VOL. 62.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 7, 1862.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.] LOVE AND SKATES.

IN TWO PARTS. PART 1.

CHAPTER 1. ,

A KNOT AND A MAN TO CUT IT.

Uonsternation! Consternation in the back office of Benjamin Brummage, Esq, banker in wall street.

Yesterday down came Mr. Superinten dent Whiffler, from dunderbunk, up the North River, to say that "unlesss something be done, at once, the Dunkerbunk Foundry and Iron-Works must wind up." President Brummage forthwith convoked his Directors. And here they sat around the green table, forlorn as the guests at a

Barmecide feast. Well they might be forlorn! At was the rosy summer solstice, the longest and fairest day of all the year. But rose-color and sunshine had fled from Wall Street. fing steam-tug drags a three-decker cocked sailed in upon Credit. .

the tenth of that June all the money in to his order." America had buried itself and was as if it were not. Everybody and everything was ready to fail. If the hindmost brick went down, down would go the whole file. There were ten Directors of the Dun-

derbunk Foundry.

Now, not seldom, a Board of ten Directors, five are wise and five are foolish: five wise, who bag all the Company's funds in salaries and commissions for endorsing its paper; five foolish, who get no-salaries, no commissions, no dividends -nothing indeed, but abuse from the stockholders, and the reputation of thieves. That is to say, five of the ten are pick-

It happened that the Dunkerbunk Directors were all honest and foolish wise, was off at the West, with his Her- and brother. culean shoulders at the wheels of a dead locked railroad. These honest fellows did not wish Dunderbunk to fail for sevgral reasons. First, it was not pleasant to lose their investment. Second, one have carte blanche, and no one to inter important failure might betray Credit to fere in his management." Crisis with Panic at its heels, whereupon every investment would be in danger. Third, what would become of their Directorial reputations? From President Brummage down, each of these gentlemen was one of the pockets to be picked in a great many companies. Each "Just as you please," Churm contin-was of the first Wall Street fashion, invi-ued. "I name a competent man, a genpatchwork toga made of the newspaper him !" advertisements of boards in which his name proudly figured. If Dunderbunk | heard before in that Directors'

the question. his pompous manner, with its pomp a little collapsed, pro tempore. Inefficient Whiffler whimpered out his and went off to notify him.

The confessions of an impotent executive are sorry stuff to read. Whiffler's long, dismal complaint shall not be repeated. He had taken a prosperous concern, had carried on things in his own way, and now failure was inevitable. He much of a crisis, after all." had bought raw material lavishly, and worked it badly into half-ripe material, which nobody wanted to buy. He was in arrears to his hands. He had tried to bully them, when they asked for their money. They had insulted him, same afternoon, and threatened to knock off work, unless. He swallowed

"Withdraw if you please, Mr. Super-time got down at the station. Intendent," President Brummage requested. "The board will discuss measures the land and water privileges of his new of relief."

The more they discussed, the more the let it slide !!"

Into this assembly of imbeciles unexwas ready to put those Herculean shoul-ders at any other bemired and rickety no-joily name for a boat!" Ambuster,'—

a Director in feeble companies. He came | gilding of a golden sunset of June could at their work with a will. into Dunderbunk recently as executor of not make it anything but commonplace. his friend Damer; a year ago bored to It would be forlorn on a gray day, and death by a silly wife.

Churm's bristly aspect and incisive manner made him a sharp contrast to lodge in," thought the stranger. "I con-Brunnage. The latter personage was not possibly camp at the tavern. Its flabby in flesh, and the oppressively civil offence is rum, and smells to heaven." counter jumper style of his youth had | Presently our explorer found a neat. grown naturally into a deportment of most | white two-story, home-like abode on the imposing pomposity.

The tenth Director listened to the Bresident's recitative of their difficulties, are roses on the porch, a piano, or at chorused by the board.

You want two things. The first is Mon- the Mutual's plate announces. Now, if

with such magic power that all the air widow, I will camp here." seemed instantly filled with a cheerful Perry Purtett was the name on flight of gold American eagles, each carthe door, and opposite the sign of America seemed to sprout with coin, hint was a broad one. Wade read, asufter a shower a meadow sprouts with the yellow buds of the dandeloin.

Directors. It seemed a word of good omen, now. "The second thing," resumed the newcomer, " is Man !"

The Directors looked at each other and

The first of the state of

did not see such a being.
"The actual Superintendent of Dunder-I see your mother?" bunk is a dunderhead," said Churm.

ed, started a complimentary laugh

"Order, gentlemen! Orrderr!" said the President, severely, rapping with a paper-cutter. "We must have a Man, not a Whiff-

ler!" Churm continued. "And I have one in my eye.
"Would be so good as to name him?"

said old Brummage, timidly.

He wanted to see a Man, but feared the strange creature might be dangerous. "Richard Wade," said Churm.
They did not know him. The name

sounded forcible. "He has been in California," the nom nator said.

A shudder ran around the green table They seemed to see a frowzy desperado, shaggy as a bison, in a red shirt and jackboots, hung about the waist with an assortment of six shooters and bowie-knives, and standing against a back-ground of Noisy Crisis towing back Panic, as a put- mustangs, monte-banks, and lynch-law. "We must get Wade," Churm says,

and primed for destruction, had suddenly with authority. "He knows Iron by sailed in upon Credit. Heart. He can handle Men. I will back As all the green-inch worms vanish, on him with my blank check, to any amount,

Here a murmer of applause, swelling o a cheer, burst from the Directors. Everybody knew that the Geological damental stratum of its wealth. They boiled up in a mountain to buttress the lettin' down lower." world.

Churm's bank check seemed to wave in the air like an oriflamme of victory: Its ight wear his beard to his knees, and his belt stuck full of howitzers and boomerangs; he might have been repeatedly. but brandishing that chee's, good for anything less than a million, every Director but one. He, John Churm, honest and in Wall Street was his slave, his friend.

"Let us vote Mr. Wade in by acclamation," cried the Directors.

"But, gentlemen," Churm interposed, if I give him my blank check, he must

Every Director, from President Brumnage down, drew a long face at this condition

It was one of their great privileges to otter in the Dunkerbunk affairs and propose ludierous impossibilities.
"Just as you please," Churm contin-

ted to lend his name and take stock in | tleman and fine fellow. I back him with every new enterprise. Any one of them might have walked down town in a long his own way. Now take him, or leave

Such despotie talk had never been would inaugurate universal rupture. in danger. The blank cheek shook its blandishments before their eyes. How to avoid this disaster?—that was

"We take him," they said, and Rich-"State the case, Mr. Superintendent and Wade was the new Superintendent Whiffler," said President Brummage, in unanimously.
his pompous manner, with its pomp a lit. "He shall be at Dunkerbunk to take

hold to-morrow morning," said Churm, Upon this, Consternation sailed out of the heart of Brummage and associates. They lunched with good appetites over the green table, and the President confi-

dently remarked: "I don't believe there is going to be

CHAPTER II.

BARRACKS FOR THE HERO.

Wade packed his kit, and took the Hudson-River train for Dunderbunk the

He swallowed his dust, he gasped for they were paid at once. "A set of hor- his fresh air, he wept over his cinders, he rid ruffians," Whiffler said,—" and his refused his "lozengers," he was admired life wouldn't be safe many days among by all the pretty girls and defested by all the puny men in the train, and in good He stopped on the platform to survey

abode. "The June sunshine is unequalled, consternation. Nobody said anything to he soliloquized, "the river is splendid, the purpose, except Mr. Sam Gwelp, his the hills are pretty, and the Highlands, late father's lubberly son and successor. north, respectable; but the village has "Blast!" said he; "we shall have to gone to seed. Place and people lazy, vicious, and ashamed. I suppose those chimneys are my Foundry. The smoke pectedly entered Mr. John Churm. He lises as if the furnaces were ill-fed and had set his Western railroad trains rolling, weak in the lungs. Nothing, I can see, and was just returned to town. Now he looks alive, except the queer little steam

utterly dismal in a storm.

"I must look up a civilized house to

upper street, overlooking the river. "This promises," he thought. "Here

least a melodeon, by the parlor-window, "Gentlemen," said Director Churm, and they are insured in the Mutual, as that nice-looking person in black I see He pronounced this cabalistic word sitting at a table in the back-room is a

rying a double eagle on its back and a of an omnium-gatherum country-store silver dollar in its claws; and all the soil hinted that Perry was deceased. The withered kernel, or sound soft like a ret-"Ringdoye, Successor to late P. Purtett." brain. The owner felt that he could "It's worth a try to get in here out of trust it for an effort; as he could his lungs and looking dangerous.

-as a lodger-to the widow." So said Wade, and rang the bell under the roses. A pretty, slim, delicate, fairhaired maiden answered.

"This explains the roses and the m

"Pun!" cried Sam Gwelp, waking up wants a friend." Wade analyzed, while dawn' fool or not." he bowed: He proposed himself as a lodger.

"I'don't know it was talked of generally," replied the widow, plaintively; swaggering bearing,—a good many was damaged by his evil courses. He was "but I have said that we felt lonesome, roughs, with here and there a ruffian fighting against law and order, on the Mr. Purtett bein' gone, and if the new

minister"-Here she paused. The cut of Wade's the stedges with which they had been with which they had been with which they had been with which they had shiny hates of their tapping at the bald shiny hates of their dike a new minister. He was not pallid, and wills. Several wielded their long pokers like lances. It is bronzed face was like lances. Grimy chaps, all with their faces and bleeding on his hard black pillow.

The cut of Wade's the sledges with which they had been vier.

Up went his heels! Down went his heels! Perry the smirk, the grace, or go to swiggin hot metal out of the ladles or go to swiggin ho

flannel up to the shoulder, above the billing muscles of the upper arm. They ware a little sob and ran out of the room.

What makes my daughter Belle feel bad," says the widow, "is, that she had a friend,—well, it isn't too much to say that they were as good as engaged—and he was foreman of the Foundry finishin's shop But somehow Whifler spoilt him, just as he spoils everything he touches; and last winter, when Belle was away, William Tarbox—that's his name, and Bank deemed Churm's deposits the fun- his head is runnin' over with inventions snake -took to spreein' and liquor, and got | Ten feet back stood the new Hercules lay there in the vaults, like underlying ashamed of himself, and let down from who was to take down that thydra's two granite. When hot times came, they a foreman to a hand, and is all the while hundred crosts of insubordination.

payee might come from Botany Bay; he installed in the large and small front- know him among a myriad. rooms up-stairs, unpacking his traps, a. d; The Hands faced the Head: It was a making himself permanently at home. Superintendent Whiffler came over,

> suit the outgoer. "How long do you expect to stay?" brain or muscle. asks Whiffler, with a half-sneer, watch-

vis-a-vis.
"Until the men and I, or the Company and I, cannot pull together.''

HOW TO BEHEAD A HYDRA! At ten next morning Whiffler handed

to the gate. "I'm glad to be out of a sinking ship," said the ex-boss. "The works will men are just as bad as hands. I never felt safe of my life with 'em."

"A bad lot, are they?" mused Wade. as he returned to the office. "I must give them a little sharp talk by way of inaugural.''

He had the bell tapped and the men called together in the main building. Much work was still going on in an

inefficient, unsystematic way. While hot fires were roaring in the great furnaces, smoke rose from the dusty beds where Titanic castings were cooling Great cranes, manacled with heavy chains. stood over the furnace-doors, ready to lift steaming jorums of melted metal, and pour out, hot and hot for the moulds to swallow.

Raw material in big heaps lay about, waiting for the fire to ripen it Here was a stack of long, rough, rusty pigs, clumsy as the shillelahs of the Anakim. There was a pile of short, thick masses, lying higgledy-piggledy, stuff from the neighboring mines, which needed to be crossed with foreign stock before it could be of much use in civilization

Here, too, was raw material organized fly wheel, large enough to keep the knobbiest of asteroids revolving without a wabble; a cross-head, cross-tail, and piston rod, to help a great sea-going steamer brest the waves; a light walkingbeam, to help the puddles of a fast boat on the river; and other members of ma-Wade left his traps at the station, and chines, only asking to be put together Mr. Churm was not accustomed to be walked through the village. All the and vivified by steam and they would go

From the black ratters overhead hung the heavy folds of a dim atmosphere, half dust, half smoke. A dozen sunbeams, forcing their way through grimy panes of the grimy upper windows, found golden bars set side by side aloft, like the mented Poole. pipes of an organ out of its perpendicu-

manage the stuff. He abhorred bank- we're go'n to stan' it. ruptcy and chaos. "All they want here is a head," he in this shop!"

thought. He shook his own. The brain within was well developed with healthy exercise. It filled its case, and did not rattle like a ten one. It was a vigorous, muscular Money ! yes, Money !" murmured the the pagan barbarism around. I'll propose for a shout, his legs for a leap, or his fist for a knock-down argument.

At the tap of the bell the "bad lot" of men came together. They numbered more than two hundred, though the Foundry was working short. They had been lodeon," thought Wade, and asked, "Can notified that "that gonoph of a Whiffier was kicked out, and a new feller was in, Mamma came. "Mild, timid," accus- who looked cranky enough, and wanted Poole found its place in a puddle.

Several of the Directors, thus instruct- tomed to depend on the late Perry, and to see em and tell em whither he was a So all hands collected from the different parts of the Foundry to see the Head. They came up with easy and somewhat

Several, as they approached, swung and inister"— tossed, from mere overplus of strength, the sledges with which they had been

ulations on Original Sin and Total De-pravity.

Their hairy chests showed, where some wade, in a tone that made the ringer jump. "Now, men, take hold and do ravity.

men parade elaborate shirt bossoms jump. "Now, men, take hold and do "I am not the new minister," said Some had their sleeves pushed up to their your duty and everything will go smooth!" Some had their sleeves pushed up to their your duty and everything will go smooth!

The bell clanged in. The men looked and extensors. Some had rolled their at their prostrate champion, then at the flannel up to the shoulder, above the new boss standing there, cool and brave, bulging muscles of the upper arm. They Wade smiling slightly over his moustache; elbow to exhibit their compact flexors. The bell clanged in. The men looked that a new Superintendant for the Foundation extensors. Some had rolled their at their prostrate champion, then at the

They inspected him, and he them as The widow's heart thus opened, Wade coolly. He read and ticketed each man walked in as consoler. This also opened as he came up, -good, bad, or on the the lodgings to him. He was presently fence, -and marked each so that he would

question whether the two hundred or the one would be master in Dunderbunk. pockets; the other five, pockets to be hung by Vigilance Committees, and as picked.

hung by Vigilance Committees, and as by-and-by, to see his successor. He did Which was boss? An old question. It picked. not like his looks. The new man should has to be settled whenever a new man lant. He had gone to bed, feeling quite have looked mean or weak or rascally, to claims power, and there is always a strug- too despondent for so healthy a fellow.— and his hat permanently out of mourning

> ing Wade hanging a map and a print subject. He waited a moment until the cept two little nieces, one as tall as his Smith, Wheelwright, Chairman. As many men were still. He was a Saxon six- knee, the other almost up to his waist; as are in favor of this motion, please to footer of thirty. He stood easy on his and them he had safely bestowed in a say 'Aye.'" pins, as if he had eyed men and facts be-nook of New England, to gain wit and "Aye!" said the crowd, very loud and "I'll give you a week to quarrel with fore. His mouth looked firm, his brow virtue as they gained inches both, and another to see the whole concerning smash. And now, hands could see. But clipper noses are if you're ready, I'll go over the accounts not always backed by a stout hull! Seem.

hausener when it has a bar to shape. troubled Wade no more. He shot out of "Unanimous!" Tarbox pronounced.
"I'm the new Superintendent... Rich-bed in tip-top spirits; should "Merry "No fractious minorities here, to block ard Wade is my name. I rang the bell Christmas!" at the rising disk of the sun; because I wanted to see you and have looked over the black ice; thrilled with At ten next morning Whitter handed you see me. You know as well as the thought of a long holiday for skating; or ruin some other property if he could I do that these Works are in a bad way. failed, the toga was torn, and might present. They reflected a moment. But they ly go to rags beyond repair. The first rent thought of their togas of advertisments to the grant throught of their togas of advertisments to the grant throught of their togas of advertisments to the grant throught of their togas of advertisments to the grant throught of their togas of advertisments to the grant throught of their togas of advertisments to the grant throught of their togas of advertisments to the grant throught of their togas of advertisments to the grant throught of their togas of advertisments to the grant throught of their togas of advertisments to the grant throught of their togas of advertisments to the grant throught of their togas of advertisments to the grant throught of their togas of advertisments to the grant through the gra pany profits. Every man of you has got to be here on the spot when the bell dow, he observed several matinal smokes very stately. down, sure as shooting. And I think myself well out of the clutches of these You've turned out rotten iron,—stuff river. strikes, and up to the mark in his work tising from the chimneys of a country You haven't been and you know it. house a mile away, on a slope fronting the the manner of a man seven feet high .men. They're a bullying, swearing, drinking set of infernal ruffians. Fore-

of. Now there's to be a new leaf turned rope at last," he thought. "I hope he fellow patronizingly by the arm, led him over here. You re to be paid on the nail; is as fine a fellow as he was ten years ago. forward, and chared him on a large cylinbut you've got to earn your money. I I hope marriage has not made him a muff, der-head, in the rough, just hatched out won't have any idlers or shirkers or and wealth a weakling." rebels about me. I shall work hard | Wade went down to breakfast with an myself, and every one of you will, or he heroic appetite. His "Merry Christmas" leaves the shop. Now, if any body has a to Mrs. Purtett was followed up by a ra- ing Wheelwright an iron bolt, and taking complaint to make, I'll hear him before venous kiss and a gift of a silver butter- his place beside him, as prompter.

with Wade's Inaugural. It meant some butter-knife was genuine, shining, solid thing. But they were not to be put silver, with her initials, M. B. P., Martha down so easily, after long misrule. There Bilsby Purtett, given in luxuriant flour-

faced the new ruler. tion, he had been the but end of riot The widow now perceived, with mild reand revolt at the Foundry. He had had gret, how much she had missed, when his own way with Whiffler. He did not she married "a man all shaven and shorn." like to abdicate and give in to this new Her cheek, still fair, though forty, flushchap without testing him

In a better mood, Bill would have ted her lodger more than ever. liked Wade's looks and words; but today he had a sore head, a sour face, and more distant. There must be a little a bitter heart from the last night's spree. friendly reserve between a handsome Bill was excluded. So Bill stepped for gift-of course embroidered slippersward as spokesman of the ruffianty ele- and his to her-of course "The Illustrabehind and backed him heavily.

Tarbox, too, was a Saxon six-footer of sides. thirty. But he had sagged one inch for "We shall meet on the ice, Miss want of self-respect. He had spoilt his Belle," said Wade. "It is a day of a color and dyed his moustache. He wore thousand for skating." foxy-black-pantaloous tucked into red-topped boots, with the name of the maker skater," Belle rejoined. on a gilt shield. His red flannel shirt on the river yesterday evening." was open at the neck and caught with a and they moulded out of it quite a series was in permanent crape for the late la- much with my dull old skates."

See Sec "Stop!" says Wade. "No swearing on the ice.

"Who the devil is go'n to stop it?" growled Tarbox.

ı gentleman !" "I'm damned if I stir till I've had my "I wish I were Rembrandt, to paint with the voice of a Senator. say out," says Bill, shaking himself up this grand shadowy interior," thought Here the audience reared and " Go back !

Wade moved close to him, also looking

dangerous. "Don't tech me!" Bill threatened, squaring off. He was not quick enough. Wade knocked him down flat on a heap of moulding-sand. The hat in mourning for s, in the right places.

made a vicious rush at Wade. But he side of wrong and bad manners. The same fist met him again, and hea-

Skates in the next chapter. ipon the scene.

> CHAPTER IV. A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The pioneer sunbeam of next Christmas morning rattled over the Dunderbunk hills, flashed into Richard Wade's eyes, waked him, and was off, ricochetting across the black ice of the river.

Wade jumped up, electrified and jubigle until it is fought out by main force of Christmas Eve, the time of family-meet- for the late Mr. Poole. ings, reminded him how lonely he was. Wade had made up his mind on this He had not a relative in the world, ex- this meeting organize by appointing Mr.

eern go to everlasting smash. And now, if you're ready, I'll go over the accounts with you and prove it."

Whiffler himself, insolent, cowardly, and a humbug, if not a swindler, was chough, Wade thought, to account for any failure. But he did not mention this wade began short and sharp at a trip-touviction.

Perhaps the pioneer sunbeam answered this question with a truism, not always as stake. Contrary minds, 'No.'"

No contrary minds. The crowd utterdable, as in this case,—"A brave, while the mouth hides beneath, a mere sunbeam answered this question with a truism, not always as stake. Contrary minds. The crowd utterdable, self-respecting manhood is fair profit of any man's first thirty years of life."

Wade began short and sharp at a trip-touviction.

Wade began short and sharp at a trip-touviction.

But, answered or not, the question troubled Wade no more. He shot out of the did not mention this this neighbor, surprised to find how well they agreed.

"Unanimous!" Tarbox pronounced.

"Unanimous!" No fractious minorities here, to block

Presently, glancing from his south win- the Chairman to the Chair," says Bill,

"Peter Skerrit must be back from Eu-

knife. The good widow did not know The men were evidently impressed which to be most charmed with. The began to be a whisper,—

Bil in, Bill Turbox! and talk up to twang, such an exhibitanting titillation! ishes; but then the kiss had such a fine The late Perry's kisses, from first to last, Presently Bill shouldered forward and had wanted point. They were, as the Spanish proverb would put it, unsavory Chair, a little bashful and confused. Since Bill took to drink and degreda- as unsalted eggs, for want of a moustache. ed with novel delight, and she apprecia-

Wade's salutation to Belle Purtett was And then he had heard-it was as well young man and a pretty young woman known already in Dunderbunk as if the several gra es lower in the social scale, town-crier had cried it-that Wade was living in the same house. They were on odging at Mrs. Purtett's, where poor the most cordial terms, however; and her ment, and the immoral force gathered ted Poets," in Turkey morocco-were exchanged with tender good-will on both

"Mr. Ringdove says you are a famous "He saw you

Wade breakfasted deliberately, as a ishing, before he joined all Dunderbunk

It was a haloyon day, worthy of its motto "Peace on earth, good will to men." The air was electric, the sun overflowing "I am. Do you step back now, and with jolly shine, the river smooth and let some one come out who can talk like sheeny from the hither bank to the snowy mountains opposite.

Wade as he entered the silent, deserted the Orator got a fresh start.

Foundry, "With the gleam of the snow in my eyes, it looks deliciously warm and chiaroscuno." When the men are here an 'fervet opus,"—the pot boils,—I can 'for walked in, bilin' over with grit. You walked in, bilin' over with grit. You made an 'fervet opus,'—the pot boils;—I can-not stop to see the picturesque."

method of compelling kotou. Round One of the mill had not given him enough.

He jumped up from his soft bed and clear the office door.

He jumped up from his soft bed and the first bed and the

young Perry Purtett. and an uncommonly wide-awake look .-Ringdove, his father's successor, could dred-weight of cast-iron in our pants' pockets,

Will you come along, if you please!"

There was a good deal of easy swagabout Perry, as there is always about

And there, as six months before, stood the Hands awaiting their Head. But Love in good time afterward shall glide the apron, the red shirts, and the grime of working-days were off, and the whole were in holiday rig, -as black and smooth and shiny from top to toe as the members of a Congress of Undertakres. Hade, following in the wake of Perry

took his stand facing the rank, and awaited to see what he was summoned for .-He had not long to wait, To the front stepped Mr. William Taroox, foreman of the finishing shop, no

longer a bhoy, but an erect, fine looking fellow, with no nitrite in his moustache. "Gentlemen," said Bill, "I move that

big. And then every man looked at his neighbor, a little abashed, as if he him-

the wheels of legislation !"

The crowd burst into a roar at this significant remark, and, again abashed, dropned nortcullis on its laughter, cutting of the flanks and tail of the sound. " Mr. Purtett, will you please conduct

" Make way here!" says Perry, with Step out now, Mr. Chairman!"

He took a big, grizzled, docile looking of its mould.

"Bang away with that, and sing out 'Silence!' " says the knowing boy, hand-The docile Chairman obeyed. At his breaking silence by hooting "Silence!

the audience had another mighty bob tailed laugh. "Say, 'will some honorable member state the object of this meeting?" " whis

pered the prompter. "Will some honorable mumbler state the subject of this 'ere meetin' ?" says Bill Tarbox advanced, and, with a fornal bow, began,--

"Mr. Chairman"-"Say, Mr. Tarbox has the floor," piped Perry. "Mr. Tarbox has the floor," diapanoned the Chair.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen" Bill began and stopped.
"Say, 'Proceed, Sir!' " suggested Perry, which the senior did, magnifying the ov's whisper a dozen times.

Again Bill began and stopped. "Boys," says he, dropping grandiloquence, "when I accepted the office of Orator of the Day at our primary, and promised to bring forward our Resolutions in honor of Mr. Wade with my best this matter. They were waiting for the speech, I didn't think I was going to newspapers to write up a public sentiment have such a head of steam on that the to give them' "backbone" sufficient to face valves would get stuck and the piston jammed and I couldn't say a word.

when I think of the Indian powwow we had in this very spot six months ago,-"Yes; Tarbox and I were practising and what a mean bloat I was, going to those published in the country."

"Yes; Tarbox and I were practising and what a mean bloat I was, going to those published in the country. We have no objection to paying postage this compound quite palpable and solid, black handkerchief. His damaged tile to exhibit to-day; but I could not do the stub-tail dogs, with my hat over my eyes, -and what a hard lot we were all on our exchange papers, or a war tax on round, living on nothing but argee whis-"We allow," says Bill, in a tone helf-holiday morning allowed, and then walk-key, and rampin' off on benders, instead go helf-holiday morning allowed, and then walk-key, and rampin' off on benders, instead of makin' good iron,—and how the Works Wade grew indignant, as he looked and a burglar's bull-dog's snarl, "That be no work done to-day, except by a was flat troke,—and how Dunderbunk which even blinks towards laying a tax upon about him and saw so much good stuff we've did our work as good as need to be and good force wasting for want of p did Wo'xpect we know our rights. We Superintendent wished only to give his bands and mothers ashamed of their sons and good force wasting for want of a little will and skill to train the force and ha'nt ben treated fair, and I'm damned if First Semi-Annual Report an hour's pol-boys, when I think how things was, and see what they are, and look at Mr. Wade standing there like a"-

Bill hesitated for a comparison. "Like a thousand of brick," Perry Purtett suggested, sotto voce. The Chairman took this as a hint to himself

"Like a thousand of brick," he says, Here the audience roared and cheered, and

NO 10_ Bill did not like the new Emperor's out loud and clear. Presently the Su-man pulls his pound. Now, then, my hand is

(\$1 50 per annum in advance

"Come in," said Wade, and, enter young Perry Purtett.

Perry was a boy of fifteen, with hair the color of fresh sawdust, white eye-brows, and an uncommonly wide-awake look.—

"At this ugure the meeting showed a tendency to cheer. "Silence!" Perry sternly suggested. Silence repeated the chair.

"Then," continued the Orator, "you wasn't one of the uneasy kind, always fusion' and cussin' round. You wasn't always spyin' to see we didn't take home a greek tail or a burner of the uneasy kind.

see we didn't take home a cross tail or a hun-

olutions to the Superintendent?"

Perry advanced and did his office loftily, much to the amusement of Wade and the much to the anusement of Wade and the workmen.

"Now," Bill resumed, "we wanted, besides, to make you a little gift Mr. Wade, to remember the day by. So we got up a subscription, and every man put in his dime. Here's the present,—hand 'em over Perry!

"There, Sir, is the Best Pair of Skates to be had in York City, made for work, and no nonvenient beautiful to the world skating, as you do in all the things we've knowed you try.

"Now, boys," Bill perorated, "before I retire to the shades of private life, I motion we give Three Cheers—regular Toplifters—

we give Three Cheers—regular Toplifters—for Richard Wade!"

"Hurrah! Wade and Good Government!"
"Hurrah! Wade and Prosperity! "Hurrah! Wade and the Woman's Tears Dry!"
Cheers like the shout of Achilles! Wielding sledges is good for the balleges its good for the balleges. Cheers like the shout of Achilles! Wielding sledges is good for the bellows, its appears. Tophiters! Why, the smoky black rafters over head had to tug hard to hold the roof on. Hurrah! From every corner of the vast building came back rattling echoes. The Works, the machinery, the furnaces, the stuff all had their voice to a ld to the verdict.

all had their voice to ald to the verdict.

Magnificent! And our Anglo-28xon is
the only race in the world civilized enough
to join in singing it. We are the only hurraling people—the only brood hatched in a
"Hurtah's nest."
Silence restored, the Chairman, prompted by
Perry, said. "Gentlemen, Mr. Wade has the
floor for a few remarks."
Of course Wade had to speak, and did.
The would not have been an American in

He would not have been an American in American else. But his heart was too full to say any more than a few hearty and earnest

words of good feeling.
"Now, men," he closed, "I want to get away on the river and see it my skates will go heers for Smith Wheelwright, our Chairman, hree for our Orator, Tarbox, three for Old Bunderbunk, -- Works, men, Women, and Children; and one big cheer for old Father Iron, es rousing a cheer as ever was roared."

So they gave their three times three with enormous enthusiasm. The roof shook, the furnaces rattled, Perry Purtett banged with

the Chairman's hammer, the great echoes thundered through the Foundry. And when they ended with one gigantic cheer for Iren, tough and true, the weapon, the tool, and the engine of all civilization—it seemed as if the uproar would never cease un-til Father Iron himself heard the call in his smithy away under the magnetic pole, and came clanking up, to return thanks in person.

FOORTINGED NEXT WEEK.] TAXING KNOWLEDGE: We find the followng item among the Washington correspon-

dent of the New York World: "The abolition of the franking privilege carries with it the right of newspapers to exchange without the payment of postage, an inportant item in the newspaper business. It will amount to a serious tax on papers with large exchange lists. I find a strong celing here in favor of taxing newspaper proprietors a quarter or half a cent for each sheet they print. It would produce au enormous income to the government, and it is urged would be a public benefit in raising he price of the journals, and concentrating the business in the interest of the really ble and worthy large city newspaper. Few. er papers and better ones would be the re-sult. It is doubted, however, whether the members care to face the calmor this tax-

would create among the journals in the rural districts.

If there be any truth in this statement, it only goes to show what exceedingly soft and imbecile material Congressmen are made of. The newspapers have been compelled to literally dog them into measures to put the finances of the country on a solid basis by taxation. It was only their fear, as politicians of the people that prevented Congress long ago from doing their duty in the music; now, having thus got their courage screwed up to the sticki "But," he continued warming up, they not only propose to tax the dissemination of knowledge in its most popular channels, but to tax it for the benefit of the

our real and personal property, in any proportion necessary to sustain the government in the suppression of this reellion; but we'do protest against anything popular knowledge. To popular ignorance in the South we this day owe the existence of the war against the Union. Had news-papers been as abundant and cheap there as they are at the North, the political scoun-drels who "precipitated" the seceded States into rebellion, would never have been abla to lead the people astray. Let us have no such premium laid on ignorance in the loyal States. A good round tax on the salaries and stealings of Congressmen would he much more popular with the people than

FRANCIS DATCHER, an old colored man who has been employed as a messenger in the war office, at Washington, for 40 years, died last week. He had a certificate of recommendation week. He had a certificate of reccomendation signed by every Scerntary of War since John C. Calhoun, the nullifier.

not stop to see the picturesque."

He opened his office, took his Report things jump like a two headed tarrier. All and began to complete it with ,s, ;s, and s, in the right places.

All at once the bell of the Works range of the can't do the first thing, unless every away as lichmond.