

Poetry.

SUMMER TIME.

Joyfully the summer lingers, With her music and her flowers, Tracing, with her fairy fingers, Memories o'er these hearts of ours;

Summer flowers look in our faces, Whispering "We are dying now," And the light in sunny places Dimmest often in its glow;

And I watch the vines that, bending, Hang with clustering flowers to-day, Minding me of summer's blinding, With the Autumn's golden ray—

Gilding down life's silent river, Summer after summer flies, And the Autumn brings us ever, Nearer home to Paradise.

Select Glean.

JOHN TAYLOR; The Timon of the Backwoods Bar and Pulpit.

BY CHAS. SUMNERFIELD.

I can never forget my first vision of John Taylor. It was in the court house at Lewisburg, Conway county, 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 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 bold, 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.

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 whole 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 a look; his lips curled with a killing smile of infinite scorn; his yellow eyes shot arrows of lightning; his tongue protruding through his teeth literally writhed like a serpent, and ejaculated its asp-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 infernal furor of his utterance, although it hardly exceeded a whisper. But he accentuated every letter as if it were a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips; lapsing horrible emphasis on S both at the beginning and end of the word— "Savages!"

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

The general gaze, 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 hers was a style of beauty 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 flash of her countenance, clear as a sunbeam, brilliant as the iris; in the contour of her features, symmetrical 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 heaven of southern summer, large, liquid, beamy; in her motions, graceful, swimming, like the gentle waftures of a bird's wing in the sunny air; in the figure, slight, ethereal—a nymph's or a seraph's; and more than all, in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so arched, so serene, so like starlight, and yet possessing the power of magic or 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 counsel, Col. Linton, is sick, have you employed any other?"

She answered in a voice sweet as the warble of the nightingale, and 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 simple in its touching 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, uttering 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 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 a party."

"But does the prisoner request it?" enquired 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 will 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 glittering 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 duellist 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 other wooers—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, one, two, three—a dozen deafening roars. 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 and his bosom literally riddled with bullets, lay the all-dreaded duellist, 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, crediting the girl's version of the facts, lauded her heroism in terms of measureless eulogy. But the friends of the deceased, and of his wealthy 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 the sheriff, were devoted comrades of the slain, and displayed their feelings 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 genus, they about equally partitioned their howling eloquence between the prisoner and her leather robed counsel, 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 his opponents, but remained motionless, with his forehead bowed on his hands, like one buried in deep thought or slumber.

When the proper time came, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crossed the bar, and took his position almost touching the jury. He then commenced in a whisper, but it was a whisper so wild, so clear, so unutterably ringing and distinct, as to fill the hall from floor to galleries.

At the outset he dealt in pure logic, separating and combining the proven facts, till the whole mass of confused evidence looked transparent as a globe of glass, through which the innocence of his client shone, brilliant as a sunbeam; and the jurors nodded to each other signs of a thorough conviction; that thrilling whisper, and fixed concentration, and the language, simple as a child's, had convinced all.

He then changed his posture, so as to sweep the bar with his glance, and began to read and read his legal adversaries. His sallow face glowed as a heated furnace; his eyes resembled living coals, and his voice became the clangor of a trumpet. I have never, before nor 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 thunder bolts among the quaking ranks of a conspiracy of inferior gods. And yet, in the highest tempest of his fury, he seemed calm; he employed no gesture save one—the flash of a long, bony fore-finger direct in the eyes of his foes. He painted their venality and unmanly meanness, in scolding 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—"Sham!"

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 illustrations in the case of his client, till one half of the audience wept like children. But it was in the peroration that he reached his zenith, at once of terror and sublimity. His features were livid as those of a corpse; his very hair appeared to stand on end; his nerves shook as with a palsy; he tossed his hands wildly towards heaven, each finger stretched apart and quivering like the flame of a candle, as he closed with the last words of the deceased Hiram Shore—

"Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to Hell!" His emphasis on the word Hell embodied the ache and ideal of all horror; it was the wail of immeasurable despair. No language can depict the effect on us who heard it. Men groaned, females screamed, and one poor mother fainted and was borne away in convulsion.

The whole speech occupied but an hour. The jury rendered a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving the box, and three cheers, like the successive roars of an earthquake, shook the old Court House from dome to corner-stone, testifying the joy of the people.

After the adjournment which occurred near sunset, the triumphant advocate arose, and gave out an appointment:—"I will preach in this hall to-night at 8 o'clock." He then glided off through the crowd, speaking to no one, though many attempted to draw him into a conversation.

At eight o'clock the Court House was again thronged, and the stranger, according to promise, delivered his sermon. It evinced the same attributes as his previous eloquence of the bar; the same compact logic, the same burning vehemence, and increased bitterness of denunciation. Indeed, misanthropy revealed itself as the prominent emotion. The discourse was a tirade against infidels, in which class the preacher seemed to include everybody but himself; it was a picture of Hell, such as Lucifer might have drawn, with a world in flames for his pencil. But one paragraph pointed to Heaven; and that only demonstrated the utter impossibility that any human being should ever get there.—*Open West.*

Chronological Table of Fremont's Life.

CUT THIS OUT FOR REFERENCE.

1814—Jan. 21. Born in Savannah, Georgia.

1818—His father dies and leaves him at five years of age with his mother, a brother, and a sister.

1820—At school in Virginia.

1823—At school in Charleston.

1826—Taken in charge for better education by John W. Mitchell, Esq., a South Carolina lawyer.

1827—Dr. Robertson, now a classical teacher in Philadelphia, takes great interest in his genius.

1828—Enters Junior Class, Charleston College.

1829—Graduates and leaves College.

1830—Is confirmed in Protestant Episcopal Church at Charleston.

1830—Teaches at Charleston.

1831—Labsors as private surveyor.

1832—Surveys one of the first railroads in United States, from Charleston to Hamburg.

1833—First public service under the Jackson Administration, in sloop-of-war Natchez, sent to Charleston to put down nullification.

1835—Commissioned as Professor of Mathematics in the Navy.

1835—Made Master of Arts by Charleston College, without his solicitation.

1836—Resigns commission in the Navy, and selected by Jackson to serve under Capt. Williams, Topographical Engineer.

1837—Surveys mountain ranges of Carolina and Tennessee.

1838—Surveys Cherokee Country for a military map.

July 7. Commissioned as Second Lieutenant Topographical Engineers.

Administration of Mr. Van Buren determines on an exploration of region north-west of Missouri, and are asked by Mr. Nicolet, who is head of it, "for an assistant possessing science, energy, courage and enterprise," and Lieut. Fremont selected by Mr. Poinsett, Secretary of War.

1838-1839—Engaged in the explorations.

1840—Makes maps of surveys, and surveys Des Moines River, Iowa.

1841—Oct. 19. Marries Jessie, second daughter of Senator Benton, who was in her 17th year.

1842—First exploration to the Rocky Mountains. Makes his celebrated speech to the Indian Council at Fort Laramie.

August. Stands on the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, 14,579 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, and unfurls the star-spangled banner.

October. Reports at Washington for further duties.

1843—Starts on his second expedition. Discovers central plate or basin of the North American Continent, and corrects the previous maps by showing that no streams flow from Salt Lake.

1845—Jan. 29. Made First Lieutenant and Brevet Captain of Topographical Engineers by President Tyler, under the recommendation of Gen. Scott.

Oct. 27. Appointed Lieutenant Colonel of Rifles by President Polk.

November. Starts on a third expedition to California.

1846—Arrives in California.

1846—Gen. Castro, Mexican, in command, had orders to drive him out of California.

1846—Entrenches himself on Hawk's Peak, to resist.

Not being attacked, marches towards Oregon. Lieut. Gillespie encounters him with a message from James Buchanan, Secretary of State, to Capt. Fremont, authorizing him to do what he could to prevent California from falling into the hands of Great Britain.

Fremont retraces his steps to California. In pursuance of direction from Mr. Buchanan, takes California with sixty men, and proclaims it independent.

Appointed Military Governor of California by Commodore Stockton.

Buys Mariposa for \$8000, and intends to become a citizen of California.

1847—Gen. Kearney arrives to take California, and finds it already taken and is greatly vexed.

Commodore Stockton and Gen. Kearney dispute as to chief command. Fremont supports Stockton, who was his superior before Kearney arrived.

Nov. 2. Court-martial for not obeying the orders of two commanders. Makes a brilliant defense, showing that if guilty, he is only technically so.

His mother dies, and he is an orphan and the last of his family.

1848—President Polk tenders him his sword and rank, which he refuses because its acceptance would acknowledge the justice of the Court Martial.

1848—Prepares to emigrate to California, to reside as a private citizen. Great sympathetic meeting with him in Charleston, S. C., by citizens, and a sword presented to him by them, with eulogy on his char-

acter and executive services by Charles-ton Mercury.

Feb. 23. 20,000 copies of his report of explorations ordered to be printed by Senate.

July 17. James Buchanan, in a letter to the President, endorses Fremont "as entitled to the highest consideration from his well-known ability and superior means of information."

Oct. 19. Goes out on a fourth expedition at his own expense, aided by citizens of St. Louis.

1849—Appointed by President Taylor Commissioner for running boundary between Mexico and California.

His influence with the members of the Constitutional Convention makes California a Free State.

Is elected a United States Senator.

1850—Sept. 10. Takes his seat as United States Senator, and the next day submits 17 post routes and 18 bills for relief of California.

Sept. 12. Introduces a bill for a Pacific wagon road. Opposes taxation of mining in California, and speaks for free labor.

The Royal Geographical Society, London, award him the founder's medal.

Receives from the king of Prussia, accompanied by a letter from Baron Humboldt, a gold medal, commemorative of those who have made progress in science.

1851—Jan. 8. Col. Benton, at request of M. Fremont, introduces a bill to settle land claims in California, and lest he should be accused of selfish ends, excepts C. Fremont's claim from the bill.

Is detained in California under illness of Panama fever.

Is supported for new term by the Free State party, but, after 140 ballots, defeated; every native Californian in Legislature voting for him.

1852-1853—Travels in Europe, (at the time he is said by Alderman Fulmer to be a Catholic Cathedral in Washington), is everywhere received with flattering attention.

1853—Makes a fifth expedition, at joint expense with Col. Benton, to test the practicability of a railroad route for western travel.

Suffers incredible hardships from hunger, and is supposed to be lost for months.

1854—His Mariposa title confirmed by December term United States Supreme Court, after strenuous arguments by attorney General Caleb Cushing against Chief Justice Taney giving the opinion and endorsing his conduct in every respect. Reported 17 Howard, p. 545.

1855—December. Talked of for President.

1856—May 18. THE PEOPLE NOMINATE June 18. Two Conventions resist this nomination—this being the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, allied armies commenced the disclosure of Napoleon, the forerunner of Buchanan in plundering a la Ostens.

NAUTICAL.—She has breastwork knees, said Ike, describing the new States ship Merrimack to Mrs. Partington; he looked up at her indignantly.

"What is that, Isaac?" said the old looking up from a profound contemplation Dudley Leavitt's almanac. She had caught all of his remarks.

"She has breastworks and knees," replied Ike, smiling.

"Breastworks and knees!" said Mrs. Partington, impressively, with a face that whole moral rode written upon it, "at do you know that?"

"I saw 'em," returned he, "and put 'em on 'em."

"Well," said she raising her finger guide post, "you must not let me hear anything from you again. Such a shame! duct is without a parable in one so you I am almost ready to believe in all of the moral turpitude of youth."

She looked anxiously at Ike, who ting on his legs and rocking to and fro.

"It was the new ship I was talking said he, grinning at the mistake she had made."

"Oh!" said she, "was that all? lesson may be laid away in your mind."

The old lady took a pinch of snuff, eyes upon the picture of the stiff corset on the wall, but the picture was not and she turned towards Ike, who was a row of port-holes in the side of a gingerbread ready for the oven.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE

The Entertainment.—The subscribers inform the citizens of Carlisle and the public, that he intends opening a public house on the lot of April, in the building supplied by Mr. Woods as a store on the corner of Hanover and Lehigh streets. In the house he will be ready at all times, to accommodate may favor him with their custom, and he is prepared to make all that entirely at home. I at all times be supplied with the best the afford. His table with a good and hearty and everything to make man and beast both will be provided. Boarders will be taken 1 month, or year, at reasonable rates. He has attention to business and a desire to please share of public patronage.

P. AUGHS Carlisle, March, 5, 1856.—3mo.