

and is about one-fourth of a mile northwest of Mr. Jordan's present residence, and two and a quarter from this place.

Yours truly,

D. C. BEAMAN.

Whether the bones of Black Hawk ever went to Alton to be wired I cannot say, but there is indisputable evidence that they were in the office of Dr. Hollowbush, a dentist of Quincy, and were taken thence by the agent of the governor of Iowa.

So, even his bones could not be permitted to rest in peace where the hands of friends and relatives had laid them. Such is the fate of the savage on this North American continent! Driven from his hunting grounds, step by step, towards the ever receding West, by the overpowering march of civilization, he falls by the wayside, and his grave is overrun and ruthlessly desecrated! "Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."—G.

WINE CELLAR OPENED

The subscriber gives notice that he has this day opened a wine cellar next above the Bunch of Grapes, in King Street, where he has to sell the best old Sterling Madeira by the gross, dozen or single bottle, and all other wines by the quarter cask, or less quantity, even to a single quart. The gentlemen of the town, and all masters of vessels and passengers who will favor him with their custom, may depend on having their wines in their original purity, and very cheap for cash only.

JOSEPH INGERSOL.

N. B. Said Ingersol will be obliged to those gentlemen who purchase wine of him by the bottle, that they would send him empty bottles, for which proper allowance will be made.—*The Boston Chronicle*, January 11, 1763. (In the newspaper collection of the Historical Department of Iowa.)

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