

THE CRY OF RUSSIA.

(Let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before thee.)

WHERE all the Russias sweep northward and eastward,
League on and league on, the black land, the white,
We in our misery, sorrowful prisoners,
Send up our voice through the deep winter night.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

From the foul mine, from the gray, squalid prison,
Where the chained wand'ers toil onward to die,
Over the whip-crack and over the death-shot,
Rises to heaven our desolate cry.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

We that were men, once the stately, the stalwart,
Chief's blood and king's blood aflame in our breast,
Broken now, shattered now, sinking and dying,
Still, while the life holds, our cry shall not rest.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

We that were women, once delicate, beautiful,
Nursed amid roses, on lily leaves laid,
Naked now, bleeding now, scourged and tormented,
Cry with a strong voice, and are not afraid.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

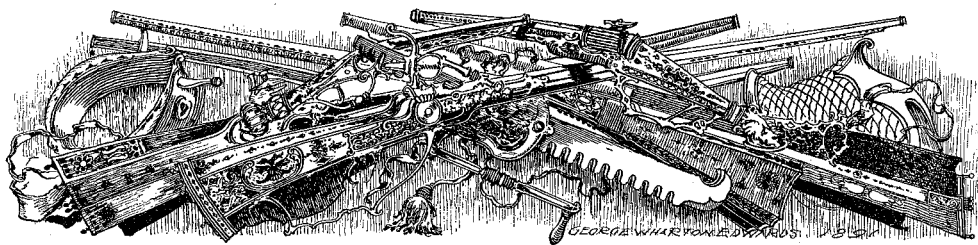
Still for a moment, ye saintly ones glorified —
Still your clear voices that sing round the throne!
Once, only once, on the silence of blessedness
Let our keen anguish fall, sobbing alone.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

Nay, but the earth hears. From southward, from westward,
Where men breathe freedom, nor faint with the bliss,
Over the freemen's sea, sweeping resistlessly,
Comes a deep murmur our ears cannot miss.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

Murmur of pity, of anger, of sorrow,
Murmur of comfort, of brotherly cheer;
Saying they weep for us, they, the glad-hearted,
Saying they work for us, free, without fear.
Dost thou hear, Lord God?

Courage, O brothers! O sisters of steadfastness,
Look up once more through the anguish, the pain!
Where love is there is God, mighty, all-merciful.
Now are our tears and our blood not in vain.
Thou *dost* hear, Lord God!

Laura E. Richards.



AT THE COURT OF THE CZAR.

MINISTER DALLAS IN ST. PETERSBURG.—II.¹

THE EASTER FESTIVAL.

Friday, 20th April, 1838.—A stranger, who has not witnessed, can scarcely imagine the ardor with which the lower class of this city give themselves during the present week, immediately following the long *carême*, to the most childish sports. They are encouraged, too, by all sorts of military and police arrangements. During the last three days of the week, and particularly in the afternoon, immense crowds collect at the common rendezvous in the square fronting the Admiralty, where have been erected temporary playhouses, circus, juggler's booths, menageries, whirligigs of all kinds, flying horses, swings, &c., &c. During this afternoon, I should suppose there assembled no fewer than fifty or sixty thousand people, and the whole machinery of amusement was in full exercise. The throng of carriages, whose circuits are carefully directed and supervised by mounted dragoons and whose multitudes and equipments are equally countless and showy, all in regular and unceasing motion, give to the *coup d'œil* the effect of a most magnificent panorama. The pervading silence forms, however, a forcible and eloquent contrast to the noise and bustle which would accompany such a scene in the United States. Scarcely anything is heard but the sound of the driving carriages, the bands of music within the theaters, or an occasional wild and monotonous song from the women who are swinging with great velocity. Real and loud hilarity is not discernible; nor, indeed, is it possible to find in any of this dense mass the slightest disposition to quarrel or to controversy; the great occupation of those who meet seeming to be, notwithstanding beards, moustaches, whiskers and dirt, to exchange kisses on each side of the mouth.

Sunday, 22d April, 1838.—The exhibition

¹ This paper concludes the extracts from the late Vice-President Dallas's journal. For the first instalment see THE CENTURY for May.—EDITOR.

before the Admiralty has been eminently showy and amusing to-day, the last of the carnival. I went with Philip on foot, while the ladies crowded the carriage. The multitude exceeded any assemblage I ever before saw; men, women, and children, all dressed with cleanliness and finery, and carriages without number, most of which were splendid equipages with four horses and gaudy liveries. Without the slightest tincture of exaggeration, I should say that there were collected not less than two hundred thousand human beings. The usual perfect order prevailed. The carriages, which moved in several regular lines in front of the space appropriated to diversions, were divided into as many concentric circles, and proceeded in a walk; had they formed in one straight line they must have extended seven or eight miles. At about half-past five, while I stood on the terrace of the Admiralty admiring the spectacle, I noticed the composed and slow progress of a high military officer on horseback, in what might be termed the center aisle between the rows of carriages; he was distinguished by a broad blue ribbon, and was soon joined by another whom I recognized as the Prince of Oldenburg. There was obviously now some ceremony preparing, and I waited for it. In a short time the Emperor, in a brilliant uniform of scarlet and white, mounted on a fine bay charger, appeared at one extremity of the aisle, accompanied by the Grand Duke Michael in a hussar uniform and the Czarovitz in scarlet and white, with a throng of about a hundred aides-de-camp in the same glowing dress; the cavalcade passed up to the right extremity at which the Emperor formed it in a line. The Empress then, with her daughters, in an open barouche drawn by six grays, with three postillions clothed like jockeys in white satin jackets with light-blue satin sleeves and white breeches, and with silk cap and tassel, drove into the aisle and passed in front of His Majesty by whom she was formally saluted; several carriages followed her with her maids of honor