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THE PRESS.

BY ALBERT LEIGHTON.

We twine no Victor's wreath to-day,
We hail with shout no new-crowned king;
The song of triumph which we sing,
Inspires a nobler zeal than they.

The Press! whose banner wears no stain
Of blood-told conquest from the field;
Let Peace is blazoned on its shield,
And in its conflicts none are slain.

Its power can stamp the Patriot's worth;
Its mandate seal the Coward's doom;
Its bolts divide Oppression's gloom
And shake the proudest throne on earth.

When Justice sleeps, or duty swerves,
Or traitors act their lying part;
A voice burst from its mighty heart,
And thrills along its iron nerves.

Till distant Nations pause to hear;
Till vale and glen and mountain height
Repeat the cry for Truth and Right,
And guilt and wrong shrink back with fear.

The Press, whose vantage ground is mind;
Language its sceptre of control;
Its chariot wheels are thoughts that roll
And leave a tract of light behind.

Long may it live to bless the world,
A priceless heritage to man,
A champion ever in the van,
With freedom's banner wide unfurled.

An American Pirate.

A Hong Kong correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following acount of an American pirate:

While I am upon this subject of piracy let me mention that an American, named Eli Boggs, was tried at Hong Kong on Wednesday last for piracy and murder. His name would do for a villian of the Blackbeard class, but in form and feature he was the hero of a sentimental novel. As he stood in the dock, bravely battling for his life, it seemed impossible that that handsome boy could be the pirate whose name had been for three years connected with the boldest and bloodiest acts of piracy.—It was a face of feminine beauty. Not a down upon the upper lip, large lustrous eyes, a mouth the smile of which might woo a coy maiden, affluent black hair not carelessly parted, hands so small and so delicately white that they would create a sensation in Belgravia—such was the Hong Kong pirate, Eli Boggs. He spoke for two hours in his own defense, and he spoke well—without a tremor, without an appeal for mercy, but trying to prove that his prosecution was the result of a conspiracy wherein a Chinese bumboat proprietor and a subordinate official of the colony (both of whom he charged as being in league with all the pirates on the coast) were the chief conspirators. The defence was, of course, false. It had been proved that he had boarded a junk and destroyed by cannon, pistol, and sword, fifteen men; and that having forced all the rest overboard, he had fired at one of his victims, who had clutched a rope and held on astern. No witness however, could prove that he saw a man die from a blow or a shot struck or fired by the pirate. The jury, moved by his youth and courage, and straining hard their consciences acquitted him of the murder, but found him guilty of piracy. He was sentenced to be transported for life.

The Pavement of London.

The pavement of London is one of the greatest marvels of our time. It covers nearly 3000 acres, two-thirds whereof consists in plain style, and the other third of smooth flagging. Such a series of work far transcends in quantity, as it excels in quality, the Appian way, which was but a poor figure as contrasted with one of our commonest streets. The ancient consular way was filled in with blocks of all shapes and sizes joined together, and planned only on the surface—the length of its devious course, from south to north of Italy, was under 300 miles. The paved streets of London number over 5000, and exceed 2000 miles in length.—*Building News.*

When They are Prettiest.

The following may interest the ladies, the gentlemen may pass it by.

A wife looks prettier, if she did but know it, on her neat morning dress, than in her gorgeous pile of finery which she reserves with title of full dress. Many an unmarried female first wins the heart of her future husband in some simple unpretending attire, which, if consulted about, she would pronounce too cheap except for ordinary wear, but which, by its accidental suitability to her figure, face and carriage, realized her youth wonderfully. If the sex would study taste in dress more, and care less for costliness, they would have no occasion to regret.

That's so, ladies, depend upon it. It is perfectly natural and proper. A foolish or filthy man is not worth marrying, and a sensible man will surely judge you advantageously in exact ratio to the plainness and simplicity of your dress.

Our real blessings often appear to us in the shape of pains, losses and disappointments, but if we have patience we shall see them in their proper figure.

THE THREE HANDFULS OF GRAIN.

It was one day in the early spring of the year that Gerard Steimer called his three sons, Adolphus, Henry, and the little Bernard, to his side. In his hand he held an open letter. The tears shone in his eyes, and his voice was very sad, as he addressed them:

"You have often heard me speak, my children, of my brother Bernard, who left many years ago my native home for a distant country."

"Yes," they replied, and they gazed wonderingly at their parent.

"Well, my sons," he continued, "your uncle Bernard, having at last amassed a considerable fortune, had determined to return to his native village, and taken up his abode with me; for we are the only two that remain of a happy family of seven brothers and five sisters," he added, as he drew his hand hastily across his eyes.

"And is uncle coming soon?" inquired Henry in an animated tone.

"He should have been here by this time, my son," replied his father, 'but an all-wise Providence has ordered it otherwise; and now, he added, 'I fear that you will never see him, for this letter informs me that he is lying very ill in a distant city, and he desires me to come to him, that he may see me once more, and that I may assist him in arranging his affairs.'

'And will you go, father?' said Bernard anxiously.

'Certainly, my child. And during my absence cousin Jocob Reimmer and his wife will come and take care of the house, for I shall probably not return until the fall, as I shall have to travel some distance; and in case of your uncle's death, there may be a great deal for me to attend to.'

'Perhaps he will get well, and then you will bring him home with you.'

'I fear, Bernard, that that may not be, for he writes me word that the doctors say his case is hopeless. Listen now attentively, my children, to what I am going to tell you, for it is a message to each of you from your dying uncle. He says, 'Give a handful of grain to each of your three children when you leave them to come to me, and tell them to do with it what they think best during your absence, and when you return you will decide who has made the best use of it, and will reward that one according as I shall tell you.'

* * * * * * *

It is autumn. The little Bernard stood watching at the open window, a carriage drove hastily up to the door, and the aged Gerard stepped from it, holding in his hand a small tin box.

'Oh, there is papa! there is papa!' he exclaimed.

Then the three children rushed from the room and threw their arms around him, saying,

'Oh, we are so glad to see you, papa, you have been so long away.'

'And I am glad to see you, too, my children, and all looking so well, replied the aged man, as he bent forward and gave them each a kiss.

Cousin Jacob Reimmer and his wife now approached to welcome him, and he inquired of each of them how the children had behaved during his absence.

'Oh, they have been very good boys,' he replied.

They all now entered the house. Gerard Steimer then placed the tin box that he held in his hand upon the table, and taking a small key from his pocket, opened it, and drew from thence the last will and testament of his brother Bernard Steimer.

All gazed sadly upon the old man, as with trembling hands he unrolled it, and said.

'I had the sad pleasure, my children, of closing my brother's eyes in peace, and of laying his remains in their last resting-place. In this will he bequeathes the whole of his property to the one that I shall decide has made the best use of the handful of grain that I gave each of you before I left home. Let me now hear, my children,' he added, 'what you have done with it.'

'I' said Adolphus, 'have saved mine. I put it in a small wooden box, in a dry place, and it is just as fresh as the day you gave it to me.'

'My son,' said his father, in a stern voice, 'you have laid by the grain, and what hath it profited thee? Nothing! So it is with wealth. Hoard it, and it yieldeth neither profit nor comfort. And you, Henry,' he continued, 'what have you done with your handful?'

'I ground it to flour, papa, and had a nice sweet cake made of it, which I have eaten.'

'Foolish boy!' he replied, 'and it is gone, having given thee but a moment's comfort or support. So is it with money. Spend it upon thy pleasures, they also are but for a moment.' The aged Gerard now turned toward his youngest son, and drawing him toward him, said

'And what use has my little Bernard made of the handful of grain that I gave him?'

The child smiled, and clasping his father's hand between his own, said,

'Come with me, papa, and I will show you.'

They all followed the boy as he led the way toward a field that belonged to his father, but which was situated at some distance from the house.

'See, papa!' exclaimed the happy child; 'see what has become of my handful of grain!' and he pointed in delight toward a corner of the field where grew the tall, slender corn, which, laden with its golden ears, waved and rustled beneath the gentle breezes.

The aged Gerard smiled, and resting his hand upon Bernard's head, said, 'You have done well, my son. You sowed the grain in the earth, and it has brought thee forth a bountiful harvest; to you must I award my brother's fortune. Use it as wisely as you have the handful of grain. Neither heard it up nor spend it merely upon thine [illegible] house [illegible] upon the poor, [illegible] the fatherless and [illegible] upon the [illegible] sojourner.

little ones of Christ, and *He* shall remember it with a plentous reward. ANNA.

LATEST FROM KANSAS.

We condense the following items from the Kansas Correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat:

QUINDARO, Sept. 5, 1857.—Mr. Bayley is not yet dead. He is lying in a very precarious condition. On Saturday Mr. Brockway published Mr. Bayley, returned to Lecompton and was arrested. The propagandists swore that he should not be tried, and any man who dared to testify against him should be shot. He was brought before a justice of the peace. The tocsin was sounded. The fire-eaters assembled.—The free state democrats also convened. The conservative pro-slavery men too—Shannon, Brindle, Eli Moore, and Stephens of New York—and determined to act with their free state friends.

They gave notice to the fire-eaters that if the trial was interfered with, they would aid to put down the insurgents. They all met at the justice's office. A man was called on to testify. The propagandists drew their revolvers. The other party followed suit. One of them handed a revolver to the witness; and, thus armed—the pistol cocked—he proceeded to give his evidence! Isn't this a great country? The justice was a man of weak nerves, and fainted. The trial was postponed till Monday.

We have news here—*from Walker direct*—that he feels himself in as great a danger of assassination as Gen. Lane himself. It is understood that he desires an interview with Lane. I saw the General this morning. He says he would have no objection to have a talk with Walker. It is probable that these celebrities will meet before long.

We do not put too much confidence in the statement of Walker's friends that the ultra pro-slavery men are hostile to him. We know that Mr. Walker will lie when policy requires it, and he may be desirous of getting up a feeling of sympathy in the free state ranks. He can't do it until his acts prove his sincerity. One thing is certain. When at Lecompton he keeps himself very close. He has his meals in his private room. He never goes out unattended or after dark. He is in camp near Lawrence to-day.

The free state men in Lecompton, at present, are very much excited and exasperated. The attempt to kill Bayley, and a less successful attempt at the same time to kill Mr. Winecoop, a conservative pro-slavery man, has united both classes in a common feeling of resentment against the [illegible] week, will be a dangerous place for citizens of free states. The first attempt on the part of the fire-eaters to attack a free state man, will be the signal for a general uprising. Lawrence will not permit Lecompton to kill her citizens. The Lecompton free state democrats and conservative pro-slavery men, as I have already mentioned, are actuated by a similar determination. Expect music.

A local journal says that Rev. Mr. Stewart, a gentleman of intelligence and veracity, who has been travelling through the border counties of Missouri, and just returned from a trip of considerable length in that direction, says that he saw and heard evidences everywhere on his route, conclusive to him, that preparations were again making in Missouri to invade Kansas in October, with the view of participating in our territorial elections. If they come over again, arrangements have been made to accommodate them *permanently*. A formidable military order has been organized for that purpose. It is called the "Kansas volunteers for the protection of the ballot-box." Gen. Lane, of course, is the presiding genius. His staff consists of Messrs. Whitman, Phillips, Conway and Redpath; who each have offices in Lawrence, and are daily engaged with him in perfecting the organization. Fifteen or twenty thousand men will be enrolled before the election. Companies have been organized and are drilling in every county in the territory. During the peace, the party prepared for war. Arms and ammunition were quietly introduced and a formidable army can now be equipped. The campaign of last summer taught them the necessity of being prepared in every respect—both as respects money, arms, ammunition and drill—for a renewal of hostilities. They are prepared. It is to be hoped that the services of the volunteers will never be needed. If the nullifiers will stay at home, they will not be called out. But if the border banditti come over again—they will be met by exasperated, well equipped and organized enemies before they can accomplish the nefarious object of their visit.

A Sabbath School Army.

At the late Erie Annual Conference, it was stated that there are 600,000 children in the Methodist Sabbath Schools. Of these twenty-one thousand are within the bounds of the Erie Conference. The Sunday School Advocate has a circulation of 186,000, and it has made a nett gain in circulation of 90,000 in 10 months.

The Sabbath School Institution dates only seventy-three years ago; it is now estimated to embrace 7,000,000 of children in Christendom. The number in Sabbath Schools of all denominations in the United States is put down at 3,000,000; less than half of the children in the Republic according to the last census.

PRODUCE GAMBLING.—Judge Drummond of the Illinois United States Court, has decided, in a case of produce gambling, that the buyer was entitled to the damages for the failure to fulfill the contract.—The defendant put a plea that there was no intent to deliver the 16,000 bushels of corn stipulated, but only to pay the difference between the contract and market prices of money, from one party to the other, but the decision was in favor of the plaintiff on demurrer.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

We question whether in all the history of hairbreadth escapes, a parallel to the following can easily be found. The story is given as related in the words of the hero.

"It was about the year 1765 that I settled in Virginia, near the falls of the Canasha. The country was at the time an unbroken wilderness. But few settlements had been made then by the whites, and they were so far apart as to render vain all hope of assistance in case of an attack from hostile Indians, numbers of whom still infested the neighborhood.

"I lived here alone with my wife for several months unmolested, and by dint of untiring perseverance, being then young and hardy, had succeeded in making quite a large clearing in the forest which I had planted with corn, and which promised an abundant yield.

"One morning after we had just prepared to venture forth upon my regular routine of labor, my attention was arrested by the tinkling of a cow bell in the cornfield.

"There," said my wife, "the cow is in the cornfield."

"But the ear of the backwoodsman becomes by education, very acute, especially so from the fact that his safety often depends upon the nice cultivation of that sense. I was not easily deceived, I listened—the sound was repeated. "That," said I, in reply to the remark of my wife, "was not the tingle of a bell upon the neck of a cow. It is a decoy of some Indian who desires to draw me into an ambush."

"Believing this to be the case, I took down my old musket (I had no rifle) and seeing that it was properly loaded I stole cautiously around the field towards the point from which the sound seemed to proceed. As I had suspected, there in a cluster of bushes crouched an Indian waiting for me to appear in answer to his decoy bell, that he might send the fatal bullet to my heart. I approached without discovering myself to him, until within good shooting distance, then I raised my piece and fired. The bullet sped true to its mark, and the Indian fell dead.

"Not knowing but that he might be accompanied by others, I returned with all speed to my cabin, and having firmly barricaded the door, I watched all day from the port holes, in anticipation of an attack from the companions of the Indian I had killed. To add to the danger, and seeming hopelessness of my situation, I had but one charge of powder left. I could make but one shot, and then, if attacked by numbers I should be entirely in their power. I poured in my last charge of powder and put into musket fifteen slugs, and then waited for the approach of night, feeling confident of an attack.

"Night came at length. A beautiful moonlight night it was too, and this favored me greatly, as I would thereby be able to observe the movements of the enemy as they approached my cabin. It was some two hours after nightfall, and as yet I had neither heard nor seen a sign of the Indians, when suddenly I was startled by the baying of my dog at the stable. I knew the Indians were coming. The stable was a little to the west of the cabin, and between them was a patch of cleared ground, upon which the light of the full moon fell unobstructed. Judging from the noise at the stable that they would advance from that direction, I posted myself at the port-hole on that side of the cabin.

"I had previously placed my wife upon the cross pole in the chimney, so that in case our enemies effected an entrance to the cabin she might climb out through the low chimney and effect her escape. For myself, I determined not to be taken alive and resolved to sell my life dearly.

"With breathless anxiety I watched at the port hole. At length I saw them emerge from the shadow of the stable and advance across the vacant ground toward the cabin. One—two—three—great heaven! six stalwart Indians, armed to the teeth and urged on by the hope of revenge. My case was desperate indeed. With quick yet stealthy step in close single file they approached, and were already within a few yards of the house, when a slight change in the movement of the forward Indian, changed the position of the entire six; so that a portion of the left side of each was uncovered. They were all in a range—one aim would cover all. Quick as thought I aimed and fired. As the smoke cleared away, I could hardly credit what my senses showed me as the result of the shot. The fifteen slugs with which I had loaded my musket had done their work well. Five of the six Indians lay dead upon the ground and the sixth had disappeared.

"Although no enemy was now in sight, I did not venture forth until morning.—There lay the bodies of the five Indians, undisturbed together with the rifle of the other. Securing the arms and ammunition of the fallen Indians I followed up the trail of the missing one, until it reached the river, beyond which point I could discover no trace whatever. From the amount of blood which marked the trail together with the unmistakable evidence that he had picked his way with difficulty, I was led to believe that he had been mortally wounded and in order to prevent his body from falling into the hands of his white foe, had groped his way to the river and thrown himself into the current which had borne him away.

"The Indians had killed my cow, and that you may be assured was no trifling loss, yet in my gratitude for my escape from the merciless savages, I would have been entirely willing to have made much greater sacrifices.

"I was well provided (by means of arms and ammunition taken from the slain Indians,) in case of a second attack, but this fortunately proved to be my last adventure with the savages. Not one of the band had escaped to tell the tale and excite his brethren to avenge the death of his comrades.

"Ah!' exclaimed the old man, while the tears gushed from the eyes at the memory of that event, "that was a glorious shot—the best I ever made."

The hero of this adventure lived to see the rude wilderness where he had pitched his only cabin, transformed into smiling fields, and then peopled by hardy and enterprising pale faces, among whom his last days were passed in "peace and plenty," undisturbed by the presence of his olden time foes.

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE.

Gen Wayne was a great favorite with all who had served under him, and when it was known that he was to command the expedition against the Indians of the northwest, hundreds of his of his revolutionary comrades flocked to his standard and enlisted under his orders. There are those still living among us who remember Gen. Wayne when he took this post. He was very partial to those who served under him in the Revolution, and they could always approach him with more familiarity than others could. Among these old pets was a somewhat antiquated dragoon, extremely averse to labor. He refused to do any service in time of peace, and had no other ambition in days of quietness than to keep his horse's feet ready for the fight, and his sword bright and sharp. The General was subject to attacks of the gout, and at such times was cross and petulant, and it then required no slight degree of courage to approach him. But the old dragoon was never daunted by the General's temper. On one occasion when the General was particularly ill-natured from a severe attack, the old dragoon had some favor to ask; approaching his room, he peeped in at the door, exclaiming—"Mad Anthony." The General looked up and angrily ordered him to "be off sir!" Off went the dragoon. In a few minutes he returned, looked into the room and shouted, "Mad Anthony, I say, sir, it is as hard getting a glass of grog out of you as it was to get into Stony Point with you!" This appeal told. 'Waiter, said the General, "give that——rascal a glass of brandy and send him off." The old dragoon tossed off the liquor, and retired until he should again be in want of a drink of the General's brandy.

The above was communicated to the writer, by an old resident, and one familiar with scenes of Indian and frontier war.

Where Did That Man go to?

In the Telegraph office, there is employed a bartender who is in the habit of taking his "tod" pretty freely, but always makes it a point never to drink in the presence of his employer. A few days ago, while he was in the act of drawing his "tod" preparatory to taking a drink, the employer came into the bar-room rather unexpectedly.

Finding himself caught in the act, he set the tumbler and its contents on the counter, and casting his eyes around with a look of surprise, exclaimed:

"Where in thunder did the man that ordered this drink go to?"

Yankee All Over.

Bayard Taylor tells a good story of a Yankee, who, in walking along the streets of St. Petersburgh one muddy day, met the Grand Duke Constantine. The sidewalk was not wide enough for two persons to pass and the street was very deep with filth—whereupon the American took a silver rouble from his pocket: "Crown or tail?" "Crown!" guessed the Grand Duke. "Your Highness has won," said the American, looking at the rouble and stepping into the mud. The next day the American was invited by the Grand Duke to take dinner.

MARRIED BY EXPRESS.—A wedding took place on the lightning express train of the Michigan Central Railroad yesterday, between Kalamazoo and Galesburgh. The happy couple were Mr. W. H. Webster, of Otsego county, N. Y., and Mis Emeline C. Beach, of Guernsey county, Ohio. They were married by John Edwards, Esq., a Justice of Kalamazoo.

We are informed that the courtship took place during the ride from Chicago to that point. When the people of the opposite sex do their courting in the short space of some four or five hours while riding at the rate of about thirty two miles an hour, marry at the same lightning speed, we think no one will dispute that this is a *fast* age. The happy pair went to Cleveland by steamer, last evening.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

THE CHOLERA IN THE BRITISH ARMY.—A British officer, in a letter from Allahabad, India, gives a terrible picture of the sufferings of the British troops. They found it quite difficult to get enough to eat and were exposed to every sort of peril.—The writer adds:

You have no idea of the awful weather and of our sufferings from the heat; we sit with wet cloths over our heads, but the deaths from sunstroke continue large; that dreadful scourge cholera has also broken out, and we have lost already seventy fighting men. We buried twenty-three a few nights ago at one funeral; and the shrieks of the dying were something awful; two poor ladies who were living at the hospital died I believe, from fright. We have now got about four hundred men outside the fort and the disease is certainly on the decline.

A PRIZE WHEAT CROP.—It is stated that Mr. Nicholas Wells raised this season, on his farm at "Winchester Bottom," on the Ohio river, in Tyler county, Va., 1,600 bushels good prima white wheat. A portion of the land on which the wheat grew was measured, and the yield averaged a fraction over forty bushels to the acre.

RAILROAD POETRY.

The Hillsdale, Michigan Standard, has the following: A "dead head" on the Central Road sent his expired pass to Superintendent RICE, with the following on its back:

Bless my stars
No more on the cars
As a dead head I'll ride on a rail,
Unless Mr. RICE
Should take my advice,
And send me a pass by the mail.

To which Mr. RICE happily responded in the following humorous strain:

The conductor will pass
This bundle of gas
From July till the middle of Lent,
Like any dead head,
Without paying "a red,"
Let him ride to his heart's content.

From the Hollidaysburg Register.

DIED.

At the Exchange Hotel, in Philadelphia on the 31st of July, A. D. 1827, Mrs. Public Plunder, the mother of the Democratic party, full of life and vigor, at an advanced age, in the presence of her three loving sons—the Canal Commissioners—and a large and extensive number of near relatives and dear friends. Her illness began on the birth of her son Henry S Mott, nearly three years ago. Since then she has been tottering to her grave in the last stage of disease, which was in the heart. The large dose of "the people," administered by the Legislature, was likely to prove fatal. Her son Henry grew up all of a sudden to be a great big fat boy, rather likely than otherwise. To him belongs the credit of a change in the physician from the people to the Supreme Bench. But unfortunately the medicine of the latter only hastened her to her grave. Poor Henry, after being kicked out of the Court, was well nigh-being prostrated with the same disease, but he survived to witness his mother shed her last tear, and draw her last breath. He is a worthy son of his mother. It is a painful duty to record the departure of one who leaves behind so many weeping relatives and friends. It may be truly said of the deceased, that her loss will be severely felt by many throughout the entire community. Her blood runs in the veins of at least fifty thousand persons, besides a large number of relatives not blood. Her funeral was honored with the presence of more blood relations than any other person that has been mourned in our community. Her Great Great Grand Father was present.—One hundred Uncles, with at least one thousand other relatives, witnessed the ceremony. They could boast of being the as of new and of otherwise Reed—as, well tinguished citizens.

It may be truly said of the deceased, that in the midst of her usefulness she was in death. Three years ago she bid fair for a long life, full of vigor and health, able to do anything her heart might desire. She need but lay her hands on the heads of the blind to restore them to sight. She need but to declare her will and Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan would be carried to the Presidential honors. In early life, she would not let the right hand know what the left one was doing. The last act of her life exemplifies this principle—it was on the night of the 30th, the night before her death in its darkness and stillness, and when no human eye could see, that she with her own free will and accord, without any solicitation volunteered to convey from her Depot in Gaysport, to the foundry in the same place a large lot of new Bars of iron. What a munificent act! There, early in the morning of the 31st, on the scales were to be seen the fruits of her noble generosity. Although her hours, like those of M'Kim, were numbered, she was not one to be seen blazing forth her own glory.

Mine is not the pen to do the deceased full justice. I hope some one of the relatives will furnish the statistics necessary to arrive at something like such a result.—For the present we will append the programme of the funeral obsequies:

It was past one o'clock before the ceremonies closed, and soon after the procession began to move. We enjoyed a favorable post for the observation, having a fair view of the procession, and the impression was that of a solemnity every way worthy of the occasion.

The Hearse which bore the mortal remains was drawn by two beautiful black horses, splendidly caparisoned. The coffin occupied a conspicuous position, and was fully exposed to view:

PALL BEARERS:

Wm. F. Packer,	John Cresswell,
Chas. R. Buckalew	Gen. Callohan,
H. D. Foster,	Hon. A. Wilson,
A. M. White, & Co.	Jonathan D. Leet,
Geo. W. Bowman,	John W. Forney;
Hon. W. Wilkins,	Walter Graham.

CHIEF MOURNERS.

1. Hon. Arnold Plumer, Henry C. Mott, Thomas Scott, Canal Commissioners.

2. Henry S. M'Graw, State Treasurer.

3. Superintendents, Supervisors, Mud Bosses; and Lock keepers too numerous to mention.

4. The procession extended nearly two miles, it slowly wound its way over the plank road to the office of Mr. Longaert in Altoona, to whom the remains were delivered on behalf of the Penna. Railroad Company.

All the way along that distance, from the starting point to the place of interment were stationed private carriages, horsemen, groups of citizens, families of children, and a mixed collection of expectant people, wood contractors and others awaiting the coming of the mourners.

☞ Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the mind, filling it with perpetual and steady serenity.

MASSACRE OF CAWNPORE, INDIA.

The New York Times gives the following synopsis of the news from India received by the Baltic:

The Massacre at Cawnpore, of which some particulars are received, is probably the most treacherous and bloodiest act ever recorded in the history of any country.—In the small fort at this place, some 90 English troops, with over 300 women and children, had taken refuge under the orders of Sir Hugh Wheeler. The extensive plain without the fort swarmed with thousands of the ferocious mutineers under the command of Nena Sahib. The besieged waited and waited, but in vain, for relief. At last Sir Hugh, on whom the hopes of all rested, fell mortally wounded, in one of the gallant sorties that he had made against such fearful odds, and with starvation staring them in the face, the garrison then surrendered on the condition that they might descend the river to Allahabad. No sooner, however, had they got into their boats than Nena Sahib shot down every man woman and child. Not one escaped. General Havelock subsequently arrived, at the head of 2,000 British troops—too late to prevent the massacre, but not too late to avenge it. Cawnpore was retaken, and Nena routed in two engagements. At latest dates he was entrenched at Bitnoor, where Gen Havelock was preparing to attack him. Not less interesting than this are the narratives of the events in other parts of India. There had been several engagements before Delhi, all resulting in the repulse of the mutineers. The beseiging force, numbering only 2,000 men, was altogether too small to risk an attack or venture within a city containing a hostile population of about 150,000 souls. They were therefore compelled to await reinforcements. At Agra, the British had been obliged to retire before the mutineers. All that the former could muster, including the garrison of the foot and civilians, did not amount to 1,000 men, while the latter were over 10,000 strong. Fearing the repitition of the tragedy enacted at Cawnpore, the English, though so greatly inferior in numbers, determined to anticipate the assault, and sallied forth in a body to meet the mutineers. Unfortunately their ammunition failed during the engagement and in their retreat they suffered heavy loss. Their situation, by latest accounts, was conceived, a most critical one. Upon reviewing the whole news by this arrival, the tide may be regarded as turned in favor of the British. By the recapture of Cawnpore, Lucknow and the Northwest are considered saved; and if the report be true that Brigadier General Chamberlain men, the fall of that city may take place earlier than most people anticipate.

LYING IN BED WITH THE HEAD HIGH.—It is often a question among persons who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with the head exalted, or even the body, was the most wholesome. Most persons consulting their own ease on this point, argue in favor of that which they prefer. Now although many delight in bolstering up their heads at night, and sleep soundly without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which the blood passes from the heart to the head, are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be nearly on a level with the body; and the people ought to accustom themselves thus to sleep to avoid danger.

THE SUGAR PROSPECT.—A letter from the Parish Plaquemines, Louisiana, in the N. O. *Picayune*, says the sugar planters of that State will have no cause to complain of this present years crop. The cane will mature earlier this season than usual, and the new sugar will be manufactured and come into market two or three weeks in advance of former seasons.

DUTCH CANDOR.—Some ten years since an old Dutchman purchased in the vicinity of Brooklyn a snug little farm for nine thousand dollars. Recently a lot of land speculators called upon him to buy him out. On asking his price, he said he would take sixty thousand dollars—no less.

"And how much may remain on bond and mortgage?"

"Nine thousand dollars."

"And why not more?" interrogated the would be purchasers.

'Because the darned place is not worth any more.'

BRITISH ENLISTMENTS IN FRANCE.—The British Govern ment is offering great inducements to French half pay and pensioned officers to enlist for the Indian arm. They are to serve not less than two nor more than five years, and are to be sent out and back at Government expense. The pay of captains is to be 20,000 francs, and of first lieutenants 15,000 francs, and of sub-lieutenant 12,000 francs.

YELLOW FEVER.—The Yellow Fever is said to be prevailing very seriously at Havana. Some three hundred of the officers and crew of battle ship Isabel Segunda are understood to have fallen victims to it.—Nevertheless the Spanish government is at this season, sending out more soldiers there—as if to be victims to the pestilence.

☞ Two hunters killed fifty four rattlesnakes on the 23d of August, on Rattlesnake Hill, Sullivan county, N. Y. There were, besides, in embryo, more than one thousand; twenty-four were taken from one venerable head of a great many broods; many of the old ones were three and four feet long.

☞ Right actions for the future are the best apologies for wrong ones in the past; the best evidence of regret for them we can offer, or the world desire.