

MANHEIM.

SANDT, the murderer of Von Kotzebue, who underwent an execution at Manheim, worthy of the most barbarous age—like La Sahla and Stapps, the self-contemplated assassins of Bonaparte—affords a lamentable proof of the evil effects of the perverted education and false patriotism of the German Illuminati. Happily, the chairs of the Universities, since that era of confusion, are more worthily occupied. The professorships have been almost generally transferred to Jewish Rabbins of the highest classical attainments, to whose moral fortitude and moderation it must be left to obliterate a disgrace, which their predecessors rendered nearly indelible. A modern writer—I think one of the Schlegels—has asserted that Augustus Von Kotzebue was the descendant of a noble English family—which joined the Standard of Prince Maurice, during the Spanish Wars—of the name of Catesby.

A feeble thread of light shot down—a pale imprisoned beam,
That faltered into darkness, like an ocean merging stream,
The weary grates that crossed its way, and caught its earliest kiss,
Seemed to mourn its fleeting life-time in the dungeon's dank abyss.
The walls gave back no answering smile—the cold and clammy floor,
With its tenantry of prowling rats, rejoiced in gloom the more.

Yet there was one sad form that caught the dim bewildered rays,
Like a lonely turbaned pillar in a Moslem burial place,
A prisoner—at doomed morn, whose moments ne'er relax,
Condemned to yield his life beneath the ignominious axe.
He stands within their halo, with a swimming wistful eye,
And buildeth up a hopeless dream of blessed liberty.

The tonsored monk that at his feet, with trembling ardour prays,
Charms not away from that strayed beam the captive's yearning gaze,
Like a fevered child, whom even love's soft sympathy annoys,
He chideth back the holy man with fierce and husky voice.
"Hush, dreamer! *He* hath sought me here in crime's accursed abode.
He hath pierced the triple-walled gloom—Behold the eye of God!

"*He* hath sought me—*He* hath found me with the blood upon my hands,
The slayer of his brother 'neath *His* accusation stands!
Thy craftiest lore cannot avert that Sinai-thundered glare,
Nor still the soul-re-echoing voice—"Where is thy brother—where?"
Hush, dreamer! Leave the guilty heart to wrestle with its load,
A mightier far than thou is here—Behold the eye of God!

"He bringeth back the blessed years of childhood's sinless way,
When the world's glad garden to mine eyes in summer's radiance lay,
And a fountain of sweet waters, welling upwards from the heart
Made the hopes of life's young innocence, like starry flowers start.
Hush, dreamer! Let me weep—the rock is smitten, and the rod
Hath made the hidden treasure flow—Behold the eye of God!

"My father's honored age—alas! is bowed unto the dust,
My mother's loving pride is quelled, and broke her heart of trust,
The holiest bonds of earth for me are burst and sundered all,
And for the hoary head I smote, mine own is doomed to fall!
Hush, dreamer! There's no refuge in thy dark and subtle code,
From *that* which searcheth every where—Behold the eye of God!

"When the bourne is gained—the abhorred axe must lead me to at morn,
Amidst upheaving curses and a reainless shout of scorn;
When the gates of life shall close upon my errors and my crimes,
Let my motives stand recorded till the birth of other times.
Hush, dreamer! Preach to-morrow to the valley's senseless clod,
The rest hath its interpreter!—Behold the eye of God!"