

THE ORANGE LILY.

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Poetry.

'Tis Fair beyond the Clouds.

INSCRIBED TO G. W.

BY
FREDERICK WRIGHT.

When the fierce tempest, bath her darkness
spread,
O'er smiling earth—and gleaming skies o'erhead;
When all scented gloom and dreary to the sight,
Fast thou not marked with rapture and delight,
By art unseen—That rended veil—disclose.
Blue depths beyond—' Fair Heaven in calm re-
pose!

So have I thought when Grief, the canker worm,
Died in the bud—and spent the present storm,
Like yon blue Isle—amid that cloudy Sea—
There yet remain'd a land of Rest for me.
When rent the veil that now my path enshrouds,
I too might prove 'twas Fair beyond the Clouds!
May not the soul by care and sorrow worn,
Enwrap in gloom thro' Disappointments borne,
Swept by the tempests of an adverse fate,
The gales of Passion or of Jealous hate—
Find when the surges of that storm is past,
Beyond their rage a tranquil home at last!
Or pilgrim He! perhaps of fourscore years
Who walks resigned amid this vale of tears!
With bended Form! but Faith erect—he sees
The gathering clouds of trial on the breeze!
But fears them not—nor heeds the spreading
shrouds!
Soon he shall prove. 'Tis Fair beyond the
Clouds!

THE PAST.

BY FREDERICK WRIGHT.

Joy's—of the Past—Where are ye now?
Like visions of the night,
Are ye departed, and your g'
Like rays of summer light—
Life's wintry gales hath shrouded all
In darkness and in gloom,
The Present—hangs a sable pall
Like garlands on a tomb!

Time was—when like a prancing steed
With housings firm and gay,
Life was no laggard, in its speed—
So blithe it passed away—
But Grief will chill the warmest blood,
Care—cankers many a heart—
And Joy—like Summer's ripen'd bud—
With Summer must depart!

Dreams of the Past! ye too are gone—
Gone—like the sun-set gleam,
Of Autumn's bright unclouded sun—
On mountain lake or stream—
Bright glanced the waters as they lay
In tranquil beauty there,
Each smiling wavelet seem'd to say
What fear of danger here?—

But night approach'd and with it came
The storm cloud's brooding wing,
The lightning shot its ambient flame,

While winds were gathering:
Their viewless forces for the strife,
(Fierce combatants are they)
When Morning broke—the scene was ritc
With terror and dismay!

Thus earthly Joy—a phantom flies,
A transient flow'r and rare!
And hope—with time's fruition dies,
There's nothing certain here!
I seek a joy that cannot fade—
God's Love alone bestows—
The Hope—in Gospel Truth display'd
That no deception knows!
Beverly, County of Leeds, C. W.

THE MYSTERIOUS CORPORAL.

I once had a comrade, and he was the
rurriest character you ever saw; a right
queer customer he was, and I'd defy ever a
white man to fathom a ho he was, or what
he could be at. He was continually laugh-
ing or sneering at somebody or something,
often having a hit at myself I believe, when
I was not by. For all that we were prime
chums, and the reason heackled to me was
that we two were the only men that could
read and write in the company. A first-
class scholar he was, let me tell you, and
could jabber foreign languages like winkin'
—nay, one night over a can of rack-punch
he swore to me he had once been a profes-
sor of something or other at the college of
Goitagain, in Jarmany, but had to cut his
stick for running down religion, and being
a Carabineero as he called it. He had been
a sergeant I knew, in our own corps, but
was broke for laughing at Ensign Spoon,
and giving 'check' when he was brought
up.

He had the oddest name—what do you
think it was?—Oh, you'd never guess it—
it was Nicholas Flannel—though whether
that was the name he was christened by, or
whether he was ever christened at all, who
ever knows, I don't.

He was about my height, but thin as a
lath, and as agile as a rock-lizard, dark
complexioned, small faced, and black eyed,
with a towering brow and head, that used
to run up into his shako; as a bag'net would
into a scabbard, and though he was a man
of forty, I'm blessed if you would not take
him for a lad of twenty.

Well, we used to have the queerest con-
versations—he used to talk like a rum 'un
about all sorts of things—such as sodgerical
signs—which mayhap you knows of—af-
f'ring there was a quarrier in the sky, and
a vargin, and a library, and fishes, and
scales, and all manner of diseases, such as
cancers, which he said were the same as
crabs, and all sorts of medicines too, such
as mercury, castor, and what not.

You may think from this that he believed
heaven to be an hospital, but in half a shake
he would prove it to be a regular wild beast
show, and point you out lions, scorpions,
bears, dragons, and all sorts of unconscion-
able varmin.

Then how he used to jaw about religion!
It seems quite awful to me now, though I
did not care so much about it then as a
man does when he comes to an age of dis-
cretion and is the father of a family.

He would talk to me too by the hour
about old heathen gods, Mars and Venus
and Neptune, whom he said the sailors used
to retain ceremonies about to this day; and
about Stonehedge, over there on Salisbury
plain, and about the Druids, or some such
name, and about some wooden god that he
said our Wednesday took its name from.—
He would lecture too about Noah's ark, and
the flood, which he said was a corruption of
the Muddy-terrain sea.

Oh my eyes what a head his was for all
manner of larnin', and how I used to be
carried away with his discourse. I declare
to you I would rather listen to him than see
a play any day of the week, and I think it
was this that made him so much my crony
—the listening to him that is—for never a
soul but myself in the regiment did he care
to say a word to, barrin' in way of fun or
jeering like. He was always a running
down the officers, and poking his fun at
them for ignorance, that is, when they were
not looking at him—ad except the doctor—
he had some respect for him, because he
used to go about taking off on paper all the
pagodas and caves and old ruined figures of
stone, but even that was not to speak of.

He was a great freemason too, and was
deeper in that craft than any man ever I
know'd of—but you are not a freemason—
(How the Jence has he found that out?)
thought I). And in course I cannot say
much about it—but he used to talk concern-
in' that order in a way the like I never
heard, and would tell me about the times
when the art of building and working in
stone was in its best days, when all these
caves were dug, and temples built, every-
thing else was so far behind that the very
people that could build pyramids like
mountains, could not go to sea in a boat, or
make a firelock, hardly even could weave
a decent rag of broadcloth to cover their
—hillo, Nan! where are you running to? that
rig will be over you gut—don't you see the
lights coming up?

He could tell long stories about the kings
that lived in those old times, and their wars
and deadfall battles, to which Waterloo was
no more than a skirmmage; and how they
were made gods when they died, such as
Bacchus, who was another Boney, and not a
drunken old sot, as some people think; and
Vulcan, the god of the smiths, who was
the same as the Tubal Cain that you read
of in the Bible, and Nimrod and the other
king that built Babylon, and Aking of Per-
sia that invented magic and prophesying by
the stars, and playin' to the sun just the
same as the Parsees do at Bombay, and
whose name was 'Sorrow-a-star,' if I'm
not wrong. Oh, there was no end to the
stories, and so darra! they were that they
would nail you to the spot hearkenin' to
him for hours.

He affirmed he could read all the marks
and signs on the old pagodas and temples,
the hieroglyphs you know, and said they
were all about mathematics and the moon
and stars and eclipses, and measuring, and
laws, and he assured me that the laws
made in those old times were much better
than those now, for that there was no such
thing as getting your job in chancery for
all your lifetime, but that laws were made
for giving justice, not a ... to maintain
thirty thousand ... who, he said,