DEATH.

At last I see that death is but
A door in darkness swiftly shut,
A dropping out of warmth and light,
A sense of unresisted blight,
To sink into beamless night.
To life and love, and sight and sound
Death is indifference profound.
No more sweet hope, or wild despair,
Or gentle rest, or tender care;
No more to laugh, no more to weep,
No more sweet human joy or grief;
Only a calm beyond belief;
A calm, but not the calm of sleep!
Death is to be awake forever!
To love and be beloved never!
To be a pulseless shadow, hurled
Down the dim gulf that spheres the world;
'Tranced in a maze of tintless thought,
Where nought is found and nothing sought;
Slipped from warm life's remotest link,
Death is supremely this—to think!

—Zadel Barnes Gustafson.

AN HOUR WITH LONGFELLOW.

A Chat Between the Author of "Hiawatha" and an English Nobleman, Lord Ronald Gower.

[From Vanity Fair, London.]

Dear Vanity—A friend of mine, whose title and family name are both floral, and who appreciates and is appreciated by the Americans, hearing that I had made acquaintance and consequently a lasting friendship, with Sam Ward (or as his friends, who are legion both in the old and new world, call him, "Uncle Sam"), wrote that to know the aforesaid Sam Ward was in itself "a liberal education!" Those of my readers who have been at the Brevoort House, Fifth Avenue, New York, will not require to be reminded of the invariable kindness and courtesy that all Englishmen experience at the hands of Uncle Sam, and for such as have not had the privilege of making his acquaintance, I can only say that the sooner they go to America and do so the better for them.

I had been taken by Sam Ward to see a day's racing on the new course at Jerome Park, a four-mile drive out of New York. A prettier race-course I never saw, but my acquaintance with race-courses is of a limited kind, and I dare say Goodwood would be reckoned a finer one. Jerome Park is in a valley, admirably laid out and planted. A serpentine race-course winds in and out of the plantations. The stands are as smart as those of Longchamps, and much more comfortable.

A pleasant, idle day was closing in; the last race, a steeplechase, had been run, won and lost, and as we were making ready to return to town Uncle Sam suddenly remarked that I could not think of leaving America (I was going in a couple of days back to England) without paying Longfellow a visit.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," I replied; "but how is one to get to Boston, a ten hours' railway journey, visit Longfellow and return to New York, to-day being Wednesday, and my boat sailing on Friday?"

"Nothing simpler," Uncle Sam responded. "We will leave New York to-night by the 10 o'clock train, breakfast at my club in Boston to-morrow morning, drive over to Longfellow at Cambridge, catch the midday train and be back in New York to-morrow night; that will give you time to pack up, and as go you must, time to start on Friday morning for England."

The same night (after dining at the best of restaurants, Delmonico's), we passed in a Pullman car, and found ourselves at 7 the following morning in Boston—the most English-looking town in America.

On one side of a park, which is not unlike our St. James', runs a street lined with handsome private dwellings and clubs, that made one half think one had been suddenly transplanted to Piccadilly. In one of these clubs (the Somerset), a most luxurious place, we breakfasted as only one can in America or Paris; for here every meal is a study, and this was emphatically a "square" one. Then we drove over to Cambridge, a pretty town of villas about four miles from Boston, where lives the greatest of American poets. Within a short distance of the house we met Longfellow, walking with one of his daughters. Although I had only seen that "good gray head" once before, and that ten years ago, I recognized him even sooner than did my companion, who, however, lost not a moment in embracing his old friend, for Sam Ward and Longfellow have been fast friends half a century or more.

If asked to describe Longfellow's appearance I should compare him to the ideal representations of early Christian saints and prophets. There is a kind of halo of goodness about him, a benignity in his expression which one associates with St. John when at Patmos he blessed his followers and brethren, saying, "Little children, love one another." Longfellow's house has a historical interest attaching to it apart from its being the poet's dwelling, for it was here that Washington had his headquarters after the battle of Bunker's Hill, and the room which tradition says was occupied by the General was, curiously enough, the same which Longfellow first inhabited when, a new-fledged professor at Cambridge, he lodged here in 1837, little expecting that this house, then let to various lodgers, would one day be his. In this historic chamber (on the second story) the earliest of his poems were written; here the translations from old Spanish and German poems were made, and here his "Outre Mer," the first series of the poems that made his name known throughout the world of literature, was penned. The building, which is known as Craigie House (from the name of a former proprietor, once apothecary general of the Northern Provincial Army) is not unlike in character to many an old mansion about Chiswick and Richmond of the time of Queen Anne and George I.

The grounds in which it stands are said to be beautiful, but I saw nothing of them, for our visit being necessarily a very short one made one not inclined when once in the poet's study to leave it, even were the gardens of Armida close at hand; but on entering and leaving Craigie House I noticed some fine old trees, venerable enough to have given shade to Washington and to have dropped their leaves at his feet more than a century ago.

The walls of the entrance hall are lined with wainscoting and the staircase is of dark old oak. On the landing stands an ancient clock that must, I should think, bring one of the best known of Longfellow's poems into the mind of every visitor. Almost involuntarily on seeing it one repeats the lines on "The Old Clock on the Stairs."

The poet's study is on the right and on the ground floor; this room also rejoices in ancient wainscoted walls. Here are no modern decorations, no modern wall papers, no new fangled furniture; above the chimney-piece is placed one of the circular diminishing mirrors that our grandparents liked so well; this is crowned by a golden eagle with outspread pinions, but whether the bird is emblematical of America or not I cannot tell.

The poet's study table—the anvil on which so much precious ore has been hammered out—occupies the middle of the room. It is littered with books and papers. The latest arrival I saw from Europe was the new edition of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads." German and French literature are well represented, as well as English on the well-filled shelves of the book-cases that line the walls of Longfellow's sanctum.

By the side of this table stands a statuette of an elderly man in a long frock coat, his hands placed behind him. This is said to be the best likeness of Goethe extant. On the walls are portraits of relatives and friends of the poet. Had I the power that the late Nassau, Sr., possessed to such an extraordinary amount, of being able to remember and set down conversations, I should write a more interesting account than this one I fear is; but, not having it, I must be content with merely recording that for upward of an hour I listened to as pleasant a conversation as I ever remember to have heard between these old friends. Mr. Ward's flow of recollections and reminiscences is amazing, and Longfellow, though no great talker, proved himself to be what is almost rarer—a capital listener.

Longfellow spoke as if his journeying were [illegible] as if he should not return to the old [illegible]; his impressions of his travels in Europe, the first of which he made more than forty years ago, are pleasant ones. There are certainly few places in Europe which could be more attractive to the poet than his home in Massachusetts. Longfellow has had the rare fortune of being thoroughly appreciated in his own country and in other countries during his lifetime; how different, probably, would have been the career of Byron, of Keats or of Shelley had it been thus with them! It would be presumptuous for me, and out of place, to do more here than to allude to the universal popularity of Longfellow's works where English is spoken; I believe it is not an exaggeration to say that his works are more popular than those of any other living poet. What child is there who has not heard of "Excelsior" or of "Evangeline," of "Miles Standish," or of "Hiawatha?" What songs more popular than "The Bridge" and "I Know a Maiden Fair to See?" Or who after reading the "Psalm of Life" or the "Footsteps of Angels," does not feel a little less worldly, a little less earthly? The world indeed, owes a deep debt of gratitude to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Bidding me note the beauty of the autumnal tints that make America in the "fall" look as if rainbows were streaming out of the earth, Longfellow presented me with a goodly sample of the red and golden leaves of the previous autumn, which, although dry and faded, still glowed like gems; these leaves I brought away with me, and they now form a garland round the poet's portrait—a precious souvenir of that morning passed at Criage House.

Many years ago Cardinal Wiseman alluded to Longfellow in words that bear repeating: "Our hemisphere," said the Cardinal, "cannot claim the honor of having brought him forth, but he still belongs to us, for his works have become as household words where the English language is spoken. And whether we are charmed by his imagery, or soothed by his melodious versification, or elevated by the moral teachings of his pure muse, or follow with sympathetic hearts the wanderings of Evangeline, I am sure that all who hear my voice will join with me in the tribute I desire to pay to the genius of Longfellow."

Uncle Sam and myself got back that evening to New York, and the following day I was on board my steamer, bound eastward ho over "those three thousand miles of everlasting wet."

The Pope's Way of Living.

[N. Y. Tribune.]

Pope Leo XIII rises winter and summer at 6 o'clock, and generally celebrates mass in his private chapel. At 7 he takes a cup of coffee or chocolate, with an egg beaten in it. After this he takes a walk, either in the gardens of the Vatican or in the galleries. He looks and comments on everything like a true and subtle observer. Nothing escapes his notice. At 8 he receives his Secretary of State, Cardinal Nina, and the day's business begins. He signs documents and letters, and receives in audience, firstly, the cardinals, then apostolic congregations, then ecclesiastics who have been granted a special audience, and then he receives secular Catholics. According to the length of the audiences the dinner takes place. His dinner is very frugal. It consists of chicken broth, mostly; then the boiled chicken is served. He rarely eats other meats. He likes pears and cheese. He drinks a couple of glasses of red wine. He does not take coffee after the meal. After dinner he sleeps awhile, on his arm-chair mostly. He then enters his study and confers with his under-secretaries, writes, signs and reads petitions, gives orders. He then takes another walk, but accompanied this time by a suite of cardinals and other familiars of his court. When tired he sits in the first arm-chair or other seat he meets with, and then the walk changes into a conversation or literary lecture. The Pope is very learned in literature, both Italian and French. He speaks elegantly. He has an excellent memory, and sometimes recites verses of Lamartine and Victor Hugo. He does not read many newspapers. On his writing-table may always be seen the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Nuova Antologia*, of which he peruses a few pages when he has time. On another table lies open Treves' large Bible, illustrated by Gustave Dore. Occasionally when he rises from his table he casts his eyes on the volume, and sometimes he remains in contemplation before it. After this second walk the Pope returns to his apartments and remains an hour in reading with his chamber-prelate, and then he resumes public business for the last time in the day. During the evening he gives his attention to the interior arrangements of the Vatican. At 10 o'clock he generally retires to his bedroom.

The Late Col. Chilton.

Col. R. H. Chilton, who served as an adjutant general on the staff of Gen. Robert E. Lee during the late war, and who died suddenly in Columbus, Ga., Tuesday, was born in Virginia, over sixty years ago, and was a cadet at West Point from July 1, 1833, to July 1, 1837, when he was graduated and promoted in the United States army to the rank of second lieutenant in the First Dragoons. From the date of his appointment up to 1839 he performed frontier duty at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and the Osage country. During the latter part of 1839, and up to 1841 he was stationed in the Choctaw Nation and at Fort Gibson and Fort Wayne in the Indian Territory. On February 21, 1842, he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant in the same command, and after doing additional frontier duty, accompanied the expedition to the Falls of the Brazos, Texas, in 1844. Returning to Fort Gibson the same year, he remained there until 1845, when he was again ordered to Fort Leavenworth, where he remained until his regiment was summoned to the front in the war with Mexico, a year later. During that conflict he participated, as a captain, in the battle of Buena Vista, fought on February 22 and 23, 1847, and was appointed brevet major for gallant and meritorious conduct on that occasion. While again engaged in frontier duty during 1849, Major Chilton took part in a skirmish on the Platte river, near Fort Kearney, Neb., on October 29. Between 1850 and 1854 he was stationed at various forts on the frontier, after which he became an attache for a short period of the pay department in Washington, with the rank of paymaster. He was subsequently stationed at New York, Detroit and San Antonio. On April 29, 1861, he resigned his commission, and entered the Confederate army, where he served with great efficiency.

The Last of the Seminoles.

[Gainsville (Ga.) Dispatch.]

John, an Indian man, was killed here on last Saturday by Henry Emery, a negro youth. John was a good-humored, harmless fellow, and for years had been spending the winter months in this county. His camp for this season is on Dr. Porter's farm, and he came in on the day of his death, leaving his squaw at camp. In a drunken dance he trod upon the toe of Henry E., who threatened to stab him if he did it again—a threat he summarily executed upon a repetition of the offense, plunging a knife into his breast several times. The poor red man refused to have his wounds attended to, started back to his camp, and was found dead next morning just out of the corporate limits, and it is said he could have been traced from where he was wounded to where he was found by the blood. The negro was jailed, without the benefit of bail.

Cadaver Poison.

[Detroit Lancet.]

It is said that the natives of Australia and New Zealand are familiar with the deadly properties of putrid animal matter and that many of their poisoned arrows and spears are simply smeared with the liquids from a putrefying corpse. According to Taflin the Narringeris, who inhabit the lower Murray district of Australia, frequently procure the death of an enemy by this poison. The instrument employed is called *nieljeri*. It is a sort of a spear, whose tip consists of a sharp-pointed piece of a human bone, six to eight inches in length. This is poisoned by plunging it into the flesh of a partially decomposed human body and tying about it a bunch of hair or feathers saturated with the fat of the decomposing body. It is easy to understand how the slightest prick from such an envenomed point might prove sometimes, if not uniformly, surely and speedily fatal.

Soards' 1879 City Directory is what every live business man must have. Send for it at once.

For Carolina Clay Peas call on George Heck & Co., corner Poydras and Tchoupitoulas streets.

For the brain, fish. What kind? Shadines.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic stimulates the digestive organs and adds tone and strength to the stomach.

UNCLE BEN.

A SCENE IN EAST FELICIANA IN 1875.

CLINTON, La., February 17, 1879.

To the Editor of the Democrat:

Several years ago when passing through Port Hudson en route for Clinton, I left a book on the centre-table at the house of entertainment kept by Mr. Joseph Baehl. The volume recently reappeared upon the shelves of my library. Skimming over its pages a few days since, the manuscript which I send you dropped upon the floor. As it depicts with some spirit and tolerable accuracy a scence in our interior life during the evil days of the Kellogg usurpation, it is placed at your disposal, assuring you at the same time that the portrait of "Uncle Ben" is so life-like that your readers in this parish will not fail to recognize it. CLINTON.

PORT HUDSON, La., February 20, 1875.

Editors of ——

On a cold, drizzling day, a short time since, your correspondent embarked on the train from Clinton to Port Hudson. A few miles west of Clinton, at a point called Brown's station, the train stopped. Near the road stands a small country store, into which I penetrated without any special invitation, with the less hesitation because of the sound of a crackling fire and animated conversation within. The scene, on entering, presented a number of farmer-looking men in rough attire, each with his newspaper, earnestly and animatedly discussing Kellogg and taxation, Sheridan and soldiers, the staples just now of every assemblage of the unhappy people of this wretchedly governed State.

In the circle around the fire sat an aged gentleman listening attentively to the fiery comments of his neighbors upon the cheerless political situation, each of whom, in closing his remarks, appealed to the old gentlemen with a "What do you think, Uncle Ben?" Thus repeatedly called on, Uncle Ben cleared his throat and commenced in a mild and rather expostulatory tone to give his experience.

Now, perhaps, you would like to learn something more about Uncle Ben. He is an old soldier of Chalmette—a fine old fellow with a heart full of love for his God, his country, his family and his friends.

Uncle Ben cleared his throat and commenced: "Boys," said he, "your experience of governments is nothing by the side of mine. If you had *my* experience you might see things in a clearer light. I have," said he, diving deep down into the wallet of his memory, "lived under the Spanish government, under the Federal government, under the Confederate government, under a military government, under a civil government, and under no government, and now," he continued with startling emphasis, "I am *trying* to live under a d—d usurping carpet-bagger's government."

Here Uncle Ben paused for want of breath and for want of words to do the subject justice; the boys exchanged sly winks and smiles at the ludicrous discordance between the mild philosophy of the exordium and the stormy emphasis of the peroration, and a suspicion of the same sort dawned upon Uncle Ben, mad as he was.

"Boys," said he, resuming, "I have lived under all these govern*ments*, and I have seen the rough places on all of them chipped off by the unerring blows of the chisel of freedom, and I never lost hope and faith either in the providence of God, or in the intelligence and patriotism of the American people; but somehow when I approach this Kellogg business, I weaken on both; it is such an impudent swindle, such a shameless fraud and imposture, that it should have been swept away as easy as an offending cobweb by the indignant breath of a free people, and so it would have been if there was as much health and vigor in the Republic as there was when I was a boy!"

Here the whistle of the locomotive recalled the passengers to the train, which was about to leave, and as your correspondent was leaving Uncle Ben was still engaged in his explanatory remarks—still trying to tone down the blazing fireworks of his closing in better consonance with the milder lights of his opening experience. Did he succeed in explaining the discrepancies of his rhetoric to the satisfaction of "the boys," his neighbors? Or did they, sympathizing more with the old man's wrongs than with his exculpatory logic, just excuse him, considering the grievous provocation? And the offending word, was that, too, written down against the old man? Or did the recording angel, charitably weighing the heavy provocation, "blot it out of the tablets with a tear?" LOCRI.

The Negro in the South.

[Senator Lamar in the North American Review.]

"I will indulge in neither invective nor denunciation. I will simply take the late government of South Carolina or Louisiana, or other States under similar rule, and describe it in language that Mr. Blaine may himself select. When he has told his history I will ask him whether he would willingly, as a patriotic American, desire to see his own State, or any other of the free States, reduced to such a level? I am not afraid of his answer, or that of any man who has been bred under the traditions of a virtuous civilization. Then I will say to him: This, it is true, is a painful result; but when you put the ballot in the hands as an ignorant negro majority as a means of education and progress, you must be patient while they learn their lesson. We of the South have borne all this because we knew that the reaction must come. It has come. The results which you see to be so bad the negro has seen also. He has come back to us with the same blind impulse with which a few years ago he fled from us. He may be as ignorant a Democrat as he was an ignorant Republican, but years must yet pass before the ballot will have educated him fully into self-reliant, temperate citizenship; and what we of the South have borne our friends of the North must bear with us until the negro has become what we both want to make him. This is part of his education. * * * But all this while the ballot has been educating the negro. He has learned that he was a power between Republican and Democrat. He is now learning rapidly that at the South he is a power between Democrat and Democrat, and in the late election he made that power felt in the result. I would have preferred a much less costly tuition; but such as it is it has been paid for, and if Mr. Blaine will patiently trust his own theory he will find the ballot in the hands of the negro the best defense and the best educator. But as the South has been patient, so must he be patient. As the South has chafed ineffectually when that vote was all against her white people, so will he chafe ineffectually when it is now largely for them. * * * When Mr. Blaine admits that disfranchisement is impossible, and that the ballot has been, in spite of all drawbacks, a benefit to the negro, he really proves that there is no organic question affecting great national interests, but simply the subordinate question. How rapidly is the ballot fitting the negro for the full enjoyment of his citizenship, and what influence does his vote exercise upon the supremacy of one party or the other in national politics? This latter may be an interesting question, not one which should disturb either a sound national sentiment or great national interests. I do not propose to discuss it. I am of opinion that to make the negro a free citizen it was necessary first to take him from his master. Then it became necessary to take him from the party which claimed his vote as absolutely as his master had claimed his labor. The next step will be to take him as a class from either party, and allow him to differ and divide just as white men do.

The Patience of the Chinese.

[London Vanity Fair.]

The reception of the Chinese at St. Petersburg by M. de Giers was attended with an exquisite piece of diplomatic cruelty. As is well known, the demand of the Chinese for the retrocession of Kuldja is based upon the assumption that the rule of the green dragon has been re-established throughout the length and breadth of Kashgaria, this being the only condition that can give China a right to assert her claim to the province of the river Ili. When, therefore, Tchoun Koi presented his credentials to M. de Giers and expressed a wish that his long journey might be prolific of results agreeable to Russia and China, one can imagine his feelings as M. de Giers' dragoman, Mr. Pestchoureff, very quietly read aloud a telegram from Gen. Kauffmann, announcing that Hakin Khan Tura had invaded Kashgaria with 1000 men, and that a large strip of territory near Tourfan had fallen into his hands. The envoy, however, proved equal to the occasion. "If the news is true," he said to M. de Giers, "the basis of our negotiations is destroyed for the present, but patience is a quality the Chinese are proud of, and my mission can therefore wait at St. Petersburg until the rebel Hakin is destroyed."

FOREIGN NOTES.

Mr. Bentinck, the future Duke of Portland, is about to marry Miss Violet Lindsay, a niece of the Earl of Crawford and Balcerres.

Writing from Tirnovo, a correspondent of the London *Times* says: "The name of Mr. Gladstone is heard frequently here as one of the probable candidates for the throne of Bulgaria."

Master Alfred Stanley Browning Tennyson, grandson of the poets Tennyson and Lockyer and godson of Dean Stanley and Robert Browning, has just been christened in Henry VII's chapel, Westminster Abbey.

The death is announced, in her fifty-ninth year, of Lady Anna Gore-Langton, only daughter of the second Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, heiress presumptive to the earldom of Temple and mother of Mr. William Stephen Gore-Langton, M. P.

Dean Stanley's friends fear that his American trip has demoralized him. He is heard to mutter in his sleep: "Dry up," "Cheese it," "Hire a hall," "Pull down your vest," and other eccentricities peculiar to our native American dialect.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Pocahontas is to have a monument. Up to the present time there has not been so much as a tablet by the tomb at Gravesend, where she lies, as certified by the following entry in the register: "1616, May 21, Rebecca Wroolfe, wyffe of Thomas Wroolfe, gent., a Virginia lady borne, was buried in the chancel."

The Hon. Francis Smith, in his speech introducing to the Home Secretary a deputation of anti-cremationists, observed that "cremation was said to be pursued in the East, but he did not care to imitate the habits and customs of those who bury their dead in the holy river of the Ganges."

Sir John Astley, who made the wager that Weston could not walk 2000 miles over English roads in a certain time, sent an agent to watch for deception. *Bell's Life* contains a letter from this agent, who says that Weston was twice caught riding in a wagon. Sir John refuses to longer countenance the affair.

A Birmingham manufacturer has received from his agent in Turkey the following order: "One of my customers is in want of a dog-skinning machine. You have probably seen or known such a thing. Through this machine, holding the dogs, when still alive, in a few minutes the skin is off them, and the dogs also killed thus, without giving them much torture. Please send drawings and lowest price, etc."

The standard for royal artillery gunners in the British army has been raised to the height of 5 feet 10 inches, which has had the intended effect of nearly stopping the supply of recruits in that line. The lowest infantry standard is 5 feet 6 inches, which shuts out a great number of applicants of 5 feet 5¼ inches or thereabouts, the average height of candidates.

The heavy duties imposed by the Italian customs on foreign tobacco make smuggling so profitable a trade that the frontier population of Switzerland are leaving their occupations by hundreds in order to engage in the business. Last year, in the district of Cemo alone, 37,000 kilos of tobacco were confiscated. The fines collected amounted to 2,500,000 lire, and, in default of payment, many persons have been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. The penalty for smuggling a single cigar is 70 lire. A lire is worth a little more than 18 cents in our currency.

Dr. Bertillon has published another statistical "etude" in France to prove that matrimony is more favorable to longevity than celibacy. Between the ages of twenty-five and thirty the annual mortality per thousand in France is ten bachelors and six married men, and the same disproportion is observable later on, diminishing, however, with advancing years. Between forty-five and fifty it is twenty single men to eleven Benedicts. Widowers die with peculiar rapidity, the figures in the twenty-five to thirty year class being twenty-two to six married men. After passing the age of twenty-five, married women die off less rapidly than spinsters, and the mortality of widows is by no means as great as is that of widowers.

An English correspondent with the Afghan forces visited a Dumbki headman, whose court-yard was a dunghill, while dirty, half-naked ruffians formed his personal *entourage*. A rag of canvas—probably a stolen camel-cloth—served him for the "carpet" of Eastern travelers, and his water bottle and pipe were of the meanest description. On the canvas rag, however, was lying a symbol of chiefship, a splendid sword massively mounted in gold. The correspondent showed the chief a revolver and a breech-loading rifle and explained all the parts to him. The simple wild man was greatly interested and surprised, and when the correspondent had made an end of speaking, replied blandly, in excellent English, "Yes, I thoroughly understand breech-loaders."

Tilden Not the Most Popular Candidate.

[Savannah News.]

As far, then, as the Southern States are concerned, it is safe to say that Mr. Tilden is not, by any means, the most popular candidate for the Presidency who could be presented in 1880, since he is, to a great degree, regarded here as having timidly abandoned us to the Radicals in 1876. If this idea is hereafter removed by a better knowledge of the facts as they existed, the sense of justice to him as one cheated of his office by fraud, bribery, and a traitorous conspiracy, and then as one who had been basely maligned and villified by his political enemies as the impersonation of Democracy, must tell in his favor. And if the national Democracy, in convention assembled, believe that these latter reasons for his nomination outweigh all others, then the South will accord him once more an undivided support.

The South Carolina Senatorship.

[Baltimore Sun.]

Mr. Corbin, the contestant for the seat in the Senate now held by Mr. Butler, is not well pleased at the manner in which some of his Republican friends treat him. Don Cameron has informed him personally that he will vote to keep Butler in, as, it is said, have two or three other Republican Senators. Intimations have been made to Mr. Corbin that he ought to content himself with a good allowance for expenses, and that the Senate will readily vote this to him. He says he will not be put off in this way, and that he intends to force a vote on his case, and if Republican Senators choose to go back on him, let them do so.

Gen. Charles Albright has decided not to contest the seat of Major Robert Klotz, Democrat, as Representative in Congress from the Eleventh District of Pennsylvrnia.

The Milwaukie (Wis.) Sentinel says that Senator-elect Carpenter is utterly opposed to any legislation favorable to silver. He is against silver as a part of the currency of the country.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* says that at a recent election in Wyoming Territory, in which woman suffrage prevails, a fellow running for town clerk bribed eighteen female voters with a single pound of chewing gum.

Everybody takes it, or should—Soards' 1879 City Directory. Send to office for it immediately.

Lady seeking recreation,
With the one you love,
When you plan the nice collation,
(Never forget shadines.)

For Carolina Clay Peas call on George Heck & Co., corner Poydras and Tchoupitoulas streets.

To give tone to the stomach and stimulate digestion there is nothing like Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic.

A PLACE OF PEACE.

The crane, o'er seas and forests, seeks her home;
No bird so wild but has its quiet nest,
Whence it no more would roam;
The sleepless billows on the ocean's breast
Burst like a bursting heart and die in peace,
And thus at length find rest.
Doubtless there is a place of peace
Where my weak heart and all its throbs shall cease. [Shelley.

THE NEWEST THING IN DANCING.

A Description of the Redowa Glissade and the Polka Bohemian.

[New York Sun.]

The "Society of Professors of Dancing" had its beginning in this city about three weeks ago. Such a society has long been talked of. Mr. Dodworth, of Fifth Avenue, and Mr. Brookes, the old dancing master of Broome street, put their heads together as long ago as 1840, but for one reason and another the consummation of the scheme was always delayed. The object of the society is to bring about an identical method of teaching among the masters. It is formed upon the plan of the "London Society of Dancing Masters," and the "Societe Academique de Paris." It is to be exclusive in a measure, and a master, in order to get admission to it, must be backed by a well-understood respectability, as well as by a proficiency in his especial art. The applicant for membership is summoned before an examining committee, and the inspector of the society subjects him to a rigid technical examination. If, then, his respectability is assured, he becomes a member, and pays his initiation fee and his dues from time to time, and once a year the society purposes to give a ball, whose profits are to be given to charity.

Mr. Brookes, sitting in the tidy dancing hall which he constructed out of a Welsh Presbyterian church a great many years ago, shed some very interesting light, while discussing the new society yesterday, upon a number of matters that have not been popularly understood. He drew attention to an advertisement wherein it was announced that the society had introduced two dances denominated the "Redowa Glissade" and the "Polka Bohemian." One of these, the master said, is not intrinsically new, but it is a new combination. The redowa held possession of the floor for over thirty years, and then gave way to the "glide" waltz. Two years ago, however, the redowa began again to come in vogue; it was very popular, and, indeed, some of the masters, himself among the number, never entirely abandoned it. It was joined with the "glissade" or sliding side step, in the new combination.

"You must understand," the master continued: "that there is not a step used in dancing that has not its definite technical name. By the use of these names I can instruct at the same time pupils of whatever nationality; the terms are universal, just as in music the 'do,' 'ra,' me,' 'sol' are understood all over the world. The words used to denominate the steps in dancing are French. For instance, when I wish to tell a pupil to hop on the right foot I say, '*Jette* on right,' and when I wish to tell him to hop on the left foot I say, '*Jette* on left.' This term 'glissade' denotes a double glide, sliding one foot and then sliding the other foot up to it, each of which movement is termed a '*glisse*.' Two *glisses* make one *glissade*. In private dancing we use about twenty technical terms, of which these will serve for examples. The new dance, the 'redowa-glissade,' is made up of three redowa and two *glissade* steps when it is done quickly, or of three redowa and one *glissade* steps when it is performed slowly.

"The Polka Bohemian," the master went on to say, "is just what its name implies. It consists of the old heel and toe polka, with *glissade* steps—two *glissades* and the turning of the three-step polka. Let me give you a little sketch of the polka, which is a dance less than fifty years old. In 1830 a Bohemian peasant girl, Anna Slezark, who lived in the village of Elbeteinitz, performed one summer afternoon at a merry making a dance of her own invention, and sang a suitable tune to it. The village schoolmaster, Joseph Neruda, who happened to be present, wrote down the melody, and the following week it was performed by the students and the village maidens at Elbeteinitz. In 1835 the dance found its way to Prague, and there it was firest called "pola," from the Bohemian work *pulka*, which means a "half," on account of the numerous half or short steps of which it is made up. Four years later the dance was taken to Vienna by a music band from Prague, under the leadership of Pergier, and in 1840 Real, a dancing master of Prague, danced it with great success in the Odeon, at Paris, after which it spread with rapidity all over Europe. It had not been very long in vogue on the other side when Dr. Thier, a musical amateur in Paris, sent the music and a description of the dance to Thaddeus W. Meighan of the *Daily Aurora*, a man and a paper well-known at that time in New York, and Mr. Meighan brought it to me. I was then ballet master at the old National Theatre in Chatham street, and I first danced the polka in this country with Mary Ann Gannon, in that theatre on the tenth of May, 1844."

Mr. Brookes said that sixteen dancing masters had taken part in the formation of the new society, which it is contemplated to make a national institution.

FLETCHER'S FLIGHT.

Further Details of the Baltimore Elopement—The Lieutenant Already Under a Cloud.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19. The *Star* of this evening gives the following further particulars of the elopement of Lieut. Fletcher, of the navy, and Miss Bailey:

"Lieutenant Fletcher and his wife are well known in this city. Both are residents of the District. The full name of the lieutenant is Arthur H. Fletcher. His father. Dr. Fletcher, still lives here. He was connected with the medical department of the army in this city for a number of years, but is not so connected now. Lieut. Fletcher is No. 14 in the list of two hundred and eighty lieutenants in the navy. He was born in England, appointed from Ohio, and is put down on the naval register as a resident of this District. He entered the service in 1861. At present he is under suspension for drunkenness and desertion. He was suspended in September, a year ago, for two years. His suspension will be up next September. He had previously served out another sentence for similar offenses. The offense for which he is now suspended was leaving the Huron. He was attached to that vessel. While she lay at Port Royal, S. C., without leave, he went ashore on a spree and did not return. The Huron sailed for Norfolk and shortly left that port and was wrecked on the coast of North Carolina. If he had stayed on the vessel he might have been one of the lost. When court-martialed for the offense he wrote a long letter stating that the reason he left the ship was because he had a presentiment that she was to be lost. The fate of the Huron had, he said, been revealed to him in a dream. This excuse had no weight with the court and he was suspended for two years. His actions have sometimes suggested the idea that he was not of very sound mind, though he is by no means considered insane. He figured in a number of instances in this city in private theatricals, being quite an amateur actor. He is also credited with being something of a Spiritualist. His wife from whom he eloped in Baltimore is a very estimable lady. The family had been in that city but a short time. Mrs. Fletcher is now in this city with her father's family. Her father is Dr. H. Nichols Wadsworth, a well-known dentist. He resides at the corner of Vermont Avenue and L street northwest. The elopement will create quite a sensation in Washington society.

California Race Horses.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle, Feb. 10.]

Racing here is at such a low ebb that not only are we unable to attract any celebrities to our tracks, but we are really on the point of losing for a time the most of the few good horses that have imparted some spirit and animation to them. Thus we find, as Mr. Sanford and Mr. Lorillard send large drafts from their stables to England to compete in the races there, and to represent a grand stock that mainly comes from Diomed the winner of the first English Derby, and Glencoe, whose fame on the English and American turf will never fade, our fast and staunch horses are going East to compete for more liberal premiums than can be offered here. Chicago has a new association, and at its inaugural meeting in June next California will be grandly represented, Lottery and Mark L. being entered there, while Mr. Baldwin's stable will be in great force, with its best and speediest horses. The following are the entries made by Lou Martin, who is in charge of their entertainment at the Santa Anita Grounds: For the Illinois Derby, Lexington, by Lexington, dam Volga. For the Illinois Oaks, the chestnut filly by Glenelg, dam Reagan; the bay filly by Glenelg, out of the Nun, and Experiment, by Monarchist, out of Cornflower. For the Trial Stakes, all the above entries. For the Inter-ocean Stakes, Lexington and the Glenelg Nun filly. For the Allerton Stakes, Glenita, by Glenelg, dam Lark, and Blossom, by Virgil, dam Blunder, both four-year olds. For the Garden City Cup, Clara D., by Glenelg, dam the Nun, four years old, and Mollie McCarthy, by Monday or Young Eclipse, dam Hennie Farrow, six years old. Omitting Mr. Pritchard's stable, these constitute the very flower of California stock, and it is hoped that Mr. Baldwin's and Mr. Schwartz's will ably represent our State on this occasion. One thing is to be regretted in the programme of the Chicago meeting, and that is that no fillies are allowed in the Illinois Derby. This is a great mistake that ought in the future to be rectified, as, if this venture should prove to be successful, our great stables would like to enter their fillies as well as their colts in these important stakes. It is possible that some of the above mentioned cracks will be sent to Saratogo and afteward to Jerome Park and Baltimore, as Mr. Baldwin has entered three or four of these in the principal stakes. In the meantime we must look forward with hope to the first meeting of our own Blood Horse Association in May next.

The National Surgical Institute

Will send one of its most experienced and popular surgeons to New Orleans on the fifth of March, 1879, to remain one month.

Bringing assistants, workmen and material, from the Home Institute, he will be fully prepared for fitting up and applying the various kinds of apparatus so successfully employed by them all over the Union. These braces and appliances are invented by Dr. H. R. Allen, the founder of the institute, and are manufactured from actual measurements of the patients and applied only by duly authorized surgeons of the institute staff.

At the late Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia these braces, instruments, receivers and other appliances, came into competition with apparatus for like purposes from all parts of the world.

The following is the report of the awarding committee:

The United States Centennial Commission, after a thorough examination of all the exhibits made at the Centennial Exhibition, have decreed an award of the highest premium, medal and diploma to the National Surgical Institute, for the following reasons:

1. It was found that the collection contained many hundreds of most valuable apparatus and appliances, of original invention and design, which by actual trial had proven to be the best in use and greater in number than all other exhibits combined.

2. It was also found that they were of superior workmanship, the metallic portions being highly wrought in steel, nickel, silver and gold, with the most beautiful trimming, padding and upholstering, making them exceedingly light, comfortable and beautiful, far surpassing everything on exhibition.

3. And above all was their peculiar and ingenious adaptability for each and every deformity and deficiency of the human body; for in this alone is the secret of their great success in the cure of cases requiring them, anticipating, as they do, every conceivable requirement and complication, combining ease with comfort to the patient, while correcting the deformity, of which the following is a brief synopsis:

1. For originality of invention or orthopedic appliances.
2. For beauty of workmanship.
3. For adaptability to all purposes designed, and for variety of appliances for meeting different indications.
4. For a very ingenious bath chair, for administering hot air and medicated vapors.

Signed by group of judges:
J. H. THOMPSON, A. M., M. D.
C. B. WHITE, M. D.

Signature of the judge:
DR. ERNST FLEISCHEL, Austria.

Surgeons, physicians and delegates from France, Prussia, Brazil, Australia and other foreign countries, give voluntary and highly complimentary testimonials to the National Surgical Institute, not only for superiority of apparatus, but for originality, practicability and success of the methods of treatment, as witnessed by them at the Eastern division, in Philadelphia.

The coming visit to New Orleans is in fulfillment of an implied promise, made on the occasion of our last visit, in February, 1878, and also in response to numerous letters and personal appeals from friends and from persons who wish to avail themselves of the benefits, at home, of the special treatment of the Institute. The length of the visit will enable the surgeon to receive and treat to a successful termination, cases of piles, fistula, many diseases of the eye and ear; cases requiring plastic operations, etc.; paralysis and resulting deformities; club-feet, hip-joint diseases, curvature of the spine, diseases of the joints and deformities in general will be treated. We urge the importance of calling early. Will occupy the same rooms as last year, No. 166 St. Charles street.

The Glorious Right.

[Chicago Times.]

The brains of the Missouri Legislature are wearing away in the study of a bill to "prevent municipal, county and State officers from becoming intoxicated." There oughn't to be any difficulty about its passage. It doesn't deny the glorious right of becoming fuddled to legislators themselves.

A Genuine Case of Intimidation.

[Springfield Republican.]

South Carolina has at least one officially proved case of political intimidation, but two Republican colored brothers are the sinners. They burned a Democratic negro's barn. A jury of eight Democrats and four Republicans agreed that politics caused the fire, and life imprisonment is the penalty.

What Zachariah Knows.

[Boston Post.]

Zach Chandler is free to say that he would be glad to see his election dispatches of 1876 printed in all the Democratic papers of the country, because he knows too well what was done with them.

There are deserted towns in Nevada, but they are not old ones. A few years ago the population of Hamilton is said to have been nearly 8000; of Treasure Hill, 6000; of Shermantown, 7000; of Swansea, 3000. All were incorporated, with mayor, council, fire departments, and daily newspapers. Hamilton has now about 100 inhabitants, most of whom are merely waiting in dreary inaction for something to turn up. Treasure Hill has about half as many. Shermantown one family, and Swansea none. In one canon of the Toiyabe range, near Austin, are five dead towns without a single inhabitant. The streets and blocks graded on the hillsides are rapidly falling back into the wilderness.

Nice law point recently raised in Houston, Texas: Candidate promises voter a pony for his vote and influence. Pony falls dead on the street while being taken to his new owner. Health officials desire voter to abate nuisance. Voter declares the pony was not completely in his possession; also, that it never was out of the candidate's, the bargain being void as being corrupt.

The latest statistics show that the debts of the States of the Union amount in the aggregate to $345,197,000. Massachusetts takes the lead, and is followed in a descending scale by Alabama, Virginia, North Carolina, New York, Tennessee, Pennsylvania and Louisiana.

The ocean produces what—shadines.

Send to Directory office at once for your 1879 City Directory, and thus save time and money.