[Published by Request]

ORANGE AND GREEN.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease—
Erin thy langnid smile ne'er shall increase;
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite
And form in heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

THOMAS MOORE.

The night was falling dreary,
In merry Bandon town,
When in his cottage weary,
An Orangeman lay down.
The summer sun in splendor
Had set upon the vale,
And shouts of "No Surrender"
Arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters laving
The feet of aged trees,
The Orange banners waving,
Flew boldly in the breeze
In mighty chorus meeting,
A hundred voices join,
And fife and drum are beating
The Battle of the Boyne.

Ha! town his cottage hieing,
What form is speeding now,
From yonder thicket flying,
With blood upon his brow?
"Hide—hide me, worthy stranger!
Though Green my color be,
And in the day of danger
May heaven remember thee!

"In yonder vale contending,
Alone against that crew
My life and limbs defending,
An Orangeman I slew.
Hark! hear that fearful warning,
There's death in every tone—
Oh, save my life till morning,
And heaven prolong your own!"

The Orange heart was melted,
In pity to the Green;
He heard the tale and felt it,
His very soul within.
"Dread not that angry warning,
Though death be in his tone;
I'll save your life till morning,
Or I will lose my own.

Now, round his lowly dwelling
The angry torrent pressed,
A hundred voices swelling,
The Orangeman addressed:
"Arise, arise and follow
The chase along the plain;
In yonder stony hollow
Your only son is slain!"

With rising shouts they gather
Upon the track amain,
And leave the childless father,
Aghast with sudden pain.
He seeks the rightful stranger,
In covert where he lay—
"Arise!" he said, "all danger
Is gone and passed away."

"I had a son—one only,
One loved as my life,
Thy hand has left me lonely,
In that accursed strife.
I pledged my word to save thee,
Until the storm should cease,
I keep the pledge I gave thee—
Arise, and go in peace!"

The stranger soon departed
From that unhappy vale;
The father, broken hearted,
Lay brooding o'er that tale
Till twenty summers after,
To silver turned his beard,
And yet the sound of laughter
From him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary,
In merry Wexford town,
When in his cabin weary,
A peasant laid him down.
And many a voice was singing
Along the summer vale,
The Wexford town was ringing
With shouts of "Granna Uile.

Beside the waters laving
The feet of aged trees,
The green flag gently waving,
Was spread against the breeze
In mighty chorus meeting,
Loud voices filled the town,
And fife and drum are beating,
"Down, Orangemen, lie down!"

Hark! what the stirring clangor
That woke the echoes there,
Amid voices high in anger
Rises on the evening air?
Like billows on the ocean,
He sees the clansmen rush,
And fan the wild commotion
An Orangeman is slain.

"Fair," he said, "is honor
And fair life to my hand,
And I could tell a story
Would shame your proud land
Will warm your soul and over
Its chained my heart and brow
And I am a grown lover
Of peace and Green to-day.

"It was not thus I greeted
Your brother of the Green,
When fainting and defeated,
I freely took him in
I pledged my word to save him,
From vengeance raging on
I kept the pledge I gave him,
Though he had killed my son.

That aged peasant heard him,
And knew him as he stood,
Remembrance kindly stirr'd him,
And tender gratitude.
With gushing tears of pleasure
He pierced the listening train,
"I'm here to pay the measure
Of kindness back again."

Upon his feeling bosom falling,
That old man's tears came down!
Deep memory recalling
"That son and faithfulown,
The hand that will offend thee,
My being first shall end,
I'm living to defend thee,
My savior and my friend!"

He said and spoke, turning
Addressed the wandering crowd,
With fervent spirit thrilling,
He told the tale aloud,
And pressed the warm beholders,
Other aged foe to greet;
They raised him on their shoulders
And chaired him through the street.

As he had saved that stranger
From peril scowling dim,
So in his day of danger
Did Heaven remember him.
By joyous crowds attended,
The worthy pair were seen,
And their flags that day were blended,
Of Orange and of Green.

Our Village Post Office.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

The master of our village post office for many years past was an old man; but the real dispenser of its joys and sorrows was his son, a youth who performed its duties with intelligence, exactness and delicacy. Some persons may not be aware how much the last quality is called into requisition in a village postmaster. Having the universal country acquaintance with his neighbors' affairs, he holds the key of all their correspondence. He knows, long before the news transpires, when the minister receives a call, when the speculator's affairs are vibrating, he can estimate the conjugal devotion of the absent husband; but the most enviable is his knowledge of those delicate and uncertain affairs so provoking to village curiosity. Letters, directed in well-known characters and written with beating hearts within locked apartments, pass through his hands. The blushing youth steals in at twilight to receive from him his doom; and to him is first known the results of a village belle's foray through a neighboring district. Our young deputy-postmaster rarely betrayed his involuntary acquaintance with the nature of the missives he dispersed; but whenever sympathy was permitted, his bright smile and radiating or tearful eye would show how earnest a part he took in all his neighbors suffered or enjoyed. Never was there a kinder heart then Loyd Barnard's—never a truer mirror than his face.

His father, Colonel Jesse Barnard, belonged to that defunct body, the aristocracy of our country. He served in the revolutionary war, he did good service to the State in the subsequent Shay's rebellion, and though he afterwards inexplicably fell into the ranks of the popular or democratic party, he retained the manners and insignia of his caste—the prescribed courtesies of the old *regime* with the neatly tied queue, and the garment that has given place to the leveling pantaloon. He even perserved in the use of powder till it ceased to be an article of merchandise; and to the very last he maintained those strict observances of politeness, that are becoming among us, subjects of tradition and history. These, however, are merely accidents of education and usage. His moral constitution had nothing aristocratic or exclusive. On the contrary, his heart was animated with what we would fain believe to be the spirit of our democratic institutions, and universal good-will. The colonel was remarkably exempt (whether fortunately or unfortunately, each according to his taste must decide) from the virtue or mania of his age and country: and consequently, at three-score and ten, instead of being the proprietor of lands in the West, or ships on the seas, he possessed nothing but his small paternal estate in B——, a pretty, cottage-looking dwelling, with a garden and an acre of land. As far back as the administration of Jefferson, he had received the appointment of postmaster; and as the village grew with the prosperity of manufactures and agriculture, the income of the office had of late amounted to some five or six hundred dollars. This, with the additional pension as a revolutionary officer, made the colonel "passing rich;" for by all his sons and daughters were married and dispersed from Maine to Georgia, and his youngest only, our friend Loyd, remained at home. "Passing rich," we say, for, if it was the colonel. Those who are accustomed to see an income of a few hundred well administered in rural life, can form a conception of the comfort and even, nay, luxury, it will procure. He knew the place, the staples of life, space, pure sweet water, and a continual feast for the eye, are furnished in the country, in unmeasured quantity, by the bounty of Providence. Then with, as with the colonel, there are no vices to be paupered, no vanities to be cherished, no artificial distinctions to be sustained, no conventional wants to be supplied, the few hundred dollars do all for happiness that money can do. The king who has to ask his Commons for supplies, and the Croesuses of our land who still desire more than they have, might envy our contented colonel, or rather might have envied him, till, after a life of perfect exemption from worldly cares, he came for the first time, to feel a chill from the shadows of the coming day—a distrustful fear that the morrow might not take care of itself.

Among other luxuries of a like nature (the colonel was indicted to such indulgences), he had allowed himself to a lopt a little destitute orphan girl, Paulina Morton. She came to the old people after all their own girls were married and gone, and proved so dutiful and so helpful that she was scarcely less dear to them than their own flesh and blood. Paulina, or Lina—for by this endearing diminutive they familiarly called her—was a pretty, very pretty girl, in spite of red hair, which, since it has lost its favor, some beauty, divine or mortal, of classic days, won for it, is considered, if not a blemish, certainly not an attribute of beauty. Paulina's friends and lovers maintained that hers was getting darker every day, and that even were it fire-red, her soft, blue eyes, spirited, sweet mouth, coral lips, and exquisitely tinted skin, would redeem it. Indeed, good old Mrs. Barnard insisted it was only red in certain lights, and those certain Ithuriel lights Lord Barnard never saw it in; for he often expressed his surprise that any one could be so blind as to call it auburn red! In these days of reason's supremacy, we have found out there are no such "dainty spirits" as Ariel, Puck, and Oberon. Still the lover is not disenchanted.

"Lina, my child," said the old lady, one evening just at twilight, while the burning brands sent a ruddy glow over the ceiling, and were reflected by the testimonys of "neat-handed lass was arranging," "Lina, do you expect Mr Lovejoy this evening?" "No, ma'am." "To-morrow evening, then?" "No, ma'am. I never expect him again." "You astonish me, Lina. You don't mean you have given him his answer?" Lina smiled, and Mrs. Barnard, continued: "I fear you have not duly considered, Lina." "What is the use of considering, ma'am, when we know our feelings?" "We can't afford always my child, to consult feelings. Nobody can say a word against Mr. Lovejoy; he made the best of husbands to his first wife." "That was a very good reason, why she should love him, ma'am." Mrs Barbara proceeded without heeding the emphasis on she. "He has left three children, and two of them are out of the way." "A poor reason, as I have always thought, ma'am, to give either to father or children for taking the mother to them." "But there are few that are calculated for the place; you are cut out for a stepmother, Lina—just the right disposition for stepmother, or step-daughter."

Paulina's ideas were confused by the compliment, and she was on the point of asking whether step-daughter and daughter-in-law expressed the same relation, but some feeling checked her, and instead of asking she blushed deeply. The good old lady continued her soundings. "I did not, Lina, expect you to marry Mr. Lovejoy for love." "For what then, ma'am, should I marry him?" asked Lina, suspending her housewife labors, and standing before the fire while she tied and untied the string of her little black silk apron. "Girls often do marry, my child, to get a good home." "Marry to get a good home, Mrs. Barnard! I would wash, iron, sweep, scrub, beg, to get a home, sooner than marry to get one; and, besides, have I not the pleasantest home in the world: thanks to your bounty and the colonel's."

Mrs. Barnard sighed, took Lina's fair, chubby hand in her's, stroked and pressed it. At this moment, the colonel, who had, unperceived by either party, been taking his twilight nap on his close-curtained bed in the adjoining bedroom, rose, and drew up to the fire. He had overheard the conversation, and now, to poor Paulina's infinite embarrassment, joined in it. "I am disappointed, Lina," he said, "it is strange it is so difficult to suit you with a husband—you are easily suited with every thing else." "But I don't want a husband, sir." "There's no telling how soon you may, Lina: I feel myself to be failing daily; and when I am gone my child, it will be all poor Loyd can do to take care of his mother." "Can I not do to take care of his mother?" "Can I not be his?" "Am I not stronger than Loyd? Would it not be happiness enough to work for Loyd, and Loyd's mother?" thought Paulina; but she hemmed and coughed, and said nothing.

"It would be a comfort to me," continued the old man, "to see you settled in a home of your own before I die." He paused, but there was no reply. "I did not say a word when William Strong was after you—I did not like the stock; nor when the young lawyer sent his fine presents—As Loyd said, he had more gift than wit; nor when poor Charles Moody was, as it were, dying for you, for, though his prospects were fine in Ohio, I felt, and so did Miss Barnard, and so did Loyd, it would not have you go so far away from us: but now, my child, the case is different. Mr. Lovejoy has one of the best estates in the country, he is none of your flighty, here-to-day and gone-to-morrow folks, but a sober, old, reliable person, and I think, and Loyd—ahl—" Here the brands fell apart, and while Paulina was stooping to hear what Loyd said, the old colonel rose to adjust them. He had broken the thread, and did not take it up in the right place. "As I was saying, my child," he resumed, "my life is very uncertain, and I think, and Loyd thinks—"

What Loyd thought, Paulina did not learn, for at this moment the door opened, and Loyd entered.

Loyd Barnard was of a [illegible] order [illegible] spirits that give an air of [illegible] quietly and alone through life. A cast from a carriage in his infancy had, without producing any mutilation or visible injury, given a fatal shock to his constitution. He had no disease within the reach of art, but a delicacy, a fragility, that rendered him incapable of continuous exertion of application of any sort. A merciful Providence provides compensations, or, at least, alleviations, for all the ills that flesh is heir to, and Loyd Barnard, in abundant leisure for reading, which he passionately loved, in the tranquility of a perfectly resigned temper, and in a universal sympathy with all that feel, enjoy and suffer, had little reason to envy the active and prosperous, who are bustling and struggling through the chances and changes of this busy life. His wants were few, and easily supplied by the results of the desultory employments he found in the village, in the intervals of his attention to the post office. As much of what we call virtue is constitutional, so we suppose was Loyd's contentment; if it was not virtue, it was happiness; for, till of late, he had felt no more anxiety for the future than nature's commoners—the birds and flowers.

"Ah, my son," said the old gentleman, "you have come just in the right time—but where is Lina gone?" "She went out as I came in, sir, and I thought she looked as if she had been weeping." "Weeping!" echoed the old Colonel; and "Could we have hurt her feelings?" asked both in the same breath. "Why, what in the world have you been saying to her, mother?" "Nothing, Loyd—nothing—nothing—don't look so scared. We were only expostulating a little, as it were, and urging her to accept Mr. Lovejoy's offer." Loyd looked ten times paler than usual, and kept his eye rivited on his mother, till she added. "But some how it seems as if she could not any way feel to it."

"Thank God!" murmured Loyd, fetching a long breath. Both parents heard the unwonted exclamation, and for both it was a revelation. The colonel rose, walked to the window, and, though the blinds were closed, stood as if gazing out, and the old lady jerked her knitting-needle from the sheath, and rolled up the knitting-work, though she was not in the seam-needle.

It is difficult in any case for parents to realize how soon their children pass the bounds of childhood, and how soon, among other thoughts incident to maturity, love and marriage enter their heads. But there were good reasons why the colonel and his wife should have fancied the governing passions and objects of ordinary lives had never risen above their son's horizon. They considered him perfectly incompetent to provide for the wants of the most fragal family, and they had forgotten that love takes no counsel from prudence. It was too late now to remember it.

The colonel, after repeated clearings of his throat, taking off his spectacles, wiping and putting them on again, said,—

"Are you attached to Lina, my son?" (he used the words in its prescriptive rustic sense.) "Yes, sir." "Strange I never mistrusted it!—how long have you been so, Loyd?"

"Ever since I was old enough to understand my feelings; but I did not, till very lately, know that I could not bear the thoughts of her becoming attached to another." "Do you know what Lina's feelings are?" "No sir." "But surely you can guess, Loyd," interrupted his mother. "I can hope, mother—and I do." "The sooner, my son, you both get over it, the better, for there is no kind of a prospect for you."

"My child," said the good old man, gently laying his hand on the shoulder of his companion of fifty years, "trust in Providence—our basket and store have been always full, and why should not our children's be? Loyd now does the business of the post office; while I live they can share while we, and when I am gone, it may so be, that the heart of the ruler will be so overruled, that the office will be continued to Loyd." Loyd, either anticipating his mother's opposing arguments, or himself impelled irresistibly to the argument of love, disappeared, and the old lady, who, it must be confessed, lived less by faith than her gentle spouse, replied, "The office continued to Loyd! Who ever heard of old Jackson's heart being overruled to do what he had not a mind to?" "My dear child!" "Well, my dear, do you hear me out, don't the loaves and fishes all go to one side of the table?" "Why, we have had our plates filled a pretty while, my dear." "Well, my dear old Jackson could not take the bread and butter out of the mouth of a revolutionary officer." "I am sure he has proved that he would not." "No, my dear, could not. Why, even his own party—and we all know what his party are in old Massachusetts—" "About like the other party, my dear." "My dear! how can you say so! Why his own party are the most violent, given over, as it were, and low-lived people; yet they would be ashamed to see you turned out of office." "They would be sorry, I know; for we have many good friends and kind neighbors among them; there's Mr. Loomis, Harry Bishop, and Mr. Barton!"

"Mr Barton! Lyman Barton! My dear, every body knows, and every body says, Lyman Barton has been waiting this half dozen years to step into your shoes. The post office is just what he wants. To be sure he is a smart man and lives within his means; but then he has a large growing family, and they are obliged to be prudent, and there would be enough to say he ought to have the office. And, besides, is he not always working for the party? writing in the paper? and serving them every way? And who was ever a Jackson man, but for what he expected to get for it? No, no, my dear, mark my words: you won't be out of office long. Lyman Barton will be sending off a petition to Washington for the office, and signed by every Jackson man in town."

"I don't believe it, my dear: I don't feel as Lyman Barton would ask for the office." "Well, my dear, you'll see, after you are dead and gone, how it will be—you may laugh—I mean I shall see, if I am spared—you always have, colonel, just such a blind faith in everybody." "My faith is founded on reason and experience, my dear. Through life I have found friends kind to me beyond my deservings, and far beyond my expectations. I have got pretty near the other shore, and I can't remember that I ever had an enemy."

While this conversation was in progress, there was a tete-a-tete, on which we dare not intrude, in another apartment of the house. The slight veil that had covered the hearts of our true lovers dropped at the first touch, and both, finding a name of the only fickles their coveted, "dared be poor," in the world's poor sense. Secured by the good colonel's indulgence, for the present, they were too happy to look beyond the sunshine that played around them for any dark entanglements to which their path might conduct them. In any event they did not risk the miseries of dependence, nor the pains of starvation. Nature, in our land, spreads an abundant table and there is always a cover awaiting the frugal and industrious laborer. Loyd was no gleaner in her fruitful fields. Anything short of absolute want, perhaps even that, it seemed to our young friends happiness to encounter together.

Oh, ye perjured trafickers in marriage vows! ye buyers and sellers of hearts—hearts! they are not articles of commerce—buyers and sellers of the lovliest that mortal mould and mantle celestial spirits cast, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die! To-morrow you bound the temple of the affections, which, if all else of life has consecrated, shall be their tomb, within whose walls shall be endured the torpor of death with the acute consciousness of life!

Our simple friends whitled not of the miseries of married life. The [illegible] gave his hearty consent [illegible] for the asking, and his prudent helpmate was [illegible] as soon as they [illegible] the [illegible] less as dove, as will as lilies and violets look their heads, and wondered if the colonel had intended to live and be postmaster for ever! or if Loyd could be such a fool as to expect to succeed to the office, when every body knew it was just as good as promised to Mr Barton? Loyd Barnard, a steady consistent four own side is always consisting, except the tender mercies of the Jackson party! No; Loyd Barnard indulged no such extravagant expectation. He had stood by "old Massachusetts" through her obstinate or her consistent opposition to the general government, and he expected to reap the customary reward of such firmness or—prejudice. To confess the truth, he thought little about the future, and not at all of the Malthusian theories. His present happiness was enough, and it was brightened with the soft and equal light of the past. As to Paulina, it was her nature.

"Ne'er to forgether wi' sorrow and care,
But gie them a skelp as they're coming along."

The preliminaries being adjusted, it was agreed on all hands that the wedding should not be deferred. Quilts were quilted—turkeys pulled—and the wedding cake made. Never had the old house seemed brighter and brighter; his step was firmer, his person more erect than usual; and his face reflected the happiness of his children, as the leafless woods warm and kindle in a spring sunshine.

At this moment came one of those sudden changes that mock human calculations. An epidemic influenza, fatal to the feeble and the old, was passing over the whole country. Colonel Barnard was one of its first victims. He died after a week's illness; and, though he was some years beyond the authorized period of mortality, his death at this moment occasioned a general shock, as if he had been cut off in the prime of life. All—even his enemies, we should have said, but enemies he had none—spoke of the event in a subdued voice, and with the sincerest expressions of regret. The grief of his own little family we have not space to describe; or if we had, how could we describe the desolation of a home from which such a fountain of love and goodness was suddenly removed? Notwithstanding the day of the funeral was one of the coldest of a severe January, the mercury being some degrees below cipher, and the gusty, cutting wind driving the snow into billows, numbers collected from the adjoining towns to pay the last tribute of respect to the good colonel.

There is a reality in the honor that is rendered at a rustic funeral to a poor, good man, a touching sincerity in sympathy where every follower is a mourner. The colonel's humble home was filled to overflowing, so that there were numbers who were obliged to wait the moving of the procession in the intense cold on the outside of the house; and they did wait, patiently and reverently—no slight testimony of their respect.

The coffin was placed in the centre of the largest apartment in the country phrase, the "dwelling-room." Within the little bedroom sat the "mourners;" but a stranger, who should have seen the crowd as they pressed forward one after another, for a last look at their departed friend, might have believed they were all mourning a father. They were remembering a parent's offices. There was the widow, whom he had visited in her affliction—there the orphans, now grown to be thriving men and women, fathers and mothers, whom he succored, counselled and watched over; there were those whom he had visited in prison: there were sometime enemies converted to friends by his peace-making intervention; there was the young man reclaimed by his wise counsel and steady-friendship, for the good colonel had a "skeptic smile" for what others deemed hopeless depravity, and believed.

"Some pulse of good must
Within a human a ture."

And there were children with wet eyes, for the aged old man who had always a smile for their joys, and a tear for their troubles; and other, I remember, as her mother lifted her up for the last look, whispered. "Oh, he is too good a man to bury up in the ground!"

And there, in the midst of this sad company, and with a [illegible] quite as sad as his party, and with a [illegible] neighbors, stood Lyman Barton. [illegible] an Irish, a particular friend of the old colonel's and of mine too, who stood beside me, pulled my ear down to his lips, and turning his flashing eye upon Barton, whispered,

"Ought not he to be ashamed of himself?" "Why? why?" "He is made to believe he can cry, just like a crocodile!" Everybody says he has written to old Jackson already to be made postmaster. I wish he was in the Connaught [illegible] "You could not be in a better place, my dear." "Oh, I did not mean that!" "I did not mean that!" He would have proceeded; but I shook my head, and put an end to the explanation he was eager to make.

The funeral was over, the cold wind was howling without, the sich of the mourners alone was heard, where a few days before all had been cheerfulness and preparation for the happiest event of human life. Paulina had lighted a single lamp and placed it in the farther part of the room, for there seemed something obtrusive even in the cheerfulness of light. She was seated on a low chair beside the old lady. The passiveness of grief was peculiarly unsuited to her active and happy nature; and, as she sat as if she were paralyzed, not even heeding the colonel's favorite cat, who jumped into her lap, and purred and looked up for its accustomed caress, one could hardly believe she was the same girl who was for ever on the wing, laughing and singing from morning till night. Poor Loyd, too, who had so gently acquiesced in the evils of his lot, who had bent like the reed before the winds of adversity, suffered now as those only do who resist while they suffer. Perhaps it was not in human nature not to mingle the disappointment of the lover with the grief of the son, and, while he was weeping his loss, to wonder over some of his father's last words. "Of course, my children," he had said, "you will dismiss all thoughts of marriage—for the present, I mean. It will be all, I am afraid now, than you can do, Loyd, when the post office and the pension are gone, to get bread for your mother. If you marry, you can't tell how many claims there may be upon you. But don't be discouraged, my children; cast your care upon the Lord—something may turn up—waitblessed are they who wait in faith."

Both promised to wait, and both, as they new revolved their promise, religiously resolved to abide by it, cost what it might.

Their painful meditations were interrupted by a knock at the outer door, and Loyd admitted Major Perrit, one of his neighbors, and one of those everlasting meddlers in other affairs, who, if a certain proverb were literal, must have had as many fingers as Argus had eyes.

"I am sorry for your affliction, ma'am," said he, shaking Mrs Barnard's extended hand, while a sort of simpering smile played about his mouth in spite of the appropriate solemnity he had endeavored to assume; "don't go out. Miss Paulina—what I have to communicate is interesting to you as well as to the widow and son of the deceased."

"Another time, sir," interrupted Loyd, who could not conceal how much he was annoyed by the officiousness and leading manner of his visitor.

"Excuse me Loyd—I am older than you, and ought to be a little wiser—we must take time by the forelock; others are up and doing, why should we not be?"

Loyd now comprehended the major's business, and paled and somewhat shocked, he turned away; but remembering the intention was kind, though the mode was coarse, he smothered his disgust, and forced himself to say "We are obliged to you, Major Perrit, but I am not in a state of mind to attend to any business this evening."

"Oh, I know you have feelings, Loyd; but you must not be more nice than wise. They must not get the start of us. I always told my wife, [illegible] Loyd, in confidence, your honored father was not cold before Lyman Barton was handing round his petition for the office." It was not in human nature for the old lady to suppress a hem, at this exact fulfilment of her prediction to the poor colonel. "Barton's petition," continued Perrit, "will go on to Washington in the mail to-morrow, and ours must go with it—here it is." He took the paper from his pocket, and, opening it, showed a long list of names. "A heavy list," he added, "but every one of them whigs; we did not ask a Jackson man—there would have been no use, you know; Lyman Barton leads them all by the nose."

Here Perrit was interrupted by a knock at the entry door. A packet addressed to Loyd was handed to him. Perrit glanced at the superscription, and exclaimed, "This is too much! he has had the impudence to send you the petition."

"I could not have believed this of him," thought Loyd, as broke the seal; for he, like his father, reluctantly believed ill of any one. There were a few lines on the envelope; he read them to himself, and then, with that emotion which a good man feels at an unexpected good deed, he read them aloud:

"My dear friend Loyd—Excuse me for intruding on you, at this early moment, a business matter that ought not to be deferred. You will see by the inclosed that my friends and myself have done what we could to testify our respect for the memory of your excellent father, and our esteem for you. Wishing you the success you deserve, I remain very truly yours. Lyman Barton."

The enclosed paper was a petition, headed by Lyman Barton, and signed by almost every Jackson partisan in the town, that the office of postmaster might be given to Loyd Barnard. A short prefix to the petition expressed the signers' respect for their unqualified confidence in his son. Perrit ran his eye over the list and exclaiming, "This is the Lord's hand!" he seized his hat departed eager to have at least the consolation of first spreading the news through the city.

Few persons comprehend a degree of virtue beyond that of which they are themselves capable. It is, indeed in one sense," said Loyd, as the door closed after Perrit "the hand of the Lord; for He it is that makes his creatures capable of such disinterested goodness."

Those who heard the fervid language and tone in which Loyd expressed gratitude, when he, that night for the first time, took his father's place at the family altar, must have felt that this was one of the few cases where it was equally "blessed to give and to receive."

Loyd's appointment came by return of mail from Washington. In due time the wedding-cake was cut, and our village postmaster is as happy as love and fortune can make him.

It was a bright thought in a philanthropist of one of our cities to note down the actual good deeds that passed under his observation. We have imitated his example in recording an act of rare disinterestedness and generosity. It certainly merits a more enduring memorial; but it has its fitting reward in the respect it inspires, and in its blessed tendency to vanquish the prejudices and soften the asperities of political parties.

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SASHES, MOULDINGS, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL DOORS, constantly on hand at Lowest Prices.

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40 TUBS choice Dairy Butter; 400lbs. Pure Leaf Lard; 100 dez. Fresh Eggs. For sale low, wholesale and retail by

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200 BARRELS No. 1 choice [illegible] assisting a part of Bishop Apples, Ba dwin, Greening, Nonpareil, Ripson, Pippin Spitzenbergs, &c.; 100 boxes Layer Raisens, 25 do., be t London Layers, for Table use, and 5 bbls. Currants. For sale

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THE WEEKLY "MAIL."

Enlarged to Eight Pages

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No Increase in Price.

IT is nearly six years since the "MAIL" was established, and during that time it has gradually acquired circulation and influence, which renders it second to no other newspaper in the Dominion. The Publisher takes great pleasure in announcing that he purposes to still further increase this circulation by greatly improving the WEEKLY MAIL during the ensuing year, whereby he hopes to make it

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Special Editors have been engaged for the various departments, and no expense will be spared to make the whole paper

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The MAIL will remain true to the principles it has always advocated, and it is intended to make it, by the aid of such additional strength as ample capital can afford, even a more potent champion of the Conservative cause.

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During the year we will treat our readers to a tour through a portion of Canada, with descriptions of the Homes, Farms, Factories, Natural scenery, &c. Arrangements are being made for illustrating the WEEKLY MAIL during the coming year. Price as before, $1.50 Per annum.

DAILY MAIL 5.00 per annum. Special Agents Wanted Everywhere.

dec29 Address, THE MAIL, Toronto

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THE Subscriber takes pleasure in announcing that the

Dominion Wine Vaults,

LUNCH & BILLIARD ROOMS,

Situated in Mullin Bros. Block, corner Dock street and North Wharf, are now open to the public. The entire premises are fitted up in the most approved American style.

Thankful for past patronage, a continuance of the same is respectfully solicited.

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'The Faith of our Fathers'

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Most popular Book of its kind ever published in this country

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Every Catholic in the Dominion should read it.

PRICE IN PAPER COVER 50 cts., OR IN CLOTH $1.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price to any part of the Dominion.

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FINEST ORGANS IN THE WORLD.

WE refer with pleasure to upwards of 600 of these Beautiful Instruments sold by us in the Lower Provinces during the past four years. They are

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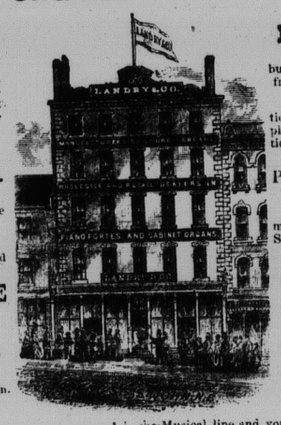

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Write to us for anything wanted in the Musical line and your orders will receive prompt attention.

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ARE A POSITIVE CURE FOR

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They are tonic as well as laxative, and differ from all physical Pills. They are superseding every other remedy for COSTIVENESS and its results, viz:

Biliousness, Dizziness, Flatulence, Headache, Liver Complaint, Oppression of Food, Palpitation, Sick Headache. Also, the Best WORM MEDICINE ever used.

They RESTORE NATURE, are pleasant to take, act promptly, cause no pain, NEVER REQUIRE INCREASE OF DOSE, effect a thorough Digestion of the Food, do not weaken the bowels, require no detention from business. Physicians prescribe them; Clergymen use them; Lawyers recommend them; the Medical, Religious and Secular Press praise them, and every man and woman who has ever tried them advise their friends to use them. Price 30 and 60 cents per box, and sold by druggists, or will be sent to any address, postage free, on receipt of price.

E. S. HARRISON & CO., Sackville, N. B

may23

J. J. MULLIN,

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.,

and a large assortment of

OVERALLS always on hand.

Gents' Clothing made to order in the most Fashionable styles, and a perfect fit guaranteed.

A large stock of SEAMEN'S CLOTHING AND OUTFITS always on hand.

Intending purchasers will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock, before purchasing elsewhere.

Portland Bridge, North Railway Track.

M'DONALD & HATFIELD,

Custom Tailors and Clothiers,

HAVE REMOVED

TO

MARSHALL'S INSURANCE BLOCK,

Cor. of Market Square and Princess William Street,

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GENTS' GARMENTS made to order at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

NEW GAS-FITTING

AND

PLUMBING ESTABLISHMENT,

JAS. CAMPBELL,

for the past 15 years in the employ of Mr. Thomas Campbell, wishes to inform the public that he has commenced business on his own account, in his Shanty,

South Side King Square,

opposite the Fountain, and, being determined to use none but the best material, is prepared to guarantee all work done by him. Orders respectfully solicited

THE BEST PLACE

TO BUY YOUR

Boots and Shoes

IS AT THE

Portland Boot & Shoe Store,

where you can get anything in the Shoe line as cheap as any house in the Trade. I have on hand a large stock of Men's Kip, Coarse and Calf Boots of our own make, hand made, which will be sold at very low prices.

dec22 H. BOWLES.

HAWKES BROTHERS,

Dealers in

Ales, Wines and Liquors,

48 GERMAIN STREET,

AND COR. KING SQUARE & SYDNEY STS.,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

nov8

HAVANA CIGARS.

Just received from New York:

THIRTY-FIVE M. Lareal, LaUnion, El Horcon and Moses CIGARS, in Regalia Finas de L Reinas, Princessas, Infantas and Londres.

Daily expected from New York.

45 M. Regalia Espanolas and LaUnion CIGARS in CONCHAS and REYSINAS.

The above lots I will sell very low to the trade.

M. A. FINN,
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nov17

WM. MARTIN, Jr.,

Custom Tailor and Clothier

HAS REMOVED

TO

60 MILL STREET,

(Opposite Old Stand,)

SAINT JOHN, N. B.,

WHERE HE WILL CARRY ON THE BUSINESS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

WHISKEY.

Just received ex "Hibernian," from Liverpool

8 QUARTS GLENLISSA WHISKEY;
[illegible] Gorse Highland "
16 " Hay barn "
20 " " "pts"
20 " Old Irish "

For sale low, by

M. A. FINN.

NEW WHOLESALE & RETAIL

WINE STORE.

M. & H. GALLAGHER,

No. 8 Charlotte Street,

BEG to inform their friends and the public at large that they have opened the Store next to the one at present occupied by them for Groceries, where they will be most happy to have all their old friends, and as many new ones, give them a call.

By strict attention to business, and keeping the Choicest and Best

Wines, Brandies, &c.,

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M & H. GALLAGHER.
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City Contractor,

No. 201 Waterloo Street.

Estimates furnished for Excavation of all kinds.

A slate will be kept at E. HANEY & CO., Booksellers, No. 49 King street, and orders left there will be promptly attended to. jan8—1y