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THE LILLIES OF JERUSALEM.

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"And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Fair lilies of Jerusalem!
Ye wear the same array,
As when the imperial Judah stern,
Maintained its regal sway,
By sacred Jordan's desert tide,
As bright ye blossom on,
As when your simple charms outvied
The pomp of Solomon.

The lonely pilgrim's heart is filled
With holiest themes divine,
When first he sees your colors gild
The fields of Palestine.
Fresh springing from the emerald sod,
As beautiful to see,
As when the meek, incarnate God
Took parable from ye.

What rose amidst her fragrant bowers,
That steals the morning's glow,
Or tulip, queen of eastern flowers,
Was ever honored so?
But ye are to the lowly train,
Which he delights to raise;
Ye bloom unsullied by a stain,
And therefore ye have praise.

Ye never toiled with anxious care,
From silken threads so spin
That living gold, refined and rare,
Which God hath clothed ye in;
That ye, his simplest works, should shine
In such adornment dress'd,
That mightiest King of Judah's line
Could boast of no such vest.

It is not often we see so good and romantic an issue come from love at first sight. We are sure our lady readers will laugh at its conclusion; although some of them may frown a little at its commencement.—[ED. SON.]

KISSING IN THE DARK.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

The 10-15 train glided from Paddington, May 1st, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers; of these singularly enough, two were worth description. The lady had a smooth, white delicate brow, strongly marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and a good-sized delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose for her eyes and mouth, could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending grayish dress, buttoned to the throat, with long-shaped buttons, a Scotch shawl that agreeably evaded the responsibility of color. She was like a duck, so tight her plain feathers fitted her; and there she sat, smooth, snug, and delicious, with a book in her hand, and a soupçon of her snowy wrist just visible as she held it. Her opposite neighbor was what I call a good style of man—the more to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation, that turns out the very worst imaginable style of young men. He was a cavalry officer, aged twenty-five. He had a moustache, but not a very repulsive one; it was far from being one of those sub-nasal pig-tails, on which soup is suspended like dew upon a shrub; it was short, thick and

black as a coal. His coat had not yet been turned by tobacco smoke to the color of tobacco juice. His clothes did not stick nor hang on him—they sat on him; he had an engaging smile, and what I liked the dog for, his vanity, which was inordinate, was in its proper place: his heart not in his face, jostling mine and other people's, who have none: in a word, he was what one oftener hears of than meets—a young gentleman. He was conversing in an animated whisper with a companion, a fellow officer—they were talking about, what it is far better not to do, women. Our friend clearly did not wish to be overheard, for he cast ever and anon a fertile glance at his fair "viz-a-viz" and lowered his voice. She seemed quite absorbed in her book, and that reassured him. At last the two soldiers came down to a whisper, and in that whisper, (the truth must be told) the one who got down at the Slough and was lost in posterity, bet ten pounds to three, that he who was going down with us to Bath and immortality would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road—"Done!" Now I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised, should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation; but 'nobody is wise at all hours,' not even when the clock is striking five, and twenty; and you are to consider his profession his good looks, and the temptation—ten to three.

After Slough the party was reduced to three—at Twyford one lady dropped her handkerchief, Captain Doligan fell on it like a tiger and returned it like a lamb; two or three words were interchanged on that occasion. At Reading the Marlborough of our tale, made one of the safe investments of the day; he bought a Times and a Punch the latter was full of steel pen thrusts and woodcuts. Valor and beauty deigned to laugh at some inflated humbug or other punctuated by Punch. Now, laughing together, thaws our human ice: long before Swindon it was a talking match—at Swindon who so devoted as Captain Doligan; he handed them out—he souped them—he tough chickened them—he brandied them, and cochinealed one—and he brandied and burnt sugared the other; on their return to the carriage, one lady went into the inner apartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side of the line.

Reader, had it been you or I, the beauty would have been the deserter, the average one would have stayed with us, till all was blue, ourselves included; not more surely does our slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, alight face downward on the carpet. But this was a bit of a fop. Adonis draagoon—so Venus remained in 'tete-a-tete,' with him. Presently our Captain looked out of the window and laughed; this elicited an enquiring look from Miss Haythorn.

"We are only a mile from the Box Tunnel."
"Do you always laugh a mile from the Box Tunnel?" said the lady.
"Invariably."
"What for?"
"Why! hem! it is a gentleman's joke."
"Oh! I don't mind its being silly if it makes me laugh." Captain Doligan thus encouraged, recounted to Miss Haythorn the following:
"A lady and her husband sat together going through the Box Tunnel—there was one gentleman opposite, it was pitch dark; after the Tunnel the lady said, 'George how absurd of you to salute

me going through the Tunnel. I did no such thing. You didn't?" "No 'why?" "Why because some how I thought you did!" Here Capt Doligan laughed, and endeavoured to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done. The train entered the Tunnel.

Miss Haythorn—"ah!"
Doligan—"What is the matter?"
Miss H—"I am frightened."

Dolig (moving to her side)—"Pray do not be alarmed, I am near you."

Miss H—"You are near me, very near me, indeed, Capt. Doligan."

Dolig—"You know my name!"

Miss H—"I heard your friend mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place."

Dolig—"I could be content to spend hours here reassuring you, sweet lady."

Miss H—"Nonsense!"
Dolig—"Pweep!" (Grave reader, do not put your lips to the cheek of the next pretty creature you meet, or you will understand what this means.)

Miss H—"Ec!"

Friend—"What is the matter?"

Miss H—"Open the door! open the door!"

There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door was shut, and the blind pulled down with hostile sharpness.

If any critic falls on me for putting in articulate sounds in a dialogue as above, I answer with all the insolence I can command at present, 'Hit boys as big as yourself,' bigger perhaps, such as Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes, they began it, and I learned it of them, 'sore against my will.'

Miss Haythorn's scream lost part of its effect, because the engine whistled forty thousand murders at the same moment' and fictitious grief makes itself heard when real cannot.

Between the Tunnel and Bath our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door; his late friends attempted to escape on the other side.—impossible! they must pass him. She whom he had insulted (Latin 'kissed') posted somewhere at his feet, blushing reproach, the other, insulted, darted red hot daggers at him from her eyes, and so they parted.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Doligan that he had the grace to be friends with Major Hoskyns of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the Major was too apt to look cannon balls and linstocks; he had also to tell the truth swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, which made it as impossible for Major Hoskyns to descend to an ungentlemanlike word or action, as it was to brush his own trousers below the knee.

Captain Doligan told this gentleman his story in gleeful accents; but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly, and as coldly answered that he had known a man lose his life for the very same thing; 'That is nothing,' continued, the Major, but unfortunately he deserved it.

At this the blood mounted to the young man's temples, and his senior added, "I mean to say he was fifty-five, you I presume, are twenty-one?"

"Twenty-five"

That is much the same thing—was you be advised by me?"

"If you will advise me"

Speak to no one of this matter. Write to the Ed that he may think you have lost the bet."

"That is hard when I won it."

Do it for all that sir."

Let the disbelievers in human perfectability know that this dragon, capable of blush, did this virtuous action, albeit with violent resistance and this was his first damper. A week after these events he was at a ball, not the first since his return—bien entendu. He was in that fictitious discontent which belong to us amiable English. He was looking in vain for a lady, equally in personal attractions to the idea he had formed of George, Doligan as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a delightful vision! a lady whose beautiful symmetry took him by the eyes—another look—"It can't be!"—"Yes it is!" Miss Haythorn! (not that he knew her name!) but what an apotheosis!

The duck had become a pea-hen—radiant, dazzling, she looked twice as beautiful and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He found her again. She was so lovely she made him ill—and he, alone, must not touch or speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance in the usual way it might have ended in kissing, but having begun with kissing, it must end in nothing. As she glanced, sparks of beauty fell from her on all around but him—she did not see him; it was clear she never would see him. One gentleman was particularly assiduous, she smiled on his assiduity, he was ugly, but she smiled on him. Doligan was surprised at his success, his ill taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Doligan at last found himself injured. "What was the man?" and "what right had he to go so?" He never kissed her I suppose," said Dolig. Doligan could not prove it, but he felt that somehow or other the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, hated all the ugly successful. He never could encounter her again. At last heard of her in the way a lawyer's clerk paid him a visit and announced a little action against an individual named Miss Haythorn for insulting her in a railway car.

The young gentleman was so much distressed to soften the lawyer's words, that he had not thoroughly comprehended the nature of the term, and his name, however, he at last rescued by this untoward accident, from the hands of the law. His dress, was but a short step, and the same day our crest-fallen hero lay in wait at the next station—and many a succeeding day without effect. But one fine afternoon, she issued forth quite naturally, as if she did every day, and walked straight on the nearest parade—Doligan did the same, he met and passed her many times on the parade, and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look nor recognition, nor any other sentiment, for all this she walked and walked, till all the other promenaders were tired and gone—then her culprit summoned resolution, and taking off his hat, with his voice tremulous for the first time, he sought permission to address her. She stopped blushed, but neither acknowledge or disown his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out ashamed he was punished, how he deserved to be punished, how he was punished, little she knew how unhappy he was and concluded by begging not to let all the world