



POETRY.

CONSTANCY.

How sweet, when Love hath warmly bound Affections to the heart, To know no joy and feel no wound, Unless each bear a part.

This smooths the cares of toilsome life, And constant pleasure brings; This sweetens all our worldly strife, And clips Time's hastening wings.

O Rosa, 'tis with thee alone I'd spend my lengthening years; Till the gray frost of age has thrown Its mantle o'er my cares.

Then happy, joyful, fully blest, With thy lov'd image near, I'd sink upon thy heaving breast, And shed my latest tear.

OSCAR.

Miscellaneous.

MR. PHILLIPS'S SPEECH.

We have heretofore published several of the speeches delivered by Charles Phillips, Esq. (the celebrated Irish Orator) both in public political meetings, and in the courts of justice. We have now the pleasure of presenting a specimen of his eloquence on a new and very different occasion. The following is the substance of a speech which he delivered at Cheltenham, England, on the 7th of October, at the fourth Anniversary of the Gloucestershire Missionary Society. It will probably be considered by many of our readers as one of his happiest efforts.

Mr. Phillips came forward, and thus addressed the chairman—“Sir, after the eloquence with which so many gentlemen have gratified and delighted this most respectable assembly, and after the almost unparal- led address of one of them, I feel almost ashamed of having acceded to the wishes of the committee by proposing the resolution which I have the honor to submit. I should apologise, Sir, for even the few moments intrusion which I mean to make upon this meeting; I did not feel that I had no right to consider myself as quite a stranger; did I not feel that the subject unites us all into one great social family, and gives to the nearest sojourner the claim of a brother and a friend—Applause—At a time like this, perhaps, when the infidel, the atheist and the disbeliever triumph in their blasphemy, when the humiliated Christian to- day, himself beneath the banner of his faith, and calm, even by his martyrdom, the anxiety of his allegiances—Great applause—When I consider the source whence Christianity has sprung—the humility of its origin—the poverty of its disciples—the miracles of its Creator—the mighty sway it has acquired, not only over the civilized world, but which your missions are hourly ex- tending over lawless, mindless, and imbruted regions—I own the awful presence of the Godhead—nothing less than a Divinity could have done it!—The powers, the prejudices, the superstitions of the earth, were all in arms against it; it had no sword or spear—its founder was in rags—its apostles were lowly fisher- men—its inspired prophets, lowly and uneducated—its cradle was a manger—its home a dungeon—its earthly diadem a crown of thorns! And yet, forth it went—that lowly, humble, persecuted spirit, and the idols of the heathen fell; and the thrones of the mighty trembled; and Paganism saw her peasants and her princes kneel down and worship the unarmed conqueror! [This admirable portrait of the divine spirit and attributes of christianity was hailed with the most enthusiastic peals of approbation.]

If this be not the work of the Divinity, then I yield to the reptile ambition of the atheist. I see no God above—I see no government below; and I yield my consciousness of an immortal soul to his boasted fraternity with the worm that perishes! But, sir, even when I thus concede to him the divine origin of our Christian faith, I arrest him upon worldly principles—I desire him to produce from all the wisdom of the earth, so pure a system of practical morality—a code of ethics more sublime in its conception—more simple in its means—more happy and more powerful in its operation; and if he cannot do so, I then say to the God in the name of your own darling policy, fling not its cords from youth, its shield from manhood, and its crutch from age!—Applause—Tho' the light may lead me astray, still, if it is light from Heaven, the good, and great and wise are my companions—my delightful hope is harmless, if not holy, and woe me not to a disappointment, which, in your land of un- christianity, I shall not taste hereafter! To propagate the sacred creed; to teach the ignorant; to enrich the poor; to illumine this world with the splendors of the next; to make men happy, you have never seen; and to rescue millions you can never know—You have sent your hallowed missionaries forward; and never did an holier vision rise, than that of this celestial, glorious embassy—[Applause.] Methinks I see the band of willing exiles bidding fare- well, perhaps forever, to their native country; foregoing home, and friends, and luxury—to tempt the savage sea or men more savage than the raging element—to dare the pole- tempest, and the tropic fire, and often doomed by the furies of their lives to give their precepts a prof- and an expiation—Applause. It is quite delightful to read over their reports and see the blessed product of their labors. They leave no crime unvisited, no peril unencountered. In the South Sea Islands they found the population almost eradicated by the murders of idolatry. It was God Almighty, says the royal conqueror of Otaheite, who sent your mission to the remainder of my people. I do not wish to shock your christian ears with the cruelties from which you have redeemed these islands. Who can believe it, that they had been educated in such can- nibal ferocity as to excavate the earth, and form an oven of burning stones, into which they literally threw their living infants, and gorged their infernal appetites with the flesh! Will you believe it, that they thought murder crucial to the God of Mercy—and the blood of his creatures as their best libation! In nine of these islands these abominations are extinct—idolatry is abolished; their prisoners are changed—society is now cemented by the bond of brotherhood, and the accused shrines that stream- ed with human gore, and blazed with human function, now echo the songs of peace and the sweet strains of piety. In India, too, where Providence, for some special pur- pose, permits these little insular specks to stand above one hundred million in population—a phenomenon scarcely to be paralleled in history; the spell of Brahma is dissolving—the chains of Caste are falling off—the schools of Juggernaut are scarcely en- gorged—the horrid customs of self-immolation is daily disappearing—and the sacred stream of Jordan mingles with the Ganges. Great applause—When the rude soldier, and the dan of arms, and the license of the camps makes, says our mis- sionary, the Bible the inmate of his knapsack, and the companion of his pillow? Such has been the success of your missions in that country, that one of your own judges has publicly avowed, that those who left India some years ago, can form no just estimate of what now exists there.

“Turn from these lands to that of Africa—a name I can now mention without a blush. In sixteen of their towns, and many of their islands, we see the Sun of Christianity arising, and as it rises the whole spec- tral train of superstition vanishing in air. Agriculturists and civilization are busy in the desert, and the poor Hottentot, kneeling at the altar, im- plores his god to remember not the Slave trade—[Applause.] If any thing, Sir, could add to the satisfac- tion that I feel, it is the consciousness that knowledge and Christianity are advancing hand in hand, and that wherever I see your Missionaries journeying, I see schools rising up, as it were, the landmark of their progress. And who can tell what those remote regions may not here- after become the rivals of European improvement? Who shall place a bar upon the intellect derived from the Almighty? Who shall say that the future poet shall not fascinate the wilds, and that the philosopher and the statesman shall not repose to- gether beneath the shadow of their palm-trees? This may be visionary; but surely, it is a moral point of view, the advantages of education are not visionary. [A long and continued outburst of applause followed this pas- sage, and in its ardor impeded the connexion and progress of our report, and prevented us from detailing some most excellent remarks on the advantages of the cultivation of the human mind.] These, Sir—the propagation of the Gospel, the ad- vancement of science and industry, the perfection of the arts, the diffu- sion of knowledge, the happiness of mankind here and hereafter—these are the blessed objects of your Missionaries; and compared with these, all human ambition sinks into the dust; an un-gained chariot of the conqueror pauses; the sceptre falls from the imperial grasp; the blossom withers even in the patriot's garden. But deeds like these require no pan- egyric. In the words of that dear friend whose name can never die, [In this allusion to his lamented friend Curran, Mr. Phillips's feelings were evidently much affected.] “They are recorded in the heart from whence they spring, and in the hour of adverse vicissitude, if ever it should arrive, sweet will be the odour of their memory, and precious the balm of their consolation.”

“Before I sit down, Sir, I must take the liberty of saying, that the principal objection which I have heard raised against your Institution is with me the principal motive of my admiration. I allude, Sir, to the dilutive principles on which it is founded. *Thave seen too much, Sir, of sectarian bigotry.* As a man, I blush at it as a Christian. I blush at it. It is not only degrading to the religion that employs even the shadow of intolerance, but it is an im- pious despotism in the government that countenances it. These are my opin- ions, and I will not suppress them. Our religion has its various denom- inations; but they are struggling to the same mansion, though by differ- ent avenues; and when I meet them on the way, I care not whether they be Protestant or Presbyterian, Dis- senter or Catholic; I know them as Christians, and I will embrace them as my brethren. [This noble and liberal sentiment was received with the warmest burst of heartfelt sym- pathy and delight.] I hail, then, the foundation of such a Society as this. I hail it in many respects, as an hap- py omen. I hail it as an augury of that coming day when the bright bow of Christianity, commencing in the heavens and encompassing the earth, shall include the children of every clime and color beneath the arch of its promise and the glory of its pro- tection.

“Sir, I thank this meeting for the more than courtesy with which it has received me, and I feel great pleas- ure in proposing this resolution for their adoption.”

FROM THE CONNECTICUT MIRROR. “JUST RUB ALONG.” A Lesson for Hard Times.—A Fact. Mr. Editor,—When I was a boy, I was sent to mill, about three

miles from my father's house. Just before reaching the mill, I had to pass the cottage where the miller and his wife dwelt. It was a man considerably advanced in years; was honest as the day is long, and his wife was one of the most pleasant and good natured wo- men in the world. They had a large family and being in the vale of adversity, made hard shift to get the comforts of life; yet were perfectly contented, and perhaps were never heard to complain—for whatever Providence bestowed upon them, they accepted with gratitude, yet quietly submitted to all the divine dispensations without a murmur—and the simple, though significant expressions of the good old folks, were often quoted by those in higher spheres. As I have said, before arriving at the mill I must pass their dwelling; and as I came near the door, the old lady came to the door, spoke to her youngest son, who was near the house, and whose name was Joshua, (for she always prefer- red scripture names for her children,) in the following words: “Joshua, Joshua, run out in the lot, pick up some sticks and fetch them in, so that I can burn off the work, and we'll rub along.” If he had the revenue of an empire at her disposal, or been mistress of the treasures of Croesus, she could not have appear- ed more contentedly happy, than she did at the time when she made this address to her little son. It was a complete specimen of nature's elo- quence. The serenity of her countenance, her air, her manner, were such as made an impression on my mind, which time will never efface, although it was near thirty years ago, and I then but a boy.

I have often made much the same use of the above incident, as Dr. Franklin did of his whistle;—for when I feel disposed to murmur, because not as prosperous as I could wish, I called to mind good old Mrs. M. and say to myself, well, “I'll rub along.”

When I see a mother bringing up her daughter on the lap of indolence, gratifying her in every capricious whim; not allowing her to wash a dish or make a cheese, for fear of soiling her “dilly hands.” I say, when your daughter becomes a mother, I fear she will be obliged to rub along.

“If I see a young lady, who, in her father's house, enjoys all that her heart can wish?—about to “strike hands” with a man who frequents taverns and tipping shops, whose midnight hours find him at the card table; and who has no merit beyond his watchman and plaid ruffe; I say, poor girl, not many years will be in jail, or run away, you left to shift for yourself, and unless the town assists you to support the children, you will but just “rub along.”

When a man is about to leave his farm which furnished him all the necessaries of life—to enter a crowd- ed city, expecting to support his family by retailing Wares and Mer- chandize—something whippers me, he had better raise his own building, —for if he leaves his present em- ployment, and goes into trade he will but just “rub along.”

JONATHAN.

The influence of the Female Sex on the enjoyments of social life. I shall not ask the indulgence of the fair sex, while I make a few obser- vations on the figure which the ladies are calculated to make, in a mat- rimonial state, and in social life. It may afford them instruction, and I think cannot fail of being agreeable.

Very little attention is paid to the improvement of the mind, or of the human race. The cultivation of the female mind would greatly add to the happiness of the gen- tlemen, and still more to that of the ladies. Time imperceptibly glides off, and when youth and beauty vanish, a fine lady, who never en- tertained a thought into which her affluence did not enter, surrenders herself to feebleness and discontent. A lady, on the contrary, who has merit, improved by virtues and re- fined education, retains in her old age an influence over a gentleman more flattering than that of beauty; she is the delight of her friends, as formerly of her admirers. A more valuable would be the effects of such re- fined education, contributing no less to public good than to private hap- piness.

A gentleman who at present must degrade himself into a second ex- count, in order to please the ladies, would soon find, that their favours could not be gained, but by exerting every manly talent, in public and private life; and the two sexes, in- stead of competing each other, would be rivals in the race of virtues; and a mutual desire of pleasing would give smoothness to their behaviour, delicacy to their sentiments, and ten- derness to their passions. The union of a worthy man with a feeling, vir- tuous woman, can never, with all the advantages of fortune, be made agreeable. How different the union of a virtuous pair, who have no aim but to make each other happy.

Cultivation of the female mind is of great importance, not with respect to private happiness only but with respect to societies at large. The ladies have it in their power to form the manners of the gentlemen; and they can render them virtuous and happy, or vicious and miserable.—What a glorious prize is here exhib- ited, to be contended for by the fair sex. L. I. Star.

Charity.—It was a common say- ing of Julius Cæsar, that “no music was so charming in his ears as the request of his friends, and the application of these in want of his assistance.” It would be well for many who profess to be christians, did they imitate more closely this pagan.

A facetious writer in the West, speaking of the superior attractions of a Cotton Country, thus expresses himself:—“My own opinion is, if there was a country where Cotton grew better than any other, if it were so sickly that the people had to breakfast, dine and sup on calumel and julep, and sleep with a blister on their backs every night in the year, and every child they had should be born with a stone in his bladder as big as an Oyster, it would be inhabited by a Cotton Planter.”

Cheap Travelling.—Such is the spirit of opposition between the pro- motors of two rival coaches in the neighbouring towns, that one has ad- vertised to carry passengers to Liv- erpool at the following rates:—In- side, what you please! Outside, ditto! This seemed to carry the matter as far as it would go; but the other party were not to be discouraged, and in a short time they advertised, stating that their coach would take passengers at the following rate:—Inside, nothing at all; a bottle of wine included! Outside, ditto!

A Doctor visiting his patient, a lady, requested to look at her tongue. She opened her mouth, and put the end of her tongue out.—The Doc- tor said, put it out a little further, madam; and was under the necessity of repeating it several times, the lady only putting her tongue out a trifling distance each time. At length the Doctor remarked, put it out as far as possible, madam. “Lard, Doctor,” says she “you must think there is no end to a woman's tongue!” Ladies' Library Cabinet.