

extent, that an *avalanche* of spectators broke from the Pit, and covered the Orchestra and the greatest part of the stage. By reasonable computation there were about 300 persons on the stage and wings alone, soldiers in fatigue dresses, officers with side arms, a few jolly tars, and a number of "apple munching urchins." The scene was indescribably ludicrous. Booth played in his best style, and was really anxious to make a hit, but the confusion incidental to such a crowd on the stage occasioned constant and most humorous interruptions. It was every thing, or anything, but a tragedy. In the scene with Lady Anne, a scene so much admired for its address, the gallery spectators amused themselves by throwing pennies and silver pieces on the stage, which occasioned an immense scramble among the boys, and they frequently ran between King Richard and Lady Anne, to snatch a stray copper. In the tent scene, so solemn and so impressive, several curious amateurs went up to the table, took up the crown, poised the heavy sword, and examined all the regalia, with great care while Richard was in agony from the terrible dream; and when the scene changed, discovering the ghosts of King Henry, Lady Anne and children, it was difficult to select them from the crowd who thrust their faces and persons among the Royal shadows.

The Battle of Bosworth Field capped the climax—the audience mingled with the soldiers and raced around the stage, to the shouts of the people, the rolls of drums and the bellowing of the trumpets; and when the fight between Richard and Richmond came on, they made a ring round the combatants to see fair play, and kept them at it for nearly a quarter of an hour by "Shrewsbury clock." This was done in perfect good humour, and with no intention to make a row. When Mr. Rice came to sing the celebrated song of *Jim Crow*, they not only made him repeat it some twenty times, but hemmed him so that he actually had no room to perform the little dancing or turning about appertaining to the song; and in the afterpiece, where a supper table is spread, some amongst the most hungry very leisurely helped themselves to the viands. It was a rare treat indeed, to the audience and manager. *N. Y. Cour. & Eng.*

From the *Metropolitan Magazine*.

### THE PAST YEAR.

They go, they go, they pass away!—  
Hours bears us on their wings  
To where in night and mystery  
End mortal wanderings.  
I am not weary of this scene,  
Although its ways to me  
Have rough and care-worn ever been—  
I am content to be.

Life hath its whisperings of joy  
Amidst the darkest hours,  
As in the desert of annoy  
Spring solitary flowers;  
I am prepared to wait my time,  
Though but a useless weed,  
However dark the doom, or way,  
That is for me decreed.

Such course is best—but I am sad  
While years thus fleet way,  
And times when I young was and glad  
Are thronging memory.

And the voices heard in parted days,  
Whose music on the soul  
Falls like a vault's dim window rays  
Upon a buried pall.

I hear them in the winds at eve,  
That rustle Autumn woods;—  
I hear them on the ocean wave,—  
I hear them in the floods;—  
Whence come they?—Spirits of the air  
They wait upon the heart;  
Enshrining recollections there,  
Death can alone dispart—

Holding communions from afar  
On shores where all have rest,  
Or in some bright remoter star—  
The Eden of the blest.

Where fancy furis her sunny wings  
Amid bright Isles of bliss,  
And many a lovely vision brings  
Of worlds more fair than this.

Then why regret the buried time?  
Who'd live life o'er again,  
The self-same scene from childhood's prime,  
Two deep would be the pain.  
Poor weary pilgrims, let us say,  
Our toilsome journey run,  
Grateful, resign'd, howe'er the way,  
"Father, thy will be done."

*Sacrilegious Theft*.—It is with feelings of the most inconceivable horror we have to announce to the public, that a man named Paddy Eustace, stole a waistcoat, on Monday last, from the Lord Bishop of Kildare—that humane and exemplary Prelate who charitably confers on the poor of his diocese, the best of new milk for two pence a quart! Paddy Eustace's only excuse for taking the waistcoat is, that he wanted a coat and breeches, and considered one waistcoat of the bishop's large enough to suit him with both articles. He is also anxious, when he should meet the worthy divine in his new clothes, in true scriptural phrase, to be able to say to him—"I was naked, and you clothed me."

A nobleman, who had a splendid library, and wanted a copy of a very rare and magnificent book, was informed that it had been bought by a tradesman of Paris. 'Thou,' said he, "the book will be mine, for I will make an offer which no tradesman can refuse." He was introduced to the possessor, who was M. Renouard. When he saw his library, and discovered his taste and learning, he dropped the idea of bribery, and said, "Sir, I called to solicit the honor of your acquaintance.

A Gascon having made a port-folio into an umbrella, a Norman, in order that he might not be behind hand in industry, made a snuff-box in the shape of a pistol, and, by means of a slight spring, fired the snuff up his nose. Amateurs of snuff may now dispense with the trouble of putting their finger into their boxes, which tans their nails of an orange colour, and is quite out of fashion in Belgium.

A radical candidate for a borough in the north of England, with more brass than gold, being asked if he was ready to pledge himself, answered that he had nothing else left.

From an estimate lately laid before parliament, it appears that above fifteen million acres of land are now lying waste and uncultivated in the United Kingdom, yet capable of cultivation; and also that there are millions of acres which now produce very little, from want of proper cultivation, but which by judicious management, might be rendered abundantly fertile.

*Russia and China*.—Mercantile advices from Russia announce that a company for the conveyance of stage coaches and waggons from Moscow to the Chinese frontier has been established at Moscow, from whence these vehicles will begin to run next spring to the governments of Tamhoff, Kassan, Peren, Tobolsk, Irutsk, and Iakozii, in Siberia, and as far as Kiachta, on the frontiers of China, as well as to the west of Europe, so that passengers and goods may be conveyed by land, via Warsaw and Moscow, to China. Mr. Muller, the head of the association, being in treaty with the Messagerie of Paris for that purpose. It is expected that commerce, and its companion, civilization, will be benefited by this arrangement.

*Dreadful Mortality*.—The New York Gazette of Saturday morning, says: "The Br. ship Sybella, Captain Thornhill, which arrived here yesterday from Antwerp, had on board, when she left Helvoet Sluys, one hundred and thirty-two passengers, of which there are only remaining twenty-eight, the others having died during the passage, from cholera, want of attention to cleanliness, &c. We understand some of them were in an ill state of health when on board the ship."

DEC. 11.—We mentioned yesterday the dreadful mortality which occurred on board the British ship Sybella, which has arrived at New York from Amsterdam. The New York Mercantile furnishes the following particulars: The ship left about the 10th September, with one hundred and thirty-two passengers, emigrants from Wirttemberg, Germany. Of this number only twenty-eight remained port alive, the residue having died on passage. The mortality was so great, as to require almost the whole time of the crew attending to them, which was the cause of prolonged passage of the ship. The whole of the crew have been in perfect health. The Captains state that the disease among the passengers is not at all resemble the cholera, most of the victims having died without more apparent pain or struggle than if going to sleep. The passengers were filthy and extremely indolent, it was the greatest difficulty they could be prevailed upon to make the least exertion in behalf of themselves. They appeared to be wholly unaffected by the frequent and numerous deaths of their companions and relatives. Even others would see their dead children there overboard without any expression of regret. Indeed, they all seemed wholly indifferent to their fate. The provisions and stores on board were ample, and the captain was provided with plenty of medicines; and most of the passengers had money to provide for a journey to the western part of the United States. (The S. belongs to this port.)