TWO GEORGIANS.

The Characters and Persons of Robert Toombs and Alexander Stephens.

ATLANTA, Feb. 9.—Yesterday an old and rather life-worn looking figure walked slowly into the hotel office, and, without appearing to notice anybody or anything about him, sat down in a cushioned chair, drew his broad-brim slouched hat over a mass of gray locks that always go uncombed, champed the unlighted cigar held half its length concealed between his lips, and seemed so utterly oblivious to the remarks and gazes that were directed toward him that one would suppose he had fallen into a deep reverie. Fancy him sitting there, his head slightly bent toward his chest, eyes nearly closed, legs crossed, one hand grasping a plain gold-headed walking stick and the other hanging limp over the knee that supports his arm, a black coat and waistcoat that reveals beneath his unshaven chin a shirt of the olden times—that is, with collar made to it and fitting close and high up around his neck, around which is tied a plain black cravat with the ends hanging down upon his bosom, and you have a view of Robert Toombs of Georgia. Such is the imperious leader of secession, and the now rapidly fading remnant of unreconstructed Confederacy.

How changed his aspect now from the fiery and lordly form and face that fanned the flame of discord into the conflagration of war twenty years ago! For, I verily believe, no man in the South had a stronger hold upon his people than he, and certainly none wielded that influence with more ardor and vehemence. From the time when he telegraphed from Washington to Georgia the appalling message: "I have submitted propositions, and they were treated with derision and contempt. It is decisive against you now. I tell you upon the faith of a true man that all further looking to the North for security of your constitutional rights ought to be instantly abandoned and secession thundered from the ballot box," Gen. Toombs has not changed one whit in his estimation of the Federal Government. He is sullen and defiant, and will be while life lasts. He will not become a citizen of the United States, but declares he lives only for his native Georgia, and owes allegiance only to her and her institutions. When asked why he refused the pardon offered him by the Government, his wrinkled face wore a look of scorn as he replied: "Pardon me! Why, d——n 'em, I haven't pardoned them yet."

He had been seated in the hotel only a few minutes when, as is always the case when he is in the city, a number of gentlemen approached him, saying: "How d'ye do, General?" and shook him by the hand. Soon a circle of friends gather around him to hear him talk, and as different topics are brought under discussion and conversation begun by some allusion to an incident of a speech or campaign of some politician, the old fluency and vivacity return to him, and, instead of a sour and gruff old man, he proves to be full of mental life and activity.

It is a common sight to see him, flushed with wine—for he drinks steadily—sitting with this crowd, eagerly catching every word, and occasionally giving forth a volley of laughter at some queer expression of vehement profanity.

There seems to be no limit to the range of his knowledge, especially on affairs of political history and in general relations of Governments to each other. Though this remarkable man is 67 years old, and has been drinking hard for nearly half that time, the power of his intellect has stood the shock seemingly unimpaired. He is wealthy now, and does not care for professional work, yet so confident are railroad and other corporations in the accuracy of his counsel that they seek him at his home in Washington, Ga., and pay princely fees for legal advice.

Wonderful combination of nobleness and depravity! Nearly every sentence is embellished with low and gross profanity, yet his learning, his reasoning, and the lustre of a mighty intellect command admiration from those who deplore his infirmities and condemn his relentless animosity toward the United States Government. "I deem it no honor," said he, "to be a citizen of that Government which was fool enough to give to a million of ignorant and liberated negroes all the rights and privileges of American citizens, including the ballot box, which, when placed in the reach of the low and ignorant, will overturn any good Government."

But for a man to study, for an object to look at, for a political record to admire, go to the Executive Mansion and see Alexander H. Stephens, and then muse over his career. "His frail form and wrinkled face," says one who has been his associate for a long time, "look pretty much as they did some forty years ago." And it is true. For more than thirty years Stephens has been an invalid, "with only a few weeks to live," say the reporters; but the faithful servant who carries the plain little man about the house in his arms says he feels a little "heavier now dan he useter." This is a queer sight to one first visiting him, to see a young negro take the Governor of Georgia in his arms, and lift him across the street and into his carriage like a baby. But this ninety pounds of bone and flesh (mostly bone) has been through a terrific ordeal. A poor farmer's boy, a college student, school teacher, lawyer Congressman, Vice-President of the Confederate States, author, historian, and Governor, he has made thousands, was never married, yet to-day he is a poor man, barely able to keep up on his salary. He has given away more money and educated more young men and children (some of them negroes) than any man in the South. He has had fortunes offered to him for a trifling effort on his part, but refused them all because he was honest and conscientious. Calm, thoughtful, and compassionate, he forms a striking contrast with Toombs, who, notwithstanding his clashing views and diverging policies, has always been the warm and devoted friend of "Little Alec." While Stephens pleaded for the Union, Toombs urged its dissolution, and when it was all over Stephens hastened to accept the situation in good spirit, and has until this day labored to restore confidence and accord and allay bitterness and hate.

These two men were boys together, and in the zenith of their manhood were often arrayed against each other at the bar. "Let us adjust these grave difficulties by methods of peace," said Stephens, "not by human sacrifice and flame. This secession is an act of madness and folly designed to overthrow the Government under which we have been fostered, and it has neither my vote nor sanction." Toombs wanted to "trust in the God of Battles and the blood of the brave for security and tranquillity." The South followed the fury of Toombs, heedless of the cool reason of Stephens, and lost all.

Frail and aged, Alexander H. Stephens works ten hours each day. He has just completed a lengthened address to be delivered at the approaching sesqui-centennial celebration at Savannah. But the most striking characteristic of the little Governor is his frugal and plain way of living. The mansion inside is the same old "Liberty Hall" of Crawfordville so often described as the home of everybody that chose to come. No pompous ceremony, no glitter of wealth, but so simple and free and easy is everything, that the visitor feels comfortable and ready for a chat with the bright old man.

The home of Toombs is magnificent, but not ostentatious or garish. Plain rich furniture, costly library, and ceremonious servants to obey every order like pages at court. Intensely devoted to his family, he cares nothing for public criticism, glorying in his attitude of the lone, single unpardoned rebel. He is a fossil of a great epoch in our history, but represents absolutely nothing now. His worshipped image, the Confederacy, fell, and his power and influence fell with it.

Stephens has climbed along slowly and surely for fifty years, and it is only now, in a ripe old age, that he reaches the zenith of his career, both in the public estimation of his statesmanship and in the love and confidence of his people. Toombs, by the grand flight of a daring spirit, stood upon the summit of his life's greatness twenty years ago, and that monument is now of the past. It stands not in the pale of recent years. His life, as a citizen, is aimless; as a public man, his name can live only in the narrative of a fierce convulsion.

Stephens was conservative, Toombs rebellious. The storm of war came thundering upon the country, and Toombs was its genius. Peace came again, and Stephens was its fostering agent; both survivors of a cause that fell while in their hands. J. E. P.

MAKING SPARTANS OF THE GIRLS.

An Astoria German's View of the Usefulness of Gymnastic Exercises.

"Would you like to see our Spartan girls?" an Astoria German said to a reporter.

The reporter replied that he would. The gate leading to the Turn Verein building in Astoria was closed, and the reporter was led through a beer saloon and a back yard to the side entrance of the building. On entering he saw a capacious hall furnished with a variety of gymnastic apparatus. The American and German flags adorned the walls. Fourteen girls, from 8 to 14 years old, were assembled in the hall. They wore a uniform consisting of a navy blue shirt, with a skirt of the same stuff reaching to the knees, blue drawers, red stockings, white linen slippers, and a belt. They were in a merry mood. Some were swiftly sliding over the smooth floor like sylphs, others were jumping like kids, and some were swinging and climbing among the ropes like a troop of monkeys. All screamed and laughed in chorus.

"They are amusing themselves till the teacher comes," said the German.

Soon the teacher appeared, dressed in his gymnastic suit. At his command the girls arranged themselves in line. A regular drill followed. The girls marched in pairs, in fours, and in Indian file. Then they ran, jumped over a string, climbed up a high ladder, swung on parallel bars, and performed military evolutions with light sticks which served as guns.

"These are our Spartan girls," said the German admiringly. "I hope they will be worthy of their ancient prototypes. The Spartan women, you know, used to hand the shields to their sons about to go to battle, with the words: 'Either with this or on this.' Do you think they would have been so brave if they had not taken exercise like this? Our grandmothers used to appear on the battle field to encourage their husbands and sons fighting against the Roman legions. Do you suppose they would not have hidden themselves in the forest at the first sign of the Romans' approach if they had not strengthened their nerves by exercise? I don't think that hereafter women will ever have to appear on the battlefield; yet there are a thousand occasions when a firm hand and a brave heart may be of much use to them, for daily we hear of disasters at sea and on land. Life is a great bliss and a heavy burden, and we believe that only those well trained both mentally and physically can bear the burden and fully enjoy the bliss. So we make Spartans of our girls."

For Governor of Rhode Island.

From the Newport News.

The movement in this State in behalf of William Sprague for Governor bids fair to be more formidable than most people suspect.

TRAINING A PILOT.

The Pertle he Must Face and the Skill he Must Acquire Before he Gets a Boat.

Occasionally a boat keeper is registered at the office of the Pilot Commissioners. It is the first official recognition given by them to one of the crew of a pilot boat who has been sharing the dangers of the pilots for two or three or more years. By sharing these dangers and successfully fulfilling the grave and responsible duties of his new position as boat keeper for three years longer, the man fits himself to report to the Pilot Commissioners for examination as a pilot. Needless to say, he passes, and then has to wait for a boat. This period of waiting was at one time a long one, but is not so now, there being two or three vacancies at present. Once attached to a boat, the new pilot's career fairly begins. Specially selected from a crew, all of whom must possess skill, nerve, daring, and general information of a high degree, he adds to these qualities his experience as a boat keeper, and so is no novice in his new position.

A new boat keeper was registered recently.

"He's like a young bear with all his troubles before him," said a veteran as he buttoned up his heavy pea jacket and started for his boat.

"How so?" was asked.

"Why, in the first place, he is now really Captain of the pilot boat, the pilots, though his superiors, being virtually his passengers. He has all the responsibility of the Captain of a vessel, and, in addition, must give orders to and enforce discipline among a crew of which yesterday he was an ordinary member. He must for three years keep on the good side of the pilots if he wants to get the chances. Many a raking a boatkeeper has got for not bringing the pilot boat into port in what the pilots considered good time. You see the pilots leave the boat one after another as fast as they get steamers or ships to pilot in. When the last one goes the boat keeper's business is to bring the boat back to port as quickly as possible. The pilots have all come in, maybe, on steamers, and are waiting for him. Now, the last pilot may have left the boat 250 or 300 miles out to sea, and a head wind would delay the boat keeper. Then his ears are assailed with, 'What kept you so long?' 'Why didn't you do this, or why didn't you do that?' 'Did you bring up my clothes? No, of course not,' and so on, all of which is calculated to exasperate the boat keeper, especially if he is not to blame. Still, the pilots are pretty careful how they get their jawing tacks aboard."

"How do you get your crews?"

"Oh, they are pretty up anywheres and everywheres. Some are sons and relatives of pilots, and others are born pilots. A man has to come aboard knowing how to handle himself, and it is soon seen whether he has the stuff in him to last. If not, he is at once bounced. The boat keeper three years he in due course becomes a pilot, and is attached to a pilot boat. He now gets his regular share of the earnings of the boat, less certain deductions. One of these is a certain percentage deducted from the gross earnings by the owners of the boat as their share of the profits in addition to their regular share as pilots. It is the young pilot's great ambition to own a share in a pilot boat. He then finds that many a dividend on the boat is passed, as on railroads in Wall street, although it is not to knock the price of the boat down, but to buy new sails, spars, and other equipments needed from time to time."

"Are there any rich pilots?"

"Well, there's three or four pretty well fixed, but as a rule it's a tarpaulin muster for the widow when a pilot dies. Old Callahan is top of the heap in fine, good prosper; but during his forty odd years' experience he hasn't saved much of it out of regular pilotage. He was pilot on the Arago during the war, at $5,000 a year, and also piloted Ben Butler down to blow up Fort Fisher. He and the Russian Admiral Boutakoff saved an English ship once, at the risk of losing their own lives. The gallant deed was greatly applauded. Boutakoff was a Captain then. They are great friends, and the Admiral, when on this coast, always insists on having Pilot Callahan. How long do pilots serve? Well, they die in harness as a rule, and the hat generally goes round, as I said. Our earnings are not as exaggerated. Young men are now coming into the profession, and among them are Swedes and Norwegians, who work very cheap. There is a bill being urged in Congress to abolish compulsory pilotage. Well, the size of that is that if it is done pilot boats, for one thing, won't take the chances they do now in going out to sea a hundred and a hundred miles, but will hang around Sandy Hook, as they did before the present system was in use."

THE WAGES OF LOST SAILORS.

Interesting Cases in which the Owners Have Unexpectedly Turned Up.

United States Circuit Court Clerk Joseph M. Deuel has just paid into the Sub-Treasury $1,840.23, the unclaimed wages of seamen who died, or were lost at sea, during the year 1875. This money was paid into court by Shipping Commissioner Duncan, who collected it from the Captains, who are required by law to pay it over. It has been held in the clerk's office of the Circuit Court subject to the orders of the claimants, or their representatives, for six years. There were fifty-seven names in this list, with claims varying from a few cents to several hundred dollars. The largest claims were those of Frank Johnson, who was lost from the Frolic, to whom there was due $352.25; John Brown of the Mary Woodberg, $107.58; Frederick Bergmann of the S. R. Bearse, $103.90; A. Mawpay of the M. C. Silvery, $163.15. Whenever the relatives or heirs of the lost sailors can be found they are informed of the retention of the money, and they often claim it. In many cases, however, the sailors ship under assumed names, so that there is no way of tracing their relatives. There was one case where a sailor fell overboard and was reported lost, but was picked up by a passing vessel, and recovered his wages from the court a year afterward. The money not claimed is, by law, deposited by the Treasurer of the United States to the credit of the fund for sick and disabled seamen. Before the establishment of the Shipping Commission the unclaimed wages of seamen were retained by the masters, and could only be recovered by the owners with great difficulty, and often not at all. Now the money may be reclaimed at any time upon the presentation of proper proofs to the court.

The court also retains the wages due to seamen reported as deserters. Only in rare instances are such wages claimed. In one case, however, a man was reported as a deserter who had $20 due him. He came to the office and proved by his own testimony and that of a messmate that he was not a deserter. On the contrary, the Captain deserted him. He was discharging cargo in port and his leg was crushed. He was under medical care for seven months. The captain refused to pay what was due, and reported him as a deserter. The Court was satisfied that he was not a deserter and his wages were paid to him.

There is no provision of law for the printing of the list of unclaimed wages, but copies are always kept by the Shipping Commissioners, the United States Circuit Court Clerk of this district, and the Treasurer of the United States.

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THE DEEDS OF THE JAMES GANG.

A Catalogue of Crimes for which the Ex-Bandit, Frank, May be Called to Account.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 14.—The ex-bandit, Frank James, who began a star engagement in the Criminal Court in Kansas City the other day, has appointments enough ahead to last until he is a tolerably old man, even if his calculations of acquittal or pardon in each case prove well founded. No sooner is he done with one indictment than out pops another from some dusty pigeonhole, like Jack out of the box.

When he arrived in Independence in October last with a good send-off from our eccentric Governor, the only indictment known to be on file against him in Jackson county was for the robbery of the Independence Bank. But while his friends were discussing the question of bail their attention was called to another Grand Jury document charging him with having assisted in the murder of one of Pinkerton's detectives in March, 1874. The prosecutions on these two indictments were dismissed for lack of evidence, but before leaving the court room the lawyers agreed upon the fourth Monday in May for trial on a third indictment, alleging that he helped to rob Express Messenger Fox of $500 at Blue Cut in September, 1881. In the absence of conclusive evidence for the prosecution, Frank's attorneys may easily clear him on the simple plea that the James boys never intentionally flagged a train bearing so small a treasure. If they succeed in doing this, Jackson county may still claim the illustrious defendant on two other charges: one for the Lexington express robbery in the fall of 1879, when the gang made a haul of $30,000, and one for the dashing raid on the gatekeeper of the Kansas City Fair some years earlier, when seven armed men rode off with the box containing the gate money for the big day of the fair, amounting to nearly $10,000.

James could readily furnish the $3,500 bail required for his appearance in May, but there are several reasons why he dare not venture out from his comfortable quarters at the Independence jail. One is that the authorities of Daviess county seem eager to arraign him on an old indictment for the murder of Capt. Sheets, the Gallatin bank cashier, who was shot down by one of a band of daylight robbers in December, 1869. The railroad village of Winstonville, where Conductor Westfall and a stone mason named McCulloch were murdered by train robbers one warm night in July, 1881, is also in Daviess county. The killing of these three men is generally believed to have been the work of Jesse James. Yet Frank is in no hurry to face a Daviess county jury.

In his native county of Clay there has long been a desire to clear up the mystery of the Liberty Bank robbery, which dates back to February, 1866, and netted the freebooters, whoever they were, $70,000. A farmer named Askew, a neighbor of the Jameses, who was suspected of having piloted a night raid of Pinkerton's men to their home, was shot on his own porch, on the night of April 12, 1875, by three men hidden behind the woodpile.

In Pettis county is Otterville, the scene of the Missouri Pacific train robbery in July, 1876, and the amount of the booty was $17,000. Rumors connecting Frank James with this enterprise may require investigation by the county authorities.

In Wayne county a party of robbers, believed to have been the James gang, signalled a train of the Iron Mountain road at Gadshill at dusk on the last day of January, 1874, robbed the passengers, emptied the express messenger's safe, rifled the mail bags, and rode off with nearly $10,000 in cash, all but being bullets.

It seems certain that the ex-bandit will be arraigned in the Missouri courts on indictments charging complicity in the foregoing offences, and there may be a number of precincts yet to hear from—not on tangible evidence, perhaps, but on the fact that all these raids, with the possible exception of the Liberty Bank robbery, are marked by the unique and incisive methods of the band in which he was a leader. Charges of impeding or robbing the mails may also be pressed against him.

A number of other States are watching for a favorable opportunity to put in their requisitions. Kentucky would like to hang him, to say about the Russellville Bank robbery in March, 1868, and about the transactions in the Adair county town of Columbia, in April, 1872, when a profane and noisy gang of ruffians rode off with the contents of the cash drawer of the Deposit Bank, after shooting Cashier Martin through the thumb for refusing to give up the combination of the safe.

A bank robbery at Huntington, in April, 1876, causes the authorities of West Virginia to feel a certain interest in the ex-bandit, and the Arkansas Travellers who were relieved of their cash at Gaines' Place, on the stage route from Malvern to Hot Springs, in January, 1874, would also like to know whether he is one of the horse fiddlers who mulcted them to such a lively tune that day.

Wyandotte county, in Kansas, is still wondering whether Frank was among the dashing robbers who got $50,000 in gold dust and bullion out of an express car on the Kansas Pacific Railroad at Muncie, in December, 1875. Trained in the same school were the land pirates who in Iowa, on June 28, 1873, robbed the Corydon Bank of a large sum, and a few weeks later derailed the locomotive of a train on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific road, in order to plunder the express car and rob the passengers. A very dangerous requisition is likely to come from Minnesota. The robbers got nothing but bullets by their raid on the bank at Northfield in that State, on Sept. 7, 1876, when they killed Cashier Haywood, wounded Assistant Cashier Bunker, and killed a Norwegian in the street. Two of the robbers, Charlie Pitts and Bill Chadwell, were shot dead in front of the bank by infuriated citizens. After a hot pursuit of two weeks Cleil Miller and Bob Younger, the last of the Youngers were surrounded in a thicket and fire opened upon them by nearly a hundred men. Cleil Miller was killed; the Youngers were captured, more dead than alive, and are now serving life terms in the Stillwater penitentiary. Frank and Jesse James made good their escape. Possibly no competent witness can be found who will positively that Frank James took part in that disastrous day's work, and he might even produce unimpeachable witnesses to prove an alibi.

Did Frank James really take part in all the outrages laid at his door? Probably not, in all of them, possibly in even a smaller number than is generally credited to him. Among border peradoes the Jameses and Youngers have had many imitators, but rarely a successful one. From first to last their work is unmistakably stamped with their own trade mark. But nobody now knows, and nobody ever will know, in just what exploits individual members of the band were a party. Frank James probably weighed all the chances closely before surrendering himself into the clutches of the law. He talks little, but it is evident that he trusts mainly to the inability of the prosecution to produce convicting testimony in any one case. Will he be a hard one to hang? Even his foes wish him well. Not a comrade or leader are dead or in the penitentiary. And so secretly did the James boys plan their robberies that none except trusted accomplices ever knew of their movements, and few other persons knew the men by sight except under masks. Their victims were generally robbed in some sort of disguise, and when the booty was divided they returned to their families in some small city or country neighborhood to resume the usual routine of existence as Mr. Jackson or Mr. Howard. Frank's lawyers hope to weary out the law by repeated failures of the prosecution to make out a clear case. When the contest is shown to be hopeless, they say, justice will lay down her sword. They may succeed in doing this. But Frank James must be a man of phenomenal nerve so boldly to face the law he has so long defied.

Losing a Day.

From the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

James Healey, his wife, and young son, living in Batavia, N. Y., retired to bed at the usual hour Saturday night. A coal stove was situated in an adjoining room, and during the night so much coal gas escaped from it that the sleepers were rendered insensible, and in that condition they remained until Monday morning. Mrs. Healey regained consciousness about 7 o'clock, when she arose and prepared breakfast. She was suffering from a violent headache, and she noticed that the fire in the stove which warmed the sitting room, off from which they slept, was out. About 8 o'clock she called her husband and son, who responded and ate their meal. They all supposed it was Sunday, and Mr. Healey, who is employed on the railroad, put on his best suit, expecting to go to church with his wife, but her husband persuaded her so that she concluded to remain at home. Therefore Mr. Healey stayed around the house. Late in the afternoon another son, who had been out of town, returned home, and the family discovered their error and realized that they had slept thirty-six hours.

Wishart Disengreed with the Bear.

From the Winnipeg Times.

In the wodds a dog belonging to one of a party of Poplar Point lumber men chased a huge black bear from his lair. The animal ran, and the men gave chase. One of them named Wishart, was in advance of the party, and when he came up with the bear he struck at it with his axe. He missed his mark, and Bruin turned on him, and, bearing him to the earth, buried his teeth in one of his thighs. He was munching away when the other members of the party came up and drove him off by attacking him with their axes. The bear ran away, and the men carried Wishart to camp, where he was attended to. The next day a party went to hunt and kill the bear. They found him lying dead 200 yards from the spot where Wishart was attacked.

A Healthy Place.

From the Elizabeth City Economist.

A correspondent, writing from Davie county, says: "Mr. Editor, I see you are hunting up old men. Come here about this part of the North Carolina quest is a good range for them. We can scare 'em up in the neighborhood of the hundreds. There's Sammy Mann and Neddy Payne, both of them near a hundred, and they can dance a jig now equal to a boy of eighteen. On North Banks they sometimes die, but on South Banks they once had a meeting and whittled sticks to decide who should kill his grandfather that they might see what a funeral was."

Mules, Cent, and Bride Gone.

From the Tallahoma Reporter.

On Sunday last Thomas Hayes was married to a Miss Fike, and spent a happy afternoon. At 8 o'clock in the evening the bride threw her husband's overcoat around her shoulders and stepped out of the back door, and has not yet returned. It is said that a Mr. Riggs of St. Clair county was very devoted to the young lady, and it is rumored that he wrote her a note the day of her marriage. A pair of Mr. Hayes's mules are also said to be missing. It is thought that the eloping couple have left Alabama for Texas.

POEMS WORTH READING.

A Close Case.

Auburn hair inclined to curl,
Honest eyes and winning smile;
Form to set the brain awhirl,
Lips that might a saint beguile:
That's the girl.

Taller than the maiden coy,
Truthful, fearless, handsome, strong,
Heart of gold without alloy,
Halting ne'er 'twixt right and wrong
That's the boy.

Window panes festooned with rime,
Leafless trees and hillsides bare;
Town clock sounding midnight's chime,
Street lamps glimmering here and there:
That's the time.

Nestling at the mountain's base,
With its one long quiet street
Clasped in winter's white embrace;
Quaint old village, prim and neat:
That's the place.

Truant arm and shy embrace,
Tender vows in willing ear,
Kisses on an upturned face,
Whispered: "Yes, I love you, dear;"
That's the case. H. A. F.

The People's Song of Peace.

From the Programme of the Southern Exposition.

The grass is green on Bunker Hill,
The waters sweet in Brandywine;
The sword sleeps in the scabbard still,
The farmer keeps his flock and vine;
Then who would mar the scene to-day
With vaunt of battlefield or fray?

The brave corn lifts, in regiments,
Ten thousand sabres in the sun;
The rickes replace the tents of battle,
The bannered tassels toss and run.
The neighing steed, the bugle's blast—
These be the stories of the past.

The earth has healed her wounded breast,
The cannons plough the fields no more;
The heroes rest. O let them rest
In peace along the peaceful shore.
They fought for peace, for peace they fell;
They sleep in peace and all is well.

The fields forget the battles fought,
The trenches wave in golden grain;
Shall we neglect the lesson taught
And tear the wounds asunder again?
Sweet Mother Nature, nurse the land,
And heal her wounds with gentle hand!

Lo! peace on earth! Lo! flock and fold,
Lo! rich abundance, fat increase,
And valleys clad in sheen of gold,
O rise and sing the song of peace!
For Theseus roams the land no more,
And Janus rests with rusted door.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

A Hunting Adventure.

From Outing.

'Twas on a clear and frosty morn,
When loudly on the air were borne
Those weird and deeply thrilling sounds,
The clanging tones of clamorous hounds.
"How sweet, said he, the music floats
And rolls in wild tumultuous notes;
Now ringing up the mountain's side,
Now wasting, wanting, like the tide,
Or swinging loud across the dell
Like Pandemonium's carnival."

Hot bounds his blood in swift career,
When bursts the uproar still more near,
And hope and fear alternate play
With bounding joy and dark dismay.

As louder, nearer, bays the pack,
Cold shivers dance along his back;
From top to toe he nervous all tingle,
His knee-pans seem almost to jingle,
All o'er his skin hot flashes amble,
And on his head each hair doth scramble.
He feels his heart erratic beat,
He nearly melts with inward heat,
And grasps with quivering hand the gun
As into the pack in rush he bounds.

And now there comes an ominous sound
Of hoofs that fiercely spurn the ground,
Close followed by a sudden crash,
As through the brush with headlong dash
The deer is in view a lovely buck.
"Ye gods!" he chattered; "oh, what luck!
Oh, isn't he a splendid sight!
Those spindle shanks how swift bright!
That graceful form, that glossy vest!
That massive neck, that brawny chest!
What proud defiance seem to shed
Those antlers o'er his shapely head!
How in the sun they flash and shine
From rugged base to polished line!"

"Phew!" said the buck, with lofty bound
That scarcely dirt and stones impound;
Then skipped he across the field of view,
Waved with his flag a fond adieu
To his admirer's ravished eye,
Just as the hounds came bounding by.

"But where's my gun? He's gone! Oh, thunder!
Why, how could I make such a blunder!
It looked so fine to see him run
I quite forgot I had a gun."

Lockinvar Ex Colorado.

From Life.

Oh, the cow-puncher Budge has come in from the West;
All alkali and leather, and his hair is a mess;
And, barring a toothbrush, he baggage had none,
For he came in some haste, and he came not for fun;
Nor vigils nor gold to his quest does he grudge—
On an errand of love comes the cow-puncher Budge.

A telegram reached him; he called for a horse;
He rode some miles as a matter of course;
The last twenty seven he galloped, and then
Just caught the Atlantic Express at Cheyenne.
He stayed not to eat, as he had far to go,
He could pick up a meal on the C. B. & Q.

He got to Chicago the second day out,
But right through Chicago he kept on his route,
Nor stayed to buy linen, not even a shirt;
He liked flannel best and he didn't mind dirt.
With trousers tucked into his boots, said he, "Fudge—
Small odds—if I get there," said bold Robert Budge.

From Worth, the Parisian of awful repute,
Had come divers gowns to Angelica Bute,
And parcels from Tiffany daily were snowed
Away in strong trunks for her father's abode;
But she languished, nor heeded she hint, cough, or nudge;
She was bound to Fitz James, but she cottoned to Budge.

But hark! 'Tis the door bell! A symptom of joy
Lights her eyes—"Ah! at last!" 'tis a messenger boy;
The maid brings a message, she reads it, she pales,
With mingled excitement, hope, eagerness—dread.
"Mayor's house, on Thursday, at nine; let me judge
What next; only meet me there faithfully,
Budge."

On Thursday at nine to the house of the Mayor
Two persons came singly, but left it a pair.
A man, and a bride in a travelling dress;
Was wedded at ten on the Lightning Express.
A wedding at Grace Church which should have occurred
At twelve was, for reasons not given, deferred.

The dowagers called it the greatest of shames;
The men said, "It's rough on that fellow Fitz James;"
The belles declared it was cruel to Bute
And vowed they could do it and never think twice.
"It's a chore to get housemaids; you may have to drudge
At the start; but—I love you," said cow-puncher Budge.

The Front Gate.

From the Denver Tribune.

An old and crippled gate am I,
And twenty years have passed
Since I was swung up high and dry
Between these posts so fast;
But now I've grown so powerful weak—
Despised by man and beast—
I'm scarcely strong enough to squeak,
Although I'm never greased.

'Twas twenty years ago, I say,
When Mr. Knox Wintz
Came kind of hanging 'round my way
'Most every other night.
He hung upon my starboard side
And she upon the other
Till Susan Smith became his bride,
And in due time a mother.

I groaned intensely when I heard—
Despite I am no churl—
My doom breathed in a single word:
The baby was a girl!
And as she grew and grew and grew,
I loud bemoaned my fate;
For she was very fair to view,
And I—I was the gate!

Then, in due time, a lover came,
Betokening my ruin.
A dapper fellow, Brown by name,
The grown up baby wooin'!
They strang upon me in the gloam,
And talked of moon and star;
They are married now and live at home
Along with ma and pa.

My lot was happy for a year,
No courting night or day—
I had no thought, I had no fear,
Bad luck would come my way.
But oh! this morning, save the mark!
There came a wild surprise,
A shadow flitted grim and dark
Across my sunny skies.

A doctor with a knowing smile,
A nurse with face serene,
A bustle in the house the while,
Great Scott! what can it mean?
My house ache; the baby sick is weak,
My pickets in a whirl;
I hear that awful doctor speak:
It is another girl!

His Devotions.

From Our Continent.

The organ peals, the choir is singing;
I wonder if she knows I'm here!
Heavenly music, no doubt, are upward winging,
While mine sink, clogged with doubt and fear.

Tis she, of course; there's no mistaking
Her crowded, glossy braids of brown,
And that's the bonnet she was making;
I sat and watched her bend the crown.

How deft her fingers are, how busy!
Ah! happy man within whose home—
But, stay! such thoughts they make me dizzy,
And have no place beneath this dome.

Far better should I ponder crimly
My faults committed, duties missed,
How neat her gloves is, and how trimly
It buttons round her slender wrist!

Ah! vain and poor is earthly pleasure;
No wonder that our best hearts yearn
To some more high and lasting treasure—
They're sitting down; perhaps she'll turn—

Thank Heaven, she sees me! She is flinging
A smile and bow to me in way
Yes, dear, indeed I have been singing,
And now, my saint, I mean to pray.

M. BRIDGES.

Love After Death.

From Temple Bar.

If I should die before you, love,
I pray you do not keep
Your woe beyond the first few tears
The world will have you weep;
But say, "I make his heaven less
By meaning thus in dreariness."

And plant my violets, white and blue,
Above my place of rest,
And tend them with these dear, kind hands
I have so oft caressed;
And say, "These flowers were his last will,
And for his sake I watch them still."

And when the spring that I so loved
Shall flush the land with life,
I pray you seek my quiet grave,
But not with tears, sweet wife;
And, if the flowers in bloom shall be,
Say: "Lo! he sends his love to me."

THE NEW DANCES.

The Racquet, the Society, the Wave, the Knickerbocker—New Kicks and Glides—Dancing Professors on the Innovations.

The round dance which is known as The Racquet is described in Cartier's Ball Room Guide as follows:

Take two long galop slides, with left foot on accent, and, as right foot is brought up to left foot for second time, rest, and hold left foot in air. Repeat by sliding with right foot, &c.

Mr. Cartier says that these directions are simply intended for teaching, and that when the learner has caught the movement the foot is not held in air, but is slid along the floor. However that may be, the modern method of dancing the Racquet is something very different. The slides are made of great length, and at the finish there is a vigorous kick with the free foot. This makes the dancing couple rock like a small boat in a heavy sea, and gives an air of recklessness and abandon to the dance, which has brought it into much disfavor among quiet people. Some vary the movement by leaping in the air, instead of sliding. As soon as their feet touch the floor they kick, then leap again until fatigue compels them to stop. This shakes down back hair and disarranges dress so that the young woman looks as if she had come out of a rough and tumble fight. Quiet couples have no chance on the floor when racquetters are around. They sweep everything before them like an Ohio flood, and strew the dancing floor with débris of torn lace, torn flowers, and broken combs. It leaves the performers flushed and breathless, but while it lasts there is a maddening excitement about it that pleases quick-blooded young people. It is still to be seen in all its luxuriance at fancy dress balls, and at seaside places where the young folks go in for fun regardless of appearances. It is danced in 3—4 time. It took its name from a popular waltz written by Miss Simmons.

The Society and the Wave are similar to the Racquet, with this exception, that in the Society there is only one glide, and in the Wave, or, as it is sometimes called, the Knickerbocker, there are three glides. Each ends by the kick in air or the sidewise movement of the forward foot.

At the recent annual meeting in this city of the American Society of Professors of Dancing, these dances were discussed in the uncompromising terms, and it was decided that they should not be taught in any school controlled by members of the society. This society was formed in January, 1879, with the object of securing uniformity in dancing all over the United States. Its intention was to discourage extravagant dances and to teach in their perfection the dances in common use. It was found that people had a dozen different ways of dancing the quadrille and lancers, and that confusion frequently arose. At present there are forty members in the society, of whom nearly all belong outside of the city. At their annual meetings in this city new dances are discussed, figures are settled, and lessons are given by the experienced teachers to the country dancing masters. At the last meeting it was decided to teach no new dances. The members of the society who have schools in this city are L. De G. Brookes, W. B. Kelly, De Garmo, R. S. Manuel, and H. F. H. Rivers. W. B. De Garmo is the President, C. H. Rivers of Brooklyn the Secretary, and Joseph T. Martin of Brooklyn the Treasurer. Four of the members are women. Mr. De Garmo said yesterday that the Racquet, the Society, the Wave, and similar dances were a burlesque on a graceful dance which was introduced by the society in 1879. This was the redowa glissade, described as follows:

Glide left foot to second position; draw right foot to first position; raise left foot in second position and leap upon it, bringing it up to first position (1); glide right foot the latter—turning—two glides to left; redowa (as first) to left, then redowa to right—turning glissade to right; redowa to right, and so on. It is danced to waltz or galop music.

This was exaggerated into swaying and kicking, and the result was that the legitimate dance was killed by the burlesque. Now neither is taught by many dancing masters. The society denounced the Racquet and several other dances from the start, but the bad dances kept on, and the society died.

Mr. De Garmo said that the round dance now most in vogue is the glide waltz, described as follows:

Glide backward with left foot, at the same time bend both knees (1); draw right foot nearly to third position in front, the weight of the body being on the ball upon the heel of the backward foot, the toe of the other foot skimming the floor (2); glide forward with right foot, bending left knee (4); glide left foot (the heel raised) to second position (5); pivot on the balls of both feet and draw right foot to first position (6). Recommence by gliding backward with left foot, and continue with the movement, which, if properly used, until the movement becomes steady and unbroken.

To reverse: The gentleman will glide left foot forward to fourth position (bending right knee) (1); glide right foot (the heel raised) to second position (2); pivot upon the balls of both feet and draw left foot to first position (3). Glide backward with right foot (bending) (4); draw left foot nearly to third position in front (the weight still on right foot) (5); pivot (to the left) upon the heel of the backward foot (6).

The glide, the common waltz, and La Russe are the only waltzes taught by the society. La Russe consists of two glides to the left and one glide and a glissé, with half turn to the left. A glissé is a half glide.