). They proceeded to the north shore of Barrow's Straits, as far as Cape Hurd. A fatigue party, under Mr. Cresswell (mate of Investigator), accompanied Mr. Barnard as far as Leopold Island, where they bivouacked for the night. They endeavored to procure a supply of fowl, but did not succeed. This party witnessed a very natural, and at the same time an easy, mode of descent from a height of about 700 feet. A bear squatted himself down on his hams, slipped from top to bottom at railway speed, steadying himself with great judgment by his paws in his rapid descent. Lieut. Barnard fixed a beacon and notices at Cape Hurd, and then tried to push up a short distance to the westward along the shore; but as the weather was very bad, the wind blowing very strong, and having only a week's provisions, they were compelled to return at the end of six days.

A fourth party, consisting of four men under Lieut. Brown (Enterprise), and a fatigue party composed of Mr. Court, second master, and four seamen, accompanying them about 10 miles—set off in an easterly direction, across the ice, from the eastern nameless shore of Prince Regent's Inlet. They were absent 7 days, and had exhausted all their provisions when they returned. They had very bad wea-

ther, and so thick that no observations could be taken, and were obliged to steer by compass (Captain Cator's). The sun was only visible twice, just before midnight and just before morning. They went across to a place called the Peak, a remarkable peaked hill in Parry's chart. Here they erected a cairn as conspicuous as possible, and made the usual deposits. On the east coast they found a remarkable difference as compared with the west coast. On lifting the stones on the former coast they found small quantities of water. Half way across the inlet the ice was perfectly smooth; but towards the eastern shore the ice got so exceedingly rough and 'hummocky' that Mr. Brown was obliged to leave the sledges about seven miles off shore, and picked them up again on his return, after they erected the cairn, &c. In coming back they suffered from the snow-drift, and the temperature was down to 12 below zero. They saw a flock of gulls, and several bear tracks, during their expedition. During one night, or day rather, a bear must have passed close to their resting place, as his track was fresh on the snow around the tent, when the party awoke.

Sir James Ross returned to the ship on the 23rd June, in the middle of the night, with only one day's provisions remaining. They were most glad to see him safe again, and all hands cheered from both ships as he neared them. Captain Bird was beginning to be anxious about his worthy chief, and a party was ordered to be got ready to proceed to meet him the following day, had he not returned. As it was, a company was sent to his relief on his appearing in sight. The gallant officer came back the same way he went. Some time was now devoted to rest, relaxation, and doctoring; and as soon as the men had sufficiently recovered, the cutting of the canal was commenced, the ships having in the meantime been caulked and refitted. The process of cutting through the ice was a most arduous one. The line having been marked out by the officers, 15 and 18 feet ice-saws were set to work with triangles, and cut on an average 200 feet in a day; four saws, and sometimes six saws, being employed at once, the ice being from 3 to 5 feet deep. The ships moved down the canal about August 6, and then, watching and seizing every opportunity, they gradually got down to the entrance; the ice in the inlet having receded considerably from the harbor, caused some motion, which assisted in some degree in breaking up the ice at the entrance of the harbor. On the 28th the ships got in open water, and stood to the northward, with the intention of going to Melville Island till September 1; when on the morning watch of that day, thick weather prevailing, and wind blowing hard, the ice gradually filled in all round, and finally encircled both ships—first the Enterprise, then the Investigator, in spite of all her efforts to keep her out. She at last took up a berth as near as she could to her consort at about a mile.

All communication was here cut off except by signal, and from this time the ships drifted perfectly helpless, until the 25th September, when they cleared the pack off Pond's Bay, having drifted about two hundred and forty miles. The aspect was indeed cheerless as they gradually approached the western shore of Baffin's Bay, a coast which has proved fatal to so many whalers. On the 24th they had a strong breeze, and on the 25th open water was observed at a distance of about five or six miles, and as soon as the ice split up, sail was made upon both ships, and on the forenoon of the 25th, after crashing through the ice for about 36 hours, they succeeded in getting quite clear. The ships now stood right across to the eastern shore of Baffin's Bay, for the purpose of clearing the middle ice, and first saw the land October 3, which was the coast of Greenland, called Sanderson's Hope, near Uppernavick. With baffling winds and thick weather, the ships now made the best of their way southward, passing an immense multitude of gigantic icebergs, varying from one hundred to three hundred feet high, and from a quarter to half a mile in length. These tremendous bergs often came between and threatened the ships with destruction, and were a source of perpetual harass, often exciting much apprehension from their color, or rather their colorless appearance. It was indeed a task of no ordinary skill and ability sometimes to steer clear of them. On the 25th the two ships first communicated since they began to drift, and now joyfully exchanged cheers of congratulation at their narrow escape. On the 18th they rounded Cape Farewell, and from thence had a good passage with strong westerly gales, till they made the O'keys on the 29th ult., and Scarborough the 3d November.

On Sunday, the 4th, they got a pilot, fresh beef and vegetables—a great treat to all on board—and picked up the steamer off Lowestoft on Thursday night, when from that time to Saturday they were employed in dragging (they cannot tow) the Enterprise to Purbeck, and the Investigator to Woolwich, the latter reaching Woolwich in the afternoon, and the former having been towed up on Sunday morning.

In the course of the voyage there were shot three bears, two or three seals, many swans, geese and ducks, and more than 3000 loons.

ANTIQUITY OF A 'BAD HABIT.'

Henry the Fifth was a learned Prince, but he had the bad habit of borrowing books and never returning them. After his death a petition was sent to the regency by the Lady Westmoreland, his relative, praying that her 'Chronicles of Jerusalem,' and the 'Expedition of Godfrey of Boulogne,' borrowed of her by the late king might be returned. The Prior of Christchurch likewise, in a most pitiful com-