

# Free Press.

SATURDAY MORNING.  
Publisher.  
say, in the Free Press  
opposite the American.

R M S :  
\$2 00.  
8 00.  
\$15 00.  
paid in advance.  
Club of Ten will receive the pa-  
at the expiration of the time  
st to the contrary.  
will indicate the expiration of a  
les will be strictly adhered to.

Advertising.  
\$60 00.  
35 00.  
20 00.  
one insertion, 1 00.  
50.  
5 00.  
8 00.  
10 00.  
5 00.  
1 year,  
line over five.  
required to pay in advance.

WORK.  
assortment of Cards, plain and  
id. Fools Cap Paper, &c., and  
kinds of Job Work upon the  
tness and despatch, and upon  
office in Southern Minnesota.

## DEPARTURES MAILS.

ie, Chatfield and Marior, ar-  
excepted) at 12 o'clock, and  
EASTERN—via Winona and  
very Monday, Wednesday and  
ext morning at 6 o'clock.  
Falls, Oronoco, and all inter-  
y night at 12 o'clock, and re-  
y Monday, Wednesday, and  
s nex morning to St. Peter  
ery Tuesday, Thursday, and  
k, for Faribault and all inter-  
ext evening.  
uesday evening, departs next  
s from Austin Thursday eve-  
ng for Wabasha.  
—Once in each week and re-  
ity, Independence, and Elgin  
each week, and returns on  
mi-occasionally.  
6 8 o'clock.  
J. V. DANIELS, P. M.

For the Rochester Free Press.

**THE INDIAN'S GRAVE.**  
Here sleeps the Indian in his grave,  
Here long and quiet be his rest,  
No more he leads his warriors brave,  
Ah no! the sod lies on his breast.

Upon this bluff he often stood,  
And gazed upon the vale below;  
Here viewed the rolling Zombro's flood,  
And marked its rapid winding flow.

His eagle eye on yonder height  
Beheld the camp of deadly foes;—  
He grasped his bow, and stole by night  
Through covert where the woodbine grows.

Just as the sun arose o'er yonder bluff,  
The chief returned—three bloody scalps he bore.  
"Revenge is satisfied; it is enough"  
He said, "I've killed their chiefs, I'll slay no more."

'Twas Autumn now, the leaves began to fall;  
The deer and buffalo in herds were seen:—  
"Now for the chase" he cried, and eager, all  
Were soon in readiness,—as blood hounds keen.

At noon, of buffaloes a score  
Were dead or dying on the plain;  
Then for a dreary winter's store,  
They soon prepared their Pemimican.

Again the chief stands on the hill,—  
Again looks down the eastern vale,—  
But now he starts, with sudden chill;  
He sees the white man on his trail.

He called around him all his tribe;  
He gazed with wild prophetic eye;  
Then spoke in accents strong and wild,  
While lightnings flashed along the sky.

My Brothers—Warriors—Children—all:  
Look! see the pale face on our track;  
Too soon our hunting grounds he'll spoil,  
And drive the starving red-man back.

Ten winters more will roll around,  
Then in this valley you will see  
Ten thousand white men scattered round;—  
A wigwam under every tree.

I now am old,—I've spent my breath;  
My top is dead—I've lived my time;  
My hands are growing cold—'tis death!  
Here, brothers, bury me and mine.

ROCHESTER, August 1st, 1859. A. N. M.

**"Chicago by Gas Light."**  
Under this suggestive caption the  
Chicago Democrat draws a few pictures  
of life after sundown in that city of  
iniquity and high priced corner lots.  
The time is fixed on a pleasant evening

rors and gilding, and filled with a co-  
pany of young and handsome women.  
One of them sits at a magnificent piano  
and plays with good taste and skill  
accompanying herself by a voice sweet  
and plaintive. Another presides at a  
side table, from which wine and car-  
are dispensed. Nothing at first  
sight would indicate that the scene  
was one that might not occur in a  
private parlor. But a closer observa-  
tion will detect the snake concealed  
beneath the flowers.

The male guests of these bagnios  
are drawn from all classes and ages.  
Old men and young; men of middle  
age; clerks, bank tellers, grain mer-  
chants, fathers of families, husbands  
of virtuous and worthy women, boys  
scarcely old enough to be released from  
home—all of these are seen, at times  
as guests in the parlors of these houses.  
Here is a young man who has  
made a false entry in his books to-day  
in order that he may have funds to grat-  
ify his passions. The courteous and  
affable gentleman who sits at his  
bow, who calls for another bottle of  
champagne, and who worms from him  
under the seductive influence of wine  
all that he ought not to tell, is a De-  
tective, set upon his track by his  
ready suspicious employer. The loud  
and boisterous gentleman in the other  
corner is a well known operator at  
'change, and has this morning made  
a lucky hit in corn.

That retiring and rather mode-  
"cove," who sits partly behind a cur-  
tain, and seems to shun observation,  
is a prominent officer of one of our  
nest churches, and next Sunday no one  
will be more devout than he. The two  
burley individuals who stand in the  
center of the room with a glass of  
wine in their hand, are members of the  
city police, and their presence there  
under former administrations, would  
have been the signal for a general re-  
treat; but now, as they significantly  
observed as they entered, "it is a  
right" and they know what will please