## Mochai

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN. SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE ICW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

## EBENSBURG, NOVEMBER 10, 1858.

WIDOWS AND CHERRY PIE.

One Saturday night- twas a beautiful night-I don't know the reason why; I hadn't a morsel of appetite, But I longed for a cherry pie.

A widow--with a most benignant face; And a modest but beautiful eye. 3 sood in graceful proximity to a glass case That contained a-cherry pie.

Well, I looked at the case—'twas a populess And I looked into her beautiful face and asked for a-cherry pie.

As the lawyers all say, she "opened the case" And I opened from my bosom a sigh; Twas then I felt I was in love With that charming-cherry pie.

The flower from which the honey-bee sips Its nectar so sweet, in July, Is not so delicious as the cherry tu lips Of a widow and-cherry pie.

Reader, I don't very often indulge In telling a wicked lie. Bet it took me one hour and twenty-four min-

To nibble that-cherry pie. From the Home Journal LETTER ABOUT EDGAR POE.

closed chambers of the Past so trying to both favor.

Of the ably written, but (in its impression) the same gifted man?

opening paragraph:-

We only know they lived and suffered like to take the lead in another periodical. other men, and their inspirations are still a But, on one of the pages of the splendid

puzzle and a mystery to the world, there is | death :no one more difficult to be understood than EDGAR ALLAN POE. It is impossible to carry in the mind a double idea of a man, and to believe him to be both a saint and a fiend; but such is the embarrassment felt by those 'Raven,' he is, to his readers, 'bird or fiend,' to the nearest link broken by his death. they know not which. But a close study of his works will reveal the fact—which may al to this city was by a call which we receiv-

and a reverent feeling for his genius; and nothing-and never, amid all her tears and

he says, "was soon installed as editor of Gra- ging for him still. If woman's devotion, ham's Magazine. As a matter of course, he | born with a first love and fed with human quarrelled with Graham, and then went to passion, hallow its object, as it is allowed to New York, where he engaged as a sub-editor do, what does not a devotion like this -pure, on the 'Mirror.' \* But he did not disinterested end holy as the watch of an inlong remain at this employment, which was visible spirit-say for him who inspired it?

us, if I remember rightly, having been per- peal which we wish to make for her :-Idlewild, October 17, 1858.

Image: Mobile Books and School Books and School Books and Higher Books and his position towards us, and connection with us, or course unaffected by claims of previous friendship, were a fair average of the splendid volume you sent me. (The Poems of Edgar Por, published by our friend that that that the transfer of the deuth of sonally acquainted with him at that time-Redfield, with taste and costliness so suited said a propinatory or deprecating word, we to the rare gems of which it is the setting,) were not likely to have been seized with any has vividly re-opened to me one of the long sudden partiality or wayward caprice in his to me, his poor, desolate mother."

fus In our harassing and exhausting days I should preface my avowal of an almost of "Daily" Editorship, Por, for a time, you reverence for the man, as I knew him, by remember, was our assistant-the constant reminding the reader of the strange double, and industrious occupant of a desk in our of- common to the presence and magnetism of a fice. The light shining from this volume - man of genius, and the almost totally differgenius, of a diamond-lustre, which I think out estimate which may be thus formed of wholly unsurpassed-justifies fully to me, the same individual, by two strangers or acnow, the estimate I then formed from the quaintances of equal intellectual acumen and presence of the man. Of the poems, it would discrimination. The mysterions electricity be to me the delicious alchymy of love to write of mind, where it is negative, is more apt to a criticism. They are among the few that I be entirely antipodal in poets than in men delight to read to a friend, for a feast in an equally gifted in other ways. The nature of hour of idleness. But it is of the once living the poet is wholly unrevealed to those upon man-as here pictured in the biography pre- whom his electric influence is lost or amounts facing the book-that I wish to make a re- to an antagonism. What could be more difmark or two which shall stand for your voice | ferent than are often the two honest opinions entertained by good judges, of the nature of

erroneous biography, which is placed at the 11 was rather a step downward, after being beginning of the volume, I will quote the the chief editor of several monthlies, as Poe had been, to come into the office of a daily "It would be well for all poets if nothing journal as a mechanical paragraphist. It more were known of their lives than what was his business to sit at a desk, in a corner they themselves infuse into their poetry. Too of the editorial room, ready to be called upon close a knowledge of the weatnesses and er- for any of the miscellaneous work of the morors of the inspired children of Parnassus ment-announcing news, condensing statecannot but impair, in some degree, the deli- ments, answering correspondents, noticing cate aroma of their sougs. The inner life of amusements-everything but the writing of the poet, the secrets of his inspiration. the a "leader," or constructing any article which mysterious processes by which his pearls of his peculiar idiosyncrasy of mind could be thought are produced, can never be made impressed. Yet you remember how absoknown, and the accidents of his daily life | lutely and how good-numoredly ready he was have but little more interest than those which | for any suggestion, how punctually and infall to common men. Under all circumstan- dustriously reliable, in the following out of ces the poet is a mystery, and the utterances | the wish once expressed, how cheerful and of his fancy are but the drapery of the velied present-minded in his work when he might statue of which still leaves the figure un- excusably have been so listless and abstracknown. A dissection of the song-bird gives ted. We loved the nan for the entireness us no insight into the secret of his melodious of fidelity for which he served us-himself, notes. Some of the great modern poets have for any vanity of his own, so ntterly put had their whole lives exposed, with minute aside. When he left us we were very relucaccuracy; but in what are we the wiser for tant to part with him, but we could not obthe knowledge we have obtained of them? ject, as it was to better his fortunes. He was

cause of wonder and delight. The subtle volume before me, is the key to an inner secret of their power is still hidden from our chamber of the heart of that gifted man .search; and though we know more of the There is the Sonner to his wire's normen; daily habits of the men, we know no more of and, in my opinion, the exqueite beauty of the hidden power of the poet. But there is the relationship between the two-Epgan still a yearning to know how the men lived Por and Mrs. CLEMM, the sainted woman who whose genius has charmed and instructed us, so devoted her entire existence to a tender and a vague feeling exists, that, in probing care and worship of her unhappy boy -- will the lives of poets, we may learn something embalm him in the poetical heart-memory of of the art by which they produced their mankind. Let me here recall the picture, which I have already drawn, of her and her which I have already drawn, of her and her "Of all the poets whose lives have been a affection-writing of them at the time of his

"But there is another, more touching, and far more forcible evidence that there was goodness in Edgar Poe. To reveal it, we are obliged to venture upon the lifting of the veil which sacredly covers grief and refinewho have first read the poems of this strange ment in poverty; but we think it may be ex- toilsome profession-to be thought guides being, and then read any of the biographies cused, if so, we can brighten the memory of and wardens to that "Fountain of Egeria" at of him which pretend to anything like an ac- the poet, even were there not a more needed which gifted hearts long to be unburthened. curate account of his life. Like his own and immediate service which it may render The young poet, the genius unappreciated,

"Our first knowledge of Mr. Poe's remov-

serve, in some degree, to remove this em- ed from a lady who introduced herself to us barrassment-that there is nowhere discover- as the mother of his wife. She was in search able in them a consciousness of moral re- of employment for him, and she excused her sponsibility. They are full of the subtleties errand by mentioning that he was ill, and of passion, of grief, despair, and longing; but that her daughter was a confirmed invalid, they contain nothing that indicates a sense and that their circumstances were such as privilege, I say, to be thus able to read, of moral rectitude. They are the produc- compelled her taking it upon herself. The nearly, truly and confidingly, the hearts of tion of one whose religion was a worship of countenance of this lady, made beautiful and the less common of man. Weak-voiced for the Beautiful, and who knew no beauty but saintly with an evidently complete giving up themselves, as the most gifted are often liket which was purely sensuous. There were of her life to privation and sorrowful tender- liest to be, it is a great happiness to know but two kinds of beauty for him, and they ness, her gentle and mournful voice urging them first, and speak for them to the world, Wero Form and Color. He reveiled in an its plea, her long-forgotten but habitually to urge their claims, and strengthen their ideal world of perfect shows, and was made and unconsciously refined manners, and her confidence, and reverently to grade and eswretched by any imperfections of art. The appealing yet appreciative mention of the tablish their descryings. There is much to claims and abilities of her son, disclosed the counterbalance it, it is true; for there are fair to the eye, a beautiful creature, like Un- presence of one of those angels upon earth (oh how many!) mistaken and false claimdine, without a soul. With this key to the that women in adversity can be. It was a ants, for whom the kindness of truthful disthe character of the poet, there is no difficul- hard fate that she was watching over. Mr. couragement seems both cruel and certain to ty in comprehending the strange inconsisten- Poe wrote with fastidious difficulty, and in a be misunderstood. But the happier side of cies, the basenesses and nobleness, which his wayward life exhibited.

"Some of the biographers of Poe have been harshly judged for the view given of his character, and it has naturally been supposed that bright pivete pions has naturally been supposed that bright pivete pions has naturally been supposed that the first recognizing, appreciating, and in a style too much above the popular level to be well paid. He was always in pecuniary difficulty, and, with his sick wife, frequently in want of the merest necessities of life. Winangels."

With the monotoy of assured and true genius—want of the merest necessities of life. Winangels."

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are objust; a truthful delineation of his ca- elad, going from office to office, with a poem, reer would give a darker hue to his character | or an article on some literary subject, to sell than it has received from any of his biogra- - sometimes sharply pleading in a broken phers. In fact, he has been more fortunate voice that he was ill and begging for himthan most poets in his historians. Lowell mentioning nothing but that 'he was ill,' and Willis have sketched him with gentleness whatever might be his reason for writing

With me-I thought-but I'd fry; | [case | in the man, for it is not possible for the true | ing angel-living with him-earing for him The biographer then gives a brief memoir, grief and the loneliness of feelings unreplied cent to the echo. of which the following passage is intended to to, and awake from his self-abandonment Closing somew picture truly his connection with us. Poe, prostrated in destitution and suffering, beg-

> wholly unsuited to him, and he left the 'Mir- . We have a letter before us, written by ror' without quarrelling with the proprietors " this lady, Mrs. Clemm, on the morning on I do not think that the casual reader would which she heard of the death of this object of get, from this passage, (in which there is no her untiring care. It is merely a request positive incorrectness,) an impression which that he would call upon her; but we will at all corresponds to the picture left, by the copy a few of its words-sacred as its privacy same period, in your remembrance and mine. is -to warrant the truth of the picture we Por came to us quite incidentally-neither of have drawn above, and add force to the ap-

> > "I have this morning beard of the death of my death and to speak well of him. I know you will. But say what an affectionate son he was

> > "To hedge round a grave with respect, Risking what we do, in delicacy, by making it public, we feel -other reasons aside-that it betters the world to make known that there are such administrations to its erring and gifted. What we have said will speak to some hearts. There are those who will be glad to know how the lamp whose light of poetry has beamed on their far away recognion, was watched over with care and pain that they may send to ber, who is more darkened than they by its extinction, some token of their sympathy. She is destitute and alone. If any, far or near, will send to us what may aid and cheer her through the re-

> > ture, the Sonnet from this beautiful volume, addressed to his mother-in-law, which so embalms her for immortality in his genius:

"Because I feel that in the heaven above. The angels, whispering to one another, Can find, among their barning terms of love, None so devotional as that of Mother,' Therefore by that dear name I long have called

You who are more than mother unto me, And fill my heart of hearts, where Death in-

stalled you In setting my Virginia's spirit free. My mother, my own mether, who died early, Was but the mother of myself; but you Are mother to the one I loved so dearly, And thus are dearer than the mother I knew By that affinity by which my wife Was dearer to my soul than its soul life.'

The reader of this Sonnet, who has the volume in his hand, turns back to look musingly upon the features of the poet in whom resided such inspiration. But, though exceedingly well engraved and valuable, for the recalling of his features to those who knew them with the angel shining through. The picture is from a dagnerreotype, and taken, by the superficial sunshine, at the moment when the dark spirit contorted the lineaments. It gives no idea of the beauty of Edgar Poe. The exquisitely chiselled features, the habitual but intellectual mclancholy, the clear palor of the complexion, and the calm eye, like the molten stillness of a slumbering volcane, composed a countenance of which this picture is but the skeleton. After reading "The Raven," "Ulalume," "Leonore" and "Annabel Lee," the luxuriast in poety will better conceive what his face might have been,

Morris-it is one of the usually unreckoned and outside privileges of our present day the crushed hope or ambition, over which the inegernaut of the world has driven its hard wheel-these and like sufferers are apt to come to us with their tears or their story. We stand at the public car, We can reach the vague and undefined throne before which they desire to be heard.

I have always esteemed it an interesting private pique has led to the exaggeration of to us in the whole city, has been that tireless itude in men unmistakably classed, labelled his personal defects. But such imputations minister to genius, thinly and insufficiently and acknowledged; the hardness and shal-

lowness of commonplace character and feeling; it is indeed, (the exceptional privilege I speak of,) a relief -- an inner knowledge of other and better minds and hearts, by which life, this our daily life, is apt to be stale and

weary, is inexpressibly enriched!

Closing somewhat in haste, I remain Yours as ever, N P. W.

ONLY TIGHT .- "How flushed; how weak he is! What's the matter with him?" "Only tight."
"Tight?"

"Yes, intoxicated." "Only tight!" Man's best and greatest ift, his intellect, degraded; the only power that raises him from brute creation, trodden

under the foot of a debauching appetite "Only tight!" The mother stands with pale face and tear-dimmed to see her only son's disgrace, and in her fancy pictures the safet v. bitter wee of which this is the fore-shadowing "Only tight!" The gentle sister, whose

strongest love through life has been given to him, and checks the welcome on her lips to

gaze in terror on the reeling form and flushed face of him who was the "god of her idol-Only tight !" And the father's face grows lark and sad as with a bitter sign he stoops

over the sleeping form of his first-born. He has brought sorrow to all those affectionate heart; he has opened the door to a fatal indulgence; he has brought himself down to a level with brutes; he has tasted, exciting he appetite to crave the poisonous draught again; he has fallen from high and noble manhood, to babbling idiocy and heavy stuper; brought grief to his mother, distrust to is sister, almost despair to his bride, and bowed his father's head with sorrow, but blame bim not, for he is "only tight."

mainder of her life, we will joyfully place it Mr. John T. Elliot, broker, has been arrested | we will take land and life from you. We will times very liberally.

Swearing. - If ever I wish I had no ears, it is when I hear a boy swearing Who made you? Who keeps you alive? Who gave you a tongue? Who gave you speech?

Yet what does the swearer do? He takes he make any law rgainst swearing? Yes: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold It has been one of our privileges, my dear that is, God will hold him guilty who takes only affected heir brains. Bowen consented

his name in vain salamanders possess a subtile poison; this, with the same rapidity as when fresh.

A Good Custom .- A Kentucky paper says it is getting to be very fashionable in that quarter to enclose a dollar with marriage no-tices, when sending them to the printer. A good custom that ought to provail every-

> Six dollars to printer and priest; No sensible man could refuse-Five dollars to render him blest And one to publish the news.

RELATED BY DANIEL WERSTER.

INDIAN BRIDGE.

cock by the name of Bowen-Peter Bowen- must die, and to secure himself, it was ne-I have torn this leaf out of your experi- not a man of large substance, but still what cessary to put Plausawa to death, and as the and a reverent feeling for his genius; and Griswold, his literary executor, in his fuller biography, has generously suppressed much that he might have given. This is neither the proper time or place to write a full hishis marvellous poems closely may find therein his marvellous poems closely may find there in the man, for it is not possible for the true poet to veil himself from his readers. What he wites he is:?

The biography that generously suppressed much that he might have given. This is neither the proper time or place to write a full hishis marvellous poems closely may find there in the man, for it is not possible for the true poet to veil himself from his readers. What he wites he is:?

The biography that generously suppressed much that he might have given. This is neither too autobiographically, perhaps you will say, considering that I was writing for two—but too autobiographically, perhaps you will say, considering that I was writing for two—but the was re-baptized and adopted in his genius, those who sean his marvellous poems closely may find there in the man, for it is not possible for the true poet to veil himself from his readers. What he might have given. This is neither too autobiographically, perhaps you will say, considering that I was writing for two—but the was released much in the was released and adopted in his genius and good intentions. Her daughton to desert him. She continued his ministering the was one of our "boys" We both loved him. He was re-baptized and adopted over our inkstand of appreciation and adopted and adopted the wind of appreciation and adopted the was released much to escape her lips that equal to the autobiographically, perhaps you will say, two both lim, or a complaint, or a lessening of pride too autobiographically. Porhaps you will say, too and a bounded man. The dead bodies he hid under a subtle too autobiographically. Porhaps you will say, too a desire the fortier of two blue was one of our "boys" We both lime or a find man of large substance, but still what two d

> "Sabatis and Plausawa were the two principal chiefs of the tribe, the smoke of whose Bowen was arrested and placed in Exeter jail. wigwam arose nearest the settlements of the and the Indians were assured that proper pun-English colonists. The first was of a sulien ishment should be inflicted on him, according and vindictive disposition, and when excited to the terms of the treaty. But the people of by drink, intractible and savage. Plausawa the vicinage assembled hastily and in large was of a milder temperament, and felt better | force broke into the jail and released the prisdisposed towards the English. He had inter-changed kind offices with them, and warned murder; and in this case, Bowen's friends them more than once of plots against their maintained that the act was committed in

> Indians and the colonists, and both parties butting circumstances. The fact that the Inhad agreed to punish any violation of it. If dians had large quantities of furs in their cannoes, which Bowen appropriated as opimes the colonists promised to treat it as a capital spotia, threw some suspicion upon his procrime, and the Indians, on their part, made a corresponding stipulation. There was peace between the crowns of France and England, and their respective colonies affected to keep it at least in name.

Relying upon this present good understanding, Sabatis and Plusawa one day made a Bowen's son-a youth at the time of some hunting excursion upon the shores of the Merrimae, in which they were very successful. deed, or apprehension of Indian revenge, loaded with the skins of the animals they had killed, by two Englishmen, somewhere near Boscawen. Sabatis had procured drink from the settlers, always too cager to barter it for furs, and was in a quarralsome humor. Plausawa, therefore, cautioned these men against any attempt to trade with him, and advised them to go home. . There are others of the tribe about," he said, "who would support Sabatis in any hestile demonstration." they were departing, Sabatis cried out to them. He dared not leave his house for fear of an "we want no more of you English here? I SINGULAR AFFAIR IN CINCINNATI .- A well | have evil in my heart, and if you do not leave

known and respectable citizen of Cincinnati, our territories, and abandon them forever, on a charge of conspiracy to blow up the drive the pale faces into the big water." One house of his father-in-law's family, with gun- of the men replied, "there is no fighting now powder. One of three men who are said to between us. English and Indians are all have been employed in the matter, has testi- brothers." They had not gone far on their fied that, six weeks ago, Mr. Elliot employed homeward road before they met Peter Bowen, the three to cover the whole front of the and telling him of the threats of Sabatis, enhouse of Mr. Sedam, his father-in-law, with deavored to persuade him to accompany them tar and filth, which they did, and subse- home. Bowenlaughed. "Threatened men," quently he applied to them to blow up the he said, "lived long. I would not prize a life house, furnishing them with a jug of powder | held at the mercy of these savages. I will and other things for the purpose. The witness says his heart failed him in this last suits them." The Indians had got into their work, and he gave it up and informed the canoe before he evertook them, and were gopolice. The only evidence against Elliot is ing up the river. Bowen hailed them, and this confession of one of the parties, but Mr. | urged them to go to his house, where they Sedam believes the story, and says it is the would have a frolic, and puss the night. Atresult of a long standing difficulty with his tersome reluctance on the part of Plausawa, son-in-law, whom he has assisted at various they assented, and accampanied Bowen to his house in Contocock. Bowen had many a deep carouse with the Indians, and understood how to manage them.

He sat before them drinking cups and bottles of rum, and leaving his wife-a woman Who clothes and feeds you? Who put a soul | as fearless and courageous as himself-to ento your body? Who sent his Son to be your cutertain them, went out of the room on pre-Saviour and friend? Who opens heaven to text of going to the well for water. But you? Whose earth do you live on? Whose while he was absent he drew the charges from employment of the lean of raw meat, very by is over your head? Whose sun shines their guns, which they had unsuspectingly finely minced, in the chronic distribute of upon you? Whose Sabbath do you rest on ; left behind the door in the entry. The night children, given two tenspoonsful four times a All the answers will be -God. Is he not were on, and their potations were deep and day. Since then the same practice has often great and good? Should you not love him oft repeated. At first the Indians were great - been extended to various forms of obstinate great and good? Should you not love him and thank him, and mind him and enjoy by pleased—laughed at Bowen's stories, and disribes with good effect. Mr. Pensa, now ealled him brother; but by degrees, as the y practising in Egypt, reports the benefit he drank more deeply, they began to grow quar- has derived in several cases of severe dysen-God's name in vain. He uses it upon a relsome, abused the English and threatened tery occurring in adults, from the employthoughtless and wicked tongue. Did God their extermination. Powen flected to treat the ment of raw, or nearly raw, mincement, foresce that there would be swearers, and did threats as jokes, but had all the while a watch- given in doses from two to three times a day. ful eye on their motions. At last the sun rose and the Indians said it was time to go home They had not drank so much but that him guiltless that taketh his name in vain" they could walk as well as ever-the rum had to take his horse and carry their baggage to the place where they had left their canoes. Poison of the Common Toab.—It is an | On the way, Sabatis proposed to run a race aucient and common opinion that toads and against Bowen mounted; but the latter, judging from Sabatis' eye and manner that some however, has been generally deemed fabu- mischief was intended, at first declined to run, lous by those engaged in scientific pursuits. but finally, on much urging, consented to MM Graticlet and Closs, in a report to the run, taking however good care to let the In-French Academy, show that there is in real-dian outrun the horse. Sabatis seemed much ity some foundation for the common belief, pleased with his victory, and laughed heartily and that toads and salamanders do secrete a at Bowen for owning so sorry an animal. deadly poison. These gentlemen inoculated For a while they traveled along after this in small animals with the milky fluid contained apparently good humor, until Sabacis, as they in the dorsal and porotid postules of these an- were nearing the river, turned around to imals, and found it productive of fatal effects | Bowen and said, "the pale face must walk in a short space of time. A turtle-dove the woods with us"-that is go with them as slightly wounded in the wing, and inoculated a prisoner. Bowen replied, in seeming unwith the hauid secreted by the salamander, concern, that he could not walk the woods, for died in terrible convulsion in eight minutes. Indians and Englishmen were now brothers. Five small birds inoculated with the lafescent Whereupon Sabatis proposed a second race, humor of the common toad, died in five or and that Bowen should unload his horse and six seconds, but without convulsions. The start a little before him, "because," he said liquid of the pustule of the common toad, "the horse of the pale face could not run so even after being dried, kills birds, though not fast as Sabatis." This Bowen refused to do, but consented to start at the same time. They started, but the horse had not got far ahead and looking around, saw the smoke, and the gun pointed at him. He turned, and buried his tomahawk in the Indian's head. He then went back to meet Plausawa, who, seeing the

on to spare his life, pleaded his innoccuce of

Sebatis' intent, and called to mind the many

kind acts he had done to Englishmen, the lives of many to whom his intercession had saved but all in vain. Bowen knew very well that there would never be safety for him Many years ago there lived a man in Cente- so long as the friend of Sabatis lived. One

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little of their good will by many acts of gen- of such note as Sabatis and Plausawa occuerosity, for with no people more than with sioned the borderers no little alarm; for some them, were bravery and liberality held in high time their deaths were undiscovered, and when the manner of it became known, serious self-defence; so, perhaps, it might be consid-At this time there was a truce between the ered, upon Bowen's account, without any renoes, which Bowen appropriated as opimes ceedings. However, he returned quietly to his home, and as the French war, called in Europe the Seven Years' War, soon after broke out, no further notice was taken of the

act, and Bowen died at a good old age. But the most extraordinary circumstance attending the transaction was its effect upon dozen years. Either remorse at the father's kept his mind in continual agitation, and he grew up a reserved, wayward, incomprehensible person. He shunned intercourse with his fellow men, guarded his house with redoubled bolts, and slept with his gun beside him. Soon after he had arrived at man's estate, his anticipation of Indian revenge had become a monomania He heard their voices in the sigh of the winds, the rustling of the leaf announced their stealthy tread, and he saw their dusky faces in the waving grain. ambash, or look out of a window lest a bullet of the luking fee should hit him. Mortal fear sat at his table, pursued him like a phantom through the day, and in the deep watches of the night startled him from his unwholesome slumbers. This became, after a while, unendurable, and he at last determined upon an act of seeming desporation. Consulting or informing none of his friends, he left his home, journeyed into Canada, and surrendere himself to the tribe of the murdered men, as an expiatory sacrifice. The Indians, barbarious often in the treatment of their captives, seldom maltreated a voluntary prisoner. They took Bowen into their tribe, and the mother of the slaughtered Plausawa adopted him as her son. He became acquainted with their customs, joined their expeditions, participated in their fortunes, and, indeed, became one of them. In his old age, however, a desire to revisit the scenes of his childhood overtook him, and the Indians interposing no obstacle to his wishes, he left them, his Indian mother being dead, returned to Contacoek, and died in peace among his kinsfolk and neighbors, to whom his adventurous life furnished a nevcr-failing theme of interesting conversation.'

RAW MEAT IN DYSENTERY .- Dr Weisse, of St. Petersburg, first in 1845, advised the

A New Sect .- A new body of religious enthusiasis, called "Congreprezites," have established themselves about seventy miles north of Council Bluffs, Iowa. The society comprises about 800 members, and all their property is held common. Their sect profess to believe the Bible as the word of God, but also that it is in a measure done away with by new revelation made since the year 1848. by the voice of Baneemy, through the medium of the Chief Apostolic Bishop." The new revelations are styled "the Law and Covonants of Israel.

STEPHEN GIRARD ON ADVERTISING. -- "I have always considered advertising-liberally and long-to be the greatest medium of success in business, and the prelude to wealth. And I have made it an invariable rule, too, to advertise in the dullest times, a long experience having taught me that money thus spent is well laid out, as my keeping my business continually before the public has secured me many sales that I otherwise would have

RE Speaking of cheap things - it costs but a trifle to get a wife, but doesn't she sometimes prove "a little dear?"

-The "Scientific American" says lockjaw of the Indian before Bowen heard a gun snap, in horses can be cured by wrapping them in blankets which have been wrung out of water of two hundred degrees temperature.

- For the week ending on Saturday last fate of his friend, took aim at Bowon and there two hundred and sixty-five deaths from fired; his gun flashed. Then he beggen Bow- yellow fever in New Orleans.

-Prepare for winter.