

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



FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

The Remonstrance of Insulted Poverty against
the practices of Wealth and Power.

What though I am in rags without,
No cov'ring o'er my head;
Driven by fate the world about,
To earn my crumb of bread;
Are not these limbs form'd just like thine?
Thy form, and shape, and limbs, like mine?

Methinks I feel or grief or joy,
When pain or pleasures flow;
Or love or friendship can enjoy,
And e'en forgive a foe:
Methinks like thee I feel and know
The sweets of pleasure, stings of woe.

Did not the same creative hand,
That gave thee all thy store,
That made thee potent o'er the land,
Make me also "weak and poor?"
Then something here, my heart within,
Tells me that "poverty 's no sin."

My blood is purple, just like thine,
And in like channels flows;
Though never warm'd with spice or wine,
With purity it glows:
My blood, tho' poorly fed and thin,
Still warms, like thine, a heart within.

My heart can melt at others woe,
Can sympathize with grief;
And all I have, I can bestow,
If it would give relief:
And some voice my heart within,
Tells me that "poverty 's no sin."

Methinks a simple tear of mine,
Or e'en a tremulous sigh,
Would meet acceptance soon as thine,
From mercy in the sky:
Then sure these tears and sighs of mine,
Are from a source as pure as thine.

Methinks this labour-calls'd hand,
When rais'd in humble prayer,
Would soon as thine relief command,—
Relief from grief and care:
Then is there not something within,
That says, "thy poverty 's no sin."

Did virtue then from riches flow,—
Humanity from gold,—
Preeminence on luxuriance grow,—
On these perfection's mould:
How then became that form of thine,
So like this humble form of mine?

Methinks, vain pea-fowl, that an hour,
E'er long, will let thee know,
That all thy feathers, pride and power,
Are harbingers of woe:
That the poor, the rich, cotter and king,
In heaven must bear a levelling.

Methinks that tho' thou call'st me "poor,"—
"An uncreated thing,"
I feel within a richer store,
Than potentate or king:
I feel a heart to virtue given,
A soul that teems with hopes of heaven.

PYTHIAS.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

ROYAL GARDENS OF LAHORE.

Description of the Royal Gardens of Lahore. In
a Letter to the Editor of the Quarterly Jour-
nal of Science, Literature, and the Arts, from
Captain Benjamin Blake, of the Bengal Army.

SIR—Although I am aware that two
or three descriptions of Shah Leemar
(or Royal Oriental Gardens,) have at
divers times appeared, such as those by
Foster in his *Travels through Cashmere*,
Franklin in his *Present State of Dilhee*,
and Elphinstone's *Embassy to Cabul*—
yet as those gardens described were not
of the class of the Hanging Gardens,
and, as during a residence in India, I
was fortunate enough to make one of
an embassy to Lahore, where I viewed
the Royal Gardens of the Moghul em-
perors, situated between three and four
miles east of the city of Lahore, in the
Punjab, or Country of Five Waters—
considering a description of them may
afford pleasure to your readers, who,
no doubt, have heard of the splendid
Hanging Gardens of Babylon, said to
have been erected by order of Nebu-
chadnezzar to gratify his wife Amytis;
and, though the gardens to be describ-
ed in this paper are not of that splen-
did character, yet they certainly belong
to the same class, thereby differing from
the Royal Gardens generally found in
India.

The embassy to Lahore, (headed by
Mr. C. T. Metcalfe, Ambassador from
the Honourable East India Company
to Runjeet Sing, Chief of the Punjab,

had been encamped upon the plain, on
the north-east side of the city of La-
hore, and immediately opposite the
palace of the Moghul emperors, that
part of it erected by Arungzebe, tow-
ering above the rest of the buildings,
and is particularly striking and de-
serving of notice for the many very
beautiful latticed windows of white
marble which it contains, the marble
being wrought into an open work, re-
sembling the trellis or open work of
ivory boxes which come from China.
On Tuesday, 10th January, 1809, we
quitted this plain, and entering the city,
passed the eastern quarter, and through
the Dilhee gate, which, as well as the
walls generally, and this far-famed city
itself, is decaying very fast under the
hand of time, and its frequent access-
ary neglect. At a distance from the
city, of a little more than three miles
east, the road being bordered here and
there with Mango groves, we arrived
at the Shah Leemar gardens. The ex-
treme length of these gardens, from
south to north, is about five hundred
yards, by a breadth of one hundred
and thirty, or one hundred and forty.
Mr. Metcalfe having obtained permis-
sion for his suite to view these gardens
with him, we entered the west side of
the northern or lowest garden, under a
pretty good arched gate-way, which
appears to have been the only entrance
from the time they were first formed.
There are three distinct gardens de-
scending from the south; the highest,
situated on remarkably rising ground,
receives the Uslee canal on its south
side, through a small stone building,
the front of which, towards the garden,
has arches of a Gothic character; the
back of the building being a blank wall,
under which the canal first enters flow-
ing into a marble basin of three feet
diameter, in the centre of which is a
fountain. The surplus water of the
canal is conveyed by aqueducts, under
the floor, and the water in the basin
passes in a thin sheet over a white mar-
ble slab, (from which it falls into the
garden,) carved in scollops, the edges
of the scollops being inlaid with black
marble, in the fashion of fishes' scales.
From this scolloped slab the water
flows through the highest garden, and
running under the marble floor of a
Barah Dorce, or stone building of 12
arches, (being a square, having three
to each face, as its name, in the lan-
guage of the country, imports,) it falls
to the second garden over a large sur-
face of marble, sloping at an angle of
about twenty degrees from the perpen-
dicular. This fall consists of three
fine slabs, each being ten feet by four,
the whole displaying a sheet of water
of ten feet deep by twelve feet in
breadth, the marble being scolloped
and inlaid with black, in a manner sim-
ilar to the first slab already described.
A most beautiful effect is produced by
the rippling of the water over their in-
dentations to its receptacle at the bot-
tom of the inclined plane, in a reser-
voir of marble, fourteen feet by ten,
and one foot in depth, having in its
centre a Pulung, or couch, also of mar-
ble, with claw feet. On this couch the
Moghul Emperors were used to re-
cline in the hot season, where, the wa-
ters rippling over the scolloped fall,
they enjoyed the refreshing luxury of
coolness from the falling water agita-
ting the airy particles, and also the de-
lightful sensations imparted by its mur-
murs over the uneven surface of the
marble; thus rendering their situation,
in the evenings of the sultry days, (when
this aquatic couch is screened from the
sun by an arcade in the garden imme-
diately above,) most perfectly fitted to
an enchanting repose, the exquisite
luxury of which may be sufficiently ap-
preciated by such as have resided in
this warm climate. From this reser-
voir and its luxurious couch, the water
flows in a gentle stream into a large
quadrangular basin or tank, which oc-
cupies nearly the whole of this garden,
having in its centre, a square insulated
platform, or bank of earth, which con-
tain some flowers; and around the tank
is a border of flowers of eighteen or
twenty feet in width, having, on the
side nearest to the water, a narrow walk
of not more than three feet.

The water, on leaving this tank,
passes between marble slabs, laid hori-
zontally, the upper ones forming the
floor of an arcade 12 feet square, of
which only three sides are arched.
This three-sided arcade, erected over
this passage of the water into the low-
er garden, (the walls of which rest up-
on this garden,) presents the appear-
ance of an aquatic chamber—the wa-
ter here again falling in thin sheets of
three faces, and the walls containing a
great number of recesses for lamps,

whose glittering lustre under the fall-
ing water displays a magical and pe-
culiarly brilliant effect, which, with the
addition of five fountains in this wa-
tery recess, produces an enchanting uni-
on of refreshing luxuries. The water
flows, in the usual character of a
stream, from this extremely cool re-
cess through this lowest or northern-
most garden—which is plentifully stor-
ed with large trees, among which are
the apple, pear, and some very fine
mangoes; the latter affording, from the
luxuriance of their foliage, delightful
groves, whose umbrageous protection
renders this spot a most desirable and
refreshing retreat. The upper gardens
are laid out in a sufficiently tasteful
manner, with fruit and flower trees;
among the latter we observed the Nar-
cissus, in great abundance. The pres-
ent Chief of Punjab, Rungeet Sing,
has erected in the highest garden, a
Tye Khanah or cool retreat, for the hot
season, which has somewhat disfigured
it.—The construction of this retreat is
very simple, being a house of two
rooms, one below ground, the other a-
bove, and on a level with the ground.
At one end of this building, on the
space beneath the usual level of the
ground, there is a well of water, to-
wards which the lower room opens;
and when it is requisite to cool this
room, the following operation is put in
action, viz: at the top of the well there
is a large wheel, over which pass two
ropes parallel to each other, to which
are suspended, along the entire length
of the ropes, reaching a depth of two
or three feet in the water, a succession
of earthen pots; so that, when the
wheel is put in motion, the buckets are
drawn up full on one side, and passing
over the top of the well, return their
contents again into it, the operation of
which agitates the circumambient air,
causing a rapid evaporation, thus ren-
dering the chamber refreshingly cool.

During the encampment of the em-
bassy at Lahore, (a period of three
weeks,) we made frequent excursions
in its neighborhood, and within the ex-
tent of three to five miles beheld nu-
merous remains of the mansions of the
Emirs, or nobles of the empire, of
which there is scarcely a remaining
vestige in the vicinity of Dilhee, for
there "The spider holds the veil in the
palace of Cæsar, the owl stands senti-
nel in the watch-tower of Afrasiab."

In one of these excursions, on the
right bank of the Rauvee, we stumbled,
as it were, on a most magnificent mau-
soleum of the Emperor Jehangier,
nothing inferior to the celebrated Taj
Muhul, at Agra. The building which
contains this mausoleum is much lar-
ger than that at Agra, though it is not,
in the exterior, of so chaste and beau-
tiful a design. The large piazzas
which surround this immense mass of
buildings contain numerous accommo-
dations for pilgrims and other travel-
lers, and are floored throughout with
pudding-stone. There are various
chambers within the edifice, some or-
namented with paintings in fresco, tol-
erably well executed, particularly some
of domestic scenes, of parties eating
fruit, &c. in a taste evidently superior
to any thing we can suppose the natives
to have ever arrived at; and, therefore,
were, most likely, designed by the ar-
tists who came from Italy to construct
the tomb. The tomb itself is in the
centre of the building, and is compos-
ed of the whitest marble, inlaid with
mosaic work of cornelians, represent-
ing wreaths of flowers of the most
beautiful hues; the cornelians being of
such a variety of colours, that I count-
ed sixteen differently coloured in the
formation of one flower; and so ex-
quisite is the execution of this mosaic,
that the junction of one stone with the
other was discernible only by a very
near inspection. Around this edifice
is a spacious court-yard, and a fine gar-
den of orange and pomegranate trees,
the whole encompassed by a good wall.
The immense sum said to have been
expended in the construction of this
wall, I dare not name, as it appears in-
credible. In the vicinity of this splen-
did sepulchre of the Emperor Jehan-
gier, is the modest tomb of his beau-
teous, fascinating, and favourite Sulta-
na, styled Noor Muhul, the Light of
the Palace, and afterwards, Noor Je-
han, the Light of the World. But she
is better known to English readers,
since the publication of Moore's last
and best poem, *Lalla Rookh*, where she
is styled the Light of the Haram. It
may be satisfactory here to gratify the
curiosity of your readers respecting
this far-famed beauty, by giving some
history of her birth and fortunes; and,
in offering this, I know of no better

mode to convey information, than by
adding an extract from Dow's *History
of Hindostan*.

"About the year 1586, Chaja Aiass,
a native of the Western Tartary, left
that country, to push his fortune in
Hindostan. He was descended of an
ancient and noble family, fallen to de-
cay by various revolutions of fortune.
He, however, had received a good edu-
cation, which was all his parents could
bestow. Falling in love with a young
woman, as poor as himself, he married
her; but he found it difficult to provide
for her the very necessities of life.
Reduced to the last extremity, he turn-
ed his thoughts upon India, the usual
resource of the needy Tartars of the
North. He left privately, friends who
either would not or could not assist
him, and turned his face to a foreign
country. His all consisted of one sor-
ry horse, and a very small sum of mon-
ey, which had proceeded from the sale
of his other effects. Placing his wife
upon the horse, he walked by her side.
She happened to be with child, and
could ill endure the fatigue of so great
a journey. Their scanty pittance of
money was soon expended; they had
even subsisted for some days upon
charity, when they arrived on the skirts
of the Great Solitudes, which separate
Tartary from the dominions of the
family of Timur, in India. No house
was there to cover them from the in-
clemency of the weather—no hand to
relieve their wants. To return, was
certain misery; to proceed, apparent
destruction. They had fasted three
days: to complete their misfortunes,
the wife of Aiass was taken in labour.
She began to reproach her husband for
leaving his native country at an unfor-
tunate hour; for exchanging a quiet,
though poor life, for the ideal prospect
of wealth in a distant country. In this
distressed situation she brought forth
a daughter. They remained in the
place for some hours, with a vain hope
that travellers might pass that way.
They were disappointed: human feet
seldom tread these deserts. The sun
declined apace: they feared the ap-
proach of night; the place was the
haunt of wild beasts; and should they
escape their hunger, they must fall by
their own. Chaja Aiass, in this ex-
tremity, having placed his wife on the
horse, found himself so much exhaust-
ed that he could scarcely move. To
carry the child was impossible: the
mother could not even hold herself fast
on the horse. A long contest began
between humanity and necessity; the
latter prevailed, and they agreed to ex-
pose the child on the highway. The
infant, covered with leaves, was placed
under a tree, and the disconsolate pa-
rents proceeded in tears. When they
had advanced about a mile from the
place, and the eyes of the mother could
no longer distinguish the solitary tree
under which her daughter had been
left, she gave way to grief, and throw-
ing herself from the horse to the ground,
exclaimed, "My child, my child." She
endeavoured to raise herself; but she
had no strength to return. Aiass was
pierced to the heart. He prevailed
upon his wife to sit down. He promised
to bring her the infant. He arrived
at the place. No sooner had his eye
reached the child, than he was almost
struck dead with horror. A black
snake (say our authors) was coiled a-
round it, and Aiass believed he beheld
him extending his fatal jaws to devour
the infant. The father rushed forward.
The serpent, alarmed at his vocifera-
tion, retired into the hollow tree. He
took up his daughter unhurt, and re-
turned to the mother. He gave her
child into her arms; and, as he was in-
forming her of the wonderful escape of
the infant, some travellers appeared,
and soon relieved them of all their
wants. They proceeded gradually, and
came to Lahore.

"The Emperor Akbar, at the arri-
val of Chaja Aiass, kept his court at
Lahore. Asiph Khan, one of that
monarch's principal Omrahs, attended
then the presence. He was a distant
relation of Aiass, and he received him
with attention and friendship. To em-
ploy him, he made him his own secre-
tary. Aiass soon recommended him-
self to Asiph in that station; and, by
some accident, his diligence and abili-
ty attracted the notice of the Empe-
ror, who raised him to the command
of 1000 horse. He became, in pro-
cess of time, Master of the House-
hold; and his genius being even great-
er than his good fortune, he raised him-
self to the office and title of Aktima-
dul-Dowla, or High Treasurer of the
Empire. Thus he, who almost per-
ished through mere want in the de-
sert, became in the space of a few years,

the first subject in India. The daugh-
ter who had been born to Aiass in the
desert, received as she grew up at La-
hore, the name of Mher-ul-Nissa, or
the Sun of Women. She had some
right to the appellation, for in beauty
she exceeded all the ladies of the East.
In music, in dancing, in poetry, in
painting, she had no equal among her
own sex; her disposition was volatile,
her wit lively and satirical, her spirit
lofty and uncontrolled; she was mar-
ried first to Sheri Afghan,* whose o-
riginal name was Asta Jillo, and after-
wards to Jehangier."

*He received this title from having fought with
and conquered a tiger in single combat.

OTTO OF ROSES.

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

GENTLEMEN: As the rose, in all its
varieties, grows in great abundance in
our country, and as the essential oil
which is extracted from it in the east,
is very valuable and precious, as one of
the most exquisite of perfumes, the fol-
lowing recipe for making what is termed
the otto of roses, may not be unaccept-
able to such of our readers as are fond
of experiments. It will be found, up-
on trial, to answer the purpose inten-
ded, and is, I believe, very similar to
the mode pursued in India to obtain
the delicious essence which all so high-
ly appreciate.

A large glazed earthen or stone jar,
or a clean wooden cask, must be filled
with the leaves of the rose flowers, cor-
olla, which should previously be care-
fully freed from all seeds, stalks, and
dirt. On these leaves pure spring wa-
ter (pump water will answer, but not
so well) must be poured, till they are
covered. The vessel must then be set
in the sun from sun-rise till sun-set,
when it should be taken in for the
night. This must be continued for seven
days in succession. In three or
four days after the first exposure, a
number of particles of oily matter, of
a fine yellow colour, will be observed
to float on the surface, and in two or
three days more this matter will form
into a scum, which is the otto of roses.
It can be taken up by some cotton tied
to the end of a stick, and squeezed
with the finger and thumb into a small
phial, which should be stopped. This
must be repeated till all the essential
oil which floats on the surface is re-
moved. By this simple and unexpen-
sive process may be obtained, by al-
most every family, as much of this ex-
quisite essence as may be necessary
for use. It is at least worth the trial,
and I am sure, when that trial is made,
the success will be more than an equiv-
alent for the labor. This mode, too, is
vastly preferable to the one given in
the Asiatic Researches, both for econ-
omy and simplicity, and is equally ef-
fectual and productive. As the pro-
cess I have mentioned is so easy and
simple that all can try it, the essential
oil thus obtained may be calculated on
as perfectly pure and genuine, which
is not always the case with that we buy
in the shops; for, in order to increase
the quantity, the manufacturers of this
article in the east have a practice of
mixing with the roses sometimes the
raspings of sandal wood, and at others
a sweet scented grass, which gives to
the essence a clear green colour. W.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.

The desire of pleasing all mankind, is
a fertile source of weakness and mutabil-
ity in some of the best dispositions; young
persons are not only prone themselves to
fall into excess of easy good nature, but
it is the quality that most readily capti-
vates them in the choice of an early friend.
It is impossible here to blame the disposi-
tion, although it be highly important to
guard against the indulgence of it. In
the course of our duties, we are almost
as frequently called upon to undergo the
censure and enmity of mankind, as to cul-
tivate their friendship and good opinion.
Cicero, in enumerating the causes which
induce men to desert their duty, very prop-
erly mentions an unwillingness to take up
enmities. This is, indeed, one of the se-
verest trials of our attachment to princi-
ple; but it is what we must be ready to
sustain when occasion requires, or re-
nounce every claim to a strong and elevat-
ed character.

Use law and physic only through nec-
essity, not being exactly congenial to
weak bodies and light purses; they are
good remedies, but bad recreations.

The theory of virtue is good, but the
practice is a great deal better.