

THE ORANGE LILY.

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Poetry.

HOPE ON.

Hope on, hope on through every cloud,
That o'er thy sky is spread,
Seems charged with blackest thunderbolts,
For thy defenceless head:
Hope on they cannot ever cast,
Their shadows o'er thy way,
Beyond them see a spotless sun,
Is breaking into day,
And 'fore its rays the clouds recoil,
So Hope can sorrow's cup despoil!

Though every plan thy heart hath formed,
And every project nurs'd
The bitter dews of failure damp'd,
Or disappointment curs'd,
Cheer up that heart and try again,
More lofty projects form,
Success at last must follow faith,
As calm succeeds to storm,
Or morning's dawn dispels the night,
And ushers earth to life and light!

Nor tell us that thy heart is crushed,
And blighted in its bloom,
Its best affections left to fade,
On cold rejections tomb,
What if thy hopes were jilted once,
By thy ideal fair;
The choice was hers to take or leave,
And thine to manly bear,
Then let thy lip with smiles be dress'd,
Or swear thou didst propose in jest!

Nor murmur that thy share is small;
That God hath thee forgot,
Or else hath cast thy destiny,
Upon a barren spot,
Look round and see how earth is deck'd,
With forest flower, and tree,
Which hope has spread before thy gaze,
With all the stars that shine!
Be grateful then to Him of heaven,
Who hath so many blessing given!

And if thy country be enchained,
And groan 'neath tyrant thrall—
If pamper'd despots grind the poor,
And cast their curse o'er all!
Still trusting wait, and watch the time,
When freedom's dawn draws near,
Then rise in reason's holy cause,
And hope thy heart will cheer,
Will nerve thy arm and urge thy soul
To victory's triumphant goal!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Bytown, 1854.

NARGISI.

A TALE OF INDIA.

(Concluded.)

He departed. The doors closed upon him; and on looking down at the maid he saw that she had fainted. Her poor body had become a field for the hideous reptiles to sport upon,

and I shuddered like an a-pen leaf in a cruel wind to see the scaly monsters crawl over and across her beautiful chest, chase each other in play around her, and with many hisses twist and twine about the couch that bore her senseless form.

"Now, Sahib, follow me. Be fearless; help me to carry her away, and all may yet be well."

I followed him blindly down the narrow steps and through the dismantled aperture that led into the temple of idols, and had again almost screamed when a cobra de capella, as it indignant at our approach, standing up erect before us, menaced us with expanded hood and gaping jaws. Quick as thought the Fakcer seized it by a familiar knack, and rubbing its revolting head with some fetid gum, it became instantly torpid, lying flat and paccid on the floor. I helped to cut the cords that bound the still manimate girl, and in less space than I can tell it, she was safe in the circular chamber that looked down upon an Armageddon unrivalled in horror.

"Why not depart at once?" I demanded, wondering to see that he paused.

"There is yet something to be done," he replied. "Remain here, and it she revives, soothe her. This phial contains an essence of which a few drops will strengthen her."

She lay still lifeless and quiet as a stone, and I could not resist resuming my position on the idol, curious to discover how the Fakcer was occupied. I beheld him place the basket containing the venomous snake on the couch where Nargisi had lain, and then proceed to a corner of the temple where, suspended from the roof, hung a chain; mounting a pedestal that stood near it, he detached the chain carefully, and then I guessed that it communicated with the bell he had described to me as one which must not be sounded while we remained there. At that moment, before he had time to descend, the reverberating clang of a loud gong was heard, and he had scarcely succeeded in concealing himself behind the door ere the High Priest entered.

I shall not readily forget the expression of wild amazement that crossed his countenance, as he gazed on the couch, unoccupied by the victim he had left there; the pervading silence, too, seemed to astonish him: for every one of the reptiles, before so restless and irascible, had been soothed by the Fakcer into quiescent repose. I had not leisure even to consider the great peril that now threatened us by discovery, but I felt that there was safety in the removal of the chain that communicated with the bell, and I continued to gaze as if upon some entrancing melodrama, forgetful even of my charge.

"What is this?" muttered the Brahmin. "Have the gods really been here?" and he fell on his face in supplication. At that moment a shape, gliding noiselessly from the recess behind the doorway, dagger in hand, and hatred in his eyes, stood over him, ready to strike.

I could not but feel that, hypocrite and arch-deceiver as he was, the Brahmin for the time conscientiously believed that what had occurred was effected by the agency of the gods he worshipped.

"Brahma!" he exclaimed "your serpent's sleep! your monkey is invisible! your medicine has been translated from

earth! and here—what hast thou left in her place? What basket—the image of Kali on its lid—is this?"

He arose, took up the basket, and with the strongest emotion of wonder, belief, and reverence depicted on his expressive features, wronched open the covering. I shiver with the chill of mortal fear as I write what followed. The venomous inmate of that receptacle, the deadly snake, from whose mottled lips no fangs had been extracted, springing angrily from its lair, fastened itself upon the old man's neck. I could see the quick bite, repeated again and again—I could hear the shriek of unutterable dismay and pain that burst from the appalled Brahmin's lips—and then, as he turned round to look for the bell-chain, I could see that he knew he was not in the hands of his gods, but in the power of an enemy, for he rushed frantically to the door, which, ere he reached it, a strong hand had shut against him. All this I witnessed, whilst from the pagoda above came the beat of the tom-tom, the yell of the horn, and the clang of the tambourine.

"No, no, never through these doors shalt thou pass in life, O Brahmin, detested of all Mussulmans!" shouted the Fakcer, as facing his victim he glared memorably upon him. The priest fell on his face—he writhed in agony, vainly trying to rend the snake from his neck, round which he continued to hiss and twine.

"It is enough," cried the Fakcer. "Your task is over, O destroyer of your worshipper!" and dashing something across the reptiles face and eyes, it fell senseless on the floor, beside the Brahmin, now evidently in that condition of spasmodic coma which is the forerunner of death by snakebite.

It seemed to me now that something of the influence of the Fakcer exerted over the serpent-brood had also power over myself; for though I beheld what no sophistical reasoning of romance could designate by any other name than that of "murder," I neither by sign nor word interfered with the action of the tragedy; nor, when in another moment the Fakcer shook me by the shoulder, as I stood spell-bound, staring downwards, and commanded me to "collect myself, and assist him in carrying our rescued flower away," did I remonstrate, or utter a word in reference to what had passed, but obeyed with the stolid apathy of a slave.

We were, in fact, out of the subterranean and in the forest, under the bright light of the moon, beside the little brook, before I was fully aroused from the inexplicable sort of lethargy that bound me. Then, too, I felt that it was no season for reproof or remark. I became aware, as I helped to bear the light form of Nargisi, that her senses had returned; she breathed again freely, and I could even feel her heart flutter like a struggling bird beneath my hand. She was fully aroused, as we passed the brook; but a few words in such Hindoostani phraseology as is only used by the strictest followers of the prophet, whispered by the Fakcer, as he poured some drops from the phial which had been consigned to me, down her throat, seemed to cheer and revive her. He then explained to her, not only his conspiracy, but the manner of her rescue, and how she had been assisted by an old friend of his—an officer of the—Regiment