

his chains were lying on the earth beside him, for he had wrenched them asunder, though his tortured limbs had suffered in the effort; he was no longer to be a gaze for the Florentines—his dagger had freed him.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

In Chambers's Edinburgh Journal we find the account of a surveyor being lost for five days, in the forests of New Brunswick, *without food*. The story is a thrilling one, and vouched for as true. After narrating the wandering for two days, the sufferer continues as follows:

"I had felt, without at that moment comprehending them, very evident symptoms of approaching weakness. I frequently heard the sound of voices quite distinctly, and stopped to listen. I whooped! but not a sound in reply. The stream murmured on to its bed, the wind rustled amongst the leaves, or whistled through long grass; but that was all; every thing else was silent as the grave. In a short time after a most extraordinary illusion occurred. My attention was first attracted by distinctly hearing a tune whistled in the direction of the river; and, on looking round, I saw through the trees an Indian with two squaws and a little boy. My joy at the sight was beyond conception: their canoe, I thought, could not be far off; and I already fancied myself seated in it, and quietly gliding down the river. I hallooed! but to my utter amazement not the slightest notice was taken, or reply made. The Indian, with folded arms, leant against a tree, and still continued to whistle his tune with philosophic indifference. I approached, but they receded, and appeared to shun me; I became annoyed, and persisted—but in vain, in trying to attract their notice. The dreadful truth at length flushed upon my mind; it was really no more than an illusion, and one of the most perfect description. Melancholy forebodings arose. I turned away, retraced my steps, and endeavoured to think no more of it. I had turned my back upon the vision, but as I retreated, its accompaniment of ghostly music for some time continued to fall upon my unwilling ear like a death-knell. A sort of mirage next appeared to me to spread over the low grounds, so completely real in its effect, that frequently, when expecting to step over my boots in water, I found I was treading on long "dry grass": to be convinced of the truth of which, I frequently felt with my hand. My first vision was undoubtedly the result of 'delirium tremens,' brought on by exhaustion; but whether the latter arose from the same cause, or from real external phenomena, I cannot well determine.

I continued my toilsome journey along the alternately flat and tangled, or precipitous banks of the river, which, from being now swollen, left me no beach to travel on. I crossed a large brook, which, mistaking it for the Odell, led me to suppose myself but a little way from the settlement, (in reality, upwards of twelve miles off.) I had not advanced a great way further until I suddenly dropped down. Supposing I had merely tripped and fallen I got up, and endeavoured to continue my march, but again staggered and fell. I got up a second time, and leaning against a tree, in the hope of recovering from what I at first imagined to be a temporary indisposition, again made several fruitless attempts to walk, until at last the appalling fact forced itself upon me that I had really lost my strength; and as any further exertions of my own were now impossible, my case was indeed hopeless, unless discovered by some of the party, who, I had no doubt, were by this time in search of me: or, what certainly did appear impossible, by some persons going up the stream to lumber. Under these circumstances, I thought it best to endeavour to regain the banks of the river; but owing to my weak and disabled condition, I could scarcely do more than drag myself along on my hands and knees, and was consequently overtaken by the night and a sharp frost. I took shelter behind the roots of a fallen tree, and pulling off my boots for the purpose of pouring out the water, and rendering my feet as dry as I could make them to prevent their being frozen, I found it quite impossible to get them on again. I lay down excessively fatigued and weak; yet other sensations of excessing, both mental and physical, kept me, through another dreary night of twelve or thirteen hours, in a state which some may possibly describe, but which I must conceive, my inability to describe. There was a sharp frost during the night, against which my light jacket and trousers were but a poor protection. On the morning of the 8th, when it was sufficiently clear, I discovered that I was not more than a hundred yards from the bank of the river. On endeavouring to get up, I was unable, and found both my feet and hands frozen; the former, as far as my ankles, felt as perfectly hard and dead as if composed of stone. I succeeded, however, with a good deal of painful exertion, in gaining the bank of the river, where I sat as long as I was able, with my feet in the water, for the purpose, if possible, of extracting the frost. The oiled canvass haversack in which I carried my sketching-case I filled with water, of which I drank freely. The dreadful gnawings of hunger had by this time rather subsided, and I felt inclined to rest. Before leaving the bank of the river, I laid hold of the tallest alder near, and drawing it down towards me, fastened my handkerchief to the top, and let it go. I scrawled a few words on two slips of paper, describing my situation; and putting each into a piece of slit stick, threw

them into the stream. I next moved back a little way amongst the long grass and alders; and striving to be as calm and collected as my sufferings and weakness would allow. I addressed myself to an all-seeing and merciful Providence, and endeavoured to make my peace with Him, and place myself entirely at His disposal—feeling assured that whatever the issue might be, whether for time or eternity, it would undoubtedly be for the best. I trust I was not presumptuous, but I felt perfectly calm and resigned to my fate.

I lay down amongst the long wet grass, having placed my papers under my head, and my haversack, with some water, near my side. My weakness seemed to favor the most extraordinary creations of the brain. I became surrounded, especially towards evening, with a distinct assemblage of grotesque and busy figures, with which, could I have seen them under different circumstances, I should have been highly amused. Yet do I believe them to have been a great relief from the utter loneliness that must otherwise have surrounded me, as it really required an effort to establish the truth of my being alone. I passed another long and dreary night; and from its being rather milder, had some little sleep, although of a disturbed nature, and not in the least refreshing. The morning of the 9th arrived, and I could then with difficulty support myself, even on my knees. Still, after extraordinary exertions, I procured a fresh supply of water, and lay down—I thought most likely never to rise again. A violent burning sensation in the stomach had now come on. A few mouthfuls of water allayed it, but brought on violent spasms for five or ten minutes, after which I had, for a little while, comparative relief. In this state, gradually growing weaker, I continued until the morning of the 10th. During the night it rained in torrents, which, although in some respects inconvenient and disagreeable, had in a great measure drawn the frost from my feet and hands, which, as well as my face, and became very much swollen.

In the course of the morning I thought I heard the sound of voices. I raised my head a little from the ground—all I could now accomplish—and looking through the alders, I saw a party of men and some horses on the opposite side of the river, and scarcely a hundred yards distant from where I lay. My surprise and joy were of course excessive, yet I had of late seen so many phantoms, that I was quite at a loss whether to consider it a reality or not. When at length convinced, I discovered, alas! that both my strength and voice were completely gone that I could neither make myself seen nor heard. All my exertions were unavailing; and my horror and disappointment may be readily conceived at seeing them depart again in the direction from which they had come. I had now given up all hope, and once more resigned myself to my apparently inevitable fate. Three hours had passed, when I again thought I heard the sound of horses feet on the bed of the river. On looking up I saw they had returned to the same spot.—My efforts to make myself heard were once more renewed, and I at last succeeded in producing a howl so inhuman, as to be mistaken by them for that of a wolf; but on looking up the stream they saw my handkerchief, which I had fastened to the alder and knowing me to have been missing before they left the settlement, surmised the truth, and came at once to my assistance. I was taken to a cabin built at the stern of the tow-boat, in which there was a small stove. They there made a bed for me, and covered me with blankets and rugs.—They made a sort of pap with bread and sugar, which they offered me, and also some potatoes, I declined their kind offering, but begged to have a little tea, which they gave me, and I went to sleep. The tow-boat had to continue her voyage some distance up the river with her freight, after which we returned, and got to Campbell's late in the afternoon, where I met with every kindness and attention. The house of Mr. Campbell, to which I was brought, was but a very ordinary log-house, yet with all its simple homeliness, I felt quite comfortable, seeing I was surrounded with the most perfect cleanliness: and the good dame was, from long experience, well skilled as to the case she had to deal with, at the same time saying mine was the worst she had ever under her care.

I have thus endeavoured to give an imperfect sketch of my wanderings during the period of five days and nights, without food, fire, or shelter from the inclemency of the weather. My recovery has been rapid, although I at first suffered a good deal, both from the returning circulation in my hands and feet, and after partaking of food. I was in a few days sufficiently well to be removed down to the mouth of the river Tobique, where I found my poor wife anxiously awaiting my arrival. I must, in conclusion, say that my wonderful escape ought at least to convince me that God is ever merciful to those who sincerely put their trust in Him."

HARD OF HEARING.—"I have a small bill against you," said a pertinacious looking collector, as he entered the store of one who had acquired the character of a hard customer.

"Yes, Sir, a very fine day, indeed," was the reply.

"I am not speaking of the weather, but the bill," rejoined Peter in a louder key.

"It would be better if we had a little rain."

"D—— the rain," continued the collector, and raising his voice he bawled, "Have you any money on your bill?"

"Beg your pardon, Sir, I'm a little hard of hearing."

I have made it a rule not to loan my funds to strangers—and I really don't recognise you."

"I'm collector for the Philadelphia Daily Extinguisher, Sir, and have a bill against you," persisted the collector at the top of his voice, producing the bill, and thrusting it into the face of the debtor.

"I've determined to endorse for no one; you may put the note back into your pocket book—I really cannot endorse it."

"You'll pay it, no doubt, Sir."

"But there is always some risk about these matters, you know; so I must decline it, Sir."

"The money must be mine to-day!"

"O yes, ninety days, but I would not endorse for you a week, so clear out of my store, Sir. It's seldom I'm pressed upon for an endorsement, even by friends—the part of a stranger, your conduct is inexplicable. Do not force me to put you out—leave the premises."

And the bill was returned to the Extinguisher Office endorsed—"so infernal deaf that he couldn't understand!"

A bright genius, in writing to his sweetheart, after giving the address of his beloved, adds the following singular superscription on the back of the letter, no doubt to stimulate the postman to redoubled care and vigilance:

"This to be sent
With the utmost speedily,
And remember, my blade,
The postage is paid."

A WITTY DEDICATION.—Mrs. Gowden Clarke dedicated her volume of Proverbs from the works of Shakespeare, in the following style: "To Douglas Jerrold, the first wit of the present age, these works of Shakespeare, the first wit of any age, are inscribed by Mary Cowden Clarke, of a certain age, and no wit at all."

A GOOD NAME.—An individual whose name was as bad as his personal conduct, applied recently to the Maine Legislature to have his cognomen changed. In presenting his petition he said he was not particular as to the new name which might be awarded to him, but he hoped the Legislature would give him one that would go to the Banks.

OBITUARY ELOQUENCE.—A correspondent of the Burlington Free Press has furnished to that journal the following verbatim report of a funeral discourse which he says he heard delivered in the Florida House of Representatives. The duty of making it was voluntarily assumed and even insisted on by the speaker, to the no small wonder of the house, his utter incompetency being notorious:—"Mr. Speaker, Sir—Our fellow-citizen, Mr. Silas Higgins, who was lately a member of this branch of the Legislature, is dead, and he died yesterday in the forenoon. He had the browcreators (bronchitis, he meant, I suppose,) and was an uncommon individual. His character was good up to the time of his death, and he never lost his voice. He was 56 years old, and was taken sick before he died at his boarding house, where board can be had at a dollar and seventy-five cents a-week, washing and lights included. He was an ingenious creatur, and in the early part of his life had a father and mother. He was an officer in our state militia since the last war, and was brave and polite; and his uncle, Timothy Higgins, belonged to the revolutionary war, and was commissioned as lieutenant by General Washington, First President and Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States, who died at Mount Vernon, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, on the 14th of December, 1799, or thereabout, and was buried soon after his death with military honours, and several guns were bust in firing salutes. Sir, Mr. Speaker,—General Washington presided over the great continental sanhedrim and political meeting that formed our constitution; and he was indeed a great and good man. He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen; and, though he was in favour of the United States Bank, he was a friend of education, and from what he said in his farewell address, I have no doubt he would have voted for the tariff of 1816, if he had been alive, and hadn't a'died some-time before hand. His death was considered at the time as rather premature, on account of its being bro't on by an ordinary cold. Now, Mr. Speaker, such being the character of General Washington, I motion that we wear trill around the left arm of this Legislature, and adjourn till to-morrow morning as an emblem of our respects for the memory of S. Higgins, who is dead, and died of the 'browcreators' yesterday in the forenoon."

ELOPEMENT IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.

A transaction in the matter of *Love and dollars* of considerable importance, in certain circles, has just transpired in our city. It appears that not long since, two young gentlemen, sons of Mr. G——, were each courting two fashionable ladies of our city—the widow L—— and her daughter—the latter lady some fifteen, the former some forty years of age. To break up the union of the daughter with the young man, she was sent to the interior of the State to school; and her lover to Texas, where he died. The other brother continued to court the mother until a recent date, although he was somewhat absent on duty, for he belonged to the army.

Well, during the young lady's term at school she heard of her lover's death in Texas, and for grief she