

THE ORANGE LILY.

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Poetry.

A Song of the North.

BY MISS ELIZABETH DOTEN.

"Thou rulest the waves, O God."

"Away! away!" cried the stout Sir John,
"While the blossoms are on the trees;
For the summer is short, and the time speeds on,
As we sail for the Northern Seas.
Hol' gallant Crozier, and brave Fitz James!
We will start the world I trow,
When we find a way through the Northern Seas,
That never was found till now!
A good, stout ship is the *Erebus*
As ever unfurled a sail,
And the *Terror* will meet with as brave a one,
As ever outrode a gale."
So they bid farewell to their pleasant homes,
To the hills and valleys green,
With three hearty cheers for their native isle,
And three for the English Queen.
They sped away beyond cape and bay,
Where the day and night are one,
Where the hissing light in the heavens grew
bright,
And flamed like a midnight sun.
There was nought below save the fields of snow,
That stretched to the icy pole;
And the Esquimaux in his strange canoe,
Was the only living soul!
Along the coast, like a giant host,
The glittering icebergs frowned;
Or they met on the main, like a battle plain,
And crashed with a fearful sound!
The seal and the bear, with a cautious stare,
Etoke down from the frozen heights,
And the stars in the skies, with great wild eyes,
Peered out from the Northern Lights.
The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz James,
And even the stout Sir John,
Felt a doubt like a chill, through their warm
hearts thrill.
As they urged the good ships on,
They sped them away, beyond cape and bay
Where even the bear-dogs freeze;
But no way was found, by strait or sound,
To sail through the Northern Seas:
They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
And they sought, but they sought in vain!
For no way was found through the ice around
To return to their homes again.
But the wild waves rose, and the waters froze,
Till they closed like a prison wall,
And the icebergs stood, in the silent flood.
Like jailers grim and tall!
O, God! O, God!—it was heard to die,
In that prison house of ice!
For what was fame, or a mighty name,
When life was the fearful price.
The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz James,
And even the stout Sir John,
Had a secret dread, and their hopes all fled,
As the weeks and months passed on.
Then the ice-king came, with his eyes of flame,
And looked on the fated crew;
His chilling breath was as cold as death,
And it pierced their warm hearts through!
A heavy sleep that was dark and deep,
Came over their weary eyes,
And they dreamed strange dreams of the hills
and streams,
And the blue of their native skies.
The Christmas chimes, of the good old times,
Were heard in each dying ear,
And the darling feet, and the voices sweet,
Of their wives and children dear!
But it faded away—away—away!
Like a sound on a distant shore;
And deeper and deeper came the sleep,
Till they slept to wake no more!
O, the sailor's wife, and the sailor's child!
They weep and watch, and pray;
And the Lady Jane, she will hope in vain.

As the long years pass away!
The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz James,
And the good Sir John have found,
An open way, to a quiet bay,
And a Port where all are bound!
Let the waters roar, on the ice-bound shore,
That circles the frozen pole;
But there is no sleep, and no grave so deep,
That can hold the human soul.
From the Lily of the Valley, for 1853.

AGNES LEE; OR THE SHIPWRECKED.

CHAPTER I.

I LIKE this strange morning, on which I
am waking—this featureless, rainless day—the
all-grey sky—the phantom wind, sailing
over the hills with its ghostly feet; and
now and then stopping to blow some fear-
ful, shrieking, clarion blast, on its tramp of
air. I like it, for it comes to me like a
memorial. I sit still, holding my breath,
with my hand clasped tightly over my eyes,
and think of high fierce tides trampling in
upon low lee-shore—of alarm guns sound-
ing among the breakers at midnight; and
the pale moon over head stretching out her
arms and fighting fiercely with black pur-
suing clouds.

Some one has said there are moments
which command our lives—moments look-
ing back upon which we can see where a
single half hour might have changed our
destinies. Every one's life has such points,
that tower pyramid-like above the dead
level of the years—and I am going back to
one this morning.

You would think me very odd, could you
see me now. The smooth gray hair is fold-
ed back under my quaker cap, like bands
of silver, and over my face are drawn deep,
furrowed lines, the foot-prints left by lone-
some years, in their tireless journeying. I
am old, when I count my life by incidents,
and yet not so very old, when I tell it in
years.

I do not know how far back I can remem-
ber. Sometimes I seem to have dim
visions of a far southern home. Bright
flowers are blowing round me; and south-
ern breezes make sweet music; touching
with their invisible fingers Aolian harp-
strings. Standing there, the soft eyes of
beautiful pictures smile on me, or the still
form of some old marble hunter rises up in
solemn state at my side. It is a pleasant
country, though I see it very dimly through
mists of years, and I am not quite sure,
after all, whether it be anything more than
a floating island of fancy. It seems little
else on mornings such as this. I can go
back to it, and bend my brow with its
flowers, in the calm pleasant days of mid-
summer, when I sit in my low chair before
my cottage door, and round me the wild
birds sing, the summer flowers blossom,
and the south wind lifts lovingly my silver
hair.

But it is different now; this sobbing,
lonely November morning, I see not fair
and sunny scenes—no southern palaces, or
soft red pictures, but back to my heart
comes the first deep, vivid memory of my
life, stern—crushing—terrible!

It was a strange scene—you may have
read of such, but God grant they may never
have dawned on your own life, never have

made your hair stifen, or chilled the blood
in your veins. I was very small; for I
know I was playing on the deck of a
stately ship, and passed round, wax-baby
like from one to another. At last I had
been put to bed, in my little hammock, and
a being fair as a seraph had bent over me,
saying prayers, and ave-maries.

I had been dreaming, I believe, pleasant
sunny dreams, when suddenly a quick
touch woke me. It was the same fair wo-
man, but now her face was blanched
deadly pale. The white women whose
work it is to bury the dead drowned at sea
could not have looked more ghastly. She
said nothing but gathering me up in her
arms, she rushed on deck.

I see it very distinctly—that fearful
scene. The good ship was plunging like
a frightened steed—madly plunging—rush-
ing on toward a low lee-shore upon our
left.

There, over rocks, whose white tops shone
up clear, and ghastly in the fitful moonlight,
the great waves boiled and surged, and
then retreated coming up again to hug those
frightful, desolate rocks more madly than
before.

The winds howled, and trumped, and
shrieked like so many devils keeping hold-
fast; and onward toward this terrible shore
our ship was plunging. The moon overhead
shone out sometimes from thick, black
clouds, like a phantom-face looking down
mockingly upon this war of elements. Aton
the vivid lightnings flashed, and the un-
der sonned its hoarse, muffled dirge-notes,
and in the midst of it all our vessel, like a
prancing steed was careering joyously,
bounding onward toward death.

There was no boat which could stand for
a moment the fury of such a gale. Some
of the men launched one, it is true, but it
had scarcely cleared the ship, when it went
to pieces before our eyes, and the poor fel-
lows perished.

No, there was no hope, none—the boldest
swimmers were powerless in such a sea,
and the grasp of those fiercely battling waves,
was no mother's cherishing love-clasp.

I know that fair woman strained mo
closely to her breast, as she clung with her
other arm to a rope overhanging the side of
the vessel—I know, with my ear close to
her lips, I could catch, amid the storm,
sweet, solemn words of prayer, then there
was a mighty shock, a sound as when
many a cannon peals forth its echo-startling
clang of defiance; and after that I know no
more.

I seem to have a faint, yet most terrible
vision, of the moon shining down brighter
than ever on white ghastly faces upturned
to her gaze, their long locks dropping with
the briny waves of the sea subsiding to a
dead calm, as if contented with its prey—
but beyond that fierce, terrible crash I know
nothing.

My next memory is very different. It is
of a fisherman's hut on the Cornwall lee-
shore—a little, smoky, disagreeable place,
where one morning I lifted my head from
a couch of seaweed and looked around me.
I saw low, smoke-blackened walls, hung
with fishers' nets, seal-skins, and dried
herring. A man sat by the drift-wood fire
—he had a strange face, in which my ripen
judgement can hardly tell whether the