

POETRY.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

Beneath the chancel's hallow'd stone,
Exposed to every rustic tread,
To few, save rustic mourners, known,
My brother, is thy lowly bed.
Few words, upon the rough stone graven,
Thy name—thy birth—thy youth declare—
Thy innocence—thy hopes of Heaven—
In simplest phrase recorded there.

No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,
In mockery o'er my Brother's Grave,
No sound of human toil or strife
To death's lone dwelling speaks of life,
Nor breaks the silence still and deep
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,
Art laid in that unstartled sleep
The living eye has never known.

The lonely sexton's footstep falls
In dismal echoes on the walls,
As, slowly pacing through the aisle,
He sweeps th' unholy dust away,
And cobwebs, which must not defile
Those windows on the Sabbath day;
And, passing through the central nave,
Treads lightly on my Brother's Grave.

But when the sweet-toned Sabbath chime,
Pouring its music on the breeze,
Proclaim the well-known holy time
Of prayer, and thanks, and bended knees,
When rustic crowds devoutly meet,
And lips and hearts to God are given,
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet
Of earthly ills, in thoughts of Heaven
What voice of calm and solemn tone
Is heard above the burial stone?
What form in priestly meek array
Beside the altar kneels to pray?
What holy hands are lifted up
To bless the sacramental cup?
Full well I know that reverend form,
And if a voice should reach the dead,
Those tones would reach thee, though the worm,
My brother, makes thy breast his bed;
That Sire, who thy existence gave,
Now stands beside thy lowly Grave.

THE RINPERTORY.

THE THREE SPIRITS.

BY G. SLOANE, ESQ.

My uncle was a prodigious story-teller—I don't mean that he indulged in a propensity to fibbing—but like the Sultana of the "Arabian Nights," his brain was a reservoir of tales that seemed perfectly inexhaustible. Judging of his forehead by cranioflogical rules, I could not fancy them to be his invention—and yet how else could he come by them?—to the best of my knowledge he never read any thing but "Carey's Book of Roads," for he was a prodigious traveller. But whenever the tales came, he was in great requisition with us, who formed the younger part of his establishment, particularly in the long winter evenings. Like the Sultana already alluded to, he was sure to find a Dinarzade at his elbow, to jog his memory when it happened to slumber.

Suppose us all seated round the Christmas fire; the wood blazes, the hearth is clean swept, and the servant retires with the things. In a great arm-chair sits my aunt, half-dozing over her knitting; on the opposite side is my uncle, his little bright eyes twinkling with good humor and penetration; and around is a formidable array of us, his seven nephews and nieces, a handsome legacy, as he used to say, from his deceased brother.

According to his usual wont at this part of the evening, the pipe was in my uncle's mouth; this, as it was a custom, I was never disposed to find fault with; but, when, as on the present occasion, he indulged in a second pipe, I must honestly own it encroached not a little on my patience. But there was no help for it; to all our entreaties, not to say grumbings, was a laugh of these little bright eyes, and a "puff! puff!" till he fairly puffed out pipe the second.

"And now," said my uncle, "I am ready for you. I'll tell you a true story—as true as if it were in print—and it happened to myself."

"Tell!—tell!—tell!" cried the seven younger voices in chorus.

"Will!—will!—will!" responded my uncle. And thus he began.

"I was travelling to Southampton by the mail. The ground was covered with snow, the wind blew a hurricane, and the night was so intensely cold, that when the coach stopped at Alton, where they allowed a few minutes' space for refreshment, my limbs were almost frozen. You may easily suppose I was glad to find myself before a good fire, and a well-spread table. Yet there was not much to boast of in the room either; it was a low, old-fashioned place, with a well-sanded floor, and in one corner was that horror of horrors, to my fancy—a Dutch clock. I don't know why, but I never could abide this compound of brass and wood—and the present fellow was particularly disagreeable to me. Above the dial-plate was a little figure of a Saracen, with huge goggling eyes, that rolled to and fro by the action of the watch-work

within; what's worse, he squinted most abominably. For all that, I didn't neglect my supper; on the contrary, I was busily employed discussing a second tumbler of hot brandy and water, when the guard came in with his usual—"Ready, sir."

"Directly," said I, filling up a third goblet.

"The horn sounded—"Ta-ra-ra!"

"Confound it," said I, 'the brandy is so hot.'

"Ta-ra-ra," said the horn again.

"You may wait," said I, rather waspishly, as a man who was loath to leave good liquor.

"Another flourish of the detestable horn.

"The clatter of horses' feet on the hard ground followed, and the waiter bustling in, somewhat superfluously informed me that the coach had gone. I never bore a disappointment better in my life. Without a single remark—which, indeed, would have been useless—I ordered a bowl of punch to be brought in, and fresh wood to be heaped upon the fire. There was nothing left for it, but to make myself comfortable—and comfortable I was, never more so in my life, except for the ticking of that horrible Dutchman, and the squinting of the little goggle-eyed Saracen.

"I wish the fellow who made it was at the devil," quoth I.

"Tick, tick, tick," replied the Dutchman. A death-watch couldn't have been half so unpleasant.

"Tick, tick, tick—roll, roll, roll."

"There was something ominous in the sound; and as the wind howled about the chimneys, and the hail pattered against the windows, I began to feel first odd—then cold—then alarmed: for the more I listened the more singular was the 'tick, tick,' of the Dutchman. It was evident the clock was talking to me, and I really thought I began to understand his language. In the midst of my terror a whimsical thought came over me, and I couldn't help holding up the punch-bowl to Meinheer, and exclaiming—"You must be thirsty after so much talking; suppose you drink?"

"At this moment, there was a fierce gust of wind that seemed to shake the house to its very foundation, and the spirit of the clock—for there certainly was a spirit in it—groaned heavily. 'Tick, tick, tick'—and the Saracen rolled his eyes as if he were mad. But the dead pause that followed was still more awful, and the voice of the clock in the silence sounded yet more solemnly. On a sudden the ticking ceased, and the eyes stood still; a loud whizzing of wheels followed, and in the next moment the clock fell to the ground and was shattered to pieces like so much glass. Amidst the shower of flying atoms up started three strange beings, that like the beasts in the Apocalypse, set language at defiance. The first was an indefinable compound of the eagle and the human being. The second had the appearance of a man of gigantic stature, with a lofty brow, upon which sat determination, while the muscles of his chest and arms swelled with restless energy. The third wore the form of Venus, as poets have described her when she rose from the foam of the sea.

"I am the PAST," said, or rather screamed the eagle figure, and his eyes glistened, and his talons shot out from their covering, as if about to stoop and seize me. "I am the PAST; how hast thou used me?"

"I am the PRESENT," said the second figure, sternly. "Use me wisely, treat me kindly, and thou shalt have no need to fear the beak and talons of my brother. Look, the world is full of briars; take this axe, and hew thyself a way through them. The earth is stern and niggard; take this spade, and compel her bounty."

"I am the FUTURE," said the third spirit, in a tone so sweet and musical, that, while I listened, all fear departed from me, and the heart within me kindled. "Follow me continued the beautiful spirit, 'and I will lead you to the Islands of the Blest; see, how calmly the waters glide, feel how softly the winds blow; follow me, poor creature of clay, and be happy.'

"And I did follow her—who could have resisted the fascination of that voice! Strange to say, the storm had passed off, and a warm summer moon was glowing upon the midnight waters. In the next moment, we were in her little skiff, with the light breeze filling our sails, and the sea sparkling about us. She stood at the bows chanting a melody of more than mortal sweetness; and as the sound touched the waters, the dolphins gathered around us as of old at the music of Arion. I was un-

terably happy; the world with its cold realities was nothing now to me; I thought not of it; I thought not of them; my whole soul was given up to the syren whose song, while it relaxed the muscles, filled my heart with an unknown pleasure. Oh, that this voyage could have ended but with life itself! but in the midst of my languid enjoyment, the clouds gathered, the thunder rolled, the waves rose, and the winds burst from their caverns in the distant north. It was a fearful hurricane. At the first threat of the angry elements, the beautiful spirit spread her wings and vanished with a lamentable cry. In the next moment I found myself struggling with the furious billows, which rising mountains high, flung me on the point of a sharp rock, standing out like a solitary light-house in the middle of the pathless ocean. There I lay upon the crag beaten by the winds and rain, and unable to move a limb. Then came a fearful rushing of winds, and the eagle spirit fell upon me with his cruel talons and struck his beak into my side. I was, as Prometheus of old, nailed to a rock, and condemned to be the everlasting prey of the bird of Jove. I could not die; his thirst exhausted not the current in my veins; his hunger still found a liver to feed upon.—Night went, and the day came, but still it was the same—and again the stars rose, and still his claws were in my flesh, and his beak was at my heart.—There was no respite—none—none—none. The moon grew old, and again young, as if she had renewed her youth in the magic kettle of the Colchian witch—yet still I writhed upon my rock. The summer solstice brought its scorching sun, the winter solstice, came on the wings of the tempest—yet still I writhed upon my rock. Comets passed away and returned in their path of centuries—yet still I writhed upon my rock. The earth itself grew old, and brought forth shrubs instead of oaks; the milk of her teeming bosom—the springs and rivers—that should have fed the green leaf and the fruit, had dried up—yet still I writhed upon my rock!

"At last the trumpet sounded to call the dead and the living before the throne of judgment. At the first summons the ocean shrunk back like a guilty thing, the planets stood still, and the affrighted earth was motionless. At the second, the grave yielded up its dead, and in the air was a sound of wailing and lamentation, and the shrieks of millions who dreaded to meet the last account. A third time the trumpet sounded, and—whirr, whirr, whirr—my old friend the Dutchman struck seven, and the Saracen squinted, as I thought, very significantly upon me. The trumpet was the horn of the early coach, which awoke me just in time to resume my journey, that had been delayed by the punch-bowl.

"Children—never forget "The Three Spirits"

FORT FREELAND.

On the 28th July, 1779, James Watt, an aged man, left Freeland's Fort about daylight to look for his sheep, and proceeded but a short distance towards the creek when an Indian named John Monteur, who was laying in ambush, suddenly sprang upon him and attempted to drag him off, but Watt resisted and hallooed loudly for assistance. The Indian felled him with his tomahawk and attempted to scalp him and was wounded in the back by a rifle ball from the fort, when he fled. At the same time two young men who were out ran in. One stopped, just as he entered the gate, to look back, and was shot in the forehead. The other pulled him in and shut the gate. Thus the attack commenced.

The yells of the savages were now heard in every direction, and the Indians and refugees to the number of 300, commanded by Capt. John McDonald, made a general attack upon the fort. The efficient men in the fort did not exceed 25. After some firing the British hoisted a white flag, and terms of capitulation were entered into about one o'clock; by which the able bodied men, 22 in number, became prisoners of war, and the old infirm men, and women and children, 50 or 60, were permitted to march down to the interior under the protection of a flag.

After the surrender of the fort, on the same day, a company of 33 men, commanded by Capt. Campbellton, came up with the intention of assisting the defenders of the fort, attacked the refugees and Indians, but were defeated with the loss of eleven men killed, among whom were Captains Hawkins Boone and Samuel Dougherty, continental officers. Capt. John Dougherty, Wm.

Hood, and Major McMahon, crossed the creek, and inquired of the women who were prisoners, the number of the enemy, and were informed hundreds; when they immediately turned and made good their retreat. This band was composed of as brave men as any country could boast, and those who survived took an active part in the skirmishes which followed during the remainder of the war. Many of their descendants reside in this neighbourhood, and no doubt inherit much of the courage and love of liberty which distinguished their fathers in the hour that tried men's souls.

The first night after the surrender of the fort the prisoners were confined in an ash house near Muncy. One of them, a man named Henry Gilfillan, had attempted to escape after the surrender, and was on the second floor of the building when Old Monteur came in and pointed his gun at him, as if about to shoot. He was followed by Old Cateen, who exclaimed to Gilfillan, "Ah! you debil, you tschot me." Frightened until his knees knocked together, he replied, "No, I never shot any body." "You lie, you debil; I got my writ cut by you," and she waved her tomahawk as if about to hurl it at his head.—"I've a good mind to scalp you," she continued, after looking at him until she thought him frightened sufficiently not to attempt running away again. It is said that such was the fright he received at this time, that for years he could not divest himself of the idea that the rustling of the leaves as he passed through the woods was the noise of the tread of the Indian in pursuit.

On the march one of the Monteur's secreted himself behind a large tree, and as Mr. Vincent, Sr., one of the captives—came opposite, raised his tomahawk and gave the Indian yell, and then marched on with an inward chuckle, as if pleased with the alarm he occasioned.

The captives—of which the late Bethuel Vincent was one—were taken through the upper part of this state to the Tioga river, thence into the Genessee country, from there to Niagara, and from thence to Lower Canada. The country through which they passed was one vast wilderness, and they did not see a white man's dwelling after they left Lycoming creek until they arrived at Fort Niagara. A little beef without salt roasted on the end of a stick, was their chief article of food. They were treated as well as they had reason to expect, and much better than many others in similar situations. They remained prisoners in Canada about three years.

On their return to this county they found it very difficult to commence farming. Their houses, fences, and farming utensils were all destroyed, and every thing presented a dreary aspect.—The settlement did not flourish for two or three years, after which it assumed a new face, and increased in population very rapidly.—Northbrian.

RELIGION IN WOMAN.

How often have young men propounded to themselves and others the question, what is the first quality to be sought for in the choice of a wife?—and how diverse have been the answers to this most important interrogatory! The gay and thoughtless will point you to beauty, wealth, accomplishments; others, who look beyond the unself of the exterior, regard amiability and feeling as the brightest jewels of the female character: others, who have searched deeper into the springs of human action, and know well the fountains whence flow the purest and most endearing happiness, will give the only true answer to the inquiry, viz:—a strong christian faith, sentiments and practice.

Religion is every where lovely, but in woman peculiarly so. It makes her but little lower than the angels. It purifies her heart, elevates her feelings and sentiments, hallows her affections, sheds light on her understanding, and imparts dignity and pathos to her whole character. Nor does its influence end here:

"It beams in the glance of the eye,
It sits on the lip like a smile,
It checks the ungracious reply,
It enraptures but cannot beguile."

Woman, from her very nature, is destined to drink deeper from the cup of sorrow and suffering than the other sex. Her trials are chiefly of the heart and consequently the hardest to be borne.—She is seldom, perhaps, able to contend with those formidable evils and temptations which rouse all the energies of our nature to repel their attack, but is beset (from the time she merges into womanhood) by a thousand petty tri-

als and annoyances, which, while they seem too insignificant to require much effort to resist, are at the same time, most difficult to overcome. Religion alone can disarm these trials, and enable her to preserve that equanimity and peace of mind so essential to happiness. It is her talisman. To it she flies in the hour of disappointment and sorrow, and from it never fails to derive consolation and support. Yet how few in their selection of a partner for life, regard this most important qualification. How few think to penetrate into the secret chambers of the soul, to see what is there hidden within so fair an exterior; if there the vestal lamp sheds its clear and constant ray. External attractions may lead us captive for a time, feeling may send a thrill of exquisite joy through the heart of the recipient; talent may call forth unbounded admiration; but if religion make no part of the character, the keystone to the arch is wanting, and the fabric will ere long crumble and fall.

It should be remembered that life is not all sunshine. Bright as the world may be before us, we cannot live long without encountering many sorrows, and disappointments, and troubles. They are sent by a kind Providence to sever the cords which bind us too closely to earth; to turn our thoughts inward upon ourselves, and upward to Heaven.—While our bark glides calmly on a summer's sea, with the blue sky above and bright waters around us these blandishments may satisfy the heart—but let us be overtaken by the storm and the tempest, and where is the support they yield? Let darkness enter your dwelling, and the pleasure you derive from them is forgotten, and you look in vain to the same source for relief. Let death invade your social circle, and lay his ruthless hand on your first born, shrouding all around you in darkness and gloom, and where do you look for a ray of hope? It is under circumstances like these that religion transforms a wife into a ministering angel. She will bind up your bleeding heart, lead you to the fountain of living waters and change gloom and despondency into light and cheerfulness.—as the sun in setting, lights up every hill-top, and tree, and cottage, so religion gilds with its heavenly beams every feeling, enjoyment, and occupation.

Most persons, on entering the married state (particularly in youth,) fancy it a condition of unmingled joy and pleasure—that they are within a charmed circle, the bounds of which no sorrow or troubles can pass. They forget the new and immense responsibilities that are incurred; and the trials which must necessarily accompany them. Not that these should deter any one from taking this most important step, for it is the high road to improvement and happiness.—What are the boasted pleasures of intellect compared with those of affection?—The latter are as truly heaven-born and immortal, they are the earliest developed in our nature, and the last touched by the finger of decay. Woman! thy empire is the HEART, and he who would know the capacity of the human soul for happiness, must yield himself to thy sway.

Tenderness of Conscience. The tender conscience is like the apple of a man's eye—the least dust that gathers into it afflicts it. There is no surer and better way to know whether our consciences are dead and stupid, than to observe what impressions small sins (as they are improperly named) make upon them: if we are not very careful to avoid all appearance of evil, and to shun whatever looks like sin, if we are not much troubled at the vanity of our thoughts and words, at the rising up of sinful motives & desires in us, as we have been formerly, we may then conclude that our hearts are hardened, and our consciences are stupefied; for a tender conscience will no more allow of what are called small sins than of great sins.

A quaint old author denounces oysters as being ungodly, uncharitable and unprofitable meat; ungodly, because they are eaten without grace; uncharitable because they leave nothing but shell, and unprofitable because they must swim in wine.

THE SLANDERER

His heart is gall—his tongue is fire—
His soul too base for generous fire,
His sword too keen for noble use;
His shield and buckler is—A LIE.

COMPLIMENTARY.—The common definition of man is false, he is not a reasoning animal, the best you can predict of him is, that he is an animal capable of reasoning.