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*Edgar Allan Poe* died at Baltimore on the 29th ult., and there are few persons we think, who will hear how he died, without a deep feeling of regret. He had passed the summer at his birth-place, Richmond, Va., where he had entered on a new course of life, having united with the Sons of Temperance, and bade fair to retrieve his errors and indiscretions. A few days since he left Richmond, where he purposed to establish himself permanently, and had gotten as far as Baltimore on a brief visit to New York, when he encountered some of his old companions, with whom he was induced to indulge as he had long foreborne to do. The immediate consequence was a violent attack of *delirium tremens*, in which he wandered about the city in a dreadful state of apparent destitution. Recognized by some kind-hearted individual, he was taken to a public hospital where he lingered for three or four days and died.

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