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THE HUNTSMAN'S ECHO.

The Platte Valley--The Home for Millions--and Highway to the Pacific.

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DEATH OF POE.
First a harp of thrilling numbers,
Roused me gently from my slumbers,
And its tone
O'er my waking spirit stealing,
Kindled up a spirit feeling,
In its music sweet, revealing
Heaven's own.

Then a being, pure and holy,
Through a door retiring slowly,
Half disclosed
To my smile enraptured vision,
Those eternal fields Elysian,
Where the blest in full fruition
There reposed.

Then a being, fairer, brighter,
Something smaller, something lighter,
And with raiment purer, whiter,
Came in view--
Then her face was here averted,
Gazing back from whence she started--
'Twas my lost, my loving-hearted,
Well I knew.

For a moment then she lingered,
And the beautiful white fingers
Of Lenore!
Swept across the harp so shipping
Which the angel left reclining
'Gainst the door.

Then as if some word receiving,
Half in doubt, yet half believing,
Gazed around--
And at once she saw and knew me,
And at once she came unto me
With a bound.

Oh! the rapture of that meeting,
Of that blessed spirit greeting,
Is to mortals all unknown;
They can never,
Till they pass the deep dark river,
Which divides this world forever,
From our own.

Comprehend how hearts once blighted,
In a world of sin blighted,
Are for ever re-united
On the shore
Of that river brightly glowing,
From eternal fountains flowing,
Where the tree of life is growing,
Evermore.

SONG--"SUMMERTIME"
Oh, Spirit of the Summertime!
Bring back the roses to the dells,
The swallow from her distant clime,
The honey-bee from drowsy cells.
Bring back the friendship of the sun;
The gilded evenings calm and late.
When merry children homeward run,
And peeping stars bid lovers wait.
Bring back the singing with the seent,
Of meadowlands at dowy prime--
Oh, bring again my heart's content,
Thou Spirit of the Summertime!

The Queen of the Vineyard.
BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

CONCLUDED.
Arrived at her hut, the three cas-
kets were placed upon the floor and
Noisette was left alone, while the sol-
diers scampered in a tent outside--
Alone with her treasures! Left alone,
Noisette dressed herself in the beau-
tiful robes she found, and looking into
the pan of water, her only mirror, she
smiled gaily at the vision before her.
It was beautiful. All the dresses and
jewels were tried. At the bottom of
one trunk she found a robe of snowy
muslin. With a cry of delight, Noi-
sette threw aside the rich, rare-colored
silk, and quickly arrayed herself in
the simple, flowing white robes, and
looking into the jewel-case, she found
a wreath of delicate wild-flowers--
All the glittering gems were cast aside
by this guileless child and her sunny
tresses confined by the graceful flow-
ers. Looking into the water, she smiled
at the pretty girlish face. To tell
the truth, in this simple toilette, she
was a hundred times more beautiful
than ever before. Outside her win-
dow the lute fife played a sad tune,
as if his heart was breaking. Five
minutes she hesitated, then opened
the door of the hut and stood beside
him. Of his she demanded the cause
of all that had happened.
'These soldiers,' he replied were
sent by a great prince, who, three
months ago (the harvest is 3 months
earlier in some other places), found
the grape of love, the celestial grape.
He consulted the talisman and was
told that a young girl, belonging to
the village of Badschlag, was his
bride. Her vision was shown to him
and he was enamored of it that he
pointed it from recollection."
The voice of the officer here forbade
the little fife to say any more.
'Prince or no prince,' murmured
the young girl, 'I too will consult the
talisman and behold the face of my
spouse. Even now the hour of invo-

ocation approaches. Quick!
As Noisette spoke, the village clock
told the hour--half past eleven!--
Noisette entered the hut and closing
the door, began her incantations--
Placing her little rude tablet in the
centre of the room, she spread a white
napkin over it; upon this she placed
three large vine-leaves, and above all
were laid the talismanic grapes. She
then made the signs of the cross sev-
en times, then turning to the East,
with arms crossed upon her breast,
she chanted--

Spirits of air,
My fate declare,
Show me the face, be it dark or fair.
I wait in despair,
Where, then, O, where,
Spirits of air!

Midnight sounded. Unfortunately
at the eleventh stroke the moon hid
behind a dense cloud, and the interior
of the little hut was plunged in gloom.
Noisette trembled with fear. She
heard steps to the right, to the left,
behind and all round her.
'Good heavens!' exclaimed Noi-
sette, naively, 'how many feet has
my husband?'

She had hardly spoken when the
moon shone forth again. Horror!--
Noisette perceived around her a legion
of black and white phantoms [a regu-
lar Serpentine States' company] and
any number of troubadors, knights,
peasants and nobles. A perfect car-
nival raged round her--a perfect Sat-
urnalia. Nearly fainting the young
girl turned away her head. Her eyes
fell upon an angel beating his wings.
'Ah!' exclaimed she, 'that is my
beloved,' and hastened to throw her-
self into his arms.

Horror! It was the burgomaster's
son who held her! Uttering a cry of
horror, Noisette fainted. The cry of
the young girl was heard, and the offi-
cer and man rushed into the hut, and
found her faint, laying like a broken
flower upon the floor. While they
sought to bring her to consciousness,
there was heard martial music, and up
the hill rode a glittering cavalcade
with a beautiful young man at their
head. Arriving at the hut the young
man dismounted and placing a little
golden vial of exquisite perfume to the
lips of the insensible Noisette, he
chanted in sweet tones:
Spirits of air,
My fate declare,
Speak to me once again, my fair.
I wait in despair,
Where, O, where,
Spirits of air!

Noisette, dear Noisette, open your
eyes and speak to me."
The blue eyes unsealed, and raising
her head, Noisette looked at the hand-
some youth who knelt before her,
'Who are you, sir?' she asked be-
wildered.

'The prince!' whispered the fife.
'My wife!' exclaimed the young
man, and he extended his arms to-
wards the trembling girl.
'My husband, chosen by heaven!'
stammered the beautiful girl, and
threw herself, blushing deeply, into
the arms extended to her.
Thus Noisette, the little vintage
maiden, became the wife of a power-
ful prince.
Such is the legend I heard on the
banks of the Danube. It is now the
favorite legend of the vintage. Go
you and listen to it as I did, sitting
beneath the fragrant vines, and believe
the pretty tale as I do--not. [Not
believe it, eh? why, you must be
very particular!]

A CURIOUS LEGEND.--There is a tradi-
tion in connection with the site on
which the Temple of Solomon was
erected. It is said to have been
occupied in common by two brothers
one of whom had a family, the other
had none. On this spot was sown a
field of wheat. On the evening suc-
ceeding the harvest, the wheat having
been gathered in separate shocks 'the
elder brother said unto his wife, 'My
younger brother is unable to bear the
burden and heat of the day; I will
arise, take of my shocks and place
with his, without his knowledge.'--
The younger brother, being actuated
by the same benevolent motives, said
within himself, 'My elder brother has
a family, and I have none, I will con-
tribute to their support--I will arise,
take of my shocks and place with his
without his knowledge.' Judge of
their mutual astonishment, when, on
the following morning, they found
their respective shocks undiminished.
This course of events transpired for
several nights, when each resolved in
his own mind to stand guard and solve
the mystery. They did so; when on
the following night, they met each
other half way between their respec-
tive shocks, with their arms full--

Upon grounds hallowed with such as-
sociations as this was the Temple of
Solomon erected--so spacious and
magnificent, the wonder and admira-
tion of the world. Alas! in these
days, how many would sooner steal
their brother's whole shock than add
to it a single sheaf!

JOHN ADAMS & GEORGE III.
John Adams, in a letter to Secret'y
Jay, states that king G. III. behaved
not only handsomely, but even nobly,
when, in June, 1785, he received
Adams, as the first ambassador from
the United States to England. In a
few well-selected words Adams ad-
dressed Georgey, and received the fol-
lowing reply: "Sir, I wish you to
believe, and that it may be understood
in America, that I have done nothing
in the late contest but what I thought
myself indispensably bound to do by
the duty which I owed to my people.
I will be very frank with you. I was
the last to consent to the separation;
but the separation having been made,
and having become inevitable, I have
always said, as I now say, that I
would be the first to meet the friend-
ship of the United States as an inde-
pendent power." These are words
of proper dignity as well as of decor-
ous wisdom. Mr. Adams, who re-
cords them, impressively adds, "The
king was indeed much affected, and I
confess I was not less so."

An Example for Duellists.
Alphonse Karr, among the wittiest
of Parisian gossips, tells a capital tale
of a man who would neither decline a
duel nor fight.

Messieurs A. and B., having quar-
relled about some one of these mere
nothings about which, in Paris as else-
where, gentlemen so often risk their
lives, B. challenged A., but most de-
voutly trusted that A. would not fight.
Nothing of the kind, A. was quite
willing and all the necessary arrange-
ments were made.
'Well, B.' said his second, 'we
have had some trouble to arrange
about distance; but at length it is set-
tled for twenty paces, both fire togeth-
er, and the meeting is for to-morrow
morning, at nine o'clock.'
'Ah!'
'Yes, in the wood of Vincennes.'
'Humph,' said B., and we are to
fight at twenty paces?'

'Yes.'
'I should just as soon have it at
fifteen or even ten.'
'Well, I wanted to put you up at
fifteen, but A's. second would not
agree to it, so I yielded the point.'
'Ah, you yielded that point. I am
fully determined, however, that they
shall not have another point yielded.'
'Well, no, that can hardly be even
asked for, seeing that everything is
arranged, and it only remains now to
wait for the morning.'
'Oh, but there may be a point in
dispute yet, and I will certainly main-
tain my rights.'
'No one attacks them.'
'I am the offended party.'
'Undoubtedly.'
'And therefore have the choice of
weapons? Well! I choose small
swords.'
'Small swords! Why, did you
not just now consent to fight at twenty
paces?'

'Yes, I am not the man to retire
from an agreement which a friend has
made in my name. I repeat that fif-
teen or even ten paces would have
served me just as well. But you have
said twenty, and let it be twenty.'
'Very good. And now about the
pistols; have you any?'

'Pistols! What for? I am not
going to fight with pistols.'
'Some misunderstanding between
us, I fear. Did you not just now tell
me that you would fight at twenty
paces?'

'Yes--I accept the twenty paces,
but not the pistols. I am not that
gentleman's slave. He insisted upon
twenty paces, and you yielded the
point. Very well, I yield that point,
too, but I will not yield another--
Twenty paces, because you have
promised; and the sword is my weap-
on, and only the sword. I will face
him, sword in hand, at twenty paces,
just as soon as he likes.'
As B. persisted in "maintaining his
rights," the duel, of course, never
took place.

A German woman, who had a
slight misunderstanding with her hus-
band, while they were recently cross-
ing Harlem bridge with a party of
friends, in a fit of anger, leaped from
the bridge into the water, and was
drowned before she was rescued.

The Boy's Complaint.
I am an unfortunate fellow! No-
body on earth was ever more anxious
to do right, and no one was ever more
certain to do wrong!

Nobody ever tried harder to please
people, and nobody ever had such
poor success!
Everything seems to have a spite
against me! Let me touch what I
may, it is sure to break, or tear, or
grow dirty, so that I may have a
scolding. The wind is always follow-
ing me round, and blowing down ev-
erything I go near. Our folks all
hate a noise, and I try so hard to
keep still--I walk over the floor on
tip-toe, until my legs ache, and the
cords of my ankles are stiff and sore.
I try to breathe gently, till I am ready
to burst, for Sis says it is so vulgar
and annoying for a fellow to keep his
mouth open and breathe loud. But
it's all of no use. I can't step into
the house but what down go books,
umbrellas, shovels and tongs, and the
clothes horse.

If I try to wait on anybody, some-
thing or another trips me up. If the
baby is asleep, the old cat sticks her
tail under my boot, so she can have
an excuse to squeal, and have me
blamed for it. Whenever I have any-
clean clothes, or new ones, I'm cer-
tain to fall down in the mud, or have
a fight with the boys, or, in some way,
made dirty and ragged.

If I go out to the woods to get
nuts for mother, I fall out of the trees,
spill my nuts, hurt my head, tear my
trousers, and go home and get whip-
ped instead of kissed.
Look at me now! Father sent
me to the store for some eggs to carry
home to mother. Well, I lost my
money before I reached the store, but
Mr. Star knew me, and trusted me
for the eggs. Then Jim Brown's old
wagon must be right in the way for
me to tumble over, and my eggs are
smashed, and my new apron all yellow,
and my trousers plastered with mud.
And mother will say, "Was there ever
such a boy!" And she will look dis-
couraged and half killed, and if father
catches me he'll beat me. Oh,
dear! I don't see what I was made
for. Everybody but mother will hate
me, and I shall break her heart. I
know I shall; and I wish I was dead!

A French exporter has published
in a Paris paper a statement to the
effect that there is not brandy or wine
enough made in France to supply the
demand for the American market
alone; and that, consequently, "im-
itations" are extensively resorted to
by manufacturers, in which they put
drugs, that are very injurious to the
health of those who drink the bogus
compounds.

The Parisian ladies, having
exhausted private balls, private par-
ties, private concerts, and all similar
amusements, have hit upon the plan
of having private sermons. They en-
gage the most eloquent preacher that
they can secure, erect an elegant pul-
pit in their parlor, and invite a select
party to the "religious matinee."

A London paper says that a
soldier in the British army, not long
since, received a present of fifty thou-
sand dollars from a brother in Aus-
tralia, who went to that country a
few years ago as a pauper, but who is
now worth nearly a million of dollars.

A clergyman preached a sermon in
Cincinnati, lately, in which he said
there had been one hundred murders
in that city since he took up his abode
there, or an average of two a month,
and that in no case had the murderer
been executed.

A wharf rat was lately killed
near the Fulton ferry, Brooklyn, that
measured sixteen inches from the end
of his nose to the tip of his tail, and
weighed nearly five pounds.

Conundrums.
Why is B like a hot fire?
Because it makes oil boil.
Why is C like a school-mistress?
Ans.--Because it forms ladies into
classes.
Why is D like a squalling child?
Ans.--Because it makes me mad.
Why is L like giving away a woman's
heart?
Ans.--Because it makes
over a lover.

Why is Q "important"?
Because it is always "agitated."
Why is S like a smart person?
Ans.--Because it is "wise and
sagacious."