

THE ORANGE LILY.

VOL. VI.

BYTOWN, OCTOBER 3, 1854.

NO. 35.

Poetry.

Little Lilybell.

When unscen fingers part the leaves,
To show us Beauty's face,
And Earth her breast of glory leaves,
And glows from Spring's embrace;
When flowers on green and golden wings
Float up—like'seeds doth swell
And flush a word of verbal things,
Come little Lilybell!

And she is fair—oh, very fair!
With eyes so like the dove;
And lightly leans her world of care
Upon her arms of love!
It cannot be, that ye will break
The promise late ye tell;
Ye will not make such fond hearts ache,
Our little Lilybell!

We tremble lest the Angel Death,
Who comes to gather flowers
For Paradise; at her sweet breath
Should fall in love with ours!
Oh, many a year may come and go,
Ere from Life's mystic well
Such stream shall flow, such flower shall blow,
As little Lilybell!

Ah, when her dear heart fills with tears;
And aches with Love's sweet pain,
And pale cheeks burn thro' happy tears,
Like red rose in the rain!
I marvel, Sweet; if we shall see
The sight, and say 'tis well;
When the beloved calls for thee,
Our darling Lilybell!

How rich Love made his lowly sod;
Where such a flower hath grown!
Oh! Love, we love, and think that God
Is such a love full-grown!
Dear God! that gave the blessed trust;
Be near; that all be well;
And morn and eve bedew our dust,
For love of Lilybell!

GIVING A DINNER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

The flourishing town of Mannville boasted of three ministers, two lawyers, and four merchants. Of the latter class was Mr. Biggs, decidedly the tallest man in the place. When we apply the word tall to this worthy personage, we do it with all due deference to the memory of Dr. Noah Webster, that prince of philologists, but he, alas, gives not the peculiar meaning to this word, which like "loafer" and "splendid" is used indiscriminately and improperly by those who know not the meaning of language. For once, to violate propriety and follow custom, we say Mr. Biggs was tall; *inasmuch as* he was a man the richest, most influential, kept the largest store and owned the finest house in Mannville. In other respects he was tall, being nearly the length of a hay-pole, and in his appearance, remaining one of a pair of tongs, so very short his body, and so very little his head. To carry out the homely comparison, Mrs. Biggs answered to the accompanying bellows—very short, very corpulent, with a face, whose hue resembled oak. This lady, could, upon occasion, assume an appearance of dignity and stajelness discor-

ant with her form, and a masculine expression of countenance, unsuited to its languid monotony. She laid pretensions to beauty, education, and fashion, for the purpose of being styled the first woman in Mannville. And, though possessing no kind of merit, being destitute of beauty and knowledge, vulgar and unrefined, by her skilful manoeuvres and petty intrigues, as well as the charms of wealth, she succeeded, to her heart's content, with all, except two or three families whom she could not bring to acknowledge herself their superior, except in property. The value of riches seems to be an "open sesame" among all classes of people. Excepting a few persons of good taste and judgment, the majority, even among those who are educated and sensible, immediately acknowledge the power and influence of a wealthy man, and upo all his peculiarities and manners, however absurd. This is not as it should be. But the time has not yet come, when the voice of one can control the feelings and passions which have been in action and interposed insurmountable barriers between the moneyed and comparatively destitute classes of society, almost ever since the creation of the world. But logic and ethics, if this comes under the head of either, will do nothing toward changing the public opinion neither will such slight digressions carry along my story.

Mrs. Biggs, more than her husband, felt the importance of her station, and with the vanity, characteristic of those who have a high opinion of themselves, she was determined so to demean herself, as to be always "looked up to," to use her own expression. To the attainment of this end she bent all her hopes and wishes. Her dress was always in the latest style, her house furnished in the most elegant fashion, and her tables set with articles of the highest cost. Her aim was to have others approach near her if they could, and the moment they began to approach her, she changed her garments and her mode of life. She was very aristocratic, and always calculated, as she said to some of her proud relatives, "to be at least two notches higher than common folks." Mr. Biggs, in many respects a very agreeable man, lost in selfishness, the regard otherwise due to him, by paying too much attention to the whims of his wife. "My wife, my children, my house and my store," were his favorite topics of conversation, though he was too shrewd to neglect any opportunity of gaining or retaining a customer by flattery or soft words. It must not necessarily be inferred, that this gentleman was one of those most unhappy beings called by Addison "a hen-pecked husband." By no means. He was a man of very few words—his lady was very talkative—that is, among those whom she considered companionable, and in this respect she had the advantage. She was of an influential house—a mercantile phrase—and she felt that respect was particularly binding on him and every one else, for that reason, if for no other.

Mr. Biggs, then an ordinary clerk, had, in early life, married this lady, Miss Silvia Walker, the youngest of the seven daughters of a money lender. The old gentleman being more disposed to loan out his money

with the certainty of good interest, than to bestow it upon his daughters, merely fitted out the young couple in a decent manner, but, by patience and frugality, by saving "candle-ends and cheese parings," as Scott says, they had risen to opulence. Thirty-nine thousand dollars, in substantial property, and hard silver, the persevering merchant reckoned upon, and now, August 1839, an acquisition of ten thousand had been made by the death of an uncle. Three children had been successively added to the family circle, and on these, Mr. Biggs intended to settle such an amount of his hard earnings, as should enable them to live a life of indolent ease and independence. This is the usual mistake of fond parents, and it is not very strange that Mr. Biggs should have fallen into it, when we consider the thousand absurdities of human life. The eldest of these, John, had spent a year at Dartmouth, and was now passing at home his vacation; the next, Silvette, just enjoying "sweet seventeen," had recently returned from a course of study at a fashionable academy; while the youngest Anna Jane, remained at home, glorying in the freedom, which a child of ten years might be expected to have, under the eye of a doting mother.

So much for Mr. and Mrs. Biggs and their affairs; and now behold them seated in a little parlor at the pleasant hour of sunset, deliberating on the propriety of giving a party. "And so," said Mrs. Biggs, after having spent a half hour in praising her various pherases, and her children, "so my dear Mr. Biggs, what have come to be of my mind, that it would not be decent to have John go back to college, without inviting in some of his acquaintances, seeing he's been gone so long, you know, and won't hardly be here again for a year, neither."

"On certainly, Mrs. Biggs; I always held to social parties, you know."
"To be sure you did. But then this has got to be something more than a common party. We'll have something in first-rate style. What do you say to a regular jam, as they call them in Boston?"

"There, Mrs. Biggs, is your great, I may say, almost, your only failing—I mean, wishing to surpass other people, without considering that it takes money, and considerable of it too, to carry out this kind of stuff."

"I'm astonished. Don't, for money's sake, get into a fret. I don't exactly mean a jam. But, my dearest," she added, changing her haughty tone to one more affectionate, "should you wish your family, so rich, so distinguished and so influential, to make a little, miserable figure in the world—dress in cotton, and live on roast potatoes and smoked herring? I'm sure we saw enough of cheap living, twenty years ago. We ought to do things in style now."

"So we had. Yes, you're right. You're very persuasive, my dear."

"I always was. And I hope, in this affair, you will let me manage. Women know best about such matters. Only give me a little advice. Just think, an idea has this moment popped into my head. We won't have an evening party—*evenings are too short this time of the year*—nor a tea party. Everybody has tea parties when Silks, and Ganson sauce, and wine, and