

New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

THE SIGNING OF THE BOND.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

At Rocketts pier the bugles blow.

The cheering throngs are on the move.

And as the band strikes up the air.

By James' peaceful tide.

And up the tower the Richmond tower.

The column rises tall.

As if a trumpet to die.

Up Tower-Tyler's wall.

A poor old man, gray-haired and bent.

Amoseth's crooked neck.

He sees the captured capital.

And as the bugles sound.

Where, in his power, the standards blow.

Unfurled at his command.

They wave and flutter.

And give the foe the lie.

Now silently the people peer.

Who used to cheer his name.

And as the bugles sound.

And he who ruled, an empire's chief.

Must make his peace.

They bring him to the traitor's court.

And as the bugles sound.

And even the judge looks down in grief.

Like any man who has been wronged.

The lawyers wait to tell his crime.

The jury waits, the judge looks on.

By his own hand, he has signed.

To see a strong man scolded.

Then one stepped out from all the throng.

And said, "This must not be.

My pen shall write his name unjust.

Shall write his liberty.

On your hand the grass is green.

With pleasant music increase.

So green be all the fields of war.

And all our days, peace.

"I dare not test him lest he scape."

Each foot stands now a citizen.

A look for every man.

Let kindly laws be made.

And victory do no crime.

For hand in hand we must walk.

Down all the paths of time."

They marvel much who loved him not.

That quiet man to see.

Whom none the people children knew.

An ancient enemy.

And though some checked his loving zeal.

With many a word of scorn.

He made the rebel chief's heart.

The North had still to beat.

MR. AND MRS. MEYER.

BY NOBA FERREY.

They are playing *Le Desir*! "Tum, tum,

tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum,

leaving an imaginary

waltz in a white dress, and the

perfect time with hummed words and

the band in the hall. "Tum, tum, tum,"

and the owner of the white glove put out

his hand, and the lady looked at him

and said, "You are so handsome!" She

let him draw her arm within his own, and

went in.

"Tum, tum, tum" and down the elastic

floor he glided, and the lady looked at

him and said, "You are so handsome!"

and the soft lace fluttered in the air, and

the soft hand lay like a little bird in

the young man's hand.

"Tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum,

and away to the flute, violin, bassoon, un-

winding those Beethoven kinds of sound with

twinkling feet and airy motion.

"The more they play, the more the skirts

of tulle and tarlatan and lace settled into

stiffness, drifting away like a mountain mist

over the arm of the laurel and the chalked

space on the floor.

"Pretty creature, she is!"

"Leeds thinks so," and the two gentlemen

moved off through the rooms.

Another gentleman—a quiet, well-bred,

conventional-looking man, with a

colloquy, glanced up from his tete-a-tete

with a sort of Flore Meyer girl, and

regarded the "pretty creature" and her

companion with a kindly tone—did he

know and recognize all? He only said:

"Yes, I wanted you a moment, Kate."

So she came back, gathering her dress up

and stepped down upon the

fauteuil opposite him.

"I only want to tell you, Kate, that I am

going to take the early boat for New York.

Ray has been so surprised to know of it

that he has written me, and may have to

take the steamer to Europe."

He watched her closely as she said this—

so close that he saw the tremor in her

lips, and he saw the light in her eyes.

She received the news

with a surprise, and she said, "I have

no business, trouble; was glad there

was no one who would be glad to see

you as well, and altogether was gently

interested in the news."

"I am troubled for the care that will

come upon you, Kate—the breaking up

in Newport and going back to New

York again; but Ray will transact all

business for me."

"O! don't think of that, Robert. I shall

do nicely. Yes, Ray will attend to all my

wants as well as you. You know when you

were in the city last winter how

prompt he was. It hardly seemed as though

you were away."

He bent over his memorandum book with

a contracted brow, running his finger

down the page in great apparent earnestness,

while she pulled out the falling flowers from

her falling hair, and shook out the soft

light tresses till she was enveloped in a

yellow cloud.

Her husband looked up and thought of

what he had overheard: "Pretty creature,

isn't she?" and "Leeds thinks so."

Perhaps that was why he said:

"Are those the flowers Mr. Leeds sent,

Kate?"

She roused to animation.

"Yes, aren't they beautiful! and so rare!

See, there is a sprig of Cape jasmine, and

these Spanish lilies and English lilies. I

forgot, you don't take an interest in flower

varieties."

"Leeds has quite a passion for these

things, hasn't he?"

"O, yes, and a fine taste. He promises

to help me rearrange the conservatory this

winter, and it will be such a thing for me."

A little sigh came from behind the

memorandum book. Then Mrs. Meyer

started, saying, kindly, "But how stupid I

am, Robert! Tell me if you want any

thing attended to that I can do before you

go."

"No, dear. I shall lie here on the

lounge, it is so late now, and Wilson has

packed my things, and given orders for

coffee at five. No, there is nothing to be

done, and you are tired and a better go

out to your room. I'll write from New York.

So good night and good-by."

He put out his hand, and she came and

pressed his hand, and she said, "I shall

be glad to see you when you are back."

He bent down to receive her kiss, and his

lovely cloud of air falling round him. Slipping

his other arm around her, he held her

gently a moment longer, but did not speak.

She was looking at him earnestly as he

released her and said:

"You are fretted about leaving affairs at

home, Robert. I assure you I can manage

the work, but I don't believe you'll have to

go—I hope not, but I am sure you'll be

self if you do, and don't fret about us here,

and give my love to Mr. Geer."

She had got half way up the stairs, when she

turned back, and said, "I shall be glad to

see you when you are back."

And she went up the stairs, and she

spread an sighful light over him, and

with another good night, tripped away, un-

consciously humming a bar of *Le Desir*.

"The more they play, the more the skirts

of tulle and tarlatan and lace settled into

stiffness, drifting away like a mountain mist

circle was up in arms because it was the

most unheard-of, absurd, ill-advised thing—

a foolish love-match, and not a cent to keep

the peace of the family. And Drake, with his

romantic way, calling it "splendid," and

"an example every man and woman

ought to follow."

"W! don't you follow, then?" Dunn

asked him.

"Me!" twisting a maize-colored glove

round the whitest finger sending out a

diamond sparkle. "I'm not a marrying

man."

"You are a theorist, Drake; that's what

you are."

Drake grew vehement; declared himself

willing to act upon his theories if the occa-

sion required.

"Only give you a chance, eh?" Dunn

replied; "the chance of an *affaire de cour*."

I'd like to see you do it, Drake; I wish you

could have the chance of a man like me. In

agine Egerton Drake living on a bachelor's

income with his Florida, my friend."

And Matt Dunn picked up the maize-colored

glove, and gently stroked its mellow soft-

ness.

Drake was getting annoyed, and Mr.

Leeds, who had been an interested listener,

said:

"What was it that threw that sudden spell

of silence over the group? Was it the sud-

den passion that, ranging through the young

man's tones, or the vivid flush that rose to

his cheek, or the swift glance that fell upon

the fair hostess, or all three together? For

a door had opened, as it were, into some

unexplored tragedy. And over its threshold

they saw

"A speck of fire that lit the place."

Mrs. Meyer alone seemed unstartled from

her repose. She sat there with the little

hands clasped together in her lap, her

eyes down, and with a certain hush about

her that was like a guard from evil.

Mr. Dunn, recovering himself first, tossed

the maize-colored glove back to its owner

with a certain pause, and then the monetary

pause, and sent the conversation on again.

And they stayed long enough to change the

tone into another channel. But as they

were sitting there, through the open door

last, lingered a moment over the pretty

fair hand; and then in his curious, grave,

sweet manner, gave his favorite charge,

mixed with a little merry speech that

clothed the matter in a graceful way, and

he was happy.

For a moment soft, wistful eyes looked

into his with a shy expression of doubt

but she said, "I don't believe you'll have to

go—I hope not, but I am sure you'll be

self if you do, and don't fret about us here,

and give my love to Mr. Geer."

She had got half way up the stairs, when she

turned back, and said, "I shall be glad to

see you when you are back."

And she went up the stairs, and she

spread an sighful light over him, and

with another good night, tripped away, un-

consciously humming a bar of *Le Desir*.

"The more they play, the more the skirts

of tulle and tarlatan and lace settled into

stiffness, drifting away like a mountain mist

over the arm of the laurel and the chalked

space on the floor.

"Pretty creature, she is!"

"Leeds thinks so," and the two gentlemen

moved off through the rooms.

Another gentleman—a quiet, well-bred,

conventional-looking man, with a

colloquy, glanced up from his tete-a-tete

with a sort of Flore Meyer girl, and

regarded the "pretty creature" and her

companion with a kindly tone—did he

know and recognize all? He only said:

"Yes, I wanted you a moment, Kate."

So she came back, gathering her dress up

and stepped down upon the

fauteuil opposite him.

"I only want to tell you, Kate, that I am

going to take the early boat for New York.

Ray has been so surprised to know of it

that he has written me, and may have to

take the steamer to Europe."

He watched her closely as she said this—

so close that he saw the tremor in her

lips, and he saw the light in her eyes.

She received the news

with a surprise, and she said, "I have

no business, trouble; was glad there

was no one who would be glad to see

you as well, and altogether was gently

interested in the news."

"I am troubled for the care that will

come upon you, Kate—the breaking up

in Newport and going back to New

York again; but Ray will transact all