

as a seamstress, the good people looked at her with surprise—they did all their own sewing. She offered to teach painting or music at very low rates; but they laughed at her, and wondered what she thought they wanted of such foolish fashions. At last she was thankful, for her children's sake, to be employed even in the most menial offices, if thereby she might get them bread. Once did John Oakly address a letter to his brother in which he stated his ill-health and destitution. It was never answered. Again on his death-bed, did he give to the clergyman who attended his last moments his brother's address, requesting him to write when he should be no more, and crave that assistance for his babes, which while he lived was refused to him.

The result of this appeal is already known. The unfortunate widow met with little sympathy from her rough neighbors. Not that they meant unkindness or uncharitableness, but each one was too busy with their own affairs to give more than a chance thought to a poor widow and a stranger. They were themselves industrious and frugal; and it was difficult for her, even to get a day's work from such economical, thrifty people.

And hither now had the rich man come—and on what errand? not to sympathize—not to succor or relieve, but to prosecute his own selfish views, both cruel and unnatural.

[To be Continued]

FIVE DAYS IN THE WILDERNESS OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.

On the morning of the 5th of last November we were encamped on the line of survey in the Tobique district, about five miles from the little Gulquac. At 8 o'clock, the party having struck their tents, and got the several loads in readiness, commenced the day's march along the line, when I left them, as I usually did, for the purpose of examining the neighbouring country. I took a course to the westward for about half a mile behind a small mound from the top of which I was led to expect an excellent view of the neighbouring country, as observations from it of distant mountain heights had already been made by the surveying party during the summer operations. After making a few notes and sketches, I went to the top of the hill where I remained for a short time similarly employed. I next descended with the intention of regaining the line of survey, and joining the party. This, however, was found to be no such easy matter. The country in this neighbourhood has to an immense extent been laid waste by extensive fires, and the trees, and even the soil in some places, are so thoroughly burnt up, that there is not a vestige of vegetation to be seen; in others, the trunks of the trees are left standing, like the grim ghosts of a lately forest race, charred by fire or blanched by the storm, or they are tossed by the whirlwind into frightful heaps of confusion. These are termed 'windfalls,' and form some of the most formidable barriers to the progress of the traveller in the wilderness.

The surveyed line through this section of country, owing to the facts above stated, was merely traced out with the stakes, placed at long intervals, which having become dark and discoloured, could scarcely be now distinguished from the surrounding dead-wood. I was not then in the least disconcerted at failing to find the line, but continued to advance in the direction which I knew it to take, stopping from time to time to make sketches and observations as before. As it was now getting late in the afternoon, and I felt confident I had gone quite as far as the party were likely to have advanced in their day's march, I again made an effort to discover them, by traversing the country both to the right and left for a considerable distance, whooping as loud as I possibly could; but all in vain. I could neither hear nor see anything of them. Very little more than half a mile from where I stood, I recognized a rocky height from which I had the year before made some observations, and immediately proceeded thither in the hope of being able to discover from it the smoke of the camp. On reaching the summit, there stood the post which I had placed for my instrument exactly as I had left it a year ago. I carefully scanned the face of the country round in every direction, but the anxiously looked for smoke was no where to be seen; and I was at last most reluctantly compelled to relinquish my hope of finding the party for that night at least.

Not knowing whether the surveyed line lay to my right or left, I resolved on taking the direction in which I thought there was least personal risk, and therefore lost no time in getting on a line which had been run by my directions the year before, along which I kept to the northward, as in case I did not in the meantime cross either the other line or tracks of the party, I should have at least made some progress towards Campbell's, the nearest settlement on the Tobique. I continued to press forward without discovering the objects of my search. I had reached the Beaver Brook, a branch of the Wapikhe, when night overtook me, and it commenced to rain. It was now quite certain that for one night I must forego the comforts of food, fire or shelter—having at the same time no doubt of my next day. My situation at that time, although one of no ordinary suffering, I had already undergone nearly twelve hours of harassing fatigue, without food or rest; and now cold and wet, stood alone amid wind and rain, in dark, that the very sky seemed black. What was to be done? To follow a course, and move forward in the dark, I considered im-

possible. There were thirteen long hours until daylight, yet I dared not lie down, to rest for fear of perishing. I at length resolved to endeavour to follow the course of the Brook, in doing which I had difficulties to surmount which would I have no doubt, appear to many almost like impossibilities, even by daylight. Such a night of falls, wounds, bruises, scratches and fatigue, is beyond my power of description. On the morning of the 6th, I found I had got within a short distance of the mouth of the Brook, which I crossed, intending to follow down the Wapikhegan river, until I came to a lumber road I had travelled the year before, leading by Shea's Mountain to the Campbell settlement, on the Tobique river. The waters were now much swollen, so that I could only scramble along a very steep bank, thickly wooded with underwood and trees. I had gone some distance down, when thinking that a little way back from the bank of the river I might probably find the travelling easier, I took that direction and again found myself in a seemingly open country of burnt lands. The surrounding highlands were distinctly seen on all sides, and among the most conspicuous was Shea's Mountain which led me to the resolution of taking a direct course for it, not dreaming of the formidable difficulties I should have to encounter on the way. I toiled on with determined perseverance through a dreadful combination of windfalls, marsh, lakes, streams, &c., so that another day was nearly spent before I had reached the mountain. I at length found the lumber road, and now considered myself safe, and my journey nearly at an end, being only four miles from the settlement; but I reckoned without my host. I followed the road a short distance, until I came to an old lumber camp and road leading off to the left, which I examined, and unfortunately rejected, as it appeared to pass on a different side of the mountain to that which I knew the proper road to take. From that moment I continued to go astray.

On travelling a little way further, I came to a second old lumber camp, where the road again branched into two. A snow storm had now commenced, and night was once more fast approaching. On going about a mile and a half down one of the roads, I did not like its appearance, and returning, followed the other which I found equally unsatisfactory, as it did not much resemble the road I had travelled during the summer of last year, however I endeavored to console myself with the probability of the difference in its appearance being caused by its covering with snow.

I continued to travel for some time through a low marshy ground, until I became quite convinced of my being in a strange part of the country, when I returned with the intention, if possible of regaining the old lumber camp before dark, and passing the night in it; but the night came upon me so suddenly, that I had only time to go a little way to the right, where the ground was higher and less swampy, and take up my quarters in the shelter of some low bushes, a few branches of which I threw on the ground before lying down. I need scarcely say I was wet, cold, hungry, and much fatigued, having now continued to walk without interruption for upwards of thirty-five hours. Lying down I got into rather a distressing kind of slumber, from which I in a short time awoke, with much pain in my limbs and back, and stiff with cold. I got up and walked about, until once more overcome with fatigue, when I again lay down, to endure a repetition of my sufferings; and in this way passed a dreadful night of about thirteen hours. On the morning of the 7th, as soon as it was sufficiently clear, I left my wretched couch, shivering with cold, and by no means refreshed after my fatigue. I was nevertheless in tolerable spirits, not considering myself lost, and feeling assured that within a few hours at least I would once more be in comfortable quarters.

The cravings of hunger were now becoming excessive and not even a berry was to be seen with which I might allay them. The weather throughout had been, and still continued dark, and the only compass then in my possession I had long considered as useless. I however, took off the glass with the hope of repairing it; but my hands had become so benumbed with cold that the needle slipped from my finger, amongst the long grass, and I was unable after the most diligent search to recover it. I now found that both the roads leading from the lumber camp again united, and resolved to continue the one I had been following, under the impression that it must bring me out somewhere on the Tobique. For a considerable distance it traversed a low marshy district, where I found it very difficult to follow, being sometimes up to my knees in water. After a march of several hours I came to a timber brow, on a river which appeared of doubtful size for the Tobique; but as of course my route lay down the stream, I under a gradual muttering of doubts and fears, continued my journey in that direction.

I had left, 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 its bed, the wind rustled among the leaves, or whistled through the long grass; but that was all; everything else was silent as the grave.—In a short time after, a most extraordinary scene occurred.

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

Odeh, led me to suppose myself but a very 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 endeavored to continue my march, but again staggered and fell. I got up a second time, and leaning against a tree, in the hopes of recovering from what I at first supposed to be 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 indeed seemed hopeless, until discovered by some of the party, who, I had no doubt were by this time in search of me; or, what certainly did appear improbable, by some person going up the stream to lumber. Under the circumstances, I thought it best to endeavour to regain the banks of the river; but owing to my weak and disabled condition, I could but 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 pulled off my boots for the purpose of peering out the water, and rendering my feet dry as I could make them, to prevent their being frozen; after which, from my feet being much swollen, I found it quite impossible to get them on again: I lay down, excessively fatigued and weak, yet other sensations of suffering, both mental and physical, kept me through another dreary night of twelve or thirteen hours, in a state which some may possibly conceive, but which I must confess 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 clear, I discovered that I was not more than one hundred yards from the bank of the river.—On endeavouring to get up, I was at first unable, and found both my hands and feet 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 canvas 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 abated, and I felt inclined to rest. Before leaving the bank of the river, I laid hold of the tallest alder near, and drawing it towards me, fastened my handkerchief to the top, and let it go. I also 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 endeavored 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.

The morning of the 9th arrived, and I could with difficulty support myself 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 had become 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 looked out through the alders, I saw a party of men and some horses on the opposite side of the river, and scarcely a hundred yards distance from where I lay. My surprise and joy were of course excessive; yet I was 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 so 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 be missing before they left the settlement, surmised the truth, and came at once to my assistance. I was taken into 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 me a sort of pap with bread and sugar which they offered, and also some potatoes. I declined their kind offering, but asked for 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 arrived at Campbell's late in the afternoon where I met with every kindness and attention. The house of Mr. Campbell to which I was carried, 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 much experience, well skilled as to the case she had to deal with, at the same time saying mine was much the worst she had ever had under her care.

I have thus endeavored to give an imperfect sketch of my wanderings during a period of more than five days and nights, without either food, fire, or shelter from the inclemency of the weather. My recovery has been rapid; although I at first suffered a great 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 place confidence in him.

HYMN.

BY A PUPIL OF THE BROOKLYN FEMALE ACADEMY.

Life's May morn is breaking o'er us,
Only love tones greet our ear,
But a future lies before us.

Fraught alike with hope and fear—
There the fields where we must labor,
Labor for the good and true—
There amid the golden harvest
Sisters! we have work to do.

Not in halls of state or council
Lies our daily path of life.
Not on tented fields of battle,
Mid the combat and the strife;
But beside the couch of suffering,
Or where sorrow meets our view,
Where kind words may rise the fallen.
Sisters! we have work to do.

Let us ask the smiles of Heaven,
On the toils of future years,
And that we who sow in gladness,
May not reap in doubt and tears;
Soon will end our earthly mission,
Heaven will meet our raptured view,
But to win the crown of glory,
Sisters! we have work to do.

THE DRESS OF CHILDREN.

It is unfortunately the fashion with many ladies of the present time, to let their children be exposed at breast, neck, arms and legs, until the skin becomes mottled by a stagnant venous circulation (blueness of skin). In such circumstances, tubercles, (early consumption), the seeds of so much malady, and the source of so many heartpangs, are I am persuaded, frequently developed, so that the cold surface is equally the source of present misery to the little child and of future sorrow to the parent. Of this treatment scrofula and consumption in their various forms are frequent results. In children, especially, the skin should be excited, by rubbing, sponging, &c., and protected by a just and general clothing, light in summer warm in winter, with flannel next the surface. There may be circumstances of health and atmosphere in which exposure may be right enough; but these rarely coincide in infancy, particularly in our climate, or last the whole day.—Suggestions by Marshall Hall.

THE HYENA.

Mr Bruce says that the hyenas in Abyssinia are very numerous, and so bold that they come into the streets of the cities. From evening till towards morning they go howling about, and seeking any carcasses of dead animals. Mr Bruce had several armed men with him, when he was obliged to walk in the evening, and very often the had to stop, and kill one or more of these animals in their own defence.—One night while he was very busy, he thought he heard something pass behind him towards his bed, but not looking around saw nothing.—Having finished what he was about he went out for a few minutes, and on his return was met with two eyes glaring at him in the dark, when a light was brought, he found hyena standing near the head of his bed, with two or three large bunches of candles in his mouth. Mr Bruce struck him with a pike or spear, on which the creature dropped his candles, and attacked him with the greatest ferocity. His servant coming in at this moment, the fierce beast was despatched without his doing any mischief. This hyena had stolen into Mr Bruce's room, while his door happened to be open, and had hid himself behind his bed, to wait for an opportunity of stealing and running away with his candles which he had smelt.

Dr. Sparman tells a curious story of a hyena which was told him at the Cape of Good Hope. One night the soldiers had a feast near the Cape, when one of them who was the trumpeter, drank so much that he could not stand up. His companions not wanting him in the room with them, carried him out of doors and laid him down by the side of the house to get cool and sober. The trumpeter lay there and went to sleep, when a hyena came along, and thinking him to be dead began to carry him away, so as to make a meal of him without being disturbed. It was some time before the man awoke, so as to know the danger of his situation. When he did so he found himself on the back of the hyena, who was making off towards the mountains