The West Loses to the East
that she esteemed them as much as she did the sons of the King of her native England. She then took from her helmet and gave to each of her admirers a white ostrich plume, which soon decked their swarthy brows. The Indians retired to the front boxes, where they remained laughing with all their might until Miss Nelson again charmed them with "The Mountain Sylph." When she descended from the clouds another robe was thrown to her, by an Iowa, be it remembered.

At the conclusion, when she regains her immortality and ascends to her native skies, she placed on her head the votive Indian crown of feathers, which, gracefully spreading out as she arose, gave a peculiarly wild charm to her vanishing figure. If you could have heard the din and yells as she displayed this addition to her dress when she arose! Sioux, Foxes, pale-faces and all arose and gave one loud and commingling shout, while above all rose the wild, shrill cry of the savages. No one who was there will ever forget it.

THE WEST LOSES TO THE EAST

Removal of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.—This gentleman, known to many of our readers as the editor of the Indiana Farmer and Gardener, we regret to learn, has dissolved his pastoral connection at Indianapolis, and is about to remove to Brooklyn, N. Y. His removal will be felt, not only in that city, but by the state, and more or less by the whole west. Mr. Beecher, since his connection with the Farmer and Gardener has made it apparent that could he devote his time to that paper it would have so far as his materials went, no superior in its line. The west needs such men. We do not learn what arrangements have been made by the publishers for the conduct of the paper.—Prairie Farmer, Chicago, Oct. 1847.