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"LET THE UNION MEN STEP TO THE FRONT"

Advance the old flag, the glorious old flag,

Let the Union men step to the front,

The good man and true, who fought the

And blood 'n' the battle's red brand,

Every man to his post in the great Union

With faith no disaster can daunt,

Till victory once more, shall crown as

The invincible banners of Grant.

Let traitors and knaves, their liars and

The cowards, take a back seat,

They stand in the way, to obstruct and

The Union restored and complete,

Who did no good deed in her uttermost

But all through the war did not cease

To exert in her word, and rejoice with her

Can hardly be trusted in peace.

What, then, shall the shrine of our goddess

Which the life-blood of heroes has

Shall the sacred fane, be despoiled, and

To be a temple of knaves be awarded?

The blood of the slain, shed on ocean and

Defending her honor and fame,

And the bones of our bravest, from dis-

Would rise up and put us to shame.

Then up with the flag, the glorious old flag,

On turret, and on bastion, and wall!

Engrave on each fold, in letters of gold,

"Protection and Freedom to all!"

Four bloody captivities have washed out

That clung like a leech to the

We loved it of yore, but we love it still

That's free from all blemish and spot.

Four billions of treasure, and blood without

Measure,

We paid for our country's salvation;

We honor the dead, shall it ever be said

We dishonored the faith of the nation?

Each sacrificed life, and up in the strife,

Immortal shall be through all time,

And the money we spent, so trustfully lent,

Shall be paid to the very last dime.

Our mosses they slew, who brought us safe

From our Egypt of bondage and night,

And through the Red Sea, cast a path for the

Till the fair land of hope was in sight,

But still had reason to thank God that

A Joshua had left for our head,

Who from bloody strife dealt blow upon

Till rebellion was baffled and dead.

On the great Western waters, through sieges

And slaughter,

Traversed a highway of flame,

Till the nation, so sad, took heart, and was

And the rebels grew pale at his name.

We rejoice in the story, now part of our

How he fought the good fight, "on that

How he ceased not to press, through the

Till victory had crowned his design.

Then fling out the flag, the gallant old flag,

On bastion, and window, and wall,

And let its proud motto be, "Justice,

Equality,

Protection and Freedom to all!"

Close up the lines, advance the ensigns,

Let the Union men step to the front!

Every man to his post in the great

For the Union, with Colfax and Grant!

MADE WHOLE.

I was not a summer child, the light

That greeted the dim eyes of my boyhood

Was the sombre grayness of a winter

gloom.

I believe that then my groping soul must

have felt that love for cold and snow which

has clung to me and grown with all my

after years.

At twenty-five I am in love only with this

world of ours that has been kind as a

mother to me. Warm within me is an in-

exhaustible kindness toward humanity and

yet I do not realize that I am perpetually

dependent upon that humanity.

Some influence of the years of my child-

hood may have stamped upon me that

characteristic for I was always a lonely

child, with father and mother—all who

would have loved me to the world of hu-

man beings—dead before I knew them. A

lonely child, tended with the promptness

and softness of love. But I regret nothing.

Womanhood, my art, have brought a sweet-

ness my early years never knew. With

these foaming waters of wintry gray at my

feet, with the sleazy sands stretched far

down the bay, I sleep with my soul with a

tenderness others can not interpret.

I am happy—the hope, the future,

bound within me, and divine love itself

grows with every frosty wind over my

sweeping cheeks.

So I stood that winter day on the bleak

beach of Hull, recalling, without regret,

the past of my life, looking forward with

gladness to my future. I had achieved a

beginning in art. Colors had already be-

come my loyal servants, and obeyed me

with fealty that no other art could

command. The snow increased every

moment, and now that in around me like

some white, misty veil, I stood and

pressed on, retaining my steps with breath-

less toil. I have no name for that which I

felt then, save that it was an impression

which I could not describe—"something

which urged me back, I did not know

what I went for, and I passed with diltat-

ing eyes as I pushed on past the place where

curved in the road beyond the gate I saw

some unrecognizable body, thickly

covered with snow, making unsteady efforts

to rise.

In that first instant not an idea of what

body might be illuminated my brain

in the next I saw it was a horse, which

had slipped and fallen, and was slipping

again as he tried to rise. I swung

open the gate and went forward. A wind

from the ledge drove me back, as if with

a warning that this way I must not tread.

But I heeded not the wall. The next mo-

ment I half stumbled over a human body,

lying close to the corner. With a whitening

of lips, with a sudden pressing together of

hands under my cloak, I turned with a

wild, supplicating face oceanward, as if be-

seaching my friend to help me bear

this horror, for I thought the man dead.

I shrank shudderingly, but I knew that

over this unknown man I must bend, and

render to him what offices of humanity

were in my power.

In that hour I felt that I were all alone

in the world of gray whiteness—I and the

single object that lay still at my feet. I

stood and lifted his cap, which was

pressed down over his face.

Though that face was still as the rocks

above me, an unerring instinct told me that

it was not dead, and that it was conse-

quently my duty to save this man. As one

turns back to a fair feast, and shrinks from

the unknown future—skeptical concerning

that gloom which he can not read—so I

stood with hesitating and trembling above

this stranger that lay at my mercy. I knew

that I should do all that I could to assist

him, but my knowledge was an inex-

pliable shrinking.

The horse had risen at last, and stood

with head drooped above his master, and

again I stopped, and now I took the

thickly gloved hand in mine. I drew off

the glove, and chafed the hand with snow,

wondering if it were not better to leave

him and go to the village; but that was

not to go back to the marsh, and I dared

not to do so. I trembled and longed to

fly, with a curious dread as of a new dis-

covery upon me. I could do nothing to re-

vive him; I had no stimulants with me,

and dropped his hand, still hardly able to

decide if I should leave him and seek aid

elsewhere, or if I should remain and wait.

The horse raised his head and snuffed at

something more than animal pleading in

the subdued life of his large eye. In that

moment the horse seemed more human

than anything else in that snowy drear-

iness.

With a quick impulse I reached up and

touching the soft, warm face, and I was

foolish enough to think the touch gave me

a sensation of invigoration; it was the

contact of bounding, warm life, while

around and about me was the chill of ice.

"Do not fear," he said, "a moment,"

that pleading voice said to me.

A faint stir of the snow-covered breast

of the man, a tremble of the pale lips, and

I waited with hurrying pulses for those

lips to be raised, when I should see what

name of man I had found in that snow.

The feeble eyelids lifted; a ray of light

came to me from eyes whose color I could

not then see—whose expression was only

one of bewilderment and weakness.

He looked at me, and now I turned to

him, and for his mental powers to return

to him, and for his mental powers to return

to him, and for his mental powers to return

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The storm had just begun; it bid fair to

last several days, and I could not see a sick

man depart from my door. I wished him

some good, but that it might bless

him elsewhere.

Mary appeared, trembling softly.

"He's come, and wishes to see you,"

were her words.

I felt that she followed me with curious

glance as I left the room.

He lay on the sofa; his head was bound

with a handkerchief, and, looking at him,

for the first time, I really saw him. His

eyes, now looking unnaturally large, were

gray, with a varying sea-green for the

iris, and they looked gravely at me,

holding my gaze as a child's will do.

He motioned me to a seat near him, and

I sat down, a sense of shame for my inhosp-

itable thoughts coming over me.

"Even a sick man is hardly to be par-

doned an intrusion into such a place as

this," he said, in a low, meliolic voice;

"and I do not wonder that I trouble you

greatly. Is there a hotel near?"

"They are all closed at this season."

"I am sorry."

He shaded his eyes with his hand, and

looked at me with a steady gaze.

For the first time, I spoke with heart-

felt emphasis, and some indescribable beam-

ing light shone from his face as he heard me,

then, I left the room, and, looking

at the picture on the wall, I was

still musing. "It is true that I can not

will leave in such a storm until I am

stronger. Until then I must crave your

kindness. I was fearfully ill a short time

ago; therefore the slight accident which has

befallen me is the effect you see."

He ceased speaking, and I who had

nothing to say, sat silent, with eyes dropped

to my lap, where my hands lay in listless

position.

"My horse?"

"He has taken care of," I replied.

"I have in my thoughts done you an in-

justice," he said. "You had a right to con-

sider your horse your castle."

"On the contrary, I had no right," I said

humbly. "I was not even as hospitable as

you."

"I do not wonder, if I had from the

world to such an industry as this, I should

impudently refuse entrance to all."

He was looking at the large picture on

my wall—the portrait of my winter

lover, for it embodied the wild and win-

try man's idea which was the ideal of my

artist life.

He did not speak in compliment, but in

almost the same manner in which he had

before. He lay silent while,

I ought to present myself to you, for

you are already known to me."

His fleeting and unusual style impressed

me like the sudden appearing and with-

drawing of a beautiful spirit.

"Your canvas is your card of introduc-

tion to the world," he said. "As one

knows an author sometimes by the look of

his written work, so I know you. You are

— and he spoke my name.

I inclined my head without speaking.

His praise that seemed implied, not ex-

pressed, was very pleasant to me. And

whether he had ever written a word, I

know not, but that his soul belonged to