

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



FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

MESSRS. BINGHAM & WHITE: The following, you will observe, was occasioned by that beautiful little production of Miss Thompson's, published in your paper of the 19th ult. As it is in form of a reply, it might lead your readers to suppose that she addressed her lines to me personally; but that is not the case. I have a partial recollection of Miss Thompson, having had a slight acquaintance with her, about ten years ago, in the city of Albany. As Miss Thompson now forms the humble "clod of the valley," may we not commemorate the spot with a twig of laurel or a cyprus bough? It is not often that we meet with so much philosophy, genius, taste, and feeling in the same person; but when we do, let us rejoice in the possession—let us mourn for its loss.

Reply to some lines addressed "to a very young Poet," by Miss Catharine B. Thompson, late of the city of Albany, deceased.

Angelic friend! thy warning came
Too late to save me from the lyre;
Too late to quench the latent flame,—
To quench one "spark of feeling's fire."
Too late to make me hate the smile
Of fancy's lovely visage gay;
Tho' "she is lovely to beguile,"
She will not "lead my soul astray."
I love the lyre; it charms me quite,
On fancy's wings I soar on high;
The lyre charms me in my flight,
And wraps my soul in ecstasy.
The phantom hope, I long have known,
Is but a fire-fly's transient blaze;
A fleeting gleam of light alone,
That leads us deeper in the maze.
But O, "the generous thought" I love,
It surely has a source divine;
'Twill find its way to realms above,
Tho' here't must "bend to mammon's shrine."
I cannot, then, "forsake the lyre,"—
"Forget to think," nor "cease to feel;"
Tho' "poverty and sorrows" dire,
Prepare my daily, scanty meal.
What poverty could inflict, I've felt,—
Or ever will, or can—I feel;
To sorrow's shrine I've always knelt,—
To sorrow's shrine shall always kneel.
Then let me tune my harmless lyre,
'Tis all that gives me pleasure here;
And let me with its lays inspire,
For grief, a sigh—for wo, a tear.

EPITHIAS.

The following beautiful song is extracted from a poem called "SKEY," recently published in Boston, and much in the spirit of "Fanny." [Catskill Recorder.

SONG.

And they may say thy long dark hair,
Clustering its shadowy flow,
Is like the raven's plumage there,
Veiling that moonlight brow!
The roscate flush that dyes thy cheek,
All bright with beauty's glow,
Is like the radiant crimson streak
Of sunset o'er the snow!
There is no charm so bright for me—
Thy soul of sensibility!
And they may say thy soft blue eye,
When raised its living shroud,
Outshines the diamond gem on high,
That lights you azure cloud!
Thy lips, as plants of coral red,
In bloom, where pearl-drops shine!
Thy breath, like heavenly incense shed
From virtue's holiest shrine;
There is a charm more rich for me—
Thy heart's long proved sincerity!
And they may say thy light step, where
They wake the graceful dance,
Is like a seraph's motion there,
Or wild birds swift-wing'd glance!
And, lingering yet, thy form of love
Is like a dream of heaven!
Thy voice, like music breathed above,
Among the clouds of even!
There is a charm more dear to me—
Thy spirit's spotless purity!

GOOD NEWS.

Paul Allen, Esq. (says the Nat. Adv.) who is a poet himself, and of no mean order, and moreover, writes the best poetic prose in this country, has the following article in one of his late papers:—
"There is a lady, now living in the U. States, whose poetry, we will be bold to say is superior to Byron in the proudest of his muse. It is replete with grandeur and originality of thought, and the clouds of epithet equally novel and reason. The style of a superior Fulton was full of passage; it were, by a touch of

genius; the spell is upon him, and he surrenders at discretion. We produce, as we observed before, the above as a specimen of that infatuation, by which, in our enthusiasm for foreign productions, we overlook our native resources."

In a note, Mr. Allen says, that "the lady's delicacy prevents his mentioning her name." We are very sorry to observe this fastidiousness. Such talents should be the property of the country. We entreat Mr. Allen to give a specimen of the lady's poetry, and prevail upon her to throw off all unnecessary concealments.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

ITALIAN BANDITTI.

From an article in the North-American Review, on Lyman's "Political State of Italy."

The twenty-second chapter on the robbers and banditti of Italy makes one acquainted with many new and entertaining facts. It is a truth sufficiently humiliating for Italy, that notwithstanding the pains taken by the governments to suppress these outlaws, there is more danger from robbers in travelling from Rome to Naples, and from Naples to Otranto, than in travelling through any portion of European Turkey, with perhaps the exception of the independent or revolted country of the Mainotes in the Morea. We have room to lay before our readers but one extract from this chapter.

"But the most extraordinary bandit, whose exploits somewhat resemble the celebrated ones of the famous Rinaldo Rinaldini, was a priest by the name of Cyrus Annichiarico, born in the small town of Grotagli, on the road from Taranto to Lecce. His first achievement was the murder of a whole family in the town of Francavilla. He had been a bandit for twenty years; the country people believed him to be a devil or magician, and laughed and scoffed at the soldiers who were sent to pursue him. When the French general Ottavio, a Corsican by birth, commanded in this province, a man presented himself one day before him, and said, with a fierce air, "the bandit whom you have so long hunted is now before you, but if he is molested, you will be assassinated before night-fall." Annichiarico turned and disappeared, and from that time general Ottavio doubtless had faith in the belief of the people. General Church, also, when one day in pursuit of this man, was accosted by a peasant, who drew him aside, and gave some intelligence concerning Annichiarico. The next day the peasant was found dead in his village, and a paper pinned on his breast with these terrible words: "This is the fate of all those who betray Annichiarico."— he last band he commanded was called the "decided;" each man possessed a certificate, bearing two death's heads with other bloody emblems, and the words "Justice, liberty, or death," signed by Annichiarico. I saw one in general Church's possession, written with human blood. At last, in January, 1819, this astonishing man, finding himself beset upon all points, threw himself, about sun-set, with five followers, into an old tower, in the midst of a farm-yard, near the small town of Casuba, hoping that in the dead of the night he should be able to escape through the soldiers, many of whom were his friends, and all believed him to be the devil. But in the course of an hour a close line of light troops was drawn round the tower, out of reach of musquet shot, and after a siege of thirty-six hours, he was forced to surrender, having fired away all his cartridges, and killed five and wounded eleven of the enemy. He was carried to Francavilla, the scene of his first crime, tried by a court-martial, and there shot. It was on Sunday when he was sentenced to be executed, and general Church sent to ask the priests, if it was according to their religion to shoot a man on that day. They answered, "the better the day, the better the deed." Annichiarico died like a madman. From eight to ten thousand persons were assembled to see him shot, and to the last moment they treated with perfect scorn and indignation the notion that bullets would pierce such a man."

FROM TANCIGNE'S JOURNEY INTO PERSIA.

THE PERSIAN NOBLEMEN.

Enervated in early life by the heat of the climate, and by marriages contracted previous to the age in which the man attains his full vigour, the rich and powerful Persians spend their lives between idleness, debauchery, and effeminacy.—Covered with vermin under their dresses of gold cloth, they might be, in some respects, compared to a nation less distant from us, and which has become celebrated for its indolence and filthiness. But every thing in this world is in a state of contrariety: as much as they neglect the cleanliness of their persons, so much do they attach importance to that of their houses; their court-yards are kept nicely swept, their carpets and the felts that serve them as seats, carefully beaten, and they never enter an apartment without leaving their slippers at the door!

The Persian rises at daybreak, and first recites his morning prayer, generally aloud; then, if a nobleman or public

functionary, he leaves his harem and goes into the first court of his house, where he gives audience, during an hour, to his vassals and dependents. At eleven o'clock his breakfast is served up, and consists of bread, cheese, raw herbs, or fruits, all on a tray of tinned copper. He afterwards washes his hands and beard, takes a cup of coffee, smokes a kaloon, and goes to the salam of the king. If he be a trader, or one who has no public business to transact, he goes to the bazars to attend to his profession, or remains unoccupied at home. At noon he says his second prayer, and at two o'clock, especially in summer, he shuts himself up and sleeps until four or five. At sun-set he performs his third ablution and last prayer, and places himself at table to dine.—This latter meal is composed of meats cooked in various ways, vegetables and fruits: the solid or principal dish is always the pilaw which he eats without bread.

PERSIAN LADIES.

I imagine that intrigue must be more rare here than in any other part of the world: the Persians have taken every precaution against it, and their jealousy is seldom over-reached. An adventure which happened, a few days ago, to several individuals of the embassy, and which was near being destructive to them, will serve as an example of what I have just said. Our friends were walking quietly in a garden, without any notion of plotting against the honor of the master of the house; the door of a bath being half open, excited their curiosity; they entered, and a few paces farther brought them into the midst of a harem, which they had no idea of finding so near. Suddenly the women uttered loud shrieks; the eunuchs and slaves armed themselves with axes and daggers, and our comrades, who in their surprise had still sufficient time to draw their swords to defend themselves, finding all the entrances fastened, could escape from the jealous fury of those menacing Argusses only by scaling the walls. This was more than sufficient to cure a propensity to intriguing in Persia! As yet we know nothing of the harems, except from pictures, one of which, representing an interior, has been given to me by a native artist.

At Kasbin the author for the first time, had the good fortune to be able to contemplate a Persian lady without interruption; but this was only for the short space of a few minutes. From the terrace of our house, there was a view of the interior of a harem, and we discovered a young beauty there shining in all the charms of youth! She was covered with diamonds, and wore a blue Cachemere shawl on her head, the folds of which falling gracefully on her shoulders, intermixed with her beautiful hair. Only think of the effects of Persian jealousy; it was absent but a moment; for on the attendants perceiving that our attention was constantly turned towards the blessed spot, the consoling object was immediately withdrawn from our view. Full of the pleasing ideas inspired by such a sight we left Kasbin the next morning.

FE-FAW-FUM AND HO-ANG-HO.

We are extremely happy (according to the general rules of bliss established by editors, on the receipt of rare intelligence,) to present our readers with a specimen of Chinese poetry; as the public mind has been satiated with short Kean, it may luxuriate on the love songs from Kien Long. The club-footed muse of China has unfolded a fact, upon which the doubts of historians have rested ever since the dynasty of Sing-sing, that the celebrated classical allusion to Fe-Faw-Fum, as appears in that relic of ancient metrical romance, "I smell the blood of an Englishman," was translated from the works of Ras-tzi-tchin-twang-hum-chou-yug-on-san-honei. The English of modern friendship or association, chum, is also of Chinese derivation. The astronomical and ingenious theory of Capt. Symmes, which gives another sun to the internal of our mother earth, is exceeded by the half dozen Moons that illumine the hemisphere of hair pencils. The Shang-fee mentioned, was a celebrated lawyer; the name has been corrupted into charge-fee by Johnson, and the difference is, that here the fee is expected to precede the charge. The female Ho-ang-ho, was the celebrated Sou-shong-T, so well-known, and made such honorable mention of by Te-to-tum, in his "Comforts of Corruption."—Savannah Georgian.

A CHINESE LOVE SONG.

O daughter of the great Ching-Chum,
Whose eyes with diamond lustre glow,
And wilt thou love thy Fe-Faw-Fum,
My sweet, my lovely Ho-Ang-Ho.

The swans their downy plumage lave
Where Lano's wandering waters flow;
But can the swans of Lano's wave
Compare with thee, my Ho-Ang-Ho?

Six moons have travelled through the sky,
And softly gleam'd on Kiang-o,
Since first thy beauty met my eyes,
Light of my soul, Ho-Ang-Ho.

O when I clasp thee to my breast,
Chang-Fee to whom the nations bow,
Shall not be half so truly blest,
As Fe-Faw-Fum and Ho-Ang-Ho.

FASHION.

There is scarcely any subject in which men differ more, than concerning the objects of their pleasures and amusements; and this difference subsists, not only among individuals, but among ages and nations; almost every generation accusing that which immediately preceded it, of bad taste in building, furniture, and dress; and almost every nation, having its peculiar modes and ideas of excellence in these matters, to which it pertinaciously adheres, till one particular people has acquired such ascendancy in power and reputation, as to set, what is called the fashion: when this fashion is universally and indiscriminately adopted on the blind principle of imitation, and without any consideration of differences in climates, constitution, or habits of life; and every one who presumes to deviate from it, is an odd mortal, a humourist; void of all just feeling, taste, or elegance. This fashion continues in the full exercise of its tyranny for a few years or months; when another, perhaps still more whimsical and unmeaning, starts into being, and deposes it; all are then instantly astonished that they ever could have been pleased, even for a moment, with any thing so tasteless, barbarous, and absurd. The revolutions in dress only, which have taken place within the last two centuries, afford ample illustrations of this remark; and it is not the least extraordinary circumstance in these revolutions, that they have been the most violent, sudden and extravagant, in the personal decorations of that part of the species, which, having most natural, has least need of artificial charms; which is always most decorated when least adorned; and which, as it addresses its attractions to the primordial sentiments and innate affections of man, would, it might reasonably be supposed, never have attempted to increase them by distortion and disguise. Yet art has been wearied, and nature ransacked; tortures have been endured, and health sacrificed; and all to enable this lovely part of creation to appear in shapes as remote as possible from that in which its native loveliness consists. Only a few years ago, a beauty equipped for conquest, was a heterogeneous combination of incoherent forms, which nature could never have united in one animal, nor art blended in one composition.

Sir William Jones and Thomas Day, Esq.

—One day upon removing some books at the Chambers of the former, a large spider dropt upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth, said, "kill that spider, Day, kill that spider!"—No! said Mr. Day, with that coolness for which he was so conspicuous. "I will not kill that spider! Suppose, when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior being, who, perhaps, may have as much power over you, as you have over that insect, should say to his companion, 'kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!' how would you like that, Jones? and I am sure, to most people, a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

Religious.

It is not the equivocal fact of having been entrusted with a few more pieces of money, or a spot of earth a little larger than others, but the retribution that follows the use or abuse of that trust, which conveys to the universe, the evidence of God's eternal and impartial justice. To ascertain whether religion be or be not advantageous, something more than the fugitive joys and sorrows of this illusive world must be considered. Is what we see the whole of being? or is there an after scene? And if so what is its duration? What its character? And will that which precedes give a complexion to that which follows? These are questions which awaken a solemn interest, and questions too, which must be answered, before it is possible to pronounce, with even a shadow of truth, upon the destiny of man.

True, the ultimate reward of virtue, is at present a matter of faith and not of sight; but of faith, however, resting on high and responsible authority. All the phenomena of nature, all the economy of providence, all the forebodings of the heart of man, intimate, what the scriptures declare, That after death comes the judgment. The impious may sneer the sceptic may doubt, and guess, and conjecture; but dare even he, in the face of all this evidence, affirm, that he knows that this is the case? And if he dare not, then

even the sceptic being judge, the interests of virtue may be secure, and the rapturous anticipations of Saul of Tarsus well founded, who, in the near approach of death, triumphantly exclaimed, *I have fought the good fight!* And should the rapturous anticipations of Saul of Tarsus be well founded, how will stand the balance of account? Ah! hearer! when weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, bonds, and stripes, and imprisonments, are only light afflictions, unworthy to be put in competition with that exceeding and eternal weight of glory hereafter to be revealed.

But eternity apart, it is not true that religion has no reward; and the arrogant assumption, that it has not, to whatever period of existence it be limited, or to whatever part of God's creation it be applied, is as false in fact as it is impious in theory. Not that its heaven approved possessor, is uniformly, or even usually signaled by what the voluptuous call prosperity. And what though he is not? Is he an animal merely, that his health and thrift should be estimated by the limits or the luxuriance of the pasture in which he ranges, or by the quantity of fodder that is flung before him by his keeper? In testing his well-being, the things that concern the body are of small account. Here, as elsewhere,

"The mind's the measure of the man."
Food and raiment, to an incarnate spirit, are desirable; but they are not the only things that are so. To such a spirit the precious metals have their value; but there are other gifts within the compass of God's almightiness, quite as valuable as the precious metals. So David, having made the experiment, decided, so Solomon, having made the experiment, decided. Not all the honours royalty could confer; not all the luxuries that affluence could procure, furnished, in their impartial estimation, so pure or so perfect a pleasure, as that which is conveyed to the heart through the consecrated channel of devotion. DR. NOTT.

"Religious and virtuous principles are the best legacies which parents can bequeath to their children. Since virtue is the greatest ornament and highest felicity of human nature; since it is probably the road to health, reputation and prosperity in this world; since it certainly brings with it the most invaluable blessings, a peaceful conscience, the favor of the Almighty God, and the hope of eternal life; how can parents so judiciously manifest their love to their offspring, as by "training them up in the way in which they should go? What compensation will the greatest abundance of riches, the highest honors, or even the most extensive learning make them, for the want of those religious principles and virtuous habits which are the only true and lasting foundation of happiness?"

"By all the nameless sensations of tenderness which ye whom heaven hath blessed with children feel towards them, be entreated, then, to make their improvement in piety and virtue your chief concern. That you should provide as far as you are able for their comfortable support and happy settlement in life, is undoubtedly your duty. Nor is it less your duty to afford them every opportunity in your power for improving their understandings, and laying up stores of useful and ornamental knowledge in their minds. But, let it never be forgotten that the principal part of education, is the education of the heart. Endeavor by every method in your power to inspire them with a reverence for the Supreme Being, with gratitude for his innumerable mercies; with a sense of honor and love of virtue; with sentiments of generosity and compassion towards their fellow-creatures; with regard to truth; and with a consciousness of the dignity and excellence of their rational nature. On this foundation assist them in raising the superstructure of a manly, virtuous and useful character."

SELECTED

MEDITATION.

Hail Meditation! happy maid!
With thee I'll seek the tranquil glade;
With thee the lonely cell explore,
Or haunt the gaily smiling shore;
With thee inhale the breath of morn,
And sip the dew-drop from the thorn;
Or when the sickly moon-beams creep
In silence o'er the craggy steep,
With thee, instructive fair, I'll climb
Those heights stupendous, yet sublime,
Where tow'ring reason 'gins to nod,
And Nature's wonders end in Nature's God.