A Family Memspaper-Deboted to Politics, Aiterature, Rovality, Foreign and Bomestic Dews, Science and the Arts, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c

NEW SERIES, VOL. 7, NO. 11. SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1854.

TERMS OF THE AMERICAN.

their gall sell room bobusques band may and

THE AMERICAN is published every Saturday at TWO DOLLARS per amoun to be paid failf yearly in advance. No paper discontinued until ALL arrearages are All communications or letters on business velating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW. Sunbury, Northumberland County, Pa. Prompt attention to business in adjoining

WM. M. ROCKEFELLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW SUNBURY, PA. Dec. 13, 1851,-tf.

M. L. SHINDEL. ATTORNEY AT LAW. SUNBURY, PA.

December 4, 1852,---tf.

N. M. Newnam's Beatty's Rose, Norwegian street, Pottsville, Penna.

Plumbing Shop, HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A SUP-ply of all sizes of Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, Block Tin, Bath Tuls, Shower Baths, Hydrants, Hose, Double and Single Acting Pumps and Water Closets; also, all kinds of Brass Cocks for water and steam, Brass Oil Cups, and Globes for Engines. All kinds of Copper Work and

N. B. Cash paid for old Brass and Lead. Pottsville, Aug. 27, 1853 .-- 1y

I. G. WORTH & CO., Door, Blind, Shutter.

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to any that can be made.

Also, Sash ready glazed, slways on hand

Orders by mail or despatch will receive prompt Phila., March 25, 1854.-3m.

WM. M'CARTY, Market Street, SUNBURY, PA.

JUST received and for sale, a fresh supply EVANGELICAL MUSIC for Singing Schools. He is also opening at this time, a large assortment of Books, in every

branch of Literature, consisting of Works, Law, Medicine, School and Children's Books, Bibles; School, Pocket and Family, both with and without Engravings,—and every of variety of Binding. Prayer Books, of all kinds.

Also just received and for sale, Puntons Digest of the laws of Pennsylvania, edition of 1851, price only \$6.00. Judge Reads edition of Blackstones Commer

taries, in 3 vols. 8 vo. formerly sold at \$10,00, and now offered (in fresh binding) at the low A Treatise on the laws of Pennsylvania re-

specting the estates of Decedents, by Thomas F. Gordon, price only \$4,00.

Travels, Voyages and Adventures,—all of which will be sold low, either for each, or coun-

try produce. February, 21, 1852.—tt.

Shamokin Town Lots.

THF subscriber is now prepared to exhibit and dispose of Lots in the new Town-Plat of Shamokin. Persons desirous of purchasing can ascertain the terms and conditions of sale by calling on the subscriber, at Shamokin. WM. ATWATER, Agent. Shamokin, Oct. 15, 1853 .- tf.

LEATHER.

FRITZ & HENDRY, Store, 29 N. 3d street. PHILADELPHIA Manufacturers, Curriers, Importers, Commission and General Leather Business. WHOLESALE & RETAIL. Manufactory 15 Margaretta Street.

Phila., August 20, 1853.-1y. LAWRENCE HOUSE. SUNBURY, PA.

FIGHE subscriber respectfully informs the public that she still continues to keep the above named public house, and that she has engaged Mr. Weiser Ziegler to superin end the same. fliquors and wines, and trusts that she will be able to give satisfaction to all who may visit her house.

MARIA THOMPSON. Sunbury March 4, 1854 .- tf.

ARDWARE, Nails, &c., Boots, Shoes, Hushes, Caps, Cedar wave, Brooms, Brushes, School Books and paper just recived and for gife by I. W. TENER & CO. Sunbury, April 22, 1854 .-

PARASOLS, in plain and fancy figured Silk and Gingham—Cotton and Gingham Uni-brellias—Trunks and Carpet Bags, just received and for sale by

1. W. TENER & CO
Sunbury, April 22, 1854.

NDIAN CHOLAGOGUE An excellent article for the cure of Fever and Ague. Billions Fever, Intermittent or Remittent Fever, just

SELECT POETRY. PICTURES OF MEMORY.

BY ALICE CAREY. Among the beautiful pictures

That hang on Memry's wall, Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe; Not for the violets golden That sprinkle the vale below; Not for the milk-white lillies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams, And stealing their golden edge; Not for the vines on the upland

Where the bright red berries rest, Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip It seemeth to me the best. I once had a little brother, With eyes that were dark and deep— In the lap of that old dim forest

He lieth in peace asleep: -Light as the down of the thistle, Free as the winds that blow. We reved there the beautiful summers, The summers of long ago; But his feet on the hills grow weary, And, one of the antumn eves,

I made for my little brother A bed of yellow leaves. Sweetly his pale arms folded My neck in a meek embrace, As the light of immortal beauty Silently covered his face; And when the arrows of sunset

Lodged in the tree tops bright, He fell, in his saint-like beauty, Asleep by the gates of light. Therfore, of all the pictures That hang on Memory's wall, The one of the dim old forest Seemeth the best of all.

> From an old Lody's Book SWEETHEART ASSEY.

BY 0. P. Q. "Pute site upon there buttlements and frowns, And as the permissipen to receive me,
Her voice, in miller ecision through the courts.
Tella of a unneless doed."—ASONYMOUS.

At the foot of the lofty mountain of Criftel, which rears its cloud-capped summit in towering majesty, and delights to survey its insulated form in the waves, of the Sol-Plumbing done in the neatest manner at the but richer still in those legendary associapathy and enchain the attention of posterisuffering, of crime, of love, of war, and of

On the eastern slope of the vale, are still to be seen the ruins of Caerlavroch castle, the ivy and moss-covered walls and towers of which are venerable with the glories of more than a thousand years. Nor far distant, and on the opposite side of the Nith, are seen peeping through the trees, the gray ruins-the mouldering, yet still beautiful arches, columns, and walls of Sweetheart Abbey-backed by the lofty Criffel, whose mountain shadows imparts salemnity and awe to those crumbling relies of mon-

astic granduer. And why was this solemn pile in the days of Rome's supremacy in Scotland, named "Sweetheart Abbey?" Why do the breezes that sigh mournfully through the neighboring groves of ancient trees, sound like the wailing voices of departed spirits?

Attend, reader, to the sad story of fair Ellen of Kirkonnell.

At an early period of the thirteenth centory, the Baron Maxwell, of Kirkconnell, was one of the most powerful chieftains that dwelt in Scotland. He was a man of high mind and stern purpose -a faithful friend and bitter foe-proud in the con-sciousness that the unstilled honors of many generations of his princely race had descended upon him, and that it was his duty to uphold the name, fame, and valor of the Kirkconnells, with a brightness and purity that would reflect back a lustre on his ancestry, and hand down additional greatness and glory to his descendants. Two thousand men at arms followed his banner to the field; and whether in peace or war, they exhibited a devotion to their chief, which proved that they held the honors of his house dearer than life. Often had his sword been drawn against the pirates of Denmark, or to repulse a Northumbrian foray. Never had that sword been sheathed until crimsoned with the stains of victory. Within the halls of his ancient castle, there dwelt a gentle being, who formed his only solace, after returning from the fatigue and danger of the fight, or the inspiring recreation of the chase. It was his daughterbeautiful as the beam of the morning, with a mind whose noble attributes were chastened by filial affection, and all the tender endearments of the heart.

The great curse of Scotland in those early times, was the deadly feeling of feudal animosity, which frequently raged the fiercest among neighboring chieftains .-She has also received a new supply of good. This feeling was transmitted by the head of every noble house, as an ill-omened legacy to his successor, and su entailed all the miseries of private war, for generations, upon his country. Feelings of hereditary hatred were thus cherished in the cradle, and could scarcely be said to have been

> buried even in the grave. A feud of this this character had forgees subsisted between the Maxwells of Kirkconnell and the Maxwells of Nithisdale .-Frequent were the conflicts between the rival chieftains and their clans, and often had the torrent, which rushed through the borders. The head of the house of Nithis-

care of Malcolm of Iona; a monk, who in vain by ideas in the and piety. The youthful chieftain had been also trained to arms, was accomplished in all the exercises of knighthood, and had S'and thou not between a Scottish noble spirit of her ancestors. frequently exhibited his prowess in the and his feudal foe." feudal conflict and the border foray. He strange in that semi-barbarian age, had been ter brother. To him he had narrated the voice of thunder-"Remember, the revenge story of his love-to him he had confessed of the Kirkconnell is slow, but sure." that from the days of childhood, he had emotions had met with a responsive echo in the bosom of his beautiful mistress .-Their interviews had been frequent but stoand the sequestered dells of both domains, had often been silent witnesses of their yows of mutual and undying love. They were, indeed, formed for each other, for both were pure in mind, elevated in soul, which derive additional lustre from the freshness and ingenuousness of youth. How often did they lament together in tears, the feud which divided their families! How often did the sanguine spirit of love deceive their imaginations, with the golden hues of a bright and joyous future! But, alas! they little calculated on the bitter and implacable hatred of Maxwell of Kirkconnell, who deemed the destruction of the house of Nithisdale a duty he owed to his ancestors, and a tribute that he was resolved to pay to the memory of their vindictive shades. The only confident of Ellen, was her faithful attendant Minna, between whom and the henchman Carron, a similar attachment had sprung up; and thus, they

were bound in the bonds of love, to guard with care the important secret. And yet, it was in vain that they attempted to conceal it from Malcolm, who since the death of the old Laird of Nithisdale, had felt for his noble pupil all the affection of a father, while he preserved over him the influence way, opens a beautiful and romantic vale, of a trusted advisor and confessor. Within watered by the winding Nith. The scene a few months of the period of our story, he is rich in all the verdant glories of nature, had warned him of the consequences of such an attachment, pointed out the misery tions of bygone days, that awaken the sym- it was likely to entail upon him, and repathy and enchain the attention of posteri-ry, and will continue to exert this magic — "The revenge of the Kirkconnell is slow, influence, so long as the pulses of human but sure." And while he gently chided affection beat responsive to the records of Nithisdale for having concealed this, his only and his dearest secret from the revelations of the confessional, he implored him with tears in his eyes, to conquer his own passion, and to prevail upon Ellen to forret that he had ever been her lover. But

> and Ellen was as undying as had been the hatred of their fathers. In an evil hour, the fatal story of their ecret meetings was related by an officious vassal to Maxwell of Kirkconnell. His age knew no bounds. He repaired to the apartments of his daughter, whom he reroached with Baying dishonored her house. Ellen, stung by his remarks, and yet incapable of deceit, at once confessed and gloried in her affection. She praised character, bravery, and virtues of her lover -condemned the unchristian malignity of the leud which had rendered the families implacable foes, and conjured her tather to listen, at least, to the overtures of Nithisdale, before he sacrificed her happiness to an unholy hatred. Neither her language nor her tears had any other effect upon the Baron, except that of rendering his hate more fell and deadly. At length, Ellen declared that her hand should never be given in marriage, save to Nithisdale, that o him she was already affianced, and that he alone should receive the offering of her heart in the solemn offices of the church. But the Baron grew more furious. After another burst of passion, in which he threatened that if she did not abandon her lover, even the sacred relationship of daughter should not save her from being involved in his meditated vengeance-he gazed upon her for a few moments in silence, and then owly retiring srom the room, he exclaimd in a firm voice-"Remember! the re-

venge of the Kirkconnel is slow, but sure, Ellen contrived, through her attendant Minna, to apprise her beloved Nithisdale of the scene which had taken place. She exhorted him to send to the enraged Baron, to tell the story of their love, and endeavor to deprecate his wrath. But Nithisdale, whose frank and manly soul ever chose the most open and honorable path, went in person to Kirkconnell, accompanied by Malcolm and Carron. He there declared his passion, dwelt upon the ancient fame of his family, condemned and abandoned the feud that divided the two houses, and in the most respectful manner, solicited the hand of the fair Ellen in marriage. He promised all that could be expected from a

on, a friend and a warrior. The Baron listened to him with a calm and icy coldness, and when he had concluded, rejected his overture with scorn. He said that he should prove unworthy of a long line of ancestry, it he did not pursue their hereditary fend to the death. wTis. for that," said he, "that I desire to live,-To gratify my batred to thy house, is the dearest wish of my soul. I tremble with delight at the thought of future vengeance. Remember thou, our boast-that the revenge of the Kirkconnell is slow, but sure."

Old Malcolm, the monk of Iona, conjuvalley, been dyed with the blood of the red him by the sacred religion of the Gospest and bravest of those who dwelt on its pel, by his peace of conscience and happiness in this world, by his duty as a father, dale had been gathered to his fathers, leave by his love for his daughter, and by his fell the victim of our feud." secured and for sale by the TENER & CO. his castle, domains, and people. Young deadly purpose.

was renowned for learning, benevolence, The Baron replied-"I respect thy office,

At this moment, Ellen burst into the had ever avoided a recontre with the vas- audience-chamber, and threw herself at sals of his house's foe, and his followers her father's feet, tears streaming from her severity, resignation, and piety, marked his had often marked with surprise, that he eyes, and her beautiful auburn hair falling seemed to be more like the silent friend wildly about her ivory neck. Alas! her than the open enemy of the Kirkconnells. presence and impassioned supplications, The secret of his conduct, however, so only added fuel to the fire of hate that burned in her fathers breast. He rose from revealed but to one person-to Carron, his his seat, commanded his visitors to depart, benchman, his faithful friend, and his fos- and as he left the room, exclaimed in a ber eyes fixed upon the fatal tartan.

A sorrowful but affectionate embrace and entertained an affection for fair Ellen of renewed protestation of attachment be-Kirkconnell—and to him he had declared, tween the lovers, marked their last sad (oh! thought of rapture,) that his tender meeting. When separated by Malcolm, Nithisdale gently drew a small tartan scarf from the neck of his mistress, saying, "Fair Ellen, I will keep this as the gage of my len, and the wild rocks, the forest glades, lady-love. I go to the Holy Wars. The sight of this dear pledge shall inspire me in the day of battle. In two years I will return it too thee, when the lover shall have performed deeds, worthy of thy love and beauty-deeds, that with the blessing and distinguished by those bright virtues of heaven, shall soften even the wrath of thy stony-hearted father. But, if I fall by the heart of my accursed foe!"

The guests should hack are henchman, Carron, to bring it to thee with the heart of thy devoted Nithisdale enclosed in an urn, to be placed in the tomb of

A last, long, lingering look, and fair A few days saw the gallant warrior attended by a chosen band, on his way to Palestine. More than once, during his absence, pilgrims and palmers arrived in Baron, "Thou shalt see, cruel as thou art, Scotland, and filled the country with the

fame of his progidies of valor. The Baron invited the noblest of his friends to the castle. He projected the most illustrious alliances for his daughter; but fair Ellen refused every suitor, and respirit of a demon. Schemes to gratify his row cometh not."

deadly feud filled his thoughts by day, and

She beckuned to the monk, who, as he led so potent was the spell of Satan over his soul—was not exempt from the wild and awfol purpose of his fearing hate. How and awfol purpose of his fearing hate. How and hellish triumph, seemed to be indeed ardently did he hope that Nithisdale would not fall by the sword of the Saracen, but

live to become his victim! At length the two years rolled away. Nithisdale returned. His heart beat high with hope and love and pictured joy. He reached a gorge at the entrance of the vallev which still bears his name, when his it was all in vain. The love of Nithisdale riors, clad in the Maxwell arms and taftan, left him. and urged forward in the work of strite by the well known and dreadful voice of their leader, shouting; "The revenge of the Kirkeennell is slow, but sure." But few escaped the massacre. Overpowered by numbers, resistance was in vain. As the warrior chieftain fell beneath the perfidious assault of his foes, he drew the tartan scarf from his bosom, and with his dving accents. faintly said-"Give this, with my heart, to

fair Ellen of Kirkconnell." "Thy wish shall be gratified," exclaimed

one of his attendants. So secret had been the preparations, that feeble translation: Ellen knew not of any unusual gathering and departure of armed men. Her bosom also beat high with hope, for she knew that the time appointed for the return of her lover, was about to expire; and she gloried in the fame of his deeds. The gray shadows of evening began to fall. As she entered the portals of the castle, after a pensive and solitary walk in the neighborig grounds, her spirit was oppressed with approaching woe-of some sorrow, dreadful but undefined,

his house-had excited the Baron to a fe- dielst see the green grass crimsoned with his rocity that bordered on madness. He was blood. Alas! He cometh to me no more .drunk with gratified hate, and having en- But I will go to him. When thou settest in inined secrecy upon the captains of his darkness, my spirit shall mingle with the clan, as to the affray of the morning, be sent a message to his daughter, bidding her to repair to the banquetting hall at the accustomed hour, and cheer the evening meal soul of my love "

with her presence. The tables were set, the banquet was prepared, the hall was lighted, the bards Nithisdale, and over the whole region were present, and the Baron and his chief- Criffell. tains were assembled round the board. Pale and melancholy, yet beautiful in her sor-row, fair Ellen entered, received the greeting of the numerous guests, and occupied her place of honor at the festive board,

Gloom marked the progress of the banquet . No joyous hilarity was apparent .-Expectation and even dread seemed to be indicated in every countenance. The feast accomplished, the Baron rose, and his cupbearer having handed him a bowl, he prepared to pledge his guests.

"Friends," said be, "the unbending firmness and stern resolves of my house, shall never be forgotten by your chief. I pledge you in an overflowing bowl, with the sentiment, of Destruction to the enemies of our clan."" Then assuming an air and tone of triumph, which imparted to his countenance an unearthly aspect, he proceeded-"Behold the sacrifice I make in support of the foul of Kirkconnell. Behold the scarf," he said, waving it in his hand, given by my daughter Ellien, as a gage of love and plighted taith, to Nithisdale. It is now dyed with his blood. He

All present were awed into silence.

venerable father, in all things save one— look and manner proved that she rlo pos-my family bond of revenge. Hence! sessed somewhat of the stern and unbending At this moment, Malcolm, availing him-

self of the sacred privileges of his order, walked slowly into the hall. Sorrow, features. All eyes were turned towards the vener-

able monk. Even the Baron paused, the scarf uplitted in his hand, and his gaze wildly bent on the motionless form of his daughter, who still stood erect and proud,

"Baron," said the monk, in a solemn voice, "the sin which thou hast committed this day, may not be atoned by years of penitence and prayer. Proud man, to satsfy a vain and wicked threat, the evil one hath tempted thee to do a deed that shall bring thee and thy house to shame, degradation and infamy. Even now thy heart-"

The Baron started at that word. "Aha!" said he, with a fierce and scornful laugh. "Thou remindst me, sir monk, that my pledge to the dying Nithisdale is but half fulfilled. What, ho! within there! Dogald, Marion-hast thou obeyed my com- Maxwells, of Nithisdale, thou wilt find the mands ! Hast thou inurned-but yes, thou above event a record in the chronicles of durst not disobey. Bring in, I say -- bring in

The guests shrunk back, appalled with a sickening horror, as the two attendants entered the hall, and the Baron, with a look worthy of a fiend, in a lond and dreadful voice, cried out-Behold a triumph worthy Ellen retired, while Nithisdale was slowly the shades of my washke sires. The reled from the castle by Malcolm and Carron, venge of the Kirkconnell is slow but sure !" A fearful panse ensued.

Impressive and emphatic was the clear, sad voice of Ellen, as she exclaimed to the that the spirit of thy daughter is worthy of the name she bears. From this moment, I leave all mortal cares-from this moments no mortal food shall pass these lips-from this moment, I am the spouse of the deadmained true to her plighted vows. Her from this moment, my hope is charged to constancy deepened the fell malice of her certainty, that in a few short hours, I shall sire. He became as if possessed with the be joined to the soul of my love, where sor

haunted him in dreams by night. Even her from the hall, pronounced these wordshis dear and only daughter, who had "Baron, thy triomph is past. The fiend, thy thwarted the fondest wishes of his ambition evil genius, bath left thee a prey to unavail-

passing away, while reason presented the truth to his soul, in all its terrors. His guests fled afrighted from the castle, and calling to an attendant, he hastened to the solitude of his chamber.

The Baron feared to approach his daughter. little band was assailed by a host of war- Guilt lay heavy on his soul. The fiend had

Neither the prayers, nor the mild expostulations of the venerable Malcolm-nor the tears and distress of Minna, could shake the calm and awful resolution of fair Ellen of Kukconnell. When, after addressing herself to the Virgin, she desired to be left to her meditations, the strains of a wild and plaintive lament were heard in the sweetest and most melaucholy notes of melody, to proceed from her chamber. She sang a Gaelie fragment, well known to the bards of the time. the Baron, as he received the gage from and which is, even to this day, channted in that part of Scotland. The following is a

"Where, oh where, is the soul of my love! He is gone to his narrow home. I hear his voice in the sighing of the winds, but alas! he cometh no more. His ghost is seen in the clouds that are lighted by the moonbeam. He flies through the forest, where his horse celued to the chase. He gazes from the mountain over the darkly rolling sea. But alas! he cometh to me no more. His comeaviness. She felt a prophetic warning panions meet in arms, and his shirit rejoiceth in their preparations for battle. But alas! he cometh to me no more. Arise thou glro. The heat of conflict, the shedding of rious sun, god of the morning. Look thou ond-and that the blood of the enemy of upon my sorrow for the last time, for thou mists of the mountain. I go to the dark and the narrow house. I shall sleep with the

Serrow prevailed through the valley

A knell was heard to toll from the tower o a peiglibouring monastery. A slow and solma procession wound along the devious path to its walls, followed by three thousand men of the class of Kirkconneil and Nithisdale, with their arms reversed; preceded by musicians who were accompanied by bards A lament was sung, the voices of the bards being alternated with the wild notes of the rode instruments of Caledonia.

Two coffins and an usa were carried by bearers," and followed-oh! mockery of death- by the Baron as chief mourner. The solemn stince for the dead was read by Malcolm, the monk of long, and chaunted by the choir-when the mortal remains of the illstarred lovers, were deposited in the same tomb, and the tears and prayers of thou. 1709 was fullowed by a tremendous fall of saude.

the guilty and bereaved Baron. He endowed Hortzgen, Bavaria. A temarkable feature, from 50,000 to 55,000 tons a week. The a monastery, called in memory of the sad also, was that others occurred on a limit partradgedy "Sweetheast Abbey" of which allel with the line along which the eclipse of last year, to the present time, 187, no

Nithisdale had been educated under the | All entreaties and remonstrances were the blood forsook her cheeks, she stood ga- | Carron and Minna were the first couple zing on her father, pale and beautiful, yet whose bands were united in the Abbey fixed and firm as a marble statue. Her church. The following year, the heather nearly four centuries, masses were said by

> The urn containg the hearts of Ellen and Nithisdale, were removed to the monastery following are extracts:-The monument is still shown to travellers, in which the arn is embedded, and near it-a of Kirkconnell, whereon may be traced several of the quaint old letters of his name, surmounted by the words-"HIC JACET."

And these relies are most interesting feuures of the country to this day-if the tralitions and legends be excepted, that will donbtless be handed down from father to son, anent Sweetheart Abbey-until time shall be

I have thus given thee, gentle reader, "a ale of the times of old—the deeds of days of other years." Lest thou shouldst imagine the tale a fiction, I will add that should it ever prove thy fortunate lot to partake of the hospitality of the noble mansion of the their family. Thou wilt see the ruins of the Abbey and Castle-and, peradventure, a garland also, hung by some enamoured maiden on the mouldering tomb in which the hearts and enclosed. Thou wilt find songs and romances of the country-side, that narrate the story of fair Ellen and Nithisdale in joint memory of whom, the arms of one branch of the Maxwell family bear a bleeding heart for their crest.

poetrn.

A PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

BY CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY.

Tread softly, bow the head-In reverent silence bow; No passing bell doth toll, Yet an immortal soul is passing now.

Stranger, however great, With hely reverence bow; There's one in that poor shed, One by that pality bed, Greater than thou.

Beneath the beggar's roof, Lo! Death doth keep his state; Enter -no crowds at Enter-no guards defend This paluce gate. That pavement damp and cold,

smiling courtiers tread One silent woman stands, Litting with meagre hands A dying head !

No mingled voices sound-A infant wail alone, A sob suppressed-again That short, deep gasp, and then The parting groan

O change !-O wondrous change : Burst are the prison bars; This moment there so low-So agonized - and now Beyond the Stars!

O change !--stopendous change ! There lies the soulless clod? The sun eternal breaks -- udi The new immortal wakes— Wakes with his God.

Whittier, speaking of Heaven, says : "We naturally enough transfer to our idea of Heaven whatever we like and reverence on earth. Thither the Catholic carries on, n his fancy, the imposing rites and time honored solemnities of his worship. There ters and green pastures of the Blessed silence in Heaven." The Churchman, lis- feathers to lower it into its grave. tening to the solemn chant of vocal music, or the deep tones of the organ, thinks of the song of the Elders, and the golden harps of and worked by himself for five hours at a the New Jerusalem.

"The Heaven of the northern nations of Europe was a gross and sensual reflection the hole mounting on the dead bird, trampof the earthly life of a barbarous and brutal

The Indians of North America had a vagne notion of the Sunset Land-a beautiful Para- head upon the earth beside the object of his disc far in the West-mountains and forests labors, remaining motivaless for a full hourtilled with deer and buffalo - lakes and as if for a good rest. Then he crept under streams swarming with fishes-the happy the earth again. On the morning of the bunting grounds of Souls.

A venerable and worthy New England elergyman on his death-bed, just before the but the trench remained open, the body close of his life, declared he was only con- locking as if laid upon bier, surrounded scious of an awfully selemn and intense curiesity to know the great secret of Death and Eternity.

Yet we should not forget "that the Kingdom of Heaven is within :" that it is the state of the affections of the soul, the sense of a good conscience; the sense of harmony with God; a condition of Time and Eternity

ECUIPSE AND METEORIC SHOWERS.-It is stated that the eclipses of 1813, 1787, 1814 and 1800 were all followed by meteorie showers and great annular solar eclipse of meteoric bodies, by which many houses he running upon the road within the present were injured, several set on fire, and one year. They are intended exclusively for the Deep and sincere was the repentance of or two persons killed at the hamlet of coal transportation, and will increase the cathe guilty and bereaved Baron. He endowed Hortzgen, Savaria. A remarkable feature, Malcolma of Iona was made superior. The annular. The attention of observers is now tons. The total amount of coal trae-porter heather bloomed upon the mountain side, directed to the investigation whether such mill probably much, if it does not exceed two Fair Ellen rose from her seat. And though | when the sacred eddice was conservated - phenomena will follow the late solar eclipse. | millions - Bondons Gazette,

OLD SERIES, VOL. 14, NO. 87.

A PERFECT WIFE,

Edmund Burke, the distinguished crater, presented to his wife on the anniversary of their marriage, his idea of a "perfect wile," which is supposed to be a true portrait of the monks for the repose of the soul of Kirk- Mrs. Burke. It is certainly a lovely picture, worthy of the pen of the author of "The Essays on the Sublime and Beautiful." The

The character of-

She is handsome, but it is beauty not arismouldering tomb, to the memory of Maxwell ing from the features, from complexion, or from shape. She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility, which a face can express, that forms her beauty. She has a face that just arises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did not more

> Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases; they command like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her stature is not tall, she is not made to

than raise your attention at first-

be the admiration of every one, but the happiness of one.

She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy.

She has all the softness that does not imply weakness,

Her voice is soft, low music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd: it has its advantage, you must come close to her to hear it. To describe her body, describe her mind ;

one is the transcript of the other; her understanding is not shown in the variety of mat ter it exerts itself on, but the goodness of the choice she makes. She does not display it so much in saying

or doing, striking things, as in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do. No person of so few years can know the world better; no person was ever less cor-

rapted by the knowledge. Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than any rules on that subject, and, therefore, never fails to strike those who understand good breading, and

those who do not. She has a steady and a firm mind, which takes no more from the solidity of the female character than the solidity of marble does from its polish and lustre. She has such virtues as make us value the truly great of our own sex. She has all the winning graces that make us love even the faults we see in the weak and beautiful in her-

THE CHURCH-YARD BEETLE.

Frazier's Magazine has lately contained a number of very interesting papers called "Episodes of Insect Life," from the last published one of which we make an extract, as follows: *A German named Gladitsh, who had

taid some dead moles upon the beds in his garden, whether as examples of retributive instice for their defacement of his borders and walks, or for other good reasons, or for none at all, does not appear, observed that the bodies of the little gentlemen in velvet disappeared mysteriously. He watched, and found that the agents were beetles, which, having first deposited their eggs in the carcasses that were to be the provision for their larve, buried the bodies, so that they might be safe from predatory birds and quadrupeds. Into a glass vessel he put four of these insects, having filled it with earth, on the surface of which he placed two dead frogs .-His sextons went to work, and one frog was interred in less than twelve hours-the other one on the third day. Then he introduced the Methodist sees his love feast and camp- a dead linnet. The beetles soon began their meetings, in the groves, and by the still wa- labors, commencing operations by removing the earth from under the body, so as to form Abodes. The Quaker, in the stillness of his a cavity for its recepiton. Male and female self-communion, remembers that there was got under the corpse, and pulled away at the

> "A change then came over the spirit of the male, for he drove the female away, stretch. He lifted the body, changed its position, turned and arranged it, coming out of ing on it, and then again going below to draw it down deeper still. Wearied with his incessant efforts, he came out and laid his next day the bird was an inch and a half below the surface of the ground. by a rampart of mould. When evening came it had sunk a half inch lower. The next day the barial was completed, the bird having been completely covered. More corpses were now supplied, and in fifty days twelve bodies were interred by the four boo thes in this cometery under a glass case."

> MORE COAL-BURNERS .- Three more of the Winans coal burning locomotives have been placed upon the Railroad within the last ten days They are called the "Penobscot," "Kenebec," and "Nebruska," Seventeen ustead of ten of these new locomotives have been ordered by the Company, and will all pacity of the road to a weekly toppage of last year, was 1,085 964 tons. This year, it