

New Orleans Republican. OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES. OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS.

ANALYTI. BY H. W. LINDSEY. Sweet memory is to me of a land beyond the sea...

In the middle of the town, From its fountain to the hills, The tumbling river gorge The Carnato rouses down...

'Tis a stairway, not a street, That ascends the deep ravine, Whence the water is seen...

Where are now the freighted bark, From the masts of bark and West? Where the knights of the sea...

Walled about with drifts of snow, Bearing the heavy north wind blow, For such would be the case...

OLD TIMES ON THE MISSISSIPPI. BY MARK TWAIN. "Sounding"—Facilities Peculiarly Necessary to a Pilot.

When the river is very low, and one's boat is in the channel or a few inches more, as was often the case in old times...

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glides out into the gloom and fades away in the remote distance. One trip a pretty girl of sixteen spent her time...

Tom was passing on, but he quickly turned around at the head of the boat. "Now just for that, you can go and sound the pole yourself..."

"Who wants you to get it? I don't. It's in the sounding boat." "It ain't, either. It's been new-painted; and it's been on the lady's cabin guard two days..."

"Oh, how awful to have to go out in that little boat on such a night! Do you think there is any danger?" "I would rather have been staked. I went off, full of venom, to help in the pilot's work..."

"Well, I don't understand this. I believe that buoy has drifted off the reef. Seems to be a little too far to the left. No matter, it is safest to run over it anyhow..."

"There! the paddles have ground the sounding boat to lumber matches! Run! See who is killed!" "The main deck in the twinkling of an eye. My chief and the third mate and nearly all the men were safe. They had discovered their danger when it was too late..."

"Why, the Sunflower don't sink until—" "I know," she said, "she has three years before that. It was the day in December; Asa Hardy was captain of her; and his brother John was first clerk..."

"Such a memory as that is a great misfortune. To it, all occurrences are of the same size. Its possessor can not distinguish an interesting event from a commonplace one..."

"A pilot must have a memory; but there are two higher qualities which he must also have. He must have good and quick judgment and decision, and a cool calm eye..."

judgment and decision, and a cool calm eye. The growth of courage in the pilothouse is a slow and steady thing...

Mr. B— served me in this fashion once, and for years afterward I used to blush even in my sleep when I thought of the incident...

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THE BRITISH POLAR EXPEDITION. BY JEROME GREEN. At Fredericksburg, on that dread day. First the doctor, then the surgeon...

Not long they waited for the sound that told the drift berg. He had to the right side. He had to the right side. He had to the right side...

Of all the thousands lying round, Close locked in death's embrace, What one, who all were brave and true, Had dared to stand up to the sea...

A letter to the Cleveland Leader tells the following thrilling story: I succeeded in reaching an altitude of nearly 10,000 feet...

The gigantic crater is about one mile in diameter and 4500 feet deep, and almost incredible to believe, but nevertheless true...

"I heard the door close behind me," looked around me, and saw a man in a white coat, a blank, sweet smile. Then the audience on the hurricane deck sent up a shout of humiliating laughter...

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bottom of the pit about half past four in the afternoon of the 21st. Everything that could be seen, they hid their new made but long-to-be-remembered friend, Corchado, farwell, and set out to return, accompanied by four Indians...

The Papal Attack on this Continent. If any of our readers have supposed that in our several articles of the past week explaining the combined attack of the papal hierarchy against the educational system of this country, we have anything exaggerated or set down aught in malice, we cannot deny it...

It is still and quiet now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his rattle, but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees...

A French Romance. The Paris Figaro tells the following French story of a young Frenchman, the Count George de Montmorency, a beautiful girl of his own station, Mathilde...

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