LA REDOWA.

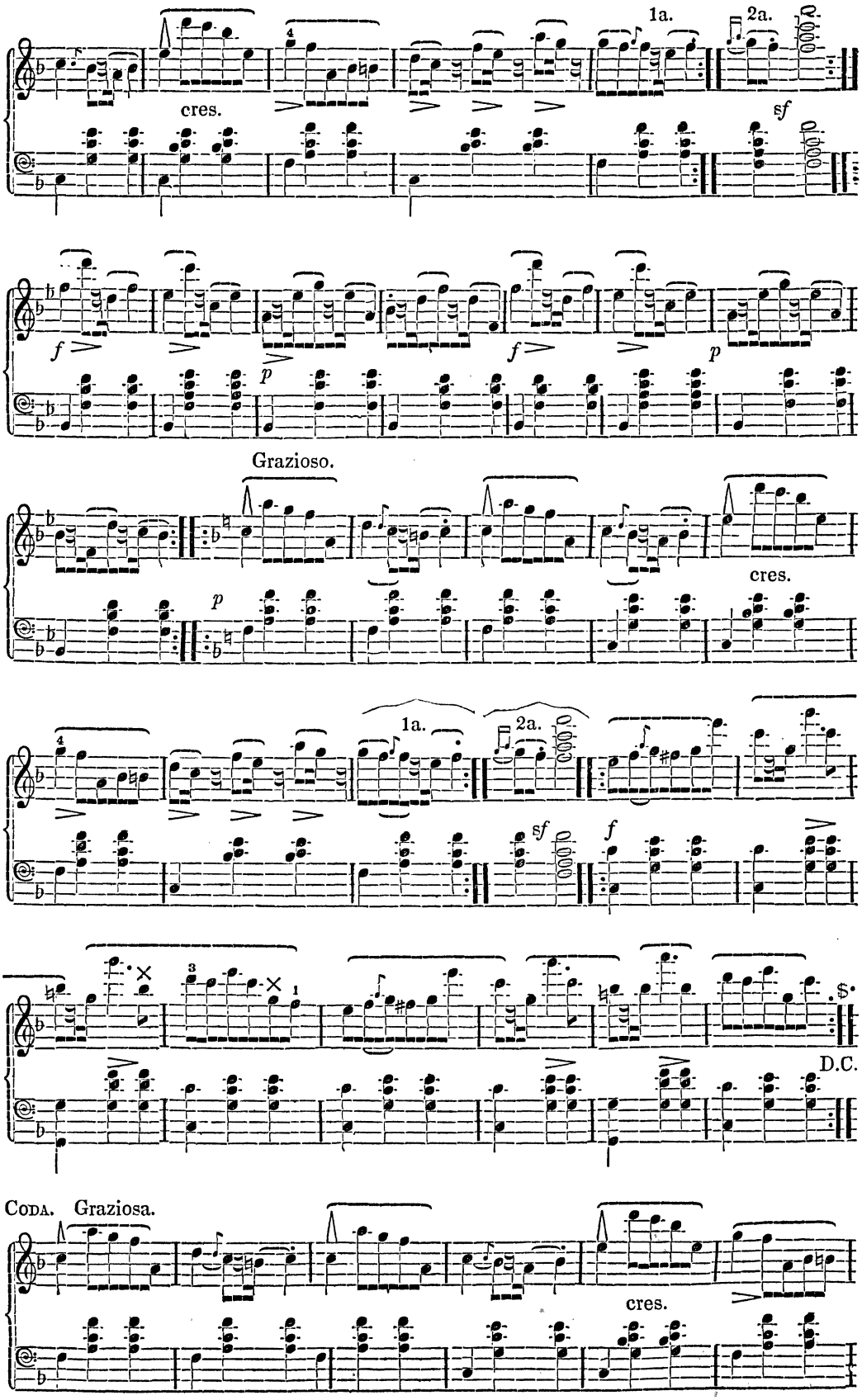
VALSE BOHEMIENNE.

FRC. BURGMULLER.

The REDOWA WALTZ is composed of three steps:—The 1st, a glissade forward in jumping with the right foot; the 2d, a slide forward with left foot; and the 3d to bring the right foot before the left. This step is done alternately with the right foot and the left foot; but in starting with the left foot, to turn, it is necessary to do but one glissade backward and two emboités to take again, afterward, with right foot.

This is the principal step of the REDOWA usually preceded by a PROMENADE, and followed by a POURSUITE. The promenade is done with the Allemande step, that is to say,—a slide forward and chassez.

The POURSUITE is composed of a slide, coupé and jetté. The gentleman pursues the lady, holding her as in the Waltz, the lady executing the same step, but backward. For these three steps the lady must always start with the counter foot, and if executed alternately each one must be done 16 bars, taking care that the other couples change step all at the same time.



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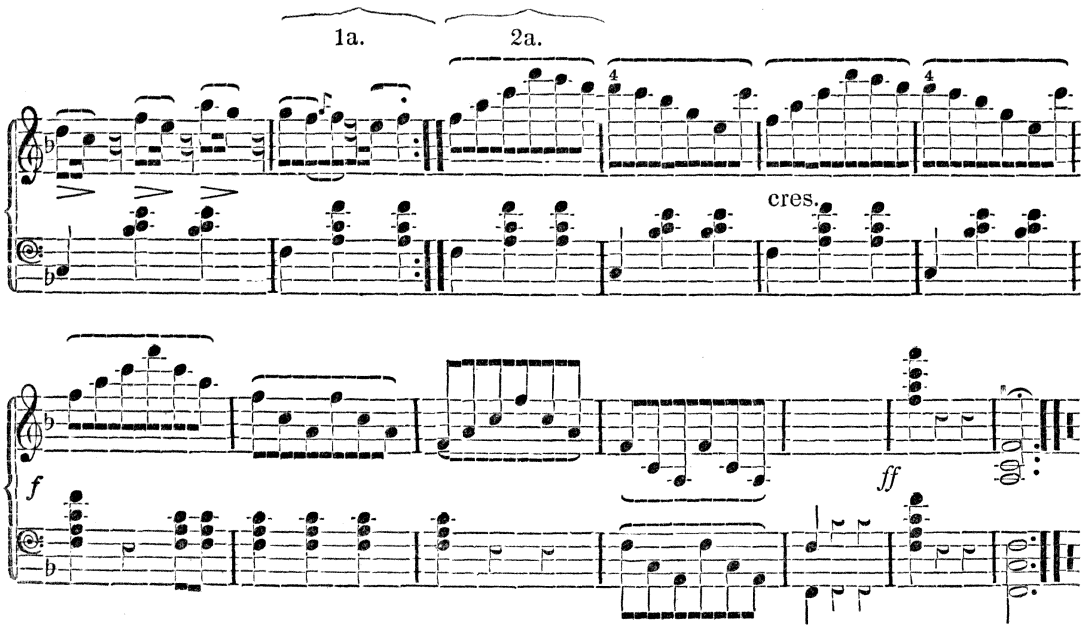

THE THIRD HOUSE.

[Written after a visit to the Congressional Cemetery at Washington, where, beneath monuments uniform in size and shape, in four parallel rows, repose the remains of about ninety former members of the two Houses of Congress.]

BY P. H. MYERS.

The dead—the honored dead are here—
For whom, behind the sable bier,
Through many a long-forgotten year,
Forgotten crowds have come,
With solemn step and falling tear,
Bearing their brethren home.

Beneath these boughs, athwart this grass,
I see a dark and moving mass,
Like Banquo's shades across the glass,
By wizard hands displayed;
Stand back, and let these hearses pass
Along the trampled glade.

Still do they come—a shadowy train—
Dark'ning with palls and plumes the plain:
The portals ope again—again;
The silent crowd moves through;
And tears are plenty as the rain,
And precious as the dew.

Parent and child, brother and bride,
Bereaved, are marching side by side;
A hundred bells pour forth a tide
Of slow and solemn sound;
A hundred graves are gaping wide,
A hundred throngs surround.

Wildly the moaning willows sway,
Dark'ning the glorious face of day,
While holy men look up to pray,
And friends look down to weep,
Where slowly sinks the coffin'd clay
In narrow bed and deep.

'Tis past—the phantom train has fled—
Thanks to that warbler overhead,
And that one gush of radiance shed
From out yon bursting cloud—
'Tis past, and fairer scenes instead
Upon my vision crowd:

The em'rald earth, the azure sky—
This laughing stream that rattles by;
Those crowds of insect life, that try
Their wings in yonder bower;
And this sun-flashing butterfly,
An animated flower.

And thanks to thee, the reptile-born,
Whom now such glittering hues adorn;
Not vainly are thy vestments worn
Amid these symbols drear:
Past is thy resurrection morn,
And theirs is drawing near.

Let him who turns from holy shrine,
To doubt Heaven's power or Heaven's design,
Still heed a sermon plain as thine,
Who, dowered with second breath,
Art sent thus fluttering forth to shine
Triumphant over Death!

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