

# THE ORANGE LILY.

VOL. VI.

BYECUN, MARCH 4, 1854.

NO. 8.

Locity:

## Song of the Transplanted Shamrock.

"One of the Royal servants brought with him to the train a sod of Shamrock which had been dug up in the grounds attached to the Viceregal Lodge. A proclama pot received the plant, which, as it had been obtained at the special request of Her Majesty, is probably destined to be transplanted into some of the Royal grounds, and cultivated as a memento of a visit which will be long memorable in Ireland."—*Dublin Daily Express.*

FROM REECH.

Erin mayonnaise, torn up from the green,  
Lonely, withered, and drooped for a while,  
Though planted in proclama, and nursed by a  
Queen,  
I was sick at the roots for my own pleasant  
Isle:  
Where the wind came so gently to kiss and  
love me,  
There was tenderness even in the breath of  
the north:  
Where the kind clouds would fling their soft  
shadows above me,  
When the hot sun of summer came scorchingly  
forth.  
I pined for those tender grey eyes, whose black  
lashes  
Veil a tear and a smile alike ready to start;  
I longed for the mirth, whose unquenchable  
lashes  
Hold a struggle with gloom in the Irishman's  
heart,  
White hands were about me, but not my own  
people's,  
Kind hearts, too, but not the kind hearts I  
had known:  
The bells that I heard ring in Sassenach steeples,  
And wanted the music I loved in my own.  
Ah! I fancied they scorned me, the poor plant  
of Erin,  
Them roses so gaily, them thistles so tall  
Ah! I thought as they tossed their proud heads,  
It was sneering!  
At my poor lowly leaflets, and no flowers at  
all.  
But by little and little, I felt that about me  
The soil gathered cheery, and kindly, and  
warm:  
And the illigant flowers that I thought meant  
to flout me,  
When I learnt what they said sure they meant  
me no harm.  
The hands I thought cold I found true in their  
tending,  
The hearts I thought hard, sure, were soft at  
the core:  
So I opened my leaves with less fear of offend-  
ing  
And the longer I knew I loved England the  
more.  
For my Queen is a mistress that's gentle and  
tender,  
And oft my poor leaflet her bosom adorns:  
She says I've my sweetness if roses their splen-  
dor,  
Ah, if I've no blossom, why, sure, I've no  
throue."

## My Cousin Caroline's Wedding.

(CONCLUDED.)

I started back with astonishment, and so  
trod upon aunt's pet cat, which flew about  
the room spitting and snarling, making at  
least a spring out of it, and coming in con-

tact with the startled servant's cheek: for  
instead of the monkey I had pictured, in  
walked a splendid man of six or seven-and-  
twenty, handsome enough to have had his  
portrait propped up at the "National," or  
his bust in a group of far-famed sculpture,  
with a frank, beaming eye, and a tongue  
that might have turned half the girl's heads  
in Christendom. How on earth had Car-  
oline caught him?

I might have waited for the sun to form  
a conjunction with itself, or a fortune to  
come to me before alighting on a more  
agreeable fellow. Not one of your buck-  
ram'd, high-brow officers, turning up their  
noses at everybody beside their own mess-  
room, but a really well-informed, com-  
passionate man, kind and sensible. We  
became cordial friends at once, and I lost  
myself in a puzzled reverie as I looked at  
him. That he should have chosen Car-  
oline for a wife did not surprise me; for if  
men and women were shaken in a bag,  
and drawn out in couples, more incon-  
gruous matches would not be met with  
than are met with now; but—his docility  
to aunt and Father Ignatius! However,  
said I, rousing myself, he is not the only  
man, sane and keen in other respects, who  
has been lured into the snare that is now so  
fashionable.

Aunt was in high good humor, and pro-  
posed that we four should have a quadrille,  
offering to try her hand at some bygone  
time; so down she sat to piano. But  
how were we to stand up? Captain  
Fitzhenry of course advanced to his bride-  
elect; but it would never do for brother and  
sister to dance together, so the Captain took  
Lina, and I crossed over to Caroline.

He danced very well, and did Lina. They  
looked a handsome couple, and so well  
suited to each other, that I caught myself  
wondering, perhaps regretting, that she  
was not the chosen one. I hoped I was  
mistaken—indeed I knew I was—but it  
did not strike me once or twice, that if ever  
bright blue eyes beamed love, Lina's did  
when she glanced at him.

Before we had finished the four-legged  
quadrille—people say four-handed cribbage  
and four-handed whist, so why not four-  
legged quadrille?—Dr. Cram, the rector,  
came in. Aunt had not quite renounced  
all her Protestant friends with her religion.  
A fine specimen of a good old English par-  
son; the very justness of moderation  
and humility; held only five livings, and  
was not paid a farthing more than three  
thousand a year for the lot. A pleasant,  
hospital man, with a rubicund face, and  
a round-about form, quite a second Daniel  
Lambert, never troubling his head about  
any earthly care, save what he should eat  
and drink; interfering with nobody; letting  
his flock go wherever road they chose, and  
preaching about five sermons in the year—  
one at each place. People murmured at the  
time, that had he been a little less supine.  
Dashingly He might not have taken re-  
fuge in Rome. He was to have the honour  
of officiating at Caroline's wedding, that is,  
so far as the Protestant ceremony went;  
and Mrs. Dr. Cram—as the country aristo-  
cracy called her down there—was going to  
church in a bird-of-paradise feather. The  
The doctor let this piece of news out to us  
in the openness of his heart. He came in

to gossip about the marriage, and, there be-  
ing none but the family present, we dis-  
cussed the programme of the ceremony.

"Have you got the license yet?" asked  
the doctor.

"No," said Fitzhenry; "it is coming."

"Special?" resumed the Dr. Cram.

"Of course."

"Why, then you can be married in this  
drawing-room," returned the doctor, "and  
save the bother of getting in and out of the  
carriage."

But this suggestion was not relished by  
either the bridegroom or the bride. She,  
of course thought what a shame it would be  
not to show off outside the numerous gale  
and all the paraphernalia of the dress and  
bridal cortege; and he muttered some  
scruples about religion, and being married  
in an every-day room, I hardly heard what,  
but they both said they would go to church.

The rector's carriage was to lead the  
van, containing himself and Fitzhenry; the  
bridegroom's new travelling-chairot was to  
follow, with Alfred and Mrs. Cram; the  
Dashingly coach next, the bride, brides-  
maid, aunt, and Sir Popperston Jells, the  
family uncle, inside; and a string of seven  
or eight more would follow, conveying the  
general company. Immediately after the  
chapel service, the necessary Catholic  
rites would be performed.

Monday came the day previous to the  
wedding—and Mr. Alfred Dashingly made  
his appearance in the morning. Foppish,  
and over-dressed as usual, he presented a  
striking contrast to Fitzhenry. If Lina had  
ever got worried into marrying him, thought  
I to myself, she is not the girl of sense I  
take her for.

Alfred was in raptures with his brother-  
in-law to be; but so he would have been  
with any rich man who walked off Car-  
oline, were it only for the hope that he should  
succeed in doing a little with him in the  
borrowing line. He was especially affec-  
tionate to Lina—wanted to favour her with  
a chaste salute on his arrival—whether as  
a cousin or as a lover he did not intimate—  
but Lina with a dignified air and haughty  
gesture, drew away from the proffered  
honour.

"How can you make up your mind to  
leave your childhood's home, Carry, and  
the green fields where you have gambol-  
led?" asked I, putting on a dash of the  
sentimental.

"A great sacrifice, is it not," bantered  
Caroline, "to quit this out-of-the-world  
place, where one is never certain of seeing  
a soul but the father and old Cram, for a  
modern seat in Edinburgh and a mansion in  
London?"

"Do you intend to take pity on any of  
the poor devils you are leaving behind to  
broken hearts, and invite us to visit you?"

"I—I shall see," pouted the beauty.

"I can make no promises, for the captain's  
connections are high, as you know, so I  
must of course be particular. Perhaps I  
shall invite Lina—that is, if she decides to  
marry Alfred."

"A genteel hint that I am to be cut,  
cousin mine. I suppose, if I meet you in  
town, I must not presume to more than a  
raise of my hat in the distance?"

"You are always talking nonsense,"