The New Orleans Crescent.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 4, 1868.

[From the Atlantic for October.]

The Two Rabbis.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Rabbi Nathan, two-score years and ten,
Walked blameless through the evil world, and then,
Just as the almond blossomed in his hair,
Met a temptation all too strong to bear,
And miserably sinned. So, adding not
Falsehood to guilt, he left his seat and taught
No more among the elders, but went out
From the great congregation girt about
With sackcloth, and with ashes on his head,
Making his gray locks grayer. Long he prayed,
Smiting his breast; then, as the Book he laid
Open before him for the Bath-Col's choice,
Pausing to hear that Daughter of a Voice,
Behold the royal preacher's word: "A friend
Loveth at all times, yea, unto the end;
And for the evil day thy brother lives;"
Marveling, he said: "It is the Lord who gives
Counsel indeed. At Ecbatana dwells
Babbi Ben Isaac, who all men excels
In righteousness and wisdom, as the trees
Of Lebanon the small weeds that the trees
Bow with their weight. I will arise, and lay
My sins before him."

And he went his way
Barefooted, fasting long, with hearty prayers;
But even as one who followed unawares,
Suddenly in the darkness feels a hand
Thrill with its touch his own, and his cheek fanned
By odors subtly sweet, and whispers near
Of words he loathes, yet cannot choose but hear,
So, while the Rabbi journeyed, chanting low
The wail of David's penitential woe,
Before him still the old temptation came,
And mocked him with the motion and the shame
Of such desires that, shuddering, he abhored
Himself; and, crying mightily to the Lord
To free his soul and cast the demon out,
Smote with his staff the blackness round about.

At length, in the low light of a spent day,
The towers of Ecbatana far away
Rose on the desert's rim; and Nathan, faint
And footsore, pausing where for some dead saint
The faith of Islam reared a doomed tomb,
Saw some one kneeling in the shadow, whom
He greeted kindly: "May the Holy One
Answer thy prayers, O, stranger!" Whereupon
The shape stood up with a loud cry, and then,
Clasped in each other's arms, the two gray men
Wept, praising Him whose gracious providence
Made their paths one. But straightway, as the sense
Of his transgression smote him, Nathan tore
Himself away: "O friend beloved, no more
Worthy am I to touch thee, for I came,
Foul from my sins, to tell thee all my shame.
Haply thy prayers, since naught availeth mine,
May purge my soul, and make it white like thine.
Pity me, O Ben Isaac, I have sinned!"

Awestruck Ben Isaac stood. The desert wind
Blew his long mantle backward, laying bare
The mournful secret of his shirt of hair.
"I too, O friend if not in act," he said,
"In thought have verily sinned. Hast thou not read,
"Better the eye should see than that desire
Should wander?" Burning with a hidden fire
That tears and prayers quench not, I come to thee
For pity and for help as thou to me.
Pray for me, O my friend!" But Nathan cried,
"Pray thou for me, Ben Isaac!"

Side by side
In the low sunshine by the turban stone
They knelt; each made his brother's woe his own
Forgetting, in the agony and stress
Of pitying love, his claim of selfishness;
Peace, for his friend besought, his own became;
His prayers were answered in another's name;
And, when at last they rose up to embrace,
Each saw God's pardon in his brother's face!

Long after, when his headstone gathered moss,
Traced on the targum-marge of Onkelos
In Rabbi Nathan's hand these words were read:
"Hope not the cure of sin till Self is dead;
Forget it in love's service, and the debt
Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget;
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own?"

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

[Special Correspondence of the New Orleans Crescent.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 26, 1868.

There is in this city what is termed "The Citizens Association," which, we are told, was organized for the purpose of detecting and exposing frauds, in the disbursement of funds for the benefit of the New York public, and is supposed to be composed of tax payers from the wealthy of all shades of politics. "This 'is where the laugh comes in," for over the signature of Peter Cooper, an estimable citizen, is issued the most malicious slanders, emanating from an individual who finds campaigning for the Radical party money making business. The joke of this "Association" is, that all its vindictive spite falls upon the heads of Democratic officials, and now, just upon the eve of the election, a most glorious opportunity for trying to pull the wool over the eyes of the uninitiated has been availed of, and of course the name of Peter Cooper, as chairman, has been signed to the charges, in order to give them weight, but it is "no go" this time, as the accusations have been met by affidavits of such overwhelming evidence, as to crush the accusers and blow their false campaign document all into atoms.

James W. McLean, the present street commissioner, against whom these charges are laid, is without a shadow of doubt one of the most honest and upright citizens in New York. He was for years one of the firm of Jerome Riggs & Co., the bankers, (the senior of which house is he who originated horse racing, and gave it a standing, here, by the formation of the American Jockey Club,) and has always sustained a character of undoubted integrity. The charges laid at his door are various in their purport, the most important of which however is the expense for repairing piers, this "Association" claiming that only a small portion of the lumber was furnished for which charge was made, and as a natural consequence Mr. McLean bagged the difference. On receiving this communication Mr. McLean at once employed Gen. Viele, one of the ablest engineers in the country, and he made a disinterested report of his examinations; but before Mr. McLean could furnish those facts to the public, the Radical papers blazed away and published the charges without an answer.

The animus of this proceeding was, of course, patent to anybody, and it no doubt served to make some few Radical snipes feel better, if they could trump up charges against a man of McLean's standing in this community, and thereby influence a single, wavering vote. The answer is a squelcher, however, and McLean has had the courage to pitch into all hands, from Peter Cooper down, and tell the truth even at the expense of the manager of this association, who, he says, Cooper himself would not trust to the amount of five dollars.

Mr. McLean says in his communication that an association of legitimate tax-payers, who have the interest of themselves and constituents at heart, organized for the purpose of protecting the people, would meet his hearty approval and support. A one-horse fraud of this kind is too despicably mean to command even the respect of a jail-bird, and therefore from it no one can expect anything but a repetition of these malignant political calumnies for the purpose of making a "point." If anything injures the reputation of men or a party, it is such actions as these, and nothing, surely, will show a weaker cause than that of trying to put a man in the White House at the expense of the private character of others.

Stick to the truth, friends, and Seymour and Blair will set aside all our grievances very soon.

EYES AND EARS.

THE EPISCOPALIAN OVERTURE TO THE METHODISTS.—A number of Episcopal clergymen in New Jersey signed a memorial to the late Methodist General Conference, asking for the appointment of commissioners to confer with the representatives of the Episcopal Church, which are proposed to be appointed by the general convention soon to meet in New York. Such commissioners were appointed by the conference (Drs. McClintock, Curry and others) and now a corresponding memorial is to go to the House of Bishops, asking for the reconstruction of a commission of bishops appointed many years ago of Christian unity, of which Dr. McIlvaine is the only survivor.

The convocation of York, in the Church of England, has lately passed a resolution cordially welcoming "any practical attempt to effect a brotherly reconciliation between the Wesleyan body and the Church of England." What is called the "British plan" of reunion contemplates the admission of Wesleyan preachers to holy orders in the Church of England, by a process called "hypothetical ordination," like what is now used as "conditional baptism," with a permission to continue the use of extempore prayer, except for the sacraments. This movement is unquestionably premature, the members of neither sect being in any degree prepared to make the necessary concessions. The Episcopalians will not allow extempore prayer in church, and the Methodists will not submit to the authority exercised by the Anglican bishops.

INDUSTRIAL ITEMS, ETC.

[Prepared for the New Orleans Crescent.]

In 1867 there were 2284 patents issued from the British patent office.

The Pacific Railroad is now building about forty miles of sheds over the track to keep the snow off.

Bath, Me., has built but seven ships this year, instead of twenty to thirty as heretofore.

It costs $500,000 per annum to water the streets of London.

The pea-nut crop of North Carolina this season is estimated at 100,000 bushels.

A fruit-growers' association has been formed in Fairfax county, Va.

By an imperial order, a university for the study of European sciences has lately been established at Pekin.

Broom corn is selling in Chicago for $190 to $235 per ton. Two tons can be grown to the acre.

A firm in Roanoke county, Va., have shipped 60,000 pounds of grapes to New York from their own vineyard.

There were 19,477 barrels of ale and beer sold in Cincinnati during the month of August.

About 1000 tons of sumac are said to have been shipped North from Fredericksburg, Va., this season.

The insurance companies of Cincinnati received $127,454 in premiums during August.

A Bee Hunters' Association has been formed at Sacramento, Cal., for the purpose of hunting bee trees.

"Curried monkey" and "iguana *ragout*" are favorite dishes in the Philippine Islands. Vampire bats are also considered a delicacy.

Stockton, California, is called the "City of Windmills," owing to the number of windmills used in pumping water for irrigating purposes.

San Francisco consumes about 20,000 boxes of candies per month. The receipts for the first seven months of this year were 177,370 boxes.

The receipts of the San Francisco street railroads during the first seven months of this year were $559,074.

A Belgian paper proposes that every bachelor who has arrived at the age of thirty-five shall be taxed according to his position in life.

It is estimated that the corn crop of Minnesota will yield from fifty to sixty bushels per acre.

Odessa, on the Black Sea, exported in 1867, 20,000,000 bushels of grain.

The potato crop of New York State for 1868 is estimated at 25,000,000 bushels.

The Russian empire contains about 8,078,000 square miles, of which nearly six millions lie in Asia. The population is about 80,000,000.

There are now over 4,000 homœpathic physicians in America. The first one settled in New York in 1825.

The fish ponds in Doombes, France, extend over 30,000 acres. All the streams of the empire are stocked from them with fish suitable to their peculiarities, under experts appointed by the government.

The population of Richmond, Virginia, is estimated at 60,000.

A paper mill, at Manchester, N. J., turns out daily 2,000 pounds paper to be made into twine.

A cracker factory, in Canton, China, blew up lately, killing 400 men and wounding about 600 others.

A member of the Paris Academy of Sciences, tested the laying capacities of ducks and hens—three of each—for one year. The hens produced 247 eggs, and the ducks 517.

The whole number of cattle in the various European States is estimated at 84,760,000.

At the cattle show in Aberdeen, Scotland, in August last, 1681 animals were exhibited.

The wine crop of California, last year, was estimated at 4,000,000 gallons of wine and 400,000 gallons of brandy.

The Anglo-Saxon race use annually 41.40 pounds of sugar per head; the Latin race 12.34; the Teutonic 7.30; the Slavonic 3.30.

M. Leroy, of Angiers, France, says the leaves of the osage orange are a substitute for the mulberry, as food for the silk worm.

The total annual catch of codfish in the North Atlantic is estimated at 54,000,000.

A planter near Holly Springs, Miss., has cultivated 15 acres in broom corn this season, which is paying him from eight to fourteen cents per pound.

There are 396 patients in the Georgia Insane Asylum, 50 of whom are colored.

Samuel Custer, of Roanoke county, Va., has invented an automatic registering marine compass, which is said to be "the greatest scientific invention of the age."

A man in Bennington, Vt., between January 1st, 1868, and September 7, sold, from eleven hens, 107 dozen eggs and raised 22 chickens.

The wife of a journeyman printer in Richmond is said to be one of the heirs to an estate in England valued at $250,000,000. Her share will be one-tenth, say $25,000,000.

At a recent book sale in London, six volumes printed by William Caxton, brought the enormous price of $5480.

Berlin, Prussia, has 61 political, social, and official papers; 137 news, scientific, religious, art, and entertaining journals, and 53 agricultural, commercial and industrial papers.

At the recent trade sale in New York 1,200,000 volumes were offered for sale.

It is stated that ladies' gloves are made from alligator skins.

Sixty Scotch families have been brought over to Massachusetts to work in a new mill for making Scotch plaids.

A man in Baltimore has invented and put in operation a machine for making cigars. It makes 750 to 1000 per day.

Since trees have been planted in Egypt they are beginning to have rain. Plant trees—nut trees and fruit trees—they'll pay for their room and care in beauty, shade and fruit. Plant trees.

The Sainoset Thread Mills, of Plymouth, now put up their thread in boxes instead of paper wrappers. The mills are supplied with 1500 to 2000 boxes per day.

A glove manufactory is in operation at Fond du Lac., and a knitting machine factory at Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin.

The investments in manufacturing enterprises at Fall River, Mass., during the last five years, amount to about $8,000,000.

It is estimated that 1000 persons have been killed and $3,000,000 of property destroyed by lightning this season.

It sometimes happens that potatoes are worth more than corn, cabbages are worth more than wheat, and a barrel of onions will purchase a barrel of flour. All these things occurred in New Orleans last winter.

A statistician says the whole amount of grain raised in New England each year would not supply its inhabitants six weeks.

New York State raised 400,000 tons of hay this season.

New England imports annually 4,000,000 barrels of flour, of which Boston takes nearly 1,000,000.

The Virginia papers want to make Norfolk the eastern terminus of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad.

The statement of the commissioner of internal revenue shows that only 240,134 persons in the United States returned incomes last year.

There were 240 patents issued from the patent office in Washington during the week ending the 14th September.

Hachete & Co., Paris publishers, have given the minister of public instruction over 100,000 volumes of books for the school libraries of the people.

The castor bean produces from 30 to 100 bushels per acre in Texas. A bushel of beans yields two gallons of oil.

The corn crop of the United States this year is estimated at 1,100,000,000 bushels, which at 55c. a bushel is worth $650,000,000.

There are 1720 tailors in Paris, who give employment to 42,000 work people, of whom 8000 are women.

The Rochdale (England) Co-operative Pioneer Association was formed in 1844, with 28 members and a fund of £28. In 1867 they had 6,823 members, a fond of £128,435, done business amounting to £284,910 and made a net profit of £41,619.

The Mount Vernon cotton mills, near Alexandria, Va., employ 154 hands, and turn out 1,500,000 yards of cloth annually.

NEW YORK, July 1st, 1868.

Dear Sir.—In your paper of last week you or one of your correspondents say that Dr. Drake is not the originator of the celebrated Plantation Bitters, and that they were manufactured and sold by one Pedro Martelle, an old Spaniard, in the island of St. Thomas, over forty years ago, as every old sea captain can testify. Now, sir, I can certify to the above as being true, for I have followed the sea for over forty years, most of the time doing business with the West Indies. These same bitters, differently put up and named, were brought to my notice on my first trip to the Island of St. Croix for a cargo of rum, and for years and years after my ship's stores were never without them. I always supplied my family and many of my neighbors with them, and can truly say a better bitters and tonic is not made in all the world.

Yours truly, CAPT. HENRY WENTZ.

INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCH.—A Boston dispatch of the 28th ult. says:

The international cricket match between the All England Eleven and the United States twenty-two, selected from the Boston and other clubs in Massachusetts, the St. George and New York Clubs, and the Young America and other Philadelphia clubs, commenced to-day. The Englishmen commenced the first innings, playing until time was called, making eighty runs, with five wickets to fall. They continue to-morrow morning.

THE LOSS OF THE MELITA.

ARRIVAL OF THE JACOB A. STAMLER WITH THE MELITA'S PASSENGERS AND PART OF THE CREW—NARRATIVE OF JAMES DUNBAR, A SAILOR.

[From the New York Times, Sept. 26.]

The ship Jacob A. Stamler, Captain Samson, which, it will be remembered, rescued the passengers and crew of the burning steamship Melita, on the 5th inst., arrived in port yesterday with fifty of the Melita's passengers, her captain, purser, doctor, two engineers, steward, mates and one sailor. These people have lost all their effects, owing, as it appears from the following narrative, to a lack of management difficult to account for, seeing that there was ample time after the first discovery of the fire to save everything in the way of mere personal property.

The statement here given is that of one of the crew of the Melita, and in his own words. He, like his fellow-sailors, lost everything. When permission was given to go below and save their clothing, it was too late:

NARRATIVE OF JAMES DUNBAR.

The Melita was advertised to sail from Boston for Liverpool on the 25th of August, but on account of a leak in her bottom she did not start till next day at 2 P. M. Everything seemed to jog along smoothly until about 12:30, September 5, when the first symptoms of fire were observed. We were then about 800 miles from Queenstown. The boatswain was the first to give the alarm that smoke was issuing from the hold directly below the forecastle. Quickly and quietly the pipes were laid and brought to play on the spot from which the smoke issued. Every effort was tried to find the real source of the fire, but without avail, and, in fact, no one had at this time any other idea but that the fire would be extinguished immediately. Half an hour afterward the fire began to show unmistakable promise of more trouble than had been expected. The captain conjectured the real source of the fire to spring from the bottom hold, starboard side, and accordingly gave orders to the carpenter to cut a hole in that direction in order to accommodate the water pipes. The hole being made, the smoke became so dense and suffocating that a man could not hold a pipe at the mouth of the hole for more than three minutes at a time. Now and then a man might be seen hauled on deck in a senseless condition, till it was deemed advisable to cover up the hold completely, with the exception of the space allowed for the water-pipes. But I must say the space allowed for the hand-pump was left big enough for the pure air to rush in and feed the flames. The reason of that was simply mismanagement; because the hand-pump was kept for the first ten hours the distance of eight yards from the front hatchway, so that the buckets had to be used to carry the water, whereas, if the hand-pump had been placed at first by the side of the hatchway it would have saved immense labor, been of double service, and instead of having such a huge crater to empty the buckets, the hand pump pipe could have been inserted in such a manner, leaving no vent for the smoke within nor ingress for the oxygen. But in spite of suggestions being made regarding the above plan, it was not adopted until about 10 A. M., and then it was of little service, because by that time sufficient air had rushed in to feed a Vesuvius. I merely mention that in order to show that had the hold been kept tightly closed the fire might have had a chance of being extinguished. About 8 A. M. the American ship Jacob A. Stamler was descried, and after signals of distress being given from the Melita, signals were given in response from the ship. One of our boats was lowered immediately, and the mate taking four of the crew set off for her. The American captain said he could accommodate the passengers and crew with shelter, but that his stock of provisions, and especially water, was not sufficient to supply such a large number of people. Accordingly, Capt. Sumner, of the Melita, about 11 A. M. ordered the passengers' baggage to be brought up from the hold and placed aft so that it might, at a moment's notice, be lowered into the small boats and rowed over to the ship. Every passenger was then placed in the small boats and rowed over to the Stamler where all were hospitably received. Before leaving the steamer most of the passengers were anxious to take their luggage along with them, but were pacified on being assured that the fire would be put out in a couple of hours, and that their stay on the strange vessel would be of short duration; but if it threatened to be more dangerous, there were plenty of time, boats and men to transport their property at a moment's notice from the consuming element, which was true enough. Throughout the rest of the day the pipes poured into the hold a constant stream of water, but still the fire increased by degrees, till about 10 P. M., when the red glimmering flame began to show itself. The men at the pumps, tired and exhausted at seeing their labor fruitless, besides being in danger of their lives, left the pumps with the determination not to pump any more. About 12 M. Capt. Sumner descended the hold for the last time, but had to be hauled on deck half suffocated. Here I must observe that the captain did all in mortal man's power to extinguish the fire from first to last, both by his own heroic actions and the fatherly manner in which he encouraged his crew. A glass of grog was then served out to each of the crew, after which another attempt at the pumps was tried, which lasted about forty minutes, when all hands agreed to desist entirely from any further attempt, with the exception of the steam-pump, which had played continually into the hold from 12:30 Friday morning till 10 o'clock Sunday morning, leaving about seventeen feet of water in the hold when the hand-pump stopped. The fire at this time had made rapid progress, the pure flame being visible from beneath the hatchway, the smoke at the same time issuing from the stackhole, evincing that all had joined the conflagration from the forecastle to the engine room. The eleventh commandment was the thought of every one now, for each and all rushed to the boats, taking their property along with them the most appropriate way. Half an hour afterward the flame burst up, producing a blaze which illumined the surrounding waste of waters, and making a strong contrast with the peaceful aspect of nature. Not a cloud obscured the virgin blue of the heavens. The stars and full-orbed moon looked down in their glory on the placid ocean, unconscious of the disaster. Capt. Sumner was the last to leave the burning vessel, arriving at the ship about 4 o'clock Sunday morning. Previous to that, some of the boats made a second trip in order to obtain provisions and luggage belonging to the passengers; but, alas! it was too late, because most of the passengers luggage was lost. Here I would make a few remarks regarding the last mentioned subject; for there was ample time during the day to save all the luggage, and enough provisions to serve all parties for the voyage. A couple of boats were kept alongside with four of the crew in them doing nothing. Cooks and stewards had nothing to do, so that there were time, men and boats at any rate. The passengers, being composed chiefly of working people, and having their whole little fortune on board are totally ruined; and in order to save their best clothes had on old clothing when they left the steamer, and now remain without the one shirt to change the other. The fire could not be helped to be sure; but certainly the poor people's property might have been saved. Of course Capt. Sumner expected to have the fire extinguished, but all hands knew twelve hours after the first symptoms of fire that if there was any chance of saving the vessel it was a very poor one. Why not then have sent the passengers' luggage away as well as themselves? because it would not have taken much trouble to bring both passengers and luggage back again; besides it would have been the surest way, as the poor people's property was not insured, although the steamer and cargo were fully insured. The last view of the steamer was seen about 11 o'clock Sunday morning, bereft of everything save her funnel and a part of her stern; and no doubt an hour or two afterward the sea had swallowed her up entirely. At least that was the last seen of her from the Jacob A. Stamler. With the exception of a few remarks, I have nothing more to say concerning the conflagration. About 10 o'clock Sunday morning the bark Monahungo took off the Jacob A. Stamler seventeen of the crew, who are no doubt now in Liverpool. On Tuesday, 8th September, the ship Kurrachee and the brig Auguste, the former bound for Greenock, Scotland, and the latter bound for Newry, Ireland, took off the remainder of the crew, with the exception of the captain, doctor, purser, two of the engineers, mates, steward and one man.

I copy the following from my note-book: "Sept. 8.—There is more room in the vessel today since the departure of the Melita's crew, although it doesn't make any addition to the rations. Why not have saved provisions when there was every opportunity? The American captain, it seems, offered to send his boats during the fire in order to obtain provisions for all parties, but Capt. Sumner gave him no invitation, consequently the poor passengers are starving on that account. And the doctor, Mr. Gordon, told them at the same time to send provisions by all means, but either carelessness, or what is worse—laziness—prevented that hospitable act."

Previous to the disaster the passengers seemed to rejoice in the anticipation of once more enjoying the scenes of their native land, and embracing dear friends of long ago, happy to think of appearing in circumstances evincing prosperity. There they are now—men, women and children huddled together like so many sheep, dirty, hungry and sad, lying on the bare boards, without a rag to cover them. Surely the poor people have good cause to grumble, when they consider that most of their suffering could have been averted by judicious management, but, at the same time, thank Providence for sending Capt. Samson in time to save their lives.

A Night in the Grave.

A TALE OF TERROR.

It was near the close of a chilly day in November, 1834, that I arrived at St. Jeon de Luz, en route for the Chateau de C——, about twenty miles distant, where I was employed as a teacher in the household of the Count d'a——, a French nobleman of much influence and wealth. Having secured lodgings at a second-rate hotel, (for I was a young man of limited means,) I repaired to the apartments assigned me and threw myself upon a dsty couchette, with an expectation of receiving rest before pursuing my journey. This hope was partially realized, when I was suddenly awakened by a heavy and continued knocking at my door. I sullenly muttered a "come in;" but remembering to have bolted it, I arose to open it. A form stood before me of giant proportions, his features marked with a savage expression, his garments anonymous both as to color and texture. I inquired his desire, when, interrupting me, he asked if I was the man who wanted to go to the Chateau de C——, I responded in the affirmative. He then offered to bear me thither for a small sum, if it was necessary for me to reach my destination that night. I assented to his proposition, more through dread of bidding him begone than the benefit to be accrued.

It was not long before an old, diminutive carriage was announced, with the identical incognito as its driver. I hastily prepared myself for departure, without having been the happy recipient of any quiet since my arrival at the above named village. Previously, I had asked the stranger if he was acquainted with the route to be taken, to which he gave me no specific reply; but when about to enter the cab I made a similar inquiry, in answer to which he contemptuously flung out, "yes, yes; within." I obeyed, however, with reluctance, for I knew not whither I was going, nor what might be the results. Sad feelings possessed me, but were soon dispelled, for, suffering under such physical lassitude, I sank into a peaceful slumber.

I shortly awoke much refreshed, and saw that the moon in her full beauty had gained mid heaven. From this I knew that the drive must have been long and slow. I looked on the other side and saw no trace of a human habitation. Everything appeared desolate, though the mild light of the moon shone upon the earth. I greatly feared this man acting as my guide, and dreaded to accost him in any manner, and believed at one time that I would offer him the small contents of my purse, but thought possibly I might be wrong in thus conjecturing doubts and fears, and that I should willingly place myself in his power. At length, projecting my head out of the window, I saw in the distance what appeared to be the white walls of a park of shrubbery. I beheld trees rising here and there, but no signs of a dwelling. Presently the cab stopped, and I saw a gate opening into the walled enclosure—coming up to the door he said:

"You must alight here."

"Here," I exclaimed, "in this place?"

"Do as commanded," he said.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," I replied. "You agreed to take me to the Chateau of C——, and I shall not alight until you have fulfilled the agreement."

"This folly is absurd," he answered, "listen to what I say. We are many miles from St. Jeon de Luz, and from any habitation. None but deathless spirits can answer to your shrieks. This is the door of a cemetery, and unless you alight instantly and deliver to me your purse, I will add a lifeless body to these sacred precincts."

This cold-blooded determination curdled my whole frame. For moments my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I was astonished to find in a man of such frightful mien, words which would have well expressed the noblest purpose. Not a hope presented itself. I was at the mercy of a murderer, and there remained nothing but to submit. I prayed and sued his mercy, and offered half my wordly all if he would but spare my life and take me back. But no terms of conciliation would suffice. Self-reproaches rushed over my mind and mingled with my fears.

Why was I so blind—so foolish as to accompany the man? Why did I suffer my want of courage to prevent me from declining his offer instead of committing myself to this suspicious looking man?

"Oh, heaven!" I cried within myself, "help me!"

Becoming impatient at my long silence, which was the silence of despair, he roughly seized me by the arm, and dragged me from the carriage.

Not a sound was to be heard. All the great, great solitude was echoless and void. I uttered a long, piercing cry, as he flung me on the frozen earth and bade me deliver my purse. A desire to make myself known overcame me. I repeated my shrieks, which he tried to stifle by placing his hand over my mouth. This inspired me with new strength, and I arose to my feet and fled from him. The door of the cemetery was open, and I rushed in, closely pursued by my foe.

The moon had been disappearing behind a heavy heap of what seemed snow clouds, and now she utterly deserted me at this critical moment, for I stumbled every instant against a mound or a tombstone. I traversed with preternatural celerity those habitations of the dead.

But soon his heavy hand again seized me by the shoulder, and dragged me back. My despair lent me strength. We closed and struggled. I forgot his superior power and resolved to realst death! On his breast he wore a piece of gold, on which was engraved many familiar devices in Greek, in addition to his name. Without any object in view but that of avenging myself, I seized firmly hold of it, and in the struggle I tore it off. This circumstance he did not at that time notice. In spite of my resistance, he muttered between his teeth a successful issue to the combat; and, as he sank almost exhausted on the ground in that lonely place, I heard my antagonist clasp his knife.

With a startled bound I was again on my feet, and extricated myself from his hands; then followed a race for life. I flew, rather than run, with the piece of gold in my hand. I had no scruples where I trod. Now I went straight before him; now evading his grasp by passing in and out the graves; heard his curses as I avoided him. The darkness was deepening, and all the horrors of my position seemed to increase.

Nothing was left to me but to succumb to my fate and suffer the pursuing villain to take the life he sought. Every earthly interest lost its attractions in these moments of despair. I felt my knees failing, my steps slacken in speed; a dizziness came over me, and the consciousness that he was close behind me became a certainty, when suddenly a false step on my part precipitated me into a newly drug grave of great depth.

I experienced a shock, and the pain I suffered was acute. I believed myself injured to such an extent that my life would be despaired of, but held my peace.

In the midst of this terrible torture of mind and body, I listened with a kind of savage joy, mingled with fear, to the oaths of my seeker, as, stumbling at every step, he went about from spot to spot, calling me to leave my providential covert, for he intended no harm.

The sound of his receding footsteps became fainter and fainter, and I rejoiced that, tired of the chase, he had left me.

In a few moments I heard the sound of wheels proceeding rapidly in the direction we had come, and with feelings akin to happiness I felt myself alone. How long I continued to listen to the retreating wheels I know not; but at length the sound ceased.

All was still as death. Then, amid the hushed silence, arose a sound like that of a man's feet among the grass. I felt that he was near. He was searching low on the ground. I even heard breathing above me. I was then impressed that he was then seeking the piece of gold which I had severed from him, and I listened with exulting triumph to his protracted and fruitless search.

At length he likewise became a victim to despair. He rose erect, and stood quite still, to detect, if possible, the slightest movement in that deathly inclosure. Then, at first slowly and unhesitatingly, he spoke. He alternately made use now of threats, now of persuasions. Sometimes, with tremulous voice, he besought me to discover myself, but I heard even his sobs with relentless stoicism.

As I crouched there what unbidden thoughts of eternity filled my soul. Never did the future present itself with such force to my half-crazed mind, as when hiding from the revenge of a man uninjured by me in that little place. Death was, apparently, my companion. I felt his icy presence around. Within a few yards, perhaps a few feet of me, the marrowless bones and decaying forms of many ghastly corpses were mouldering away at every stroke of time, until in the process they become blended utterly with the mother earth.

I pictured to myself every horror attending death, from the moment that the shrouded body feels the first touch of its primitive element to the last, when all traces, save a few bleached bones, is lost of the image once moving among among men, made glorious by the immortal soul, but now shrunken to an atom by the withdrawal of the pervading and sustaining essence of life.

The benumbing cold of the air, the dark atmosphere, the offensive effluvia and the mold did not conspire to raise my spirits. A pang of acute pain sent a thrill through my frame. At length I heard the retreating footsteps of my pursuer, as he groped about the cemetery in search of his concealed victim, become fainter and more faint, until I lost them in the darkness. I suspect he was lying in wait for me somewhere, hoping to lull me in security by his absence. But a strange sensation that I never before experienced possessed me. A confusion of thought rushed simultaneously over my brain. My past career swam before me in uneasy motion. At one moment, a certain event re-appeared as another effaced it, and it sank in the great ocean of remembrance. My father, mother and sister stood around me. I gazed up into heaven; I fancied it brillantly illuminated. Then a mist bedimmed my sight, and I knew no more what happened thereafter.

When I awoke to consciousness, I saw myself borne along as dead, by several persons, who were carrying me up what appeared the avenue leading to a mansion. I was conscious of intense pain, which resulted, as was afterward proved by a severely sprained ankle, and I immediately sank into a swoon. When again restored to consciousness I found myself on a bed, with an attentive nurse attending my wants. My ankle was comparatively free from pain; and I was informed that some laborers on going to the cemetery to complete a grave had found me.

The Chateau de C—— was the nearest house and I was borne thither, where, through the skill, the assiduity of an eminent physician called by and Count d'——, I was soon in the chair of convalescence.

The person who had been engaged as my guide happened to have been a classmate of mine at college who had taken umbrage at a trivial incident which occurred to his disadvantage. I refused to aid in bringing one of my own fraternity to justice, and the piece of gold bearing his name I still possess. He was, however, exiled from France to explate for a multitude of crimes which he had committed. In endeavoring to satiate the gnawings of revenge which was the first deviation, he became the propagator for iniquity.

"Love Stronger than Death."

"Christmas comes but once a year." And once a year the old hall is filled from basement to garret. Once a year old scores are wiped out, old wounds healed, brothers become boys again, and the battle of life, with all its inevitable shortcomings, is forgotten. The hearth round which we clustered at a mother's knee, is an altar upon which every worldly mistake is sacrificed; and if we miss some dear face from the gathering, we feel that, even on earth we have had a foretaste of the eternal home to which we are hastening. So it is that, year by year, the old house stretches its sides; and the church round which our forefathers sleep, finds us kneeling even to the third and fourth generation. But, though we miss a face sometimes, we also often welcome a new one. And at the Christmas time of which I am going to write, a brother, after twenty years of exile, had come back to us, bringing with him his only child. Ina was a half Spaniard, and the prettiest girl I ever saw; her uncommon beauty, for she was utterly unlike any of the girls, and her quaint ways took our hearts by storm at once, and completely subdued that of Mark Amberly. Now, though Mark was not, strictly speaking, a relation, he was a sister's step-son, and admitted, first for her sake, was speedily loved for his own. A soldier, and the son of a soldier, Mark had won honors which, in our out-of-the-world country, established him a hero at once, and I verily believe the dear lad was half ashamed of his V. C., so deep and earnest was the worship with which we favored it.

Mark was always at Ina's side; so we all saw how it would be, and the love-making gave a new charm to the gathering. Christmas-eve came; the church had been decorated, the "guisers"* feasted, the Christmas tree dismantled, and, tired of dancing "Sir Roger," we all grouped about in the dining-room waiting for midnight, when, according to an old custom, the "devil's knell" was tolled at the church, and the Squire dispensed cakes and mulled ale to all those who came to wish him and his a merry Christmas. My brother stood upon the hearth, watch in hand; presently the time-keeper was thrust into his pocket, and he crossed the room. There was a general hush. Laughing faces grew grave. Lips quivered and eyes filled, for in the silence memory woke up; and the ghosts of the past came trooping by, some laughing, some weeping, until it was hard to know whether old Christmas was a time for mirth or sadness.

"Clang! clang! clang!" came the bells, and a hundred voices smote the frosty air, singing the old carol:—

"God rest your merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay:
Remember, Christ our Saviour, was born on Christmas day."

The children crowded to the bay-window, and turning to another I found it already occupied. Mark and Ina stood there; he was whispering in her ear, and half hid by a shawl, I saw his arm round her.

As I sat by my bedroom fire an hour after, a light tap at the door woke me from my dreaming. Ina came in, her long light hair floating in golden ripples over a blue dressing-gown.

"May I come and warm myself, Aunty?" she said; "the fire has gone out in my room, and I am so cold." She gave a pretty little shiver, as if to verify the assertion, though the warm face she pressed to mine rather contradicted her words. Then, nestling down upon the hearth-rug, she clasped her hands round her knees. Presently she said, without turning round: "You like Mark Amberly, Aunty?" I acquiesced, and she went on—"so do I, and isn't it funny, he says he likes me, and"—

Then suddenly she was kneeling by me, and under a cloud of hair, and amidst a shower of kisses, I was listening to her secret, how Mark had asked her to be his wife, but how he had first settled it all with his father and hers; that he was to go to India until he got his promotion, when he might leave the army and marry her.

Next day the party broke up. Some to their own homes to receive guests, some to join other parties. Mark went to India in February; and during the year, although I heard constantly of or from Ina, I did not meet her. So that when Christmas came again, and I saw her at the hall, I was struck with an alteration; what I could hardly tell. She had grown handsomer. Every one saw and said that, and yet no one hinted at other change. Yet from the moment she came up to me, and looked at me with her great, gray, wistful eyes, my heart chilled, and a chill I could not define came over me.

Nor was my anxiety lessened when, as we were talking of Mark, Ina began to cry passionately, and rushed out of the room. There was something wrong, and missing her that evening from the drawing-room, I went to look for her. Opening the morning-room door I saw Ina. She was sitting at the window, but not alone—a man was beside her, bending fondly over her. There was no light save that of the moon, so I did not recognize him, nor did I tarry to make the attempt; to tell the truth, I was indignant with her, and closing the door with a bang I marched off to the drawing-room. People were seated here, there and everywhere, so I could not make out who it was that was with Ina, though I tried hard that night and the next day to discover who had made my pet so miserable. We were all busy that day, Ina as hard at work as any of us; but when midnight came, with its bell ringing and carol-singing, I missed her, and with a feeling I could neither withstand nor explain, I went to the little room. There she was. This time the window was open, and the man, for he was there too, was standing by her, his arm around her. I heard her murmur something in a sobbing voice, and saw her lift her hands above her head and wring them. Then, traitor as she was, I could play the eavesdropper no longer, but hurried away, and when I got to my bedroom a little later I sat down and cried; of course it was foolish; what had I, an old maiden aunt, to do with the perjured faith of a heartless girl, or the broken heart of a too-easily duped lover? As I sat there before the dying fire, with the tears still wet upon my face, I became conscious of a sound resembling waves breaking. I listened; the waves' beat grew louder, I could hear them distinctly, and so too could I hear the wind and storm howling louder and louder; it broke against the windows of my room, nay, in the very room itself. I shuddered as the blast passed over me; I felt the cold spray dashing in my face, and grasped the chair as I tried to shriek, to cover my ears, and hide my eyes in the pillow, but in vain. I had no choice but to look upon the stormy sea where a ship lay tossing helplessly. I saw the spars washed overboard. I saw men struggling in the pitiless waves; the faces and the streaming hair of women, and once the white face of a little child. Then the darkness became so intense that only when the lightning flashed could I distinguish the wreck, although the thunder of the tempest was curdling my blood. Suddenly the winds and waters ceased their war, and there came a calm so deep that I heard every throb of my heart; and as I sat wondering what was coming, a gentle wind rustled past me, a hand touched my face, and Mark Amberly's voice cried "Comfort Ina."

After that I seemed to faint; for when I recovered consciousness the fire and candles were out, and the dull, gray morning was shining into the room. Gradually I began to collect my thoughts, and as I undressed and crept into bed, a feeling of horror settled down upon me. I had never been a believer in the supernatural, and now tried hard to convince myself that I had been dreaming. I was determined to treat it as a dream, and, laughing at my folly, persistently kept down my fears, leaving next day without saying a word to Ina. Our parting was a cold one, for my heart was full, and I knew that the slightest demonstration on my parting would overturn my self-control and give my sensible resolutions to the winds, etc. With a cold kiss and muttered "You'll write, of course," we parted.

A fortnight after I saw Mark's promotion in the Gazette, and the following post brought me a letter from Ina. "Mark," she said, "had left India, coming home round the Cape to shake off the effects of a slight attack of fever.

The letter fell from my hand. I saw it all now; and the cold drops stood upon my forehead as I seemed again to hear the voice crying, "Comfort Ina." Mark was drowned. By some mys