

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



SCOTCH AIR.....BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Of in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
The smiles, the tears, of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shined, now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken.

When I remember all,
The friends as linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dim,
And all but me departed.

LAW DUST AND SAW DUST.

[The following has all the pith and pun of Coleman's pen.]

To set up a village, with tackle for tillage,
Jack Carter he took to the saw;
To pluck and to pillage, that same little village,
Joe Pettifog took to the law.
They angled so pliant for gull and for client,
As sharp as a weasel for rats, Just,
'Till what with their saw dust and what with their law
They blinded the eyes of the flats.
Jack brought to the people a bill for the supplies,
They declared they would not be bit;
But out of a saw pit, into a law pit,
Jack tickled them up with a writ.
Cried Jack the saw rasper, I know neighbor Goober,
We both of us live by the stocks;
While I, for my savings, turn blocks into shavings,
You lawyers are shaving the blocks.

Literary Extracts, &c.

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

Generosity of Paul Jones.

FROM A BRITISH MAGAZINE.

This distinguished person was the son of a small farmer a few miles from Dumfries, and impelled by that love of enterprize which is so frequently to be met with among the peasantry of Scotland, he seems to have eagerly embarked in the cause of the colonies against the mother country. Whether he was actuated, in any degree, by a sense of the injustice of Britain towards America at the outset of his career, or merely availing himself of the opportunities in which revolutionary warfare so greatly abounds, to rise from his original obscurity, it is now, perhaps, impossible to determine, and unnecessary to inquire. But it will be seen, from the letters we are going to lay before our readers, that, in the progress of his adventurous life, he well knew how to employ the language of men inspired with the love of liberty, and that he was honored by some of its warmest advocates in both hemispheres.

There are probably few instances, especially among adventurers who have risen from the condition in which Paul Jones was originally placed—of more enlarged views—more generous feelings—and a more disinterested conduct, than the following letters exhibit, combined as they are with sentiments of relentless hostility towards the claims of his native country.

In the progress of the revolutionary war, Paul Jones obtained the command of a squadron, with which, in 1778, he undertook to annoy the coasts of Great-Britain. On the 2d day of December, 1777, he arrived at Nantes, and in January he repaired to Paris, with the view of making arrangements with the American ministers and the French government. In February he conveyed some American vessels to the bay of Quiberon, and, on his return to Brest, communicated his plan to Admiral D'Arville, who afforded him every means of forwarding it. He accordingly left Brest, and sailed through the Bristol channel without giving any alarm. Early in the morning of the 23d of April, he made an attack on the harbor of Whitehaven, in which there were about three hundred sail. He succeeded in setting fire to several vessels, but was not able to effect any thing decisive before daylight, when he was obliged to retire.

The next exploit, which took place on the same day, was the plunder of Lord Selkirk's house, in St. Mary's Isle, near the town of Kirkcubright. The particulars of this event, and of the action which succeeded, as well as the motives upon which Jones acted, are well given in the following letter, which he addressed to Lady Selkirk, and which has not before been printed.

Ranger, Brest, 8th May, 1778.

MADAM: It cannot be too much lamented, that, in the profession of arms, the officer of finer feeling, of real sensibility, should be under the necessity of winking at any action of persons under his command which his heart cannot approve; but the reflection is doubly severe, when he finds himself obliged, in appearance, to countenance such an action by authority.

This hard case was mine, when, on the 23d of April last, I landed on St. Mary's Isle. Know-

ing Lord Selkirk's interest with his king, I wished to make him the happy instrument of alleviating the horrors of hopeless captivity, when the brave are overpowered and made prisoners of war. It was, perhaps, fortunate for you, madam, that he was from home, for it was my intention to have taken him on board the Ranger, and to have detained him until, through his means, a general and fair exchange of prisoners, as well in Europe as in America, had been effected.

When I was informed by some men whom I met at landing, that his lordship was absent, I walked back to my boat, determined to leave the island. By the way, however, some officers who were with me, could not forbear expressing their discontent, observing, that in America no delicacy was shown by the English, who took away all sorts of moveable property, setting fire not only to towns, and to the houses of the rich without distinction, but not even sparing the wretched hamlets and milch-cows of the poor and helpless, at the approach of an inclement winter. That party had been with me as volunteers the same morning at Whitehaven; some complaisance, therefore, was their due. I had but a moment to think how I might gratify them, and, at the same time, do your ladyship the least injury. I charged the two officers to permit none of the seamen to enter the house, or to hurt any thing about it; to treat you, madam, with the utmost respect; to accept of the plate which was offered; and to come away without making a search, or demanding any thing else. I am induced to believe that I was punctually obeyed, since I am informed that the plate which they brought away is far short of the quantity which is expressed in the inventory which accompanied it. I have gratified my men; and when the plate is sold I shall become the purchaser, and will gratify my own feelings, by restoring it to you by such conveyance as you shall please to direct.

Had the Earl been on board the following evening, he would have seen the awful pomp and dreadful carnage of a sea-engagement; both affording ample subject for the pencil, as well as melancholy reflection for the contemplative mind. Humanity starts back at such scenes of horror, and cannot but execrate the vile promoters of this detested war:

For them, 'twas they, unheathen'd ruffians, bleed,
And Heaven shall ask the havoc it has made.

The British ship of war Drake, mounting twenty guns, with more than her full complement of officers and men, besides a number of volunteers, came out from Carrickfergus, in order to attack and take the Continental ship of war Ranger of eighteen guns, and short of her complement of officers and men; the ships met, and the advantage was disputed with great fortitude on each side for an hour and five minutes, when the gallant commander of the Drake fell, and victory declared in favor of the Ranger. His amiable lieutenant lay mortally wounded, besides near forty of the inferior officers and crew killed and wounded. A melancholy demonstration of the uncertainty of human prospects. I buried them in a spacious grave, with the honors due to the memory of the brave.

Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the rights of man, yet I am in arms merely as an American, nor am I in pursuit of riches. My fortune is liberal enough, having no wife nor family, and having lived long enough to know that riches cannot secure happiness. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of climate or of country, which diminish the benevolence of the heart, and set bounds to philanthropy. Before this war began, I had, at an early time of life, withdrawn from the sea-service, in favor of 'calm contemplation and poetic ease.' I have sacrificed, not only my favorite scheme of life, but the softer affections of the heart, and my prospects of domestic happiness, and I am ready to sacrifice my life also, with cheerfulness, if that forfeiture would restore peace and good will among mankind.

As the feelings of your gentle bosom cannot, in that respect, but be congenial with mine, let me intreat you, madam, to use your soft persuasive arts with your husband, to endeavor to stop this cruel and destructive war, in which Britain never can succeed. Heaven can never countenance the barbarous and unmanly practices of the Britons in America, which savages would blush at, and which, if not discontinued, will soon be retaliated in Britain by a justly enraged people. Should you fail in this, (for I am persuaded you will attempt it—and who can resist the power of such an advocate?) your endeavors to effect a general exchange of prisoners will be an act of humanity, which will afford you golden feelings on a death-bed.

I hope this cruel contest will soon be closed

but should it continue, I wage no war with the fair! I acknowledge their power, and bend before it with profound submission! Let not, therefore, the amiable Countess of Selkirk regard me as an enemy; I am ambitious of her esteem and friendship, and would do any thing consistent with my duty, to merit it.

The honor of a line from your hand, in answer to this, will lay me under a very singular obligation; and if I can render you any acceptable service, in France or elsewhere, I hope you see into my character so far as to command me without the least grain of service. I wish to know, exactly, the behavior of my people; as I determine to punish them if they have exceeded their liberty.

I have the honor to be, with much esteem, and with profound respect, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

PAUL JONES.

To the Right Hon. the Countess of Selkirk, St. Mary's Isle, Scotland.

Female Education.

Extracts from an Address delivered by James T. Morehead, Esq. of Bowling Green, (Ky.) on the close of the examination of the young ladies of the Russellville Female Academy.

If we cast, then, a glance at the world around us, how gratifying the prospect that presents itself to the view! We have seen in France, a Madame de Genlis, de Stael, and de Cottin, contending heroically for the prize of distinction, with the Marmontels and Voltaires and Fenelons of the former age; in England, the splendid exuberance of Lady Morgan; the inimitable vivacity of the Montagues; the "sweet souled piety" of Miss Moore; and the eclipsing excellence of Maria Edgeworth, have teemed from the press, fraught with the richest luxuriance of natural endowment, and polished by the plastic hands of culture and education.—But, young ladies, I adduce not these examples of distinguished female eminence, merely to originate with you a competition for literary celebrity, or tempt your inclinations to become ornaments alone of literary circles. No. There are other claims than those which society has upon you, that demand as strongly the intervention of literary aid. They are those relations, that spring up in the bosom of domestic life, and extend their influence no further than the circumscribed limits of the family circle. It is there, perhaps, that the female character is to be seen in its most imposing attitude, and it is there, that those qualifications, which rendered it either amiable or unworthy, are susceptible of their fullest appreciation.—There is a proneness in human nature to be captivated by appearances, and the superficial trappings of display, are too apt to impose themselves upon the mind as the genuine coin of substantial accomplishment.—But divested of those qualifications, which constitute the pious, industrious and intelligent housewife, and all beside, are nothing, my young friends, but the trappings of display. It has long since ceased to be a question, whether the matron, whose family duties are the chief and primary objects of her attention and concern; and who with an aptitude for domestic management, blends the high accomplishments of a well educated mind, is not the most precious and invaluable prize, within the reach of man's attainment. Ask the statesman, who has courted the phantom Fame, in the protracted period from youth to old age, who becomes, at length, the favourite of his country, and has mounted the highest round upon the ladder of preferment: Ask the warrior, who has struggled with every difficulty, and surmounted every obstacle, and braved every danger, to render his name immortal—who reaches at last the full fruition of his hopes, with every mark of distinction pictured upon his brow: Ask them in what, next to religion, true happiness consists, and what is the richest prize within the scope of human possession? They will point you to the circle of domestic life, hallowed by the elegant society of an accomplished partner, who shares, in every interval of relaxation from domestic duty, "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

But apart from these considerations, who is it that moulds from their infancy the sentiments of children? Who is it, that gives tone and direction to their mental habitudes? Who is it that implants the principles of morality and virtue, and lays the foundation for future eminence and worth? Is it the father, who is constantly involved in the turmoil of business, and engaged in every day provision for the family support? Is it the father, who, in the few and stolen moments snatched from the hurry of his avocation, can enforce a due observance of that regular discipline, so essential to the formation of youthful minds, as well as manners? No: it is in the bland and insinuating society of the mother, that the infant mind acquires its first direction. It is here, that all the virtues, which adorn the female character, are sweetened into birth. It is the mother, who like the sun, unassisted, from

her conversation and example, "light and heat and motion," to the little family system. For the due fulfilment, then, of all these arduous duties, how various and pre-eminent should be her qualifications! The paths of science should be familiar to her steps, and the wide fields of human nature, should be the rambling of her past time. In a word, there is no literary attainment that might not be of service; there is no qualification that will not afford its aid."

It is as remote from my intention, as my province, to mark out to you to day, the particular course of reading, which my regard for your interest, would prompt me to recommend. It would be the extreme of vanity for me to attempt it. Such a lesson of useful advice, can be much more adequately afforded you, by those able preceptors, who, in the promising display you have made upon this occasion, have sketched in splendid miniature, their talents for instruction. There is, however, one species of reading, which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of recommending to your contempt and disapprobation. I mean, as you have, no doubt, already anticipated, that most pernicious practice of reading novels and romances, so customary in our country. This species of mental employment, is not only not calculated to afford any thing like solid satisfaction, but it saps the foundation of useful and instructive study, it chills the energies and paralyzes the strength of the finer faculties of the mind. It is, likewise, one of those habits, which, when once contracted, can with difficulty be supplanted; it fastens itself upon the inclination, with leech like tenacity, and nothing less than the utmost vigor of resolution, can wrest it from its hold. I could enlarge upon the evil consequences resulting from this kind of reading, but I have trespassed, I fear, already too long upon your attention. I shall add no more, than to warn you against indulging, if you cherish such an inclination. Avoid it, my young friends, as you would the deceitful weed, that is sweet and pleasant to the palate, but which you know when once tasted to be poisonous in its tendency, nay mortal in its effects. If your feelings incline you to literary pursuits, the pages of history afford ample scope both for entertainment and instruction. Study them. But confine not your reading to any particular department—the fields of science are at once boundless and abundant. And when you read, read for others as well as yourselves. Cultivate the talent of aptly communicating, as well as treasuring your researches, and think me no flatterer when I predict for you, that in the circle of that society in which you are destined to move, there is reserved the exalted station of usefulness and distinction."

REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

Reports have doubtless gone abroad that a revival of Religion has commenced in this city. We have felt desirous to communicate this good news to our readers that they might rejoice with us; but believing that ill effects are sometimes produced by a premature disclosure, where a revival has but partially commenced in the hearts of individuals, or in a community, we have heretofore observed a silence on this subject, waiting to see what the Lord was about to do for us. A revival of religion has been felt in the hearts of some Christians in this place for some time past, and they have had holy confidence that a shower of Divine Grace was about to be poured out, in answer to their prayers, on this dry and thirsty place. We have seen the cloud like a man's hand, and we now hear the sound of much rain: verily the Lord is among us, convincing of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment—many are pricked in the heart, some are rejoicing in the Lord, and convictions and conversions are daily multiplying. The power and the mercy of God are felt extensively in college, and a number of the dear youth have been brought to submit to the sceptre of Immanuel; and many others are bowed down under a sense of sin, and are anxiously inquiring what they must do to be saved. We cannot be more particular at present. Christians, pray for us; forget not that there are nearly three hundred young men of talents in this College, and that their hearts are in the hands of that God who hears your prayers if you are Christians.

We understand a very promising revival has recently commenced in Norwich in this state. The work is principally at Chelsea. A number are hoping that they have passed from death unto life, and many are under deep convictions. In Lisbon, Griswold, and Plainfield, adjacent towns, a work of Grace has been progressing and extending for some time past. In Pittsfield (Mass.) the revival has been and still is very great. About forty have been added to the Congregational Church in Canaan, (N. Y.) at the two last communion seasons, and hopes are entertained that about 20 more will come forward. About 150 are thought to be the hopeful subjects of the revival at Russellville, in the State of Kentucky, in the space of about two months.