

# THE ORANGE LILY.

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## Poetry.

### The Vaudois Teacher.

O lady fair, these silks of mine  
Are beautiful and rare;  
The richest web of the Indian loom,  
Which beauty's self might wear.

And these pearls are pure as thine own fair neck,  
With whose radiant light they vie;  
I have brought them with me a weary way—  
Will my gentle lady buy?

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,  
Through the dark and clustering curls,  
Which veiled her brow as she bent to view  
His silk and glittering pearls.

And she placed the price in the old man's hand,  
And lightly turned away;  
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call—  
My gentle lady, stay!

Oh, lady fair, I have yet a gem  
Which a purer luster brings,  
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown  
On the lofty brow of kings.

A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,  
Whose virtues shall not decay;  
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,  
And a blessing on thy way.

The lady glanced at mirroring steel,  
Where her form of grace was seen,  
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks  
Their clasping pearls between.

Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,  
Thou traveller gray and old;  
And name the price of thy precious gem,  
And my pages shall count the gold.

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,  
As a small and meagre book,  
Unclashed with gold or diamond gem,  
From his folding robes he took:—

Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price,  
May it prove as such to thee!  
Nay, keep thy gold, I ask it not,  
For the word of God is free!

The hoary traveller went his way,  
But the gift he left behind  
Hath had its pure and perfect use  
On that high-born maiden's mind.

And she hath turned from the pride of sin  
To the lowliness of truth,  
And given her human heart to God,  
In its beautiful hour of youth!

### Light Supper in Kirk-Street.

“Seven o'clock had been fixed as the hour at which Mr. Blyth was to present himself at the hospitable back and front drawing-room apartments of Messrs. M. Marksman and Z. Thorpe, Junior. He arrived punctual to the appointed time, dressed jauntily for the occasion in a short blue frock coat, famous among all his acquaintances for its smartness of cut and its glorious old age. From what Zack had told him of Mat's lighter peculiarities of character, he anticipated rather a quaint and dexterously uncivilized reception from the elder of his two hosts; and when he got to Kirk-street, he certainly found that his ex-

pectations were, upon the whole, handsomely realized. On recounting the dark and narrow wooden stair-case of the tobacconist's shop, his nose was greeted by a composite smell of fried liver and bacon, brandy and water and cigar-smoke, pouring hospitably down to meet him through every practicable crevice of the drawing-room door. When he got into the room, the first object that struck his eyes at one end of it, was Zack, with his hat on, vigorously engaged in beating up the dusty carpet with a damp mop; and Mr. Marksman at the other, presiding over the frying-pan, with his coat off, his shirt sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, a glass of steaming hot grog on the chimney-piece above him, and a long pewter toasting-fork in his hand.

“Hallo, Mat! here's the honoured guest of the evening arrived before I've swabbed down the decks,” cried Zack, juggling his friend in the ribs with the long handle of the mop.

“How are you to-night?” said Mr. Marksman, with familiar ease, not moving from the frying-pan, but getting his right hand free to offer to Mr. Blyth by taking the pewter toasting-fork between his teeth.

“Sit down anywhere you like; and just holler through the crack in the floor, under the bearskins there, if you want anything out of the locker-shop below.” (He means Tobacco when he says Locker,) interposed Zack, parenthetically.)

“Can you grab a baked tater or two?” continued Mat, tapping a small Dutch oven before the fire with his toasting-fork.

“We've got you a lot of fizzin' hot liver and bacon to ease down the taters with what you call a relish. Nice and streaky, and it?”

Here Mr. Marksman stuck his fork into a slice of bacon, and politely passed it over his shoulder for Mr. Blyth to inspect, as he stood bewildered in the middle of the room.

“Oh, delicious, delicious!” cried Valentine, smel'ng daintily at the outstretched bacon as if it had been a nosegay.

“Really, my dear sir—” He said no more; for at that moment he tripped himself up upon one of some ten or a dozen bottle corks which lay about on the carpet where he was standing. There is very little doubt if Zack had not been by to catch him, that Mr. Blyth would just then have concluded his polite answer to Mr. Marksman by suddenly measuring his tail length on the floor.

“Why don't you put him into a chair?” growled Mat, looking round reproachfully from the frying-pan, as Valentine recovered his erect position again with young Thorpe's assistance.

“I was just going to swab up that part of the carpet when you came in,” said Zack, apologetically, as he led Mr. Blyth to a chair. “Oh don't mention it,” answered Valentine, laughing. “It was all my awkwardness, my—” He stopped abruptly again. Zack had placed him with his back to the fire, against a table covered with a large and dirty cloth which flowed to the floor, and under which, while he was speaking, he had been gently endeavoring to insinuate his legs. Amazement bereft him of the power of speech when, on succeeding in this effort he found that his feet came in contact with

a perfect hillock of empty bottles, oyster shells, and broken crockery, heaped under the table.

“Good gracious me! I hope I'm doing no mischief!” exclaimed Valentine as a miniature avalanche of oyster shells clattered down on his intruding foot, and a plump bottle with a broken neck rolled lazily out from under the table cloth, and courted observation on the open floor.

“Kick about, old chap, kick about as much as you please,” cried Zack, seating himself opposite Mr. Blyth, and bringing down a second avalanche of oyster-shells to encourage him.

“The fact is, we are rather put to it for space here, so we keep the cloth always laid for down it, and make a temporary lumber-room of the piece under the table. Rather a new idea that, I think—not tidy perhaps, but new and ingenious,” said Valentine, who was now beginning to be amused as well as amazed by his reception in Kirk-street.

“Rather untidy, perhaps, as you say Zack; but new, and not disagreeable I suppose when you're used to it. What I like about all this,” continued Mr. Blyth, rubbing his hands cheerfully, and kicking into view another empty bottle, as he settled himself in his chair—

“What I like about this is, that it's so thoroughly free and easy. Do you know that I really feel at home already, though I never saw here before in my life? Curious Zack, isn't it?”

“Taters!” roared Mr. Marksman suddenly from the fire-place. Valentine started, first at the unexpected shout just behind him, next at the sight of a big truculently-knobbed potato which came flying over his head, and was dexterously caught, and instantly deposited on the dirty table-cloth by Zack.

“Two, three, four, five, six,” continued Mat keeping the frying-pan going with one hand, and toasting the baked potatoes with the other over Mr. Blyth's head, in quick succession for young Thorpe to catch.

“What do you think of my way of dishing up potatoes in Kirk-street?” asked Zack in great triumph.

“Oh, capital!” stammered Valentine, ducking his head as each edible missile flew over it. “Capital! So free and easy—so delightfully free and easy.”

“Ready there with your plates. The liver's a comin',” cried Mat in a voice of martial command, suddenly showing his great red-hot perspiring face at the table, as he wheeled round from the fire, with the hissing frying-pan in one hand, and the long toasting fork in the other.

“My dear sir, I'm shocked to see you taking all this trouble,” exclaimed Mr. Blyth, “Do pray let me help you!”

“No, I'm d—d if I do,” returned Mr. Marksman with the most polite suavity and the most perfect good humour.

“Let him have all the trouble, Blyth,” said Zack; “let him help you, and don't pity him. He'll make up for all this hard work, I can tell you, when he sets in seriously to his liver and bacon. Just you watch him when he begins—he bolts his dinner like the lion in the Zoological Gardens.”