

his mission, he parted from the divine, and presented himself at the house of Kotzebue. He was let in by a servant, who conducted him to an apartment, saying, that his master would shortly make his appearance. Kotzebue had, however, scarcely entered the room than Sand fell upon him, and stabbed him repeatedly. He then quietly left the house, and knelt in the street, where a considerable crowd had already collected, saying with calm energy:—"It is I who am the murderer; may all traitors thus perish!" Then raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, "I thank thee, oh God, for thy assistance in this work!"

Having uttered these words, he bared his breast, and with the same weapon which he had used to assassinate Kotzebue, gave himself a ghastly wound. A paper containing these words, was found in his hand: "Sentence of death against Augustus Kotzebue, executed on the 23d March, 1819." On a ribbon concealed in his bosom, there appeared words to the purport, that Kotzebue had been condemned to death two years before. The victim fell, but the murderer survived. His trial lasted more than a twelvemonth, when at length sentence of death was passed upon him, and Sand was executed on the 19th of May, 1820, at six o'clock in the morning, and before his friends could arrive at Manheim. The execution was to have taken place at eight o'clock, so that as he was led down the streets a mournful silence prevailed. Sand was calm, his mind seemed composed and resigned to his fate, and he held a rose in his hand, which he frequently put to his nose, seemingly enjoying its fragrance. At the very moment that the executioner was holding up the severed head of the unfortunate young man, his friends arrived from Heidelberg. In a moment the scaffold was covered with them, they tore off his clothes, cut his hair, dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, and showed every possible demonstration of veneration and sorrow for the death of the martyr. To this day these relics

are preserved, and the name of Sand is venerated throughout Germany.

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CLEOPATRA.—Opposed to the most able and powerful men that ever lived, she finally conquered the world's conquerors, by the brilliant qualities of her mind and the seductive influence of her charms. She successively subdued Julius, enslaved Antony, and outwitted Augustus. When proclaimed the partner of the Emperor of Rome, and when her statue was placed in the temple of its gods, she only used her power over the hearts of "the world's great masters" to save Egypt and to increase its dominions. From a fugitive princess, wronged, friendless, dethroned, and hunted to death by unnatural kindred, she made herself an independent sovereign queen, and raised the decaying capital of her kingdom to be the intellectual metropolis of the universe; a shrine to which the wise men of all nations brought their tributes. * * * * *

Never was Egypt so rich in wealth, power, and civilisation, as under the reign of this last of its queens, who made knowledge the basis of national supremacy; who reconstructed that precious library which man in his madness had destroyed; and who when the treasures of the Roman empire were made disposable at her will, (by the prodigality of the enamoured Antony,) replied to his offers, "The treasures I want are two hundred thousand volumes from Pergamus, for my library of Alexandria."—*Lady Morgan's Woman and her Master.*



SIR John Salter, who died in 1607, and was a generous benefactor to the worshipful company of Salters, ordered in his last will and testament, the bea-dles and servants of the company to go to the church of St. Magnus, the first week of every October, and knock upon his gravestone, with sticks and staves, three times each person, and say 'how do you do, brother Salter? I hope you are well.'