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ORANGE AND GREEN.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease—
Erin thy languid 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,
Few boldly in the breeze
In mighty chorus meeting
A hundred voices join,
And life and drum are beating
The Battle of the Boyne.

Ha! to'rd 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 righteous 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 us 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.
Full 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,
And Wexford town was ringing
With shouts of "Granua 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 of the ocean,
Do see the clansmen burn on
And fall into wild commotion,
An Orangeman alone.

"Ay, fairly he said, "is honor
And fair his bonny hand,
Would shame your cruel band
Will warm, love and over
He changed my heart and brow
And I am a grown lover
Of peace and Young Nol now.

"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 fatal own.
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 slowly turning,
Addressed the wandering crowd,
With fervent spirit burning,
He told the tale aloud.
And pressed the warm beholders,
Their 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 than 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 the 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, as it was, the colonel. Those who had seen an income of a few hundred dollars well administered in rural life, can form a conception of the comfort and even, nay, luxury, it will procure. Food, the staples of life, space, pure air, 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 pampered, 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 adopt 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 the 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 testimings our "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 smile's 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. Barnard proceeded without heeding the emphasis on she. "He has all these 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 do to take care of his mother." "Can I not