

THE ORANGE LILY.

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Poetry.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The Warden of the Cinque Ports:

BY LONGFELLOW.

A mist was driving down the British channel,
The day was just begun;
And thro' the window-panes on floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flags and rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon,
Hailed it with feverish lips. [oon,

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Ilithe & Dover
Were all alert that day!
To see the French War Steamers speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Bullen and silent and like couchant lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath had watched in grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum beat from their
On every citadel; [stations,
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden,
And Lord of the Cinque ports.

His shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with their call.

No more, suffering with an eye impartial,
The long line of the coast,
Shall the giant figure of the old Field-Marshal
Be seen upon his post.

For, in the night unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness veiled,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room;
And as he entered, darker grew and deeper
The gloom and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But strode the Warden's hall;
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble,
And groan from shore to shore. [ble

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,
The sun rose bright overhead,
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated,
That a great man was dead.

ONLY TWO OF US.

BY MRS. ROB. SON.

'I've made an engagement for you to spend a day out this week,' observed Squire Crosby, as his wife was placing dinner upon the table.

'Hâfo you?' 'I'm sorry, for I fear I shall be too busy to fulfil it,' she rejoined in a slight tone of regret.

'Busy about what?' testily exclaimed the speaker. 'I would respectfully inquire, for somewhat less than the hundredth time, what you can possibly find to do? It seems to me that you must really suffer from want of exercise.'

'I do, undoubtedly,' said Mrs. Crosby, dryly.

'It can't be otherwise,' continued the squire, decidedly. 'It is a comparatively idle life for a woman to attend to a few household cares.'

'A few household cares?' 'Yes, my dear Mrs. Crosby, and the washing put in into the bargain. What a laborious business!' Squire Crosby looked very wise, and spoke with a slight degree of irony.

'You talk like one who is unacquainted with his subject: but at the same time I am willing to allow that you know as much about it as the generality of men; and that can't be construed into a compliment to the sex by any means.'

'But isn't the fact a self-evident one, Mrs. Crosby? Haven't I eyes, and can't I see—observe—look about me—comprehend?' demanded the squire.

'You might, without doubt; but whether you do, is another thing,' rejoined his wife.

'Be that as it may, however, I am satisfied that I can find enough to do to keep me out of idleness.'

'When there's only two of us?' 'Only two of us,' added Mrs. Crosby, quietly; for it is just as necessary that two should eat as well as four.'

'Well, it certainly must be a great undertaking to cook a little food, wash a few dishes and lay the table three times a day! Why, I could accomplish the whole in less time than two hours!'

'Those duties you have named do not comprise the whole of housekeeping, Mr. Crosby.'

'Perhaps not; I shouldn't mind throwing in a little dusting and sweeping, once in a while. But it certainly appears laughable to hear a woman complain of the work when there are only two in the family. I verily believe it's nothing but habit,' quoth the squire, with becoming gravity.

'Suppose you try it for one day,' proposed Mrs. Crosby, with like seriousness. 'I'll go to the office and do your work, and you can remain at home and do mine.'

'It's rather a novel proposition, and I don't at this time recal to mind any celebrated men who have done housework. I haven't the least objection to trying it, notwithstanding, and presume it will be the easiest day's work I shall have this year,' rejoined the husband.

Both being agreed, the next day was selected for the exchange of employments. A quiet smile lurked upon Mrs. Crosby's mouth, and the squire evidently thought it a fine joke; one which would afford him a large fund of merriment, and the means of proving to his wife that housework was nothing more than a pleasant amusement.

The deluded woman thought her time was fully occupied in keeping a good-sized house only, and in devising new means of gratifying the palate of the squire; who, strange to say, liked good food, and abundance of it. He seemed to think that this jumped upon the table ready cooked, and that Mrs. Crosby (or some other person) had but to utter a few magical words, and everything was done. But to hear those trifling duties termed enormous, when there was 'only two of them' to look after, seemed a great absurdity to Squire Crosby, and he un-

wardly resolved to write an article on the subject, and let the sterner sex know how much they were imposed upon.

While reflecting upon this laudable determination, Mrs. Crosby had occupied herself in jotting down a list of the duties which demanded attention the next morning. This she folded, and quietly handed to her husband, requesting him to make out a similar paper, so that no mismanagement might ensue.

'The list is no longer than usual,' said the lady, smiling at the earnestness with which he surveyed it. 'I go through with the same performances every day. It is necessary, for they cannot be omitted. But don't be frightened; you can take your own time,' she added, in a bantering tone.

Feigning the utmost indifference to the results, he remarked that he should probably 'make quick work of it,' and placing the paper in his pocket, returned to the office.

The liege lord of Mrs. Crosby practised law in a suburban town, and had acquired considerable property by the same. His wife had independence enough to do her own housework, but could not help thinking that she deserved some credit for so doing. She had no particular desire to be praised; 'justice where justice is due,' was her motto; and our readers will perhaps coincide with her in the belief that it was rather highly to be praised, if she had done nothing comparatively. It was not encouraging, to say the least, and she awaited the experiment of the next day, with much interest.

Morning came, and the squire aroused his wife, and informed her in a significant tone—that it was quite time to dress and make a fire. Mrs. Crosby did not wait for a second bidding, but remarked, as she left the chamber, 'that he might put himself in readiness to see about breakfast.'

Our heroine had taken the precaution the night previous to prepare the kindlings, and in a short time had a brisk fire. She allowed herself to do just what her husband had been in the habit of doing, and no more. He usually left the coal-dust and cinders for her to sift and clear away, as well as the remnants of wood and shavings to pick up; and she didn't feel inclined to limit his privileges at this time. The dining table stood in the middle of the room, also covered with books, papers, writing materials and other articles used the evening before. These she did not molest, and without pulling up the shades, or putting back the chairs, she took a newspaper and began to read.

The squire had evidently completed his toilet quicker than common, but it was nevertheless nearly an hour before he made his appearance. It was something novel to see his wife reading before breakfast, and he could not help smiling to witness her perfect sang froid.

'I've been up a long time, and renewed the fire twice, Mr. Crosby,' she remarked, without looking up.

This was the squire's favorite salutation when his wife happened to take an extra nap of five minutes.

The gentleman made no reply, for he understood what the remark meant without