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Choice Poetry.

HORACE GREELEY.

BY EDMUND C. STEADMAN.

Earth, let thy softest mantle rest
This wearied child to thee returning;
Whose youth was nurtured at thy breast,
Who loved thee with such tender yearning!
He knew thy fields and woodland ways,
And deemed thy humblest son his brother;
Asleep, beyond our blame or praise,
We yield him back, O, gentle Mother!

Of praise, of blame, he drank his fill:
Who has not read the life-long story?
And dear we hold his fame, but still,
The man was dearer than his glory.
And now to us are left alone
The closet where his shadow lingers,
The vacant chair—that was a throne—
The pen, just fallen from his fingers.

Wrath changed to kindness on that pen;
Though dipped in gall, it flowed with honey;
One flash from out the cloud, and then
The skies with smile and jest were sunny.
Of hate he surely lacked the art,
Who made his enemy his lover:
O, reverend head and Christian heart!
Where now their like, the round world over?

He saw the goodness, not the taint,
In many a poor, do-nothing creature,
And gave to sinner and to saint,
But kept his faith in human nature.
Perchance he was not worldly-wise,
Yet we who noted, standing nearer,
The shrewd, kind twinkle in his eyes,
For every weakness held him dearer.

Alas! that unto him who gave
So much, so little should be given!
Himself alone, he might not save,
Of all for whom his hands had striven.
Place, freedom, fame, his work bestowed:
Men took, and passed, and left him lonely;
What marvel, if beneath his load,
At times he craved—for justice only!

Yet thankleeness, the serpent's tooth,
His lofty purpose could not alter!
Toil had no power to bend his youth,
Or make his lusty manhood falter:
From envy's sling, from slander's dart,
That armored soul the body shielded,
Till one dark sorrow chilled his heart,
And then he bowed his head, and yielded.

Now, now, we measure at its worth,
The gracious presence gone forever!
The wrinkled East that gave him birth,
Laments with every laboring river;
Wild moan the free winds of the West,
For him who gathered to her prairies
The sons of men, and made each crest
The haunt of happy household faries.

And anguish sits upon the mouth
Of her who came to know him latest;
His heart was ever thine, O, South!
He was thy truest friend, and greatest!
He shunned thee in thy splendid shame,
He stayed thee in thy voiceless sorrow;
The day thou shalt forget his name,
Fair South, can have no sadder morrow.

The tears that fall from eyes unused—
The hands above his grave united—
The words of men whose lips he loosed,
Whose cross he bore, whose wrongs he righted—
Could he but know, and rest with this!
Yet stay! through Death's low-lying hollow,
His one last foe's insatiate hiss
On that benignant shade would follow!

Peace! while we shroud this man of men,
Let no unhallowed word be spoken!
He will not answer thee again,
His mouth is sealed, his wand is broken.
Some holier cause, some vaster trust,
Beyond the vale he doth inherit:
O, gentle Earth, receive his dust,
And Heaven soothe his troubled spirit!

Select Story.

LOVE AND SKATES.

BY THEODORE WINTHROP.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER V.

SKATING AS A FINE ART.

Of all the plays that are played by this playful world on its play-days, there is no play like Skating.

To prepare a board for the moves of this game of games, a panel for the drawings of this Fine Art, a stage for the *entrechats* and *pirouettes* of its graceful adepts, Zero, magical artificer, had been, for the last two nights, sliding at full speed up and down the North River.

We have heard of Midas, whose touch made gold, and of the virgin under whose feet sprang roses; but Zero's heels and toes were armed with more precious influences. They left a diamond way, where they slid—a hundred and fifty miles of diamonds, half a mile wide and six inches thick.

Diamond can only reflect sunlight; ice can contain it. Zero's product, finer even than diamond, was filled—at the rate of a million to the square foot—with bubbles immeasurably little, and yet every one big enough to comprise the entire sun in small, but without alteration or abridgment. When the sun rose, each of these wonderful cells was ready to catch the tip of a sunbeam and house it in a shining abode.

Besides this, Zero had inlaid its work, all along shore, with exquisite marquetry of leaves, brown and evergreen, of sprays and twigs, reeds and grasses. No parquet in any palace, from Fontainbleau to St. Petersburg, could show such delicate patterns, or could gleam so brightly, though polished with all the wax in Christendom.

On this fine pavement, all the way from Cohoes to Spuyten Duyvil, Jubilee was sliding without friction, the Christmas morning of these adventures.

Navigation was closed. Navigators had leisure. The sloops and schooners were frozen in along shore, the tugs and barges were laid up in basins, the floating palaces were down at New York, deodorizing their bar-rooms, regilding their bridal chambers, and enlarging their spittoon accommodations alow and aloft, for next summer. All the population was out on the ice, skating, sliding, sledding, slipping, tumbling, to its heart's content.

One person out of every Dunderbunk family was of course at home, roasting Christmas turkey. The rest were already at high jinks on Zero's Christmas present, when Wade and the men came down from the meeting.

Wade buckled on his new skates in a jiffy. He stamped to settle himself, and then flung off half a dozen circles on the right leg, half a dozen with the left, and the same with either leg backwards.

The ice, traced with these white peripheries, showed like a blackboard, where a school has been chalking diagrams of Euclid, to point at with the "slow unyielding finger" of demonstration.

"Hurrah!" cries Wade, halting in front of the men, who, some on the Foundry wharf, some on the deck of our first acquaintance at Dunderbunk, the tug "I. Ambuster," were putting on their skates or watching him. "Hurrah! the skates are perfection! Are you ready, Bill?"

"Yes," says Tarbox, whizzing off rings as exact as Giotto's autograph.

"Now, then," Wade said, "we'll give Dunderbunk a laugh, as we practiced last night."

They got under full headway, Wade backwards, Bill forwards, holding hands. When they got near enough to the merry throng out in the stream, both dropped into a sitting posture, with the left knee bent, and each with his right leg stretched out parallel to the ice, and fitting compactly by the other man's leg. In this queer figure they rushed through the laughing crowd.

Then all Dunderbunk formed a ring, agog for a grand show of

SKATING AS A FINE ART.

The world loves to see Great Artists and expects them to do their duty.

It is hard to treat of this fine Art by the Art of Fine Writing. Its eloquent motions must be seen.

To skate Fine Art, you must have a Body and a Soul, each of the First Order; otherwise you will never get out of conrse art and skating in one syllable. So much for yourself, the motive power. And your machinery—your smooth-bottomed rockers, the same shape stem and stern—this must be as perfect as the man it moves, and who moves it.

Now suppose you wish to skate so that the critics will say, "See! this athlete does his work as Church paints, as Darley draws, as Palmer chisels, as Whittier strikes the lyre, and Longfellow the dulcimer; he is as terse as Emerson, as clever as Holmes, as graceful as Curtis; he is as calm as Seward, as keen as Phillips, as stalwart as Beecher; he is Garibaldi, he is Kit Carson, he is Blondin; he is as complete as the steamboat Metropolis, as Steer's yacht, as Singer's sewing-machine, as Colt's revolver, as the steam-plough, as Civilization." You wish to be so ranked among the people and things that lead the age;—consider the qualities you must have, and while you consider, keep your eye on Richard Wade, for he has them all in perfection.

First—of your physical qualities. You must have lungs, not bellows; and an active heart, not an assortment of sluggish auricles and ventricles. You must have legs, not shanks. Their shape is unimportant, except that they must not interfere at the knee. You must have muscles, not flabbiness; sinews like wire; nerves like sunbeams; and a thin layer of flesh to cushion the gable-ends, where you will strike, if you tumble—which, once for all be it said, you must never do. You must be all *momentum*, and no *inertia*. You must be one part grace, one force, one agility, and the rest caoutchouc, Manilla hemp, and watch-spring. Your machine, your body, must be thoroughly obedient. It must go just so far and no farther. You have got to be as unerring as a planet holding its own, emphatically, between forces centripetal and centrifugal. Your *aplomb* must be as absolute as the pounce of a falcon.

So much for a few of the physical qualities necessary to be a Great Artist in skating. See Wade, how he shows them!

Now for the moral and intellectual. Pluck is the first—it always is the first quality. Then enthusiasm. Then patience. Then pertinacity. Then a fine æsthetic faculty—in short, good taste. Then an orderly and submissive mind, that can consent to act in accordance with the laws of Art. Circumstances, too, must have been reasonably favorable. That well-known skeptic, the King of tropical Bantam, could not skate, because he had never seen ice, and doubted even the existence of solid water. Widdrington, after the Battle of Chevy Chace, could not have skated, because he had no legs—poor fellow!

But granted the ice and the legs, then if you begin in the elastic days of youth, when cold does not sting, tumbles do not bruise, and ducklings do not wet; if you have pluck and ardor enough to try everything; if you work slowly ahead and stick to it; if you have good taste and a lively invention; if you are a man, and not a lubber—then, in fine, you may become a Great Skater, just as with equal power and equal pains you may put your grip on any kind of Greatness.

The technology of skating is imperfect. Few of the great feats, the Big Things, have admitted names. If I attempt to catalogue Wade's achievements, this chapter might become an unintelligible rhapsody. A sheet of paper and a pen-point cannot supply the place of a sheet of ice and a skate-edge. Geometry must have its diagrams, Anatomy its *corpus* to carve. Skating also refuses to be spiritualized into a Science; it remains an Art, and cannot be expressed in a formula.

Skating has its Little Go, its Great Go, its Baccalaureate, its M.A., its F. S. D., (Doctor of Frantic Skipping,) its A. G. D., (Doctor of Airy Gliding,) its N. T. D., (Doctor of No Tumbles,) and finally its highest degree, U. P., (Unapproachable Podographer).

Wade was U. P.

There were a hundred of Dunderbunks who had passed their Little Go, and could skate forward and backward easily. A half hundred, perhaps, were through the Great Go; these could do outer edge freely. A dozen had taken the Baccalaureate, and were proudly repeating the pirouettes and spread-eagles of that degree. A few could cross their feet, on the edge, forward and backward, and shift edge on the same foot, and so were *Magistri Artist*.

Wade, U. P., added to these an indefinite list of combinations and fresh contrivances. He spun spirals slow, and spirals neck or nothing. He pivoted on one toe, with the other foot cutting rings, inner and outer edge, forward and back. He skated on one foot better than the M. A.'s could on both. He ran on his toes; he slid on his heels; he cut up shines like a sunbeam on a bender; he swung, light as if he could fly, if he pleased, like a wing-footed Mercury; he glided as if will, not muscle, moved him; he tore about in frenzies; his pivotal leg stood firm, his balance leg flapped like a graceful pinion; he turned somersets; he jumped, whirling backward as he went, over a platoon of boys laid flat on the ice; the last boy winced, and thought he was amputated; but Wade flew over, and the boy still holds together as well as most boys. Besides this, he could write his name, with a flourish at the end, like the *rubrica* of a Spanish *hidalgo*. He could podograph any letter, and multitudes of ingenious curlicues which might pass for the alphabets of the unknown tongues. He could not tumble.

It was Fine Art.

Bill Tarbox sometimes pressed the champion hard. But Bill stopped just short of Fine Art, in High Artisanship.

How Dunderbunk cheered this wondrous display! How delighted the whole population was to believe they possessed the best skater on the North River! How they struggled to imitate! How they tumbled, some on their backs, some on their faces, some with dignity like the dying Cæsar, some rebelliously like a cat thrown out of a garret, some limp as an ancient acrobat! How they laughed at themselves and at each other!

"It's all in the new skates," says Wade, apologizing for his unapproachable power and finish.

"It's suthin' in the man," says Smith Wheelwright.

"Now chase me, everybody," said Wade.

And for a quarter of an hour, he dodged the merry crowd, until at last, breathless, he let himself be touched by pretty Belle Purtett, rosiest of all the Dunderbunk bevy of rosy maidens on the ice.

"He raypther beats Bosting," says Captain Isaac Ambuster to Smith Wheelwright. "It's so cold there that they can skate all the year round; but he beats them, all the same."

The Captain was sitting in a queer little bowl of a skiff on the deck of his tug, and rocking it like a cradle, as he talked.

"Bosting's always hard to beat in anything," rejoined the ex-Chairman. "But if Bosting is to be beat, here's the man to do it."

And now, perhaps, gentle reader, you think I have said enough in behalf of a limited fraternity, the Skaters.

The next chapter, then, shall take up the cause of the Lovers, a more numerous body, and we will see whether True Love, which never makes "smooth running," can help its progress by a skate-blade.

CHAPTER VI.

"GO NOT, HAPPY DAY, TILL THE MAIDEN YIELDS."

Christmas noon at Dunderbunk. Every skater was in galloping glee—as the electric air, and the sparkling sun, and the glinting ice had a right to expect that they should all be.

Belle Purtett, skating simple and well, had never looked so pretty and graceful. So thought Bill Tarbox.

He had not spoken to her, nor she to him, for more than six months. The poor fellow was ashamed of himself and penitent for his past bad courses. And so, though he longed to have his old flame recognize him again, and though he was bitterly jealous and miserably afraid he should lose her, he had kept away and consumed his heart like a true despairing lover.

But to-day Bill was a lion, only second to Wade, the unapproachable lion-in-chief. Bill was reinstated in public esteem, and had won back his standing in the Foundry. He had to-day made a speech which Perry Purtett gave everybody to understand "none of Senator Bill Seward's could hold the tallow to." Getting up the meeting and presenting Wade with the skates was Bill's own scheme, and it had turned out an eminent success. Everything began to look bright to him. His past life drifted out of his mind like the rowdy tales he used to read in the Sunday newspapers.

He had watched Belle Purtett all the morning, and saw that she distinguished nobody with her smiles, not even that *cog du village*, Ridgdove. He also observed that she was furtively watching him.

By and by she sailed out of the crowd, and went off a little way to practice.

"Now," said he to himself, "sail in, Bill Tarbox!"

Belle heard the sharp strokes of a powerful skater coming after her. Her heart divined who this might be. She sped away like the swift Camella, and her modest drapery showed just enough and "*ne quid nimis*" of her ankles.

Bill admired the grace and the ankles immensely. But his hopes sank a little at the flight—for he thought she perceived his chase and meant to drop him. Bill had not had a classical education, and knew nothing of Galatea in the Eclogue—how she did not hide, until she saw her swain was looking fondly after.

"She wants to get away," he thought. "But she shan't—no, not if I have to follow her to Albany."

He struck out mightily. Presently the swift Camilla let herself be overtaken.

"Good morning, Miss Purtett." (Dogged air.)

"Good morning, Mr. Tarbox." (Taken-by-surprise air.)

"I've been admiring your skating," says Bill, trying to be cool.

"Have you?" rejoined Belle, very cool and distant.

"Have you been long on the ice?" he inquired, hypocritically.

"I came on two hours ago with Mr. Ringdove and the girls," returned she, with a twinkle which said, "Take that, Sir, for pretending you did not see me."

"You've seen Mr. Wade skate, then," Bill said, ignoring Ringdove.

"Yes; isn't it splendid?" Belle replied, kindling.

"Tip-top!"

"But then he does everything better than anybody."

"So he does!" Bill said,—true to his friend, and yet beginning to be jealous of this enthusiasm. It was not the first time he had been jealous of Wade; but he had quelled his fears, like a good fellow.

Belle perceived Bill's jealousy, and could have cried for joy. She had known as little of her once lover's heart as he of hers. She only knew that he stopped coming to see her when he fell, and had not renewed his visits now that he was risen again. If she had not been charmingly ruddy with the brisk air and exercise, she would have betrayed her pleasure at Bill's jealousy with a fine blush.

The sense of recovered power made her wish to use it again. So she continued, as they skated on in good rythm,—

"Mother and I wouldn't know what to do without Mr. Wade. We like him so much,"—said ardently.

What Bill feared was true, then, he thought. Wade, noble fellow, worthy to win any woman's heart, had fascinated his landlady's daughter.

"I don't wonder you like him," said he. "He deserves it."

Belle was touched by her old lover's forlorn tone.

"He does, indeed," she said. "He has helped and taught us all so much. He has taken such good care of Perry. And then"—here she gave her companion a little smile—"he speaks so kindly of you, Mr. Tarbox."

Smile, look, and words electrified Bill. He gave such a spring on his skates that he shot far ahead of the lady. He brought himself back with a sharp turn.

"He has done kinder than he can speak," says Bill. "He has made a man of me again, Miss Belle."

"I know it. It makes me very happy to hear you able to say so of yourself." She spoke gravely.

"Very happy"—about anything that concerned him? Bill had to work off his overjoy at this by an exuberant flourish. He whisked about Belle, outer edge backward. She stopped to admire. He finished by describing on the virgin ice, before her, the letters B. P., in his neatest style of podography,—easy letters to make lackily.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Belle. "What are those letters? O! B. P.! What do they stand for?"

"Guess!"

"I'm so dull," said she, looking bright as a diamond. "Let me think! B. P.? British Poets, perhaps."

"Try nearer home!"

"What are you likely to be thinking of that begins with B. P.?—O, I know! Boiler Plates!"

She looked at him,—innocent as a lamb. Bill looked at her, delighted with her little coquetry. A woman without coquetry is insipid as a rose without scent, as Champagne without bubbles, or as corned beef without mustard.

"It's something I'm thinking of most of the time," says he; "but I hope it is softer than Boiler Plates. B. P. stands for Miss Isabella Purtett."

"O!" says Belle, and she skated on in silence.

"You came down with Alonzo Ringdove?" Bill asked, suddenly, aware of another pang after a moment of peace.

"He came with me and his sisters," she replied.

Yes; poor Ringdove had dressed himself in his shinest black, put on his brightest patent-leather boots, with his new swan-necked skates newly strapped over them, and wore his new dove-colored overcoat with the long skirts, on purpose to be lovely in the eyes of Belle on this occasion. Alas, in vain!

"Mr. Ringdove is a great friend of yours, is n't he?"

"If you ever came to see me now, you would know who my friends are, Mr. Tarbox."

"Would you be my friend again, if I came, Miss Belle?"

"Again? I have always been so,—always, Bill."

"Well, then, something more than my friend,—now that I am trying to be worthy of more, Belle?"

"What more can I be?" she said softly.

"My wife."

She curved to the right. He followed. To the left. He was not to be shaken off.

"Will you promise me not to say *waires* instead of *rattes*, Bill?" she said, looking pretty and saucy as could be. "I know, to say W for V is fashionable in the iron business; but I dont like it."

"What a thing a woman is to dodge!" says Bill. "Suppose I told you that men brought up inside of boilers, hammering on the inside against twenty hammering like Vulcans on the outside, get their ears so dumfounded that they can't tell whether they are saying *rattes* or *waires*, *wice* or *rirtue*,—suppose I told you that,—what would you say, Belle?"

"Perhaps I'd say that you pronounce *rirtue* so well, and act it so sincerely, that I can't make any objection to other words. If you'd asked me to be your *rife*, Bill, I might have said I did n't understand; but *wife* I do understanand, and I say"—

She nodded, and tried to skate off. Bill stuck close to her side.

"Is this true, Belle?" he said, almost doubtfully.

"True as truth!"

She put out her hand. He took it, and they skated on together,—hearts beating to the rythm of their movements. The uproar and merriment of the village came only faintly to them. It seemed as if all Nature was hushed to listen to their plighted troth, their words of love renewed, more earnest for long suppression. The beautiful is spread before them, like their life to come, a pathway untouched by any sorrowful or weary footsep. The blue sky was cloudless. The keen air stirred the pulses like the vapor of frozen wine. The benignant mountains westward kindly surveyed the happy pair, and the sun seemed created to warm and cheer them.

"And you forgive me, Belle?" said the lover. "I feel as if I had only gone bad to make me know how much better going right is."

"I always knew you would find it out; I never stopped hoping and praying for it."

"That must have been what brought Mr. Wade here."

"O, I did hate him so, Bill, when I heard of something that happened between you and him! I thought him a brute and a tyrant. I never could get over it, until he told mother that you were the best machinist he ever knew, and would some time grow to be a great inventor."

"I'm glad you hated him. I suffered rattlesnakes and collapsed flues for fear you'd go and love him."

"My affections were engaged," she said, with simple seriousness.

"O, if I'd only thought so long ago! How lovely you are!" exclaims Bill, in an ecstacy. "And how refined! And how good! God bless you!"

He made up such a wishful mouth—so wishful for one of the pleasurable duties of mouths, that Belle blushed, laughed, and looked down, and as she did so, saw one of her straps was trailing.

"Please fix it, Bill," she said, stopping and kneeling.

Bill also knelt, and his wishful mouth immediately took its chance.

A manly smack and sweet little feminine chirp sounded as their lips met.

Boom! twanging gay as the first tap of a marriage bell, a loud crack in the ice rang musically for leagues up and down the river. "Bravo!" it seemed to say. "Well done, Bill Tarbox! Try again!" Which the happy fellow did, and the happy maiden permitted.

"Now," said Bill, "let us go and hug Mr. Wade!"

"What! Both of us?" Belle protested. "Mr. Tarbox, I am ashamed of you!"

CHAPTER VII.

WADE DOWN!

The hugging of Wade by the happy pair had to be done metaphorically, since it was done in the sight of all Dunderbunk.

He had divined a happy result, when he missed Bill Tarbox from the arena, and saw him a furlong away, hand in hand with his reconciled sweetheart.

"I envy you, Bill," said he, "almost too much to put a proper fervor into my congratulations."

"Your time will come," the foreman rejoined.

And says Belle, "I am sure there is a lady skating somewhere, and only waiting for you to follow her."

"I don't see her," Wade replied, looking with a mock-grave face up and down and athwart the river. "When you've all gone to dinner, I'll prospect ten miles up and down, and try to find a good matrimonial claim that's not taken."

"You will not come up to dinner?" Belle asked.

"I can hardly afford to make two bites of a holiday," said Wade. "I've sent Perry up for a luncheon. Here he comes with it. So I cede my quarter of your pie, Miss Belle, to a better fellow."

"O!" cries Perry, coming up and bowing elaborately. "Mr. and Mrs. Tarbox, I believe. Ah, yes! Well, I will mention it up at Albany. I am going to take my Guards up to call on the Governor."

Perry dashed off, followed by a score of Dunderbunk boys organized by him as the Purtett Guards, and taught to salute him as Generalissimo with military honors.

So many hundreds of turkeys, done to a turn, now began to have an effect upon the atmosphere. Few odors are more subtile and prevading than this, and few more appetizing. Indeed, there is said to be an odd fellow, a strictly American gourmand, in New York, who sits, from noon to dusk on Christmas-Day, up in a tall steeple, merely to catch the aroma of roast-turkey floating over the city—and much good, it is said, it does him.

Hard skating is nearly as effective to whet hunger as this gentleman's expedient. When the spicy breezes began to blow soft as those of Ceylon's isle over the river, and every whiff talked Turkey, the population of Dunderbunk listened to the wooing, and began to follow its several noses—snubs, beaks, blunts, sharps, piquants, dominants, fines, bulgies, and bifids—on the way to the several households which those noses adorned or defaced. Prosperous Dunderbunk had a Dinner, yes, a DINNER, that day, and Richard Wade was gratefully remembered by many ever-fed foundry-men and their over-fed families.

Wade had not had half skating enough.

"I'll time myself down to Skerrett's Point," he thought, "and take my luncheon there among the herd-rocks."

The Point was on the property of Peter Skerrett, Wade's friend and college comrade of ten years gone. Peter had been an absentee in Europe, and smokes from his chimneys this morning had confirmed to Wade's eyes the rumor of his return.

Skerrett's Point was a mile below the Foundry. Our hero did his mile under three minutes. How many seconds under, I will not say. I do not wish to make other fellows unhappy.

The Point was a favorite spot of Wade's. Many a twilight of last summer, tired with his fagging at the Works to make good the evil of Whiffler's rule, he had lain there on the rocks under the hemlocks, breathing the spicy methyl they poured into the air. After his day's hard fight, in the dust and heat of the Foundry, with anarchy and unthrift, he used to take the quiet restoratives of Nature, until the murmur and fragrance of the woods, the cool wind, and the smoothing loitering of the shining stream had purged him from the fevers of his task.

To this old haunt he skated, and kindling a little fire, as an old campaigner loves to do, he sat down and lunched heartily on Mrs. Purtett's cold leg—cannibal thought!—on the cold leg of Mrs. Purtett's yesterday's turkey. Then lighting his weed—dear ally of the lonely—the Superintendent began to think of his foreman's bliss, and to long for something similar on his own plane.

"I hope the wish is father to its fulfillment," he said. "But I must not stop here and be a spooney. Such a halcyon day I may not have again in all my life, and I ought to make the best of it with my New Skates."

So he dashed off, and filled the little cove above the Point with a labyrinth of curves and flourishes.

When that bit of crystal tablet was well covered, the podographer sighed for a new sheet to inscribe his intricate rubricas upon. Why not write more stanzas of the poetry of motion on the ice below the Point? Why not?

Braced by his lunch on the brown fibre of good Mrs. Purtett's cold drumstick and thigh, Wade was now in fine trim. The air was more glittering and electric than ever. It was triumph and victory and pæan in action to go flashing along over this footing, smoother than polished marble and sheenier than first-water gems.

Wade felt the high exhilaration of pure blood galloping through a body alive from top to toe. The rythm of his movement was like music to him.

The Point ended in a sharp promontory. Just before he came abreast of it, Wade under mighty headway flung into his favorite corkscrew spiral on one foot, and went whirling dizzily along round and round in a straight line.

At the dizziest moment, he was suddenly aware of a figure, also turning the Point at full speed, and rushing to a collision.

He jerked aside to avoid it. He could not look to his footing. His skate struck a broken oar, imbedded in the ice. He fell violently, and lay like a dead man.

His New Skakes, Testimonial of Merit, seem to have served him a shabby trick.

CHAPTER VIII.

TETE-A-TETE.

Seeing Wade lie there motionless, the lady—
Took off her spectacles, blew her great red nose, and stiffly drew near.

Spectacles! Nose! No—the latter feature of hers had never become acquainted with the former; and there was as little stiffness as nasal redness about her.

A fresh start, then—and this time accuracy!

Appalled by the loud thump of the stranger's skull upon the chief river of the State of New York, the lady—it was a young lady whom Wade had tumbled to avoid—turned, saw a human being lying motionless, and swept gracefully toward him, like a Good Samaritan, on the outer edge. It was not her fault, but her destiny, that she had to be graceful even under these tragic circumstances.

"Dead!" she thought. "Is he dead?"

The appalling thump had cracked the ice, and she could not know how well the skull was cushioned inside with brains to resist a blow.

She shuddered, as she swooped about toward this possible corpse. It might be that he was killed, and half the fault hers. No wonder her fine color, shining in the right parts of an admirably drawn face, all disappeared instantly.

But she evidently was not frightened. She halted, kneeled, looked curiously at the stranger, and then proceeded, in a perfectly cool and self-possessed way, to pick him up.

A solid fellow, heavy to lift in his present lumpish condition of dead-weight! She had to tug mightily to get him up into a sitting position. When he was raised, all the backbone seemed gone from his spine, and it took the whole force of her vigorous arms to sustain him.

The effort was enough to account for the return of her color. It came rushing back speedily. Cheeks, forehead, everything but nose, blushed. The hard work of lifting so much avoirdupois, and possibly, also the novelty of supporting so much handsome fellow, intensified all her hues. Her eyes—blue, or at that shade even more faithful than blue—deepened; and her pale golden hair grew several carats—not carrots—brighter.

She was repaid for her active sympathy at once by discovering that this big, awkward thing was not a dead, but only a stunned body. It had an ugly bump and a bleeding cut on its manly skull, but otherwise was quite an agreeable object to contemplate, and plainly on its "unembarrassed brow Nature had written, 'Gentleman.'"

As this young lady had never had a fair, steady stare at a stunned hero before, she seized her advantage. She had hitherto been distant with the other sex. She had no brother. Not one of her male cousins had ever ventured near enough to get those cousinly privileges that timid cousins sigh for and plucky cousins take, if they are worth taking.

Wade's impressive face, though for the moment blind as a statue's, also seized its advantage and stared at her intently, with a pained and pleading look, new to those resolute features.

Wade was entirely unconscious of the great hit he had made by his tumble: plump into the arms of this heroine! There were fellows extant who would have suffered any imaginable amputation, and conceivable mauling, any fling from the apex of anything into the lowest deeps of anywhere, for the honor he was now enjoying.

But all he knew was that his skull was a beehive in an uproar, and that one lobe of his brain was struggling to swarm off. His legs and arms felt as if they belonged to another man, and a very limp one at that. A ton of cast-iron seemed to be pressing his eyelids down, and a trickle of red-hot metal flowed from his cut forehead.

"I shall have to scream," thought the lady, after an instant of anxious waiting, "if he does not revive. I cannot leave him to go for help."

Not a prude, you see. A prude would have had cheap scruples about compromising herself by taking a man in her arms. Not a vulgar person, who would have required the stranger to be properly recommended by somebody who came over in the Mayflower, before she helped him. Not a feeble-minded damsel, who, if she had not fainted, would have fled away, gasping and in tears. No timidity or prudery or underbred doubts about this thorough creature. She knew she was in her right womanly place, and she meant to stay there.

But she began to need help, possibly a lancet, possibly a pocket-pistol, possibly hot blankets, possibly somebody to knead these lifeless lungs and pommel this flaccid body, until circulation was restored.

Just as she was making up her mind to scream, Wade stirred. He began to tingle as if a familiar of the Inquisition were slapping him all over with fine-toothed curry-combs. He became half-conscious of a woman supporting him. In a stammering and intoxicated voice he murmured:

"Who ran to catch me when I fell,
And kissed the place to make it well?
My—"

He opened his eyes. It was not his mother; for she was long since deceased. Nor was this non-mother kissing the place.

In fact, abashed at the blind eyes suddenly unclosing so near her, she was on the point of letting her burden drop. When dead men come to life in such a position, and begin to talk about "kissing the place," young ladies, however independent of conventions, may well grow uneasy.

But the stranger, though alive, was evidently in a molluscous, invertebrate condition. He could not sustain himself. She still held him up, a little more at arm's-length, and all at once the reaction from extreme anxiety brought a gush of tears to her eyes.

"Don't cry," says Wade, vaguely, and still only half-conscious. "I promise never to do so again."

At this, said with a childlike earnestness, the lady smiled.

"Don't scalp me," Wade continued, in the same tone. "Squaws never scalp."

He raised his hand to his bleeding forehead.

She laughed outright at his queer, plaintive tone and the new class he had placed her in.

Her laugh and his own movement brought Wade fully to himself. She perceived that his look was transferring her from the order of scalping squaws to her proper place as a beautiful young woman of the highest civilization, not smeared with vermilion, but blushing celestial rosy.

"Thank you," said Wade. "I can sit up now without assistance." And he regretted profoundly that good breeding obliged him to say so.

She withdrew her arms. He rested on the ice—posture of the Dying Gladiator. She made an effort to be cool and distant as usual; but it would not do. This weak mighty man still interested her. It was still her business to be strength to him.

He made a feeble attempt to wipe away the drops of blood from his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Let me be your surgeon!" said she.

She produced her own folded handkerchief—M. D. were the initials in the corner—and neatly and tenderly turbaned him.

Wade submitted with delight to this treatment. A tumble with such trimmings was a luxury indeed.

"Who would not break his head," he thought, "to have these delicate fingers plying about him, and this pure, noble face so close to his? What a queenly indifferent manner she has! What a calm brow! What honest eyes! What a firm nose! What equable cheeks! What a grand, indignant mouth! Not a bit afraid of me! She feels that I am a gentleman and will not presume."

"There!" said she, drawing back. "Is that comfortable?"

"Luxury!" he ejaculated with fervor.

"I am afraid I am to blame for your terrible fall."

"No—my own clumsiness and that oar-blade are in fault."

"If you feel well enough to be left alone, I will skate off and call my friends."

"Please do not leave me quite yet!" says Wade, entirely satisfied with the *tete-a-tete*.

"Ah! here comes Mr. Skerrett round the Point!" she said—and sprang up, looking a little guilty.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Facts About Presidents.

There are some very curious facts connected with the presidents of the United States. Gen. Washington, the first president, had no children. He was re-elected. John Adams, the second president, had children—sons and daughters. He was not re-elected. Thomas Jefferson, his successor, had no sons, but two daughters. He was re-chosen. The fourth president, James Madison, like Washington, had no children. He was re-elected. The fifth, James Monroe, had a daughter, but no son. He was president eight years. After him came John Quincy Adams, who had children—sons and, we think, daughters. He failed of re-election. The seventh president, Andrew Jackson, had the fate of Washington and Madison in being so unfortunate as to have no descendants. Martin Van Buren, the eighth president, had some, and was continued in office only a single term. Gen. Wm. H. Harrison, his successor, had children of both sexes. He died in one month after his inauguration. After him came John Tyler, who had a family of sons and daughters. He ran for the presidency, but was defeated. Then came James K. Polk, whose domestic condition was that of Washington, Madison and Jackson—he had no children. Gen. Taylor, who followed him, died in office in fifteen months after his accession. He had both sons and daughters, one of the latter of whom was the first wife of Jefferson Davis. The thirteenth president, Millard Fillmore, had a daughter, but no son. He was not re-elected. Franklin Pierce, when he came to the presidential chair, was a childless man. So also was the fifteenth president, James Buchanan, who was a bachelor. Abraham Lincoln, who succeeded him, had children, both sons and daughters, and he was the only man who had that was ever twice chosen president. Andrew Johnson had children of both sexes, but was not re-elected. Grant has both sons and daughters, and is chosen for the second term.

A GERMAN savant predicts a celestial transformation scene soon. He propounds the unique theory that the zodiacal light is a gaseous ring surrounding our planet, and, becoming gradually concentrated and will give us another moon.

A KANSAS law, we notice gives mothers control of their children. This is an admirable law, and every family should have one. Without it, too many children have control of their mothers.

Miscellany.

AFTER THE FIRE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

While far along the eastern sky
I saw the flags of Havoc fly,
As if his forces would assault
The sovereign of the starry vault,
And hurl Him back the burning rain
That seared the cities of the plain
I read as off a crimson page,
The words of Israel's sceptered sage:

For riches make them wings, and they
Do as the eagle, fly away.

O, vision of that sleepless night,
What hue shall paint the mocking light
That burned and stained the orient skies
Where peaceful morning loves to rise,
As if the sun had lost his way,
And dawned to make a second day—
Above how red with fiery glow,
How dark to those it woke below!

On roof and wall, on dome and spire,
Flashed the false jewels of the fire,
Girt with her belt of glittering panes,
And crowned with starry-gleaming vanes,
Our northern queen in glory shone
With new born splendors not her own,
And stood, transfigured in our eyes,
A victim decked for sacrifice

The cloud still hovers overhead,
And still the midnight sky is red;
As the lost wanderer strays alone
To seek the place he called his own,
His devious footprints sadly tell
How changed the pathways known so well;
The scene, how new! The tale how old,
Ere yet the ashes have grown cold!

Again I read the words that came
Writ in the rubric of the flame;
However we trust to mortal things,
Each hath its pair of folded wings;
Though long their terrors rest unspread,
Their fatal plumes are never shed;
At last, at last, they stretch in flight,
And fled, beyond the smoke and flame,
The cloudless azure whence they came.

HORACE GREELEY.

Religious Belief of the Dead Journalist.

Dr. Chapin, in closing his sermon, which was in reference to the power of Christian revelation, said: It is a power to inspire men nobly in the work of life; it is a power to sustain them triumphantly in the struggle of death. It was a power that inspired and sustained our friend, our brother, of whom two continents are speaking to-day, and of whom, if I do not say much now, it is because I cannot speak adequately, and because there are occasions that transcend words. More competent tongues and pens than mine will delineate the line, will illustrate the character, will write the epitaph of Horace Greeley. His name will be pronounced with reverence, and love, and sorrow, by differing lips, for it was the peculiarity of this man that he filled many circles of human interest, and sent a potent influence through them all. The homes and hearts of those who knew him best will keep his acts and words in tender freshness; the political world, accordant or discordant as it may be with his peculiar views, will lament an honored leader; the workman will miss a fellow-workman who labored by his side, and for his cause; the freedman will not forgets, the record of his scars, and the breaking of his chains; the pen, the press, the plow, will be symbols of his memory. There is not a noble cause or kindly work of man that will not feel his loss and send its echo of regret; and a great nation that, when passion and transient excitement pass away, is a generous nation, will fix him in his place among our truly great and good men.

Therefore, he needs no lengthened or elaborate eulogy from me. But upon one point I may speak, I ought to speak here and now, and that in close accordance with the theme of this discourse. Mr. Greeley was of our household faith, this was his chosen place of worship.

We shall miss him here as one of the most familiar links in our associations of the Sabbath and the sanctuary. I shall miss him as one of our most familiar links in connection with this Church and people for twenty-five years. Looking through the vista of that time, among those of then comparative youth who are now thinning and scattering away, I recognize him as among my earliest and truest friends.

He was no fair-weather Christian, but was always in attendance in storm and sunshine, health permitting. He was a faithful and humble worshiper. He gave his ready help in all kinds of charitable and denominational work. He was not merely a pew-holder or hearer.

He was a sympathetic co-worker. His was no holiday faith worn for a time-serving purpose. It was not put on him, it grew out of him, the earliest ingrain conviction of his youth and of his after life. Had he aimed at popularity, he would have concealed it as many do under other names, and worshipped it under other forms, for although this is a faith of the people in a worldly and superficial sense, it is not a popular faith, but even now is strangely misconceived and bitterly denounced.

With him conviction was an obligation. He firmly believed it and expressed it; and yet his large and hospitable mind could not hold its belief in any narrow limits, or cut it off from the great continent of truth. He was not a sectarian, but always said, and truly, that we in our ecclesiastical position had not put ourselves out of the church, but had been put in the cold; but I say, with all this, this was his chief conviction of the Divine Fatherhood.

I don't say too much when I say the peculiar character of his work, his large-hearted interest in humanity, came from his faith in the universal Fatherhood of God, and the universal brotherhood of man. So it was his inspiration in life. We know, thank God! that was his support in death.

When, worried and worn with life's conflict, he sank upon the field, and knew that all the life, of good or ill, was over, his last utterance was one of simple fa