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

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U. S. OF A.
"God and our Native Land."
SUSQUEHANNA CAMP, No. 29, of the O. of U. S. A. holds its stated sessions every Monday evening in their Hall opposite E. V. Wrights store, Sunbury, Pa. Initiation and regalia, \$2.00.

O. O. F. U. A. M.
SUNBURY COUNCIL, No. 30, of O. U. A. M. meets every Tuesday evening in the American Hall, opposite E. V. Wrights store, Market street, Sunbury, Pa. Members of the order are respectfully requested to attend.

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1000 bushels Flaxseed wanted immediately at the Cheap Store of E. V. Wright, for which the highest market price will be paid.

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L. W. TENER & CO.
Sunbury Dec. 9, 1855.

Select Poetry.

SWELL-MOB GAME.
The following tale, from an Almanac published nearly sixty years ago, contains an admonition worth remembering, even in these "enlightened" times.

As Yorkshire Humphrey (other day)
Of London by was stumping,
He saw with wonder and delight
The water-wagon pumping,
Numps gazing stood, and wondering how
This grand machine was made,
To feast his eyes, he thrust his head
Between the rollers made.

DR. KANE.
A SKETCH BY DR. WILLIAM ELDER.
When a man's life is heroic, and his name has passed into history, the world wants to know him personally, intimately.

Biographical Sketch.

When a man's life is heroic, and his name has passed into history, the world wants to know him personally, intimately. The "grave and reverend character," passing over his long career, presents him abruptly in his full grown greatness, men render the admiration earned, but the sympathetic emulation awakened is concerned to know how he grew into his maturity of excellence.

robustness of frame and soundness of health. He solicited an appointment in the navy, and upon his admission, displayed his military talent. He was appointed upon the diplomatic staff as surgeon to the first American Embassy to China. This position gave him opportunity to explore the Philippine Islands, which he effected mainly on foot.

Below the equator, in the region of the lower mountain range, he found a volcano, which lowered more than a hundred feet by a bamboo rope from the overhanging cliff, and climbing down some seven hundred more through the scorific, he made a topographical sketch of the interior of this great volcano, collected a bottle of sulphurous acid from the very mouth of the crater; and, although he was drawn up almost senseless, he brought with him his portrait of his hideous cavern, and the specimens which it afforded.

On his way to the Gulf he crossed a horse in Kentucky, such as a knight errant would have chosen for the companion and charmer of his adventures. Land and water were asked for an escort to convey him to the capital, but the officer in command had no troopers to spare—he must wait, or he must accept instead a band of ruffian Mexicans, called the Spy Company, who had taken to the business of rickety and treason for their livelihood. He accepted them, and went forward.

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tion, as is well known to the public, he was the surgeon, the naturalist, and the historian. It returned disappointed of its main object, after a winter in the regions of eternal ice and a fifteen months' absence.

Severely allowing himself a day to recover from the hardships of this cruise, he set on foot the second attempt, from which he has returned after verifying by actual observation the long questioned existence of an open sea beyond the latitude of 82°, and beyond the temperature, also, of 100° below the freezing point. His "Personal Narrative," published early in 1853, recounts the adventures of the first voyage, and discloses his diversified qualifications for such an enterprise.

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Poetry.

THIRTY-FIVE.
"The years of man's life are threescore and ten."
BY N. F. WILLIS.

Oh, weary heart! thou art half way home!
We stand on life's meridian height—
As far from childhood's morning come,
As to the grave's forgetful night.

Who goes with Hope and Passion back?
Who comes with Memory on track—
Oh, lonely looks the downward track—
A very music hush—Hope's roses gone!

A Thrilling Sketch.
LU ZU PEEPE.
"Put me in mind of it at another time, and I will tell you how I managed once to come off unscathed from some of our Sicilian banditti."

"I tell you now; I have some more eating to do, and have no doubt your story will flavor finely these unpretending viands."
"Well, as you choose."
"There were eight men, with each his gun in hand, descending the hills around us in a leisurely manner, in lines converging to the centre."

"It was a clear case we were surrounded and at their mercy, for we had but four guns, the rest being only his rifle."
"A few hurried exclamations were made by the different members of our small party, and then my comrades looked to their guns and loosened in their sheaths, the long hunting knives we usually wore on these distant excursions, evidently getting ready for a fight."
"Stop! stop! These are desperate men, and though we might shed a good deal of blood, we should probably certainly be overpowered. In this case diplomacy is better than war. The risk is about the same either way, and I have a plan in my head that will, I think, get us clear without any great loss."
"My companions listened to my plans, and at length agreed to follow my directions. There was a large flat rock not far from us. I told the vetturino to lead thither our supporters, and then to lay the cloth and spread our provisions on our guns."

"When the nearest bandit came within ear-shot, I called out as loudly as I could, 'Viva la nostra patria! viva la nostra patria! The man stopped astonished; but I followed up the first attack by saying: 'Come on, my brave fellow; come up here and sit down. Here's enough for us all; don't be afraid to take hold.'"

"The one who seemed their chief stepped forward and saluted me with gravity; then approaching an angle of the rock, he placed his gun against the wall, and followed his example, notwithstanding that we still retained our arms. Each also drew forth his knife and pistols and placed them on their waists; they unbuckled the broad leathers belt which held their cartridges and laid them carefully down together. Saluting us again with the ordinary expressions of politeness, they took their places around the viands, while we, having of course laid aside our guns played the part of hospitable hosts, and all fell to with a will like men whose appetites had been thoroughly developed by the keen mountain air."

"Two of our formidable guests were undressed, but quite stout men. Their stoutness, did not, however, consist of fat, but of thick layers of powerful muscle. One of these two had lost his left hand and the lower half of his left fore arm. There was also an ugly scar over the outside corner of his left eye, which appeared to have been made by the passage of a bullet."

Execution of Three Murderers.
We read in the Lafayette (Ind.) Courier, of Friday, an account of the execution of the murderers, Rice, Driskill and Stocking. The Courier says:
At ten minutes past two o'clock, this P. M., Stocking, Rice and Driskill were duly executed by the hands of the Sheriff, Thomas Jefferson Chissom—the first named for the murder of Jno. Reese, and the two latter for the murder of Cephas Fahnenbough.

"The two short ones, it appeared, were both chiefs, and called each other brother, though they were not relatives. The rest were all strong men, some of them deeply pitted with the small-pox, and some bearing on their scarred visages the indelible marks of battle, or of broil."

"When the wild rage of hunger was appeased, and our souls had lost the desire of cutting and drinking; we talked of business, and each told some story of wolf-baits, or good shots, of tumbling into pits or ancient excavations, whose mouths were overgrown with bushes, and other traps and mishaps of a hunter's life, all in a course evading the most distant allusion to the peculiar profession of our guests."

"My intercourse with my countrymen of interior had taught me that they almost all like a pinch of good snuff; so pulling out a large, oblong black tin to honor this little weakness, I offered it to our guests, who appeared to enjoy the powdered weed. Then, as I knew that half-confidences only do harm in such a case, I pulled out my own little snuff box of gold, and offered it to them, saying:

"This tin is better still."
"No, Signore, mill'graze, (a thousand thanks), this is good enough for us."
"And I quietly put back the gold that glinted in their eyes, without the slightest movement of their lips."
"But," said the bearded chief, "excuse me, has your Excellency any powder to spare?"
"Oh! yes. Here, bring out that large flask of powder and pour out half of it on this piece of paper for our brave friends here."
"Half of our reserve of powder was made over to them, and it was received with many thanks."

"As the day was now coming to a close, we rose to depart. Our mountain friends walked on along with us, quietly conversing. As we were passing on hunting table-land, one of the chiefs stopped and said:
"Come, let us fire at a mark. Of how many pieces is this powder of yours?"
"I ought, perhaps, to explain to you that our mode of comparing the force of powder is to rest some grains on the end of a tube, which answers as a charge. The inside of this little tube is set with small pellets at equal distances, and with newly-purchased powder we make several trials to find out what quantity of powder gives most force to the shot."
"I told him it was of six points.
"It must be very good."
"Ya fratelli mettemi in merca" (go, brothers, make me a target), said he to *Il monco*, (the maimed).
"We looked about us, but could not see either any rock or any tree that would answer for that purpose. Our one-armed friend, however, quietly paced off two hundred paces, and then pulling down his woollen cap over his ears, and straightening up the top, so as to make of it a singular cone, terminating in a tuft, he stood upright, as immovable as a rock."

"The other slowly raised his gun, appeared to take careful aim, and fired.
"Whereupon the target came walking quietly toward us, and showed us, without any motion of his feet, his head and the tuft of the woollen tuft."
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