

# THE ORANGE LILY.

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## Doctry.

### "E Pur Si Muove."

[When Galileo, in the dungeons of the Inquisition, was tortured until he recanted the truth of the earth's motion round the sun, which he was the first to discover and promise, he was heard to murmur immediately after his recantation the words—"E pur si muove"—"and still it moves!"]

A gloom of moonlight struggling through the bars

Shows an old man low kneeling in despair;  
His upturned eye can gather in the stars,  
Whose tale he dared to read, but faust forswear;

The bloody rack has lapped to the quivering life  
That filled till now his prophet heart with fire;  
The iron wrong has pierced into his soul  
To kill the budding truth ere it inspire.

Sins giant knowledge mightier than control;  
But still, nor iron fang, nor gleaming knife  
May daunt the joy sublime his lip reproves  
The heart still murmurs—victor in the strife—  
"Yet still it moves, O God—it moves it moves!"

A ray of glory streaming down the sky  
Illumes the shadows of the poet's cell;  
The golden promise floats before his eye,  
Whose downing splendour he would fainst foretell.

The world's dread scorn is ringing in his ear,  
And fierce contempt, that keentier wounds  
Than steel;

Would kill the joy he clutches to his heart  
Ere the round globe like ecstasy should feel.  
But yet, though despot unbefl'd would thwart  
The hand that points to freedom's wide career,  
He whispers still as down the "ringing"  
grooves

"Of time and change" it speeds from year to year  
"Yet still it moves, O God—it moves, it moves!"

Berpo.

### Heaven Confound the Emperor.

Ain—"God Preserves the Emperor."

Heaven confound the Emperor Nicholas,  
Acting at his present rate,  
Vanquished, humbled, and ridiculous,  
Hurl him from his high estate;  
Haunted always by his pillow  
By the specters of the dead,  
Fouly, on Sioupe's billows,  
By his slaves whose blood was shed.

Down, to rise expecting never,  
All his pride and glory smashed,  
May he hear the screams for ever  
Of the women whom he lashed;  
May the sum of human sorrow,  
Caused by him, his conscience wring,  
With no prospect of a morrow,  
To allay its poisoned sting.

If, resolved on depredations,  
Right he seizes, and might defy,  
Rise against him, huddled nations,  
Hunt him down with lie and cry.  
On him, like a wild beast, hounded  
By the dogs of Europe's war;  
Let him ever be confounded;  
Outraged Heaven, confound the Czar!

Punch.

A LADY who rose from obscurity to great wealth by the successful speculations of her husband, is reported to be in the habit of misapplying words and quotations very strangely. Her last was—"When you are at Rome do as the Romans do."—asked you are at Parker, do as the Turkey do!"

## SCRAPES AND ESCAPES. SOUTHERN, THE ATHEIST.

In one of the great manufacturing cities of our country a fine does business by the name of "Westwater Spinning Company." This name is derived from a beautiful stream more than twenty miles distant, on the bank of which stands a very extensive factory. About two thousand persons depend upon this factory for their bread, and as its site has been selected with a view to water-power for machinery, it and the hamlet attached are most picturesquely placed, and far from other towns or villages of any magnitude. The inmates of Westwater form a class by themselves,—disliked by the country people, and not over fond of them in return, and are divided into lesser sets, according to the nature of their labor, and the parts of the building in which they are employed.

The benevolent proprietors of the works have taken every precaution to secure the well-being of their work-people. Their houses are comfortable, are kept in constant repair, and have each a small garden attached; while a couple of large fields have been thrown together in a park for their recreation. On this, of a summer evening, after work is done, you may see a hundred or so of the male population merrily engaged at cricket and football, sports for excellence in which they are famous, while among the trees, at the sides and angles, bands of young girls lie chatting and laughing upon the grass, or run about chasing each other in frolic. Others again walk about either on the park or on the banks of the clear Westwater, along whose winding and very beautiful margin foot-paths extend for miles. But while their bodily health has been thus attended to, their mental profit has not been forgotten. A church and a library, which is also a reading-room, form part of the buildings, and, from the ornamental windows of an edifice, apart from the rest, you may hear issuing a hum of little voices, telling that the work of instruction is busy going on. The greatest man in the place is, of course, the manager, whose large white house you see just before entering the little town. This situation was held for many years by my father—and here was I born, and received the first rudiments of my education.

While I attended the school—decidedly the prettiest little lass in it was a small creature called Jane Granton, pronounced in the dialect of the place Jeany, or more often Cheeny. She was a yellow-haired, rosy-checked little thing, exceedingly healthy, good-natured and merry, and was the only child of a widow who kept a kind of a small green-grocery shop in the village. This widow was a very good-looking woman,—indeed, it was a common saying to the girl, from the grown-up people, that, pretty as she was, she would never be like her mother. She had the reputation of being a very religious person, and was the only one in the place that, from scruples of conscience, refused to attend the services at the church. Looked at her whole comely appearance, dashed with a strong and very remarkable tinge of superstitious fanaticism, though not what parcella

sect or denomination it might be classed I have not been able to determine. This peculiarity, as well as her general clean, tidy habits, sobriety of manner, good looks, and obstinate persistence in the state of widowhood, attracted to her much respect, and to her and to her darling little child the attention and kindness of every one in the place. Among the boys at the school, a gain, Cheeny was a regular toast: many bloody battles were fought and won, upon various pretences and provocations, all of which, however, were privately known to every one to be merely in her honor and glory. For a long while I believed in myself to be the prime favorite; but whether this was owing to my particular personal charms, or to the superior dress and equipment of the manager's boy, I am not prepared to say. But the time came round when I should leave the factory and its beautiful environs, to be transported to a large boarding-school, where the place of the widow's child in my mind was speedily usurped by other charms. From that school I was removed, four years after, and apprenticed to a medical gentleman three years more. Upon the completion of my time I returned, a grown and serious young man, for a month or two's residence with my father; and if I was changed myself, I certainly found Cheeny more so.

She was now about seventeen years of age, and just passing from the slender delicate grace of childhood, to the full voluptuous development of face and form, of eye and gait, of mien and attitude, characteristic of perfect and beautiful woman. I saw her walking along lightly from work, among a group of other girls, as I was riding into the town, and was struck in a moment by her exquisite beauty; and not till I saw her turn into the little shop, did the thought ever enter my mind that to this perfection could have sprung my former schoolmate, little Cheeny Granton. I dismounted and I entered just behind her, and addressing the widow, whose staid, yet comely and cheerful countenance now bore palpable traces of the lapse of time, called myself to her recollection, and we entered into conversation with regard to various occurrences that had taken place since I left. I may mention, to account for my long absence from Westwater, that just before I was sent to seek school, my father, who was a widower, had entered into a second marriage with the daughter of Mr. H—, one of the proprietors, a connexion which ultimately procured for him a partnership, though it was the cause of a very great change in my habits and prospects. While I was talking with her mother, Jane stood by with a sort of quiet, unconcerned look. I addressed her, and she answered me frankly; but, though she spoke in kindness and good humor, I at once saw that our liking, if it had ever existed, was not likely to be renewed. I talked with her for a little, and then, leaving the place, rode on to the works. Yet, though my love for her and for many others had all finally merged into one permanent and sensible attachment, and though to endeavour to excite affection in her now, would be not only folly, but crime, I could not, for many days, altogether dismiss her from my