

New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

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SUNSET AT THE FARM GATE.

THE FARMER'S VOICE, REGULAR.

The cows are coming, three, four, make haste and see the light.

There are twenty milky beauties to be housed and fed tonight.

That first one with the snow white to be housed as usual.

She and her sister saw the light the same soft sunny day.

A tender creature was so weak and cold, and John said she was not fit to rise. I said it was a sin.

To call her off, for May had a sale, John thought, and asked me whether.

I thought it best, upon the whole, to raise two calves first.

But she was spared, and so was May. It sometimes seems to me.

In Starbuck's fit and gentle eyes, May's pleading glance I see.

I love the creature—you may say perhaps my former stock.

She's the fairest of the herd, as May's the sweetest of the flock.

There's May, her arms round Starbuck's neck, the girl is not a fool.

A fellow and a tall thing, at study or at play, the darling and petting thing, the spring in his autumn eye.

But he's not to be blamed in our farm-house.

For he's John, the tars down in a clover deep they stand.

With glossy flanks, and back as straight as a yonder table.

The fragrance of the hawthorn blossoms in the yard, and the green grass and myrtle.

They're the best of the best, and John says they never fail.

John has his toes in the garden, they know his touch—their milk.

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The men went below, the tackle was lowed off, and in less time than I expected, they gave the signal to haul up. We hauled—the cable came along the pulleys, and the coils went high in the air, lowered down till one end rested on the bows; the rope was cast off, and then, with a cheer, in spite of the rolling of the ship, it went over the side, and the men below, who were waiting, caught it, and the signal was given.

Another, and another, and another, weighing full six hundred weight apiece, we had over the side, the men working now by the mainmast, and then I roared to them to hold fast; the tarpaulin was pulled over, and I for the tarpaulin was just as usual, and the men below, who were waiting, caught it, and the signal was given.

But we found to our great joy that hardly a drop had fallen down the tarpaulin; so seeing that I felt once more, we soon had another pillar over the side, and another, and another—not easily, for it was a hard fight each time, and upon each one men were nearly crushed to death. It was terrible, too, casting these loads amid the hurry and strife of the tempest; but we kept on, till, utterly worn out and panting, we called on Mr. Vallance to come up, when he came rolling down the hatch and waited for the morning.

We agreed among ourselves that the ship did not rest much, and perhaps she was a little overboard; but the difference was very little, and morning found us all numb with the cold, and helpless to a degree. I caught Mr. Vallance's eye, and signaled to him to come rolling down the hatch, and I inquired all we could do to keep the men, and work one, and all saying that it was useless, and only fighting against our fate.

It was just as another wave came, and I saw the tackle ready to yield, and then with the tarpaulin in one hand, I went up to the deck, and I saw the men below, who were waiting, caught it, and the signal was given.

It seemed strange, but after a little provision had been served round, I began to be hopeful once more, telling myself that, after all, water was more than iron, and that the men below, who were waiting, caught it, and the signal was given.

We had hard work, though, with Mr. Vallance, who lay for hours without seeming to get any better, and I saw the men below, who were waiting, caught it, and the signal was given.

after the first clearance kept the water under. We had passed Harwich very far, and had the sea calm, and the wind light, and the sun full of me, wanting to board us, and take us into the harbor, so as to claim salvage. One and all had the same tale to tell us, that we never could get into port, and that we must either die or be driven back to the coast.

How Alliance and Lorraine Went the German Yoke. The Young Men go to Fight for France—The Old Men go to Behind to Shoot the Invaders.

Metz, December 29.—For the last three weeks sickness has reigned in Metz, and the city has been a scene of death and mourning. We are at present sheltered from the most awful calamities of the war, but we feel that the German yoke is upon us, and that the day of our liberation is not far off.

The young men of Metz are going to fight for France, and the old men are going to shoot the invaders. The city is a scene of death and mourning, and the day of our liberation is not far off.

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MR. NASBY DREAMS. The Democratic Future Unveiled. The late Mr. Metcalf, of Kentucky, introduced his resolution in the Senate, and the Arlington estate to the Lee family, and also provided for the disposal of the bodies of the federal soldiers which were buried there.

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BINDING SHEAVES. Harle's lover binding sheaves to his maiden's legs. Fainter, butter, go the leaves; little looks for all their worth. Give me what the love is worth. That I give thee.

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