

only waved her hands, and made some unintelligible motions with her fingers.

The Judges then consulted for a moment, and the President arose to declare that they awarded the punishment of death to Solomon Levi, as one guilty of the wilful and deliberate murder of the Count Louis. Even as the sentence was pronounced, a noise was heard at the lower end of the Court House. Rachael shrieked, and then, with one bound, she was in the midst of the spectators, holding as it were, with a grasp of iron, the mountaineer, who made many efforts to flee, and to disengage himself from her grasp.

'Here!' she shrieked out, 'here is the assassin of the Count Louis—of my Louis! Ah, what has happened to me, wretched girl that I am? Methinks, I still see the dagger that this monster plunged into the heart of my beloved! I see the villain bear him towards the precipice! My Louis disappears, and, now, all his darkness—all his obscurity—all is horror! My Louis fought valiantly, but this wretch—this tiger—drank his blood—'

And as she uttered these words, the Jewess was seized with the convulsions of death. She fell in the midst of the crowded court. She lay stretched before the eyes of all, lovely, beautiful, but as destitute of all the powers of vitality as the full ear of corn that the sickle has just stricken down. When they raised her from the pavement, their hands were cumbered with a corpse.

On the first of January, in the year —, there was a large crowd collected around the principal gate of the city, for before it were erected two gibbets—one for the Jew, and the other for the mountaineer.

THE SPIRIT BAND.

Ye are with me! Ye are with me!
Even at the Morning's birth,
When her robes of light are loosened
O'er the fair and freshened earth;
Ye are with me—round about me,
Winged spirits of the skies,
Peopling air and space around me
Though unseen by other eyes.
As I gaze upon your features,
In each lineament I trace,
Though you are but passing shadows,
Likeness to some well known face.

First thou comest, longest parted,
Bound by every tie to earth:
Slowly, sadly, did we yield thee,
Knowing well thy angel worth.
When the summer flowers were stricken
By the autumn reaper's breath,
Knowing thee as ripe for harvest,
Came the noiseless reaper, Death!
By the border lakes, whose beauty
Cast around thy heart a spell,
Where thy footsteps oft have lingered,
There thy corpse is sleeping well!

Ye are with me! Ye are with me!
At the golden noontide hour,
And the spirit gleam around me,
Tells me of your hidden power.
There's another form beside me,
Slight and fairy-like its frame;
Life was short, no years it numbered,
Earth scarce stamped it with a name!
Yet I wept when thou didst leave us,
And my heart is beating wild,
As I gaze upon thy image,
And recall my brother's child!

Ye are with me! Ye are with me!
At the twilight hour of rest,
When the sunset rears its banners
O'er the portals of the west.
Hush thy moanings, gentle spirit!
Soft thy shadow falls on mine,
And an angel voice is whispering
'Lo! young mother, he is thine!'
Ay, thou'rt with them, loved and loving,
Naught could stay the tyrant's hand;
Onward! still his course is onward,
O'er our bright and cherish'd land.

What to me are Spring's low breathings?
What the melodies that ring
Through our green and ancient forests?
Thee, to me, not these can bring.
Thou art called the Awakener;
But sweet Spring, thy power hath fled:
I ask not thy birds or flowers,
Wake for me thy holy dead!
Ye are with me! Ye are with me!
When the mournful midnight waves
Woo the moon's unsteady gleamings,
As they light the new-made graves!

What! thou too, art gazing on me,
With thy dark and eager eyes;
Last to leave us—loved most fondly—
Thee I view with sad surprise.
When the low-voiced breeze is singing
In its strange yet sweet unrest,
And the perfum'd urns are flinging
Odors on its peaceful breast,
Then these phantom forms flit by me,
Breathing of a 'better land';
Yet I feel most lone, when round
Float the silent SPIRIT BAND.

Mrs. NICHOLS.

NEW WORKS.

RUSSIA under Nicholas the First. Translated from the German. By Captain Anthony C. Sterling, 73rd Regt.

First of the Emperor, whose single will rules the mighty empire whose head is in the clouds, and whose feet are buried in the sands of the desert:

When the Emperor Nicholas came to the throne, he brought with him a strong will, and a mind full of activity. As far as possible he has maintained himself the Autocrat of this enormous empire. Driven by the necessity of seeing things with his own eyes, he spends a great portion of his time on the wing; in rapid journeys through the provinces. This mobility seems to be characteristic, not indeed of Nicholas alone, but of the nature of his government, which places it in prominent opposition to the calmness with which the heads of constitutional monarchies repose in their seats of government. In these latter countries, the will and the might of a national mind is developed in a thousand forms of usefulness and beauty, itself giving the rules and the true direction for the march of the commonwealth; but in the Russian empire, where the wants and wishes of a whole people are shut up in the breast of one man, he must himself be present to rouse this moral corpse into a convulsive movement, which his fancy may mistake for vitality. In truth, this personal inspection of an empire is but a paltry substitute for a watchful control of an unbacked press, for the all-pervading presence of an enlightened public opinion: wherefore, in his last journeys, the emperor has frequently shown displeasure at the conduct of his officers, and found occasion to reprehend and punish them.

There must be some strong traits of individuality in the man who, in the face of all the wrongs of which he is either the direct author, or the final sanctioner, has the boldness to outface the injured multitude, and call himself their benefactor. On an obelisk at Warsaw there is an inscription in these words:—'Alexander the First, Conqueror and Benefactor of the Poles!' An outrageous impudence, as shameful as this, distinguishes the character of Nicholas. He makes constant open journeys through all parts of his empire, and so complete is the prostration of the people that no attempt has been made upon his life. Providence, indeed, seems to have taken his case into its own hands, for, while he has been safe from ball and dagger, never was a monarch so frequently exposed to dangers of another kind:—

Many people thought that these rapid journeys were intended not more to surprise others than to avoid being surprised himself. At least in 1837, rumours were rife in Paris and London of a regicide conspiracy, and that Polish emigrants were endeavouring to smuggle themselves into Russia and Poland, for the purpose of executing such a scheme. Indeed, at the time of the camp at Kalisch, similar groundless reports were current; in spite of which, Nicolas showed himself more openly to the people of Warsaw, whose blood he had spilt so freely, than Louis Philippe dared to do in Paris, where the revolution had called him to the throne. If, however, history has not to record any attempts on the Emperor's life, either by the dagger or pistol of a fanatic, still, during his whirlwind expeditions, he often was exposed to other dangers. The overturn of his carriage near Techembar, on the night of the 6th September, 1836, when his collar-bone was broken, obliged him to shorten his journey through the home provinces, in order to return to Petersburg. A similar accident threatened him and the Empress on the 23d May, 1839, near the capital, but it was averted by the self-devotion of two of his guard. Fate seemed to persecute him with unrelenting virulence in every venture, whether on the stormy Baltic, when he and his family were obliged to land at Revel, in October, 1838, in the fire on the railroad to Czarkoe-selo, or the burning of his great steamer the 'Nicolas the First,' by which most important papers were destroyed. But the abyss which yawns near every earthly dignity, was never more ominously disclosed than by the flames which consumed the Winter Palace, the habitation of four thousand persons. It burned for thirty hours, and left nothing but a heap of ashes on the site of the most splendid pile which has been raised in Europe since the Palaces of Imperial Rome.

The following is a succinct account of the revenue of the empire:—

If we now turn to the latest accounts of the finances, the military and marine force, and the general national means immediately at the command of the government, we shall find all these in rapid progress. The revenue in 1837 was estimated at four hundred millions of paper roubles (about £17,500,000), but even this was small in comparison with the incomes of the Western States of Europe. It is significant enough for the Russian finance, that the Royal Distillery, which yields one hundred and sixteen millions of roubles (about £5,000,000) is the largest item, and

this was increased by twenty-five millions a year (upwards of £1,000,000), when the Distillery was leased for four years in 1838. In that year a new tobacco duty was decided on. The small national debt, which in 1786 was only about six millions of silver (about £1,000,000) rubles, had amounted up to nearly nine hundred and forty-one million of assignats (about £41,000,000) in January, 1838: but in the same year was reduced by sixty-nine millions (about £3,000,000.) Besides the expense for dividends and sinking fund one hundred and thirty millions (about £5,650,000), the greatest demands on the revenue are for the army and fleet, which are estimated respectively at two hundred and forty millions (about £8,700,000, and £1,740,000.)

Great progress, it appears, has been made in the army and navy: discipline and subordination are enforced by a strict system of punishment; and no pains are spared to make the whole material strength of the empire available at the shortest notice for any purpose for which it may be required. Of the mode adopted for inspiring military ardour we have very curious accounts:—

The whole mass of the military population has been estimated in the last official tables at more than one million three hundred thousand men. The system of terror, maintained by severe corporal punishment, is not the only moving power of this enormous machine, it has also been attempted to awaken the proud feeling of soldiery, to breathe a soul into the giant body; so that the instinct of obedience may ripen into an enthusiastic principle of action. The military spectacles and the festivals connected with them, which Russia conducts at an extravagant outlay and on the grandest scale, serve for this purpose, as well as to impress Europe by the aspect of such an overwhelming power. These military displays began in 1835 at Kalisch, where a body of Prussian troops figured along with the Russian masses. It is credible, as has been affirmed by eye-witnesses, that this apparent cordiality only made the difference more sensible which existed between the intelligence and feelings of the two nations, and that the sympathies of the rulers did not extend to their troops. In the same year the Emperor mustered at Orel more than two hundred and seventy-two squadrons of cavalry, and sixteen batteries of horse artillery. In 1837 he collected near Wosnesensk (where most of the cavalry of the line is quartered), a mass of forty thousand horsemen, in three hundred and fifty squadrons, with one hundred and sixty-four pieces of horse-artillery. Among these there were twenty-four squadrons and three batteries, composed of boys from twelve to seventeen years old, from the military colonies. To these youths were united twenty-eight battalions of veterans, of twenty or more years' service. Two thousand musicians and five thousand singers from the colonies executed choruses. Many states of Europe were represented in the camp, but neither the French nor the English ambassador appeared. A more curious sight was the great military and religious festival, in memory of the battle of Borodino, at the end of August and the beginning of September, 1839. An army of one hundred and twenty thousand men was brought into position at the three principal reviews. On the 7th September, the roar of seven hundred and ninety-two guns announced the consecration of the monument which was erected on the field of battle. But even this game of war was not without victims, for one hundred and forty men were killed or wounded during the manoeuvre. Besides these extraordinary concentrations, every May a review of from forty to sixty thousand guards takes place in the Champ de Mars, at Petersburg. Such is the scale of Russian field-days! But it can scarcely be persisted in without awakening a passion for war, which will, sooner or later, seek to gratify itself.

One passage more on the morals and education of the people:—

The last reports of the Ministers of Justice and of Public Instruction, give valuable details on the moral and spiritual development of the empire. The report of the first for the year 1834, shews that, in proportion to population, there is a far smaller number of condemnations in Russia than in France. However, it is well known that the criminal returns in Russia are not very accurately kept, besides, most of the crimes of the great body of serfs are not publicly punished, while the thinly-peopled expanses of the empire facilitate concealment. The belief in the superiority of Russian morals over those of Western Europe will be still more shaken when we reflect that, according to a rough estimate, the four governments of Siberia contain about one hundred thousand convicts, many of whom, however, are for political offences, and the Governor of Siberia, Count Stepanow, declares that, during the ten years from 1825 to 1835, not less than one hundred and twenty thousand individuals have been banished thither. In the year 1836, convict colonies for agricultural purposes were established in Siberia, to the amount of six thousand persons. An edict, characteristic of Russian justice, was published in 1837

by which prisoners, who were acquitted for want of proof, were returned to their communes in charge of the police; but the communes might refuse to receive more than one third of the number; in which case the others were sent to Siberia. The rack is still in use as a means of examination, if we are to believe the statements of the newspapers. The communications in the official reports of the Minister of Public Instruction and Improvement deserve peculiar attention, especially since 1832, when Uwaroff was placed at its head, and introduced greater activity into its operations. In Western Europe, education had been developed and fostered by a clergy who sprang from and belonged to the nation; and, in consequence, the system of popular schools became universally diffused. But in Russia it is entirely an affair of government, and only calculated to meet the wants of the public service, so that it is not surprising that the higher branches of education should have been encouraged, to the neglect of the lower. At the beginning, indeed, of this century, there was only one university and two scientific institutions in the country, viz. at Moscow, Wilna, and Dorpat; but since that date five more universities have been founded, as well as some academies, and a good many lyceums, schools for the nobility, and gymnasiums. In 1836, a new statute was enacted for the Academy of Sciences at Petersburg. At Kasan an institute for the Oriental languages has been erected: its object is comprehensive, and of the highest political importance. As the minister expresses it—'This Institute will sometime or other unite the inhabitants of two quarters of the globe.' In some of the other universities, and even in some of the gymnasiums, the same object has been aimed at, by founding lectureships on the Asiatic languages. But the instruction of the mass of the people is in a miserable state.

From a New Work, by Thomas Carlile.

THE SADDEST SIGHT UNDER THE SUN.

A man willing to work, and unable to find work, is perhaps the saddest sight that fortune's inequalities exhibit under the sun. Burns expresses feelingly what thoughts it gave him—a poor man seeking work—seeking leave to toil, that he might be fed and sheltered; that he might be put on a footing with the four footed workers of the planet which is his! There is not a horse willing to work but can get food and shelter in requital, a thing this two footed worker has to seek for to solicit occasionally in vain; he is nobody's twofooted worker; he is not even anybody's slave. And yet he is a two footed worker; it is currently reported there is an immortal in him, sent down out of heaven into the earth, and one beholds him seeking for this—

From a Bordeaux Print.

THE BORDEAUX BEAUTIES.

Nowhere can more wittier, more elegant, and handsomer women be found than at Bordeaux. Bordeaux is really the hothouse of France; women bloom here in all seasons; they have the gracefulness of French, the flexibility, vivacity, and velvet looks of Spanish; and the fine, transparent complexion of English women. Last year a book, entitled 'Les Belles Femmes de Paris' was published. Poo! the beautiful women of Paris! It is to Bordeaux you must come to see beautiful women. If, in the late Carnival, you had seen our delicate beauties at work; if you had been able to measure with your eye all the slices of pie, all the sandwiches, cups of chocolate, soups, sorbets, orgeat, punch, and cakes of all sorts which they swallowed up, you would have been as astonished as myself at the size of their charming stomachs.

Lady Morgan, in the Book without a Name.

NURSERY LITERATURE.

The literature of the nursery is founded in the elements of human action; every little tale has its moral, every story its object. The personal vanity of 'Goody Two Shoes', the false calculations of 'The House that Jack Built', the vainglory of that little great Captain, 'Tom Thum', the wisdom of Ponceit, with his seven leagued boot and his seven dull brothers (a perfect image of reason working against prejudice, and of wit lordling it over folly,) all are dramas of those passions which after life only develops. But, above all, and more delightful than all, where all is delightful, stands forth the immortal 'Puss in Boots', the Fagiro of the nursery, plebeian but intelligent puss, from whose adroit, clever, and plausible devices Beaumarchais may have borrowed the idea of his 'Barbier.' In this point of view, 'Puss in Boots' may be considered as the type of energetic democracy and founder of the 'movement,' a principle better understood in the nursery than in the study; a practical doctrine that must 'come home to the hearts and bosoms of all, infant readers, who instinctively feel that to 'keep moving' is the imperative law of nature, to be still its penalty.