

# THE ORANGE LILY.

## Paddy's Farewell to the Priest.

The priest of the parish got up in the morn,  
And he ordered his clerk all the people to warn,  
That at his tribunal each man should appear,  
When he sat as a god their confessions to hear,  
But Paddy got up, and he sent him a word  
That his soul had escaped from his snare like a  
bird,  
From the snare of the fowler, and now he would  
tell  
His reasons for bidding his reverence farewell.

Farewell, and for ever, to teachers of lies,  
The Word of the Lord has enlightened my eyes  
I see your impostures as clear as the light,  
You, only can flourish in darkness and night,  
Your merchandize now has no value for me,  
For the pearl of the Truth in the Scripture I see,  
The joys that now fill me, no language can tell,  
So, Priest of the parish, I bid you farewell.

Farewell to your worship of pictures and stones,  
Your rags and your relics, and old rotten bones,  
Your images winking and bleeding impostures,  
Your ten Ave Marias for one Pater Noster,  
The second commandment you cunningly hide,  
A service of sense for the true one provide;  
The Word of the Lord with your rubbish dis-  
guise,  
And cheat all the world with your refuge of lies.

Away with the Mass: 'tis a lie and a cheat;  
What! worship a wafer the vermin may eat!  
It grew in a field, it was thresh'd with a flail,  
'Twas winnow'd and fan'd—it was ground in-  
to meal;  
'Twas blended in water—'twas press'd in a pan,  
'Twas stamp'd with a figure, a cross and a man;  
The offspring of Satan, invention of hell,  
To gods made of wafers, for ever farewell!

Farewell to your worship of muttering tone,  
An offering of fools in a jargon unknown;  
Your antics and turnings, your bowing and scra-  
ping;  
Your postures and twistings, your groaning and  
gaping,  
That make me believe, if you had but the hunch,  
You're acting the barlesque of Judy and Punch,  
A service where folly and nonsense combine,  
A mock and a mimic of worship divine.

Farewell to the cursings, the fudgeons and  
sticks,  
The Motar of Harlots and Jesabel's tricks;  
Go, stick on the necks of your minions and  
k  
Go, blow out your candles on asses and fools,  
'Tis fit that the slave who allows your control,  
Should fall at the weight of your chain on his  
soul,  
By the powers of truth I have broken the spell  
So, Priest of the Parish, I bid you farewell!

## THE LION AND THE BEAR.

A WAR BALLAD.

England, home of holy Light,  
Where the peaceful virgins dwell,—  
England, lover of the Right,  
For thy weak almost to well—  
Friend of all by wrong oppress'd,  
Foe to all who dare that wrong,  
Now at length thy patient rest  
Break,—for vengeance swift and strong.

What a pity, what a shame,  
That one madman's lust of power  
So can set the world aflame  
And its crop of peace devour;  
That this bad ambitious Czar  
Thus can human progress check,  
And let loose the storms of war  
So much happiness to wreck.

O that judgment from High Heaven  
Fell upon the world's first

O that all this thundery leaven  
On his single head may burst!  
Ere so many myriads grow  
For the woe's last bath bred,  
O let God on Mercy's Throne  
Strike the world's disturber dead!

But,—if Providence allows,  
In his Wisdom dark and deep,  
Thus one reveler to carouse  
On the tears that my rivis weep,—  
Up, Great England! let him feel  
That thy might can match his own;  
Set thy giant armed heel  
On this rude barbarian's throne.

Forced, as champion of the right,  
Forced, as pledged against the wrong,  
Forced, reluctantly to fight  
After peaceful suffering long,—  
Now, since Duty calls, at length  
Rouse thee from thy slumberous lair,  
And with all thy Lion strength  
Reud this rough marauding Bear!

## SCRAPES AND ESCAPES.

### SOUTHERN, THE ATHEIST.

When it was announced, Jane, turned  
deadly pale, while the cold sweat broke  
out anew upon her face, and a low moan  
was groaned out bitterly from her bosom.  
The widow clasped her hands and looked  
upward, frowning like the leaf of a tree.

The hospital at—was a large, dark,  
stone edifice, consisting of two parts joined  
together like the letter S. The seats were  
six feet high, and over the centre of its roof  
arose a great glass dome, which formed  
the operating theatre. This situation  
was chosen, as much as with the  
view of obtaining the best possible light, as  
of preventing the cries of patients from  
reaching the ears of their fellow unfortun-  
ates in the wards, or of the public in the  
streets. It was reached by a series of  
wide stone stairs, with long lobbies and  
passages leading to the different part of the  
building. In the interior was a circular  
place, with an area in the centre, of a sim-  
ilar shape, and tiers of seats rising all  
round, one above another, up to a consid-  
erable height. A circle of massive pillars  
supported the dome, which was very lofty,  
and round about the cornice, over these  
were a number of medallions, bearing rep-  
resentations of figures, dancing, playing  
on lyres, &c.—not very suitable ornaments,  
certainly, for a place of such description.  
It also contained, on one side, a pulpit and  
clerk's desk, for it served likewise as a  
chapel for the patients on Sundays. In the  
centre of the area, which was laid  
with red printed canvass, stood the opera-  
tion-table, a most striking thing to look at.  
It appeared very heavy and strong, was  
covered with dark leather, and had dispers-  
ed about it a quantity of iron machinery,  
which gave rise to the most revolting ideas  
in the mind.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon.  
The place was already nearly filled by the  
medical gentlemen, their clerks, and pupils,  
and I, who felt very strongly, as it was the  
first important operation I had ever seen,  
took up my position close to one of the pil-  
lars that supported the roof. We waited  
for some time, when the folding-doors were  
thrown open, and we saw alone borne in by

the dressers and nurses. As soon as she  
saw the crowd of spectators,—many of them  
mere boys—the flash of pain forsok her  
cheeks, and she became pale as her dress;  
but, on the instant, as if a floodgate at her  
heart had been thrown open, a red gush  
flushed over her face and neck, completely  
suffusing them. She was placed on the  
table, whose machinery being slightly put  
in motion, immediately placed her in the  
most suitable and safe position. But who  
is it that stands beside her head, whisper-  
ing endearment to her, and fondly caress-  
ing her fair brow, whereon the sweat now  
glitters in diamond like drops?—it is her  
mother; the mother who, in her phrenzy,  
prayed Heaven, that this might befall her.  
How changed, how dreadfully preyed upon,  
looks the poor woe-stricken parent now!

But the tourniquet had been applied, and  
the surgeon, after a short examination, to  
make sure of his course, motions with head  
to a tall young man, who stands apart.  
What is that they pass under the table,  
glancing for a moment, clear, cold, and  
metallic? It is the knife! It was quickly  
handed, but she saw it, and her frame made  
a convulsive spring, that shook the iron-  
work of the hideous table, whilst an ex-  
pression seized her face of mortal fear and  
terror. My eyes were now fixed immov-  
ably on the operator. Balancing the long,  
sword-like instrument in his hand for a  
moment, he struck it into the milk-white  
flesh of the noble limb, transfixing it com-  
pletely, and cutting rapidly to the surface.  
Thereupon the red blood splashed upon the  
floor, and there shot up into the echo-  
ing concave of the lofty dome, a protracted  
shriek—the wild "Oh my God!" of agony  
unendurable by human spirit. It was fol-  
lowed by a succession of short, sudden, ex-  
hausted gasps, like efforts to catch and re-  
tain a life about to take wings to itself, and  
flee away for ever. But are these the only  
sounds? No. What voice is that mingling  
its unearthly notes in the dreadful discord?  
It is the widow's. Falling at once upon  
her knees, while her cap drops from her  
head, and her long gray hair streamed  
abroad upon her shoulders, in the diabolical  
of extreme excitement, she stretches wide  
her arms, and prays with the strange and  
vehement fervor of her sect, that He would  
give her poor afflicted darling strength to  
drink to the dregs the cup of His wrath, or  
would in His mercy, give the suffering  
spirit permission to escape from its mangled  
tenement.

It was indeed a most appalling scene; so  
much so as to even shake the nerves of  
the surgeon, a most determined and experi-  
enced gentleman, whose habitually florid  
countenance grew pale as that of the faint-  
ing girl under his hands—but he went on  
with his work. I could not look-at it; I  
felt sick and dizzy, and turned my eyes for  
relief to the bright blue sky, seen through  
the glass overhead, and was watching the  
sunny white clouds sailing along. Hark!  
What hideous sound is that, heard so  
strangely above the groans of the daughter  
and the prayers of the scarcely less agoniz-  
ed parent? It is the harsh grating of the  
saw, as it rasps through the living bone  
and marrow—oh, most horrible!—  
The dismembered member was hurriedly  
pushed under the table.