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LIFE.

BY MARY E. DODGE.

[From Appleton's Journal.]

Life is a rose, brier-burdened, yet sweet,
Blooming a day;
Flinging its perfume like perfume to meet,
Wind-blown away.

Leaf after leaf spreads its blush to the air,
Kissed by the sun;
Deeper-hued growing, as joy makes it fair,
Love's guerdon won.

Leaf after leaf shrivels up from the heart,
Leaving it bare;
Color and fragrance and joy all depart,
None left to care.

Nay, the divine in it lingers there still,
God's care in all;
Rose-leaves but drop at the beck of His will,
Fetters which thrall.

Up from its trammels the freed spirit wings,
Higher to soar;
Attar immortal a pure essence flings,
Sweet, evermore.

BOMBAY SHIRLEY'S CURE.

[Nrom Old and New Locket.]

"I am called a man-hater," said the pretty lecturer, with a shake of her short curls in the face of her audience; "but that, my friends, depends upon the man." It seemed but a small firework, "an inconsiderable quiddity," to call forth such a tempest of applause and laughter.

It would have fallen dead as a door-nail from the lips of an ancient bloomer, who had grown old in the pioneer work of woman's rights; it was the archness, the curls, the *tout ensemble* of prettiness of this champion who had come in at the eleventh hour, that did it. It was possible to conceive of one or two men, at least, being interested in the question of her love or hatred.

"When the crowd poured out of the hall, and parted into innumerable little groups and dots, like a drop of quicksilver spilled on the ground, two young men sauntered away, arm in arm, with that air of ineffable superiority to the rest of the world peculiar to college students in the senior year; they are demi-gods to the freshman class, and they have yet to learn that the outside world is not like unto it.

"Is that woman out of her sphere, or not?" said Lenox to Bombay Shirley, his familiar spirit.

"That depends on how long a fence you would put round a woman's sphere. She is at least out of mischief when she is lecturing from a platform, and her lecture has the virtue of homeopathic pills—if it does no good it does no harm, either."

"I am sure I thought her argument a good one. I had hopes of your conversion."

"Her argument! My boy, the possessive feminine pronoun can never go before that word. She stole it bodily from some man who favors the cause, and trimmed it so deep with a fringe of her own flippancies that you mistook it for hers."

"At least she's pretty; she might reduce your confounded stoicism through your eyes!"

"I admit the prettiness, and regret the brains which made her take up oratory, instead of flirtation. When she leans forward with that arch look which seems to assure every man in her audience that he is not the one she hates, it may be better so, than in a moonlight stroll with half a dozen by turns."

"Tell me the truth. Bomb. Have you never known a woman whom you thought you could trust?"

"Never. Who am I that I should pretend to greater wisdom than Solomon?"

"When you fall in love, may I be there to see!"

"That will never happen. I may possibly marry late in life, as those old Romans did, when the Emperor Metellus reminded them that marriage, however painful, was still a duty."

I know not what possessed Shirley to look over his shoulder at that precise moment of his high discourse. Close upon them was a young girl, in a light gray suit, quakerishly plain, whose haste would not abide their slow saunter; and as she passed them, she looked at Shirley with the faintest of quizzical smiles hovering about her mouth. It struck him with a sudden sense of having made a fool of himself, and he watched the slight figure till it disappeared in the one little dry goods store of the village.

She came out with a small package in her hand, as Shirley was twirling a walking stick of twisted bamboo in his hand; and, having a giraffe-like habit of carrying his head high in air, as if looking over an invisible wall, he knocked the parcel out of her hand. He picked it up and held it out to her without a word. She received it with an infinitesimal nod of thanks, and a smile of amused recognition, which brought a blush to Shirley's face. (These chestnut-haired people always blush so easily.)

"A tableau for a deaf and dumb asylum!" said Lenox. "You must own you have seen one woman who refrained from speaking when she had a fair chance."

"Do you know who she is?" asked Shirley, his curiosity getting the upper hand of his wisdom.

"I am sorry I don't, as it is the first time you ever asked the question."

Shirley caught himself watching the gray dress out of sight, and came back to his old way of thinking with a mental jerk.

"What right had the girl to smile at me in that superior way?" he said, provoked by the memory of it.

"The right of the strongest, my man; she was far more at ease than you were."

This was as true as it was disagreeable; and Shirley chewed the bitter cud of it in silence till he reached his room.

A woman-hater is made, not born. The leaning of the natural heart of man is to place the other sex only a little lower than the angels; and, when this order of things is reversed, he has either been ruthlessly jilted, or the twig was bent early by a firm hand.

Bombay Shirley was a woman-hater of the most aggressive kind. He not only cherished unreasonable contempt on his own part, but tried to convert his friends to the same way of thinking; and yet, "the pity of it, Iago!" for he had everything pertaining to the outer man which would draw and hold illogical feminine regard. He might have been a young Viking (if the ordinary notion of a Viking is the true one), with the

"Knotted column of his throat,
The massive square of his heroic breast."

He was like Saul among other men, taller by a head, and looked taller than he was by reason of a great mop of chestnut hair, which could not have curled tighter if he had wound it up in papers every night of his life. It actually made one feel warm on a frosty morning to look at Shirley's hair as he went to "prayers." He had suffered agonies with it in trying to take out the curl—it looked so womanish—till there came that welcome fashion of cropping the manly head into the semblance of a baboon's; then his soul had rest.

He had never been "disappointed," as the phrase is; and yet there was a woman at the bottom of his cynicism, as there is at the bottom of most mischief. The blame lay at the door of Miss Temperance Strong, the only woman with whom Shirley had any acquaintance; yet she was that one good woman of a thousand whom Solomon might have found, "counting one by one," if she had lived in his day, and he had not shut his eyes to all but giddy Egyptians and the fair Moabitish women. Her price was far above rubies, so far, indeed, that no man had ever offered anything approaching to it; and she had continued Miss Strong for more than threescore years. She always told her age at the first interview, so as to guard against the suspicion of wishing to hide it.

But to begin at the beginning. Bombay Shirley was born at sea, and cost his mother her life; but, being a lusty, hard fisted baby from the first, bound to thrive on hard bread and water if nothing else served, he came to the turning point of jacket and trousers on shipboard.

Captain Shirley professed to scorn all learning that could not be at once applied to practical use; and the most contemptuous thing he could say of a botched piece of work was that it looked as if it had been done by a "collegian." No one familiar with sailor-nature (which does not entirely come under the head of human nature, but

"Suffers a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange,")

felt any surprise that he had set his heart on his son's going to college. In selecting a preparatory school, he passed over all those academies formerly as plenty as blackberries in New England, where boys and girls were educated together ("courting schools," he called them), and settled him in the family of a solemn old minister.

Two or three other motherless boys and Miss Temperance made up the family. I don't know whether she liked Bombay any better for having taken his first step off Madagascar, and spoken his first word near Cape Horn; but he seemed to bring into her life the freshness of the trade winds—a breezy flavor that she had never felt before. He had known no other woman; and his affection, slightly tempered with awe, was deeply grateful to her.

As for Miss Temperance, she reminded him of a ship's figure-head, carved out of heart of oak, that had breasted all weather till its first good looks are battered out of all shape of comeliness.

She had bowels of compassion for all the weaknesses that boy flesh is heir to—her heart would have held the fifty sons of Priam; but all women were faithless as Helen in her eyes, or would be if they had apportunity. She looked upon young girls, and their ways, with eyes of such fierce condemnation, that not one had ever darkened her doors in Shirley's time. In the nature of things, Miss Temperance must once have been a girl herself; but she could never have been "of girls, girlish."

Shirley cherished a certain bashful worship for all women in his boyhood. He had lived among sailors in cabin and forecastle; he had touched pitch, but he had not been defiled; the most abandoned wretch among them had held up to the boy only the true sailor-ideal of womanhood, which never fails him, though he may not have seen the semblance of it since he left his mother's knee.

It was Miss Temperance who set in order before him the depths of deceit of which the girlish mind is capable. The shortest way to the manly heart may or may not lie through the stomach: Miss Temperance certainly commanded that avenue. She tended her kitchen fire like a vestal virgin; and the marvelous products of genius which came from it were things to remember, and to aggravate one's wife, with through life. Shirley's last vestige of unbelief in the general worthlessness of young and pretty women vanished when his father's death brought out all the tenderness of Miss Tempy's heart. Her sympathy and her preserves did for him what her logic would never have accomplished; and he went to college a confirmed woman-hater. He avoided boarding in any house where there were daughters, and had serious thoughts of taking a room, and providing for himself, when he was placed opposite to his landlady's niece; but the niece proving only a temporary, as Susan Nipper would say, he staid. He passed by the windows of two boarding-schools, many times a day, as if he were walking an invisible tight rope; and his phillippics were terrible against those who suffered their souls to be moved by curtain signals, or the shaking of a handkerchief. He is willing to make oath to this day, that he passed through his four years in college without speaking to any woman under fifty.

He invited only Miss Temperance to his last commencement, and introduced her to his friend Lenox, with an affectionate solicitude that he should know at least one woman "capable of a syllogism."

"You would take more interest in me, I doubt," said Miss Strong," "if he had said 'capable or bigamy.'"

"To be sure," said Lenox, "and so would Shirley, if he only knew it;" and then that wicked boy went about asking other spirits worse than himself if they had seen the Vale of Tempe, in which Bombay Shirley had been brought up.

"There's your little girl in gray," said Lenox to Shirley, at the President's reception on the same day.

"Where?" said Shirley, deigning actually to look about him. "I don't see her."

"She's speaking to Miss Strong this minute. Her gown looks as if it were woven of white smoke, and fits as if had grown on her."

"I am no judge of muslins," said Shirley.

The next instant Miss Strong seized his arm.

"I've seen a ghost, or something worse," she said. "Don't say anything, but just go home with me now. I've stayed long enough."

"It rains," said Shirley. "You must wait till eleven, and the carriage will come for you."

"I'm neither sugar nor salt, to be melted by rain; and I would go out on the thirty-ninth day of the deluge, before I would see that face again."

She marched resolutely back to her hotel through the sloppy street; and at intervals through the night he heard her heavy step, pacing up and down her room. But in the morning she presented him the same sturdy old figurehead to kiss, and gave no word of explanation.

"I believe the sight of so many flighty girls has made me dizzy. I am actually light headed," said Miss Temperance when they reached her own room. "I haven't felt like this since I had my fever."

"I did not know you ever had such a thing," said Shirley.

"It was long before your time, when I was young," said Miss Temperance, making a dive at her tea kettle and missing it. Her motions were as erratic as those of the "dilapidated cousin," in "Bleak House;" and Shirley was forced to make the tea himself.

Afterward she fell into a heavy sleep, and Shirley covered her with his traveling shawl when he went up stairs for the night. When he came down to breakfast she still lay on the sofa, scowling fearfully in her efforts to suppress the moans which her pain wrung from her.

"Tell me what to do and I'll do it, for I havn't the least idea," said Shirley, hanging over her with the true manly helplessness.

"I've got a stroke, I doubt, or may be it's only rheumatism."

"I had better go for the doctor, anyhow."

"No, indeed; I hain't so tired of life as that, nor I won't have any neighbors coming in to spy out the land. There's plenty of cold meat and bread. You can camp out on that, and I shall be well enough to morrow."

It was one more proof to Shirley of the substratum of manliness in Miss Strong's character that so soon as she was ill she became peevish and exacting. Most women can be ill gracefully—it is their normal condition—but Miss Temperance knew the thing only by name.

Shirley half lifted and half dragged her to her bed—as she would not be carried, and could not walk. He did not venture to leave the house, and at noon his patient thought she could take some tea and toast. Shirley had made tea before, and having made it and placed the tea-pot on the hearth out of harm's way, he addressed himself to the toast, which, after repeated failures, was at last a success.

"Do you call that a cup of tea?" said Miss Temperance scornfully. "It's cold as a stepmother's breath."

Hot water made it too weak, and another brewing had to be made with infinite care.

"You were gone long enough to burn John Rogers instead of this toast," she said when he presented it. And these were the last conscious words that Shirley heard her speak for many days and nights.

She began to talk of things that Shirley had never heard of—called on Arthur, and made lover-like entreaties to him not to forsake her. He sat patiently by her side, kissing her horny hands when he saw that it soothed her for a moment; and when at last she fell into a doze, as the twilight began to fail, he escaped into the parlor to think what he could possibly do next. He dared not leave her long enough alone to go for a doctor; and for a long time he watched the rain beat sullenly against the window, hopeless of seeing any one pass through the lane on which Miss Strong's house faced. Hope had nearly died within him when the slight figure of a woman, cased from head to foot in a water-proof suit, battled round the corner, and dropped a carpet-bag on the door step while she scrutinized the house. Shirley rushed to the door and opened it noiselessly.

"Madam, I beg that you will come in, if only for a moment. You cannot think how great a charity it would be."

"Certainly I will come in; I have been traveling all day for that express purpose, if this is Miss Strong's house;" and the girl leaned forward to pierce the gloom which enveloped Shirley, who waited for no more words, but lifted her, bag and all, into the little hall and shut the door.

"Miss Strong is very ill and wandering in her mind; and I am wholly alone with her. You could not be more welcome if you were an angel out of heaven," said Shirley, in the extremity of his delight and relief. He found her hand somehow in the dark, and shook it as heartily as if she had been Lenox.

"I thank you," said the girl, simply. "Miss Strong is my cousin, and if you will be so good as to bring a light for a moment, I will take off my cloak."

Shirley found a candle, with a light heart, the clear, low voice of the new comer seemed to create a new atmosphere in the house.

She met him in the parlor, and held out her hand again, frankly, to be shaken.

"I know you now," she said. "I saw you with Miss Temperance at the commencement."

She had taken off the waterproof disguise, and stood before Shirley the identical "girl in gray."

"This is my cousin's room, I suppose," she went on, with a smile which might mean confusion to Shirley, in the memory of their first meeting, or might not. She gave him no time to decide, but pushed open the door and stood with him beside the bed where Miss Temperance lay moaning in her sleep.

"There are her bureau and wardrobe, of course. She must be undressed first of all, and while I do that you may make a good fire in the kitchen and I will come to you there."

"Now you may go for the doctor," said the girl in gray, coming into the kitchen with no more bustle than if she had spent her life there.

Shirley went cheerfully, feeling that he must be entertaining an angel unawares.

The fever would run its course was the doctor's verdict. Good nursing was all the patient needed for a few days. "All!" thought Shirley, as he measured his great strength with the intelligent weakness of the "girl in gray," who instinctively did the right thing in the right time.

"I must look for some one to help you," he said when they were again alone.

"Thank you; but there will be no need. Sickness is my strong point."

"I begin to think I have no strong point, unless it is Greek verbs."

She gave a mellow little laugh. "If you are turning meek you must be hungry."

"I believe I have eaten nothing to-day."

"I thought so. You shall show me the pantry, and I will see what there is for our supper, for I am hungry too."

Shirley wondered at himself that he could eat so heartily in that presence, but hunger and the good example of the girl in gray were too many for him.

"My name is Rachel Gordon," she said, as soon as she thought of it. "My mother was first cousin to the Gordons. There was some 'unpleasantness' between them while she lived, but she was deeply anxious that I should win over Miss Temperance if possible."

Shirley was immediately convinced that she could win over anybody to anything, but, having no practice in compliments, he remained silent, and stared at her unmercifully. Rachael kept him busy all the evening with bringing in wood for the night and making all sorts of slight changes for Miss Strong's comfort.

"Now I have no more need of you," she said at last. "I will bid you good night, and if I need anything before morning I will go up stairs and knock at every door till I find yours."

"But—but—" stammered Shirley, who had fully made up his mind to share a night's vigil with her.

"I know no such word."

"You must need rest, and I am much stronger than you are."

"The last clause is self-evident, but you don't know so well how to use your own strength," said Rachael, opening Miss Strong's door.

"But—but" persisted Shirley, utterly at a loss for the proper phrases for such an emergency.

"That must be one of your Greek verbs, you are so fond of it. Good night, and I will see you in the morning." She disappears, and Shirley was routed in his first campaign. He was certain that he should not close his eyes, but exhausted nature overcame him, and the small hours were growing large again when he stole down stairs, and was guided to the bedroom door by a dim light within. He meant only to look at the invalid, but his eyes were caught before they reached Miss Strong. Rachael had been sitting by the bed, and, laying her head where the least motion of the sick woman would wake her, she had fallen asleep.

Shirley thought (after he came to the thinking point) that he had never seen anything so lovely in all his days. Rachel had put on a white wrapper with a long cape to it, and, for comfort's sake, had taken the pins out of her hair. This light brown hair rippled round the small ear, and strayed over the dress, and finally lay on the floor in a soft, wealthy way that was bewildering to Shirley, who had never before seen a woman's hair—her "glory." A passionate longing seized him to touch it once to see if it felt like his own stubborn curls. Rachel's face was too earnest to be pretty. She had more of the "romance of your stone ideal" than those "ripe and real" women whom Byron preferred. Her best feature was a straight nose, which, as Miss Brante says, will give a blear look to any face. Hers bore marks of trial and hard earned rest, but its purity struck Shirley with awe. He never knew how long he leaned against the door post, gazing with his soul in his eyes at the sleeping girl. He learned her by heart in that look, as it she had been a lesson, from the little purple sprigs on her white gown to the blue veins in her forehead. He saw a woman for the first time, and he never after saw another with the same eyes.

From that moment the current of his eager soul set only to her; a rage of covetousness possessed him; she was the one thing needful to round his life; it must have been for her that his heart had waited through his youth.

He drew back at last with an inward wrench, in the fear that she might wake and find him spying on her solitude. He went into the cold kitchen, and there Rachel found him, sitting bolt upright on the old fashioned settle.

"You have not been sitting here all night, I hope," she said.

"No," said Shirley, with a blush of repentance that he had not done so, and so have been worthy of a little scolding on her part. She had twisted up all her wandering hair into a loose knot; but that did not alter the picture which was newly hung for all time in Shirley's memory. He longed to tell her somehow that she must use him in every possible way to save her own strength, but the right words were slow in coming.

"Miss Gordon—" he began more than once.

"The name sounds odd to me," she said. "I have never been anybody but Rachel. My mother belonged to the Society of Friends, and though she never made me quite a Quakeress, I grew to love their simplicities. You may call me Rachel if you like."

Shirly only bowed, and set about making the kitchen fire. To call her Rachel was no comfort; it seemed to put her farther away from him, when their acquaintance did not warrant it; but he now recognized the Quaker element in her face, the pure quietness which so often looks out of those gray bonnets.

"Whitest thoughts in whitest dress,
Candid meanings best express
Mind of quiet Quakeress."

Three or four days went by on wings while these two young people kept house together and waited for Miss Strong's fever to spend itself.

It soon dawned upon Shirley that he must have fallen in love with this plain girl. Nothing but the old, old love could so transfigure mere living and breathing in her sight. It struck him with a certain impatience that no man had ever found words that would do it perfect justice. To all it is, at first, something new under the sun.

He hid it closely from Rachel, however, and grew daily more ceremonious and dull. Rachel looked at him sometimes with the quizzical smile which the first words she had ever heard him speak had provoked.

She sat by the bedside one day, while Shirley stood in his favorite position, holding up the door-post. Suddenly Miss Temperance raised her head from the pillow and stared wildly from one to the other. "Arthur, you love her!" she almost screamed; "I see it in your eyes. You never looked at me like that. Rachel has weaned you away from me!"

A flush rose to Rachel's pale cheek, and Shirley hailed it with a big heart-throb. Then he tried to soothe Miss Temperance with all the fond words he could think of.

"Have you any idea why she calls me Arthur?" Shirley asked Rachel when he saw her alone.

"Yes," said Rachel, with the flush again in her cheek.

"Don't tell me if it pains you."

"You may as well know it. Miss Strong was engaged to Arthur Gordon, my father, and, while she was ill with a fever like this, my mother came to take care of her and won away her lover. I believe, at least I hope, she had no idea of what she was doing, till Miss Strong saw the change in his feelings and released him. My father thought she did not mind it and had never really cared for him, but my mother knew better how strong-hearted women suffer. While my father lived they were all on apparently good terms (that was part of Miss Temperance's pride), but so soon as he died she forbade my mother to come into her sight, and I dread her becoming conscious again lest she will transfer the enmity to me."

"She could never do that," said Shirley eagerly.

"Why not?"

"Because—" stammered Shirley.

"That is a woman's reason."

"Arthur! Arthur!" screamed Miss Temperance from the bedroom. "Don't be making love to Rachel in my very hearing. Come in here, both of you."

They obeyed her silently.

"Now, Arthur, look at me. Can you lay your hand on that shifty heart of yours and say to me in truth and soberness that you are not in love with Rachel?"

Shirley hesitated. He forgot that it was not in his own name that she adjured him. He thought only of his devouring love for this second Rachel.

"That's enough," said Miss Temperance, falling back pale and trembling. Before either could speak to her the wild look was gone from her face.

"Shirley, boy, what was I saying to you? I will take the broth now if it is burnt; you did the best you could."

Rachel had slipped noiselessly out of her sight.

"You have been in this bed a whole week," said Shirley, kissing her thin cheek, though he felt his heart sink within him at the prospect of Rachel being driven away by Miss Strong's hatred of her mother.

"Who has taken care of me? I have had an uncomfortable notion of a ghost hovering about me—for Rachel's death was in the paper—I saw it with my own eyes."

"Rachel's daughter has been here since the first day. You would have died but for her."

"I wish I had, rather than have been kept alive by one of that treacherous brood. Rachel's daughter! a thin, colorless girl, with eyes deep as wells, who would not do any harm for conscience's sake, but will take your life in her quiet way, smiling faintly at everybody all the while."

"Rachel's daughter has done nothing worse than to keep your house and nurse you night and day for a week," said Shirley, severely.

"O Shirley, my boy, son of my old age!" cried Miss Temperance in an agonized tone. "I have lost you. Arthur said those very words of her mother. You have grown to love her."

"Yes, I have," burst out Shirley, with the force of a torrent breaking bounds. "She is the one woman of all the world to me, and none shall say an ill word of her in my hearing."

"Mr. Shirley, you are beside yourself," said Rachel, seizing his arm. "Think of her weakness. Would you kill her with hard words? I am going away at once, Miss Strong, and I will never come again until you send for me. I hope you will do me the justice to believe there has been no love making over your sick bed. This is the first word or sign that Mr. Shirley has given of his love for me."

She went out quickly, and Shirley's quick ear heard her mount the stairs. He gave the quieting draught to his patient which had been left for her to take when she returned to consciousness.

When Rachel came down Shirley met her in the hall. She was again the "girl in gray," with her bag in her hand.

"If you go away I go with you," said Shirley, desperately.

"No," said Rachel, "your place is here. If we belong to each other we shall meet again."

"If!" repeated Shirley contemptuously.

A radiant smile made Rachel's face beautiful for an instant. Shirley became somehow possessed of both her hands and drew her toward him with a sort of awful wonder at his own boldness—but the dropping of the bag roused Miss Temperance.

"Shirley, where are you?" she called querulously. And Shirley obeyed the call, carrying Rachel's last words in his heart for his only solace.

"When Miss Temperance can endure the sight of me I will call again."

What a dull, homely old room that sitting-room was, to be sure, when Shirley could go back to it, for he found no Rachel there, and he had no clew to her destination. He spent the evening in searching for a nurse for Miss Temperance. The bustling, good-natured neighbor who finally took Rachel's place in the house, was a thorn in the flesh of both of them. Shirley endured his wretched uncertainty until Miss Strong was able to sit in her arm-chair and knit a little under protest. He was walking nervously up and down the room, as his father used to walk the deck, when he met her wistful eyes.

"My boy," she said, gently.

"It's of no use staying here," he said, bending his cheek down to hers. "If you can spare me now I'll make that visit to Lennox."

"You are going to Rachel?"

"I wish I were, but I have no idea where she is."

"Did she give you no address?"

"No."

"She must be either more or less than a woman to hear you say you loved her and yet go away without giving you a chance to say it again."

"She said she would come back when you were willing to receive her."

"I doubt she's more like Arthur than that wishy-washy mother of hers. Is she pretty, Shirley?"

"I don't know; I never thought of it," said Shirley, beginning to walk up and down again.

Miss Temperance raised her eyebrows till they were nearly lost in her hair; but she said no more of Rachel, and made no objections to Shirley going away next day. He was no sooner gone, however, than she drew a slip of paper from her knitting basket, and after staddying a long time, knitting all the while, she wrote a letter to Rachel. The latter had written her address and stuck it on Miss Strong's knitting needles, knowing that she would soon find it in that spot, while it would be safe from Shirley.

On the third day Rachel walked quietly into the familiar sitting room and offered her hand to Miss Temperance, who glared at it over her spectacles as if it had been a kind of lizard, but took it, nevertheless.

"I sent for you to ask a question or two. Do you like Bombay Shirley?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean to marry him?"

"Yes, if he asks me."

"With or without my consent?"

"Yes."

"One thing more. Do you think your mother did right in enticing your father away from me?"

Rachel's face, which had been smiling brightly to all the other questions, crimsoned painfully. "My mother suffered deeply. It is not for me to blame her. Her last words were an entreaty to you to forgive her."

"You are no beauty, yourself, Rachel, and if some other woman stole Shirley away from you could you forgive her?"

"Perhaps not; but if she were in her grave I think I might possibly like his children, only because they were his."

"You may as well take off your things and stay awhile," said Miss Temperance, with a sudden change in her every-day manner.

"I will," said Rachel, simply. And, with no more words, these two women adopted each other.

Shirley soon came home, because he found all other places equally irksome. Miss Temperance greeted him warmly, and kept his attention till she heard Rachel's door open above.

"Oh! I sent for the girl, Shirley. I forgot to mention it before."

"What girl? You don't mean Rachel?"

"Of course I mean Rachel. Who else?" Miss Temperance took refuge in her kitchen before Rachel dawned upon Shirley's glad eyes.

When she opened the door again, with a great bustle, to call them to dinner, Rachel was saying:

"But, Mr. Shirley, you have known me scarcely fourteen days yet. You take too much for granted."

"The last seven days have been as long as the last seven years to Jacob when he waited for that other Rachel."

Rachel laughed merrily.

"Oh! Mr. Shirley, you have certainly seen the ghost of Metellus."

"She's sitting at least three feet away from that foolish boy," thought Miss Temperance. "She begins as she can hold out; and, after all, she's Arthur's daughter. It might be worse."

Cut Down by Ice—Sinking of Steamer Nashville.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

The third page of the *Gazette* this morning contains an advertisement announcing that the steamer Nashville will leave for New Orleans at 3 P. M. The *Gazette*, of January 21, contained a similar advertisement. The steamer has been singularly unfortunate. January 24, as stated in the *Gazette*, yesterday morning, she left for New Orleans at night with a full load, but turned back from the foot of Fifth street, on account of ice, and found a harbor at the New Orleans Packet Company's wharfboat, above the foot of Sycamore street, where she remained in safety till last evening.

Yesterday morning her advertisement again appeared in the *Gazette*, announcing that she would leave for New Orleans last evening, and would receive passengers and some light freight. Many people had engaged passage, but none were aboard. A small lot of whisky, some parlor furniture and other freight were taken aboard.

Yesterday afternoon the Memphis packet Robert Burns, which had been for several weeks lying above what is called the big wharfboat, where the Nashville was lying, was dropped down under the Nashville, shoving the stern of the latter out into the stream. About seven o'clock last evening a cake of ice, supposed to be a portion of the shore gorge above the Newport bridge, hardened by the sudden cold weather, broke loose and floated down the Ohio side of the river. First it struck the Belle Vernon, lying next above the Nashville, but without damage, as the Belle Vernon had comparatively little freight aboard. Then it struck the Nashville, which was loaded deep, under the starboard cylinder, and cut a hole about twenty feet long in the hull. The boat filled rapidly, and careened to the starboard, losing both her chimneys overboard, and finally settled in about sixteen feet of water. At eleven o'clock last night the water was in her cabin on the starboard side, and within two feet of her larboard upper guard.

The river was rising, partly from the effect of a gorge below the city, and partly from the tributaries running out above, so that there is little hope of saving much of her freight, which was mostly perishable, but the boat seemed to be lying straight and easy.

The Nashville was a sternwheeler, built at James Mack's ship yard, a little more than a year ago, at a cost of $35,000. She was insured in Cincinnati offices for $19,000, and her freight list was insured for $2000.

Originally she was built for the Cincinnati and Tennessee river trade, and was to be called "Miriam," but was finally named "Nashville," and was entered in the Cincinnati, Paducah and Cumberland river trade, under command of Captain P. K. Barclay, who died after making only two trips with her.

The Nashville was owned by the following gentlemen, one-third each: Captain Henry U. Hart, her commander; James Mack, her builder, and Robert Semple, of Barker, Pearce & Co.

The value of the freight aboard was variously estimated at from $150,000 to $175,000, nearly all insured in this city. Some of the freight will suffer no damage, but most of it will either be totally lost or saved in a damaged condition. For some time after the boat was cut down the portion of the crew aboard had much trouble in preventing pirating. About 272 tons of the cargo was destined for points on the lower Ohio and Memphis, and the remainder for the remainder for the lower Mississippi, New Orleans and the gulf coast.

Captain Hart will have the sympathy of many on account of this misfortune, as it is by no means his first, having sunk the Kenton in the Mississippi, then the John H. Groesbeck on the falls, and now the Nashville at the City Wharf.

Tobacco Tax.

This is a special dispatch to the St. Louis *Republican*:

WASHINGTON, February 13.—The tobacco tax was settled to-day by the Ways and Means Committee, by retaining the tax on smoking tobacco, and charging that on plug tobacco from thirty two to twenty-four cents a pound. The appeal of the tobacco interest, especially that from Virginia, for a consolidated and uniform tax of sixteen cents a pound, or even twenty cents, was not responded to. If the tax was not made uniform, the plug tobacco interest was very desirous that the tax on that manufacture should be placed much lower. They are, of course, very much disappointed. It was noticeable that the high tariff members of the Ways and Means Committee voted for the lowest tax, on the ground that by reducing the internal revenue, the tariff would not necessarily undergo so much revision: but the revenue reformers maintained that the tax ought to remain on luxuries and taken off of manufactured articles. Of necessity the action of the committee will reduce the internal revenue on the basis of 1871 $2,500,000.

A Mystery Being Cleared Up.

The Shreveport *Times* says:

It will be remembered that in November or December last a young man by the name of Marks, who was attached to a party engaged in surveying that portion of the line of the Trans-Continental railroad in Sulphur bottom beyond Jefferson, disappeared, and no trace could be discovered, at least at the time. The Jefferson *Democrat* of the sixth, however, says that although the body of the unfortunate young man has never been discovered, yet it is gratified to know that energetic men are upon the track of his supposed murderers, and, moreover, states that one is already confined in jail, having been arrested in Kansas by Mr. George Holt. It seems that the captor followed his man over 500 miles, and safely brought him back. For prudential reasons the *Democrat* does not feel at liberty to say more on the subject.

Survey of the Lakes.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 14.—Major C. B. Comstock has submitted to the Secretary of War a communication, asking that the appropriation to be made for the survey of the lakes be made available on the first of May next, or on the passage of the act, instead of on the first of July next. He states that experience has proved that the cost of the work in the fall months is nearly double that done in the spring and summer months, and if the appropriation is not to be used until the first of July, the work will have to be done in the fall. If the appropriation is made available earlier, a saving of not less than $10,000 would be effected. The letter was sent to Congress to-day and was referred to the Committee on Commerce.

Rumored Marriage of Alexis.

[St. Petersburg (January 11) Correspondence of the New York Evening Post.]

There is a report going about that the Grand Duke Alexis has married, in America, Mlle. Jonkofsky, maid of honor, to whom he has been attached for a long time, and who was banished to Switzerland on his account. The *on dit* is that the young lady managed to join him in America, and that the other day the Grand Duke announced to the minister and the admiral that he was married, to the utter dispair of both gentlemen, who will probably have to do penance in Siberia for not looking more sharply after their charge. There may not be any truth in this rumor, but it receives credence here in high circles.

A young lady in Indianapolis, whose married sister's funeral took place last week, excused herself from attending the solemn obsequies by saying that her own wedding was to take place in the evening, and it would incapacitate her for that occasion; besides, she had no time to spare.

The Louisiana University.

We make room for the following extracts from the report of Professor D. F. Boyd, superintendent of the State University:

A university must grow, with plenty of means of ever growing, else it can not keep step with human thought and be the exponent of a progressive civilization. A university can not be self-sustaining. Like a court of justice, it must be independent of all fees and all patronage, to do its work honestly, faithfully, well; and its professors must be placed above all want, or doubt as to a proper and respectable maintenance. Those institutions of society, which are necessary to its well-being, society must have, whether the people are prosperous or not, few or many; and it would be about as reasonable to say that the governorship, or judgeship, or pulpit should be self-sustaining as that a university should be; and strange to say those very people in the United States who are most noted for their enterprise, industry and thrift, whose private and public wealth is the result of most superior judgment and economy, are our Northern brethren, who are so thoroughly convinced that their higher institutions of learning, so far from being self-sustaining, ought to be sustained by the private citizen; that during the last few years they have contributed, says a recent writer, to colleges and universities as follows:

"Amherst College, Massachusetts, $350,000; Bethlehem College, Pennsylvania, $500,000; Princeton College, New Jersey, $300,000; Cornell University, New York, $870,000; Harvard College, Massachusetts, $483,000; Hamilton College, New York, $202,500; Rochester University, New York, $200,000; Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, $260,000; a Methodist College, New York, $250,000; Rutger's College, New Jersey, $255,000; Tuft's College, Massachusetts, $500,000; Chicago University $258,000; Yale College, Connecticut, $720,000, with others, making an aggregate of nearly $9,000,000."

Whether this institution is to have any portion, or all of the Agricultural and Mechanical College fund will, no doubt, be determined by the Legislature at the coming session. The sum is so small that I think it would be unwise to divide it. Louisiana has already too many little sickly colleges and universities, and not a single good one. The resources of all her so-called higher institutions of learning put together would not give her one good, efficient, respectable college. Why not then concentrate on some one of them—and it matters very little which one—give it all the State's means, public and private, for higher education, and try to make it serve the real purposes of a university in fact.

The small agricultural and mechanical college fund ought not, in the true interests of the State, to be divided; and rather than have it so our university should prefer seeing it given wholly to some other institution. The experience of the educational world now is: Concentrate your means for higher education; scatter your means for elementary education. The State is bound to see that every child within her limits has an opportunity to know enough to comprehend the duties of a citizen; and she is equally bound to see that every youth whose circumstances admit of it shall have an opportunity of receiving the highest mental and moral culture possible.

Common schools or fountains of learning should, like fountains of water, be everywhere over the face of the earth, to minister to the common purposes and to relieve the necessities of man; but, as the springs and rivulets are the offspring of the sea, and their waters must return to it for purification, so the university of a State should be its grand reservoir of thought, and learning, and knowledge—the fount of its numberless primary schools, to teach them what they shall teach, and to be responsible for how they teach. As well say that you can have pure fresh water without the salty sea, as that primary schools can impart wholesome knowledge without the elevated and refining influence of the real college or university in fact. But how many colleges or universities can Louisiana maintain? That is, indeed, a grave question. I respectfully submit that she has not sufficient population to support more than one properly.

Generally, over the United States, there is but one student at college (or university) for every 2500 white inhabitants. Now, Louisiana, it is true, has about one student to every 1200 of her people, but she has not 400,000 whites, and less than 800,000 whites and blacks; and two-thirds of her students, or about 400, she always will, it would seem, send out of the State to be educated. Where, then, are the students for so many colleges—some eight or ten—even if you could command all the Louisiana patronage, to come from? If they depend for their support on the tuition fees, whence is to come their daily bread? Nowhere. Therefore, we are not surprised that some colleges have actually perished and that others are actually now starving.

Let the Legislature consider the wisdom of such a future policy as will tend to combine, if possible, all the present so-called and misnamed colleges and universities (ours among the number) into one university, to be worthy of Louisiana and useful to her people.

But Louisiana sends too many youths to other States to be educated. The accompanying list (C) will show the number to be not less than 400, and it may exceed 500. Each will spend, on an average, $500 a year, and all of them together take out of our poor State not less than $200,000 annually. No other people in the world do that—help to build up the colleges of other States, and suffer their own to perish for want of means. Let all those students and all that money be kept here at home, and be given to some one Louisiana college for twenty years, and nothing but the most flagrant mismanagement could prevent its becoming one of the best schools in America.

The best claim, perhaps, that this institution has to the confidence and support of the public is the vitality and endurance it has exhibited during this, another year of no ordinary trials. It is easy to float with the current; but when the current of events is against you, your State poor and people poorer still, with no settled policy about education or about anything else; even society itself in a ferment, with nothing certain, but the doubt and distrust everywhere—then to stem such a tide is a perilous undertaking. And not only to keep from being borne down and overwhelmed by such an ugly current, but actually to make headway against it, has been the history of this university almost from its incipiency. But reared in the midst of dangers, and having withstood nearly every conceivable misfortune that could befall it—among the least of which have been war, pestilence, fire, poverty—it should now begin to have confidence in itself, and the public should pin its faith to it too, as strong enough to prevent by its excellent discipline any disorder within, and able, perhaps, to resist any shock from without, even the hidden and insidious attacks of a few malicious and unprincipled enemies. The people of Louisiana, without regard to class or party, are friends of the University, and with such a moral capital, better far than money, its success should be assured.

The New York *World* says:

Mr. T. M. Rodman, of this city, has imported a dozen English post-cards, one of which has been sent to us. If our government intends to give us really cheap postage, no better form can be decided upon than "correspondence cards." It is well known that much of the correspondence, business and other, now carried on in sealed envelopes, is of a kind and brevity proper for the back of a card. The British government, recognizing this fact, has legalized the use of a half-penny "post-card," which is four inches long by two wide, of stiff, yellow cardboard, one side of which is exclusively for the directions, and contains the postage stamp in the upper right-hand corner, the coat of arms of England to the left of the stamp, above which is "post card," and below, "The address only to be written on this side. To"——, the whole being surrounded by a neat border. The presswork is in purple ink, which forms a pleasing contrast to the color of the card. Of course, if Congress should decide upon this reform, it would be necessary to have an hourly delivery in the large cities—a reform which would not be a bad one, even at present.

A man who is lost to honor, and has a corrupt heart, never finds anything worthy in the conduct of his associates; he looks upon every one with a constant peering of suspicion.

Amnesty and Civil Rights.

In the United States Senate, Friday last, Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, said:

Mr. President, during this long debate the motives of Senators have been often questioned, and imputations have been made that, I think, ought never to be made in this body. I am a little surprised that the Senator from South Carolina, after this long debate that we have had here, should rise and now impute motives to Senators that are not justified by their avowals or their votes.

Mr. Conkling—It has been indulged in frequently before by others. There is nothing new in it.

Mr. Wilson—I have admitted that. I suppose that Senators who have avowed themselves in favor of amnesty mean what they say, and Senators who have voted for the civil rights amendment voted for it because they thought it was their duty so to vote, and that it was sound policy to carry these two measures through the Senate and through Congress together. I have voted for the civil rights amendment proposed by my colleague because there are some provisions of it which I deem essential, and demanded by the necessities of a portion of our fellow citizens.

I am not only in favor of amnesty as far as the bill that is before us goes, but I go a great deal further, and I am willing to so amend the bill that the exceptions shall apply only to the members of the cabinet, judges of the Supreme Court, and members of Congress who took part in the rebellion.

That was the view I entertained when the provision was put into the constitution. We have been called upon to vote often during the last ten years, not always according to our wishes, but according to the needs of the country. We have often been compelled to give up our own modes of action, and all that we wish to do, to carry our friends along together to accomplish the great work in which we have become engaged. And when this proposition was made originally to put this disqualification in the constitution of the country, in another place and in another consultation, I opposed it, and voted alone against it; but I voted for it here because I yielded my judgment to others; I advocated it before the people, and I have stood on it. I wished then simply to put into the constitution a disqualification applying only to the men who sat here with us, or who were in the Supreme Court or in the Cabinet, and, with oaths upon their lips, plotted, day and night, treason against the country.

I thank God, sir, that we have taken no blood for this rebellion since the clash of arms ended. I am glad that no man has been executed. I do not believe this government would be stronger to-day if we had done it. I do not believe the government of France to-day is stronger for executing the communists whom they have convicted. We asserted the power of the government; everybody knows it, and with the assertion of that power has gone out the record of the charity, the humanity, the mercy of this Christian, democratic republic; and it is as much honor to us to-day that we did not try and shoot down men or hang them after the war was over, as it was that we put down that rebellion itself.

In saying this, sir, I have not a word to say in regard to any mitigation of the guilt. There is no man in America who believes more in the guilt of these men than I do. They have been punished. When we remember who they were, how they ruled this country for two generations, how they voted down sacred rights, how they advanced in one aggression upon the country after another until they raised the standard of revolt in their ecstacy of power and hope, and see where they are to-day and what they are, defeated, never more to guide the destinies of this country, their bondmen taken from them and made citizens of the United States; their millions gone; poverty over that section of the country, and what is more and greater than all this, a record that is to live as long as the history of the country is to live, and that record being that these men in this age of Christian civilization, that these men in this day of light and knowledge, in this Christian democratic republic, for the purpose of continuing fetters on human limbs, keeping auction-blocks and whips, selling babies, and extending their power and control in the country, raised their hands against this nation and strove to blot the republic from the list of nations.

Now, sir, the record is to go down to coming time blacker to-morrow than it is to-day. It was a sin against the human race, and the human race will never forget it and never forgive it. When time passes away, when we get away from slavery in all its influences, in the calm and better days that are to come, humanity the wide world over will look with horror upon that record. And, sir, is there a Senator here to-day who would not rather be taken out and shot like a dog, or hung like one, within an hour, than to have his name associated with that rebellion? Why, sir, talk of prisons, talk of hangings and shootings—imprisonments, hangings and shootings would be mercy rather than to have such a record as that to go down to coming time. I would rather die a million deaths of the most ignominious character than to have my name associated in any way with that rebellion; and so would not only every patriotic man and liberty-loving man, but every man in God's world who believes in the progress of the human race and in the dignity of humanity. They have been punished; they are being punished; they are to be punished more in the future than in the past, and the time will come when those men, I hope, will get their eyes open enough to see that they would call upon the very mountains to hide them from the face of outraged humanity.

I do not want to keep this punishment. They have been punished. I am willing, therefore, to go in this matter of removing disabilities to this extent, to let everybody go, even members of the conventions and military and naval men. These military and naval men do not amount to much. They generally had not much to do about leading. They followed their section of the country out; they followed the statesmen and politicians that went out and organized the rebellion. There is not a great deal to be said about them. I am willing to let them and the men in the conventions out, and I propose and intend, if I get an opportunity, to move an amendment that shall carry out my own view, applying the exception only to men who have been in Congress, men who have been in the Cabinet, and men who have sat on the seats of the Supreme Court of the United States. There would be perhaps two hundred or two hundred and fifty of them. And, sir, I will go further. I will pardon any of them when they ask me to do it, and show by their conduct that they mean honestly to submit to the constitution and laws of the country. There are some of these men who have behaved well since the war closed, whose influences have been good. There are others who have acted far otherwise.

Now, sir, I am in favor not only of amnesty as far as the bill goes, but further. I am in favor of the civil rights amendment that shall protect the colored citizens of the United States all over the United States, everywhere, North and South, in traveling in public conveyances, in being taken care of in hotels, and of settling the question of equality in the primary schools of the country where so much is to be done to educate the rising generation of the country to forget caste and believe in the equality of our common humanity.

Ohio Republican Convention.

COLUMBUS, February 14.—The Republican State Central Committee met here to-day, and after transacting the routine business, adopted a resolution in favor of appointing delegates to the national convention at the State convention; also, that several counties of the State choose their central committees in the spring instead of fall, as heretofore. This evening the committee met again, with Republican members of the Legislature and a number of editors of Republican papers. Governor Noyes made a speech, declaring in favor of the renomination of President Grant, and in favor of the nomination of William Dennison, of Ohio, for Vice-President. Resolutions were adopted declaring the hope that the entire Republican party would unite on the renomination of President Grant, and declaring William Dennison to be the first choice of the Republicans of Ohio for Vice-President, and commending him to the Republicans of the nation. The twenty-seventh of March was chosen as the time for holding the State convention.