The Post.

Peterson's GREAT

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THE POST.

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Five town lots favorably located, and well suited for building purposes.

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A Mohawk Legend,

The Valley of the Mohawk is one fo the most picturesque and beautiful in the world. And if it is attractive now, what must it have been before its acres were given to tillage and its mountain sides robbed of their forest covering.

At one point a high mountain ends on one side in a terrible precipice of at least two hundred feet, at the base of which the river rolls and tumbles over its rocky bed.

Connected with this mountain is a legend which, although never before put in print, still lives in the traditions of the neighborhood. It runs as follows.

More than a hundred years ago Brave Bear was the youngest and handsomest warrior of a tribe of Indians which dwelt in the Mohawk Valley. Tall, straight and powerful his physical prowess won for him wide fame among his people. Indeed he and White Deer, the chief's pretty daughter, were the pride and boast of the tribe; and as the chief had no son, the marriage of White Deer with Brave Bear was ultimately, by general consent, to elevate the latter to the rulership of the tribe.

At this time white settlers had invaded some portions of the Mohawk Valley, and within a few miles of Brave Bear's tribe lived a family named Batterson, consisting of a husband, wife and only daughter.

Mary Batterson, just past sixteen, was fresh, blooming and healthy. Pure air and exercise kept her cheeks red, her limbs supple, her spirits buoyant; and the whole valley could not boast of a prettier girl.

One day Brave Bear, wandering near the clearing, came upon Mary. Probably he had never seen a white girl before, or if he had, not one so attractive as Mary. Although a little frightened by the encounter, for the place was solitary, the girl was reassured by the Indian's kindly demeanor. Indeed, he showed his admiration so plainly that Mary could not but see it. He paid her the broadest of compliments in terribly broken English, and followed her to her own door. Then he turned suddenly and was gone. The fact was, that the savage was throughly impressee by Mary's charms, so different from the dusky beauty of White Deer. The pale-faced girl was in his dreams that night, in spite of the proximity of his marriage to the chief's daughter.

With an Indian, treacherous by nature, the evil wish is father to the deed. Brave Bear's sudden love for Mary blinded him to every other sentiment. All was swallowed up in a desire to possess the newly found treasure, and his scheming brain readily concocted a plan for her abduction. Accustomed to the proverbial submission of Indian woman, he imagined that, once in possession of Mary, she would quietly submit to become his wife.

Stealthily watching her movements he soon caught her at a sufficient distance from her house to suit his purpose. Seizing her in his powerful arms, he bore her rapidly on. She screamed, but no friendly ears heard it. She entreated, but her captor only assured her that no violence was intended. She was, he added, to become his squaw; only he further explained, it would be necessary for him to hide her for a few days in a safe place. His marriage to White Deer was at hand, and although the laws of his tribe did not prevent an Indian having two or more wives at once, we wished to have one marriage ceremony fairly concluded before an other was begun.

Brave Bear, after carrying his captive some distance, bade her to walk. Knowing the uselessness of resistance she obeyed. After a while he securely blindfolded and led her, to prevent her finding the way home in case she got away.

After a walk that seemed of many miles to poor Mary, the Indian stopped and removed the bandages from her eyes. Upon looking around she saw that dense forests surrounded her on three sides, but the fourth was a nearly perpendicular rock. Pushing aside the vines which overgrew the latter, the mouth of a small cave was disclosed. Into it Brave Bear conducted the girl. The interior had evidently been roughly fitted up for her reception. There was a couch of skins, food, water, &c. There she was to remain, as her captor cautioned her, without venturing more than a few feet from the entrance. He then left her.

Mary's first thought was to escape but a moment's reflection convinced her that it would be impossible. To fly would be foolishness, as she would be unable to find her way home. There she determined to stay, and hope for the best, being at least safe from hunger.

That night she slept but little, and in the morning, her eyes red with weeping, she went out and sat disconsolately upon the trunk of a fallen tree.

Now this chanced to be the day of Brave Bear's marriage to White Deer. The latter, with heart overflowing with love for the handsome young warrior rose as happy as a lark, and wandered off into the woods for an early walk.

As she went along, she came upon the captive Mary, who still sat crying. The sight of a girl so unhappy, when she herself was so joyous, touched the heart of the Indian maiden with pity.

She addressed Mary as well as her limited command of English would permit. The conversation, robbed of its dialect, was as follows:

"Why does the white maiden weep?" asked the savage.

"Because she is in very great trouble," replied Mary.

"She is too beautiful to weep; the tears dim the brightness of her eyes. What is her trouble?"

"She has been carried off—away from home and friends—by a wicked Indian; and she weeps because she does not wish to remain here."

"Why did the Indian steal her?"

"To make her his squaw."

"What is his name?"

"Brave Bear."

The swarthy features of the girl grew unearthly pale, and she fell to the ground in a swoon. Hastily bringing some water from the supply in the cave, Mary bathed her temples, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes.

"The white maiden has seen me weak," she exclaimed, springing to her feet; "now she shall see me strong. I will save her to her home and friends, and Brave Bear shall lose his pale-faced squaw. Come."

Mary obeyed the command without a word. She felt that her escape depended upon the caprice of the Indian girl, and deemed silence and obedience the wisest course.

White Deer led the way through the forest without hesitation, being perfectly familiar with every nook and dell. A silent walk of an hour brought them to the verge of the precipice described above. Taking Mary by the hand and pointing into the valley below, White Deer said, "Does the white maiden see her home?"

Mary saw familiar landmarks.

"Yes," she replied.

"Then she can go. This path leads around the chasm."

Mary was about to thank White Deer for her services, but a strange unnatural light in the latter's wild, flashing eyes, restrained her; and she hurried away in the direction indicated.

Mary had gone but a few hundred yards when, upon looking back, she saw her preserver standing upon the very edge of the precipice. Her arms were extended as if in prayer, and her eyes were lifted toward Heaven. Only an instant did she remain so, and then she flung herself over the rock.

Mary, horrified by the spectacle, saw the body whirl down through the air, and fall in a mangled mass upon the rocks below.

Then she ran until, breathless with fatigue and excitement she reached her own home in safety.

Indian Wives.

The custom of taking to themselves Indian wives still prevails among the hunters and trappers of our Western Territories, and a correspondent writing from Wyoming says: It is no uncommon thing, in this mountainous region, to find a white man and a squaw who have a numerous progeny of half-breed children growing up around them. These children are active and quick witted, and their descendants will go toward making up our highland population. The squaws make good and faithful wives, and, so far as their knowledge goes, good mothers. They seem to enjoy life, and, in their gambling games, get throughly excited. The woman have games of their own, and no man interferes with them in any way. The game seems to be somewhat like the old play of children called "Button, button, who's got the button?"

During the whole game, all the women sing together the most lively airs I have ever heard among the savages, and all were eager for the possession of the grand prize, which consists of beads and bead-work, scissors, money, needles, thread, and a hundred other things dear to the feminine heart. The children, too, are anxious lookers on; and he who supposes the Indians do not enjoy themselves ought to see them engaged in this game, where their whole soul appears to be absorbed in pleasurable excitement. It is called Ni-u-witz the Game of Hand; and while it is going on, a woman at either end of the two rows of players beats on the poles which separate them with all their might, keeping time to the music, and increasing the enthusiasm as much as possible. Some of the young squaws are handsome, black-eyed creatures, with masses of raven hair, who would attract attention anywhere. Their bright colored blankets set off their charms to the greatest advantage, and they appear modest and decorous enough. For a long time I was of opinion that there was no such thing as a handsome Indian girl, but in this I was greatly mistaken—some of them being very fair to look upon. They break early in life, and the old women look like the veriest hags. The young girls have all the playful little ways of their fairer sisters, and the little ones have their dolly papooses, the same as white children. Human nature, after all, is a good deal the same everywhere, and a little observation among savages shows that they are governed by the same passions and impulses that we are, though untamed. A love of ease and a contempt for hard work are by no means confined to the redskins.

WHAT key is the hardest to turn? A donkey.

Advertising Rates.

One column one year,	$60.00
One-half, column, one year,	30.00
One-fourth column, one year,	15.00
One square (10 lines) 1 insertion	75
Every additional insertion,	50
Professional and Business cards of not more than 5 lines, per year,	5.00
Auditor, Executor, Administrator and Assignee Notices,	2.50
Editorial notices per line,	15

All advertisements for a shorter period than one year are payable at the time they are ordered, and if not paid the person ordering them will be held responsible for the money.

Max Adeler's Military Experience.

Parker was in our company when we were out with the militia. We always noticed that when anybody fired a gun in the vicinity of Parker, he invariably began to move off; and when there was a report that the enemy were approaching, Parker always picked up his gun and began to walk in the direction of British America with as great rapidity as if he had an important engagement with a man up there, and must be on hand within an hour and a half. We remonstrated with Parker upon this practice. "It has a bad appearance. It looks as if you were afraid. Now you are never any worse scared than the rest of us, and it isn't right that you should pack up and leave before we have a chance to get our things together. It is your duty as a soldier to cover the retreat of your superior officers, and get between them and the enemy so that the bullets won't hit the lieutenants and the sergents."

"You misunderstand me," said Parker. "My falling back is not an evidence of fright. When I do that, I am really thirsty for blood; I am wild with anxiety to plunge into the Confederate ranks and bathe myself with human gore. But the fact is, that I have made a solemn promise to die with my face to the foe. Now a man generally turns over at least once when he is expiring in agony—and I am afraid if I *fall* with my face to the foe, I might roll over and die with my back in that direction. Whereas if I start with the enemy at the rear, it is probable that when I draw my last breath I will have turned over and will be looking right at him. Do you understand?"

It was a noble purpose that was cherished by that heroic young man, but he never realized it. The next time an engagement was threatened he struggled so hard to get into the proper position, that he was twenty miles in the interior of Snyder county before the enemy fired a shot. He is now in the grocery business, and to hear him tell the story of his valor, as he weighs out the sugar and measures the molasses, is to obtain a very vivid impression that if Parker had not been in the army the fratricidal contest would be raging yet.—*Max Adeler, in Saturday Evening Post.*

AT the State Fair in Erie, ex Senator M. B. Lowry had on exhibition a horse forty-one years old. The horse was rode by Mr. Lowry at a large political meeting in 1840. The horse was then eight years old and was the property of Mr. Geo. Lowman. Some ten years ago the horse's teeth got so long he could not masticate hard food and was fed on bread for five years. Mr. Lowry then had his mouth dressed by a dentist and since that time the horse can eat corn or any kind of grain. Mr. Lowry says he had about three eighths of an inch taken off his teeth, and his mouth now is as good as a horse of 16 or 18 years old. The horse can now be driven in harness yet, and looks well.

A CUTTING REPLY.—The great natuarlist, Agassiz, is to be credited with the neatest reply to an impudent inquiry that we have seen for some time. A wealthy snob approached the great thinker and said: Professor, I understand that you have discovered that fish is the best diet to produce brain power, and I would like to know how many of the finny tribe I'll have to eat to mentally tone me up?"—The Professor looked at his questioner a moment, as if taking his measure, and replied, "I think a couple of whales would be the thing for you."

Well, friend Jim, how did you make it down South?"

"First-rate—made plenty of money."

"What did you do with it?"

"Laid it out in houses and lots."

"Where?"

"Every place I have been where there was any."

"What kind of houses and lots?"

"Coffee houses and lots of whisky."

BOSWELL once asked Johnson if there was no posible circumstance under which suicide would be justifiable. "No," said Johnson. "Well," said Boswell, "suppose a man has been guilty of fraud, and that he was certain to be found out." "Why then," was the reply, "in that case let him go to some country where he is not known, and not to the devil, where he is known."

THE Detroit *Tribune* says: "Of all newspaper enterprises which go to grass soon after they are started, we should say the *Scythe*, the new organ of the Grangers, would go the quickest.

LUCY CRANDALL sent some poetry to a Kansas paper, and because it was not published the poor girl leaped into a creek and drowned herself.

IN a breach of promise case at Fort Wayne the lover was convicted of writing, "mi hart beets oanley for the my darling huney."

An exchange says: 'If anybody sees a double row of buttons coming down the street, let him preserve his equilibrium and think not of supernatural agencies—There's a woman behind them.