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E. B. MASSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SUNBURY, PA.

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PATENT WHEEL GREASE. THIS Grease is recommended to the notice of Waggoners, Livery Stable keepers, &c., as being superior to anything of the kind ever introduced.

Select Poetry.

THE WATCHER.

Mother! watch the little feet, Climbing o'er the garden wall, Bounding through the busy street, Ranging o'er the shed and hall;

Miscellaneous.

THE LATE SECRETARY OF STATE—ANECDOTES, &c.

Mr. Marcy has been accused of unsocial and bearish manners, and it must be admitted that when interrupted in the midst of his public occupation, by a visitor on what appeared a trivial or suspicious errand, he did not present his most amiable aspect.

Although he was unwilling to cater for the favor of the press to the extent which characterized the conduct of other public men, he generally had a good word for the reporters and correspondents whom he met.

His wish for old English literature may also have done something in preserving the simplicity of his taste. He was familiar with the leading English writers in the department of studies which his duties required.

Mr. Marcy, in Washington, commonly composed his important despatches not in his office, but in his library at home. When thus engaged, he would at once, after breakfast, begin his work, and write till nearly noon, when he would go to the Department, receive calls and attend to the regular routine duties of his position.

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A Visit to McKim the Murderer.

The editor of the Lancaster Inland Daily Times has been on a visit to Hollidaysburg, Pa., and had an opportunity of obtaining an interview with David Stringer McKim, under sentence of death for the murder of Norcross.

The room in which McKim is kept through the day, is an apartment about ten feet wide by twelve, and is the principal room in the jail. Communicating with it in the cell where he is confined at night, is a small room or closet about eight feet long and not much more than five feet wide.

No man could give a more agreeable welcome to his guests than Mr. Marcy. Though always temperate in his habits, he never objected to those creature comforts which promote conviviality, and are by many thought to be a part of life.

Mr. Marcy was as willing to be rallied as to make a joke himself at the expense of his friends. When Ambrose Spencer alluded to the maxim imputed to Marcy, "To the victors belong the spoils," Mr. Marcy replied, "Why, Judge, how do you like that?"

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SIAM.

Sir John Bowring has given an account of Siam, and the two kings of that country. He says: "Persons who know little of the state of Siam, will be surprised to learn that the first king in well versed in the works of Euclid and Newton; that he writes and speaks English with tolerable accuracy; that he is a proficient in Latin, and has acquired the Sanscrit, Cingalese and Pagan languages; that he can project and calculate eclipses of the sun and moon, and occultations of the planets; that he is fond of all branches of learning and science; that he has introduced a printing press, with Siamese and English type; and that his palace and table are supplied with all the elegancies of European life.

The second king, (his brother,) appears to be equally estimable: "My intercourse with the second king was, in all respects, most agreeable. I found him a gentleman of very cultivated understanding; quiet, even modest in manners; willing to communicate knowledge, and earnest in search of instruction; and here was an excellent exhibition of national sports and pastimes, equestrian feats, elephant combats, and other amusements; but what seemed most to interest the king was his museum of models, nautical and philosophical instruments, and a variety of scientific and other curiosities, which he reign, each in prescribed limits, in perfect harmony. This double monarchy is an old institution of Siam, and is popular with the people."

The Siamese, by the report of Sir John, are amiable and intelligent race, with a high degree of civilization in all that relates to social institutions. They profess the faith of Buddha, and seem to be very religious, though not bigotedly attached to it. They are willing to engage in controversy with our missionaries, and show much acuteness in their arguments. The author relates: "I found no indisposition among the Siamese to discuss religious questions, and the general result of the discussion was: 'Your religion is excellent for you, and ours is excellent for us. All countries do not produce the same fruits and flowers, and we find various religions suited to various nations. The present king is so tolerant that he gave three thousand slaves, (prisoners of war) to be taught religion by the Catholic missionaries, saying: 'You may make Christians of these people, if you can. The Catholic bishop, who is a great favorite with his majesty, reports several conversions with the first king, which do honor to his liberal spirit.'"

"Persecution is hateful," he said; "every man ought to be free to profess the religion he prefers;" and he added: "If you convert a certain number of people anywhere, let me know you have done so, and I will give them a Christian governor, and they shall not be annoyed by Siamese authorities." I have a letter from the king, in which he says that the inquiries into the abstruse subject of the Godhead, "we cannot tell who is right and who is wrong; but I will pray my God to give you his blessing, and pray my God to forgive to bless me; and so blessings may descend upon both."

How to Take the Pennsylvania "Dutch" BY ONE OF THEM. The editor of the Mauch Chunk Gazette says that its candidate for Assembly must learn German. He need not learn the language entire—only a few words, such as: "I pronounce General Jackson in Dutch. Thecheuler Thecheuler. Declare yourself a Democrat, emphatically. Flommt sei ich bin a Demoytrant—my dandy and mis goodly warra Demoytrant Thecheuler, under Brookkannin un net for de kerls wie sie vigs leasa for selly sin de dorics and dembersen lite. Pass a Democratic opinion of the Black Republicans, in Dutch. Die Rippooplikaans wie sie sich hasa die gelben fies, weise liss, un net die schrotzot, un net so un law za passu die dinger die wise weisselie leira, un for sie fre zu gevva dos sie du ruff kumma kenna unser hinkle, un sei, un all unser schotela un uffressa un unsert schotela obzembrenna. It would do no harm if he would practice occasionally on a few more, an bredel un downer kase." But the greatest difficulty will be with some of the native Dutch Democracy, who were born Democrats and are Democrats because their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers before them were Democrats. If the above suggested method is straightly then we fear your case is hopeless. But you must try—it is the best and only thing you can do. Should you succeed, we will give you the hint, as often as they "dutch it" on you.

MODERN ELOQUENCE.—A correspondent of the Boston Courier gives the following extract from a sermon recently delivered by a Professor at Harvard University, and asks if students are safe when exposed to such language: "Viewing this subject from the esthetic standpoint of Christian exegetical analysis, and agglutinating the polysynthetical ecstasies of homogeneous asceticism, we perceive at once the absolute individuality of this entity while from that other standpoint of incrudelous synthesis, which characterizes the execrable hierarchy of the Jews we are constantly impressed with the precisely antipathetic quality thereof."

A Maid hooked one of the best of her mistresses the other day, but the affair was passed over because it was done behind the lady's back so there was nobody to testify to the fact.

The Cressus, of Louisville, and indeed of Kentucky is ex-Secretary Gutrie whose property chiefly in lands, pays an annual tax of over \$50,000.

Archbishop Hughes sails in the next steamer for Rome. He will be absent about a year.

Poetry.

The following poem was written by James Aldenwick, a Scotch poet, little known in this country. Who that ever lost a brother or sister could read these lines without a falter in the voice and a tear in the eye?

FIRST GRIEF. They tell me, first and early love Outlives all after-dreams: But the memory of a first great grief To me more lasting seems.

Oh! oft my mind recalls the hour, When to my father's home Death came, an uninvited guest, From his dwelling in the tomb: I had not seen his face before— I shuddered at the sight: And I shudder yet to think upon The anguish of that night!

A youthful brow dim and ruddy cheek I saw no more; And eye grew dim in which the light Of radiant fancy shone; Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow, The eye was fixed and dim; And one there mourned a brother dead, Who would have died for him!

I know not if 'twas summer then, I know not if 'twas Spring; But if the birds sang in the trees I did not hear them sing; If flowers came forth to deck the earth Their bloom I did not see;— I looked upon one withered flower, And none else bloomed for me!

A sad and silent time it was Within that house of woe; All eyes were dim and overcast, And every voice was low; And from each cheek at intervals The blood appeared to start, As if recalled in sudden haste To aid the sinking heart!

Softly we tread, as if afraid To mar the sleeper's sleep, And stole last looks of his sad face For memory to keep. With him the agony was o'er, And now the pain was ours: As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose, Like odor from dead flowers!

And when at last he was borne afar From the world's weary strife, How oft in thought did we again Live o'er his little life. His every look, his every word, His every voice's tone, Came back to us like things whose worth Is only prized when gone?

That grief has passed with years away, And joy has been my lot; But the one I long remembered, And the other soon forgot! The gayest hours trip lightly by, And leave the faintest trace;— But the deep sleep that sorrow wears No time can e'er efface!

Recipes.

SULPHUR FOR GRAPES.—Our friend Robert Buiet, speaking of the use of sulphur to prevent mildew in grapes, says it has been known here for twenty years, though the owners of Europe have just found it out. He recommends its use as follows:—"Take a few pounds of sulphur, and place it on several pieces of boards, as neatly as you please; keep them in your graper, stirring the sulphur once a week, and you will have no mildew unless you give heavy waterings, and allow cold currents of air."

SIMPLE CURE FOR DYSENTERY.—The Mid-dietown, Ct., Republican, publishes the following simple recipe for the cure of this most troublesome and oftentimes dangerous complaint.—The recipe has been practiced in a friend's family, for many years, with uniform success, even in the most alarming stages of the complaint. "Take Indian corn, roasted and ground in the manner of coffee, (or coarse meal browned,) and boil in a sufficient quantity of water to produce a strong liquid like coffee, and drink a teaspoonful, warm, two or three times a day. One day's practice, it is said, will ordinarily effect a cure."

A BOILED MILK PUDGING.—Pour a pint of new milk, boiling hot, on three spoonfuls of flour, and beat the flour and milk for milk for half an hour; then put in three eggs and beat it a little longer; after this, grate in half in a half a teaspoonful of ginger.—Have ready a nice, clean pudding cloth, dip it in boiling water, butter it well, and flour it, put in the pudding, tie it close up, and boil it an hour; it requires great care when you are thereon out, as the pudding with thick melted butter, or wine sauce.

BUCRETTE CAKE.—One pound sugar, 1 cup butter, 4 cups flour, 1 cup sweet milk, 6 eggs, 1 teaspoonful soda, dissolved in the milk, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar rubbed in the flour. Stir the sugar, butter and yolks till light; then add the well beaten whites of the eggs; then flour and milk; bake very quick.

COLORE COOKIES.—Three pounds flour, 1 pound butter, 1 pound sugar, 4 eggs. Rub the butter and sugar together; add as much molasses as will mix the flour; 1 teaspoonful of salaratas; cloves to your taste. Roll thin, and bake in a very quick oven. Keep in a stone jar.

JESSIE CAKE.—A small cup half full of butter; one and a half cups of sugar; two of flour; one cup nearly full of milk; half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, 1 teaspoonful of tartar, sifted in the flour. The whites of four eggs, flavor with almond or what you prefer.

SODA CAKE.—Two and a half cups sugar, 3 eggs, one and a half cup sweet milk, a piece of butter the size of a bun's egg, 1 heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar, two thirds of a teaspoonful of soda, and very little nutmeg.

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDGING.—A layer of quartered sour apples; a little nutmeg and sugar; a layer of dry bread buttered, (no matter how dry); another layer of apples, with sugar and nutmeg as before; and so continue until you have filled your pan, the first and last layer being apples; add 1 cup of water, or sufficient to wet the bread. Bake 1 hour in a moderate oven; eat without sauce.

TO MAKE GINGER SNAPS.—Take one tablespoonful of ginger, one of hard, one teaspoonful of salaratas, half a pint of molasses, half a teaspoonful of water, with a sufficiency of flour knead soft, roll thin, and bake in a quick oven.

TO MAKE DOUGHNUTS.—One pint of milk, one teaspoonful of shortening, two of sugar, one of yeast, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, together and, and stir in the ingredients, with a sufficiency of flour. Fry in hot lard.

Humorous.

JUVENILE WIT.—An old physician was dilating on his hearing the other day upon the propensity which a majority of people display for eating unripe fruit and vegetables. Said he:—"There is not a vegetable growing in our gardens that is not best when arrived at maturity, and that of them are positively injurious unless fully ripe."

"I know one thing that ain't so good when it's ripe as when green," interrupted a little boy in a very confidential but modest manner. "What's that?" sharply said the physician, vexed at having his principle disputed by a mere boy. "A cucumber!" responded the lad. "The doctor winked at us with both eyes, but said nothing."

"See here my friend you are drunk." "To be sure I am, and have been for three years. You see, my brother and I are on a temporary mission? He lectures and I set a frightful example!"

Jonny remarked to his grandmother that old Mrs. Cragshaw had the appearance of a person who had one foot in the grave. "Well really, upon my word," said the antique lady, "I thought I noticed that she walked a leetle lame, lately!"

A man named Aaron Bedbug, of Montgomery county, Ky., intends petitioning to the Legislature to change his name. He says that his sweetheart, whose name is Olivia is unwilling that he should be called A. Bedbug, she O. Bedbug, and the little ones little Bedbugs!

A Lady of rank complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusements, he replied, "But then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense."

Palmerline says, a woman's heart is the "most sweetest" thing in the world; in fact it is a perfect honey-comb—full of cells. Bee ware.

The verdict of a recent Coroner's jury, on a man who died a state of inebriation, was, "death by hanging—round a rum shop."

Willis calls the nether limbs of ladies "suppositions." Yes, they are supposed to be "there or thereabouts."

Young Ladies are like arrows—they are all in a quiver till the bow comes, and can't go off without them.

The man who wrestled with adversity wore out his silk stockings, and got worsted.

When it wet weather favorable to bay making? When it "rains pitchforks."