

Sustained, the plot is as follows. Mr. Wilson a rich widow
adopts an orphan girl (Miriam West) and brings her up as her own
child, her nephew (Bernard Reynolds) is a young spendthrift who
is waiting for his aunt's death to come into all the property. Miriam
falls passionately in love with him, Bernard's affections however
are placed elsewhere, and he makes a confidante of Miriam
requesting her good offices with his Aunt who vehemently
opposed to the match, and wishes him to marry Oregon
the effect which she leaves all her money to the latter, with the
exception of a small annuity to Bernard. She sickens, and dies,
on her death bed she instructs Miriam where to find some letters telling
her to destroy them, who while doing so finds the will, and a letter
to herself, both of which she destroys in order that Bernard, who is
supposed to be the only relative, may inherit all the property, but
a brother of Mr. Wilson who had been transported for forgery
returns and claims the property, as his sister had died intestate
the lady whom Bernard loved hearing of his loss, jilts him,
his combined misfortunes cause a reformation in his
conduct, and he appreciates Miriam, when a previous
will leaving all the property to Bernard is discovered, ~~and~~
he marries her and they live happily. A drunken
attorney's clerk, who first makes his appearance as a
suitor to Miriam, and is eventually employed by the returned
convict was immitably personated, he had a habit of turning
up the whites of his eyes and ejaculating, "Oe much to be
thankful for," which gesture and sentence he repeated
when recalled after the performance was over. The Opera Belle
was reenacted but proved a failure.

27. Yesterday was a beautiful day though cold, thermometer 59.
in saloon, towards evening the wind freshened a little and we
made more progress. During the night our fore mast
spring and its crew supported by heavy chains attached
to the bulwarke on either side. To day there has been a drizzling
mist on and off from dawn to night but not sufficient
to prevent our being on deck. A Cape pigeon was caught
with a hook and line however they let it go again being
mercifully inclined, several have been shot. Our
long pleasant days on deck with chess & books & so
on and on now, and we are obliged to find employment
in the saloon, the long winter evenings drag heavily
with some who find no resource in books &c. I am
reading Salla Book now to Mrs. ... it is exquisite
poetry, and I could only wish there were more of it, the
following lines struck me for their melancholy sweetness
Oh! ever since from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never loved a tree or flower,
But it was the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
So glad me with its soft black eyes,
But when it came to know me truly,
And love me, it was sure to die.