

THE ORANGE LILY.

VOL. VI.

BYTOWN, MAY 6, 1854.

NO. 17.

Poetry.

ANDANTE.

They are gone from their own green shore!
Our armies sally forth to the East and to the North;
By the Lion of Gibraltar and the steep of Misinore;
And the long line of sail on the verge is low and pale,
And the dun smoke-track fades amid the cloudy wreck;
And we fade, as they look toward the shore.

Many will come back no more,
Whether they shall die, twenty fathom deep,
'Neath the Black Sea's surge, or the Baltic's jingling floor,
Or whether they shall lie with their faces to the sky,
Till they mound upon the plain is heaped above the slain;
Many shall come back no more.

Did you scan those steady faces per?
Which of all the troop, that cheered from prow and poop,
As the signal to weigh anchor flew aloft at the fore—
When the sudden trumpet blares through the squadrons and the squares,
Shall be stricken by the breath of the messenger of death?
Which are they that shall come home no more?

Did you mark what a frank air they wore,
The sea's hardy sons, that will stand beside their guns
Spite of batteries aloft and of bristling forts ashore?
Strip bare to the waist, with their strong lions braced,
As fearless and as frank, they will tread the ruddy plank,
Where the boarder slips to rise no more.

Hush, brothers, cheer no more!
Let the low prayer rise in witness to the skies
Of our hope and our trust in His hand that rules the war;
And the self-willed man, who has forced us to the van,
On his head be all the guilt of the blood that shall be spilt
Of the many that come home no more.

By the blood of those who come no more!
At the sword's point and edge we will seize a heavy pledge,
(Let us swear an oath and keep it in our true hearts' core)
We will baulk his avid eyes, and win back the stolen prize,
And the ransom he shall yield is the world's peace, sealed
In the blood that flows to ebb no more.

Boom, great guns, along the shore!
Let the giant hearts of oak puff out the wreath'd smoke
From their grim broad sides with a loud prophetic roar;
For the truer points your aim, and the quicker jets your flame.
The less shall be the list of the voices that are missed
From our muster when the battle-day is o'er.

Let the echoes roll along the shore,
The sword shall not be sheathed, nor the word "Enough" be breathed
Till the battered bird of prey can no longer sweep or soar.

And the flags that are unfurled for the quiet of the world,
Shall be free alike to stretch o'er the broad and narrow deep
For ever and for evermore.

NARGISI.

TALE OF INDIA.

[Continued from our last.]

"The mother of Nargisi was my only child. My father was opulent; but all his wealth, to which I became heir at an early age, was squandered in follies and vices. I have lived too long, for I broke the heart of a blameless wife by my conduct; and when at last, reduced to the utmost destitution, I endeavored to obtain wealth by unlawful means, discovery tore away the veil that concealed my dishonesty, disgrace flung its spotted raiment round me, and an ignominious death awaited me. To purchase exemption from such a fate, I gave my reluctant child to the embraces of a man whose name was rendered infamous by assassination, robbery, and every ignoble vice. His powerful band rescued me from the grave, but only to enslave me in a career of the blackest villainy. His fate you know: his wife's too, you are acquainted with; his child's—Oh, Alla! awful are thy punishments! I tried to force that babe from the Feringhies, but failed. Had I succeeded, I might have learned for her sake to have restrained my inclinations, which had already produced such bitter fruits. But, deprived of the only human being in whom I took an interest, I became reckless; and, assuming the garb of a Fakcer, readily joined any troop of plunderers which, to win my services, offered me remuneration. I minded neither religious sect nor caste; for the money of the Brahmin I would have taken the life of a Mahomedan saint, and the gold of the highborn Mussalman would have purchased at my hands the life of the holiest follower of Vishnuo that ever sacrificed at the altar of the god. The Sahib knows what the Phausigars are?"

"The Thugs?" cried I. "Yes."

"I have been even linked with them in their bloodless, but no less murderous, atrocities. A short time ago I was offered a large sum provided I could place in the hands of a certain sect of Hindoo fanatics, now almost extinct a young female as a sacrifice to the goddess Kali. It was decided that I should accompany a party of Thugs, who never ply their dreadful trade on women. By this means I should escape suspicion; and whilst my associates undertook the destruction of such males belonging to any company of travellers that might fall in our way, I was to seize any such female as might be fit for an offering to the hideous deity. Alas! my comrades saw an aged Mahomedan, accompanied by his wife and daughter pass our camp, and the leader pointed out the latter as an acceptable gift to the Brahmins of the Black Pagoda at Koladoorga, my employers. They were prevented from putting into execution their own measures, but succeeded in carrying off the girl. I did not see her until she was delivered over to my custody, stupified with drugs they had ad-

ministered to her; nor did I then suspect that I had seen her before. She was conveyed to the Pagoda where I was chosen to wait upon her until the day of the sacrificial feast had arrived. But there, as I watched her eyes unclose from the pernicious sleep which had been purchased by strong opiates, I saw the jewels that decked her neck, her ears, her arms. I saw and knew them, and, tearing aside the veil that hid her bosom, I beheld the mark that had been born with her! I cannot tell you of the agony, the remorse that distracted me; neither can I describe the poor child's horror, as, with my head in the dust, I told her the fate which awaited her, and confessed myself before her. I thought of an appeal to the Brahmins, of imploring their clemency, of assuring them that another victim should be provided. As well seek to melt rocks in the crucible of the goldsmith! Their spies were about us even as we opened our hearts to each other; and I was dragged from her and thrust into a noisome dungeon, where I heard them decide upon my captivity until the sacrifice was consummated.

A frantic vigor was imparted to me that night, and I made a solemn vow to Alla to dedicate my future life to holiness, if I succeeded in escaping. I had scarcely repeated the vow before an answer to my supplications was vouchsafed. A noise in the corner of the darksome cell aroused attention, and groping my way towards it, I found that it proceeded from the scratching of some animal in an adjoining cavern. The place was built of bricks, many of which had crumbled inwards. By dint of hard labor, I displaced as many of them as permitted my creeping through. My amazement was extreme to find myself in one of those subterranean temples where the frightful idols of the Brahmins are decorated with the greatest magnificence. It was illuminated by vases of perfumed oil, and on a slab in the centre burnt an odoriferous fire. Here and there were cages containing birds of rare plumage; in one was a large hooded serpent, that hissed at my approach; whilst an ape, leaping about with treacherous gestures, menaced me with its claws. It was this creature whose scratching at the wall had excited my attention. High up in the wall, where a gigantic figure of Hanuman, the monkey deity, abutted against a flight of steps which I had no doubt led to the upper chambers of the pagoda, I perceived a barred window; and springing from the foot to the knee of the idol, and thence to his shoulder, I attained it. The little light that came from this aperture was received from a second orifice above it, evidently belonging to the roof of the exterior temple; but I imagined that I could reach it, and was on the point of making the attempt when, the chattering of the ape arrested my steps. Looking downwards, I perceived that the mischievous creature was endeavouring to force open the lid of one of those round baskets of matted grass, in which the practised snake-charmer is accustomed to keep his stock of reptiles; and an impulse of curiosity impelled me to ascertain whether the basket before me contained any of those serpents which prove so fertile a source of profit to the juggler. I leaped down, and