

take cold. He gathered the first flowers of spring, and the last of autumn, for her to admire. He found out the first strawberries and would bring them in a fresh green leaf to his little cousin, before the rest of us looked for anything but blossoms. It was not to be expected that he would forget her such a rainy afternoon as the one to which I have referred. And sure enough, as we stood at the windows and doors, looking out upon the wet street and the tiny rivers in the paved gutters, we spied the little fellow with his load just turning the corner by the bank. But just then a horse and chaise turned into the street, and dashed furiously on, knocking the little boy under the wheels. The girls screamed, and called to the teacher; all save Lizzie and myself, who ran as fast as our feet could carry us. But two men were there before us, one of whom was a stranger, the other Squire Hall.

"Carry him right into your office, Doctor," said the latter.

"Oh, Willie! Willie! can you speak?" said Lizzie, as she bent over him, her curls falling on his pale face.

He unclosed his eyes on hearing her voice, and said—

"It didn't kill me Lizzie; but my leg aches so! I'm afraid it's broken. Is it?" he asked, turning to Squire Hall.

Meanwhile the Doctor had been examining it, and pronounced it a simple fracture, and was proceeding to set the limb.

Lizzie drew Squire Hall aside, and asked—

"Can he do it well? Shain't I call Dr. Carter who knows so much more about it?"

"The Doctor is out of town this afternoon," said the squire. "But don't give yourself any trouble; Dr. Parker here will do the thing up right."

Lizzie looked again at the stranger, and her countenance softened a little when she saw his broad, high forehead, large, full, clear blue eye, and the kind expression of his face as he talked so cheerfully to Willie, and called him a little hero for his patience. She would not leave Willie, but stood holding his hand, while I ran for my mother. On my return I found her talking very earnestly to the Doctor.

"And then he will not be lame always?"

"Oh no; at his age it will heal again soon. It is not a bad case either; and, if I succeed in setting it right, a few weeks will make all well again."

Lizzie brushed the tears from her eyes, threw back her curls, and talked very playfully to Willie, while she bathed his face in Cologne.

That afternoon, Willie and Lizzie learned that there were doctors who loved children.

It was very hard for our active Willie to keep still so long, and remain quiet in bed; but Lizzie came every day to see him, and brought him flowers, books, and little niceties.

One little incident will illustrate her kind disposition—Very early one morning, she went trudging through the street, bearing a huge bag of rags towards the book-store. It was as much as she could well drag along. Dr. Parker, who was his own shop-boy, was arranging his office as she passed. They had become well acquainted during his attendance on Willie, and he bade her "Good-morning," and expressed some surprise at her huge burden.

"It's only the rags I am carrying to Mr. Gilman's," she said, as she laid the bag upon the door-step, while she stopped a minute to rest. "A long time ago, when I was sewing patchwork, I used to be very wasteful of cloth and mother told me that all the bits and ends were used in making paper, and that I might have all the money they brought, if I would be prudent and not waste so much. Well, I've collected all these," she said, pointing to her bag; and I got up very early this morning and came away before breakfast, so that nobody would know what I was about; for Willie said yesterday that he wished he could have the 'Arabian Nights,' and I thought that, with what money I had in my purse, and what Mr. Gilman would give me for these, I could buy a nice little red-covered copy which he has to sell."

The doctor smiled, and, shouldering the bag, walked on with her, listening with much interest to the little talker.

"What will your mother say, Lizzie, when she finds you have been out so early in the morning with such a load?"

"Oh, I guess she will laugh, and ask me why I didn't send Jim, the hired man. But Jim is a great talker, and I thought likely as not he would tell his sister Sally, that lives at uncle's, and I should lose the pleasure of surprising Willie, after all. But perhaps mother will say nothing about it, for she has been confined to her room some weeks, and Dr. Carter who comes every day, says if she exerts herself much she may bring on the old complaint again in her hip. I suppose you know what a wonderful cure he performed for her some years ago?"

"Why no, I have never heard. I should like to know," said the doctor.

"Why, sir, she hadn't walked a step for

three years, and her case puzzled all the doctors far and near. At last Dr. Carter, who had studied a great deal upon it, brought a curious machine, 'magnetic' something, I don't remember, and he invented a supporter for her. After using them awhile she gained strength, and has been growing better ever since, until within a few weeks. Dr. Carter comes every day now; but he says mother is not very sick, and will soon be well."

They had now arrived at Mr. Gilman's; and, as our shrewd Lizzie had purposely selected all the *finest* rags to be found in the house, they brought a good price, and she had the pleasure of taking home the coveted book. She stopped at Dr. Parker's office a moment while he wrote Willie's name and added, 'a gift from cousin Lizzie.'

(To be continued.)

CAPTAIN MCCLURE,

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

On the 30th of March, the men were told off who were to proceed home, and full allowance of provisions given them, in order that they might begin good condition for travelling. One party, under Lieutenant Haswell, was to proceed by sledge to Melville Island, and from thence, if possible, to Beechey Island, in hopes of meeting ships and supplies. The second party, commanded by Lieutenant Cresswell, was to proceed by the Mackenzie river to the nearest trading-station; McClure and the rest were to stay by the ship. The 15th of April, 1853, was the day fixed for starting. "By this time there was much sickness on board, a general gloom prevailed."

On the night of the 5th April, McClure made up his despatches for the Admiralty; also a letter to Sir George Back, and one to his only sister, in which he tells her how they "have added another laurel to old England's name and glory, and a memorable event to our dear little Queen's reign." But there is no egotism, no self-exaltation; only he hopes the Admiralty will not object to his remaining, and he wishes, "with a little pardonable vanity, to bring back the old ship as a trophy to England, if it were possible."—And in a letter to his old shipmate and much-beloved commander, Sir George Back, written at the same time, the only personal favour he expresses a desire for is, that in the event of promotion, his commission should be antedated to October the 20th, 1850, the day of the discovery of the passage. McClure had thus uttered his last words to his friend, his sister, and his country, and then he calmly faced the future. To the Admiralty he writes: "If no tidings of me are heard next year at Port Leopold, it may be concluded that some fatal catastrophe has happened; either we have been carried into the polar sea, or smashed in Barrow's Straits. In that case, let no ship proceed for our relief, for we must all have perished from starvation; let no lives be risked in quest of those who will then be no more." There is courage to meet any fate, but no word of despair.

Sir Roderick Murcheson, in his place as President of the Royal Geographical Society, said, speaking of the tone of these letters to the Admiralty: "Since Captain Cook, no officer has written despatches that will be more indelibly impressed on the minds of Englishmen." But, even then, while writing these calm, noble words, relief was approaching—relief so unexpected, that when it arrived, the bewildered crew could hardly credit their senses. Three dreary winters of solent abandonment—three years in which they were as much severed from humanity as if they were dead, and now from their ice-grave they are aroused by the sound of friendly human voices, and friendly hands are there to greet them. It was a resurrection from death to life.

It may be remembered that Captain Kellett, in parting from McClure in 1850, returned to England. Shortly after, he was sent out again, in command of the *Resolute*, to proceed by the Atlantic to Melville Island. On arriving there, he found, to his astonishment, the notice left by McClure in April, 1851, with a despatch also, from which he learned that the Polar Sea had been traversed, the Passage discovered, and that his friend who had accomplished all, was now within a sledge-journey of him, in danger of starvation. As soon as practicable, therefore, a sledge party, commanded by Lieutenant Pim, of the *Resolute*, was despatched to the frozen ship in "the Bay of Mercy."

On the night of the 5th of April, McClure, as we have seen, had closed his despatches and letters, to be intrusted to the travelling-parties, and consigned himself to another year of peril and privation in the ice. No hope of relief from any thing human. The next morning came, the 6th of April, and the horizon seemed desolate as ever; but suddenly the cry overhead was heard, "A travelling party in sight." No one could believe it—things were too bad for that;—and yet that it should be true appeared possible. The cry was raised again. Men and officers rushed on deck, when they saw a man running across the snow towards them.

"Imagine, if you can," says McClure, in a private letter, "a whole crew vegetating in a huge catacomb, supposing themselves cut off from the world, and not a civilized being within two thousand miles; when suddenly an apparition is observed close to the vessel—one solitary stranger, (for his companions were hidden by the ice,) black as Erebus, approaching rapidly, occasionally showing gesticulations of friendship, similar to the Esquimaux. My surprise—I may add dismay—was beyond description; I paused in my advance to meet him, doubting if he were not a denizen of the other world." To the question, "Who are you, and where are you come from?" uttered by McClure, the new-comer, quite beside himself, stammered out: "Lieutenant Pim, Herald; Captain Kellett." This was the more inexplicable to McClure, as Captain Kellett was the last person he had shaken hands with at Behring's Straits. "However, my surprise lasted but for a moment. The apparition was really to be flesh and blood. To rush at and seize him by the hand was but the first gush of feeling; language was denied—the heart was too full for the tongue to articulate. As this black stranger informed us that assistance was within one hundred and fifty miles, the crew flew up the ladders; the sick forgot the maladies, the healthy their despondency. All was now life and delight; in a moment the whole crew were changed. I may go on writing, but can never convey the most faint idea of the scene. I can only say, fancy the dead raised to life; try to impress your mind with such a picture. I need say no more."

Hours after, the men might be seen talking, two or three together. Many among them seemed alive to the goodness of an ever-watchful Providence; but still their minds did not appear fully to grasp the extraordinary, almost miraculous change in their circumstances. On the morrow, the best the ship afforded was dealt out to the crew, to make themselves as merry as they could. The day following, Captain McClure and Lieutenant Pim left for Melville Island, after arranging for Lieutenant Cresswell to follow with the most sickly part of the ship's company. In this interval two deaths occurred; making three within a few days who had sunk under their protracted privations."

Captain Kellett, in a private letter, thus describes the meeting at Melville Island:—"This is really a red-letter day in our voyage, and should be kept as a holiday by our heirs and successors for ever. At nine o'clock of this day our look-out man announced a party coming. I cannot describe my feeling when told that Captain McClure was amongst them. I was not long in reaching him and giving him many hearty shakes; no purer were ever given by two men in this world. McClure looks well, but is half-starved." And McClure, describing the same meeting in a letter, says: "The 19th of April, ever to be kept as memorable, I arrived on board the *Resolute*, being met a short distance from the ship by her most kind-hearted, excellent captain, whose cordial embrace and welcome assured me that deep feeling and sincerity were there. Here I shall remain, in the enjoyment of true Irish hospitality; I need not tell you, the reception given me by our preserver has amply compensated for our deprivations and miseries."

It is singular that these two gallant officers who thus met, one from the east, the other from the west, upon Melville Island, (henceforth immortalized by the meeting,) are not only Irishmen but from the same town. Wexford has the honor of being the birth place both of Captain Kellett and Captain McClure.

On the 2nd of May, Lieutenant Cresswell's invalided party, reached Melville Island, consisting of Mr. Wynniatt, the mate, Surgeon Piers, the interpreter, and twenty-four seamen. Of these all were in bad health except the interpreter. Mr. Wynniatt had suffered severely from the protracted hardship; and one of the men had become entirely imbecile, though otherwise in good health. It was a painful and difficult task for Lieut. Cresswell to convey such a party one hundred and seventy miles over the ice, the weather gloomy the men so enfeebled that two were required to do the work of one; and the difficulty of dragging the sledges over high masses of ice so great, that the men sometimes fell down from weariness; but no death, no accident even happened.

In sixteen days they reached their destination safely. All honor be to the brave young officer, Lieutenant Cresswell, who had the guidance of this arduous enterprise, and accomplished it so admirably!

(To be continued.)

A humorous fellow subpoenaed as a witness on a trial of assault, one of the counsel who was notorious for brow-beating witnesses, asked him what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened.

"Just about four feet five inches and a half."

"How came you to be so exact, fellow?" said the learned counsel.

"Because I expected some fool or other would ask me, and I measured it."

The Politician.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

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June 24.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

THE Speech of Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Peers on Monday evening, was an extraordinary effort for a man who has seen more than eighty summers,—a clear, masterly exposition of Russian aggression, traced by one whose powers of exposition defy the inroads of time, and whose mind, judging by this display, is as bright and unclouded as ever. The occasion afforded the noble orator the opportunity of demonstrating the unanimity which prevails amongst all classes in this country respecting the Russian war, and the stern necessity which exists for curbing the ambition of a Power distinguished in all its acts for falsehood, trickery, and the subjugation of its weaker neighbours. The case which Lord Lyndhurst made out against the Czar was unanswerable. He showed that the rights of nations, the very existence of the European compact, depend upon paring the talons of this Russian eagle, and teaching him moderation in future. That the war is popular it needed not this philippic to prove. Indeed, as an incentive to national enthusiasm, the speech was superfluous, for on this head the public mind requires no stimulant. But it provoked an interesting discussion respecting the probable terms of peace; brought out Lord Clarendon, the Foreign Secretary, in a manner which cannot fail to add greatly to his reputation for intrepidity; and compromised, we fear, to some extent, the position of the Premier, whose speech was hardly up to the mark on a question so vitally important as the terms of an honourable and enduring peace.

All things considered, the time has been most opportune for this brush with Russia. The Anglo-French alliance is of itself a happy event; and the attitude which the German Powers, and more especially Austria, have recently assumed, shows that the Czar is without an ally amongst the Great Powers of Europe. For years past every one saw that this contest with the northern Autocrat must come,—that it was inevitable, sooner or later,—and the fact of Russia having, by her haughty arrogance, disgusted Austria and Prussia, is a feature which indicates a much speedier termination of the contest than was looked for when we first took up arms. It is our duty to make the most of circumstances—to bind down Russia to keep the peace on conditions which in all future time will secure that object; and it is in this point of view that the speech of Lord Aberdeen has given considerable uneasiness beyond the walls of Parliament. His lordship has been accused, most unjustly, we believe, of being the secret friend of Russia. He was certainly very reluctant to commence the war, for which he ought to be honoured, rather than censured—unwilling to bring it until every means had been exhausted for preserving peace. On this ground he has encountered much undeserved obloquy, and it is perhaps this unworthy suspicion which induces people to attach to his reply to Lord Lyndhurst a meaning which he perhaps never intended to convey. Nevertheless, this debate was an occasion on which, above all others, the head of the Government ought to have spoken out boldly, and adopted a tone which could not be mistaken. He should not have been less decided in language than his Foreign Secretary, nor less than explicit than the leader of the House of Commons before his city constituents last week. The Opposition will not be slow to make the most of this apparent timidity; and, in attacking the Premier, they will feel that they are effectually damaging the Government. In fact, the discussion in the House of Commons last night, showed that the Government will be put upon its trial forthwith, because of the Premier's coldness.

Recent events have opened the eyes of all the great European Powers to the real design of Russia, and the Secret Correspondence developed a serious of intrigues to get possession of Constantinople which would have done credit to the most accomplished burglar. The contemptible figure which Russia has cut in this war, so far, unable to cope single-handed with the Turks, must have a material influence in determining the terms of peace. It is clearly the interest of the German Courts to exact conditions quite as stringent as those which will be demanded by the Western Powers, and we have no doubt that when the time for negotiation arrives,—and we fancy it much nearer at hand than many people are disposed to believe,—Lord Aberdeen will not be found less anxious than his colleagues in requiring such "material guarantees" as will debar Russia from all future efforts to despoil its neighbour's property. The destruction of Sebastopol will, of course, be accomplished before the war has closed. The opening of the Black Sea to the commerce of the world, the independence of the Crimea,