

of hers is ungratified. I love her more than my own life, and my brightest hopes for the future are centered in her.

God! that was glorious. My vengeance would be complete. He should yet live to remember her only with bitterness.

She is, indeed, a being made to love. So happy, so free, so guileless, I continued.— And yet, sorrow and misfortune always seek a shining mark.

This last remark aroused him, and he replied, 'I have often thought of that. But she will never know sorrow. I would never live to see her dishonored. It would remove me.'

It would be lamentable, and yet 'tis not impossible; I said—for I saw I was tormenting him. 'I once knew a young girl just like her. She was just as pure, and thoughtless, and happy. And she fell.'

He colored, and seemed uneasy. 'How? what was her misfortune?' he asked apprehensively.

'She was stolen from the home of her father, and brought to this city, and here left to perish as a common prostitute; her destroyer, I am told, deserted her at the very time when she was about to become a mother.'

He trembled violently, and looked at me with a scrutinizing glance. 'What was her name?' he gasped.

Ellen Glenmore.

He started to his feet at the mention of that name. I saw his agitation but appeared not to notice it.

'And who was her betrayer?' he asked, looking into my face as if he would read my soul.

'O, I never learned his name. But if I could find the infernal villain, I'd tear him limb from limb.'

My half-irritic manner frightened my companion, and, fearing he might suspect, I adroitly changed the conversation.

A month from that day my work was accomplished. Eliza Wakefield was mine—the tears of her gray-haired father and the entreaties of her now stricken brother, were powerless to reclaim her. The die was cast. Angels fell before her time—she was not alone in her misery.

A year after the poor old man closed his eyes in death, and his son became the inmate of a prison, to pay the penalty of a crime to which my schemes had brought him. My vengeance was complete—but its reaction was yet to come.

I would linger long here, and think only of one whom to think of is a crime. But she was one made to love, and if I loved her, I only fulfilled the command of my nature. How innocent was she—how gentle, how pure. But she sleeps now. Does she ever dream of me? Alas! dreams come not to the grave.

Why did I insult her with my love? I was a man no longer. The ruin of one fair, frail creature, was chargeable upon me; and whenever I looked into her face, I thought the pale sad countenance of my victim looked out from those liquid orbs, sadly upon me.

I was not remorseless. I felt that crime could not excuse crime, and I knew the thought of my great sin would haunt me to my grave, and turn my brightest hopes to bitterness and gall. And when for the first time I looked into the face of Mary Pierson, I only deplored the act that had made me unworthy of one so glorious and beautiful.

It was two years after the consummation of my dream of vengeance, when I first beheld her. I had left my victim with the child of her folly and my sin, long before, and I knew not whether she still lived or no. And now what would I not have sacrificed to have redeemed my name from the stigma that rested upon it, so that I might be worthy of her whom I already loved.

It is said lost angels are sometimes permitted to see afar off the heaven they have forfeited, that their punishment may be the more complete. So was it with me. I saw Mary Pierson, in all the splendor of her loveliness and beauty. She was the heaven of my heart, and had I not lost my manhood I might have been too happy with her. I knew heaven never designed her for me, yet I sought her as the moth seeks the blaze—blinded by the effulgence of her beauty. I poured my tale of love into her ear, and the soft tear-drops of joy filled her bright eyes, as she gently whispered the blessed response. O delirium! She loved me.

What a wretch was I. The dear creature reposed in my arms, in the full confidence that love ever inspires in the bosom of innocence, never once doubting me. When the shadow that was over my heart darkened my countenance, she would gaze gently into my face, and beg me to tell her the cause of my grief that she might share it with me. Alas, the canker of my soul could not be quieted—remorse had rent my heart strings.

The wedding-day came at last. The village church was filled to overflowing with the friends of the fair young bride, and many a prayer was breathed that day for her happiness. She seemed never more beautiful. Her cheeks were flushed with modest excitement, and, as we walked up the aisle to the altar, where the priest who was to unite us was awaiting our coming, she clung to my arm and raised her blue eyes to mine. But how different were my emotions. I thought I would have gone mad. A horrid presentiment seized my mind, and I wished the ceremony safely over. When we knelt in prayer, I trembled so violently that she whispered in my ear a word of assurance, and begged me to control my emotions. Just then the cry of a child in the audience broke the so-

lemn silence, and I started almost to my feet. I know not why, but I was strangely alarmed.

The ceremony proceeded. Our hands were joined. The holy man raised his hands to pronounce us man and wife, but suddenly paused and bent eagerly forward. My young bride turned, and the next moment a low shriek escaped her lips. I dared not move. Great drops of perspiration streamed down my face. She clutched my arm convulsively and gasped, 'look there.'

I turned mechanically, and looked behind me. My God! A woman stood not two feet distant, holding a child above her head, and leaning towards me. She was dressed in deep mourning, her hair streaming over her shoulders, her eyes flashing fire, and her face pale as death.

'Ha, ha,' she yelled frantically. 'I am in time. Heaven frowns on your sacrilegious nuptials. Look at me. I am your victim. Here is your child; take it. I present it to you on your wedding day.'

O horror! I shut my eyes upon the scene. My bride fell on her knees, then again sprang up and confronted my accuser.

'Woman,' she cried, 'tis false. He is innocent of the charge. He never knew you. He is not guilty. He is not!—she continued, turning to me with a look of phrenzied terror, 'are you, are you—husband?'

'Yes. Guilty, guilty!' I could say no more.

'Then may heaven curse—no, no, no. I will not. I do not—but—'

She fell heavily upon the floor. They carried her fainting to her home.

Three years after, I visited the scene of my love and my misery, determined, if possible, to obtain some tidings of my Mary. Disguising myself (for I did not care to be recognised) I wandered about the village, till at last I found myself in the church yard. I sauntered among the tombs for a while, reflecting upon the propriety of seeking an interview with her whom I had so loved, so wronged; for I doubted not she would receive me, at least, kindly. A neat white monument attracted my attention. I approached to read the superscription. It was but a single line:

THE GRAVE OF MARY PIERSON.

I immediately hastened away, and, after once more visiting the grave of my sister, I sought a retreat among these rocks; and here shall I pass the remnant of my days. Sometimes the spirit of my lost Mary visits me in my cave—hovers over me in my dreams, and whispers me that my tears shall wash away all traces of my sin.

Her memory cheers me now, and my heart will beat for her alone, till its pulsations shall be checked forever.

AN ORIGINAL ACCOUNT.

The Sheffield Free Press gives the following:—We have seen at different times, some most remarkable specimens of accounts, but the most astonishing production of the kind we ever witnessed, was placed in our hands the other day, by a gentleman who has obtained possession of this curiosity. It is an account from a shoemaker (whose real name is given below), to the housekeeper of Admiral Hamilton. It has been sent to an eminent firm in London, for the purpose of being lithographed. Ours is a literal copy from the original, which may be inspected at our office. It is widely written, and occupies three pages of post 8vo. This is the reason of the account being added up three times and explains the words, 'Turn hover plase'—

For Mrs E. Moore, at Admiral Hambletons 1819.	Dratford, Alton, Hampshire.	
June 3rd. Madame E. Moore, Dr. to S. Wotton.		s. d.
closing up Madam Moor,		0 11
mending Miss Plowden,		0 2
tapping and bindg. Miss hampleton,		0 11
turning up, closing up, and corking Madam Moor.		0 9
Turn hover plase,		2 9
Brought up		2 9
welting a pes into Madam Moor		0 2
stitching a bust into ditto		0 1
Heeling Miss Plowden		0 6
repairing Madam Moor's soul		0 4
pesing and bottoming Miss Plowden		0 11
Turn hover plase,		4 9
Brought up		4 9
healing and corking Madam Moor,		2 11
stitching and making watertight do		0 6
tapping Madam Moor,		0 2
linng, binding, and laying a pes into do		0 4
larded Madam,		8 8
i beg pardon in sendg. you this here, i be much pressed, and do hop you'll send the munny.		

THE WELL-INFORMED WOMAN.—The well informed woman may generally be known not so much by what she tells you, as by what she does not tell you; for she is the last to take pleasure in mere gossip or to make vulgar allusion to the appearance, dress or personal habits of her friends and neighbors.—Her thoughts are not in these things. The train of her reflections goes not along with the eating, drinking, visiting, or scandal of the circle in which she moves. She has a world of interest beyond her local associations; and while others are wondering what is the price of her furniture, or where she bought her watch, she perhaps is mentally solving that important question whether civilization ever extinguished in a christian country.

CALIFORNIA.

EXECUTION BY THE PEOPLE IN SACRAMENTO CITY.

The Sacramento Union, of Aug. 23, gives the following particulars:

By daylight, yesterday morning, teams, horsemen and pedestrians were seen pouring into the city from every direction, and at an early hour the city was crowded with miners and strangers from the country, who had come in to witness the execution of the three culprits, Thompson, Gibson and Robinson.

Soon after nine o'clock a rumor ran through the city that a respite of Robinson's sentence had been received from the Governor, and that the day of his execution was to be postponed until the 19th day of September.

Almost immediately a meeting of citizens organized at the Orleans Hotel, of which Dr. Spalding was chairman and Dr. Bryerly secretary. Mayor Hardenbergh appeared and requested to know if he was to be exonerated from all blame and freed from all responsibility on leaving the prisoners in the hands of the Sheriff.

Judge Sackett moved that a committee be appointed by the Chair to report resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. The following gentlemen composed the committee: Messrs. Sackett, Milne, Styles, Scranton, Fay and Winans.

The committee reported as follows: 'That the Mayor is not required by law, and would not be justified in relieving the Sheriff of any responsibility attaching to that officer.'

Resolved, That the city authorities are hereby recommended to place all the prisoners under sentence in the hands of the proper officer.

As the hour for the execution drew nigh, the crowd around the station house became immense, and there was evidently a fixed determination in the minds of the populace that the prisoner Robinson should suffer the same penalty as the other two culprits, and that, too, in spite of the Governor's proclamation. Sheriff Ben McCullough then mounted a cart and commenced reading the document forwarded by Hon. John McDougal, the crowd continually crying out 'Hang the rascal!' 'He's the worst of the lot!' 'String him up!' 'Lynch him!' &c. The Stark Guards at this time marched down K. st. to 2d, wheeled about and formed a square in front of the Station House.

The Sheriff, after reading the reprieve, ordered the two prisoners, Gibson and Thompson, to be taken to the place of execution, and likewise commanded the 'Guards' to convey the prisoner Robinson to the Prison Brig.—The former two were then put in a wagon, with their arms securely pinioned, and driven rapidly off in company with the officers to the scaffold.

The crowd rushed after, and in a few moments scarcely a hundred persons were about the Station House.

The 'Guards' then brought out Robinson, and attempted to convey him to the Prison Brig, but were compelled, on the corner of 2d-st., to deliver their prisoner to the people, who placed him in a cart, and thus surrounded by the 'Guards,' were escorted to a grove near the place where the scaffold was erected.

Very few of that immense assemblage knew that Robinson was at that early hour already in the hands of the people.

A committee consisting of the following gentlemen was appointed, who were to take charge of the execution of Robinson after the legal authorities had performed their duty:

Messrs. Beard, Scranton, Milne, G. Wheeler, Millar, Bayley, Olmstead, Rightmire, N. Smith, Bond, Barroll, McGilvy, Stiles, C. H. Smith, Joseph Grant, S. Puce, Bisco, Freeman, Curtis, Fowler, Norton and Conrad.

While these proceedings were going on at the Grove, the final preparations for the execution of the unfortunate men, Gibson and Thompson, were progressing under the management of the Sheriff at the scaffold, which was built at the corner of O and 4th streets.

The Catholic Clergyman and officers, together with the prisoners, alone occupied the scaffold.

The grave clothes of the prisoners were then put on, and Thompson, whose real name is McDermot, came forward and made a brief confession, which elicited no information of any great interest. He stated that he was an Englishman by birth; that he hailed from Manchester, and had committed many robberies, but was never guilty of murder. He was particularly severe while speaking of Robinson, but would not inform of any of his accomplices. He said he would rather be hung fifty times and torn into quarters than reveal anything concerning his confederates. He said he never touched any of the money belonging to Wilson, and that Robinson took it all.

Hamilton, alias Gibson, said he was an Irishman, born in Londonderry, and was transported for robbing twelve years ago, previous to which he had been a hard-working man. He also said that he had got his living by robbing, and that he has been connected with many of the crimes that had been committed in San Francisco. Gibson made no confession which implicates individuals.

After this prisoner had concluded, Thompson received Extreme Unction at the hands of the Catholic Clergyman, and begged of the crowd to pray for his soul.

The prisoner Gibson was an Episcopalian. The cords were then adjusted upon their necks, and at twenty minutes to 3 o'clock the sheriff cut the rope that held the drop, and

both prisoners were launched into eternity without a struggle or a groan.

The prisoners bore themselves with the greatest fortitude throughout the whole of this tragical scene, and not the slightest agitation was perceptible.

At the moment the cord was cut, a cry was heard, 'Now for Robinson.' The shout went up from the dense throng, 'hang the scoundrel! hang the rascal!'

The scene which followed was the most terrific we ever witnessed. The thronging crowds rushed for the station-house in the greatest excitement, and on all sides was heard the thrilling cry, 'hang the rascal!'

A gentleman came forward upon the platform, and announced that Robinson was on the ground, and, as soon as the bodies of Gibson and Thompson were cut down, would be brought forward to meet his doom.

Col. Grant also addressed the crowd, and stated that the prisoner richly deserved to die, and that he was happy to see the public coincided with him.

In the meantime the Sheriff having performed his duty efficiently and faithfully, retired from the scene, as did also the officers with whom he was connected. Too much praise cannot be awarded this officer for the manner in which he has conducted himself in the responsible position in which he has been placed. He summoned, early in the morning, hundreds of the citizens to assist him, but, as might be expected, scarcely a man could be found who would volunteer his services. He therefore ordered the Stark Guards to conduct the prisoners to the prison brig, and having performed his duty with reference to the other prisoners, he could do no more.

The muffled drum of the guards announced that the culprit Robinson was approaching. The crowd gave way, the committee with their prisoner slowly ascended the scaffold, and the guards formed a hollow square around it below.

Robinson appeared perfectly cool and collected, and, on being requested to address the crowd, came forward, and in a clear voice made another confession. He evidently appeared desirous of creating a sensation, and accordingly commenced by alleging the grossest and most unfounded charges against men who stand high in this community, implicating them in transactions of which there is not the slightest probability that they were privy to or knew anything of. At all events, we do not feel ourselves justified, on such evidence as this, in proclaiming to the world that officers who have heretofore been deemed perfectly upright and honorable are no better than felons.

After many disconnected and incoherent remarks, in which he attempted to throw the blame of many of his own acts on others, he concluded by exhorting the young men present to beware of the company they kept, and also of the intoxicating cup, which had caused the ruin of so many.

Rev. Mr Benton offered up an exceedingly fervent and appropriate prayer on behalf of the prisoner, and Robinson himself knelt down, and invoked Heaven to have mercy on his soul, and to support his mother and sisters under the painful affliction which his dishonorable end would inflict upon them.—He then rose, and with the utmost self-possession and firmness adjusted his clothes, bared his neck and prepared to meet his fate. The fatal noose was adjusted, the President severed the rope, and the criminal dropped below the scaffold. The prisoner being a very powerful and muscular man, the fall did not kill him instantly, as in the case of the others, but his frame was convulsed, and his limbs moved for some moments after. He breathed for five moments, and the body, after hanging for twenty minutes, was delivered to the undertaker, and decently interred, with those of the other prisoners, in the City Cemetery.

Robinson was born in the City of New York, in the year 1819, on East Broadway, and lived in New York from that time until he was eleven years old.

It was the most exciting day we have ever passed in the city of Sacramento. The unprecedented and peculiar circumstances connected with the execution of the culprits, added to the high-wrought curiosity of the thousands assembled to witness the demonstrations of the legal authorities on the one hand, and the greater and more potent authority of the people on the other, was enough in itself to excite the mind to its utmost tension.—Business was entirely suspended; the streets were deserted; the city was at the scaffold. Every house, shed, or elevation, from which a view of the scaffold could be obtained, was crowded with human beings, and there must have been seven or eight thousand persons on the ground.

The clipper ship Flying Cloud, Capt Creesey, has made the quickest trip on record to San Francisco. She left this port on the 2d of June, at 6 P. M., and arrived at San Francisco on the 31st of August, thus making the passage in the unprecedented short period of 79 days. She made Cape Horn in 50 days, and the line (Pacific side) in 71 days. Her run from Cape Horn to San Francisco was made in 39 days. Her best run in 24 hours was 374 miles—the greatest run ever made by a sea-going vessel—averaging 15 3/4 miles per hour. While making this run she was carrying top-gallant sails with the wind one point forward of the beam. She run in three days 992 miles. On one occasion during a squall, 17 knots of line were found insufficient to measure her speed; 40 miles was her shortest run in 24 hours. When ten days out she sprung her mainmast head, rendering the most very tender the rest of the voyage.