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SONNET TO THE QUEEN.

When some fair bark first glides into the sea,
Glad shouts of thousands echo to the sky,
And as she leaves the land fond hearts beat high
With hope and fear; and prayers are heard, that he
Who stirs and calms the deep, her guide may be;
That over sunny seas her path may lie;
And that she still may find, when storms are high,
Safe anchor underneath some sheltering lee.
Even so thy subjects' hopes and prayers, fair Queen:
Go with thee:—clouds above thy bark may brood,
And rocks and shoals beset thine unknown way;
But thou in virtue bold may'st steer serene
Through tempests; England's glory and her good
The load-star of thy course, and Heaven thy stay.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE DYING CHILD.

"Shall I meet thee again, my child—my child?
Shall I meet thee again, my child,
Roaming along by the hill-side free;
Bounding away with boyish glee
In the evening sunbeam mild?
Oh! down by the flood, in the tufted wood,
Shall I meet thee again, my child?"

Mother, no; the mountain path
No longer is mine to see;
And the glow of the summer sunbeam hath
No warmth or joy for me!
Oh! never again by cliff or glen
Shall my footstep wander free!"

"And shall I not meet thee again, my child,
Not meet thee again, my child,
Where the holly berries are red and bright,
Down by the copse-wood wild?
Where the nested bird in its joy is heard,
Oh! shall I not meet thee, my child?"

"Mother, no; the young bird's song
No longer is mine to hear;
And the music stream as it rolls along
No longer will catch mine ear;
And the crimson bough of the holly now
Must blossom over my bier!"

"Thou goest to Heaven, my child, my child!
Thou goest to heaven, my child!
And thine eye is glazed while the spring soft
Brightens the path where so oft and oft
Thy cherub-lips have smiled;
And already they weep o'er thy dreamless sleep,
My loved and my sainted child!"

"But oh! when the bosoms of all forget,
And the earth rings again with glee,
Then, then, will mine aching lids be wet,
My gallant child, for thee!
When summer with flowers and fruits shall come,
And all are in mirth and joy;
Oh! then, in the midst of the fair earth's bloom,
I'll kiss thee, my darling boy!"

Bentley's Miscellany.

THE LOST ONE.

A Live-Oaker, employed on St. John's River, in East Florida, left his cabin, situated on the banks of that stream, and with his axe on his shoulder, proceeded towards the swamp in which he had several times before plied his trade—that of felling and squaring the giant trees, that afford the most valuable timber for naval architecture and other purposes.

At the season which is best for this kind of labor, heavy fogs not unfrequently cover the country, so as to render it difficult for any one to see farther than thirty or forty yards in any direction. The woods, too, present so little variety that every tree seems the mere counterpart of every other; and the grass, when it has not been burnt, is so tall that a man of ordinary stature cannot see over it, whence it is necessary for him to proceed with great caution, lest he should unwittingly deviate from the ill-defined trail which he follows. To increase the difficulty, several trails often meet—in which case, unless the explorer be perfectly acquainted with the neighbourhood, it would be well for him to lie down and wait until the fog should disperse. Under such circumstances, the best woodsmen are not unfrequently bewildered for a while; and I well remember that such an occurrence happened to myself, at a time when I had imprudently ventured to pursue a wounded quadruped, which led me to some distance from the track.

The Live-Oaker had been jogging onward for several hours, and became aware that he must have travelled considerably more than the distance between his cabin and the 'hummock,' he desired to reach. To his alarm, at the moment when the fog dispersed, he saw the sun at its meridian height, and could not recognize a single object around him.

Young, healthy, and active, he imagined that he walked with more than usual speed, and had passed the place to which he was bound. He accordingly turned his back upon the sun, and pursued a different route, guided by a small trail. Time passed, and the sun headed his course: he saw it gradually descend in the west; but all around him continued as if enveloped with mystery. The huge grey trees spread their giant boughs over him, the rank grass extended on all sides; not a living being crossed his path—all was silent and still, and the scene was like a dull and dreary dream of the land of oblivion. He wandered like a forgotten ghost, that had passed into the land of spirits without yet meeting one of his kind with whom to hold converse.

The condition of a man lost in the woods is one of the most perplexing that can be imagined by a person who has not himself been in a like predicament. Every object he sees, he first thinks he recognizes, and while his whole mind is bent on searching for more that may gradually lead to his extrication, he goes on committing greater errors the further he proceeds. This was the case with the Live-Oaker. The sun was now setting with a fiery aspect, and by degrees it sank in its full circular form, as if giving warning of a sultry morrow.—Myriads of insects, delighted at its departure, now filled the air on buzzing wings. Each piping frog arose from its muddy pool in which it had concealed itself; the squirrel retired to its hole, the crow to its roost, and far above, the harsh croaking voice of the heron announced that, full of anxiety, it was wending its way to the miry interior of some distant swamp. Now the woods began to resound to the shrill cries of the owl; and the breeze, as it swept among the columnar stems of the forest-trees, came laden with heavy and chilling dews. Alas, no moon with her silvery light shone on the dreary scene, and the Lost One, weary and vexed, laid himself down on the damp ground. Prayer is always consolatory to man in every difficulty or danger, and the woodsman fervently prayed to his Maker, wishing his family a happier night than it was his lot to experience, and with a feverish anxiety, waited the return of day.

You may imagine the length of that cold, dull, moonless night. With the dawn of day came the usual fogs of those latitudes. The poor man started on his feet, and with a sorrowful heart pursued a course which he thought might lead to some familiar object—although, indeed, he scarcely knew what he was doing. No longer had he the trace of a track to guide him; and yet, as the sun rose, he calculated the many hours of daylight he had before him, and the further he went continued to walk the faster. But in vain were all his hopes; that day was spent in fruitless endeavours to regain the path that led to his home, and when night again approached, the terror that had been gradually spreading over his mind, together with the nervous debility induced by fatigue, anxiety and hunger, rendered him almost frantic. He told me that at this moment he beat his breast, tore his hair, and had it not been for the piety with which his parents had in early life imbued his mind, and which had become habitual, would have cursed his existence. Famished as he now was, he laid himself on the ground, and fed on the weeds and grass that grew around him.—That night was spent in the greatest agony and terror. 'I knew my situation,' he said to me. 'I was well aware that unless Almighty God came to my assistance, I must perish in those uninhabited woods. I knew that I had walked more than fifty miles, although I had not met with a brook, from which I could quench my thirst, or even allay the burning heat of my parched lips and blood shot eyes. I knew that if I should not meet with some stream I must die, for my axe was my only weapon, and although deer and bears now and then started within a few yards or even feet of me, not one of them could I kill: and although I was in the midst of abundance, not a mouthful did I expect to procure, to satisfy the cravings of my empty stomach. Sir, may God preserve you from ever feeling as I did the whole of that day!'

For several days after, no one can imagine the condition in which he was—for when he related to me the painful adventure, he assured me that he had lost all recollections of what had happened. 'God,' he continued, must have taken pity on me one day, for as I ran wildly through those dreadful pine barrens, I met with a tortoise. I gazed upon it with amazement and delight;

and, although I knew that were I to follow it undisturbed, it would lead me to some water, my hunger and thirst would not allow me to refrain from satisfying both, by eating its flesh and drinking its blood. With one stroke of my axe the beast was cut in two, and in a few moments I despatched all but the shell. Oh, Sir, how much I thanked God, whose kindness had put a tortoise in my way! I felt greatly renewed. I sat down at the foot of a pine, gazed on the heavens, thought of my poor wife and children, and again and again thanked my God for my life—for now I felt less distracted in mind, and more assured that before long I must recover my way, and get back to my home.'

The Lost One remained and passed the night at the foot of the same tree under which his repast had been made. Refreshed by sound sleep, he started at dawn to resume his weary march. The sun rose bright, and he followed the direction of the shadows. Still the dreariness of the woods was the same, and he was on the point of giving up in despair when he observed a raccoon lying in the grass. Raising his axe, he drove it with such violence through the helpless animal that it expired without a struggle. What he had done with the turtle, he now did with the raccoon, the greater part of which he actually devoured at one meal. With more comfortable feelings, he then resumed his wanderings—his journey I cannot say—for although in the possession of all his faculties, and in broad daylight, he was worse off than a lame man groping his way in the dark out of a dungeon, of which he knew not where the door stood.

Days, one after another passed—nay, weeks in succession. He fed now on cabbage trees, then on frogs and snakes. All that fell in his way was welcome and savory. Yet he became daily more and more emaciated, until, at length he could scarcely crawl. Forty days had elapsed, by his own reckoning, when he at last reached the banks of the river. His clothes in tatters, his once bright axe dimmed with rust, his face begrimed with beard, his hair matted, and his feeble frame little better than a skeleton covered with parchment—there he laid himself down to die. Amid the perturbed dreams of his fevered fancy, he thought that he heard the sound of oars far away on the silent river. He listened, but the sound died away on his ear. It was indeed a dream, the last glimmer of expiring hope, and now the light of life was about to be quenched for ever. But again the sound of oars awoke him from his lethargy. He listened so eagerly, that the hum of a fly could not have escaped his ear. They were indeed the measured beats of oars, and now, joy to the forlorn soul, the sound of human voices thrilled to his heart, and awoke tumultuous pulses of returning hope. On his knees did the eye of God see that poor man, by the broad still stream that glittered in the sunbeams; and human eyes soon saw him too—for round that headland covered with tangled brushwood, boldly advanced the little boat, propelled by its lusty rowers. The Lost One raised his feeble voice on high;—it was a loud, shrill scream of joy and fear. The rowers pause, and look around. Another, but feebler scream, and they observe him. It comes,—his heart flutters, his sight is dimmed, his brain reels, he gasps for breath. It comes,—it has run upon the beach, and the Lost One is found!

This is no tale of fiction, but the relation of an actual occurrence, which might be embellished, no doubt, but which is better in the plain garb of truth. The notes by which I recorded it were written in the cabin of the once lost Live-Oaker, about four years after the painful incident occurred. His amiable wife and loving children were present at the recital, and never shall I forget the tears that flowed from them as they listened to it, albeit it had long been more familiar to them than a tale thrice told. Sincerely do I wish, good reader, that neither you nor I may ever solicit such sympathy, by having undergone such sufferings, although no doubt such sympathy would be a rich recompense for them.

It only remains for me to say, that the distance between the cabin and the live-oak hummock to which the woodsman was bound, scarcely exceeded 8 miles; while the part of the river at which he was found, was 38 miles from his house. Calculating his daily wanderings at 10 miles, we may believe that they amounted in all to 400. He must, therefore, have rambled in a circuitous direction, which people generally do in such circumstances.—Nothing but the great strength of his constitution, and the merciful aid of his Maker, could have supported him for so long a time.—*Audubon's Ornithological Biography.*

SYMPATHY WITH DELICATE FEELINGS.—A display of delicate feelings provokes contempt in some minds; as the same music which inspires the nightingale, sets the dogs a-barking.