

Woe.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

A DIRGE.

Weep not for her!—Oh she was far too fair,
Too pure to dwell on this guilt-tainted earth!
The sinless glory, and the golden air
Of Zion, seem'd to claim her from her birth:
A Spirit wander'd from its native zone,
Which, soon discovering, took her for its own:

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—Her span was like the sky
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright;

Like flowers, that know not what it is to die;
Like long-link'd, shadeless months of Polar light;

Like Music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While Echo answers from the flowery brake:

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—She died in early youth,
Ere Hope had lost its rich romantic hues;

When human bosoms seem'd the homes of truth,
And earth still gleam'd with beauty's radiant dews.

Her summer-prime waned not to days that freeze;
Her wine of life was run not to the lees:

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—By fleet or slow decay,
It never grieved her brother's core to mark
The playmates of her childhood wane away;
Her prospects wither'd; or her hopes grow dark;

Translating her God, with spirit shriven,
She pass'd as 'twere in smiles from earth to Heaven:

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—It was not hers to feel
The miseries that corrode amassing years,
To wander sad down Age's vale of tears,
As whirl the wither'd leaves from Friendship's tree;

And on earth's wintry wild alone to be:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—She is an angel now,
And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise;
All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,
She, sorrow, suffering, banish'd from her eyes:

Victorious over death, to her appear
The vernal joys of Heaven's eternal year:

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,

Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night:

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her!—There is no cause for woe;
But rather nerve the spirit, that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below,
And from earth's low defilements keep thee back:

So, when a few fleet severing years have flown,
She'll meet thee at Heaven's gate—and lead thee on!

Weep not for her!

Variety.

Mixing together profit and delight.

From Sketches of Portuguese Life.

"A nun of Sta. Clara, whose conduct made every one regard her as a saint, (for, instead of one confessor from the adjoining monastery, she had three or four) died to all appearance, or rather it was given out she had died. She was laid out, as is the custom, in the middle of the church; and the people were more than ever convinced of her sanctity, as her body showed no symptoms of seeing corruption. No marks of decomposition manifested themselves; and thousands, of course, crowded from all parts of the country to witness the miracle. Hundreds of cripples and invalids came to touch her garments, and fancied themselves cured; while others, paid by the priests, pretended to be stone blind, and to recover their sight on merely touching her habit. In short, the concourse of pilgrims was so great, that the infantry in garrison at Evora were obliged to furnish a guard to the church door to preserve order. But for this precaution, it is probable that the new saint would soon have been stripped of her clothes, owing to the anxiety of some to get a scrap of something belonging to her, by way of a relic to guard against witchcraft, agues, fever, &c.—On the night of the third day, the sexton, on hearing some whispering in the church, the door of which was locked and bolted, had the curiosity to look through the keyhole, and to his utter surprise saw the saint sitting up supported by a friar, whilst two or three others were bringing and administering to her both eatables and drink. On recovering from the surprise occasioned by the unusual spectacle of a dead saint crouching with all the avidity

of a living one, the soldier whispered the discovery to his ensign, who also convinced himself by ocular demonstration of that which he otherwise would have disbelieved. These two men moreover heard her exclaim in a doleful whisper, 'Do, for pity's sake, terminate this farce, or I shall die of fatigue, for I feel I can no longer stand it.' The fact of the matter was, that the unhappy nun had been confessing too much to the purpose with these holy miscreants, who, in order to avoid the inconvenience and danger which were attendant on their rendezvous with her when in different establishments, had agreed to make a dead saint of her and bury her, to all appearances, in their vaults; whereas, in reality, she would have lived in some remote corner or hidden part of their monastery to satiate their lust. By this arrangement two great objects would be gained; the gratification (without restraint) of their appetites, and the great honour which would accrue to both the monastery and convent by the production of a saint. The scheme was well laid; and, thanks to the stupid ignorance and superstition of the rabble, had so far been attended with success. But a young officer was an unsafe person to get into the secret; and the natural propensity of soldiers to disbelieve miracles, led those who were on guard to talk loudly of what they had seen. The publication of the story was near being fatal to the young officer; and a less determined character would have been tempted to repent of interfering in the fabrication of a saint: for he was immediately placed in confinement for daring to calumniate such godly persons. The sentry was so terrified with menaces of Autos da fe, saabinos covered with devils and flames, slow fires of brimstone preceded by racks, tortures, boiling pitch and lead, and all the material in the inquisitorial arsenal, that he absolutely recanted, and moreover swore that the devil, having taken umbrage at the great piety of holy men, had tempted him to tell such blasphemous falsehoods. Their attempt to carry the same point with the young ensign was not so successful. He agreed to appear in public, and seemed ready to subscribe to all their wishes; but how great was their astonishment and dismay, when, instead of an apology, he insisted with vehemence on exposing to the public how much they had been gulled. Instead of tearing to pieces this obstinate blasphemer, the public pitied what they considered his hallucination; besides, people in Portugal are apt to look twice before they commit violence on the younger son of a fidalgos; so that it only remained with the friars to repent heartily of their want of policy, in not having wrested from him by violence in private the recantation which it was so necessary that he should make for their justification. But it was too late; and one of the monks, perceiving an appearance of momentary indecision upon the countenances of spectators, and feeling that it was a desperate concern, was observed to slink away towards the door, and disappear. This created a universal murmur, upon which the intrepid youth, whom neither the menaced artillery of the Holy Office, nor the teeth and nails of a congregation of fanatics, had been able to intimidate, roared out more lustily than ever for a red-hot brickbat, which being brought, he applied it to the poor girl's feet, and resuscitated her,—thus unmasking the whole villany of the plot."

Neglected administration of justice.—"A gallego was observed at early dawn to place a box upon one of the quays (Caes da Foz) with the evident intention of precipitating it into the water; but, on perceiving that he was seen by some soldiers, who had risen early as well as himself, he abandoned his charge, and ran away. The soldiers, imagining the box to contain contraband goods, eagerly opened it, and found, instead of what they expected, a very pretty girl of about seventeen years of age, with a rope round her neck, with which she had evidently been strangled. Her legs were sawed off at the hips, and half-sawn through the knees, for the greater facility of packing; and she was entirely naked, but wrapped up in a clean sheet. I saw her remains myself, and could not help admiring the beauty of her features, even changed as they were by the cruel manner of her death; and I well remember, that her jet-black hair curled naturally all over her head. A sham search was instituted after her diabolical murderers; but which, like every thing else of the kind, came to nothing. But it was every where confidently asserted that the authors of the crime were well known—their names even were whispered—and that a bag of fifty moidores had been quite sufficient to choke up the fountain of justice. Many soldiers have assured me, that the du-

ty upon which they went with most reluctance was that of assisting the civil power. It happened almost invariably that they succeeded in securing the objects of their search: who, being soon bought off by their associates, became the most inveterate enemies of their captors, and sought every means of satiating their revenge upon them. A villain of this description infested for a long time the road between Elvas and Badajos, committing every kind of atrocity, and retiring for repose to the ruins of a dismantled windmill. The last crime which he committed was the murder of a poor widow of a farmer, whose gray mare this hero coveted, in order to carry on his profession on a more extensive scale. Some relation of the woman complained to the corregidor, and pointed out the hiding-place of the ruffian. The colonel of a regiment of cavalry in garrison at Elvas was requested to furnish a detachment for the purpose of securing him, which was executed in a manner highly creditable to the sergeant commanding the little party. The ruffian was seized whilst sleeping in the ruin; his head resting on a pig-skin full of wine, his carbine by his side, as well as his good knife, and a bag of dollars; and the gray mare was tied up in a corner of the same enclosure. The party bound his hands behind him, and drove him before them to the garrison, notwithstanding his tempting offers to induce them to permit his escape; and with the scrupulous exactness which so strongly characterizes the Portuguese soldier, they deposited every farthing of the money thus found into the hands of the authorities. The fellow was, however, soon after liberated; and the dragoon who related this fact to me, having belonged to the party, was in daily apprehension of reaping the reward of his zeal and integrity from the revenge of the ruffian."

THE COLLECTOR—A MANIAC.

A TRUE STORY.

There are perhaps no scenes which excite more commiseration or more sympathy than madness. We inquire with peculiar interest into the causes which have deprived our fellow men of reason, that prerogative of humanity, that characteristic of his pre-eminence over the rest of the animal creation, that which assimilates him in some degree, to the first cause of his existence.

During my travels to the north of Europe, I visited frequently those receptacles of derangement which man has erected for his less fortunate brethren. Actuated by curiosity, I entered one day the Hospital of Berlin, where I beheld an object, the impression of which, on my mind, six years have not been able to obliterate; often does this scene recur to my imagination, and I dwell on it when I would be sad.

It was a man whose exterior was very striking: his figure, tall and commanding, was inclined partly age, but still more by sorrow: the few scattered hairs which remained on his temples, rivalled in whiteness the driven snow; and in the lines of his strongly marked countenance, the deepest melancholy was visibly depicted. He immediately arrested my attention and I inquired with eager curiosity who he was, and what brought him there? Startled at the sound of my voice, the object which had excited my interest seemed to awake as from a reverie; he looked around him without much seeming speculation, and then began with slow and measurable steps to stride the hall, where the most peaceable inmates of his gloomy mansion were permitted to take the air, repeated in a low but audible voice, "once one is two; once one is two." Now and then he would stop and remain with his arms contemplatively folded on his breast for some minutes, then again resuming his walk, he continued to repeat, "once one is two; once one is two."

His story, as I received it from the superior of the hospital, is as follows:—"Colonel Lange, collector of the revenue of the city of Berlin, had long been known as a man whose nothing could divert from the paths of honesty; scrupulously exact in all his dealings, and assiduous in the discharge of his official duties, he had acquired the good will and esteem of all who knew him, and the confidence of the Minister of finance, whose duty it is to inspect the accounts of all officers connected with the revenue. On casting up his accounts at the close of a particular year, he found a deficit of 10,000 ducats. Alarmed at this discovery, he went to the Minister, presented his accounts, and informed him that he had been robbed by some person bent on his ruin. The Minister received his accounts, but thinking it his duty to secure a person who might probably be a defaulter, he

caused him to be arrested, and put his accounts into the hands of one of his secretaries for inspection, who returned them the day after, with the information that the deficiency arose from a miscalculation; that in multiplying Mr. Lange had said *once one is two*, instead of *once one is one*. The poor man was immediately released from his confinement, his accounts returned, and the mistake pointed out. During his imprisonment, which lasted but two days, he had neither eaten, drank, nor taken any repose—when he appeared, his countenance was pale as death. On receiving his accounts, he was a long time silent, then suddenly awaking as if from a trance, he repeated "once one is two."

He appeared to be entirely insensible of his situation; would neither eat nor drink, unless solicited, and took notice of nothing that passed around him. Whilst repeating his accustomed phrase, if any one corrected him, by saying, "once one is one," he was recalled for a moment, and said, "ah right! once one is one;" then again resuming his walk, he continued to repeat, "once one is two." He died shortly after my leaving Berlin. N. Y. Chron.

The Importance of a Misplaced Comma.—Amazing as it may seem, it is certainly a fact, that the unfortunate King Edward the Second lost his life by means of a misplaced comma; for his cruel Queen, with whom he was at variance, sent to the keeper of the prison where he was confined the following lines:

"To shed King Edward's blood
Refuse to fear, I count it good."

Had the comma been placed after the word "refuse," thus:

"To shed King Edward's blood
Refuse,"

the sense would have implied that the keeper was commanded not to hurt the King; and the remainder of the line,

"To fear I count good,"

would have signified that it was counted good not to spill his blood; but the comma being wickedly placed after the word "fear," thus:

"To shed King Edward's blood
Refuse to fear,"

the murder seemed commanded, together with a kind of indemnification to the keeper; nay, after this mode of pointing, the remainder of the lines seem to deems the action meritorious;

"I count it good."

According to the punctuation the keeper took the lines in the worst sense, and the king lost his life upon the occasion. A bishop of Assello ordered this inscription to be put over his gate;

"Porta, patens esto, nulli claudaris honesto."

Which is;

"Gate, be thou open, and not shut to any honest man."

But the painter unluckily placing the comma after the word *nulli*, instead of *esto*, the sense stood thus;

"Gate, be thou open to nobody, but be shut to an honest man."

Which occasioned the bishop to lose his bishopric. Salem-Gaz.

GAMING.—What pleasure can it be, out of a dead box to tumble out bones as dead; to see a square run round; or our estate put into a lottery, to try whether we shall hold it any longer or no? Surely, it must be covetousness, and the inordinate desire of gain, which once prevailing over us, we become possessed with it, and are carried as well to the grave and sepulchres of the dead, as the cities of the living, by the guidance of this evil spirit. I cannot conceive how it can consist with a noble mind, to play either much or deeply. It keeps a man from better employment, and sinks him into less than he is. If he wins, he knows not whether his adversary can spare what he has won from him. If he cannot, a generous mind would seem to take from another what he wants himself, and hates to make another suffer merely for his sake. If he can spare it, he will yet disdain to be supplied by the bounty of him who is his equal or superior. If he himself loses, and cannot afford to do so, it shows him to be unwise to put himself in that situation, for mere will and humor; and not honest, for he injures all about him. He who plays for more than he can afford, stakes his heart and patrimony, his peace, his independence, the wife of his bosom, and his children; even the earth he holds floats from him, in this oblique tide. Be he rich or poor, he cannot play his own. He holds not wealth, to waste it thus in wantonness. Besides, a man's relations, the commonwealth and poor, have some share due to them; and he cannot but acknowledge he might have employed it better. It gains him neither honor nor thanks, but under the other's cloak, perhaps is laughed at. And he who has observed what heats, what fears, what passions and disorders, what madness and

venations, a cross-hand plunges some men into, will never hazard his own peace of mind, with bidding by playing for such phrenzies, such bedlamities and distortions of the whole frame of man, sometimes never leaving him, till they drive him to despair, and to a halter. What is it provokes to anger, like it? And anger ushers in black oaths, prodigious curses, senseless imprecations, horrid rage, and blacker blasphemy; with quarrels, injuries, reproaches, wounds, and death; and, which is not the meanest of the ills attending gaming, he that is addicted to play and loves it, is so lined by custom to it, that if he would stir his wings to fly away, he cannot. Plato, therefore, was in the right when he sharply reproved the boy he found at play; when the boy told him he wondered how he could be so angry for so small a matter, Plato replied, that custom was no small matter. Felltham.

Portrait of an Idler.—An idle man, says Lord Bacon, is the most mischievous being in creation. Not having any business to engage his time or attention, he becomes a trifle, a blackguard, and a sponge; sometimes he moves as a beggar or a vagabond: He loenges in places where he is not wanted, and often volunteers opinions which are treated with contempt: He salutes the ignorant clown and the accomplished gentleman in the same coarse and boisterous manner; and drinks the wine of the clergy with as much gusto, and brutal indifference, as he would swallow a glass of brandy and water at the expense of a kindred spirit in a *sod room*.—Finally, he is a curse to himself, a disgrace to his relatives, and an eye-sore to every decent and generous citizen.

"Then go to work, ye lazy cur,
And earn a decent living."

Porter and Entire.—One of the first things that excite the wonder of the stranger on his passage from London, is the oddness of the names by which the publicans announce on their sign-boards their various beverages.—Dr. Parr gives the following explanation of the word "Entire":—"Before the year 1730, the malt-liquors in general use in London were ale, beer, and two-penny; and it was customary to call for a pint of half-and-half, i. e. half of ale and half of beer—half of ale and half of two penny. In course of time it also became the practice to call for a pint or tankard of *three threads*, meaning a third of ale, beer, and two-penny; and thus the publican had the trouble to go to three casks, and turn three cocks, for a pint of liquor. To avoid this inconvenience and waste, a brewer of the name of Harwood conceived the idea of making a liquor which should partake of the same united flavors of ale, beer, and two-penny. He did so, and succeeded, calling it *entire*, or *entire-butt*, meaning that it was drawn entirely from one cask or butt; and as it was a very hearty and nourishing liquor, and supposed to be very suitable for porters and other working people, it obtained the name of "Porter."

Home Tooke's acquittal.—On the words "Not Guilty," the air was rent with joyful shouts, and Felix trembled. As soon as the shouting subsided, Tooke addressed the court, in a very few words, thanking them for their conduct on the trial; and then said: "I hope, Mr. Attorney General, that this verdict will be a warning to you not to attempt to shed men's blood upon loose suspicions or doubtful inferences," or words to that effect. He then turned to the jury and thanked them for his life. Every man of them shed tears.—This brought tears to the eyes of Tooke, who during a six days' battle, while the advocates of power were thirsting for his life, stood as dauntless as a lion, giving a stroke to one and a grip to another, as if he was a play. The jury were only out about five minutes, which were barely sufficient to reach the room assigned them and return. The panel, on first forming the jury on Monday, bore such evident marks of management and partiality, that Erskine said to Tooke, "by G—d, they are murdering you." Tooke started up and disputed with the court upon their proceedings; when the Attorney General gave up the three last challenges. Besides these three, there was but one man thought at all favorable towards Tooke. Judge, then, what they thought of the trial, when they all shed tears on his thanking them for his life. I supped with Mr. Tooke at his surgeon's Mr. Cline—about twenty in company. You may imagine the joy in every bosom. I would not have been an evidence on this trial for the world.

Mag. Carterwright's Letters.

Nearly \$30,000, Personal Property, belonging to the estate of the late President Adams, was sold at Auction on the 15th ult. by order of the Executors of the Will. It consisted principally in Stocks, much of which sold at an advance.