

"From every nation, and from every clime,  
Youth, innocence and beauty gathered here,  
With springs returning warmth and joyous time,  
In renovated life shall re-appear;  
Their voices whisper in each rustling leaf,  
Their beauty glowing still through bud and flower,  
Like their own transiet life, as fair, as brief,  
Shall give our tottering Faith new warmth and power,  
And Hope new wings to scale that blissful shore,  
Where, Love, grown God-like, shall be faint no more."

Since that time many a beloved form has been laid in that last home of our citizens, and many improvements, which love and veneration have dictated, have been made to render the place as beautiful as it is sacred and mournful. The seasons deck it in perpetual green, and the deep organ of old ocean rolls forth its eternal dirge. Its keeper is sad, beautiful, sublime Nature.

Much trouble had been experienced for a long time in consequence of the unsettled state of land titles. The squatters or settlers had frequently been at loggerheads, and many lives lost in consequence. The feeling engendered by such a condition of affairs arose to such an intensity that during the month of June a regular battle occurred between certain squatters and a party which attempted to eject them from a lot claimed by Capt. Folsom, in which one of his party was killed. A few days afterward a woman was killed in another part of the city during one of these unhappy riots. This was soon followed by an organization of property holders as a special police for the protection of their property, and about one thousand persons enrolled their names as members. It is hoped that all such collisions have passed away, no more to be repeated, and that no similar organization will ever be required in consequence of disputes arising from conflicting land titles and claims.

The social state of society had in some respects much improved, in others little or no better condition existed. The ruinous vice of gambling had much decreased, so of some other reprehensible practices. There were more homes to attract, more comforts, more opportunities of social intercourse and improvement. Little offenses and misdemeanors were more certainly punished. But great crimes quite as generally escaped, as in former years, at least such as legally merited capital punishment. If the penalty attached were known to be incarceration in the penitentiary, there might be conviction for crime. But almost without exception the murderer escaped. Technicalities, quibbles, sharp practice added to the sympathies of juries not always constituted of the most reliable material, and that feeling of pity for the living criminal which with so many banishes a sense of justice to the murdered, and to outraged society and law, were generally sufficient to shield the accused whatever the evidence, and however heinous the crime. The transient character of those classes of the inhabitants who are most likely to be spectators of bloody affrays, and the consequent difficulty of securing their testimony, made it still more difficult to convict. But not always did crime go unpunished. On the twenty-eighth of June, Wm. B. Sheppard was found guilty of the murder of Henry C. Day, and sentenced to be hung on the twenty-eighth of July. The mandate of the law was carried into effect, Sheppard protesting his innocence. He played the part of a hero on the scaffold, and won the honors of "dying game." Yet he was justly punished for a deliberate murder. There are witnesses who were not present on the trial, that are now residing