

J. Key

# THE ORANGE LILY.

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## Poetry.

(FOR THE "ORANGE LILY.")

### MEMORY.

As memory on its restless wing,  
 Flits o'er the past, how oft it will find,  
 Some lonely half forgotten spring,  
 Hid neath the rubbish of the mind:  
 Perchance unthought of many a year,  
 Amid life's bustling buzz and strife,  
 Though once no doubt 'twas bright and clear,  
 Ere hidden by the weeds of life!

The miser mid his wares and baes,  
 Or gloating o'er his heavy book,  
 Will sometimes turning from his sales,  
 Give to the past a lonely look  
 To days when generous was his soul—  
 And craving *avarice* cursed it not;  
 When Gold was not his guiding pole,  
 Repulsing every lofty thought.

The laborer mid the toil of life,  
 Contending with its thousand cares,  
 To furnish food for babes and wife,  
 With all his trouble sometimes shares,  
 The boon that retrospection brings;  
 The bygone scenes of joyful youth,  
 When Fancy on its fairy wings,  
 Fleed o'er a *Future fair as Truth!*

The Pilgrim bending o'er the tomb,  
 And resting on its very brink,  
 Will backward look o'er whence he came,  
 Or catching at mind's broken link;  
 Will tell with boyish pride of days,  
 When stately was his manly form,  
 How for his beaming *Beauty's* praise,  
 His soul would dare earth's wildest storm!

But ah! amid night's noiseless noon,  
 When shrouded in its dreary pall,  
 Unbless'd by glancing stars or moon,  
 Is wrapt each hut and haughty hall;  
 What racking thoughts must burn the brains,  
 Of him whose God gave days have pass'd,  
 In serving at crime's clotted fane,  
 Where frightful horrors stand a-hast!

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Detroit, Jan'y 16th, 1854.

### AGNES LEE; OR THE SHIPWRECKED.

CHAPTER III.

Six months after this, I woke up one spring morning, and found myself in London. I do not know how I got there, that is, even at this day, I can hardly understand the perseverance with which I, an unprotected child, walked the whole distance, seeking food and lodging of whoever had charity enough to shelter me. Providence must have guided me, and I think so more than ever, when I recall a singular incident which befell me on my arrival.

It was afternoon when I entered the great whirlpool of London. Half frightened by the crowded streets, I had somehow made my way to the park, and, for almost the first time in my life, I sat there crying. At last I was roused from my sorrowful abstraction by a gentle touch and a kind voice, and, looking up, I met the glance of a middle-aged gentleman, clad in a quiet, citizen's suit of black. There needed be but one glance at his kindly face to assure me that I could trust him, and his question, "What is your name, my child, and why are you here alone?" was immediately followed by my unfolding to him my whole history, save only that part which was connected with Horace Mann.

"So you've come all alone to this far-off London, to learn to be a ballet-dancer?" he said, kindly. "I must say it was a very strange undertaking, and the chances that you would succeed, were hardly one in ten thousand. However, you could not have come to a better friend. I am a theatre manager myself, and I'll try you, and if I find you can do anything, I will take you to a friend of mine in Paris, where I am going on business, and you shall be educated for the stage."

Thus it was, reader, that my first night in London was passed at a respectable lodging-house, and I woke up in the morning from peaceful dreams, under the mighty shadow of St. Paul's. My protector proceeded, soon after I arose, to put me through a trial course of calisthenics, and I suppose the result was satisfactory, for a dress-maker was sent for, and requested to prepare for me a suitable wardrobe for a journey to France, and a residence at the *French Pecole de theatre*.

Two years had passed; I was fifteen. They had been two of the happiest years of my life. True, at first confinement had been irksome. I had missed the wild, wailing, solitary sea, and the free range of rocky shore. But my great purpose was every day growing nearer its accomplishment. My kind protector had visited me several times, when business called him to France, and it would have done your heart good, to see his kind, satisfied smile when he received a favourable report of my progress.

It had been discovered, in process of my instructions, that I had a voice of unequalled power and pathos, and that I could be able to succeed as a singer, with even less trouble than as a dancer; but I had marked out a different course. I could not consecrate every gift to the insatiable spirit of the stage. I must retain some power, not thus prostituted, to make beautiful my private life. However, I cultivated my voice most assiduously, and was in a short time pronounced the best singer in "*Pecole*."

There were, in the same institution, a large number of young girls, more or less gifted, preparing for the stage; but among them all I had but one friend—Inez Vaughan. She has since, under another name, made the world's heart throb strangely. She flashed, comet-like, upon the age—the very impersonation of the genius of Tragedy. The great world held its breath to listen, but comet-like, she

was struck down suddenly, and the Provence roses bloom upon her grave.

I could easily discern that there were no others whose acquaintance would not rather retard the accomplishment of my great end; but Inez and I became friends in that world's truest sense. We studied and read together, and she would sit beside me, her dark eyes flashing like lighted coals, while I told her strange wild tales of the rocky shore and the surging restless sea.

But, as I was saying, I was fifteen. My two years' study had been completed, and the night was appointed for me to make my *debut* at the Royal Theatre. I had grown beautiful, reader—no one who had known me as the romping child of the fisherman's hut would have recognized me now. My hair was long and heavy, and luxuriant as ever, but now, it was satin-smooth, and from its wavy folds seemed to flash sparks of light. My complexion, by proper care, had cleared up wonderfully. Now it was like the sunny side of a ripe peach, only deepening in the cheeks to a richer crimson than peaches ever wore. The eyes were the same—large, black, and strangely lustrous; and the wan, thin figure of the child had rounded, in the girl into a symmetry as perfect as it was stately. Yes, I was *very* beautiful.

I arrayed myself for the occasion in a ~~brilliant~~ *brilliant* ~~costume~~ *costume* ~~with~~ *with* ~~pearls~~ *pearls*. Around my neck and arms were chains of pearls and rubies, fantastically twisted together, fastened with gold clasps, in which a single diamond flashed like a burning star. Strings of the same jewels shone among the heavy bands of my braided hair, and I almost started back in wonder, as I glanced at my full-length reflection in the green-room mirror; it seemed so like some olden picture, with its strangely vivid lights and shades.

That night my triumph was complete. The whole house rang with applause, and many of the bouquets thrown at my feet were looped up with diamonds. I welcomed for it was one stepping stone the more toward my great end. Oh how I wished he had been there to see it; but never once had my eyes rested on him since we parted in the sunshine on the desolate Cornwall lee-shore.

All that season I continued to draw crowded houses, until the last night when the theatre was filled to overflowing. I had never looked better. My costume was just calculated to set off my dark oriental beauty, and it was in full glow. Half an hour had passed, when a new arrival in one of the front boxes seemed to create quite a sensation. I glanced that way, and met the most perfect vision of feminine loveliness my eyes had ever beheld.

Her style of beauty was totally different from my own, and I looked on her at first without envy or jealousy. She wore a garnet-coloured velvet cloak, lined with ermine, but, as she entered the box, it fell from her neck, revealing shoulders white as Caucasian snow-banks, and moulded as purely as a Grecian statue.

Her hair was a bright golden, and the