

The Muse! what'er the Muse inspires,  
My soul the tuneful strain admires...scorr.



FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

Lines written on "A Sigh," at the request of a Lady.

Thou pure concomitant of woe,  
Thou herald of the brimful eye,  
'Tis thine to reign where sorrows flow,—  
Yes! thine it is, heart-rending woe.  
And yet 'tis thine relief to bring;  
A sort of transient, passing rest,  
Which, when it passes, leaves a sting  
Still rankling in the tortured breast.  
When ardent lovers meet, 'tis thine—  
Their inward feelings to betray,  
And by some magic to define,  
What they by words could never say.  
But thou, twin-sister of a tear,  
May'st thou not dare, with poignant sting,  
To approach or nestle in or near  
The heart of her, who bids me sing.

CAROLUS.

STANZAS.

There is a hand which mine have pressed,  
But which I ne'er can press again—  
Save in the midnight hour of rest,  
When sleep imparts its fancies vain.  
There is an eye of floating blue,  
Which ever kindly beam'd on me—  
There is a cheek of lily hue,  
Which I, alas! no more can see.  
There is a smile of gentleness—  
Of sweet and maiden purity—  
Which oft its visions comes to bless  
The mellowed eye of memory.  
There is a name which I conceal  
Deep in affection's sacred shrine—  
Nor whisper, lest I should reveal  
To any ear this name of mine.  
There is a being pure and bright  
As the young bonny flower of May,  
That was a beam of golden light  
Upon my dark and lonely day.  
There is a heart which mine hath prized  
Above all other hearts on earth,  
Which I have dearly idolized  
For all its sweetness, all its worth.  
There is a feeling in this breast,  
Untired by time, decay, or care,  
That can not, will not be suppressed,  
But ever glows in freshness there.

Literary Extracts, &c.

Variety's the very spice of life,  
That gives it all its flavor.

SCENERY OF THE GLENKENS, AND SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

The Glenkens, a district in the county of Galloway, is alike celebrated for the wild grandeur of its scenery, and the feudal power and exploits of the noble house of Kenmore. In summer and autumn this interesting district presents a most inviting prospect, whether to the sportsman or more contemplative visitor, with its fine amphitheatre of hills, amidst which the Scottish eagle yet finds an eyrie, and boundless slopes of the loveliest heather, where even the patient sheep finds but a scanty meal, and of which the blackcock and moorfowl, the plover and curlew, appear to be the sole occupants. In the foreground the spectator has the broad and beautiful expanse of the Ken, here hurrying along with the rapidity of a mountain stream, and there settling into the quiet tranquility of an extensive lake; at one place washing the granite base of Laurin, and at another, nourishing the luxuriant reeds near Kenmore Castle, where the teal and the wild duck, the coot and the heron, enjoy a little world of their own, and hardly look upon man as an enemy. The time-worn towers of the Castle, too, peering from an avenue of limes, or more veteran clump of oaks, every one of which might stand for a patriarch among trees, immediately carry the mind back to those unsettled yet romantic times, when a mother frequently presented her son with his spurs, to remind him that her larder was empty; and when the fosse and the donjon keep, the draw-bridge and the warder, supplied all the purposes of a modern police.

Nor is it only in summer and autumn that the Glenkens afford a rich treat to the admirers of mountain scenery. In winter, too, when the new fallen snow levels all the features of an ordinary landscape, it is delightful to see the farmers and shepherds hurrying with their curling-stones to the neighbouring loch or river, and forgetting all the evils of high rents and falling markets in an anxiety to distinguish themselves in this manly sport. And on Sunday it is still more interesting to

see the same individuals gathering round the porch of the parish church, kicking, as they enter, the frozen snow-balls from their ponderous shoes, while the far-off shepherd, whose compass is the warning bell, is seen manfully climbing the traceless hill, and pausing at intervals to catch another sound of that tuneless instrument, which might now plead the never-failing apology of better musicians, and appeal to the hooded belfrey as a sufficient excuse for its increasing hoarseness.—At this season of the year, we are told, the situation of a country clergyman is very far from being a sinecure; and in thinly peopled districts, it is no uncommon circumstance for a pastor to be called on to christen a child probably at the distance of ten or fifteen miles.

A good many years ago, the former incumbent of the parish of Parton, being confined to his room, one of his more distant parishioners, who had "received an addition to his family," found himself under the necessity of transporting the young stranger to the residence of the Minister.—The snow lay thick on the ground at the time; but the on-fall had ceased; the air, although cold, was clear and bracing; the surface of the flaky expanse, which stretched on every side, being slightly touched with frost, acted as a huge reflector to the level beams of the sun, and altogether the weather was remarkably fine for the season. Under these circumstances, the father of the child in question, set out for the manse of Parton, accompanied by two female friends, who, to lessen the fatigue of travelling, were directed to keep close in the back or wake of their brawny guide. To guard against the effects of cold, the little stranger was wrapped in almost as many folds as an Egyptian mummy, and, in the first instance, committed to the care of the elder gossip; but the women at length beginning to appear tired, the father insisted upon relieving them of the child, which he placed "cannily" under his right arm, covered it with the folds of his plaid, and being rather of an absent turn of mind, proceeded at a pace that would have done no discredit to "Dominic Sampson." In this way he gained rapidly of his feebler companions, and, in his anxiety to carry the infant soft and easy, he allowed it to slip through the huge mound of bucklings with which it was surrounded. These bucklings, however, still stuck fast under the farmer's arms, and his hands being numbed with cold, he held on his way, never suspecting that his burden had become lighter.

Arrived at the Minister's parlour, the mistress of the house kindly proposed to warm the infant until the women arrived, and was proceeding to perform this office, when she all at once exclaimed, "My G—d! where is the child?" This exclamation, so sudden and unexpected, threw the whole house into confusion; the Minister, forgetting his rheumatism, started to his feet like a youth of fifteen, while the honest farmer, gasping for breath, and trembling in every limb, looked like a man who had seen an apparition, on discovering that, in place of a healthy babe, he carried only a "bundle of duds." The present, however, was not a moment for explanation, and without saying a single word, he flew out of the house, with the intention of retracing his steps; but he had not proceeded far, when he was met by his female friends, who had fortunately picked up their little charge, and which, although blue with cold, was found to have sustained no material injury from being cradled for a few minutes on an element as pure and stainless as its own breast. It is almost needless to add that the party returned to the manse in the highest spirits; and that the worthy clergyman, in performing the usual ceremony, failed not to advert to this deliverance, and recommended the little innocent to the special care and protection of that Being who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

THE TEA PLANT.

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

The tea plant, *thea*, of which there are many species, is an evergreen, grows about six feet high, very branched, and the "branches are irregularly beset with leaves standing on very small foot stalks." From the axil of the leaves, spring the flowers in autumn which, resemble the wild rose; the corolla is 6 petaled, white, calix 6 leaved, peduncles short, capsule 3 grained. It is called by the Japanese *Tojaa*, and by the Chinese *Thea*. It is curious to observe the fabulous origin which is given by early and unenlightened nations to those productions of nature which possess any extraordinary properties. Every thing of this kind is apt to be ascribed to a favorite deity, or a mortal who is afterwards deified. The belief of the Japanese, as to the origin of the tea plant, partakes of this superstition, and is not a little curious: *Darma*, they say, the son of an Indian king, was distinguished for his piety and reverence to the gods. He conceived, at last, that no repentance could be

more sincere, and no degree of perfection higher, than that of denying all rest and relaxation to the body, and consecrating the mind wholly to the service of God. He, therefore, endeavoured to reach this state of perfection; but after remaining awake for several years, he became so fatigued and exhausted with fasting that he fell asleep, and, finding the next day when he awoke that he had broken his vow, he resolved to avoid the like offence in future, and with this view, cut off both of his eye-brows, as the instruments of his crime, and cast them on the ground. On the following day he returned to the spot where he had performed the sacrifice, and, to his astonishment, discovered that each eye-brow had become a tea plant. *Darma*, moved by curiosity, began to eat the leaves, and found, to his surprise, that it filled him with unusual sensations of pleasure and gladness, and his mind with greater vigor and ability to pursue his divine meditations. He immediately imparted the secret to the multitude of his disciples, and they thence called the plant the *Eye-brows of Darma*.

The leaves of the tea plant are of various sizes, the largest two inches long and one inch broad, of an ovate form, serrated, and of a dirty dark green color. While green they possess so strong a narcotic quality as to produce intoxication, and occasion a convulsive motion in the nerves. In Japan no other part of the plant is used, and the leaves, which are the only valuable part of it, are carefully gathered at different times, and plucked singly. After the leaves are gathered, "they are dried or roasted over the fire in an iron pan, and while hot rolled with the palm of the hand on a mat till they become curled. When they have become quite cold they are put up and carefully excluded from the air, which constitutes the great art of preserving tea." Hence, the tea we get in this country, having lost its volatile saline parts by the warm air of China, and perhaps consequent exposure, is deprived of that fine taste, pleasant odour, and refreshing quality which it is said to possess in its native country. The Emperor preserves the tea appropriated to his use in porcelain vases, called *maatsubo*, which are very ancient, and which are said to have the remarkable property, not only of preserving, but of improving the virtues of the plant.

Tea is not supposed to be deprived of its narcotic and intoxicating qualities in less than ten or eleven months, after which it is delightfully refreshing and wholesome. Short says "the salt of tea dissolves the blood—its oil thickens it a little—its gum very much, and its oil and earth combined extremely contract the fibres." "It begets," says the same writer, "a watchful briskness, dispels heaviness, keeps the eyes wakeful, the head clear, animates the intellectual faculties, raises lively ideas, excites and sharpens the thoughts, gives fresh vigour and force to invention, awakens the senses, and clears the mind." This gentleman, however, admits that it has its inconveniences and mischiefs, and that "it often throws the nerves into convulsive vibrations—that it is manifestly hurtful in the dry gripes, and that such as lead an idle sedentary life should drink very little, or have it very strong and seldom." But, the numerous examples which studious and sedentary men have furnished to the contrary, tend to prove that Mr. Short is in some error upon this subject. I shall mention but one, and that is Dr. Johnson, who was in the habit of drinking 20 cups at a sitting, and who confesses that he was a hardened and shameless tea drinker, who for twenty years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle had scarcely time to cool, who with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning."

Religious.

ELOQUENCE OF THE BIBLE.

FROM BLAIR.

For such bold Figures of discourse as strong Personifications, addressed to personified objects, and Apostrophes, the glowing imagination of the ancient Oriental nations were particularly fitted. Hence, in the sacred scriptures, we find some very remarkable instances:—"O thou sword of the Lord! how long will it be ere thou be quiet; put thyself up into the scabbard, rest and be still! How can it be quiet, seeing the Lord hath given it a charge against Ashkelon, and against the sea-shore? there hath he appointed it." Jer. xlvii. 6, 7. There is one passage in particular, which I must not omit to mention, because it contains a greater assemblage of sublime ideas, of bold and daring Figures, than is perhaps any where to be met with. It is in the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah, where the prophet thus describes the fall of the Assyrian empire:—"Thou shalt take up this proverb against the king of Babylon, and say, how hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased! The Lord hath brok-

en the staff of the wicked, and the sceptre of the rulers. He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke: he that ruleth the nations in anger, is persecuted, and none hindereth. The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet: they break forth into singing. Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us. Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth: it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak, and say unto thee, Art thou also become as weak a we? Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread unto thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into Heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north. I will ascend above the heights of the clouds, I will be like the Most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to Hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms? that made this world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof? that opened not the house of his prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them lie in glory, every one in his own house. But thou art cast out of thy grave, like an abominable branch: and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit, as a carcase trodden under feet." This whole passage is full of sublimity. Every object is animated; a variety of personages are introduced: we hear the Jews, the fir-trees, and cedars of Lebanon, the ghosts of departed Kings, the King of Babylon himself, and those who look upon his body, all speaking in their order, and acting their different parts without confusion.

CONTROL AND SUBJUGATE YOUR PASSIONS.

Originally, order pervaded human nature. The bosom of man was calm—his countenance was serene. Reason sat enthroned in his heart, and to her controul the passions were subjected. But the days of innocence are past, and with them has also past the reign of reason. Phrensny ensues. He who was once calm and rational, is now blind and impetuous. A resistless influence impels him. Consequences are disregarded, and madly pressing forward to the object of desire, he exclaims, "My honor, my property, my pleasure;" but is never heard to say, "My religion, my duty, my salvation."

While reason maintained her empire, the passions were a genial flame, imparting warmth to the system, and gently accelerating the circulation of the blood. But, that empire subverted, they kindle into a Vesuvius, burning to its centre, and pouring out on every side its desolating lava. The passions, said an inspired Apostle, war against the soul: and the same Apostle who said this, commands you to overcome them. NOTT.

TRUTH,

Is one of the fairest attributes of Deity. It is the boundary, which separates vice from virtue—the line, which divides heaven from hell. It is the chain, which binds the man of integrity to the throne of God, and like God to whose throne it binds him, till this chain is dissolved, his word may be relied on. Suspended on this, your property, your reputation, your life are safe. But against the malice of a liar, there is no security. He can be bound by nothing. His soul is already repulsed to an immeasurable distance, from that Divinity, a sense of whose presence is the security of virtue. He has sundered the last of those moral ligaments, which bind a mortal to his duty.—And having done so, through the extended regions of fraud and falsehood, without a bond to check, or a limit to confine him, he ranges, the dreaded enemy of innocence; whose lips pollute even truth itself as it passes through them, and whose breath, like the pestilential mists of Hades, blasts, and soils, and poisons as it touches. *ib.*

BENEVOLENCE.

From the low prayer of want and plaint of woe,  
O never! never turn away thine ear;  
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,  
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!  
To others do (the law is not severe)  
What to thyself thou wishest to be done,  
Forgive thy foes, and love thy parents dear,  
And friends and native land—nor those alone,  
All human woe and woe learn thou to make thine own.