

THE ORANGE LILY.

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Poetry.

LITTLE ETHEL.

She sleeps in her little coffin;
She rests by the moaning wave;
And only the star and the zephyr
Keep watch by her little grave;
The violet blooms o'er her pillow,
And breathes its perfumes there;
And a wreath of the gentle willow
Encircles her golden hair.

Fair as the fairest flower,
Frait as the lute's soft string,
Forth from Affection's bower,
Borne on the angel wing,
Glided her spirit lightly,
Lovely and young and fair,
With the red on her lip yet brightly,
And the glow on her golden hair.

Earth twineth her grave with myrtle,
And gemmeth with pearly dew,
Each spray of that shining kirtle;
And bloom of the violet blue.
Yet she waketh her not from that sleeping
Enfolding her gently there;
And tenderly earth is keeping
Those tresses of golden hair.

Silent the rosy bower,
In that deserted home;
Faded the cherished flower,
Hushed every living tone.
But she sleeps in her little coffin;
She rests by the moaning wave;
And only the star and the zephyr
Keep watch by her little grave.

GIVING A DINNER.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

(Continued.)

"You're a mean hussy, Mrs. Judkins. So was your mother before you. Two peas in a peck couldn't be more alike. Sneaking, sly things. It's lucky you don't want to go. We shan't have to be soiled by your

"Much obliged to your ladyship. I don't care about soiling your carpets. I believe I can remember the time when Sil Walker could walk on floors as well as other folks. I reckon, too, you hain't forgot when you hung in a board fence. I s'pose you know how you paid me off for helping you up to the head of the class—I can tell the story now." As Mrs. Judkins screamed these words, she looked as though she meant to tell the ridiculous story. Her looks and allusions made her visitor really angry.

"I shouldn't think you would say any thing about carpets, Mrs. Judkins. I tho't your mother had one all the way from the road up to the house, made of martin skins and badger skins, dyed red, wan't it?"

Now Mrs. Judkins' mother had been a Martin and afterward married a Badger, and this scriptural allusion added rage to her indignation. No woman, however little minded or hard hearted, can bear reflections or sneers upon a mother, and Mrs. Judkins, indignant beyond all restraint, her voice being choked with rage that she was unable to speak, looked daggers at her neighbor, and then glanced hastily around the room in

search of a broom, usually called a woman's weapon. It was nowhere to be seen. Tongs and shovel were likewise invisible. While the offended widow was thus engaged, Mrs. Biggs, though very corpulent, stimulated by passion and fear of Sukey's long finger nails, (for she knew delicacy would not prevent her from making good use of them,) moved off as fast as possible, and had nearly reached the foot of the staircase before Mrs. Judkins was aware of her exit. Just at this moment she happened to spy a little sauce-pan of apples, which was stewing on the stove; it was boiling hot, and she caught it up and started in pursuit of the enemy.—The poor little poodle that Mrs. Biggs delighted to caress, still lingered in the entry; one kick of her large foot; and that not a gentle one, sent the unfortunate animal, howling to the landing-place below; the sauce-dish and all followed, but instead of alighting upon the devoted head of the visitor, fell upon Mrs. Judkins' own new shawl and bonnet, which hung on a chair in the entry. Half mad at her disappointment, Mrs. Judkins gained the floor at three jumps, just in time to see the disaster and catch a glimpse of Mrs. Biggs' large figure as she waddled around the corner of the street, with little Snibby limping after. She stood still a moment, angry and ashamed, then recollecting herself, hurried to get her stairs and floor into their former clean state, before any one should come in. The shawl, a red merino, was considerably injured, which the owner more regretted as she had never worn it five times, and had spent the earnings of as many days to obtain it. The bonnet had fortunately escaped with little injury, and that such as could be easily remedied. After the mischief was as far as possible repaired, Mrs. Judkins had time to think the matter over, and as she stood by a window, with her arms a kimbo, she soliloquized after this manner:—"Martin skins and Badger skins. Lord a goodness! I guess she'll find there's spunk in 'em, though. There's a good sauce-pan all battered up, a whole quart of apples lost—all sweetened too. A bran new merino shawl as good as spoilt; all my time lost, too. She'll hear more of it, that's a fact."

That night Mrs. Biggs was sleepless, from her anxiety about the expected great day, and from a feeling of vexation and mortification, occasioned by her call upon her old neighbor. Mrs. Judkins likewise slept little; she studied upon a way to revenge herself. She felt heartily ashamed of the affair, and sorry that any difficulty had occurred; but she had been insulted, and she determined to put an end to all trouble in a way that suited her best. Accordingly, in the morning, after having meditated upon the utility of s'gingle cheese, way apples and bean pies, she sat down and wrote a very polite note to Mrs. Biggs, apologizing for her rudeness, begging earnestly that she would forgive it, and offering her the use of the spoons. This succeeded as she had expected, for she was a shrewd, artful woman, and understood her neighbor's pliant disposition very well.—Mrs. Biggs returned a civil, even a kind answer, calling the little misunderstanding a mere joke, and hoping that it might be kept a secret between the two, at the same time she sent a maid for the spoons, who

brought a basket of apples and a few cakes, hearts and scollops, as she called them, to see if they were as nice as those Mrs. Judkins' mother used to make.

Mrs. Judkins was now satisfied that she had entirely deceived the merchant's lady by her protestations of civility, and inwardly chuckling at her success in dissimulation, she threw on her cotton shawl and close bonnet to slip out through the back yards into Mrs. Biggs' outer cellar. She ginned as she took from a drawer a little paper of dark colored stuff, smelt of it and deposited it in her pocket with some other little articles. "Aha!" said she to herself, with a knowing look, "Mrs. Biggs don't understand human nature very well. Martin skins and Badger skins; she'll know more about 'em yet. Her stylish party 'll go off grand, I reckon. It ought to. Any body that pretends to so much, ought to come down. Mean fool, to think two sweet cakes would pay for being abused in this style."

So saying, she slipped quietly down stairs, through the turnip yard that belonged to the house, into a winding lane which extended by the gardens of the three dwellings between her own residence and that of Mrs. Biggs. She went quickly up the walk, that led through a close shrubbery, and entered a kind of cellar kitchen, a room so cool and pleasant that food was usually kept there in the summer season. The door was unfastened: even if it had not been, Mrs. Judkins could easily have put her hand through the bars of the open window, and lifted the hasp. She closed it softly behind her, and stood a moment in silence, eagerly listening if a sound was to be heard in the vicinity. The maids were in the room overhead, clattering dishes, jingling spoons, dropping knives and forks, and making music with the ringing of glasses; while, now and then, a loud laugh, a merry voice or a snatch of a tune, accompanied by the quick tread of many feet, showed that they were merry as larks amid all the bustle and labor necessarily attendant upon the preparation for so large a party.—Mrs. Biggs was out; Mrs. Judkins had seen her pass, quite early, on her way to a fashionable milliner's. No fear was, therefore, to be entertained from an interruption by her. Still, it was highly probable the girls might be down, and Mrs. Judkins felt the necessity of proceeding immediately to dispatch the business that had brought her thither. But her attention was attracted for a time, by the tempting array of good things before her. There a table "groaned" (how easily and almost imperceptibly that expression slides off from the pen) with plump fowls, richly browned, shading off with that peculiar hue from the tip of the wing to the breast; large roasting-pieces of beef, gemmed over with slices of lemon; cutlets of veal, strewn with sprigs of parsley and marjoram; little pigs, that looked just ready to jump on your plate; and that most delicious of all nice treats, a chicken pie, the crust white short and flaky, and almost inviting to one to eat it. This was only the cold meat. Mrs. Judkins wondered what could be cooking above, whose savory smell occasionally reaches her, though surrounded by the most fragrant winds. Rolls, white and delicate; ginger-bread; buns, as light as yeast could make them; sponge-cake, powdered over