

The Muse's whisper the Muse inspires,  
My soul the faithful strain admires, & scorns.



### NATIVE GENIUS.

We extract with much pleasure, from the *Richmond Compiler*, the following verses, composed by a young Lady of that city. Does Richmond boast many buds of equal promise with this fair flower?—The measure of the lines is the same, and they appear to have been intended as a parody upon the celebrated Song of the "Cypress Wreath."—We think every lover of poetry, whose soul is attuned "to the harmony of sweet numbers," will pronounce the imitation, if unequal, not very far inferior to the celebrated original.—*Pat. Intell.*

*I am the Rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley.*  
Solomon's Songs, chap. ii. 6.

Go, warrior! pluck the laurel bough,  
And bind it round thy reeking brow.  
Ye sons of Pleasure! blithely twain  
A chaplet of the purple vine;  
And Beauty cull each blushing flower,  
That ever decked the Syrian bow;  
No wreath is bright, no garland fair,  
Unless sweet Sharon's Rose be there.

The laurel branch will droop and die,  
The vine, its purple fruit deny,  
The wreath that smiling beauty twain'd,  
Will leave no lingering bud behind;  
For beauty's wreath, and beauty's bloom,  
In vain would shun the withering tone,  
Where nought is bright and nought is fair,  
Unless sweet Sharon's Rose be there.

Bright blossom! of immortal bloom,  
Of fideless hue, and sweet perfume,  
Far in the desert's dreary waste,  
In lone neglected beauty plac'd,  
Let others seek the blushing bower,  
And cull the frail and fading flower,  
But 'till to drearier wilds repair,  
If Sharon's deathless Rose be there.

When nature's hand with cunning care,  
No more the opening bud shall rear,  
But hurl'd by heaven's avenging ire  
Descends the earth-consuming fire,  
And desolation's burying blast,  
O'er all the sad-lenc'd scene has past,  
There is a clime, forever fair,  
And Sharon's Rose shall flourish there.

### Eloquence.

FROM THE LONDON OBSERVER OF NOV. 25.

#### MR. PHILLIPS' SPEECH.

Delivered at the annual meeting of the London Hibernian School Society, held at Sligo.

SIR—I have very great pleasure in acceding to the request of your zealous secretary, and proposing a resolution of congratulation on the success of this institution, and of approbation of the sacred principles on which it has been founded. I confess, that until I perused the report with which he was so polite as to furnish me, I had a very imperfect idea of the value of this institution, or of the great gratitude which we owe to our generous English brethren, who have so nobly and disinterestedly established it amongst us. It is an emanation of that glorious spirit which has spread their name among the nations of the earth, synonymous with every virtue. I had no idea that no less a number than 50,000 of the infant population of this kingdom, including 2,000 children of our own country, who now crowd this hall with pious gratitude, were thus gratuitously receiving from them the blessed fruits of education and religion. How gratifying it is to turn from the abominable and infernal perjuries by which the public mind is now hourly polluted, and the public heart afflicted, and the public morals insulted, to the contemplation of such a subject! Fifty-eight thousand children, raised from the mire of ignorance and superstition—redeemed from a state of almost brutal barbarism, and led through the temple of knowledge, even to the very altar of God, is a spectacle which I envy not the man who can behold it without enthusiasm. In this country it borrows from circumstances even an adventitious interest, for surely there never was a country more ripe for its exhibition—never was there a land more full of fine intelligence, obscured and darkened, or of nobler impulse, more miserably perverted. The mind of Ireland has by no means hitherto had a fair development.—Acute but inactive—magnificent but uncultivated, the passing stranger beholds the people as he does their country, with admiration, it is true, but still with mournful admiration, at their neglected grandeur and their unproductive loveliness! It has been to little purpose that the genius of the nation has occasionally burst the bondage that enthralled it; that nature, as it were, to yield up her gifts and purify the soul—and it is a wise philos-

ophy which associates it with that season whose impressions fade not even in nature's winter. When the daring infidel interposes its mysteries, in order to rob those children of its morals, ask him, what is this world but a mystery? Who can tell how nature performs her simplest operations? Ask him to tell you how the flower acquires its perfume—the eagle his vision, or the comet its splendence? Ask him to tell you how those glorious planets roll around us in their lucid circle, or how that miraculous order is manifested which holds throughout creation, even from the minutest worm that grovels in the dust, up to the pinion that plays amid the lightning?

These are mysteries, and yet we see them—and surely we may trust the word of him, who, in his own good time, will teach us their solution. Meanwhile, amid the bigot's cant, and the polemic's railing, suffer those little children to come unto the Lord. They will bless you with their lips, in their lives, and in their deaths—the God to whom you have turned them will bless you—the country to which you have restored them will bless you—and should your own little ones ever mourn a parent, the Great Spirit will recollect the deed, and surely save them from the perils of their orphanage.—In the discharge then of this sacred duty which you have thus voluntarily undertaken, listen not to the imputation of any unworthy motive—remember that calumny is the shadow of merit, and that though it ever follows, it never overtakes it. Were the solitary charge which hostility has flung on you, even true, it is, in my mind, under your circumstances, not a crime but a virtue. You use no weapon but the bloodless gospel—you assume no armour but the nakedness of truth—and in a good cause, and with an earnest conviction, I would rather court than avoid this accusation of proselytism. The foreign and pious potentate who made the charge should be the very last to utter it—for debased, as I admit and deplore, that the Irish peasant politically is, still he and his predecessors, as far as in them lay, have left him illiterate, imbruted and debased—fallen in his mental delacement even below the level of his political degradation. But the accusation is untrue. You have not borrowed even a rag from the establishment—the word ascendancy is not heard within your walls. You have studiously excluded every book of controversy. You have rejected no one on account of his creed, and you have invited the scrutiny of every pastor of every persuasion—you have introduced the Bible unspotted by a single pen of this world. You have allowed the saints, the sages, and the martyrs of Christianity, to unroll with their own hands the records of their wisdom, their sanctity, and their fortitude. You have expunged the comment whether of council or synod, or conclave, or convocation, and left sacred historians to tell, in the phrase of an inspired simplicity, the miracles, the sufferings, and the triumphs of the gospel, from the conception to the cross!—Sir, if this produce proselytes, such conversion can have its origin only in the truth. In one sense, indeed, you do profess to proselytize, but it is from vice to virtue, from idleness to industry, from ignorance to knowledge, from sin to salvation. Go on then, and may prosperity attend you, and when your enemies are clamorous, be your only answer this: "Behold—fifty-eight thousand subjects restored to the state—behold fifty thousand souls introduced to their Redeemer!" Proceed and prosper. Let the sacred stream of benevolence flow on, and though momentary impediments may oppose its progress, depend upon it, it will soon surmount them—the mountain rill, and the rivers of the valley will in time and in their turn become tributary—the roses of Sharon will bloom upon its banks—the maids of Sion will not weep by its waters—the soil it has fertilize will be reflected on its surface, and as it glides along in the glory of the sunbeam, the sins of the people will become regenerate in its baptism.

Let Scotland then, even if she stood alone, prove the advantage of an educated peasantry—and should the sceptic awake not at her voice, may the spirit of Burns pass across his slumber, and burst upon him in the blaze of its refutation!

But I feel I am injuring the cause of this institution, when I view it either in the light of temporal policy, or of temporal fame. Yes, though I am convinced that the most permanent foundations of a people's prosperity are only to be laid in the popular civilization—though I am convinced that crime decreases, and industry advances in exact proportion to the progress of knowledge, still I acknowledge in your ambition a much nobler project, in comparison of which the fame and wealth and dignities of the world are but as the rainbow's gem that sparkles and disappears. Oh! you are right, when lighting up the torch of knowledge, to invoke no flame but that of heaven to illumine it. The lights of earth are transient and uncertain—vapours that only dazzle, to mislead, and shine the brightest on the eve of their extinction—but the beam of heaven is steady and eternal—it enters the soul—it expands and rarifies, and lifts it to a region where human vanity has no voice, and human splendors are but darkness. You are right in making the bible the primer of the infant—place it in his hand by day—place it on his pillow by night. Full of glorious thought and glowing images, it will inspire the fancy; full of noble sentiment and virtuous precept, it will form the principles; full of holy zeal and burning conviction, it will purify the soul—and it is a wise philos-

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#### EXTRACT FROM FRANKLIN'S WORKS.

A Swedish minister, having assembled the chiefs of the Susquehanna Indians, made a sermon to them, acquainting them with the principal historical facts on which our religion is founded; such as the fall of our first parents by eating an apple, the coming of Christ to repair the mischief, his miracles and sufferings, &c.—When he had finished, an Indian orator stood up to thank him. "What you have told us," says he, "is all very good.—It is indeed bad to eat apples." It is better to make them all into cider. We are much obliged by your kindness in coming so far, to tell us those things which you have heard from your mothers. In return, I will tell you some of those we have heard from ours. "In the beginning, our fathers had only the flesh of animals to subsist on, and when hunting was unsuccessful, they were starving,

Two of our young hunters having killed a deer, made a fire in the woods to broil some parts of it.—When they were about to satisfy their hunger, they beheld a beautiful young woman descend from the clouds, and seat herself on that hill which you see yonder among the Blue Mountains. They said to each other, it is a spirit that perhaps has smelt our broiling venison, and wishes to eat of it: let us offer some to her. They presented her with the tongue: she was pleased with the taste of it, and said, your kindness shall be rewarded; come to this place after thirteen moons, and you shall find something that will be of great benefit in nourishing you and your children to the latest generation. They did so, and to their surprise found plants they had never seen before; but which, from that ancient time, have been constantly cultivated among us, to our great advantage. Where her right hand had touched the ground, they found maize; where her left hand touched it, they found kidney-beans; and where her backside had sat on it, they found tobacco.—The good missionary, disgusted at this idle tale, said, "What I delivered to you were sacred truths, but what you tell me is mere fable, fiction, and falsehood."—The Indian, offended, replied, "My brother, it seems your friends have not done you justice in your education; they have not well instructed you in the rules of common civility. You saw that we, who understand and practice those rules, believed all your stories, why do you refuse to believe ours?"

### Religious.

#### ELOQUENCE OF SHERLOCK.

SELECTED.

Bishop SHERLOCK, in one of his sermons, has the following elegant passage, which is quoted by Mr. BLAIR, in his Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, as a remarkably fine example of the figure of personification. The author is comparing our Savior with Mahomet.

"Go," says he, "to your Natural Religion; lay before her Mahomet, and his disciples, arrayed in armor and blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands who fell by his victorious sword. Show her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of all the inhabitants of the earth. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirement; shew her the Prophet's chamber; his concubines and his wives; and let her hear him allege revelation, and a divine commission to justify his adultery and lust. When she is tired with this prospect, then shew her the blessed Jesus, humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men. Let her see him in his most retired privacies; let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God. Carry her to his table, to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his cross; let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors: *Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!* When Natural Religion has thus viewed both, ask her, Which is the Prophet of God? But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene, through the eyes of the Centurion, who attended at the cross. By him she spoke, and said, *Truly this man was the Son of God!* This (says Blair) is more than elegant; it is truly sublime. The whole passage is animated; and the Figure rises at the conclusion, when Natural Religion, who, before, was only a spectator, is introduced as speaking by the Centurion's voice. It has the better effect too, that it occurs at the conclusion of a discourse, where we naturally look for most warmth and dignity."

The six following lines on the children of Israel's departure out of Egypt, Mr. Pope thought superior to any thing he had ever met with in the English language.

When Egypt's King God's chosen tribes pursued,  
In crystal walls th' admiring waters stood—  
When through the desert wild they took their way,  
The rocks relented and poured forth a sea.  
What limits can Almighty goodness know,  
When seas can harden and when rocks can flow.

#### VIRTUE.

In all its acts, carries with it a reward. In the exercise of conscious rectitude; in the performance of charitable offices; in feeding the poor; in ministering to the sick; in consoling the mourners; and in guiding the inquiring souls in the way to heaven, there is a blessedness so holy, so divine, that the gross delights of sensuality and the crooked joys of avarice and ambition are in comparison only disguised misery.