THE UNWRITTEN LEADER.

A CHRISTMAS POEM.

BY KATE TANNATT WOODS.

"It was jist two years ago Monday,
Since Patrick, my man, had his fall,
And I was minding the children,
And washing a bit for Miss Hall,

When a man came running so quickly.
My heart jumped up in my troat;
And he sez "Ye needn't be mindin',
There's an accident down to the boat,

And Patrick's a little bit hurted;
Don't howl an' be takin' on now,"
And I turned as cold as a stone then,
And made him a queer frighted bow.

In the midst of the fright and the hurtin',
I was thinkin', 'He says that to me,
But if 'twas a rich woman's husband,
He never would make quite so free,'

'Don't howl! Wasn't Patrick my husband?
Was I less nor a woman to feel
Could my babies be sparin' their father
Was an Irish heart made out of steel?

But I hushed up the noise of the children,
And put the clothes out of me sight;
For sez I, we'll be needin' the money,
And they must be done over night.

Then they brought my poor man in so silent,
I felt that I wanted to die;
But Dickey and poor little Norah
Must never be seein' me cry.

It was weeks and months he laid there,
And he never was aisy to mind,
For it fretted him, what with the achin'
And knowin' the rest was to find.

But I never let on to my darlint,
How worrit and tired I grew;
So I worked and waited and tended
My poor man the long summer through.

And at last it came near to Christmas,
And there he was stillon his back;
I had pawned near all that we had then,
And my clothes leaving, one wollen sack.

I left him one night with a neighbor,
And started once more for some work;
I never could be a poor beggar,
Though some seem minded to shirk.

But never a thing could I find then,
Though I asked a dozen or more;
And because my clothes were so shabby,
They would turn me away from the door:

Till at last I was worn with the workin'
And watchin' and wantin' for bread,
And down I sat on some door-steps
With a queer, dizzy pain in my head.

How long I was there I'm not mindin',
It seemed to be years of me life;
And the world is so big, and so lonely,
With no place for poor Pat and his wife.

They opened a door upabove me,
And a gentleman run down so light,
While a sweet little voice was sayin',
"Good-bye—don't work very hard to-night.

'What, drunk?' he said as he saw me,
'A case for the lock-up!' see here,
Rouse up here, good woman, and hear me,
I'm your friend, you have nothing to fear.'

'Drunk!' That roused me. 'Call the lady,
I know she was drunk, I am weak;
Sh ure, I'm asked of the Virgin,
Ask the lady to hear, while I speak.

'Why bless you, said he, some here Jenny,'
He opened the door with a key,
'Little wife, here's a woman in trouble:'
Then the lady came down to poor me.

So I told her the whole of the story,
She listened so patient, the dear,
And he with his arm close about her,
Said again, 'You have nothing to fear.'

For I was frighted with trouble,
And my eyes were wild with the pain,
But the gentleman wrote in his note book,
Something, I thought was my name.

Then the dear litt'e lady, she coaxed him,
'Would he see me safe home to the door,
And look at the children I spoke of;
He could shorten a leader once more?'

'Beside, love—the little thing kissed him—
You know, dear, the power to write
Comes as often from healing and helping,
As working with only your mind.'

I never was wise or was knowin,'
But one thing I minded her say:
He worked all the night on a paper,
And that's how I came in his way.

Then he kissed her and said, 'On the morrow
The unwritten leader will be
An unyielding fact at the office'
'But in Heaven, oh! what there?' said she.

So he took to our poor little hovel
A basket filled full to the brim,
And he walked by my side kindly talking,
While I—I was prayin' for him.

The night before Christmas they brought us
Such comforts and beautiful things,
My poor little Norah was askin'
If ALL of the angels had wings?

And now, in the gray of the mornin',
I wake when the newsboys cry,
And ask the Virgin to bless them,
As I shall every day till I die."

THE MYSTERY OF FULTON VALENCE.

BY MRS. BEATRICE MCGOWAN.

[Conclusion.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.—XMAS EVE.

He looked at me in surprise.

"I never told you anything else," he said, gravely.

"And Alicia

"The daughter of my brother, Guy, and his wife Donna Estelle De Stael."

"Tell me," I implored, going up to him. "I knew nothing of it. I never heard a word."

"True," he answered; "I had forgotten. It happened before you came to Fulton Valence."

Then I heard it, the wild, foolish story, but in such a sweet, tumultuous joy, that instead of blaming Guy I could only pity him and his mistaken life.

With both my hands in his—he must have read something in my face—Rex told me.

That was not much after all, only how his brother, Guy Valence, while travelling abroad had met and married a beautiful Spanish actress.

How well I then remembered Miss Carleon's questions that night in my dressing-room.

His marriage, however, had speedily cured him of his infatuation; scarcely a year elapsing before he was made acquainted with some epochs in Donna Estilles previous history of which he had been kept in ignorance. He, of course, taxed her with the information, which she did not deny. The truth was, that she had grown careless and indifferent since her husband's father—who was then living—had absolutely forbidden his son to come home, unless he came alone. She told him at last that she was tired of the quiet, uneventful life they were living, and yearned for the triumphs of the stage; that, at least, would brighten existence a little.

Her husband, though ceasing to love her, peremptorily refused to sanction such a step. They quarrelled. She demanded her freedom, for nothing should prevent her from returning to her old life of adulation.

He gave her it, and set out immediately for England; his infant daughter following with her nurse.

Broken in spirit as he had long been in health, he never lived to reach his home.

When the child came, the old Baronet could neither claim, nor see it. Lady Valence sent the woman back; put the child out to nurse, and no one ever guessed the mystery that was being enacted in their midst.

"And the mother, Donna Estella?"

"I tell you as much of her as I *can*, dear Di., when I tell you that so long as she lives I can never claim Alice as my brother's daughter. It is hard for the child, but it is the only way that I can keep her from such a mother. Now, there is no incentive to take her away from us, *then*, as her father's heiress, there would."

"Miss Carleon," I asked, as he paused, a sudden suspicion forming itself in my mind. "Had she anything to do with it?"

"Aye, poor Florence, *she* suffered most of all. She had been betrothed to Guy almost from her childhood. She never quite got over the shock of his faithlessness and marriage, and perhaps never will. We always know when one of her weak spells is coming on—any undue excitement will cause them—by her talking of him. You remember that day on horse-back—when we went to meet my mother—I noticed something wrong then. And then it was I prayed you not to mind whatever she might say to you."

"O, I remember," I cried, bitterly, "and the warning you gave me with your eyes, not to heed her foolish challenge. I noticed the change in her, when she threw me the whip. O, how wicked and cruel I have been."

"My darling, you did not know, you are not to blame."

"Yes, yes," I answered, "I have wronged you so. I felt it—although I did not suspect the truth till afterwards—when I saw her attempt to throw you off the keep, at Cranmer.

Why could I not trust you, when you asked me to?"

"Diane," she said, gravely, drawing me towards him. "What is it that has been in your mind these few weeks past. Why did you try to hide your love for me when I was so sure of it? I saw it in your eyes that day."

"Don't, don't ask me. I pleaded, wondering if he ever *could* forgive all the degrading doubts, I had dared to heap upon him; "not now—some other time I will tell you."

"You will tell me this, Enid," he said, eagerly. "You are not going to keep yourself from me now! You are not wicked enough to crush your only life and mine for what I was powerless to prevent?"

"O, hush," I sobbed, "I dare not think of all my miserable doubts and wickedness, now that I have learned to understand you."

"And to love me, Di?"

"I—I loved you all the time."

"That is in the past tense. Call me by my name. Say I love you, Rex"

I looked up at him. He was smiling in conscious triumph.

"I—I love you—Rex!"

I could not stay after that, but crept out of his arms, when the was not heeding, and fled up to my own room, where the bright winter moon was bathing everything in silver. I crossed over and knelt by the window, my heart full of a deep, undying happiness that could never be taken from me again in this world.

Alice and Florence had returned for Christmas. Even at this joyful time, her own home could not keep Miss Carleon from Fulton Valence.

It was Christmas eve, and we were in the drawing-room, waiting the summons to dinner. We dined alone this evening, to improve there would be guests.

"You kept it all very sly, Rex—and you too Di.," Miss Carleon, was saying, "I hadn't even the faintest suspicion of anything of the sort.

"Had you not?" he asked, smiling. "I am surprised at that, when Di. confessed that she had lo—"

"O, hush," I cried, blushing furiously; "Lady Valence, is coming."

"My dear, mother," as her ladyship entered the room; "What have you done with Diane? (she was closeted with you all afternoon). She actually imposed silence upon us at your approach. Have you put any punishment upon her, because of her late insubordination."

"My dear, Reginald," his mother said gently; "I wish you would not jest so. Diane promised me up stairs, that she would be my dear daughter upon New Years day; and I hope, my dear, that your new lives may be as complete and happy, as every blessed New Year's happiness to mine, while my husband lived

Her son put his arm around her and kissed her fondly, not once looking on his kind thoughfulness over to me.

Dinner just then being announced, by the pompous old butler, brought us back to the realities. Rex opened the door for Lady Valence and Miss Carleon, but as I was attempting to follow them, he closed it.

"I could not let you go, my darling," he whispered; "until I thanked you for what my mother told me just now.

O, Diane, how I will love you, how tender I shall be of you. I will make you the happiest little wife there has ever yet been in Fulton Valence. Nothing in this world shall I am able to prevent shall ever hurt you, sweetheart. Do you believe me—that I love you better than my own life?"

"I believe you," I answered, simply; "How could I help it?"

"And you?"

"Next to God," I answered, reverentially; "Who have I but you in all the world?"

O! I thought to myself, as his strong arms closed around me, did I not know how infinitely brave and tender and patient, he could be; even when I doubted him so cruelly. I knew what he could be to the woman he loved. Thank God this holy Christmas eve. I was that happy little woman.

And as I looked up into the eyes, bent so fondly upon me, I thought, with a great throb of Joy,

"I will be as faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

THE END.

The shoemaker is a relic of an iquity, and lived and had his being as early as the twelfth century. He was accustomed to hawk his goods, and it is conjectured that there was a separate trade for ancexing the soles. The Romans, in classical times, wore cork soles in their shoes, to secure their feet from water, especially in winter, and as high heels were not then introduced, the Roman ladies, who wished to appear taller, put plenty of cork under them. The streets of Rome in the time of Domitian were blocked up with cobbler's stalls, which he, therefore, caused to be removed. In the middle ages shoes were cleaned by washing with a sponge and oil; soap and grease were the substitutes for blacking. Buckles were worn on the shoes in the fourteenth century. In Ire and a human skeleton was found with marks of buckles on the shoes. In England they became fashionable many years before the reign of Queen Mary; the laboring classes wore them of copper; other persons had them of silver or copper gilt; not long after shoes roses came in. Buckles revived before the Revolution of 1789, and finally became extinct before the close of the eighteenth century.

It is to China's the people go for truly artistic photography—for genuine likenesses. This is the one thing needed—thorough likeness in combination with artistic finish—13 Charlotte street, Jack's building.

DARE TO SAY NO.

Dare to say, No! when asked to drink;
Pause a moment, my friend, and think
Think of the wrecks on life's ocean tossed,
Who answered, Yes, without counting the cost.

Think of the mother that bore you in pain,
Think of the tears that flow like rain,
Think of her heart has cried the blow
Think of her love, and then say, No!

Think of her dear hopes that are drowned in the bowl
Think of the danger to body and soul,
Think of sad eyes as pure as the snow,
Look at them now, and then answer, No!

Think of a man with ruin stained breath;
Think of the step that leads to sorrow and death;
Think of the homes which are shadowed with woe;
Think of the loved ones bereaved, and some one said No!

Think of new graves unwept and unknown,
Define the hopes so fair as your own;
Think of loved forms forever laid low,
That which is here, has they learned to say, No.

Think of the demon who lurks in the bowl,
Whose touch is ruin to body and soul;
Think of all this as life's journey you go;
And then to the tempter dare to say No!

Written for the WEEKLY HERALD.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

BY NOW AND THEN.

(Continued.)

Thus the time dragged slowly along until it was full time to retire for the night, but it so happened that there was only sleeping accommodation the first night for about two-thirds of our party, and the remainder might do the best they could under the disagreeable state of affairs,—and I, unfortunately, through some strange oversight or neglect, was among the latter class. Here was an interesting situation certainly for one who had always a Father bed waiter on to slumber through the silent watches of the night. Quietly wending my way to the nocturnal regions between decks, where the folks were dreaming the airy or unhappy hours away, I peered around for some time to see if I could not discover some place where on to lay my head, but it was of no avail, there was not the slightest chance for a real comfortable snooze to be had in any quarter. At last I espied an unmanned arm-chair in an obscure corner and immediately took possession of it, and, with the crook of a hacked table on Bunworth field," I extemporized. "Here will I pass my time," and, suiting the action to the word I *assumed* a cozy, my overcoat closely around me, with my pedal extremities stretched upon a friendly bench, and awaiting [illegible] with the [illegible] [illegible] I [illegible] and [illegible] the position I sat in six steps soundly for several hours. The second night my [illegible] and I took the deck [illegible] the *port side* of a hand plank,—we would spread our blankets and "turn in for the night," with the majestic firmament above us for a canopy and the gentle waves of the Atlantic sounding mournfully around us, the gentle Zephyrs from the south fanning our cheeks, we would soon enter slumbering unconscious of everything around us—to awake on the following morning with our sides almost out of joint. I remember very well the first morning I was aroused from my slumbers after spending a night in that fashion "in my little bed" upon the steamer's deck. Oh! my unfortunate body, how it did ache. I almost imagined I would become a cripple for life. I felt as if I were afflicted with rheumatism or some other malady of a similar nature, but I soon, by that rude experience that I was [illegible] possessed more powers of endurance than I gave myself credit for, and after I became accustomed to that modest sleeping, "I rather liked it," but, I want no more of it. "Sweet are the uses of adversity, which, like a toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head." A person cannot expect to have everything his wishes for in this vale of tears. If he does he will be often disappointed. It is not always smooth sailing with the most fortunate of us. "Perhaps you are going to California—and what is this talking and hardship, gentlemen unaccustomed to reach the mecca of their hopes in as easy way as one. It would easy cope with the difficulties of the Golden Land it would be a very different affair, for in every one it happens that one on the road [illegible] [illegible] may might expect [illegible] their destination.

When we were about five days out from New York, our ship had fully entered into the tropical latitudes of the sunny south, and what beautiful and delightful weather is enjoyed at times in this portion of the vast world of waters. Myriads of flying fish, their bright wings sparkling in the glorious sunshine, were darting around our course as we sped on through the tranquil waters of the Caribean Sea. Now and then a vessel would be seen floating lazily on the surface of the sea, with the sails flapping loosely on the masts; awaiting some gentle and welcome breeze to waft it to some friendly haven.

About noon, on the 21st, we sighted the first land after leaving New York, it proved to be one of the West India Islands—an oasis in the watery desert through which we were ploughing. I was informed that it was named Maraguana, an island of little or no importance and apparently uninhabited. On the evening of the same day another island hove in sight,—the name of which I could not learn, for no one seemed to know or care anything about it. I was informed, however, that we would soon be in the vicinity of Cuba. I eagerly scanned the horizon to get a passing glance at it, and I was not disappointed, for, [illegible] a glimpse of its direct domain [illegible] I placed the glass at the midship hatch, and there, about a league on the starboard of our ship, was my wish first treated to a sight of the [illegible] Antipes, [illegible] in the darkness. [illegible] on the occasion referred to, I believe the [illegible] [illegible] to express to whom they were [illegible] faith and gratitude—and by the [illegible] of Ferdinand and Isabella [illegible] the world has [illegible] [illegible] America [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] freedom and a home. [illegible] would to [illegible] delayed a few days [illegible] that was to be seen in that gay and gallant old city. Not [illegible] happened, however, and we were allowed no [illegible]. The [illegible] at this stage of our journey was becoming warm, in fact, not uncomfortably so, nearly all the passengers had deserted their quarters below and scattered themselves around the vessel's decks, endeavouring to amuse themselves and pass the time away as pleasantly as they could under the circumstances. Some smoking, [illegible] taking a *snooze* occasionally out of a mysterious looking flask, whenever a person [illegible] was there with something stronger than water; some reading yellow covered literature; others indulging in a quiet game of cards; while others again, of the more industrious portion of the female population, who had brought their knitting with them, were plying their needles in a busy manner on various pairs of socks, *solely* intended for their male protectors who were accompanying them to their future homes on the Pacific slope.

Such was the on the ocean wave on the evening of the 27th of May—the sea around us was as clear and beautiful as a lake—the sun was pouring down its hot and burning rays upon the vessel's deck—the sky was cloudless—not a breath of air could be seen to make a ripple on the surface of the origin Water; in short, everything looked charming; except, which seemed by the sky became dark and threatening heavy cloud amassed themselves in the firmament, the wind commenced blowing a perfect hurricane, and the [illegible] [illegible] an hour previous, lashed furiously against the vessel's side.

Here I had a splendid opportunity of seeing a real good storm at sea. I had frequently witnessed such scenes upon canvass, and read of them in romances; they convey a very faint idea of the perils of the deep blue sea, in comparison with the dread and stern reality. The crew were promptly at work, the hatches were fastened down, and every precaution taken to contend successfully against the fast gathering storm,—some few old ladies fainted, whilst others of both sexes looked terribly alarmed. Presently the storm broke upon us with all its fury, every thing around looked ominous and dark, the foam-crested waves broke over the ship at every side, the swift-winged lightning quivered in the sky, mingled with the dreadful roar of heaven's artillery. It was, indeed, a scene not easily forgotten,—awfully and sublimely grand, swayed and fashioned by an Omnipotent hand. For about four hours the storm lasted and subsided almost as suddenly as it commenced. Sudden outbursts of this peculiar nature are of frequent occurrence, in these latitudes, so the cook informed me, and so that gentleman am I indebted for a great amount of nautical information of which I would have otherwise remained in blissful ignorance. I must say, however, I appreciated his provisions much better than I did his tales of the sea.

On the morning of the 25th of May, ere the sun had tinged the eastern horizon with its golden light, Aspinwall, or Colon, as it is properly called by the inhabitants, a small town of the Republic of New Granada, could be seen in the distance, and at 6 a. m. we were safely moored alongside the wharf, which was constructed a considerable distance into the water, owing to its shallow nature. The vessel was immediately besieged by a numerous horde of Jamaica and Carthegenean negroes,—Africans of the purest type, possessing the most repulsive looking features I ever witnessed, but, withal, of a knowing and eccentric look. Their wardrobe was in keeping with the climate—rather scant like the ballet of the "Black Crook." They were all apparently anxious to get something in the shape of baggage to carry for the passengers, and if they would succeed in getting a job they would try and get as much for their services as possible,—they were evidently well up in that part of the programme, for they would endeavour to swindle a person with as good a grace as a New York hackman. Aspinwall is only a small place—it is famous from the fact that it was the first portion of the mainland Christopher Columbus and his followers set foot upon in the new world. A bronze statue of the great navigator has been erected by the people in commemoration of the event. The houses are built of brick and stone and present a prison-like appearance. There are quite a number of hotels, eating-houses, saloons, &c., established by the enterprising individuals, principally Americans.

At that time there was a great amount of travel across the Isthmus, there being three steamers each month from New York, as well as the English steamers from Southampton and the French line from St. Nazaire, all of which connected with the different lines at Panama, for California, Australia, South America, Japan and China. By this you can perceive that there was an almost continual influx of the travelling world from either side, journeying to different portions of this mundane sphere. Aspinwall was swarming with negroes, of both sexes, engaged in selling fruit of every description; also Spaniards, Mexicans and half-breeds, endeavouring to dispose of their wares, which consisted principally of native wines, cigars, and Panama hats. It was indeed a lively scene, there beneath the scorching rays of a tropical sun, to see those dark-skinned beauties among the passengers urging them, in their own peculiar way, to invest some of their surplus currency in the various articles they had for sale. At ten, A. M., the train was to start for Panama, the Conductor with his stentorian voice shouted "all aboard," the whistle of the locomotive shrieked forth its shrill note of warning and we were off for the Pacific Ocean. The railroad from Aspinwall to Panama is certainly one of the marvels of this enlightened age—one of the many modern triumphs of man's skill and ingenuity, for obstacles and dangers beset their path on every side—but man, progressive and ambitious man, only meets obstacles to surmount them, and he will stop at nothing to attain his ends, and Oh! it is fearful to reflect at what an enormous expenditure of money and human life was this short highway, which annihilates so much time, constructed. For it is stated, as a melancholy and undeniable fact, that every tie upon the road points with a silent finger to a human life sacrificed in the cause of progress. California, as you are aware, before the completion of that stupendous enterprise was so to speak a very remote region, for you must know a vast amount of time and money has been consumed, and a great many hardships endured by the brave and hardy pioneer adventurer in trying to reach the Golden Land. A long and perilous voyage around Cape Horn, or a trip across the plains, fraught with considerable danger from the presence of so many savage Indians who roamed with undisputed sway over the boundless praries of the far West, were the principal routes to California, while many preferred the Isthmus, and on that narrow strip of land would they toil for weeks riding upon mules among its pestilential swamps, or ascending the muddy and rapid current of the Chagres River in their canoes, breathing the deadly atmosphere impregnated with foul disease, at times a prey to the pisonous insects and reptiles that swarm in the torrid zone; and how many of these poor fellows who had left their quiet, comfortable homes a short time previous, full of youth and hope, succumbed to the fated atmosphere and left by their brave out more fortunate comrades to perish on the road, dying far away from those they loved so well. These pioneer adventurers who have passed this trying ordeal, are the men who can properly appreciate that great enterprise which, though purchased at such an awful sacrifice, is now a great blessing to traveling humanity and the commercial world at large. The road is a succession of curves, winding along in a [illegible] manner, through a mountainous ridge, swamps and morasses, and on either side, the wide, spreading branches of the palm tree, and a variety of other evergreens are growing in abundance. About midway on the Isthmus we halted at quite a village composed of those who are native, and to the manor born, and I must say they were the oddest specimens of humanity I ever seen. There were none of the fashionable follies of the age to be seen among them, no huge crinoline or grecian bend adorned their slim and dusky forms, no not much. It was Eden paradise reproduced, for they were dressed in much the same style as our first parents are represented to have been in the garden, only some of them were a [illegible] more so. I would have been a splendid freedom for any person partial to the study of anatomy. There is one thing certain, I should not like to be compelled to live in the vicinity of the entire village during the winter season in this northern latitude, when the thermometer is several degrees below zero and stand my chances of being frozen to death, for that would certainly be the verdict of a Coroner's jury, a short time after I was rash enough to venture too far from a red-hot stove. They reside in rude huts, constructed of poles covered with plantain leaves to shield them from the scorching sun and the warm rains incidental to the climate, but let us switch off from these dusky children of the tropics, and let them live their life of indolence, for work, I guess some they never dream of living on the fruit and vegetables which spontaneously spring up in abundance adjacent to their quarters without possessing energy, ambition, or any of the other noble touches of man's naturally perverse nature, knowing little and caring less of how the world wags outside of their own limited and contracted sphere. The distance traversed by this Railway is forty-seven miles, the transit from ocean to ocean occupying a little more than three hours. Upon our arrival at Panama we were taken on board of a small steamer which was in readiness to receive us, and packed almost as tight as sardines in a box, we were conveyed to the good steamer Constitution that was riding proudly at anchor in the bay of Panama, in close proximity to the town. We were soon on the deck of the commodious and well appointed steamship that was to hold us in her loving embrace for the coming fourteen days. I might say here that everything on board the "Constitution" was a great improvement on the treatment we had received on the voyage from New York to Aspinwall. The Bay of Panama is an Arichipelago in miniature—a truly beautiful place, studded with numerous islands, carpeted with a rich foliage of eternal verdure—with here and there vessels of different tonnage and natonalities riding gently at anchor on the quiet waters, with their flags waving in the bright sunlight of that tropical clime. A short distance from the steamer, lay the old town of Panama, which looks, like a light of other days, considerably faded. Yes, Panama certainly has evidence of decay, a person can see, however, in its present dilapitated condition unmistakable signs of its ancient prestige and glory; those grand old temples with the ivy clinging to them looming up in the distance spoke silently of those halcyon days, centuries ago, when the haughty banner of Castile and Arragon floated grandly in pride and power from the battlements of this quaint old city; when the chivalrous Dons and fair Senoritas of Old Spain were wont to revel in all the luxury of pomp and magnificence that wealth and affluence could command, in their new homes on that portion of the Continent opened to them by the nautical genius, energy and perseverance of Columbus, the noble Genoese sailor. We left Panama on the evening of the 25th of May, steering in a southerly direction until we were within seven degrees of the Equator, steaming along the coast in beautiful style with our vision treated to a sight of the lofty chain of mountains which extend along, rearing their hoary heads thousands of miles above the level of the sea, with their summits away among the clouds. After six days of glorious calms on the bright Pacific our gallant bark s'ot into an extremely narrow entrance and cast anchor in the harbor of Acapulco. Nature could not have formed a lovelier spot, it has one of the prettiest harbors in the world, being almost completely hemmed in from the ocean by a chain of lofty towering hills, and quietly nesting at their base is the picturesque town of Acapulco, one of the principal Mexican Sea-port towns on the Pacific Coast. It has a very compact and exceedingly neat and pretty appearance, the houses are principally constructed of adobe flat-roofed and generally of about one story and a half high. They do not build their castles in the air in that portion of the world for very prudential reasons, for they know not the moment when some unfriendly earthquake would deign to visit them in a shocking manner and shake their handiwork to atoms. Immediately after our arrival at that delightful place the ship was invaded by a flotilla from the shore, merely the natives paddling their own canoes laden to the waters edge with ripe and luscious fruit of every description, together with a variety of beautiful birds and shells. They were similar in appearance to the folks I had seen on the Isthmus, and like them very scantily attired. They were jabbering away in a strange mixture of Spanish and English, endeavoring to dispose of their respective cargoes. Swimming seems to be one of their great accomplishments. I believe they cannot be surpassed by any other people in the world in that exhilirating exercise. They take to the water as naturally as a duck. If a piece of money was thrown into the sea one of them went after it and would invariably intercept its progress ere it would reach the bottom, coming to the surface of the water smiling with the filthy lucre in his grasp, watching for another opportunity to make some more in that easy manner. Some of the folks on board amused themselves by casting their "bread upon the waters" in that style and these amphibious specimens of humanity were apparently highly delighted in gobbling up all the loose change that was thrown overboard for their especial consideration. The noble but unfortunate Maximilian was at that time revelling in the halls of the Montezumas, endeavouring to rule (wisely I think), this ever distracted Spanish Aztec nation, who evidently are not able to govern themselves in a proper manner, and who will not allow another foreign to their nature, and not of their race and kindred to do so, and there is that eminently wealthy land was the scion of a noble house, seated upon a tottering throne with a fickle crown upon his head, and a barron sceptre within his grip, and to serve as a protection to him, there were three of Napoleon's vessels of war riding proudly at anchor, within gunshot of the town with the tri-color of La Belle France flying gaily to the breeze, yet with all these assurances of the French Emperor's protection, the unfortunate Prince was not destined to remain long a ruler on Mexican soil, and you all know the result of the cruel and untimely fate he met with at the hands of Juarez and his associates, which shall ever remain a foul blot upon the pages of Mexican history.

(To be continued.)

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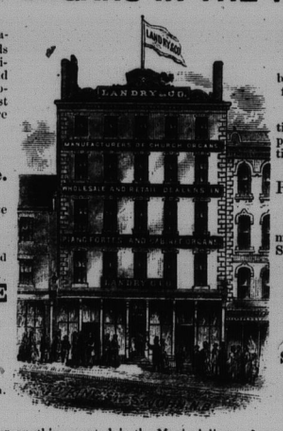
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