

THE ORANGE LILY.

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Poetry.

Old England.

There she sits in her Island-home,
Peerless among her Peers!
And humanity oft to her arms doth come,
To ease its poor heart of tears.
Old England still throbs with the muffled fire
Of a Past she can never forget:
And again shall she banner the world up
higher,
For there's life in the Old Land yet.

They would mock at her now, who of old look't
forth

In their fear as they heard her afar:
But loud will your wail be, O Kings of the
Earth!

When the Old Land goes down to the war,
The Avalanche trembles, half launcht, and
half-riven,

Her voice will in motion set:
O ring out the tidings, ye Winds of Heaven!
There's life in the Old Land yet.

The old nursing Mother's not hoary yet—
There is sap in her Saxoa tree;
Lo! she lifteth a bosom of glory yet,
Thro' her mists, to the Sun and the Sea.

Fair as the Queen of Love, fresh from the foam,
Or a star in a dark cloud set;
Ye may blazon her shame—ye may leap at her
fame—

But there's life in the Old Land yet.

Let the storm burst, it will find the Old Land
Ready-ripe for a rough, red fray!

She will fight as she fought when she took
her stand
For the light in the olden day.

Ay, rouse the old royal soul, Europe's best
hope
Is her sword-edge by Victory set!

She shall dash Freedom's foes adown Death's
bloody-slope;
For there's life in the Old Land yet.

GERALD MASSEY.

GIVING A DINNER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

(Continued.)

Mrs. Biggs took little notice of his questions, but took his proffered arm, to descend the stairs. The company followed: Mrs. Juddins and Miss Dunnegan, (it was queer that these two should have been together,) with Silvette and Lile Perkins, were the last to leave the saloon. Silvette, with more than usual neatness, had fitted up the dining-hall in tolerable style. Several pieces of dark wine-colored copper-plate, with crimson flowers, had been brought up from the store and fastened to the ceiling, to resemble tapestry. Miss Silvette was rather fantastic, to be sure, but she had looped up her hangings with scarlet cords and tassels, which would have given rather a rich effect, if her Ma, with true Walker taste, had not stuck round bunches of natural and artificial flowers, in exactly the places where they ought not to have been. The windows large as they were, by the orders of the same person, were thrown wide open, and most of the blinds fastened back, thus admitting a flood of light, which, falling upon the long table, lighted up, with a splendid glow, the polished steel and glittering sil-

ver. The food, a part of which has been already mentioned, was, to do justice to Mrs. Biggs' skill in cookery, well prepared; with the exception of a few articles which she chose to compound for the same purpose as has been before stated; namely, to go beyond every body else. Such was the Victoria soup—a strange mess of eggs; bits of bread, crumbs of cheese, slices of onion, whole kernels of pepper, and other ingredients “too numerous to mention.” It was very absurd in Mrs. Biggs, on that exceedingly warm day, to set before her guests tea, coffee, and chocolate; and still more absurd to regale a party, after partaking of a dozen dishes of meat, both hot and cold, with five kinds of cake, or whipped cream and preserves.

However, half-past three seemed late meal-time to those who were in the habit of dining three hours earlier, and the most genteel or vulgar had appetites to eat immediately, without censuring the appearance of the table or ridiculing the taste of its mistress. To a few who wished it, and to two or three old ladies, who will always drink tea, that warm, invigorating beverage was handed. One or two took coffee; no one chocolate.

The roast beef was splendid; the soup *à la mode*; the steak done to a charm; the fowls roasted to perfection; the ragout delicious; the pigs enchanting; the salad charmingly cool, and the pigeon-pie without a fault. So said Miss Dunnegan, and she was but the echo of the grand company.

Toast, yes, toast for dinner, passed round. Bread and butter followed.

“Ah!” exclaimed Mr. Hope, as it was handed to him, “this is right. Bread is the staff of life. Isn't bread the staff of life, reverend sir? I crave pardon for interrupting, when your mouth is filled with pastry. I am glad, Mrs. Biggs, you have at last given us such things as one would like to eat. Faith, one might well eat moonshine and clouds as that mess yonder,” (and he pointed to the floating islands,) “or chicken-skin and sea-water, as that soup. It's a fine thing to make a show, Mrs. Biggs.”

“Sir, sir! my dear Mr. Hope, those things are delicious to the tastes of many. I hope, ah yes, most earnestly hope, that some dish may please you,” said Mrs. Biggs in her blindest tone.

“Yes, madam. This bread and butter, now, I have an appetite for this.”

“And now you have sharpened it,” interrupted Mr. Lane, from the opposite side of the table.

Mr. Lane, the humorist, had been busy telling stories ever since he sat down, and just at this moment, observing an accident which had happened to Mr. Hope, could not refrain from speaking. Mr. Lane was always in good humor, with a stoff for every occasion; if he had it not at his tongue's end, he could easily manufacture one, that served as well. Nobody ever knew him to eat or sleep, for he was always talking or laughing. A man of the greatest shrewdness, great sagacity in transacting business and very wealthy, was Mr. Lane; but how he always managed to get the best of a bargain no one knew, for a more tardy being there was not. He was always “be-

hind-hand;” not only two hours, but six. It was sometimes said of him, that he would start from home at daylight, to be in Brown-town, seven miles off, at six o'clock. If he met a man a few rods from the door, he would accost him, tell him half a dozen stories, chat half an hour, and ride on. It was the same with almost every man he met. When he reached the place of appointment, and how his business was transacted, no one could tell. On this eventful occasion he had started from home at twelve; and happened to be just in season.

Mr. Biggs loaded his plate with vegetables, slices of meat, wings of fowls; and stuffing, till the food was piled so high that the object of his attention was under the necessity of calling for another plate, to receive a part of the superfluous eatables.—Hardly a mouthful had Mr. Lane tasted, for he was seated among a few choice companions, who delighted to hear him talk, and he had kept those near him in a roar of laughter. Every few moments he was obliged to stop his knife and fork, at some remark from a friend, and relate a choice anecdote or a rare joke.

Just now, as he was raising his fork with a heavy burden of meat pie, he happened to notice a movement of Mr. Hope, and expressed himself accordingly, finishing the sentence that the worthy legislator had left unfinished.

To explain this, it must be observed that Mr. Biggs had sent to Boston for a stylish butter-knife, expressly for this occasion. It was of a peculiar form, having a silver handle, with two highly polished blades, forming a kind of triangle—very inconvenient, but very stylish. Mr. Hope, being rather near-sighted, when he saw so much glittering metal, hesitated about touching so suspicious-looking an article; but, mustering his courage, he finally extended his left hand, very awkwardly, and grasped one of the blades. This was what called forth the remark of Mr. Lane, for this gentleman had seen the brawny hand slowly approaching the knife, as though it were the fang of a viper or the paw of a sleeping tiger.—Blood gushed forth in a moment. Miss Hepsibah Addleton, who sat at the left hand of Mr. Hope, as she heard the half-groan, half-grunt which accompanied the touch, imagined that he had scalded himself, for a moment before, she had seen him busy stirring a cup of steaming tea. The nervous lady, without stopping to notice the extent of the accident, exclaimed, “Cold water will take the fire out!” and dashed towards him a part of the boiling contents of a water-pot. The devoted man saw the impending catastrophe, and sprang from his chair in season to escape with a sprinkling; but, in so doing, his foot caught in Miss Dunnegan's blue balzarine skirt, which received a miserable rent, while his coat dragged a China plate from the table, which was crushed into a thousand pieces.

“Faith, this is murder; worse than actual murder—man-killing! Zounds, such instruments! I'll christen it guillotine!” broke from the unfortunate man.

Mr. Hope almost swore; the young people giggled; the polite ones sat as though nothing had happened; the sedate ones frowned, and Mr. Lane laughed till his