

# THE ORANGE LILY.

VOL. VI.

BYTOWN, OCTOBER 31, 1854.

NO. 39.

## Doctr.

### The Aged Negro.

(From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce)

A preacher travelling through our Southern states, was rowed across a ferry by a pious old negro, who had laboured hard through early manhood and middle age, to purchase freedom for himself and his wife, and he mourned that old age, and loss of strength would compel him to leave all his children in slavery. He laid his hands on his breast, and said, "Master has all my strength, and I have these old bones."

His head was white and his eyes were dim,  
And his face was marked by age;  
The vigor of youth had passed from him,  
And labor had bent him low.

He gave the oars his remnant of strength,  
As the shallop left the shore,  
And he told his tale of grief at length,  
Ere the stream was furrow'd o'er.

He look'd on one, with his eyes dim and gray,  
That he ne'er shall see again,  
All the break of an endless day,  
Far beyond a tyrant's reign.

"Master," he said, "you're a child of God,  
His seal is upon your face;  
Poor negro has felt his chast'ning rod,  
And gloried to in his grace.

The sun that rose upon master's morn,  
Rejoic'd o'er a three-horn babe;  
But the light that broke when I was born,  
Look'd down on a fetter'd slave.

I grew apace to my bitter lot,  
Too soon felt my heavy chain,  
And often cried, O! why will not  
Earth take back her child again?

I thought, perhaps if I were to toil,  
That Heaven might send me to see  
A day in which I could tread the soil,  
And breathe the air of the free.

I toil'd at morn, and I toil'd at eve,  
And I toil'd in the mid-day sun—  
I rested not when they gave me leave,  
And said that my work was done.

I yielded not to the summer's heat,  
Nor turn'd from the winter's frost,  
Nor shelter'd myself from storms that beat,  
Lest a copper should be lost.

I paid for myself I paid for my wife,  
But our lands are nearly run,  
And the freedom I've bought at the end of life,  
Would have come with my setting sun."

He smote his breast, with his eyes on high—  
In a voice of subdu'd tones,  
Said, "Master has all my strength, and I  
Have nothing but these old bones."

Time adds a weight to each month that rolls  
We soon shall rest in our graves;  
We trust in Christ to receive our souls,  
But we leave our children slaves.

EDITH OLIVE.

BY CATHARINE BARTON.

Continued.

The Mill River was a deep, rapid stream, a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Wallingford's

house. The banks of the river arose perpendicularly from its bed, to a height of from three or four to thirty, and in some places more than forty, feet. The rock which bore its name was a natural platform of stone, about six feet above the water. On one side a rustic seat had been constructed, over which two young maples spread their branches, and slightly overhung the stream below. The whole scene was one of the most picturesque description, and the children were sometimes allowed to accompany Edith thither, but under a promise of strict obedience to her orders, to keep away from the edge of the rock in particular, and the margin of the stream in general, and their mother knew them to be safe under the careful eye of their young governess. But Lucy, who had always been somewhat headstrong, had determined to obtain a small branch of one of the maples, whose autumn-tinted leaves of scarlet and yellow shone brightly in the clear light of an October sun. Lucy was one of those children who have a rare tact at getting into danger, and during the Croton reign had met with more than one hair-breadth escape from death, but since she had been under the care of Edith she had not been known to make any fresh attempt on her own life. There was something in the manner of the latter which kept her within bounds. She dared not brave that truthful eye. But this afternoon she was left playing on the lawn with her sisters. During their drive home they had passed the Mill River Rock, and the tempting branch waved brightly in the wind. "I will run and get it, and come back before anybody sees me, and then nobody will know where it came from," she thought, as she saw her sisters engaged in their own sports, and she stole off unperceived. But the enterprise was more difficult than she imagined. She was too earnestly engaged to notice the approach of Edith, and made a final spring at the coveted treasure as she was almost within her reach. Her foot slipped, and she was precipitated into the water below.

Death flew down the bank a few yards farther, where the height from the water was only three feet. "There will be none to mourn for me if I perish, but may for her," she exclaimed, as she plunged into the stream, and succeeded in grasping the drowning child, who clung to her in an agony of terror. They were within two or three feet of the bank, but the current was deep and strong, and bore them irresistibly forward, in spite of her efforts, which were unimpeded by the weight of poor Lucy. Twice she almost gained a footing, and then the current again bore her onward. In vain she endeavoured to catch the branches of the trees and shrubs which hung over her head. She succeeded in grasping one, but it gave way in her hold. She knew the stream grew deeper and more violent in its onward course, and that they must be rapidly approaching a spot where the most efficient aid would be vain. She shuddered as she recollected a horrible legend connected with the place. She felt they must perish even within arms-length of the firm ground, and commending her soul to God, she pressed the now insensible Lucy to her bosom, and resigned herself to her fate. A dull, dreamy drowsiness crept

over her, as she sunk into that dark, rushing water, when she was conscious of being grasped by a strong, nervous arm—and knew nothing more till she opened her eyes in her own room, at Mrs. Wallingford's, and saw an anxious face bending over her. At first she could not recollect what had happened. It seemed as if she had awakened from a distressing dream; but soon came back to her mind her fearful struggles in that terrible water.

"Lucy! Lucy! Tell me of her," she exclaimed eagerly.

"Lucy is safe, and perfectly well, thanks to you, my noble-hearted girl, and you were in turn rescued by Edmund," replied Cous Anne, as she stooped down and kissed the pale cheek of Edith. "You have been ill of a brain fever for the last ten days, and must therefore keep perfectly quiet. All depends on that, as your fever is now broken. The peaceful sleep from which you have just awakened has saved you. Take this jelly, and then lie perfectly still, till I give you permission to stir," she added playfully, as she held some jelly to the lips of Edith, and then tenderly combed back the curls from her wasted brow, to soothe her to rest again.

Edith kept quiet as she was desired, but her heart was full of happy thoughts. She had saved little Lucy, the beloved of all, and she had herself been saved in turn by the hand of him she loved so well. How well, he would have given much to have known. And she knew not with what a desperate exertion of strength and courage he had snatched her from what would, in another moment, have been inevitable and fearful death. She knew not how, when he had done her insensible form to the bank, he had pressed her to his lips and heart, and coaxed her to awake by every endearing and passionate epithet, or how his restless foot-step had paced through parlor and hall, in ceaseless anxiety for her recovery.

After a few days more, she was allowed to sit up, and then came a perfect deluge of flowers, books, engravings, and all else that could amuse an invalid, and when she was allowed to take a short drive, he stood at the door to carry her down stairs and lift her gently into the coach. He had loved her in all the brightness of her beauty, but he now loved that pale, wan face more dearly still, and all the former tenderness of his manner to her was restored. His jealousy of Elmore slept. It was joy enough for the present that she was obliged to lean on his arm for support, as she walked feebly about, and when returning strength made his attendance not so very absolutely necessary, he still hovered round and watched over her, all unheeding that every hour riveted her chains yet more strongly on his heart. And Edith under the influence of happiness and a naturally strong constitution, soon recovered her usual health, her cheeks their bloom, and her form and features their symmetry, while her school-room duties were resumed with more zest than ever. The attachment of the children to her was increased by the recollection of how might she had suffered to save the life of Lucy. Lucy had herself been brought into the room when Edith's fever was at its worst, and told that her naughtiness was the cause,