

things: but all, even to the minutest details of her dress, were stamped on my recollection with the truth and vigour of a daguerreotype picture. Oh, how often have I wept over that vision, so gloriously lovely, but even then marred and sullied by the world!

Violet looked up and perceived me. The rich color flew from her cheeks, the pupils of her eyes dilated, her whole countenance assumed an expression of horror and despair, her lips trembled with the attempt to form a sound, and she half stretched out her arms towards me. The sight of her emotion overwhelmed me. I trembled from head to foot; something I believed I said, or strove to say, and hurried from the house. In that gaze I had read her soul and she mine! in the electric shock of spirits, had revealed its depths to me as clearly and as truly as a landscape is shown in the instantaneous flood of lightning. I knew her story then, as truly by instinct as afterwards I knew it by facts; yet, in all the heart-struggle of that dreadful time, it was a comfort, it was a triumph to me to feel that even as I had loved Violet, Violet had loved me.

I forced from my mother a confession of her interference; I compelled her to acknowledge the means she had employed to keep us apart; I extracted from my uncle an account of his interview with Violet; I saw how his heart had almost softened to her youth and tender love; in short I gained such comfort as was left me—the memory of Violet, in all her innocent beauty and trusting affections; but I never tried to see her again.

Years went on; her husband's fortune was dissipated by his lavish expenditure.—Violet was compelled to return to the stage; her beauty drew upon her the misery of many admirers; her actions did not escape censure. Her husband died, and she married a second time. Her children—for she had two whom she must have loved with all the ardour of her nature—turned out badly; they were both boys. Sorrow and even poverty darkened her declining days; bodily suffering was added to mental disquietude; but I have heard, from those on whom I can depend, that she learned the lesson sorrow and trial are sent to teach—that she put away the world from her heart, that she died in hope, and rests in peace.

Since the winter when last I beheld her, in the pride of her young womanhood, eight-and-thirty years have passed. She has fallen asleep, and my pilgrimage is nearly ended; but never on one day of those eight-and-thirty years have I ceased to pray for her; morning and evening have I prayed for her, and many a time besides. It was of the innocent girl that I thought, but it was of the suffering woman that I prayed. My mother earnestly strove to awaken in me some affection which might replace the remembrance of Violet. Had her fate been happier, I cannot tell what might have been moved within me; but I had so entirely loved her, and I knew her to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers, that I could think of her alone.

She is gone where the children of the Father shall at length be pure and holy, where the sorrows and misapprehensions of this world shall be scattered like mists before the rising sun—where I hope to see her; the same, yet more beautiful in the majesty of completed suffering.

My uncle ceased, and large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. He died after three years, strong in the faith in which he had lived. A locket, containing some curls of auburn hair, and a letter, the characters of which were illegible, were found on his breast.—We did not remove them; and beside the porch of his little country church we reverently laid him to rest, with these remembrances of her whom he had loved so tenderly and truly.

CAPTAIN M'CLURE,

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

Winter had now set in—the ten months' winter of the polar climate, when men in these regions descend into a living tomb for half the year. Meanwhile, M'Clure had heard nothing of the Enterprise since they parted company in the Pacific as we know it now, was not a brilliant one. Not until fourteen days after the Investigator did she pass Behring's Straits; then obstructed by ice and uncertain of the other vessels she turned back to Grantly Harbor, where she grounded.—Again on the 19th of September, she passed Behring's Straits; but by that time M'Clure had advanced seven hundred miles to the eastward and ten degrees north, and had nearly achieved the north-west passage. The Enterprise subsequently was forced back a second time, and obliged to winter at Hong Kong.

When spring came and sledge-travelling practicable, searching parties were organised. Lieutenant Cresswell, with six men, went northward and examined all along the high coast of Baring's Island, rising to a height of one thousand or fourteen hundred feet. In thirty-two days he traversed three hundred and twenty miles, and walked twenty-four

miles upon the Polar Sea. He found rich alluvial plains and valleys in Baring's Island stocked with herds of Musk-oxen, deer, ptarmigan, and hares in plenty. The land seemed well fitted for life, but there was no human inhabitant—yet traces of ancient encampments, that in times long anterior, the whole country had once been densely populated. Some fragment of that primitive race that circulates all round the pole, whose origin no one knows, had once dwelt there.—They call themselves "innuit," or men.—The Indians name them Equimaux, (eaters of raw flesh); a people with traditions, religion or laws, yet not savage; some tribes have no word for war; a childlike race—gay, loquacious, cunning, skilled in flattery, fond of music and dancing, the children of the ice, having no affinity whatever with the Indian races that people North America. Never changing their modes of life, they are the same now Scandinavians found them ten centuries ago, when they named them *Skrælings*, or dwarfs. In feature—the oblique eyes and lateral expanse of head, as in their extraordinary imitative powers—they resemble the Chinese.

Yet all evidence shows that they migrated downwards from the extreme and now inaccessible Pole, as if they had been the cradle of their race.

All along the northern line of coast proceeding to Melville Island, and on Melville Island itself, as well as on Baring's Island, traces are found of this race—proving that at some remote period the whole region was densely populated, though not a human being now disturbs the solitude. The tide of population has passed downwards to the southern line of coast approximating to America. Perhaps the Russian tradition has some foundation, and that there really does or did exist some beautiful region at the summit of the Polar ice, from whence these early races sprang. At all events, there is evidence that a comparatively high temperature once existed in the Arctic regions, where now the summer is at freezing-point, and the winter 50 or 60 feet below it. At Baring's Island Captain M'Clure found the remains of an immense forest, extending over an entire range of hills, and all the ravine filled with pieces washed down from these ligneous hills though now not a tree is met with in the Arctic regions beyond the sixty-sixth degree of latitude. Dr. Scoresby states that the heat of the pole during the brief summer is one-fourth greater than at the equator; and in the early years subsequent to creation, before snow and ice had accumulated, this heat may have generated a true tropical climate but, as age after age piled the glacier and deepened the snow, the actual temperature gradually lessened till down southward, like the march of the iceberg, came the north race, forced from the ice world to seek more habitable climes.

In the large country discovered southward by Captain M'Clure, and named Prince Albert's Land, a gentle, primitive tribe was found located, who had never seen Europeans before. They had no traditions as to how they came there, and never quit this desolate land. They had no weapons of war, had never seen iron, but made all their implements for the chase of copper, there as plenty as stone. Captain M'Clure with the interpreter visited them, to make inquiries about Franklin's expedition. At first they were greatly terrified, making signs to them not to approach, and calling out, "Oh, we are very much afraid." Being reassured, however, by a few presents and the presence of the interpreter, who was perfectly able to converse with them, their language being identical with that spoken at Labrador, they consented to a parley, but could give no account of the lost ships. It is singular that this hour's converse with a few simple savages was the only human communication held by Captain M'Clure and his crew for the space of three days.

Forten months the Investigator remained immovable, fixed in the floe. Then when July came of the next year, '51, they tried to free the ship by blasting the ice. A thirty-six pound charge was let down in a jar below the water. The ice was eleven feet thick and four hundred feet in diameter; but the trial succeeded admirably; the ice rent in every direction, and the ship passed through easily. Still, the ice never stirred across Barrow's Strait all that sunless summer, and then they turned to try the passage by the north side of Baring's Island, knowing that a channel ran between it and Melville Island. A second time they rounded the bold southern headland named after Nelson, and on the west side found the land covered with verdure; large flocks of geese were feeding, ducks flying in numbers, and herds of oxen and deer feeding on the rich moss of the valleys; but on proceeding northward, they met the ice again—the whole tremendous mass of polar ice drifting east with a strong west wind. At one time a floe was lifted thirty feet perpendicularly above the ship, ready to fall and crush them, when suddenly it rent and scattered, leaving them untouched.—Again, the ship was forced in between two masses, and obliged to drift along with them

helplessly. A charge of one hundred and fifty pounds of gunpowder was tried to free the ship, and succeeded; five minutes' longer detention, and the vessel would have been crushed "like a nut in the nut-crackers." Another time a charge of two hundred and fifty-five pounds cleared a harbor for them, where they rested some time securely from the pressure of the polar ice, the most massive and terrific ever witnessed. On the 24th they came to a well protected bay a little to the southward, while the great polar pressure passed on north-east. Here they were frozen in, the 24th of September, 1851, and have remained frozen in up to the present time. Three winters they have passed in that ice prison, "which in grateful remembrance of the many perils we escaped during the passage of that terrible polar sea, we have named 'THE BAY OF MERCY.'"

The land around them was sterile limestone, without vegetable or trace of animal life—all bleak, bare, and barren; wholly different from the coast at the west side. From that day the whole ship's company were placed on two-thirds allowance of provision, as the period of release was indefinite. The hunting parties, however, added, fortunately, to their stock; and at one time one thousand pounds of venison hung at the yard-arms.—The winter passed in hopes that when spring came they would find all they needed at Melville Island; either a ship, or at least a depot of provisions left by Captain Austin, for they had heard at the Sandwich Islands of his expedition there. Accordingly, early in April, Captain M'Clure proceeded thither with a sledge-party; they travelled eighteen days, but on reaching Winter Harbor, found neither ship nor provisions—only a notice of Lieutenant M'Clintock's visit the preceding year. No provisions: "It was poor tidings to carry back to his ship's company." Nothing can be more censurable than this gross neglect on the part of Captains Austin and Ommaney. They knew the Investigator had orders to make the passage to Melville Island if possible; and yet, with their enormous resources, with a whole squadron at command they leave M'Clure and his brave crew in their one lone vessel, to all the chances of starvation. If other expeditions are conducted with as little exercise of judgment on the part of the leaders, Sir John Franklin may have perished, helplessly, of famine, though England sent fifteen expeditions for his rescue, as M'Clure might have perished, though within a few days' journey of the resources of an entire squadron.

At Melville Island, on the same stone that bore the name of the brave and gallant Parry, M'Clure inscribed his, and left a notice of the position of his ship. To this notice he owed the rescue of himself and crew exactly one year after. The summer of 1852 passed over, and the sun never appeared through the fog, the ice never broke up; all hope of release seemed annihilated. They were now reduced to half a pound of meat a day, in a climate where they could easily have consumed four. "The spirits of the men began to flag; they felt themselves abandoned, and evils comparatively light before pressed heavily upon them. The long, unceasing night, the constant gnawing of hunger, and the dread that was stealing over them for the future, conspired to make that winter long and dreary." On the 3th of September, 1852, two years after their imprisonment in the ice, Captain M'Clure summoned the crew together, and announced to them that, in consequence of the failure of provisions, and there being no hope of rescue, he would send half of them home to England the following spring, April, 1853, he himself remaining with the ship as long as there was any chance of extricating her. If that proved impossible, he would abandon the ship, and make his way home in 1854 by sledges to port Leopold, in Barrow's Strait, where he would fall in with ships or supplies. The vessel was quite sound, and he would not desert her, when one favorable season would run her through the straits, and so perfect the north-west passage. Yet the 26th of October that year, the second anniversary of the discovery of the passage, was kept as a festival, with singing and dancing—the dark future and their own personal sufferings forgotten for a moment, in the proud, unselfish exultation, at what they had achieved for their country's glory.

Fortunately all their hunting-parties had brought them a fresh supply of food, for the deer do not migrate in winter; and with humble gratitude the brave leader "thanks God for this merciful supply, which kept them from starvation." Christmas, likewise—the last they were all to be together—was kept with due honor, and a full allowance served out of their scanty stock of provision. The crew were resolved to make it memorable. Each mess was illuminated, and decorated by lower-deck artists with original paintings, representing the ship in her various perilous positions during the transit of the Polar Sea. And yet this mirthful, fine-hearted set of fellows was a crew that for two years had been buried in ice, cut off from all human help or intercourse as completely as if

they were entombed. How nobly does this very circumstance testify to the qualities of their commander, who could sustain patience, fortitude, courage, and even cheerfulness, amongst his men in the midst of the most terrible desolation that can be conceived! "As I contemplated the gay assemblage," M'Clure says in his despatches, "I could not but feel deeply impressed with the many and great mercies extended towards us by a kind and beneficent Providence, to whom alone is due the heartfelt praises and thanksgivings for all the great benefits we have hitherto experienced." How nobly uttered! and how beautiful to contemplate this added strength, which trust in God can give to even the greatest natural heroism!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CANADA RAILWAY WORKS AT BIRKENHEAD.

The Canada Works are a thing of magic, in the rapidity with which they have been constructed and brought into active operation. Here it is that Messrs Brassey, Jackson, Peto, and Betts, the contractors for the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, are constructing their plant and materials for carrying on that great undertaking. The premises are very extensive and as complete as possible. The main building is 900 feet in length by 36 in width and there are also other erections. The large building extends inland from the margin of the float and has a curved form. The yard encloses a long water basin, where coals and other necessary stores are landed at every spot where they are wanted. Besides this, the line of railway is carried from the docks to all parts of the yard. The establishment is divided into two distinct compartments; one for the manufacture of locomotives, waggons, carriages, and plant, and the other for the construction of bridges; for all the large bridges on the Canada Railway are to be tubular, and one of them over the St. Lawrence, will be a mile and three quarters in length, quite throwing into the shade all previous attempts at tubing, the famous Britannia Bridge included. The general management of the Canada Works is in the hands of Mr Harrison, a gentleman of great experience in such matters; and the "bridge department" is superintended by Mr Evans who brings equal ability to the performance of his duties.

The main building is, of course, divided into separate compartments, the principal of which is, the fitting, turning, and erecting shop, a noble room, 300 feet long. There is, also, the boiler-makers' shop, the smithy (with 22 furnaces), the brass-moulders' shop, and copper-smiths' shop, the pattern-makers' shop, the cast-iron foundry, the warehouse, the store, and other smaller "shops"—the smithy and the plating room. Spacious offices, and a suitable house for the "foreman's" residence, stand detached from the other buildings. There is also, stabling for a number of horses employed in "out-door" work. We have much pleasure in adding that the premises include an eating-room and a reading-room for the use of the artisans employed.

It must be distinctly understood that all the locomotives and their tenders are entirely constructed at these works, as also are casting, moulding, and forging—in fact, all the iron-work—for the carriages and waggons of the Grand Trunk Railway; but the wood-work and fitting-up of the latter are, for very obvious reasons, effected in Canada, principally at Montreal. Two large stationary high pressure engines, of 30 horse power each, supply the motive power to the numerous slotting machines, planing machine, punching machine, steam hammers, and other wonderful mechanical contrivances for assisting the labour of handiworkmen. The locomotives are constructed ten at a time, and the first batch of ten are now drawing towards completion—five of them for passengers, and the other five for goods traffic. It is expected that steam will be up, and the first five of them ready for delivery at their destination, by the end of May.

Of the ultimate extent of the operations carried on at the Canada Works, it may be somewhat premature to speak just now; but present facts give us most reliable data to go upon in making calculations for the future. The number of men employed now is upwards of 800, and every week additional hands are being taken on until the maximum of 600 is reached. The wages of the mechanics employed range from 28s. to 34s. per week, the general average being 31s. 6d. The monthly expenditure in wages alone is now upwards of £5000; and when the works are in full operation, it will be more than double that amount, or at the rate of £120,000 per annum,—all, or nearly all, of which will be spent amongst the shopkeepers of Birkenhead. It is calculated that the works are capable of turning out forty locomotives with their tenders in the course of a year, which, at the moderate estimate of £2,500 for each locomotive, (they are very large and powerful ones) gives £100,000 per annum for the work of that department alone. The carriage work, bridge work, and miscellaneous plant work will probably, reach double that amount, and thus we have £300,000 worth of work turned out yearly from the Canada Works alone.

The people of Canada have the assurance that their great railway will be contemplated as speedily as possible, for all kinds are working over-time, and the machinery is kept going day and night.—*Liverpool Journal.*

DEATH OF CAPTAIN GIFFARD, OF THE TIGER.—We are greatly pained to announce the death of Captain Giffard, lately in command of her Majesty's ship Tiger. This gallant gentleman received his wounds in defence of his ship, which he only surrendered at the last, when beaten down. He lost one leg, and was badly wounded in the other. In fact, he received several wounds while bravely defending his charge—hopeless as the struggle was, against fatal odds, and at every possible disadvantage. The melancholy intelligence of his death was despatched to Vienna by electric telegraph on the 1st instant, by the Austrian Consul at Odessa. He was to be buried on the 2nd of June, with military honours. The young midshipman, who also fell by his side, was not a nephew, but a more distant relative. After the funeral the captive crew of the Tiger was to proceed to Risen; the officers are to be sent to Moscow, with the exception of the first lieutenant, who is ordered to St. Petersburg to attend the Emperor of Russia.

We learn from Charleton County that Mr English has gained a Majority of about forty votes over Mr Harding in the scrutiny before the High Sheriff.