

# THE ORANGE LILY.

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## Poetry.

For the Lily.

### Address to the "L. O." of Bytown.

When puffed with power and princely pride,  
 A monarch broke his kingly word,  
 With those on whom he once relied,  
 And against them drew an unjust sword.  
 While blinded by a higher light,  
 He bartered for his prelate's prayer,  
 A people's happiness and weal.  
 Who have been his proudest care;  
 The trampled nation rose and swore,  
 Their Altar's freedom to maintain!  
 To bind it poor their hearts best gore!  
 Ere foul pollution should again  
 Stretch forth its crime-enclothed hand,  
 To desecrate their native land!

Then woke one thought in their wild hour—  
 God never meant man's mighty mind,  
 Should blindly bend to priestly power,  
 Like reeds before an angry wind!  
 Four Fathers felt God made them free,  
 "And teacher grow the tyrant's chain,  
 They struck for Truth and Liberty!"  
 "What have we here to do with you?"  
 True ye have crossed the foaming flood,  
 And lost that God-given boon,  
 That land that bleaches with the blood,  
 Which freely bled for many a year,  
 While heartless bigots sought to bring  
 Their curse of yasnai, peer, and ling!

True, ye have left your native soil,  
 And reared a home in wilder land,  
 A noble home! the fruits of toil,  
 Adorned by Labor's hardy hand!  
 Yet even here, where freedom's hall,  
 Its portal opens to poor and proud,  
 And waves a welcome warm to all,  
 That to its noble forests crowd?  
 Hero where lone ever thought to ask,  
 "If right to speak were but a boon,  
 Fair freedom's foe tear off her mask."  
 Ye saw her on the stern of Jane!  
 What will her well-practised hand, she drew  
 Blood—that yet reek'd for vengeance due!

Cast off your flags, your father's foe,  
 Lest ye be slain, and waste the hour,  
 When she may strike a bloodier blow,  
 And wield a more despotic power;  
 Lashed ye can scold her down,  
 And make her hiss the hated she hates,  
 Witness her smile—and hear her scorn,  
 "If vengeance never dies—but waits,  
 It never comes but to take,  
 To deeds of deeper—darker dye:  
 No oath too sacred is to break,  
 Nor ever yours was form'd a lie,  
 Which would not snarl like fallen band,  
 More let ye stand—your command!"  
 Bytown, 12th June, 1854.

How strange the power that binds our hearts,  
 And makes our interests one;  
 Not all the world with magic arts  
 So great a work hath done:  
 The Lion heart, this power can tame  
 And make it like a Dove,  
 To woo in plaintive mood the Dove  
 Who touched his heart with Lore  
 Ah! that's the secret, now we've found,  
 That Lore is power and might—  
 No tyrant yet was ever known—  
 In him who used it right.  
 I love its power, I own its sway,  
 And gladly yield my heart  
 To beat in unison with one  
 That never will depart.  
 Loy is not a passion rude and rough,  
 With selfish end and aim,—  
 But ready to lay down its life  
 Its object to sustain.  
 We never could degrade the one—  
 We love with heart sincere:  
 Much sooner would we dwell alone  
 Than cause one bitter tear.  
 No ill can flow, to friend or foe,  
 From patient sorrows—  
 Its source is Heaven—its end allow  
 Of joy that must endure.

Bytown, July 19th, 1852

### The Missionary and the Brachmachira.

"Notwithstanding the labours of the Missionaries for two hundred years, out of perhaps, one hundred million of Hindoos, there are not twelve thousand Christians, and they are almost all *chambers* or *outcasts*."—*Sketches of the History of Religion, Learning, and Manners of the Hindoos.*

The beautifully corrected and neatly written little work from which the above passage is extracted, is from the pen of Miss Owenson (1811), since the celebrated Lady Morgan.

The hero of the tale is Hilariou, Count d'Acogna, nephew of the Archbishop of Fishon. Hilariou, of a noble manly form and possessed of great talents, was bred for the church—pious, zealous, uncompromising, and virtuous himself, he could make no allowance for the frailties of others. In the attempt to raise himself above human nature, he ultimately fell below the common standard. It is often thus, Men, who would cease to be men that they might be angels, often fall to the level of demons. Selected from among the Franciscans (the opponents of the Jesuit) for his piety and firmness to the Pope's nuncio to India,—God being at the time under the sway of the Spanish Inquisition and the Jesuits,—his elevation to Hilariou was viewed by them with jealousy and dissatisfaction. Hilariou was, however, received with all the pomp and circumstance of the Church on landing at Goa. From thence he set out on his mission to Lahore and Cashmere, but remained for a considerable period at Lahore, to receive the instructions of a learned pundit in the language, name and so of the people among whom he expected to make many converts. Having perfect himself in the language, Hilariou

set forth on his mission to the beautiful valley of Cashmere. Having entered, amidst tens of thousands of rejoicing Hindoos, one of the temples in which the Brachmachira was worshipped as a goddess, the Monk Hilariou was struck with the youth, beauty, and apparent innocence of this "priestess of Brumah" and he became desirous to convert her to the only True Faith. Impressed with the idea of this beautiful vision, he pursued his journey into the valley of Cashmere, and took up his abode in a grove of natural cavern. The fruits of the earth of the most delicious kinds grew abundantly around his cottage and throughout the valley, and so plentifully that the labour of man was unnecessary.

Wandering forth one evening rather farther than his wont, he was struck with astonishment at seeing the beautiful Brachmachira performing her devotions on the margin of a stream. He watched her and burnt with the desire to converse so lovely a being. Subsequently he discovered that, as the Priestess of Brumah, she had a pavilion, on a rising mound near the stream, she resided with certain vestals, doomed like himself to a life of celibacy. To approach the pavilion, much less the Brachmachira herself, was death by the laws of Menu; but a missionary knows no fear. One evening he approached the object of his deepest anxiety. He spoke to her, and when she would have fled, he seized her by the hand. This was to her pollution. She regarded him with horror and fear; but Hilariou was a fine handsome young man, and when she would have cursed him, her mind underwent a strange change. The God of Love (Carrado—the cupid of the Greeks) had done his work. He had transfixed both hearts! The missionary mistook his own feelings (not an unusual thing in missionaries, as in others,) and though inflamed with real human love, thought himself under the influence only of the objects of his mission. After the first interview, these two young persons,—both doomed by opposite notions to a life of celibacy,—often met. They conversed much and long. He used all the power of eloquence to convert her to his faith, and, having translated the Testament, he presented it to her for her perusal. She read, wept, and believed she loved; and he often had hopes that she did.

This portion of the work is written with exquisite grace and skill, and the fair authoress, even at that early period of her distinguished life, shows how well she understood, and could display, the workings of the heart. The Brachmachira was an enthusiastic worshipper of Brumah, and all the circle of his fallen gods. She believed also, or thought she did, what the missionary taught her; but her bosom, like that of all Hindoos, could receive a dozen deities! The reception of a new god did not expel the belief in old ones. Her love, her devotion to the man, soon became apparent. The missionary rejoiced that he had made a convert of the Priestess of Brumah, and hoped through her to convert the whole nation.

Privately, however, as they conversed and had taken part, they were discovered, and when one party had the other unsuspecting, all sweet converse was at an end, now of