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

AUGHRIM'—BY MOORE.

Forget not the field where they perished,
The truest, the last of the brave
All gone....and the bright hope we cherished
Gone with them, and quenched in their grave.

O! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more:
Could the chain for an instant be riven,
Which tyranny flung round us then,
O! 'tis not in man nor in heaven,
To let tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past....and tho' blazoned in story,
The name of our victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumined by one patriot flame,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruin to fame.

* The battle of Aughrim, or Kilcommoden, is considered by the patriot Irishmen in the same light as the battle of Hastings is by the English, Austerlitz or Wagram by the Austrians, Jena by the Prussians, and Waterloo by the French.

FROM THE RICHMOND ENQUIRER.

Written after reading Moore's "They may rail at this life."

The fickle may boast of the world they inherit,
Where change is the goddess that heightens their bliss;
Its pleasures I leave to the doom that they merit,
And hope for a world that is fairer than this:
Do joys for existence depend on a glance,
Or the smile that can dimple the fairest I see?
Lo! Truth shall awaken thy soul from its trance,
And cheated existence be sorrow to thee!

Go—boast of affection, and scorn the cold hearted—
The dregs of thy cup may be wormwood and gall,
To mourn o'er the wreck of its ties when departed—
To weep for the moments thou canst not recall:
The bliss that has nought but the falsehood of love
To make it eternal, hath wings and may flee;
A bosom the wiles of deception above
May beat—but it never existed for me.

Go—waken thy harpings to passion's wild measures,
As thee have I done it, and mocked at despair;
Delusion hath fled me—ah! where are its pleasures?
The echo of loneliness answers—ah! where?
Go—hang on the accents of falsehood and guile,
And live in a look that may wander from thee;
The hopes of existence entrust to a smile—
The dream may be bitter when slumbers shall flee.

If the fair worlds that float in yon oceans of ether,
And hang out their banners of glory and light
O'er the march of our moments departing, are neither,
As Fancy would tell us, eternal or bright—
If Heaven hath nothing of bliss to bestow
But such as this mortal endurance can give,
Take life and its pleasures, with all that can flow
From love and affection—I ask not to live!

S——, OF THE SOUTH.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

DIVISIBILITY OF MATTER.

In the present state of knowledge, it is impossible to determine how far the division of matter can be actually carried, or whether there be any indivisible atoms by the arrangement and combination of which all sensible bodies are formed. We are, however, furnished both by art and nature with many astonishing instances of minute division. If a pound of silver and a grain of gold be melted together, the gold will be equally diffused through the whole silver; and if a grain of the mass, containing only the 5761th part of a grain of gold, be dissolved in aqua fortis, the gold will subside.

A grain of gold may be spread by the gold-beater into a leaf containing 50 square inches, and this leaf may be divided into 500,000 parts: and by a microscope, magnifying the diameter of an object 10 times, and its area 100 times, the 100th part of each of these, that is, the 50 millionth part of a grain of gold will be visible.

The *natural* divisions of matter are still more wonderful. In odoriferous bodies a surprising subtilty of parts is perceived: several bodies scarcely lose any sensible part of their weight in a great length of time, and yet continually fill a very large space with odoriferous particles. Dr. Keill has computed the magnitude of a particle of ass.fœtida to be only the $\frac{1}{100000000000000000}$th part of a cubic inch. Again, Mr. Leewenhock informs us there are more animals in the milt of a cod-fish than there are men on the whole earth, and a single grain of sand is larger than four millions of these animals. Moreover, a particle of the blood of one of these animalcula has been found, by calculation, to be as much smaller than a globe of the $\frac{1}{100}$th of an inch in diameter, as that globe is smaller than the whole earth. Nevertheless, if these particles be compared with the particles of light, they will be found to exceed them in bulk as much as mountains do single grains of sand.

These instances may serve to shew the amazing fineness of the parts of bodies which are nevertheless compounded. Gold, when reduced to the finest leaf, still retains those properties which arise from the modification of its parts. Microscopic animalcula are, without doubt, organized bodies, and the globules of their blood are possessed of specific qualities. Even the rays of light are compounded of an indefinite variety of particles, which, when separated, have the power of exciting the ideas of colors.

ENFIELD.

Advantages of Education.

A writer in the Easton Star, (Md.) upon the efficacy of learning, quotes the following as examples of the power of education. *Metropolitan.*

And why should so large a portion of the little girls, the loveliest buds of creation, be shamefully neglected—many, who under the mild influence of intelligent and moral discipline, would soon vie with the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley, are suffered to run up like vile weeds, to become pests, instead of the sweetest blessings of life. The Lancasterian method is more admirably adapted to the education and improvement of little girls, than of children of the other sex. You sometimes hear poor parents object to sending their girls to school because they will learn nothing but to read and write; and that, they say, will be of very little use to them. Under the Lancasterian system for girls, this objection is entirely done away. In a properly organized female Lancasterian school one half the day is devoted to writing, spelling, reading, and arithmetic; and during the other half, plain needle-work, and mantua-making are taught by the same admirable system. The youngest class is called the turning down class and is furnished with little slips of common waste paper, and made to turn down the edge, till they are perfect in turning all the variety of hems. Next is the hemming class, the knitting class, &c. &c. And by this means they are soon taught to make, with perfect facility, most of the useful garments—and might assist in defraying the expenses of the school, by working for a haberdasher. Thus the girls receive as good an education, in at least as short a time as they would in any other school, and during the same time become excellent seamstresses, skilful knitters, and good plain mantua-makers—and what is of vastly more importance than any thing else, intelligent moral agents.

Our town is in the fortunate possession of all the talents requisite to afford every child in it, and a great many more, the best means of education. The Miss Harrisses, are most deserving young ladies—under the directions of Mr. Emmons, or perhaps better, under a lady in Philadelphia, in three or four weeks, either of them, with the assistance of two or three little volumes, might qualify herself for adding a department of this kind to their present establishment, to the very great increase of their own emoluments, and to the very great benefit of the community.—They are ladies of too much promise to settle down, and be content with ordinary fame and usefulness—Need I attempt to fire their enterprize and exertions by reminding them of Miss Ann Smith; a girl of this our state of Maryland, who, with no pretensions, but her talents and education, elevated her character as a teacher, till high estimation and applause encircled her name. About this time the intelligent inhabitants of Rock Bridge (Virginia) engaged her services, erected an academy for her, and called it after her. This lady, by her zealous and persevering individual enterprise has, it is said, realized a fortune of fifty thousand dollars. And I would say to these ladies, emulate this noble example of high female worth. Study night and day, and never think that you know half enough, till you are perfectly accomplished in all knowledge; in all that is to be taught; and in all methods of teaching it.

I sincerely wish my pen could do more justice to this most interesting topic. The subject most deeply concerns the prosperity of our town. No other thing can so much tend to make it a desirable place for strangers, and will so rapidly increase our population, as holding out justly the highest character for the advantages of education. I do not believe that our merchants and mechanics could make a better investment, than to build two good school rooms, capable of containing each from 100 to 120 children. Beside the personal benefit to their own children, they would receive a handsome interest by the increased custom from an augmenting population. I know it has been the fashion to decry education: but it was the cry of ignorance and its constant companion, selfishness: and, thank God, their cries are becoming every day fainter and fainter. Ignorance is fit only for the tyranny and disposition of monarchies. In a republic, every station is open for every man—every man ought to be enlightened by all the powers of education and study. In the corrupt old despotisms and monarchies of Europe, money is power; but in a republic, wisdom is emphatically power: and station, and honors, and wealth, are in her train. Need I turn back the page of ancient history to show this fact in the republics of Greece and Rome? No—our own times, our own country,—nay, our little state of Maryland affords the happiest, the most striking illustrations of this fact. I have already given you a glimpse of Miss Ann Smith; without pretensions, without beauty, without patronage, still rising by the force of mind and education, and intense study, and consequent high merit, to respectability, honors and riches.

Who was Mr. Wirt, the present Attorney General of the United States? What has given him one of the first stations in the country, with a handsome income? Good education, laborious study and application, and consequent knowledge.

Who was William Pinkney? A poor boy in Annapolis. What has learning made him? The first lawyer; the most celebrated advocate of our country. He is the effulgent centre of our orators; the streams of his eloquence are the floods of light, rapid as thought, and irresistible as lightning. He combines the attributes and the powers of the two greatest orators of antiquity; never rising, but he is either the impetuous and overwhelming torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully.

Here again follow the certain consequences—learning, accumulating around her station and public honors, and the power almost of minting money. The net annual income of the exertions of this single brain is little, if any, less than the net income of the largest estate on the Eastern Shore, where a real capital of upwards of three hundred thousand dollars is improved by the labour and sweat of hundreds of slaves.

Who was James Monroe? The son of a bricklayer in the town of Cambridge, in Dorset. Who is James Monroe? The President of the United States—and what has placed him above kings, and crowned heads, and principalities; nay, in the most exalted station on this ball of earth? Education is the solid granite pedestal column of his fame, supporting a shaft of the most towering attitude, whose Corinthian capital is high above the clouds. How emphatically, in this instance, has wisdom, founded on good education, and matured by intense study and application, proved herself to be power, with station, and honors, and wealth, following in her train. Why then should not a son of one of our bricklayers, or hatters, or tailors, or cabinet-makers, become a future President of the United States? The same path is open to them; true it winds up the sides of a steep and rugged mountain; and the elevated pinnacle is not to be gained without setting out aright, with the earliest and best discipline of good schools, and the severest and most intense mental labour. But the prize is well worth the boldest, the highest exertion.

Will it be said that nature made these men of her best materials? No such thing—Providence was bountiful to them; but providence is as bountiful to others—Nature left these diamonds as rough, as many of the pebbles now in our streets. Instruction mined them; and education gave the high polish and the point, which illumines, and dazzles America, and throws their radiance far into other countries. And have we not at this moment genius and talents in our Academy equal to Wirt's, and Pinkney's, and Monroe's? Yes, without doubt, and among the sons of our mechanics too—and would to Heaven I could fire their young bosoms with the noblest ambition—They can never reach what they never aim at.

With such singularly exalted examples full in our view, the native growth of our own soil; can we hesitate another moment to combine and unite our best exertions to afford the blessings of good education, not only to every child in our town; but to as many more, as will please to seek it among us.

The Academy is justly first in importance, and let it stand first in our thoughts and hearts; but it is the fertile bed for second transplantation. Let us not forget the first bed; let us unite our exertions, and immediately prepare two others for the plants of promise, in their earliest stage. Let us immediately get ready two rooms of the proper dimensions and capacity, where the Miss Harrisses and Mr. Emmons may, with the best effect, exert all their talents and energies in cultivating, and watering, and nurturing the scions of our warmest affections and fondest hopes—Then indeed might we justly say, we have done our part; and with the best founded expectations might pray to Almighty God to bless us with the rich increase.

MACENAS.

FROM THE VILLAGE RECORD.

The following piece is from the pen of one whose unhappiness it has been to suffer temporary derangement. To much originality is added a sweetness which plays around the heart, and induces its dearest sympathy.

'Tis sweet, when viewing some noble ruins, to see, through its dilapidations, the splendor of the setting sun; or to have contrasted with its roughness the softness of a distant landscape. Such is the feeling induced by the perusal of these lines. The human mind in ruins is an awful and melancholy object; but when in its abberrations the goodness of the heart is evinced, and the nobler passions are elicited, it softens the roughness, and calms the ruffled feelings of those who sympathise.

ON PERRY.

And art thou gone, Oh! mighty Chief! and art thou gone, Oh! Chief of Erie!

Terrible as the whirlwind in the forest, wast thou in the day of battle. But calm and gentle as the still lake on a summer's eve, wast thou in the day of peace.

As a comet among the stars, so shone the Chief of Erie among the sons of the north.

As the tall oak that is felled in midsummer, green in leaves, and rich in foliage, so fell the Chief of Erie, in the morning of his glory.

Serenely bright, calmly great, as the last beams of the sun, when he sinks in the west, so sunk the Chief on the bosom of our mother earth.

And art thou gone, Oh! mighty Chief! my heart mourns in anguish, and the dew of sorrow fills my eyes, when I think thou art no more, Oh! Chief of Erie!

POCAHONTAS.

Our life, said a disciple of Plato, is at once a comedy and a tragedy; in the former point of view, it can have no other plot than our folly, nor in the latter any catastrophe but death; and as it partakes of the nature of both these dramas, it is interspersed with pleasures and pains.

TASTE AND GENIUS.

TASTE and GENIUS are two words frequently joined together, and therefore by inaccurate thinkers confounded. They signify, however, two quite different things. The difference between them can be clearly pointed out; and it is of importance to remember it. Taste consists in the power of judging; genius, in the power of executing. One may have a considerable degree of taste in poetry, eloquence, or any of the fine arts, who has little or hardly any genius for composition or execution in any of these arts: but genius cannot be found without including taste also. Genius, therefore, deserves to be considered as a higher power of the mind than taste. Genius always imports something inventive or creative; which does not rest in mere sensibility to beauty when it is perceived, but which can, moreover, produce new beauties, and exhibit them in such a manner as strongly to impress the minds of others. Refined taste forms a good writer; but genius is farther necessary to form the poet, or the orator.

BLAIR.

MORAL and RELIGIOUS.

BEAUTIES IN FEMALE PIETY.

[From Rev. D. A. Clark's Sermon.]

Religion in a female secures all her interests. It graces her character, promotes her peace, endears her friendship, secures esteem, and adds a dignity, and a worth indescribable, to all her deeds. How sweet, when the mistress of a family is the handmaid of the Lord; when the mother of the children is an example of piety; when the wife of the bosom is espoused to the Redeemer! How desirable that the daughter be a chaste virgin to Christ; that the sister lean on his arm who sticketh closer than a brother; that the songster of the temple belong to the heavenly choir! How pleasant, when the absent husband can think of home, and reflect that angels watch the place, that they may guard the interest and the health of his heaven-born companion, and the children of the covenant! When about to leave her a widow, and commit to her *exclusive* care his helpless offspring, how consoling, if her character is such, that she can lean upon the widow's God, and put her children under the guardianship of Him, who is a Father of the fatherless! Then he quits the world calm and happy, supported by the hope, that he shall meet them all in heaven.

Religion has a peculiar sweetness, when it mingles with the modest softness of the female character. So the dew-drop borrows beauty and odour from the rose.

Females need the comforts, the hopes, and the prospects of religion, more, if possible, than the other sex. Subjected to the trials of disobedience, and the weakness of a feebler constitution, their state, when raised by improvement, and propped with Christian consolations, is still a state of subjection and pain. Suppose one of your number yoked to a husband of acid temper, and the prey of disappointment and disease, where, but from heaven, does there dawn upon her one beam of light. But, if she can look upward and descry a place of rest when the toils of life are finished; a home where she may be happy, a friend who will ever be kind, and a nature raised above fatigue, and pain, and death—then, while the pains of living are softened by the hope of dying, and earth blotted out by the glories of heaven, she can exercise patience and submission, till the time appointed for her release. Thus religion fills the cup with pleasure, that was full of gall, converts the veriest hovel into a palace, and, adapting the spirit to its lodgment, makes it happy. Thus the hope of heaven, if that hope were a dream, smooths her passage to the tomb, and renders religion essential to her happiness.

A useful Hint.—He who treats sacred things with any degree of levity and scorn, is acting the part, perhaps without his seeing or knowing it, of a public enemy to society. He is precisely the mad-man described in the Book of Proverbs, who casteth fire-brands, arrows, and death, and saith, am I not in sport? We shall hear him at times, complain loudly of the undutifulness of children, of the dishonesty of servants, of the tumults and insolence of the lower ranks, while he himself is, in a great measure, responsible for the disorders of which he complains. By the example which he sets of contempt for religion, he becomes accessary to the manifold crimes which that contempt occasions among others.—By his scoffing at sacred institutions, he is encouraging the rabble to uproar and violence; he is emboldening the false witness to take the name of God in vain; he is, in effect, putting arms into the hands of the highway-man, and letting loose the robber in the streets by night.

The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is still a greater, which is the good man who comes to relieve it.

GOLDSMITH.