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The Planters' Advocate.

"TRUTH ALONE IS KNOWLEDGE—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

By THOMAS J. TURNER. TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Vol. 6. UPPER MARLBOROUGH, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 22, 1857. No. 35.

A Chrilling Sketch.

JOHN TAYLOR,

The Timon of the Backwoods Bar and Pulpit.

BY CHARLES SUMMERFIELD.

I can never forget my first vision of John Taylor. It was in the court house of Lewisburg, Conway Co., Arkansas, in the summer of 1838.

The occasion itself possessed terrible interest. A vast concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and beautiful girl, on an indictment for murder. The Judge waited at the moment for the sheriff to bring in his prisoner, and the eyes of the impatient multitude all centered on the door, when suddenly a stranger entered whose appearance riveted universal attention.

Here is his portrait: a figure tall, lean, sinewy, and straight as an arrow; a face sallow, bilious, and twitching incessantly with nervous irritability; a brow broad, soaring, massive, seamed with wrinkles, but not from age, for he was scarcely forty; eyes reddish yellow, like the wrathful eagle as bright and piercing; and finally, a mouth with lips of cast iron, thin curled, cold and sneering, the intense expression of which looked the living embodiment of an unbreathed curse. He was habited in a suit of new buckskin, ornamented after the fashion of Indian costume, with hues of every color of the rainbow.

Elbowing his way slowly through the crowd, and apparently unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon needing explanation, this singular being advanced, and, with the haughty air of a king ascending the throne, seated himself within the bar, thronged as it was with the disciples of Coke and Blackstone, several of whom, it was known, esteemed themselves as far superior to those old and famous masters.

The contrast between the outlandish garb and disdainful countenance of the stranger, excited, especially, the risibility of the lawyers, and the junior members began a suppressed titter, which grew louder and soon swept around the circle.

They doubtless supposed the intruder to be some wild hunter of the mountains who had never before seen the interior of a hall of justice. Instantly the cause and object of the laughter perceived it, turned his head gradually, so as to give each laugher a look, his lip curled with a killing smile of infinite scorn; his tongue, protruding through his teeth, literally writhed like a serpent, and ejaculated its sap-like poison in a single word—

"Savages!"

No pen can describe the defiant force which he threw into that term; no pencil can paint the internal *furore* of its utterance, although it hardly exceeded a whisper. But he accented every letter as if it were a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips—laying horrible emphasis on *s* at the beginning and end of the word.

"Savages!"

It was the growl of a red tiger in the hiss of a rattlesnake.

"Savages!"

The general glare, however, was immediately diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who then came in surrounded by her guard. The apparition was enough to drive a saint mad; for her's was a style to bewilder the tamest imagination, and melt the coldest heart, leaving in both imagination and heart a gleaming picture, enameled in fire and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars. It was the spell of an enchantment to be felt as well as seen. You might feel it in the flush of her countenance, clear as a sunbeam, brilliant as an iris; in the contour of her features, symetrical as if cut by the chisel of an artist; in her hair of rich auburn ringlets, flowing without a braid, softer than silk, finer than gossamer; in the eyes blue as the heavens of a Southern summer, large liquid, beamy; in her motions, graceful swimming like the gentle waftures of a bird's wing in the summmer air; in the figure, slight, ethereal, sylph's or seraph's; and, more than all in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so arched, so serene, so like star-light and yet possessing the power of magnetism to thrill the beholder's heart.

As the unfortunate girl, so tastefully dressed, so incomparable as to personal charms, calm and smiling, took her place before the bar of her Judge, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude, which the prompt interposition of the court, by a stern order of "silence," could scarcely repress from swelling to a deafening cheer.

The Judge turned to the prisoner:

"Emma Miner, the court has been informed that your council, Col. Linton, is sick. Have you employed any other?"

She answered in a voice as sweet as the warble of the nightingale, and as clear as the song of the sky-lark:

"My enemies have bribed all the lawyers, even my own, to be sick; but God will defend the innocent!"

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the auditors buzzed applause and the rest wept.

On the instant, however, the stranger whose appearance had previously excited such merriment, started to his feet, approached the prisoner, and whispered something in her ear. She bounded six inches from the floor, uttered a piercing shriek, and then stood trembling as if in the presence of a ghost from eternity; while the singular being, who had caused her unaccountable emotion, addressed the court in his sharp, ringing voice, sonorous as the sound of the bell metal:

"May it please your honor, I will assume the task of defending the lady."

"What," exclaimed the astonished Judge, "are you a licensed attorney?"

"The question is irrelevant and immaterial," replied the stranger, with a venomous sneer, "as the recent statute entitles any person to act as counsel at the request of the party."

"But does the prisoner request it?" inquired the Judge.

"Let her speak for herself," said the stranger.

"I do," was the answer, as a long drawn sigh escaped, that seemed to rend her very heart-strings.

The case immediately progressed; and as it had a tinge of romantic mystery, we epitomize the substance of the evidence.

About twelve months before, the defendant had arrived in the village, and opened an establishment of millinery. Residing in a room connected with her shop, and all alone, she prepared the articles of her trade with unwearied labor and consummate taste. Her habits were secluded, modest, and retiring, and hence she might have hoped to avoid notoriety, but for the perilous gift of that extraordinary beauty, which too often, and to the poor and friendless always, proves a curse. She was soon sought after by all those fire-flies of fashion, the profession of whose life, everywhere, is seduction and ruin.—But the beautiful stranger rejected them all with unutterable scorn and loathing. Among these rejected admirers was one of a character from which the fair milliner had everything to fear.—Hiram Shore belonged to a family, at once opulent, influential and dissipated. He was himself licentious, brave, and ferociously revengeful—the most famous duelist of the Southwest.—It was generally known that he had made advances to win the favor of the lovely Emma and had shared the fate of all others—a disdainful repulse.

At nine o'clock on Christmas night, 1837, the people of Lewisburg were startled by a loud scream, as of one in mortal terror, while following that, with scarcely an interval, came successive reports of fire arms. They flew to the shop of the milliner, whence the sound proceeded, pushed back the unfastened door and a scene of horror was presented. There she stood in the centre of the room, with a revolver in each hand, every barrel discharged, her features pale, her eyes flashing wildly, but her lips parted with a fearful smile. And there at her feet, weltering in his warm blood, his bosom literally riddled with bullets, lay the all dreaded duelist, Hiram Shore, gasping in the last agony. He articulated but a single sentence: "Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to Hell!" and instantly expired.

"In the name of God, who did this?" exclaimed the appalled spectators.

"I did it," said the beautiful milliner, "I did it to save my honor!"

As may readily be imagined, the deed caused an intense sensation. Public opinion, however, was divided. The poorer classes, credited the girl's version of the facts, lauded her in terms of measureless eulogy. But the friends of the deceased, and of his family, gave a different and darker coloring to the affair, and denounced the lovely homicide as an atrocious criminal. Unfortunately for her, the officers of the law, especially the judge and sheriff, were devoted comrades of the slain, and displayed their feeling in a revolting partiality. The Judge committed her without the privilege of bail, and the sheriff chained her in the felon's dungeon!

Such is a brief abstract of the circumstances developed in the examination of witnesses. The testimony closed and the pleading began.

First of all, three advocates spoke in succession for the prosecution; but neither their names nor their arguments are worth preserving. Orators of the blood and thunder genius, they about equally partitioned their howling eloquence betwixt the prisoner and her leather-robed council, as if in doubt who of the twain was then on trial.

As for the stranger, he seemed to pay not the slightest attention to the opponents, but remained motionless, with his forehead bared on his hands like one buried in deep thought or slumber.

At the proper time, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crossed the bar, and took his place almost touching the jury. He then commenced in a whisper, but it was a whisper so mild, so clear, so unutterably ringing and distinct, as to fill the hall from door to gallieries.—At the outset he dealt in pure logic, separating and combining the proven facts, till the whole mass of combined evidence looked transparent as a globe of glass through which the innocence of the client shone, brilliant as a sunbeam, and the jurors nodded to each other signs of thorough conviction; the thrilling whisper, and fixed concentration, and the language simple as a child's, had convinced all.

He then changed his position, so as to sweep the bar with his glance, and began to tear and rend his legal adversaries. His sallow face glowed as a heated furnace; his eyes resembled heated coals, and his voice became the clangor of a trumpet. I have never, before or since, listened to such murderous denunciations. It was like Jove's Eagle charging a flock of crows; it was like Jove himself hurling red hot thunderbolts among the quaking ranks of a conspiracy of inferior gods! And yet in the highest temper of his fury, he seemed calm; he employed no gestures save one—the flash of a long, bony forefinger direct in the eyes of his foes. He painted their venality and unmanly meanness, coalescing for money to hunt down a poor, friendless woman, till a shout of stifled rage arose from the multitude, and even some of the Jury cried—"Shame."

He changed his theme once more. His voice grew mournful as a funeral song, and his eyes filled with tears, as he traced a vivid picture of man's cruelties and woman's wrongs, with particular illustration in the case of his client, till one half the audience wept like children. But it was in the peroration that the reached his zenith frantic adoration, and vent their admiration in hysterical exclamations. And then comes King Richard, and no one cries "God save him." On the contrary, the crowd takes but a moment to nurse its anger to the proper height and then rushes wildly on the King, savagely repelling the only man amongst them who wished to do him honor, and for a moment appearing likely to succeed in obtaining its object. But the halberdiers interpose; the mob is violently thrust back, and amidst the screams of the women, the hoarse shouts of the men, the clash of weapons, and the flight of missiles, the curtain drops. This is a condensed account of the extraordinary scene which Mr. Kean has introduced between the third and fourth acts of *Richard the Second*, produced on Thursday evening last. We have alluded to this portion of the play first, because it is the most effective part of the whole representation, and because it concentrates within itself most of the means which Mr. Kean has made use of to render the representation of the Shakspearian drama more vivid. But this truly marvellous picture is only one among a series, vieing with each other in elaborate magnificence. The lists on Gosford Green, in which all the glittering details of chivalry are gone through with the nicest accuracy, convert the stage into the site of an actual trial by battle, with every appurtenance living and symbolic. The interior of Eye House, with John of Gaunt on his deathbed, is a masterpiece of senic solemnity. A real interminable army seems to follow the standard of Bolingbroke through the wilds of Gloucestershire, and it is in a genuine Westminster Hall, in the presence of spectators actually crowded in a spacious gallery, that poor King Richard formally abdicates. Never has there been so constant an attempt to give reality to the illusions of the stage. Every detail has been studied with a view to historic truth, and every art and every artifice has been employed to make the spectator forget that he is in a theatre, and fancy that he is in one or other of the olden edifices associated with the sad story of the Second Richard. When the curtain first drew up, and disclosed to view King Richard and his nobles sitting in state, it struck the spectator for the moment as a magnified illuminated painting from some old manusript, with all the brilliant colors, all the careful placing of accessories, but without the stiffness of the illumination. The rigid angles of the painting were rounded off into the full curves of life; but the grandeur, and richness, and truth, were but the same. The lists at Coventry were equally striking. Shakspeare has been more than usually accurate in following historical tradition in this scene, and the efforts of the scene-painter and decorator, assisted by the antiquarian, have been entirely successful in bringing the historical event distinctly before the spectator. Another very striking scene was that in which the death of John of Gaunt takes place. The grand, sombre apartment, lit by a *corona lucis* from above; the motionless ecclesiastics with holy furniture; the bed, with its royal hangings and drapery, were all in keeping with the appearance of the grand old man, "time-honored Lancaster," sinking, full of age and honors, into eternity. The last scene is distinguished by a peculiar effect.—As the king dies, the gloom of the chamber increases, the scene is closed in with a curtain, a bell is heard to toll, the gloom becomes darkness, solemn music is heard, when the curtain is rapidly withdrawn, and discovers St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle, brilliant with a blaze of light, with King Henry the Fourth regally attired, sitting amidst his lords. All this was indescribably effective. The acting was careful and spirited. Mr. Kean, as Richard II, had one of the most difficult characters in the drama to perform. Never was a more mournful figure than this Plantagenet with Royalty shorn off. When he abdicates his crown in Westminster Hall, he has given up his crown not quite without a pang, and he only wants to be miserable without impertinent interruption.

"I thought you had been willing to resign,"

says Bolingbroke.

"My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine,"

retorts Richard, and most touching is his accent of grief. Still more pathetic is the overwhelming sorrow which takes possession of him when the brutal Northumberland insists that he shall read the catalogue of his own crimes. He has undergone every form of privation and calamity that adverse fortune could inflict upon him, except self-degradation, and now that comes also. The misery of this sensation and the rage which is its natural reaction are finely conceived and executed by Mr. Charles Kean. With respect to its decorations, this scene is as perfect a re-production of mediæval life as the lists on Gosford-Green. When in front of an admirable picture representing the "Traitor's Gate" of the Tower, and coming in mournful contrast with the glittering displays that have preceded it, the Queen bids farewell to her deposed husband, we find why Mrs. Charles Kean* has undertaken a part so unpromising. The horror which she has evinced in the fourth act, while listening to the gardener's conjectures as to the fate of Richard, is, indeed, finely portrayed; but one start is, after all, a small object. The character has been left as a mere sketch by the poet, but the outline is beautifully filled up by the skill of the tragedian, and in the parting scene Mrs. Kean shows what a consummate artist can make out of scanty materials. Mrs. Kean, when Richard is torn from her arms, displays such an agony of tearful grief, is so completely broken up with heartrending sorrow, that, although the pageantry of the play is over, this scene is one of the most effective of the whole performance. When the hapless King has departed she carries out still further her illustration of the feeling by rushing towards the parapet and leaning over it to catch a last glimpse of the beloved object, while the succeeding decoration closes upon her. We have now enumerated the principal "effects," decorative and histrionic, that belong to this most remarkable revival. Or rather, we have stated where the "effects" occur, for the wealth of archæological detail lavished on the scenes and the costumes is almost beyond the reach of the imagination, much more description. As a well-known connoisseur of dramatic art remarked in the stalls, on the first night of performance, the whole work is more like the production of a society of antiquaries than the result of a single manager's energy and genius. This revival must be regarded as the great theatrical event, not only of the year, but of modern times.

* Ellen Tree.

From the London "Field, the Country Gentleman's Newspaper."

Remarkable Runs with Foxes.

Sir—I saw in your "Field," a few weeks back, a question asked by a correspondent, What was the longest run known with a pack of foxhounds? The answer was, the Duke of Grafton had a run of six hours. Then, Mr. Editor, a fortnight afterwards, another correspondet says Mr. Napper's hounds, of Idsfold, Sussex, ran a fox by map forty-five miles, and killed, which was very true. I have been invited by some friends who were in that celebrated run to forward you some particulars of it, as they would like to see it in print in your excellent paper.

February 9, 1849.—The meet was Stovill's Hill, on the high road to Guilford. The order was to draw the Lockslee; and, as luck would have it, found this gallant fellow at home. They were immediately at him, racing him away, leaving Dunsfold on the left, to Hascomb hangers, up the hill. The pace to this point was very severe—in fact, they almost ran into him on this hill. He was not prepared for such a burst; but, however, he saved himself by taking the advantage of a gorse covert, which he slipped through, and crossed the foiled ground, which caused him to get the advantage of the hounds; but they again settled down to him, hunting him beautifully. Leaving Wintershall on the left, to Ram Common, he then turned by Cranley, crossing and re-crossing the river leading from Guilford to Lockswood; this impeded the speed, and caused a great deal of work for the hounds. This was an artful dodge on the part of Mr. Reynard, but he could not shake them off by this trick—it answered his purpose so far that he got some distance before the hounds. He continued this game till he got nearly to Lockswood; he then turned to the left by Longhurst Furze. Here unfortunately stole a march on him by a hollow, when he clapped his hounds quickly on, and cut him off nearly two miles, which caused the pace, which had been somewhat slow, to very much improve. He then took a line by Bull Ham, and then over Tissman Common, where there did live a most excellent sportsman, H. Napper Esq.—no relation to the master of the hounds, but father of those excellent cricketers in Sussex, who are first-rate horsemen, and were in at the finish of this excellent run. From Tissman's he took a line through Mr. Thurlow's park at Baynard Castle. Mr. Thurlow, Jr., was out, and took advantage of his nearness to home by changing horses, which was very acceptable, as a great many had had enough before they arrived at this point. Our fox here began to show symptoms of distress; but, however, he kept his line to Ewhurst, up Leigh Hill, leaving Hull's Monument on the right, and then on over the open heath; here Mr. Thurlow kindly offered Summers his horse as a change, which he took. At this point the scent began to improve; they began to race for him; and, just before they got to Dorking Glory, we got a view of him climbing the hill. Alas! this gallant fellow could only make a trot of it in reaching these plantations; the pack ran into him without a turn at the finish. He proved to be a very old dog-fox.

This plantation is overlooking the town of Dorking, in Surrey; the distance by map was forty-five miles; time, 4 hours and 50 minutes.—Out of a field of fifty at the commencement, only about twelve were up at the finish. Great praise was given Summers and his gallant pack for their perseverance in so trying a run as this—the difficulties and changes of scent. Thirty-seven miles were, with the exception of a small elbow, straight; twenty miles of the run were in Surrey, out of their own country. After taking refreshment at Ewhurst, the hounds did not reach the kennel till twelve o'clock at night. They were away from the kennel fifteen hours. Nothing but good condition could carry them through so long and trying a day, and enable them to kill so stout a fox. This pack formerly belonged to W. W. Richardson, Esq., of Findon, Sussex, and was called the Findon Hounds. Mr. Richardson hunted the country formerly hunted by Lord Egremont with great success. He was a first-rate sportsman, and well understood the noble science. No one could carry it out better than he did in all its particulars—always anxious to show sport. When he gave them up, he made a present of his hounds to J. Napper, Esq., of Idsfold, and Summers, the huntsman, went with them. Mr. Napper hunted the country formerly hunted by Gen. Wyndham for three seasons with the greatest success; his country was mostly in the Weald of Sussex. The foxes were very wild and stout, and had this advantage—that most of his would not hold a scent. When Mr. N. gave them up, the hounds went into Hampshire to the H. H., and Summers went with them. This account is rather under than overdrawn. I hope, Sir, this will be the means of getting into print some other old fashioned runs, the perusal of which will always afford pleasue to one who was on this occasion.

UP AT THE FINISH.

"Sweet Home."—A praiseworthy attempt is being made in Boston to erect a monument to the momory of John Howard Payne, the author of that touching song, "Home, Sweet Home." It is said that before leaving for Tunis, (where he died,) he was one evening walking with a friend in New York, when they heard voices in a house singing his sweet song. They stopped beneath the window, and at the conclusion of the melody, Payne gave a heavy sigh, and remarked: "How little do they know of the author, who has no sweet home."

Singing.—A New York paper says: "A few Sundays ago, at one of our suburban churches the choir sang a hymn to a tune which comes as follows: 'My poor pol—my poor pol—my poor polluted heart.' Another line received the following rendering: 'And in the pi—and in the pi—and in the pious he delights.' And still another was sung: 'And take thy pil—and take thy pil—and take thy pilgrim home.'"

Wall Paper Poisonous.

Dr. Hinds, of Birmingham, England, has lately called attention, through the London *Lancet*, to a method of accidental arsenical poisoning which should be generally known, and from which he was himself the sufferer. He chanced to select, for the adornment of his study, a particularly bright tinted wall paper, the pattern of which was confined to two shades of green.—About two days after it had been applied he first used the room in the evening, sitting there and reading by a gas light. Whilst thus engaged he was seized with severe depression, nausea, abdominal pain, and prostration. The same chain of symptoms ensued on every subsequent evening when he occupied the room. This led to an inquiry into the cause. He scraped off a little of the bright coloring matter from his pretty green paper, and, by sublimation, produced abundant crystals of arsenious acid. The paper was colored with arsenite of copper (Scheele's green). Dr. Hinds remarks that the presence of the arsenical pigment may be recognised by its brilliant and beautiful hue, and by a little running of the color at the edges of the pattern, as though it did not take freely to the paper.

Bracelets on the Ankles.—The following will prove good news to the jewellers:

It is said that the Countess of Castiglione made a sensation at one of the Emperor Napoleon's recent levees, by appearing with her robe looped up at her side, so as to expose her symmetrical limbs, almost to the knees, and displaying the neatly turned ankles, which were clasped with magnificent bracelets. The robe and corsage were of cloth and silver, the latter perfectly tight and considerably *decollette*, with extremely short sleeves, and no ornament or trimming, whatever, but a large diamond heart; the former displaying an under skirt, lookped at one side. On the head, five diamond hearts were held together by an arrow transpiercing them, and a flowing veil completed the costume. It seems as though the free and easy days of the old Napoleonic dynasty were returning.

The London Court Court Journal has it that a joke is current in the Garrick Club about Thackeray and his lectures. A friend met the novelist in the club, and congratulating him on the success of his lectures, said: "They are very good—very good, indeed. Some parts rather slow, and there, I think, you wanted a *piano*." Thackeray looked sparks through his spectacles.

The Drama.

From the London Globe.

A Great Theatrical Exploit.

The grand event, the revival of *King Richard II*, has taken place, and astonished even those who had been accustomed to the magnificence of Mr. Charles Kean's styles of production. After the curtain rose the general impression was that *Henry VIII* and the *Winter's Tale* would not be surpassed, but long before the performance had reached its termination, the opinion was murmured through the stalls that all past glories were eclipsed by the lustre actually present, and that *Richard II*, in fact, surpassed all that Mr. Kean had before ever done. Such an attempt to bring before the public the royal and aristocratic life of the baronial times has never been attempted on any stage. Every scene, every situation is newly conceived, and whenever an opportunity presents itself, a picture of mediæval existence is conjured upon the stage with a truthfulness of detail that no imagination could realize. The "effect" that will be most talked about is an episode which is introduced between the third and fourth acts, and represents the procession of the triumphant Bolinbroke and the deposed Richard, as described in the celebrated speech of the Duke of York to his Duchess. Processions have often been seen before, but a true living picture of a popular demonstration, executed after the manner of this "episode" at the Princess's Theatre is indeed a novelty. It seems a real mob—nay, a real *people*, that from road and window welcome Bolingbroke. The houses are crowded to the roofs. Every jutting protection supports a living being. The walls are hung with gorgeous tapestries and hangings. Glowing garlands of flowers are stretched from side to side of the streets. Great waves of population are in incessant motion.—The world of London is out of doors. Specimens of all kinds of the life which Chaucer describes are before you. Amidst the incessant evolutions of the crowd, flirting, joking, quarrelling are going on. The mirth of the crowd is at the highest. On one side comes in a party of mediæval acrobats. Then follow posture masters, who exhibit to the huge delight of the spectators. And all the time the trumpets are sounding and the bells clanging with deafening harmony. Suddenly the crowd breaks to admit a party of itinerant fools, who dance to the veritable music of the days of King Richard. When the storm of holiday frolic is at its height, it is suddenly checked by the report that Bolingbroke and the King are approaching. The crowd is with difficulty marshalled into something like order, and a blast of trumpets announces that the procession is at hand. The banners of the city and of St. Paul's are borne onwards triumphantly; then come the city authorities and the great companies walking along under gorgeous banners, and all armed. The nobles follow, and the excitement of the spectators increases, for they know that the object of their curiosity is close at hand. Then "the Duke," great Bolingbroke," comes into view, and the mighty roar redoubles, flags are thrust from every window, hats are widely waved. It seems as if

"All the walls
With painted imagery had said at once—
Heaven preserve thee! Welcome, Bolingbroke."

There sits the "great Duke," "mounted upon a hot and firery steed," bare headed, dressed in gorgeous cloth of gold, bowing "lower than his proud steed's neck," looking the very personification of chivalry and "every inch a king."—And the crowd fling themselves before him in frantic adoration, and vent their admiration in hysterical exclamations. And then comes King Richard, and no one cries "God save him." On the contrary, the crowd takes but a moment to nurse its anger to the proper height and then rushes wildly on the King, savagely repelling the only man amongst them who wished to do him honor, and for a moment appearing likely to succeed in obtaining its object. But the halberdiers interpose; the mob is violently thrust back, and amidst the screams of the women, the hoarse shouts of the men, the clash of weapons, and the flight of missiles, the curtain drops. This is a condensed account of the extraordinary scene which Mr. Kean has introduced between the third and fourth acts of *Richard the Second*, produced on Thursday evening last. We have alluded to this portion of the play first, because it is the most effective part of the whole representation, and because it concentrates within itself most of the means which Mr. Kean has made use of to render the representation of the Shakspearian drama more vivid. But this truly marvellous picture is only one among a series, vieing with each other in elaborate magnificence. The lists on Gosford Green, in which all the glittering details of chivalry are gone through with the nicest accuracy, convert the stage into the site of an actual trial by battle, with every appurtenance living and symbolic. The interior of Eye House, with John of Gaunt on his deathbed, is a masterpiece of senic solemnity. A real interminable army seems to follow the standard of Bolingbroke through the wilds of Gloucestershire, and it is in a genuine Westminster Hall, in the presence of spectators actually crowded in a spacious gallery, that poor King Richard formally abdicates. Never has there been so constant an attempt to give reality to the illusions of the stage. Every detail has been studied with a view to historic truth, and every art and every artifice has been employed to make the spectator forget that he is in a theatre, and fancy that he is in one or other of the olden edifices associated with the sad story of the Second Richard. When the curtain first drew up, and disclosed to view King Richard and his nobles sitting in state, it struck the spectator for the moment as a magnified illuminated painting from some old manusript, with all the brilliant colors, all the careful placing of accessories, but without the stiffness of the illumination. The rigid angles of the painting were rounded off into the full curves of life; but the grandeur, and richness, and truth, were but the same. The lists at Coventry were equally striking. Shakspeare has been more than usually accurate in following historical tradition in this scene, and the efforts of the scene-painter and decorator, assisted by the antiquarian, have been entirely successful in bringing the historical event distinctly before the spectator. Another very striking scene was that in which the death of John of Gaunt takes place. The grand, sombre apartment, lit by a *corona lucis* from above; the motionless ecclesiastics with holy furniture; the bed, with its royal hangings and drapery, were all in keeping with the appearance of the grand old man, "time-honored Lancaster," sinking, full of age and honors, into eternity. The last scene is distinguished by a peculiar effect.—As the king dies, the gloom of the chamber increases, the scene is closed in with a curtain, a bell is heard to toll, the gloom becomes darkness, solemn music is heard, when the curtain is rapidly withdrawn, and discovers St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle, brilliant with a blaze of light, with King Henry the Fourth regally attired, sitting amidst his lords. All this was indescribably effective. The acting was careful and spirited. Mr. Kean, as Richard II, had one of the most difficult characters in the drama to perform. Never was a more mournful figure than this Plantagenet with Royalty shorn off. When he abdicates his crown in Westminster Hall, he has given up his crown not quite without a pang, and he only wants to be miserable without impertinent interruption.

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says Bolingbroke.

"My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine,"

retorts Richard, and most touching is his accent of grief. Still more pathetic is the overwhelming sorrow which takes possession of him when the brutal Northumberland insists that he shall read the catalogue of his own crimes. He has undergone every form of privation and calamity that adverse fortune could inflict upon him, except self-degradation, and now that comes also. The misery of this sensation and the rage which is its natural reaction are finely conceived and executed by Mr. Charles Kean. With respect to its decorations, this scene is as perfect a re-production of mediæval life as the lists on Gosford-Green. When in front of an admirable picture representing the "Traitor's Gate" of the Tower, and coming in mournful contrast with the glittering displays that have preceded it, the Queen bids farewell to her deposed husband, we find why Mrs. Charles Kean* has undertaken a part so unpromising. The horror which she has evinced in the fourth act, while listening to the gardener's conjectures as to the fate of Richard, is, indeed, finely portrayed; but one start is, after all, a small object. The character has been left as a mere sketch by the poet, but the outline is beautifully filled up by the skill of the tragedian, and in the parting scene Mrs. Kean shows what a consummate artist can make out of scanty materials. Mrs. Kean, when Richard is torn from her arms, displays such an agony of tearful grief, is so completely broken up with heartrending sorrow, that, although the pageantry of the play is over, this scene is one of the most effective of the whole performance. When the hapless King has departed she carries out still further her illustration of the feeling by rushing towards the parapet and leaning over it to catch a last glimpse of the beloved object, while the succeeding decoration closes upon her. We have now enumerated the principal "effects," decorative and histrionic, that belong to this most remarkable revival. Or rather, we have stated where the "effects" occur, for the wealth of archæological detail lavished on the scenes and the costumes is almost beyond the reach of the imagination, much more description. As a well-known connoisseur of dramatic art remarked in the stalls, on the first night of performance, the whole work is more like the production of a society of antiquaries than the result of a single manager's energy and genius. This revival must be regarded as the great theatrical event, not only of the year, but of modern times.

* Ellen Tree.

Selected Poetry.

MY OWN SWEET WIFE.

There is a word of common sound
That's oft pronounced by high and low;
Few liquids make it soft or round;
And yet there comes a sudden glow
As starting from a dreaming mood
Of careless, uneventful life,
I hear a voice, best understood,
Call the charmed name—my own sweet—wife!

What spell weaves joy around that word,
Brightening the dullest, darkest hour,
That when, or where, or how 'tis heard,
It wields such witching, wondrous power?
If Eve, when exiled from lost Eden,
Wept the soft ease of that charmed life,
What need of other gift of Heaven
Than to be Adam's own sweet—wife?

And so my prayer I make to thee,
In joy or sadness, grief or pain,
That always you bestow on me
The name of my love would still retain.
No sting can sorrow leave behind,
No fear of anger nor of strife,
No harsh replies, nor thoughts unkind
Can mingle with the term—sweet wife!

COURTSHIP.

Annie sighed, and Jammie seized her
Pretty little trembling hand,
Then with out-stretched arm he seized her
Half reluctant form, and — and —

"Loose me!" but he clasped the tighter—
"Annie, say, will thou be mine?"
Then her bright face grew much brighter,
Then she whispered, "I am thine."

Then they clasped each other fondly,
Close together as two bricks;
And they kissed each other soundly,
And — — I left them in this fix.

MELTING ACCIDENT.

He clasped his Juliana's form,
That form the fairest under heaven,
His love, just like the day, was warm—
The mercury stood 97°,
Oh Juliana, dear, he cried,
My love its top degree is getting;
'Tis gold in truth's alembic tried,
That never can grow less by sweating.
She bowed her head upon his breast
As hotter grew the summer weather,
And as her form he warmly pressed,
They melted right away together!!

TO MARION.

I think of thee, when morning bright,
The eastern hills bathes in her light;
I think of thee, when twilight dyes,
In loveliest tints, the western skies.

I think of thee, when Fortune smiles,
And me of every care beguiles;
I think of thee when all her woes,
Affliction on my pathway throws.

Whete'er of joy, whate'er of woe
Falls to my share while here below;
With pleasure all sustained shall be,
While I am cheered by thoughts of thee.

Selected Miscellany.

Slavery in Our Saviour's Day.

"Abolition" being set down as the Christian's mission in this our day, and as about his only mission—it becomes often necessary to recall the fact that slavery of the worst sort existed in the Roman Empire, in our Saviour's day—and that he nowhere preached "Abolition," nor civil nor servile war—but, on the contrary, "Servants, obey your masters." We do not mean to say, our Saviour loved or defended slavery—for we have no revelation or reason to say so—and, perhaps, reasons to say the very reverse—but we do mean to say, Christianity in the time of Christ, in rendering to Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, and in letting civil and servile institutions alone.

When Christ was on earth, He rebuked sin of all classes and kinds, and dared to rebuke the Jewish Priest in his Temple, or titled Roman Gentile—if they were guilty of sin;—but while slavery was all about him,—neither He nor his apostles ever preached an Abolition sermon.—The slavery Christ saw daily,—was that under which a master could sell his slave, work him as many hours as he pleased, or put him to death. A Roman slave could not contract a marriage. His cohabitation with a woman was *contubernium*, and no legal relation between him and his children was recognised. A Roman slave could have no property. A runaway slave could not be lawfully received or harbored; to conceal him was *furtum*. The master was entitled to pursue him wherever he pleased, and it was the duty of all authorities to give him aid in recovering the slave. A person became a slave by capture in war.

A free woman, cohabiting with a slave, might be reduced to slavery. The immense number of prisoners taken in the constant wars of the Roman Republic, and the increase of wealth and luxury, in Christ's day, augmented the number of slaves to a predigious extent. Very many Romans possessed 10,000 and 20,000 slaves. A freed man under Augustus, who had lost much property in the civil wars, left at his death, 4,116 slaves. The games of the Ampitheatre required an immense number of slaves. The gladiators in Italy, (Before Christ, 73,) rose under Spartacus, and were not defeated by the Romans till 60,000 slaves were said to have fallen in battle. Slave dealers usually accompanied an army, and frequently after a great battle had been gained, many thousands were sold at once at very cheap rates.

In the midst of this system of slavery was the Christian era inaugurated. Christ preached principles which subverted the atrocities of slavery—as of every other system of government, or life—but Abolitionism was not his mission. Christians in the Apostle's day owned slaves, and considered it no crime to own them. What we mean to infer from these facts is—that if slavery was the sin and crime the Abolitionists of this day say it is—Christ saw it in a worse point of view, and never preached an Abolition sermon against it—never warred upon the government that recognized and supported it—but, on the contrary, taught obedience to that government. His mission was to bring sinners to repentance, not to concentrate all men's minds upon the abolition of slavery, nor to divide society, or a country, only upon that issue.

If we could only impress upon our Abolition Preachers of what they call "the Gospel," the example of Christ when on earth, in the midst of Roman slavery—in itself indefensible, because of its atrocities—we might, perhaps, make them useful in meliorating and Christianizing African slavery in these United States. The early Christian writers, after Christ's day, inculcated the duty—not of Abolition, but of acting towards slaves—as masters in their condition would be acted by—and thus they did much towards promoting the ultimate extinction of slavery, or in the end of merging slaves into the *adscripti glebæ*, or serfs of the middle ages.

Suppose then, our Abolition Theologians should spend a month or two in studying up the system of slavery Christ and his apostles saw on earth, when they preached, "servants, obey you masters,"—and "render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's"—and when they have returned fugitive slaves, as in the case of Onesimus. They have tried the cursing, now, for a quarter of a century; and it has done no good. Suppose now, they try the Christian creed of "love one another," "do unto others as you would have others do unto you," &c., &c.; and there is no knowing but they may conquer the world as Christ did.

English Buncombe.

There has seldom been a time when we cared less what sort of a parliament the British people had, than that which they will choose at the ensuing election.

The policy of England towards our Republic is now a settled one. It is a matter for the people to decide, not the Cabinet.

The struggle is between Lord Palmerston, the one man power, and the rival faction of many colors.

Disraeli, in his appeal to his constituents of Maidstone—a little borough in Kent, which as much belongs to his wife as he does—says:

Lord Palmerston is an eminent man, who has deserved well of his country; but as Prime Minister he occupies a false position. He is the Tory Chief of a Radical Cabinet. With no domestic policy, he is obliged to divert the attention of the people from the consideration of their own affairs to the distraction of foreign politics. His external system is turbulent and aggressive, that his rule at home may be tranquil and unassailed. Hence arises excessive expenditure, heavy taxation, and the stoppage of all social improvement.

His scheme of conduct is so devoid of all political principle that when forced to appeal to the people his only claim to their confidence is his name. Such arts and resources may suit the despotic ruler of a Continental State exhausted by revolutions, but they do not become a British Minister governing a country proud, free and progressive, animated by glorious traditions, and aspiring to future excellence.

The Palmerstonians have issued the following appeal to Buncombe:

ENGLISHMEN!

Who of the men in our Commons House of Parliament, who have conspired against our Prime Minister, is to be preferred before him?

IS DISRAELI THE MAN?

He who, with almost fiendish hatred, tried to hunt Peel to death for being true to his conviction that the People's bread should be free!!—A man who is pre-eminently distinguished for the absence of all those high, generous and genial qualities which make an Englishman the envy of other nations, and the glory of his own.

IS CORDEN THE MAN?

Time was when he might have stood up before his country; but now he never seems so happy as when he is traducing her, declaring her to be "a bully to the weak, and a coward to the strong," whereas he would make her the latter to both. A man who, throughout the whole of the late campaign, showed but a cold sympathy with the heroic struggles of his countrymen, and who would, if he had had his will, laid this country, crouching with servile submission, at the feet of the despot of Russia.

IS LORD JOHN THE MAN?

He who, if it had not been for the noble firmness of Lord Palmerston, would have sacrificed his country at Vienna, and brought upon our nation indelible disgrace, and who would now put all our countrymen in China at the mercy of a miscreant who has slaughtered 70,000 of his own country, and who has threatened in a similar manner to exterminate the "British Barbarians," and has now commenced his atrocities by wholesale poisonings and murder.

IS GLADSTONE THE MAN?

A Puseyite in religion, and a Jesuit in politics, whose speeches against Lord Palmerston's policy, during the late war, together with those of his new ally, Mr. Cobden, were selected by the enemies of his country, and circulated throughout the length and breadth of Russia, as the most fitting vehicle, for expressing their bitterest malignity to England!

Men of England! Ask ye what ye should do in this crisis? In every county, city, town, borough, throughout this empire, at once assemble in public meeting, and express your sympathy with the "Minister of England," and your resolve to stand by a man who has proved himself more than a match for the enemies of our country, both in diplomacy and war—who has maintained unsullied the fame of British valor, and when those men who have entered into this unprincipled league against him would have laid her honor in the dust.

By-the-by, Mr. Disraeli's dig at Louis Napoleon is rather unfriendly and ungrateful, when we remember what fine dinners he had at the Tuileries not long ago.—*New York News.*

The American Horses in England.

The latest sporting intelligence from England does not give any further news regarding the American horses. In *Bell's Life* we find the entries for the Liverpool Cup, and a few of the Spring Handicaps, but in neither of them do the names of the American horses appear. We are not surprised