# The Sunbury American.

ERIES, VOL. 7, NO. 47. SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1855. OLD SERIES, VOL. 15. NO.



KENNEY BONNER,
ORNEY AT LAW.
Sunbury, Northumberland County, Pa.

AWRENCE HOUSE,
SUNBURY, PA.

THE subscriber especially informs the public that she still continues to keep the above named public house.

She has also received a new supply of good liquors and wines, and trusts that she will be

PRESTON
J. MACLEAN,

For the pleasure

RETAIL.

NOR TRUSSES.
ure of Re
are.

PENNS 10s.


## Select Poetry.

### TEN PAST.

BY MRS. ANNE TINDAL.

The Past is past! with many a hopeful mor-
and its good works live with
ver of joy or sorrow?
the dead along the path we
t?

Past is past! in solemn silence taking
many and the many day.
or of the fond heart breaking,
what built on feet of clay.

Past is past! in certain still rotation,
and loosening as it travels by,
Earth hurls it bounden in glad anticipation,
serious and such tender tie!

Past is past! and our young selves the
thing whirled these last years
to us wilder, stronger hearted,
love, less prodigal of tears.

Past is past! and knowledge taught us
child with its fool, cold alms
and dark ching finds solace
Autumn leaves from life and

Past is past! and in that twilight val-
remembrance and the vanished,
Faces from those shadows sal-
And hands—and the path before us yet.

The Past is past! how fine disclose it,
Or would it roll o'er these time had they the
power!
Through many sometimes, weekly weepeth
ago!
At memory of some wrong, or happier
hour.

The Past is past! there's bitter joy in know-
ing
The gone first ever dead and buried deep.
In lies behind, as I on life's stream is flowing,
Where the dark waters of the Dead Sea
sweep.

The Past is past! in faith and patie- take
heart,
let us lay them on our hearts;
attenuated links are breaking;
earnest!—into the present ere it parts!

## A Short Story.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

### MIRIAM'S LOVE.

BY

sitting by the fireside Leonard
back in the wide arm-chair,
Those to wish her now," he mur-
ing down at his matured arm, with
ous fancy, "who, with her glossy
ves fastened proudly as for, so far
O! her love has so overpowered me
strong arms, has enchained me
ackles, and not forever."

ed, and thought
when he had pledged his troth to
that same evening, five years,
beauty fell about him like a cope
he grasped in his opposite
ed, endless, he had come back to
ompanions. Broken in health, in
ed to be displeased
ed, rising and leaning my
"I am going where I am going to be
ed, "I am going to my
ed and left him sitting there for
a cheerful voice at her feet.

Miriam before her entrance meeting
she turned her glowing face to
ed and expectant.

and laughed before again at
the

ening," I replied.

glad she understood, in a breath
What a long journey he had before him
Of all he intended to tell her that
Adam opened, beautiful Adam
I can offer him a resting-place
sheltering arms himself not to be
ed, and flooded it with glory
's which was to crush a heart,
such a wealth of happiness.
Adam her, where I would see her
the universe, as I have seen the sun
rise on the lake. Rich, accomplished, prized, and by the noblest
of women—a woman herself. Wedded with