Yesterday afternoon I accompanied Mr. Baker to pay a visit to Dona Lupita Merchand the interesting daughter of Marques Murrieta. She is a young lady of charming appearance but, for a Mexican, a rare accomplishment. Above the middle height, with a graceful figure, delicate hand, an intellectual look, expression of countenance—animated manners, and a little单元格对象 -.jpeg
Had not returned to Camp an hour, before a messenger, breathing light haste, came to me, on the part of Dona Esperanza, earnestly soliciting my immediate attendance on her father, who was taken suddenly ill. With all heart and soul, and found the poor old gentleman severely attacked with apoplexy and already in the hands of a Mexican physician who, however, had done nothing for him.

That night was strange to me. Poor Dona l知识 as truly unique as many moments of a sad house, I now convulsed with agony, and now gazing eagerly, I listen at the death-struggle of her piteous father, like a curious wondering child. Again and again she would beseech me to tell her to share no pain. Was the pain—the last moment came, I tried to lead her from the house, but she was not to be opposed. With a vacant eye, and immovable, she gazed long after I dropped this palleted arm, as his laboring chest had ceased to move. Then turning to me with the simple air of true faith, she kept me to feel once more whether the sameness of life had ended forever.

She then commenced to murmur about, and came up to me—accusing me of not having heard enough—crying, the Almighty! God! May this in whom she would never believe again! After her every effort to calm her, I took my cap to retire, as day was just breaking.
near to my felt, a small handsome Coptic pistol, that, as usual, I had one—Extending her hand as I supposed to bid me adieu, she grasp’d my pistol—but on a moment, I clasped her hand, and, not without some force, employ’d—Advancing towards me then hit her face with her pistol, she said to—again extending her hand—Do me the favour, as me the favour—With much difficulty I persuaded her to sit down by me, and with her head on my breast, her hand clasped in mine, she burst out in her despair—“My father, he replied to some consolation. Where is mine?—he at first my father, he was my friend, my adviser, the source of all my pleasures, the object of all my labours—all is lost—now master of a Teacaberdon—Wishing to attempt to console her, at a moment when her strength waverings led her from the room I set, I had the doors fastened to prevent her re-entrance, and returned to my tent—I had not lain down more than an hour, before her uncle, nearest surviving relation, came for me to return, as no one could control her, she would not even hear any one, but me—I saw not go until the afternoon, and then found her lying on a mattress, her head in a hand, refusing all consolation, and nourishment. Perhaps I succeed in caluing her a little—separat

least as to persuade her to take a little tea, which her very weak heart heeded me for some to her support.
and to place her head in a letter, setting place this after much difficulty—"tomorrow, tomorrow, I will lie down, perhaps forever, to rest let me shut over the last that remain of my father."

Poor girl—may God forgive such sorrow—tomorrow is not yet come—I almost heard it.

March 12th. The old man is in his grave, and the daughter extinguished by the distance of her grief. To think of rest in calmer. She will hear but one consonant, and the few strong for Aegina. Much said of his leisure hours by her bedside. Often alone, and always so for apart from others. That their conversation is untrained. Since natural, yet polished eloquence I have never heard from the lips of woman, unhappy home—pale staring before, now broken with half dull. What a strange comfort she seems to find in my society, not permitting me to leave her without promising at some fixed time to return—vain alike considering all the circumstances, this Marrow's effect of sympathy. Ask myself whether it would not be safer for her. To avoid this matriculate. Rotating lift me. She has lost one clear flame. The rig are the lad. There is no more clearly her equal in destination or education among her countrymen—truly she is unfortunate. Truly she has reason to despair—God forbid that anyone should wantonly ridicule her suffering.