

# THE HUNTSMAN'S ECHO.

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

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 public generally, that they have refitted  
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 pared to Ranch any amount of horses,  
 mules, and oxen, from their long ex-  
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 times will be prepared to purchase all  
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 stock of  
 Provisions, Groceries,  
 and Outfitting Goods, for which  
 we are not to be undersold in the country,  
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**Truth.**  
 Truth is noble, Frank and free,  
 Truth is bold and never fears,  
 Truth is old as land or sea--  
 Truth hath stood the test of years.

Truth upholds the man of State,  
 Truth supports in humble life.  
 Truth decides all issues great--  
 Drawing the line 'twixt those at strife.

Truth adorns the sprightly youth,  
 Likewise those of riper age;  
 Men admire the man of truth,  
 Though in falsehood they engage.

Truth is best for books or trade,  
 Truth will keep the conscience clear;  
 Men to court a blooming maid,  
 Truth will make you best appear.

"Truth though crushed, shall rise again,"  
 Rise, and take an onward course;  
 Hope of conquering truth is vain;  
 It has such a vast resource.

Truth is mighty, 'twill prevail,  
 Truth will spread from shore to shore,  
 Truth by Time can never fail--  
 'Twill be truth for evermore.

SAN. HEUREUX.  
**TO THE CARNATION.**  
 BY I. C. HOWARD.

The proud carnation, towering on its stem,  
 Peeps from its emerald cap with coy delay,  
 Till brightly flowing like an eastern gem,  
 It glows and deepens in the sun's warm ray.

Its breath, like sweets of Araby the blest,  
 Eight win our praise, were it a homely flower;  
 But rich and splendid in its fringed vest,  
 As aught that graces Indian grove or bower.

Its slender stem, waved by the zephyr's wing,  
 Wide on the air its spicy fragrance throws;  
 And gem'd with dew, at morning's early spring,  
 Its scent and beauty far outvie the rose.

Empress of flowers, worthy art thou to twine  
 The brow of Love, and grace his golden bow;  
 For fragrance lingers on that breath of thine,  
 When shrunk thy leaves, and faded is thy glow.

**Philosophy of Grumbling!**  
 "Kilicute," Voltaire tells us, "is  
 the most powerful of all weapons,"  
 it slays without giving us a chance of  
 murmur." And this "chance to mur-  
 mur," here let us observe, is some-  
 thing which human nature enjoys too  
 much to lose without a double pang  
 of anguish. Everybody loves to  
 grumble. Englishmen are cred-  
 ited, by the adage, with that especial dis-  
 position--but it is peculiar to no one  
 nation; it is common to humanity.  
 And grumbling, allow us to observe,  
 is just as necessary to our well-being  
 as light! A person always equal  
 and contented would be like a cli-  
 mate all sunshine and mildness--a  
 most monotonous, dull, inactive con-  
 dition of a seemingly beautiful existence.  
 The most lovely spots in the world  
 are visited with storms, and those  
 tropical ones in which Nature is most  
 energetic and most liberal, are afflic-  
 ted with the most frightful exhibitions  
 of her character. In like manner, the  
 most cheerful heart has its moments  
 of despairing grief; the more pro-  
 found the disposition, the more pro-  
 found are its outbursts of despondency;  
 within the quietest of human bos-  
 oms lie dormant the fiercest passions,  
 which, when evoked by circumstances,  
 effect the most terrible destruction.  
 Men grumble, just as children cry--  
 because it is an impulse he cannot re-  
 sist; because his physical condition  
 demands it. He grumbles, just as he  
 sighs, or yawns, or stretches himself,  
 not because he loves to do those things,  
 but because his bodily organs, his  
 muscles, sinews, tissues, etc., all de-  
 mand, at that particular time, that  
 particular species of exercise, and with-  
 out it would be inconvenienced. To  
 deprive him of the power of grumbling  
 is equivalent, therefore, to depriving  
 him of the ability to perspire, and in  
 both cases, that is thrown back into  
 the general system which Nature de-  
 sires to have removed, and suffering  
 is the inevitable consequence.

So much for the material view of  
 the subject of grumbling. The men-  
 tal view is not at all less interesting.  
 Thunder clears the sky of its summer-  
 clouds. Grumbling does fully as much  
 for the atmosphere of the human mind.  
 It removes the accumulated vapors;  
 it dissipates the dampening, heavy,  
 sombre reaction of days of active  
 warmth, and nights of redundant vi-  
 vacity. We must repine, or we shall  
 never feel, by contrast, the full excite-  
 ment of delightful anticipation. We  
 must murmur at times, or we shall  
 never thoroughly enjoy, for want of  
 adequate comparison, the voluptuous  
 silence of perfect satisfaction. To de-  
 prive us of our "chance to murmur"

**An English Heroine.**  
 The following account of an English  
 young lady who followed her soldier-  
 lover to this country, is from an old  
 paper:

Last week, died at Hammersmith,  
 in England, Mrs. Ross, celebrated for  
 her beauty and her constancy. Hav-  
 ing met with opposition in her en-  
 gagement with Captain Charles Ross,  
 she followed him in men's clothes, to  
 America, where, after such a research  
 and fatigue as scarce any of her sex  
 could have undergone, she found him  
 in the woods lying for dead, after a  
 skirmish with the Indians, and with a  
 poisoned wound. Having previously  
 studied surgery in England, she, with  
 an arduous and vigilance which only  
 such a passion could inspire, saved his  
 life by enking his wound, the only  
 experiment that could have effected it  
 at the crisis he was in, and nursing  
 him with scarce a covering from the  
 sky for the space of six weeks. Dur-  
 ing this time she remained unsuspect-  
 ed by him, having dyed her hair with  
 lime and bark; and keeping to a re-  
 habit, still supported by the raptur-  
 ous hearing his unceasing aspirations  
 of love and regret for that dear though  
 (he then thought) distant object of his  
 soul, being charged by him with trans-  
 mitting to her (had he again died)  
 his remains, and dying observations  
 of constancy and gratitude for the un-  
 paralleled care and tenderness of his  
 nurse, the bearer of them; but, re-  
 covering, they removed into Philadel-  
 phia, where, as soon as she found a  
 clergyman to join her to him for ever,  
 she appeared as herself, the priest ac-  
 companying her. They lived for the  
 space of four years in a fondness al-  
 most ideal to the present age of cor-  
 ruption, and that could only be inter-  
 rupted by her declining health--the  
 fatigue she had undergone and the  
 poison not properly expelled which  
 she had imbibed from his wound, un-  
 dermining her constitution.

The knowledge he had of it, and  
 piercing regret at having been the oc-  
 casion, affecting him still more sensi-  
 bly, he died with a broken heart last  
 spring, at John's Town, in New York.  
 She lived to return and implore for-  
 giveness of her family, whom she had  
 distressed so long by their ignorance  
 of her destiny. She died, in conse-  
 quence of her grief and affection, at  
 the age of twenty-six.

**A Madman's Freak.**--A lady was  
 one evening sitting in her drawing  
 room alone, when the only inmate  
 of the house, a brother who had been  
 betraying a tendency to un-soundness  
 of mind, entered with a carving-knife  
 in his hand, and, shutting the door,  
 came up to her and said: "Margarete,  
 an odd idea has occurred to me. I  
 wish to paint the head of John the  
 Baptist, and I think yours might make  
 an excellent study for it. So, if you  
 please, I'll cut off your head." The  
 lady looked at her brother's eye, and  
 seeing no token of a jest, concluded  
 that he meant to do as he said.  
 There was an open window and a bal-  
 cony by her side, with a street in front  
 but a moment satisfied her that safety  
 did not lie that way. So, putting on  
 a smiling countenance, she said with  
 the greatest apparent cordiality, "That  
 is a strange idea, George; but would  
 it not be a pity to spoil this pretty new  
 lace tippet I have got? I will just  
 step to my room and put it off, and  
 be with you in half a minute." With-  
 out waiting to give him time to con-  
 sider, she stepped lightly across the  
 floor, and passed out. In another  
 moment she was safe in her room,  
 whence she easily gave alarm, and re-  
 turned when the madman was secured.

**Died Poor.**  
 "It was a sad funeral for me," said  
 the speaker: "the saddest one I have  
 attended for many years."  
 "That of Edmondson?"  
 "Yes."  
 "How did he die?"  
 "Poor--poor as poverty--his life  
 was one long struggle with the world,  
 and at a sad age to him. For-  
 tune mocked all the while with golden  
 promises, none of which were real-  
 ized."  
 "Ye he was patient and enduring,"  
 remarked one of the company.  
 "Patient as a lamb--enduring as a  
 martyr," was the reply. "Poor man!  
 he was worthy a better fate. He  
 ought to have succeeded, for he de-  
 served success."  
 "He did not succeed?" questioned  
 the one who had spoken of his per-  
 severance and endurance.  
 "No sir; he died as poor as I have  
 just said. No thing that he ever put  
 his hand to ever succeeded. A strange  
 fatality seemed to attend every enter-  
 prise."  
 "I was with him in his last mo-  
 ments," said the other, and I thought  
 he died rich."  
 "No, he left nothing behind," was  
 the reply. "The heirs will have no  
 concern as to the administration of his  
 estate."  
 "He left a good name," said one,  
 "and that is something."  
 "And a legacy of noble deeds done  
 in the name of humanity," said a  
 third.  
 "Lessons of patience in suffering,  
 of hope in adversity, of heavenly con-  
 fidence when no sunbeams fell upon  
 his bewildered path," was the testi-  
 mony of another.  
 "And high truth, manly courage,  
 and heroic fortitude."  
 "Then he died rich," was the em-  
 phatic declaration. "Richer than the  
 millionaire who went to his long home  
 on the same day, a miserable pauper  
 in all but gold."  
 "A sad funeral, did you say? No,  
 my friend, it was rather a triumphal  
 procession. Not a burial of a human  
 clod, but the ceremonial attendant upon  
 the translation of an angel. Did  
 he not succeed? Why, his whole life  
 was a continued scene of successes.--  
 In every conflict he came out victor,  
 and now the victor's crown is upon his  
 brow."  
 "Any grasping, soulless man, with  
 a share of brains, may gather in money  
 and learn the art of keeping it; but  
 not one in a hundred can bravely con-  
 quer in the battle of life as Edmond-  
 son has done, and step out of the  
 ranks of men a moral hero."

**Senatorial Fun!**  
 A wagish individual has been  
 "sarchin" the dictionary, and pre-  
 sents the following play of words  
 upon the Senators of the United  
 States:

A fording Senator--Wade.  
 A Roman Senator--Anthony.  
 A Senatorial bur--Chestnut.  
 A grave Senator--Toombs.  
 A Senator for pursuit--Chase.  
 A Royal Senator--King.  
 A brick of a Senator--Mason.  
 A sporting Senator--Hunter.  
 An adhesive Senator--Clay.  
 A Senatorial nurse--Foster.  
 A whos' of a Senator--Bayard.  
 A Senatorial pea--Fitch.  
 A Senatorial Israelite--Benjamin.  
 A Senatorial Edible--Rice.  
 A perforating Senator--Pearce.  
 A Senator well done--Brown.  
 A Boasting Senator--Bragg.  
 A Senator of metal--Bell.  
 A shining Senator--Bright.  
 A verdant Senator--Green.  
 A church Senator--Pugh.  
 A greasy Senator--Chandler.  
 A diplooms Senator--Wigfall.  
 A healthy senator--Hale.  
 A Senatorial by-way--Lane.  
 A Senator to boot--foot.

**TURKISH LIBERALITY.**--The bigoted  
 prejudices against Christians in the  
 dominions of the sultan is fast fading  
 away, as might be anticipated from  
 the present political condition of the  
 Ottoman empire. Lately, the Mosque  
 of Omar, at Jerusalem, was thrown  
 open to the Duke of Brabant, and a  
 number of other distinguished Chris-  
 tian visitors. Under an improved po-  
 litical system, the Turks might yet be-  
 come valuable members of the great  
 community of nations. We can never  
 forget how the sultan of Turkey  
 sheltered Kossuth and his glorious  
 companions, when the Austrian eagle  
 and the Russian bear were prowling  
 on their track.--Flag of our Union.

**WHAT'S IN A NAME?**--Gerald  
 receives from the Austrian and Ger-  
 man newspapers applied to him;  
 titles of "monster in human shape,"  
 "Antichrist, bandit, professional en-  
 el, pirate, adventurer, &c." while  
 the papers of Sardinia and the Rom-  
 agna call him the "heretic son of  
 Italy, the genius of Italy, the redem-  
 er of Italy, and the archangel Gabriel  
 in human shape on earth."

**VERTUE--OVER THE LEFT.**--Multiplying the  
 faults of others, and adding thereto, in order to  
 make them equal to our own.

**ANECDOTE OF SWARTZ.**--Sanerant  
 relates the following anecdote of  
 Christopher Swartz, a famous Ger-  
 man painter which, if true, redounds  
 more to his ingenuity than credit--  
 Having been engaged to paint the  
 ceiling of the Town Hall, at Munich,  
 by the day--his love of dissipation in-  
 duced him to neglect his work, so that  
 the magistrate and overseers of the  
 work were frequently obliged to hunt  
 him out of the tavern. As he could  
 no longer drink in quiet he stuffed  
 an stuffed an image of himself, left the  
 legs hanging down between the stag-  
 ing where he was accustomed to work  
 and sent one of his boon companions  
 to move the image a little two or three  
 times a day and take it away at noon  
 and at night. By means of this decep-  
 tion, he drank without the least dis-  
 turbance, a whole fortnight togeth-  
 er the inn-keeper being aware of the  
 plot. The officers came round to  
 a day to look after him, and see  
 the well-known stockings which  
 used to wear, suspected nothing  
 wrong, and went their way, greatly  
 extolling their own convert as the  
 most industrious and conscientious  
 painter in the world.

**CELEBRATED ENGINEER** being  
 examined at a trial, where both the  
 judge and counsel tried in vain to  
 brow-beat him, made use in his evi-  
 dence of the expression, "the creative  
 power of a mechanic," on which the  
 judge rather tartly asked him "what  
 he meant by 'the creative power of a  
 mechanic?'" "Why, my lord," said  
 the engineer, "I mean that power  
 which enables a man to convert a  
 goat's tail into a judge's wig."

**From what small causes great**  
 effects may come! An auctioneer's  
 hammer is a little thing, yet it is ca-  
 pable of knocking down the largest  
 house, and breaking up the most ex-  
 tensive establishment.

**JUMPING.**--Old Lines, of Connecti-  
 cut, used to bet with young men, that  
 he could jump as far, in the same  
 ground and direction, as they. As  
 often as he found a novice to accept,  
 he would say, "I am decrepit and you  
 spry, therefore permit me to choose  
 the ground." Certainly. Well the  
 ground would be chosen within a foot  
 of the house, and he would jump his  
 toes against it, and say, "Jump far-  
 ther there, and in that direction, if  
 you can." Once he was beaten, for  
 happening to choose a spot beneath a  
 window, his competitor took out the  
 sashes, and jumped into the room.

**The girls at Cohasset** make  
 no hing of going into the water and  
 bringing out a shark or a mackerel  
 by the nose. They live chiefly on  
 sea fare, and when they die are pre-  
 served half a century. Their hair, in  
 their old age, turns into dry sea-weed;  
 and, if they have worn caps in their  
 old age, the cap is stiff and glistening  
 with crystallizations of salt, and, if you  
 fall in love with them in their youth,  
 you'll find yourself in a pickle.