

THE ORANGE LILY.

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Poetry.

A Broadside from the Black Sea.

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

Brightly, briskly runs the Alma, cold and green
From mountain snow;
Pleasant shade, along its borders, oak and plane
and walnut throw;
Where the Tatar shepherd fleeters with his
flock from mountain leat.
In a silence only broken by the browsing goat's
faint bleat.

From the huts beneath the hill-sides, Tatar
women to the brink,
Shyly come to fill their pitchers, or drive down
the cows to drink;
All is calm and peace and plenty. Over all—a
form of awe—
Sleeps in light the snow spread table of the
mighty Tsahaty-Dagh.

On the northern bank the copses flash with au-
tumn red and gold;
On the southern bank the margin shows a cliff-
line bare and bold.
You may cross the stream in spring-time, nor
be wet above the knee;
But when summer melts the snow-wreaths, who
would ford it stout must be.

On the twentieth of September—they had
march'd from early morn—
As our armies near'd the Alma, they were weary
men and worn;
But the heaviest tread grew springy, strength
was in the weakest hand,
As the word "Halt!—Form!" was given—for
they knew the Russ at hand.

There, along the southern heights, in entrench-
ments lay the foe,
With his batteries in position—seven score
great guns, level'd low.
There was little time to count them ere their
roar the silence broke—
And the dell has grown a hell—all fire and
sulphurous smoke.

How Zouaves and Tirailleurs!—new Rifles and
Goussours?
Scatter wide, finding shelter where you can;
Fire steadily and slow, till the distant foemen
know
That every Minie bullet has its man!

See, they crouch, well-filled pour'd from hand
and murderous aim!
Every bush, a puff of smoke; every stone, a jet
of flame;
And behind their covering shot, at a steady,
swinging trot
Downward pour, to the shores, the Allies' van!

Again—again—again—those batteries' iron rain,
And thick, alas! our gallant fellows fall:
For the river it is deep, and they banks the
are steep,
And the heights there beyond, are like a wall.
But a lusty British cheer, and a thundering
British charge and the foremost are already
in the flood,
Though the great guns ever roar, down upon
them from the shore, and the water that
was green turns to blood!

Through the shallows, in the deeps, o'er
boulders, up the steep,
British, French and Turk, eager for the work,
Are floundering and clambering and rushing
On again—on again—some are left, though
many die—

Your powder may be damp, but your bayonets
are dry;
Let it come but to the steel, and the Muscovite
shall feel
With what men he his prowess hath to try!

Hark to those ringing cheers! 'Tis the bold
Welsh Fusiliers,
Ever foremost where there's work to be done!—
They're won footing on the bank—they are
rank on rank,
Scores of dying, but of flying never one!

Now, fiery Celtic blood, to our French allies
make good
The credit of the lineage that you share!
They've gained the heights—halt crown!—Now
they stagger—now they're down!
But hark, another cheer, and the gallant
guards are near!
And with glorious tartans streaming, and High-
land bag-pipes screaming,
The Black-Watch to the rescue appear!

At length the crest is won! Stab the gunner
at his gun!
Ever to take up new ground the batteries
wheel;
On—Britons, Turks and French—o'er redoubt
and over trench,
Surge on like a wave of flashing steel!—
Lo, they waver—lo, they shake—lo, their line
begins to break
With the tramp of flying men, flying horses,
Earth doth quake.

You have fought a desperate fight, you have
crushed a giant might,
And four heavy guns, falling to the
The triple flags wave high, bullet-runt against
the sky,
And the battle of the Alma hath been won!

WAITING FOR NEWS.

Haste, haste—post haste—across the waste the
sleepless Tartar rides;
The steamboat's prow the sea doth plough, de-
fying winds and tides;
On iron rails the train sped mails like fiery
meteors dash;
Electric fires along the wires, their thought-quick
tidings flash.
But neither Tartar riding, nor steamboat clearing
sea,
Nor engine's race devouring space, nor lightning
fast and free,
Can match the speed, wherewith at need, hope,
fear, and love combined,
In their strong flight, to the scene of fight, will
sweep the unresisting mind.

Almost we curse the skill percerer, that so far
having gone,
To conquer space and time efface, halts ere its
work is done;
Leaving half-said what should be read entire, or
not at all.
Till hope's hot thrill, and fear's cold chill, like
ague on us fall.

In stately homes—in lowly rooms—how many
hearts unsleeping
What pampered wealth, and toiling health, alike
their vigil keeping!
Still to one tune, both late and soon, all hearts
are set and strung;
In mart and street, wher'er men meet, one
theme on every tongue!

What stalwart hands are lifted up, what grey
heads bowed and bare!
What hisping tongues of infants are taught to
shape a prayer!
Young hearts that looked to lives of love, are
set with bitter care.

Old eyes are dim for thought of him that should
have stayed their years.

At the Horse-Guards gate are throngs that
wait, till the fateful lists are show'd,
Hard men—pale women, selfish all—all think-
ing of their own;
While those too proud, with the common crowd,
their joys and grief to blend,
Restless at home, await the doom that hopes or
fears shall end.

But those who hide their hearts at home, and
those the gates that fill,
Whate'er their hopes—whate'er their fears—are
English, English still.
No soul so glad, no soul so sad, but its sorrow
and its glee
Will be lessened and be heightened by the news
of victory.

Thank God, we still have something of the stout
old Spartan strain;
What mother but would sooner learn how that
her son was slain,
Face to the foe, than he should owe his life to
flight or fear?
Better to spare a hero there, than have a coward
here.

Then pray and wait—you at the gate, and you,
your homes within,
Till the cannon's roar, from sea to shore, wake
a victorious din.
Your country laughs with those who laugh, and
mourn, with those who mourn.
And their names that fall, at duty's call, in
England's heart are borne!

THE SWAN.

AN ADVENTURE IN LOUISIANA.

From the Americans at Home.

EDITED BY SAM SLICK.

It was a sultry September afternoon in
the year 18—. My friend Carleton and my-
self had been three days wandering about
the prairies, and had nearly filled our tin
boxes and other receptacles with specimens
of rare and curious plants. But we had not
escaped paying the penalty of our zeal as
naturalists in the shape of a perfect roasting
from the sun which had shot down its rays
during the whole time of our ramble, with
an ardour only to be appreciated by those
who have visited the Louisiana prairies.
What made matters worse, our little store
of wine had been early expended; some
taffia, with which we had replenished our
flasks, had also disappeared; and the wa-
ter we met with, besides being rare, ob-
tained so much vegetable and animal mat-
ter as to be undrinkable, unless quali-
fied in some manner. In this dilemma
to a halt under a clump of hickory trees,
and dispatched Martin, Carleton's Arcadian
servant, upon a voyage of discovery.
The air was so hot and parching
that our horse's coats, which a short time
previously had been dripping with sweat,
were now perfectly dry, and the hair plas-
tered upon them; the animals' tongues hung
out of their mouths, and they seemed pant-
ing for cooler air. "Look yonder," said
Carleton, and he pointed to the line of the
horizon, which had hitherto been of a
lead-coloured vapour. It was now becom-
ing reddish in the southwest quarter, and
the sun had taken the appearance of
smoke. At the same time we heard a sort
of distant crackling, like a heavy running