

THE ORANGE LILY.

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Poetry:

(FOR THE "ORANGE LILY.") SUPERSTITION.

Behold you foul and cowering form,
That sits before our optics now,
In robe as dark as midnight storm,
A sable cowl drawn o'er her brow!
Her bony fingers fondly fold,
The mystic meaning quiescent,
More dear to her than God, or gold;
Than kingly crown, or coronet!

The angry clouds may o'er her roll,
Red flashes point the starless sky,
God's voice resound from pole to pole,
While echo meekly makes reply!
But she in sable garment thinks,
Foul demons rend the midnight air,
And inly trembling, lowly shrinks,
The pitious picture of despair.

Before her idol relic bent
She craves;—implore's protective power,
Until the shrieking storm is spent,
And silence shrouds again the hour!
Fought in that elemental strife,
Is seen or heard to make her raise,
One whisper to the God of life,
Who thus his matchless might displays!

The tenant of the thoughtless tomb,
Waylays her on her lonely path,
To issue some edict of doom,
Or tell a tale of bloody wrath!
Dares to her dreamy eyes, a breast
Bedotted with the gory stain,
And hissing whispers, 'I'll not rest,
Till blood for blood is shed again!'

Next bending in the gorgeous fan,
That's deck'd in half barbaric style,
Behold her writhing rack'd with pain
Moaning for a lifetime vile!
Crouch'd fore some saint or sacred dame,
With outstretched hands and anxious eyes,
She calls upon the holy name,
To smile upon her sacrifice!

She fears the night;—but hates the light
That hath from Revelation shone;
And if she but possess'd the might,
Would quickly mount the Broom TROON!
Would ring her Edicts through our land;
The gory goal again pursue;
And arm once more her favorite band
With Fire and Eggot, Rack and Screw

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Bytown Feb'y 1854.

My Cousin Caroline's Wedding.

I HAD but recently arrived in Glasgow, and entered myself at the Medical University, determined to make the best of a position which I had the will but not the power to evade, when one afternoon I was indulging in a half dreamy vision of the future, I was aroused by a loud knock, which I well knew was the postman's, and

my air-built castles of future eminence and aristocratic patients and all that sort of thing were suddenly prostrated by the reception of a pressing invitation to set off immediately to pay a visit to my aunt, then residing in Inverness. Hastily cramming a few indispensable into my carpet-bag, I booked myself for an outside passage on the night coach and started off in a state of much wonderment as to what this invitation could mean.

The last visit I had made in the same quarter was volunteered on my part, and I had been driven back by my aunt to study Lemmer and Harvey, quicker than I came, because I had fallen over head and ears in love with Caroline. Caroline, in her own family, was a goddess—a seraph—an angel upon earth, fit to be a queen, and sure to be a countess. Many other people's opinion of her was not quite so exalted, but opinions, like noses, will differ. Mine united itself cordially to that of the family; now that I can think and judge dispassionately, which I could not have done then, it was, in spite of me, gone over to the other side. The fact is, like many another beautiful girl—and Caroline Dashingly was beautiful—she held such a preposterous notion of the infallibility of her own charms, that she had a little overplayed her cards. From the age of eighteen to that of thirty, Caroline's whole life and energies had been devoted to the trials of conquest making. Fifty times, at the very least, might she have married, and been well settled, but that unfortunate lightness and propensity for flirtation, had invariably damped the swain's ardor before the time came for popping the question. Everybody at first sight was in love with Caroline. I, a young fellow not yet possessing my diploma, and unused to women's society, was nearly mad after her, and would gladly have asked her to share my fortune—which was nothing a year, and find my self, like many an embryo M. D.—only aunt got an inkling of the matter, and sent me and my portmanteau off together. As to Carry, I believe she cared about as much for my own sweet self, as she did for the stately old butler who was propped up against the sideboard every day. But I thought differently then; I did not know her; and her flirtation with me was carried on pretty strongly. She must have seen how earnest I was, and that was the recollection. She indwelt upon the mind of many a man an indelible impression of the heartlessness of woman; and Caroline, for her pains, was now one-and-thirty, and ready to catch at straws.

The mail-coach conveyed me to within six miles of Dashingly House, and by way of doing the thing in style, that aunt Carry might experience a quantum of regret for having rejected me, I bargained for a return chaise and four, which had just conveyed an old gentleman a two-mile stage, and jumping into it, was whirled away towards Dashingly.

Who should be standing at the lodge gates, talking to the gardener's wife, but the cherry-checked housemaid, my especial favorite of all the family, Caroline excepted. So I checked the postillions, and leaped from the window.

"I say Nancy, what's up? Why am I sent for?"

"Miss Caroline's wedding, sir."
"Miss Caroline's wedding! Why—how long has that been about?"
"Two or three months, sir. Quite a first-rate match, and such a handsome man! It is to be on Tuesday."

"What's his name?"
"Captain Fitz——" The rest was a lost in the roll of the chaise, the impatient post-boys, or perhaps the horses declining to wait longer.

They were dressed for dinner, and came crowding round the drawing-room windows to have a stare at the chaise-and-four, Aunt Dashingly in her great crimson turban and upright feathers, which, if they had been black, might have served for a hearse, and that stretched out old amber-satin gown. It had seen ten summers if it had seen one, and still looked as bright as ever; it must have been an everlasting color, like the flowers, or else periodically washed out in amber. Caroline was in pink, with a few brown ribbons bobbed oddly about her hair, to hide, I expect, the faded partings, whilst my sweet sister Lina wore white muslin.

Lina (her name of Carolina assimilated so closely with that of her cousin's, that she was universally called Lina) was an heiress. Greatly to the indignation of us six portionless chaps, her brothers, to whom it would have been of use, our Indian uncle-in-law, Nabob Cayenne, had left her a' his fortune—thirty thousand pounds. What a wasteful thing to leave a portion like that to a girl! Since my mother's death, Lina had been, under Aunt Dashingly's especial protection, and a very tight protection it was; nobody dared look at her within a mile, or touch her with a long pole.

An immense sensation had been created in Inverness, some years previously, by Dashingly House and all its inmates "going over to Rome;" less figuratively speaking, turning themselves from luke warm Protestants into red-hot Catholics. Mr. and Mrs. Dashingly (he was alive then) had, imperceptibly to themselves, glided into close intimacy with some good, zealous, Romish priests, who, under a quiet, sleepy, exterior, had the reputation of being inwardly very wide awake; and the upshot of the friendship was, that the lady and gentleman became converts, or perverts, or whatever the approved term may be—I don't pretend to say what—to the Catholic faith. Caroline and her brothers of course "went over" too, and as many of the servants as had no mind to leave their easy places at Dashingly House. Not that Caroline cared very much what faith she professed, provided it did not interfere with her ball-room flirtations, and the wide-awake priests condescendingly shut their eyes to all that. Exceedingly ardent in their new cause were Mr. and Mrs. Dashingly, at first freshly-converted zealots to that faith, generally are. Mr. Dashingly had begun by erecting a Catholic chapel near to his residence; and the building of it, and the endowing of it, and the fitting it up, and the pictures, and the saints, and the robes, and the silver crucifixes, and the candlesticks, and the priest's vestments, and all the rest of the trinsel and glitter, had dipped pretty considerably into the fortune which had