

# THE ORANGE LILY.

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## Poetry.

### OLD ENGLAND.

There she sits in her island-home,  
Peerless among her peers!  
And Liberty oft to her arms doth come  
To ease her poor heart of tears:  
Old England still throbs with the muffled fire  
Of a Past she can never forget;  
And still shall she banner the world up higher,  
For there's life in the Old Land yet.

Hurrah!  
There's life in the Old Land yet.

The great Hero-Mother's not heavy yet,  
There is sap in the Saxon tree,  
And she lifeth a bosom of glory yet,  
Through her mists to the sun and the sea,  
Fair as the Queen of Love fresh from the foam  
Or a Star in a dark cloud set,  
Ye may blazon her shame, ye may leap at her  
fame,  
But there's life in the Old Land yet.

Hurrah!  
There's life in the Old Land yet.

They would scoff at her now, who of old  
look'd forth  
In their fear, when they heard her afar.  
Oh, but loud will your war be, poor kings of  
the Earth,  
When the Old Land goes down to the war!  
The avalanche trembles, half launch'd, and  
half risen,  
Her voice shall in motion set:  
Then ring out the tidings, ye winds of heaven,  
There's life in the Old Land yet.

Hurrah!  
There's life in the Old Land yet.

Let the Storm burst, it will find the Old Land  
Ready-ripe for a rough, red fray!  
She will fight as she fought when she took  
her stand  
For the Right in the olden day.  
Ay, rouse the old royal soul! Europe's best  
hope  
Is her sword-edge by Victory set!  
She shall dash Freedom's foes adown Death's  
bloody slope  
For there's life in the Old Land yet.

Hurrah!  
There's life in the Old Land yet.

### The Baltic Fleet Seaman's Song.

Again the Flag of England waves on the Baltic  
Sea—  
Again we have before our guns a stately enemy  
Oh for an hour of Nelson to send the thunder  
home!  
To break their line of battle thro', and tell them  
Britons come!

Yet, cheer ye up, my messmates—we doubt not  
there will be,  
Now that the foe's before us, a man as good as he:  
The hour will make a Nelson and a Vanguard  
still to lead—  
It is the hour that makes the man and makes  
the gallant deed.

We sail not as oppressors—we combat with the  
strong;  
And England is again at sea that she may right  
the wrong.  
War is not of our seeking, but when to war we  
must,  
To him who rules the battle we bow our heads  
in trust.

Vain glory is a bubble, our glory is His cause—  
Our glory is our duty, our happy lives, and  
our

consulting  
in his feet, he etc.

To share His boon with others—to the rescue  
of the weak,  
For this we leave our ports behind and with our  
broadside speak.

Hurrah, then, for our noble Fleet! once more  
we are at sea,  
Hurrah, for merry England and another victory!  
Nelson's ship at the side.

### The Assassin of the Pas de Calais.

(From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.)

(Concluded.)

About a year after the above interview,  
he saw De Vernelle for the second time, in  
a box at the Porte Saint Martin theatre,  
where he found him listening to an glowing  
dialogue and watching the terrible *tautou*  
of one of Victor Hugo's early melodramas  
with the deepest rapture. After the conclu-  
sion, which was accompanied with a quick  
start and the old unpleasant smile, he spoke  
but little, seeming to be thoroughly engrossed  
by the dark, wild business proceeding  
on the stage. At the culmination of the  
catastrophe he appeared hardly to breathe,  
and, when the curtain fell, a long, violent  
sigh told how great was the nervous rela-  
tion when the concussion brought with it.  
"You admire this species of play?"  
asked Ferrers.

"Yes, yes, yes; it must be something of  
the strongest, or I care not for it," he an-  
swered quickly; "something of the strong-  
est, where hopes, and fears, and passions  
are made to rend the soul. Oh, illogi-  
king of dramatists, magician, sorcerer, ca-  
balist of hearts and souls, I adore thee! A  
play of this kind is a fine feast to me; and  
you—how does it suit your taste?"

"Not much I must confess," said Fer-  
rers. "To represent the world as a pan-  
demonium of saints and devils, is not hold-  
ing the mirror up to nature, according to  
my English notions."

"Bah! what are nature and the world?"  
exclaimed De Vernelle. "Beyond green  
fields, trees, and flowers, who knows any-  
thing about nature? By the world, you  
mean the men and women who live in it;  
and by this time, what is left of nature  
amongst them? We may live side by side  
for years, and talk daily, after the way of  
the world, and in the end what would you  
know of me, what would I know of you?  
Saints and devils!—no, nothing of the sort;  
nothing out of the way of every day life.  
Men and women, sir!—with the masks  
and veils of conventionality, and the para-  
phernalia of society, and etiquette exchang-  
ed for dramatic situations and the undis-  
guised workings of the soul. Holding the  
mirror up to Nature! Why it is Nature  
herself who is presented to us here. Out  
of doors, in the world, one can never catch  
a glimpse of her, as far as men and women  
are concerned. But—ha—ha, ha!—it is an  
a matter of taste. By the way, I shall never  
forget how frightened you looked when I  
first saw you—never!"

"When?" demanded Ferrers, in much  
surprise, and not without displeasure.

"Why, when—when you were telling us  
the story of your mishap on the Arras road.  
Ha, ha, ha!—we have had nothing bet-  
ter to-night! There, I grant, was a touch  
of Nature!"

"If you had felt the dog's fangs in your  
throat, you would, perhaps, have consider-  
ed that a touch of Nature."

"No doubt. I am sorry to laugh, but  
I can't help it. Ha, ha! I am afraid I  
shall always laugh when I think of that."

"Well, well, hereafter, however unrea-  
sonable, times no one," exclaimed Ferrer  
as he turned away.

"That's just it," said De Vernelle, as he  
seized Ferrer's hand and shook it warmly:  
"take it like a philosopher, for I declare I  
can't help it!"

They parted, but Ferrer almost imme-  
diately stopped back again and inquired af-  
ter Madame De Vernelle.

"Oh, je ne sais pas!" exclaimed De  
Vernelle with a slight contemptuous shrug.  
"I have not seen her for many months.—  
I thought all the world knew we were sepa-  
rated, for ever, one seemed to be chat-  
tering about it."

"Excuse me: I did not know."

"Yes," continued De Vernelle, with a  
mocking seriousness; "she is gone back to  
her papa, for I was not good enough for her,  
was I? La, la! she made sad complaints  
about me—that I was cold blooded, cold  
hearted, cruel, selfish, dissipated, irregular  
—by no means the proper sort of husband  
for a saintly and enthusiastic young lady.  
You see, whatever bad qualities I possess,  
I am frank and open. Eh bien! you  
will not be likely to meet Madame De Ver-  
nelle again, sir—at any rate not in company  
with her *bouveau* of a husband."

This interview made a considerable im-  
pression upon the mind of Ferrer, who  
quitted De Vernelle with a feeling of dis-  
like, almost amounting to detestation.

Shortly after this, the Englishman re-  
turned to his native country, and for six  
years lived the life of a country gentleman,  
surrounded by the old friends and connec-  
tions of his family. It was on the occasion  
of his marriage that he visited Paris for the  
second time, proposing to spend there his  
honey-moon. Passing through the Rue  
Montmartre one day, with his young wife,  
he happened to step into a jeweller's shop,  
for the purpose of allowing her to select  
some articles of bijouterie. Whilst looking  
over an assortment of rings, the attention of  
Ferrer became suddenly and strongly ar-  
rested by a particular one, in which a fine  
diamond was very handsomely set. "That  
is my ring!" exclaimed he, in the low,  
concentrated tone of amazement and con-  
viction. He took it up, and examined it.  
The ring of which he had been robbed on  
the Arras road bore the initial "F." on the  
inside; there was no initial on this, but  
there were traces of an erasure, which ap-  
parently had been made with great care.—  
He consulted with the jeweller, who, after  
an inspection, said there had undoubtedly  
been an erasure, but it had not been done  
whilst the article had been in his posses-  
sion, and he himself was not aware of it be-  
fore the present moment. Ferrer's first idea  
was to proceed to the Prefect of police, with  
the ring, to put that functionary in mind of  
the series of robberies and murders which  
had caused so much excitement some years  
before, and demand an official course of in-  
quiry, to trace the history of the ring, since  
it had been wrenched from his finger. Se-  
cond thoughts, however, prevented him do-