

New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

THE VOICELESS.

Where the broken lyres that rest... Where the sweet wailing strings number... But their silent strings are dumb...

CAPTAIN HAYDEN'S STORY.

BY EMMA MORTIMER BARSON.

Dacre and I messaged with our Colonel at Fort Leavenworth. The Colonel was a splendid fellow, but I didn't think much of his wife... I opened my eyes at something in his manner...

observed before that a dark form he could have been... "Anything wrong?" I asked. He gave me a black look and went out through the window upon the piazza...

My face flushed, but I saw that he was dying... "Forgive me, then, Hayden," trying to raise his feeble hand. I took it. "I will not forgive you, no. I would not have accused her if I had not been loved...

SONG OF THE SWORD. BY CHARLES THEODORE KORSER. Sword at my left side gleaming... Why is the keen blade beaming... To-night be on mine!

JIM JOHNSON'S JIBBER. BY VIATOR. Jim Johnson journeyed jovially into town on the first morning of the fair, and jogged up to the nearest horserack and hitched his jibber. To have called Jim Johnson's horse a jibber to his face—Johnson's, not the horse's—would have made him raving...

WHEN FIRST WE LOVE. BY S. B. ROVE. When first we love, you know we seldom wed... Time runs us all. And out are hope we lost... The time when we are old we cannot choose our lot...

years he had brooded over the sufferings of his order, and he was ready for the more... "Pass round the world," he said, in emphasis to the men, "and I will come to the next meeting..."