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Poetry.

A Letter from one Old Nick to Another.

"FRIEND, sip this goblet! tears 'twill chase away;"
So Moore did once attune his gentle measure;
And so I wish thee grace this goomy day;
When coming warfare breaks up thy pleasure,
And Cock and Lion questioning thy sway,
Seek thee to humble, reckless of their treasure,
And of the fight's deep perils, gathering o'er
The landbound waters of the Euxine shore.

I tell thee sip the goblet! fill'd with woes;
And blood, and rifled honor's sad decay,
Mix'd with that bitterness that men's throws
Into the cup of conscience; to whose sway
E'en thou, great rival mine; must still obey;
As lie the helpless rocks where ocean flows:
Drink of the draught of bad and base ambition,
By swallowing which I came to this condition.

Perchance thou thinkest that I want thee here,
By thus inviting thee to swallow fire
As pleasantly as some folks offer beer;
But mine's this kingdom, none to it aspire;
For though dismissed from Heaven, I'm Prince
down here;
King of these regions dread; a serf in higher
I chose the course to which I now advise thee,
And of its great advantage I apprise thee.

But come not yet to this, "my prison cell;"
(I quote the muse of one not living here,
Though oft the notes of ravish anguish tell
The tones poetic of sublime Shakespeare,)
Fulfil thy wordly mission; make a hell
Of the fair earth thou hop'st to make thee fear;
But let me tell thee this, thou can'st not hit on,
With all thy craft, a plan to beat the British!

Beware of France, too, brother Nick, the world
Hath seldom seen such pluck as that of Gaul:
One of the breed, Napoleon, quickly hurld
Ten Sovereigns from their kingdoms, and their
fall,

Though o'er the world the smoke of battle curl'd,
Could not the granite of his soul appal,
Who push'd his project with that deep devotion
Of which thy brother Alick had a notion.

Ah, Nick! 'tis sad that we should be apart,
But let us bide our time; thou hast thy work
Cut out to execute; steel well thy heart;
Cast forth thy conscience; pour upon the Turk
Full well the shaft of thy destroying dart;
Nor let one pitying thought within thee lurk;
Though I may fairly say, apart from Trope,
Thou'st earned my best attentions at Sinopé.

Oh! worthy action of a blasting hand; [in
Oh! happy treacherous thought! stealing with
The peaceful sleeping harbour, whilst its band,
Few but all valiant, brav'd the cannon's din,
And by their own hands perish'd on the strand.
For me 'twas noblest virtue; 'tis but sin
To those poor earthly fools who think society
Best without brains being scatter'd for variety.

Farewell! we'll meet below here in due time.
Ambition dies, and power on earth decays.
Thou't leave thy Scythian wilds for this warm
clime.

And have thine advent usher'd in a blaze
Greater than Moscow's in her burning prime,
For which again to light the Frenchman prays;
And o'er thy torturing place, to tell thy story,
Written with blood, thy motto shall be 'Glory.'

NICHOLAS ANTIQUUS.

To our brother, The Great Czar.
Inspired by Capt. Charon, via The Styx.
Ages, Friday.

ANNIE LIVINGSTONE.

Continued.

The Campfield was a small holme, wash-
ed by the Nethan Water, which, making a
sudden whirl at that point, surrounded it on
three sides, while the fourth was bounded
by a wooded hill, which separated it from
the ruined Castle of Craignethair. It was
a tradition in the country that the spot had
been a camp of the Covenanters, in the
days of Claverhouse, and that a band of the
Royalists had been defeated there before
the great battle of Bothwell Brigg. The
people of the district still point out the path
by which the Covenanters gained the hill
that commanded Craignethair Castle; and
allege that, for a time at least, the Royalist
fortress was in their hands. At all events
the place is so constituted in their minds
with the days of the Covenant, that it is a
favorite site for a field preaching; and no-
thing can be more picturesque than the
scene it presents under such an aspect. The
steep hill-side, the murmuring water, the
soft thymy turf, the crowd of listeners, in
every attitude of earnest attention, hanging
on the eloquent words of the preacher, take
one back to the old times when, in caves
and dells, and bleak moorsides, the stern
men of the Solemn League and Covenant
listened to the truth at the risk of their own
lives, and those of their nearest and dearest.
Just such a preacher as might have led these
warlike and determined men was Mr. Cam-
eron, of Cambus. He was old in years, with
silver hair and wrinkled brow; but he had
a clear, penetrating eye, and that look of
power; mingled with gentleness, that un-
compromising love of right and truth, which
strike conviction to every heart, and rouse
men's souls to do or die.

At any other time Annie Livingstone
would have listened to the preacher with a
kindling eye and glowing cheek, but to-day
she sat there, pale and cold, struggling to
quell the tempter that whispered to her to
forsake her natural duties for the love of one
who was becoming dearer to her than all
the world besides. She fixed her eyes on
the minister—she endeavored to follow his
words, but the prayer fell unheeded on her
ear; and when the full swell of the psalm,
preceding the sermon, rose into the air, her
voice, generally the clearest and sweetest
of the congregation, quivered, and was si-
lent. But the music was not wholly with-
out influence on her tortured heart; and
when they resumed their places to give ear
to the sermon, her spirit felt more attuned
to the duties of the hour.

The text given out was this:—"No man
having put his hand to the plough, and look-
ing back, is fit for the kingdom of God."
Annie started as the words were uttered, and
as she listened to the doctrines which Mr.
Cameron deduced from them, she felt as if
he must have known her inmost thoughts,
so forcibly did he warn his hearers of the
sin of forsaking the true and narrow path of
duty to follow the devices of their own
hearts, so powerfully did he press upon the
necessity of sacrificing all that was most
dear to them, if it even threatened to inter-
fere with the appointed course of life which
God had traced out for them. Annie's heart
beat painfully, for she knew too well that
he spoke the truth. She felt that if she be-

came Alick Cadwell's wife she could not
then perform, as now she did, those filial
and sisterly offices which had been hers
from childhood, and which it would be mean
and criminal to forsake. When she rose to
receive the old minister's blessing, she vow-
ed with a sad heart, but a steadfast spirit,
that, come what would, she would abide by
her duty. Poor girl! she little thought how
near and severe a test was awaiting her.

"Annie," said a voice at her ear, as she
turned to leave the Campfield; "did you
no' ken I was so near you?"

Alick need not have asked the question,
for the sudden flush of the cheek, and the
quick bright sparkle of the eye, were enough
to show her previous ignorance.

"Marian bade me follow you, lassie. She
said she did not like the look of the sky, and
would feel mair at ease if I conveyed you
home."

"Hout," said Annie hastily; "what
makes Mair'n sae timoursome? The sky
is blue and bright, and even if it should be
wet, what does a drop of rain signify?"

"I thought you would have liked me to
écine, Annie," was Alick's simple answer.

Annie turned away her head to conceal
how much his sorrowful tone affected her.

"Ay, so I do," she said with assumed
cheerfulness; "but I diuna like Marian be-
ing left alone, so we had best walk fast
hame," and she quickened her pace. As
they did so, a distant muttering of thunder
was heard, and Annie added, "Marian wa'
right after all. It is wonderful how she
guesses some things, Alick. She is like the
birds and the beasts that get restless and
discomfortable before a storm, although there
is not a sign of it in the heaven's bigger than
a man's hand."

"That ane is bigger," Alick said, point-
ing to a mass of threatening cloud which
was rapidly covering the sky; "and if you
would take my advice, Annie, you would
gang with me to Blinkbonnie, and bide there
till the storm is past."

"No, no," she said nervously; "I maun
gang hame to Marian, and my mother, poor
body."

Alick remonstrated no further, but silent-
ly followed her, as she flew rather than ran
in the direction of Nethan Foot. It was grow-
ing very dark, and the rest of the congrega-
tion, having no such call as Annie's to
hurry homeward, had already taken shelter
in the cottages near Campfield, advising
her, as they did so, to follow their example.

"I cannot," she said; "I must get hame,
'deed must I; and striking off from the high-
road, she hurried along the by-path by the
Nethan Water. The evening grew darker
and darker; it seemed as if the twilight had
been forgotten, and the bright day had sud-
denly been merged in night. The thunder
became every moment louder, and the light-
ning flashed through the trees with fearful
brilliance. The river roared along its banks;
and as they approached the spot of the Ne-
than's confluence with the Clyde, even An-
nie's brave spirit trembled. She wondered
whether they could cross the stopping
stones in such a flood, and in such dark-
ness. But she had a strong will; she knew the
stones to trust as well by night as by day;
and beside, the storm had so lately begun,
that the Nethan, she thought, could not
have risen very much. So she hurried for-