

POETRY.

FROM THE PERT EOLIO.

We are accustomed to smile at the conceits, and turn with disgust from the obscurities which crowded the pages of the poets in the time of Charles II.—the crowd of gentlemen who wrote with ease. But the following song of Sir CHARLES SHELLEY possesses as much purity, grace and delicacy, both in thought and diction, as the passion he describes:

SONG.

Phillis, men say that all my vows
Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas! my heart he little knows,
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford,
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learnt to live
On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
Beneath the myrtle shade.

VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in Variety.

THE BURIAL.

"And where is he?—not by her side,
"Whose every want he lov'd to tend."

The morning had been cold and wet, but as the meridian approached, the clouds began to disperse and the sun gradually breaking through the heavy wreaths of overshadowing gloom, sprinkled a thousand glories amid the dripping grass blades, and spread a splendid rainbow above the drifting scuds that filled the western skies, as I ascended the green hill by a path that led to the late dwelling of De Walter. The three roads that terminated on the hill top were lined with persons on foot, on horseback, and in various vehicles, all plodding on towards the already crowded dwelling, and gave ample evidence of the estimation in which the departed one had been held in the neighborhood.

I pushed my way into the house that I might look once more upon the face of my young friend, before it was hid away forever from mortal vision. But numbers pressed towards the lifeless corpse; and the undertaker was already come to screw down the coffin lid, and waited only for the relatives of the deceased to bid a last adieu to his cold remains, so that I was unable to accomplish my purpose—I only heard them say that he looked natural; that he had died in a rapid fever, the last flush of which had hardly worn from his cheek. A short and breathless pause ensued, then a momentary stir, accompanied with a voice "stand back," a few low, deep, trembling sobs succeeded, and the lid closed, and I heard the screws driven in. The confused tread of many steps followed—the croud gathered round without, and at last the bright polished mahogany coffin was brought out and laid carefully, and softly down upon the bier.

A deep solemnity rested upon the circling crowd for a moment—every eye was turned pensively and sadly towards that spectacle, and the language of many a heart seemed this—"He is, what I shall be!" The gulph seemed so narrow, that divided eternity from time, that I almost thought, I could see beyond it—Death stood before me, a reality—and reminded me of that great change which is hastening to pass upon all men. But two days before, the form that was now closed in that narrow abode, walked uprightly before men—and talked and laughed, as gaily, and unsuspectingly, as any who now stood around it. It was all over—the signet had been set, and the spirit had gone to its last account.

Wrapt up in these contemplations, I stood and gazed, until the carriers had lifted up the bier, and removed some distance towards the village church—the glittering spire of which blazed now in a clear sun above the clear copse at the foot of the hill.

The sable clad mourners slowly descended from the piazza, and moved with faltering step, towards it. The long procession formed in the rear, and the whole began to wind slowly down the village road.

The tendency of men to levity—their proneness to forget every warning—the faithlessness of friendship, began already to appear. The smile of merriment returned gradually; the affairs of the day were familiarly discussed; and the plans and prospects, and business of common life, occupied every tongue around me. The mourners alone appeared to feel the stroke—or to remember with a single sorrow its effect. And yet he who had fallen in the morning of life was an associate, a companion, a friend of these! Why was it so? I know the answer, that is ready. "It is the way of the world."

At last we reached the church yard, and the coffin was let down into the cold

damp grave; the loose straw and gravel were thrown in upon it, and the burial completed in a haste, seeming almost to betoken impatience to put away from sight all that remained of the departed one. The relatives had taken a last look—the croud had paused in silence for a moment; the last tribute was paid, and the multitude rolled away more rapidly than they had collected. A few friends only accompanied the mourning family back to the Mansion of the hill; and having loitered a few moments by the grave, I followed them.

In crossing the farm, now that the concourse of people had disappeared, I beheld the tokens of that sudden calamity, which had overwhelmed its inhabitants, in every direction. A plough lay overturned in the furrow; an axe was rusting by a pile of wood; and a wagon half unloaded stood in the lane. In the general panic, every thing had been left in the situation it happened to be at that moment. These had been perhaps unnoticed that day by any other; but to me, each little incident spoke in a voice that reached the heart. It is sad; it is melancholy; it is touching, the spectacle of grief's pale messenger, as it is displayed even in the minutest traces of its footsteps or its effects.

De Walter, now lay cold in the neglected grave yard, but in his pleasant mansion the table was spread out and loaded with all the luxuries of the season. His friends it seemed had gathered to a feast. The weeping widow had indeed retired to her solitary chamber, with her infant orphans. She felt; ah, she felt the loss of all most dear to her upon the earth. But at the door sat two sage and venerable men, gravely discussing the advantages that would arise from their procuring power to administer on his estate, and the means of so doing—while in a corner of the room, carrying on an earnest conversation in whispers, sat a couple more, planning how they should contrive to purchase the farm at the lowest possible rate.

I had scarcely turned away from these last "friends of the family," before we were called to dinner. Every successive dish, here as it was swept away, was plentifully seasoned with anecdote and mirth, and before the last course was removed, the scenes of the morning seemed utterly obliterated.

"It was the way of the world," I knew, but then it seemed unnatural.—How it was, I cannot tell, but a sensation, the thrill of which still runs thro' my blood when I think of it, came across me—and yet I recollected that so passes the bright prospects of the world; so passes the uncertain flash of friendship; so pass youth and manhood; the gallant, the gay, the lovely, and the rich; so passes man to his destiny—Shall I not superadd—Sic transit gloria mundi.—*Emporium.*

ORIGIN OF PSALM SINGING.

There is in "D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature" an amusing account of the origin of Psalm Singing.

It appears that the first book of Psalms in verse was written by Marot, a Frenchman, the favored bard of Francis the First—that "Prince of Poets, and that Poet of Princes," as he was quaintly but expressively designated by his contemporaries. It was published at Paris, and contained 52 psalms, written in a variety of measures, with "the same style he had done his ballads and rondeaux." This "holy song-book" was dedicated to the king of France; and being a gay novelty, no book was ever more eagerly received by all classes than Marot's Psalms; they sold faster than the printers could take them off their presses, but as they were understood to be songs, and were accompanied by music, every one set them to favorite tunes, commonly those of popular ballads.—The following lines, which conclude the dedication, will describe the feelings and enthusiasm of their author:

Thrice happy they, who may behold,
And listen in that age of gold
As by the plough the laborer strays,
And carmen 'mid the public ways,
And tradesman in his shop shall swell
Their voice in Psalm or Canticle,
Singing to solace toil; again
From woods shall come a sweeter strain:
Shepherd and shepherdess shall vie
In many a tender psalmody,
And the Creator's name prolong,
And rock and stream return their song.

Begin then ladies fair! begin
The age re-cue'd that knows no sin!
And with light heart that wants no wings,
Sing! from this holy song-book sing!

The universal reception of "Marot's Psalms," induced Theodore Beza to conclude the collection, and ten thousand copies were immediately dispersed. These, however, had the advantage of being set to music, for we are told they were "admirably fitted to the violin, and other musical instruments," and

learn with surprise that it was to Calvin, they were indebted for the simple and beautiful airs with which they were accompanied. Taking advantage of the public feeling, he had engaged the first musical composers to aid by the power of melody the spread of his opinion.—At first this was not discovered, and Catholics as well as Hugonots were solacing themselves on all occasions with this new music. But when Calvin appointed these Psalms to be sung at his meetings, and Marot's formed an appendix to the Catechism of Geneva, this put an end to all Psalm singing for the poor Catholics! Marot himself was forced to fly to Geneva from the fulminations of the Sorbonne, and Psalm-singing became an open declaration of what the French termed "Lutheranism."

In our Island, its history is soon told.—Sternhold, an enthusiast for the Reformation, undertook to be our Marot—without his genius. His Psalms were practised by the puritans in the reign of Elizabeth, and more particularly during the protectorate of Cromwell, and on the same plan of accommodating them to popular tunes and jigs, which one of them said were "too good for the devil." Psalms were now sung at Lord Mayor's Dinners and City Feasts; soldiers sang them on their march, and at parade; and few houses which had windows fronting the street but had their evening Psalm.

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FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

Most people take exquisite delight in seeing other people hanged; in all countries, curious and eager multitudes gather and press around the gallows to behold a fellow creature perish for his sins. The following incident, which happened in 1778, in the New-Hampshire Grants, now Vermont, illustrates our remark:

One David Redding was convicted of treasonable practices, and sentenced to be executed on the 4th of June of that year. The curiosity, which, not much to the honor of human nature, has ever been manifested on such occasions, was on this greatly heightened by the fact, that a public execution had never been witnessed in Vermont. To this curiosity was added the strong feeling of indignation which such a crime was calculated to excite at that period. Under the influence of these feelings, a vast multitude collected to witness the execution. In the meantime, however, the learned counsel had discovered an important defect in the proceedings. Redding had been tried by a jury of six only; and it was very unfortunately discovered that this was contrary to the common law of Great Britain, which required the verdict of twelve. Application was immediately made to the Governor and Council for a reprieve until a new trial could be had.—The reprieve was granted at the moment the anxious throng were collecting to witness the execution.

With such a multitude, and on such an occasion, it was in vain to reason, or talk of the rights of Englishmen. They had pronounced the culprit guilty, and were not in a condition to learn upon what principle the verdict of the whole community could be set aside with so little ceremony. While they were agitated with mingled emotions of disappointment and indignation, ETHAN ALLEN, suddenly pressing through the crowd, ascending a stump, and, waving his hat, exclaiming, *attention the whole!* proceeded to announce the reasons which produced the reprieve, advised the multitude to depart peaceably to their habitations, and return on the day fixed for the execution, in the act of the Governor and Council, adding, with an oath, "You shall see somebody hung, at all events, for, if Redding is not then hung, I will be hung myself!"

Upon this assurance the uproar ceased, and the multitude dispersed.

Redding was again tried on the 9th of June, and executed on the 11th.

The foregoing anecdote has been often related by those who were eye-witnesses of the scene, and accords too well with the spirit of the times, and the well known character of Ethan Allen, to leave a doubt of its authenticity.

ECCLÉSIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Synod of North-Carolina met, according to adjournment, at Statesville, in Iredell county, on Thursday, the 14th instant; and closed its sessions, on Saturday evening. On Saturday, the Education and Missionary Societies held their annual meeting. The following is the report of the doings of the Synod:

The Synod of North-Carolina held their last Annual Sessions in the town of Statesville, in Iredell county. They commenced on Thursday, the 7th inst. and continued to meet, by adjournments,

until Saturday the 9th, when they closed their proceedings for the present year. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. John Witherspoon, from Acts xx. 28. "Take heed therefore, unto yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." The Rev. Colin McIver was chosen Moderator; and the Rev. Messrs. John B. Davis and Robert H. Morrison, were appointed Clerks. The Members of the Synod who attended this meeting, amounted to forty-one; twenty-nine ministers, and twelve ruling elders; a larger number, by seven ministers, and three ruling elders, than have attended any of the preceding meetings of this synod, since it was constituted in October, 1813. On Friday afternoon, the Synod entered into a free conversation on the state of Religion, the result of which will be seen at the close of this summary.

They have passed a resolution, highly approving of Sabbath Schools, and earnestly recommending all their churches, to pay attention to this subject; and to adopt some systematic plan of sabbath school instruction.

They have also recommended that the first Thursday in December next, be observed as a day of *fasting, humiliation, and prayer.* The following is the Synodical act, containing this recommendation.

"The Synod of North-Carolina, recognizing in the dispensations of Divine Providence to their people during the last year, the peculiar claims of Almighty God, would devoutly call the attention of all their churches to the obligations which demand the following acknowledgements.

"Thankfulness for the means of grace and their increasing success; for the blessings of peace and civil liberty; for the health of many sections of our country; for the prospect of a plenty within a portion of our bounds; and for the countless and tender manifestations of the divine regard, continually made to all our people.

"2. Humiliation, under a deep and feeling sense of our ingratitude and guilt shewn in the neglect of the gospel and its ordinances, in the lukewarmness of our churches, in the coldness of our Ministry, and in the few and feeble exertions made for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ. The humiliation of our people is farther demanded, by the afflictions of sickness and death and those alarming dispensations, which have threatened famine and poverty.

"3. Fervent prayers, for the continuation of our religious and civil privileges; for the greater success of the Gospel; for the increase of Ministers, and Missionary exertions; for the special and general out-pouring of the spirit of God upon all our churches, and upon all the world; and for the speedy and glorious triumph of the Gospel over all its enemies, and over every thing that would obstruct its progress in the world.

More deeply to impress these truths upon the hearts of our people, the Synod recommend, that THE FIRST THURSDAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, be observed as a day of FASTING, HUMILIATION, AND PRAYER.

The following minute contains the result of the free conversation on the state of religion.

"From the conversation held on the state of religion within our bounds, it appears, that no particular effusion of the Holy Spirit has been experienced by our churches during the past year: a general state of alarming coldness seems to prevail, which loudly calls for mourning, fasting, humiliation and prayer. It ought ever to be borne in mind by the Ministers of the Gospel, that, when the Great Head of the Church has a controversy with his people, his reproofs and warnings, are addressed to the Angel, or minister of every particular church. It is, therefore, in a great measure, to the want of faithfulness and activity in the Ministers of Christ, that the languishing state of religion within our bounds, is to be ascribed. While we lament, that we come so far short of our sister churches in the North and East, we are willing to admit, that there are difficulties peculiar to the state of our country within our bounds, with which other churches are unacquainted; but we also believe, that these difficulties, so far from being an inducement to relax our exertions in advancing the kingdom of our Redeemer, ought rather to excite us to renewed and daily increasing activity, being well assured, that our reward hereafter, will not be in proportion to the extent of the good performed; but to the zeal, perseverance, and self-denial, with which we shall have labored in the vineyard of our Lord; for, *'He that is faithful in the least, is faithful also in much.'*

"Although, as already stated, no gen-

eral out-pouring of the Spirit of God has been experienced by any of our churches during the past year; yet still, we have reason to give thanks to the Father of Mercies, the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, that he has not left himself without a witness in the midst of us. Some mercy-drops have fallen upon our thirsty hill of Zion; and souls have been deemed free from sin and Hell;—have had their feet taken out of the miry clay, and fixed upon a rock; and a new song has been put into their mouths, ever praise to our God. Enough, indeed, has been done, by our gracious, covenant-keeping God, to convince us, that he is ever ready to bless our exertions, and answer our prayers.

"In some instances, the power of Divine truth on the heart, has been quite remarkable; and has led the gazing world to exclaim, with the vanquished magicians of Egypt, *'This is the finger of God.'* The monthly concert for Prayer has been generally observed; and most of our churches have also observed, either in a public or private manner, the annual Prayer meeting, on the evening preceding the opening of the General Assembly, and recommended by that body to all the churches under its care. Sunday Schools and Bible Classes, are, in many of our churches, in a flourishing condition; and it is hoped, that, from the success which has crowned the efforts of some of our brethren, in promoting these useful and beneficent institutions, those who are yet behind, in the works of mercy, will be encouraged to set their hands to the plough.

"When pastoral visits have been attended to, much good has been the result; and much good will always attend the labors of that servant of Jesus Christ, who imitates the Apostle Paul, not only in teaching publicly, but also, in giving instruction from house to house.

"Many of our congregations have distinguished themselves in forming associations for benevolent purposes; and we hope the time is not far distant, when these will be much more numerous and efficacious, than they are at present. The daughters of Zion, who, in some of our churches, meet weekly, to offer upon the altar of benevolence and piety, the fruit of their own labors, deserve the commendation and good wishes of all the friends of God. To such, we bid God speed. *'Many daughters have done virtuously; but thou excel them all.'* *'Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.'* In one instance, a dwelling house for their Pastor has been erected by a young congregation. This is an example worthy of imitation.

"We rejoice to state, that, in many of our churches, there are societies, auxiliary to the American Society for ameliorating the condition of the Jews. We Gentiles, are great debtors to the children of Abraham; whatever we hold dear and sacred, has come down to us by means of the Jews: Our Lord was a Jew: the prophets and apostles and primitive disciples, were Jews: the books of the Old and New Testaments were written by Jews; and since, through the fall of the Jews, salvation has come to us, Gentiles, the intention of the great King of Zion is, that, through our mercy, they also may obtain mercy.

"The Colonization Society has not been forgotten; and we trust, will never be forgotten, by our churches, until its God-like design shall be fully accomplished. Finally, the Synod would exhort all the churches under their care, to *'contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints;'* to *'hold fast that which they have, that no man take their crown;'* to *'be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as we know, that our labor is not in vain in the Lord.'*

It is deemed proper to add to the above, that, besides the ordinary business of the Synod, two sermons were delivered every day while they continued in session; and on the Sabbath, the Lord's Supper was administered to a large number of communicants. A sermon was delivered on Monday morning, which closed the public services of this occasion; after which, the Ministers and the assembled company returned to their respective homes, it is to be hoped, with hearts suitably affected by the exercises in which, for the four preceding days, they had been engaged. The Synod will hold their next annual sessions at Greensborough, in the county of Guilford; and will commence on the first Wednesday in October, 1825.

Humility.—The most excellent of all moral virtues is to have a low esteem for ourselves; which has this particular advantage, that it attracts not the envy of others.