

THE HUNTSMAN'S ECHO.

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

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ber will be exchanged if desired.
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WHAT I WOULD BE.
I would be young--but not for charms.
Of joys which years can trace,
Not for the witching spells that lie
In beauteous form and face;
But for the winning child-like trust,
The ardent love of truth,
The innocence that brightest shines
Upon the brow of youth.

I would be eloquent--but, oh!
That thrilling power I'd use,
To right the wrongs of suffering ones,
And hidden light diffuse.
I would be great--but not for fame,
That liveth but a day,
And while we list, its flattering speech
Is vanishing away.

I would be rich to bring to light
The hidden gems of earth,
Which warmed by friendship's genial glow,
Would prove of priceless worth.
I would be loved--but not for wealth,
Or beauty's winning smile;
For those can wake no answering chord
Within my heart the while.

I would be loved for spirit, pure,
For loveliness of soul,
For over those the coming years
Can never have control.
I would be good--oh! yes, and then
The earth would all be bright,
And life would seem one pleasant dream
Of pure, unmix'd delight.
And when the summons came, "Depart!"
For this is not your rest,
I'd gently lay me down to sleep,
To wake among the best.

Take from me, then, the spell of youth,
And talent, if you will;
Be eloquence, as now, unknown,
And greatness, stranger still;
Let riches plume their wings and fly
In their capricious mood;
Let no kind words of love be mine,
But oh! let me be good.
"WHO IS YOUR FRIEND?"
BY GEO. A. RICKS.

Not he who puts on friendship's guise
To flatter to your face,
And says you are both just and wise,
A paragon of grace.
Not he who comes when fortune smiles,
To revel at your board;
And thus the "idle hours" beguile,
While riches you afford.

Not he who comes with solemn strains
And tells what others do;
And of his fellow-man complains;
Beware, he talks of you.
Not he who says a snare is laid--
"I'll tell you if you choose";
Of such a friend I am afraid;
A snare doth bring good news.

But he who loves you still the same,
In sickness and in health;
'Tis he who merits friendship's name,
In poverty or wealth.
And he who tries to hide your faults,
And bids you strive to mend;
Who in kindness doth your wrongs assault,
He truly is your friend.

A GOOD JOKE.--A loafer, while
stopping at a tavern on county, used to
lounge about the bar and drink
other people's liquor. Not a glass
could be left alone for a moment, but
he would slip up, and drink its con-
tents. One day a stage driver came
in, and called for a stiff horn of brandy
toddy. Jehu immediately played
possum by leaving his brandy while
he stepped to the door. The bait took.
On returning he saw his glass empty,
and exclaimed, with all the diabolic
horror he could affect,
"Brandy and opium enough to kill
forty men! Who drunk that piece?"
"I!" stammered the loafer, ready
to yield up the ghost with affright.
"You're a dead man!" said the driver.

"What shall I do?" beseeched the
other, who thought him a genuine
sticker.
"Down with a pint of lamp oil, or
you're a dead man in three minutes!"
answered the wicked driver. And
down went the lamp oil, and up came
the brandy and opium, together with
his breakfast. The joke was told, and
he has never drunk other people's li-
quor since.

Quilp says that women who insist
on the privileges should exhibit the qual-
ities of their sex. She who shows the
impudence of the rowdy, has no right
to expect the deference which is due to
a lady. In short, if a woman forgets the
delineation of her sex, no gentleman is
bound to remember it for her.
False happiness renders men stern
and proud, and that happiness is never
communicated. True happiness renders
them kind and sensible, and that happi-
ness is always shared.

The Legend of Starved Rock.
In the far West, where the broad
rolling prairies stretch away in bil-
lows undulations--where bold, moun-
tainous cliffs rise abruptly to the azure
sky, crowned with dark firs and o-
dors--not far from the head waters of
navigation on the Illinois river, and
towering up from the bank of the
stream rises "Starved Rock."

Its walls are of dark gray stone, half
voided with clambering wild vines and
straggling mosses, as some old disappa-
red castle, relic of feudal times, stands
buried in the drapery which long ages
have woven around it--and broken
parapets of stunted cedars and firs
brown threateningly upon the daring
adventurer who attempts to scale its
precipitous steeps. A narrow, almost
perpendicular path, on the opposite
side from the river, is revealed, as
you make a circuit of the base of the
cliff; and here, he who would attain
the highest elevation of the "Rock,"
can ascend.

There is a fugitive tale, commu-
narying the events which gave this will-
dow a strange name, coming down
to us from those early times when the
red man was sole lord of rock and river
and rolling prairie--a tale recorded
of the vengeance of the Indian race,
which we would now weave anew,
and again relate "The Legend of
Starved Rock."

Long years ago, the brave and noble
Indian chief, Oronce, leader of a
powerful tribe inhabiting the region
adjoining that upon the Illinois, saw
and loved the gentle maiden, Ulah,
daughter of his neighboring chief.

Oronce was young and brave; at
his belt hung the scalps of a hundred
of his foes, whom he had slain in the
battle fray; his arm was strong, his
eye keen as the mountain eagle's, and
no warrior in the chase could out-
strip the fleet deer or fierce panther
so surely as he.

Ulah was young and fair, with eyes
like the evening star, and dusky locks
like the gathering shades of night. Her
heart went out to meet the brave O-
ronce's; and when he told her that
his wigwam was spread with the soft-
est furs, and asked her to share it, say-
ing he would, for her, chase the deer
and bring down the strong eagle in
his flight--then she turned from her
stern father's ledge and went with the
young chieftain.

Nepow, missed his daughter from his
ledge. When he came back at night
from the toils of the chase, she ap-
peared not forth to meet him; when he re-
turned from the battle field, or the
deadly ambush, exulting in victory,
she came not forth to sing with his
braves the war-songs of her race. The
daughter of a chieftain was in the
wigwam of his deadliest foe. He could
not brook the insult; and gathering
his bold, fleet warriors about him ar-
ound the council fire, told them the
wrong he had suffered, and bade
them follow him for revenge.

Day after day, night after night,
saw them on the trail of the fleeing
enemy, guided surely by the leaves
above and the forest wilds beneath.
Westward the stars of night led their
footsteps; and westward the sunbeams
revealing broken shrubs, and trampled
leaves and mosses in the tangled
wildwood, gave token that they were
on the trail.

And westward, too, fled Oronce and
his braves; fleeing for life, and what
was dearer than life itself to the
young chief, the safety of his beloved;
and on the fourth day, the eagle
gaze of the fugitives saw the waving
plumes of their pursuers in the dis-
tance. Before them, rose bold and
high, the huge rock on the brink of
the Illinois--behind them, came the
enraged father, with the fierce war-
riors of his tribe. Upon the wind
floated their wild cries of vengeance,
and dancing, ever nearer, came those
eagle plumes.

The pursued chief, with his dusky
maiden and a small band of faithful
followers, fled to the rocky fortress--
to the tower of strength which rose
precipitously in the path.
On, on, came the pursuers, with
wild shouts and a earthy yell--on,
on, and nearer yet, until they reached
the base of the cliff, and then singing
a loud war-song, they rushed swiftly
up the narrow, steep path.

But the young chief's own was
strong, and his arrows swift and sure,
and his braves resolved to fight to the
death; so, one after another, as they
had almost gained the summit of the
cliff, were their enemies pierced by
the unerring shafts of the archers
above, and fell back like a timid
companion below. And then, in
this attempt, with half their band

lying bleeding and dying around them,
the survivors closed in dark, surried
ranks around the base and with a
silent and inevitable determina-
tion, awaited the lingering death of
their victims on the gloomy, sterile
towers above.

Day after day the red sun rose in
the orient, wheeled across the burning
heavens slowly to the western horizon
at mid-day flinging down scorching
beams, and at twilight throwing long
lengthening shadows over water, forest,
and rolling prairie; but to those
on the high cliff no relief came.

Still the wretched sunbeams fell
upon them, drying up their very life-
blood; still those gigantic shadows
were flung about the back ground;
yet deeper the appalling darkness of
the dusky shadows crept closer and
closer about their hearts. They were
starving!

And there, at the very base of the
rock, silent and immovable as the firs
which shrouded them from the fierce
sun-rays, sat that impenetrable chieftain
surrounded by his warriors. Neither
love, terror, or pity entered his flinty
heart. His bitterest foe had stolen
his first flower--his only child, the
daughter of a race of kings, had left
his wigwam for that of the enemy.

Vengeance upon them both--the bit-
ter foe, the faithless daughter!
White, wan, and emaciated, they
wandered about on the beetling brow
of the cliff, like ghosts from the far-
off hunting grounds of their race--
Strong warriors who had not quailed
in the dread, desperate combat, now
stunk down like reeds before the breath
of famine. Braves who would have
laughed in derision at the arrow or
scalping knife, now felt a fiercer, keener
 pang, than poisoned shaft or mer-
ciless tomahawk ever inflicted.

With forests all around them, where
herds of deer roamed free--with the
river beneath, where the silver trout
glittered through its waters, with
locks of fowl soaring above them,
they were starving!

The deer left browsing in its
leafy covert, and came down to drink
the clear waters below, but no morsel
of venison could pass their lips--no
drop of that cool water lave their parch-
ed, swollen tongues.

The deer lapped up the crystal
liquid of the river--snuffed the cool
creez, and then, catching a glimpse
in the waters of the dusky figure sit-
ting to and fro on the rock above, list-
ening high their antlers and started a-
way to the greenwoods again; the
bright waters danced onward beneath
with a will mocking freedom, as they
bent down their despairing eyes, and
there, below, sat those dark, stern
warriors, grim and immovable. Ouh
it was horrible!

And then Ulah, the Indian maiden
came to the brink of the precipice,
and with her long, raven hair stream-
ing like the folds of a rent banner up-
on the wind, bent over and pleaded
with agonizing gestures and frantic
entreaties to her sire, whom she saw
far below.

But never a tone of tenderness, a
word of forgiveness, or a token of re-
conciliation, went up from that proud,
insulted soil. He had chosen the In-
dian's revenge.

Day by day that doomed band thin-
ned away, till at length famine alone
reigned conqueror upon the summit of
the cliff. Day by day they wasted;
and at last at was still. No ghostly
forms wandered feebly about, no wait-
ing voice broke the silence. No one
of that fated band saved one of the besie-
ged warriors, escaped; and he, de-
scending in the shades of night to a
shelving projection still far above the
river, flung himself down into the
rushing water, where his faithful
squaw awaited him in her light birch-
en canoe and received him as he rose.
Then paddling silently down the river,
and thence to the shore, they car-
ried fleetly into the dark, dense forest,
and thus escaped to tell their tribe the
dreadful tale.

When all was still, and forms were
no more seen moving about on the
summit of the cliff, the avenged chief-
tain and his band ascended. The In-
dian's wrath was appeased--his ven-
geance had indeed been terrible--
There they lay upon the grey rock,
thence wasted, skeleton-like warriors,
all stark and stiff; and there, too, the
Indian maiden had starved to death
in the arms of her lover; her white
sweat, oh, so fearful to look upon--her
long, streaming hair alike her bridal
veil and shroud!

And now, it is said, full oft by the
pale moonlight are seen wan, ghostly
figures gliding to and fro on the cliff,
with dark plumes floating upon the
night wind; and ever and anon, the

spectral forms of the Indian maiden
and her dusky warrior-lover, stand
upon the brink and in low, wailing
voices chant their death dirge ere they
go afar to dwell together in the Great
Spirit's hunting-grounds.

And thus runs "The Legend of
Starved Rock!"

The Unsuccessful.
I confess that increasing years bring
with them an increasing respect for
men who do not succeed in life, as the
words are commonly used. Heaven
is said to be a place for those who
have not succeeded upon earth; and
it is surely true that celestial gra-
ces do not thrive in the hot blaze of
worldly prosperity. Ill success some-
times arrives from a superabundance
of qualities in themselves good--from
a conscience too sensitive, a taste too
romantic, a modesty too retiring. I
will not go so far as to say, with a
living poet, that "the world knows
nothing of its greatest men;" but there
are forms of goodness, or at least of
excellence, which "die and make no
sign;" there are "martyrs" that miss
the palm but not the stake; there are
heroes without the laurel, conquerors
without the triumph.--Hilliard.

Mrs. Swisshelm on Babies.
In a late issue of her paper, Mrs.
Swisshelm devotes quite a space to the
"treatment of babies," in which she ex-
hibits much of the woman, however mas-
culine she has shown herself to be in
other respects. She assumes, as true,
the startling fact that half the children
born, die before they are a year old;
and that nine-tenths of twenty die from
cold and hunger, or from virtual poison-
ing. She declares that the babies
treated on the same principle that agri-
cultural farmers apply in the rearing of their
lambs, goslings, &c.--if they were kept
warm and fed well, they would thrive,
live and grow well. On the subject of
warmth, she says:

Keep the baby warm! Warmth is life-
Gold is death. We think it unnatural
to have their little bald heads bare--be-
lieve that the air on the scalp is a
constant and dangerous stimulant to the
brain--believe that nature, in her efforts
to keep the head warm, sends too much
blood to the head; and that this is one
fruitful cause of the droopiness of the
brain, brain fevers, etc., which carry off
so many children. If it were right and
proper to have the scalp exposed to the
air, nature would not have so clothed the
human head, and until the natural cov-
ering comes, an artificial substitute
should be supplied; but upon this point
we do not hope to influence any one.

Dutch babies wear caps, and how
could any lady of taste have her baby
look like a Dutch baby? Just so; and
Dutch babies generally live, laugh and
grow fat, for they are "smothered in flannels,"
and feathers, and kept all in "sweat."
Dutch mothers do not keep their babies
for model-artist exhibitions. They cover
them up, keep them warm and quiet,
and raise a wonderful number of sturdy
boys and girls. We treated our baby on
the Dutch plan, and never lost a night's
sleep with her.

A baby should never be laid down to
sleep, summer or winter, without having
something warmed by a fire and put in
its crib, on which it should be laid, and
carefully tucked up. In winter, in an
ordinary sitting room, there should be a
thick blanket, double and well warmed,
between it and the bed; the body part
heat to spare to warm all the bedding
around it every time it wants a nap, and
it should be so warm while sleeping as
to be all in a glow. This "frosty sleep,"
and from it a baby will generally wake
up crying and laughing, while a blue,
cold sleep, such as most babies have,
makes one cross and fretful.

An elephant connected with a man-
geric wintering at Newark, Conn., got
out of the barn, not long since, by break-
ing down the doors, passed across a field,
walked off with a gate, went to a house,
and rapped on the window, sending the
family lying out of the door through
fright, and then helped himself to a heap
of apples in the yard. His keeper ap-
peared, and the huge animal quietly fol-
lowed him to his quarters, full of pippins.

BE FIRM.--The wind and the waves
may beat against a rock, planted in a
troubled sea, but it remains unmoved.
Be you like that rock, young man--
Vice n'ly entice, and the song and
cup may invite. Beware, stand firmly
at your post. Let your principles
shine forth unobscured. There is glory
in the thought that you have resist-
ed temptation and conquered. Your
bright example will be to the world
what the light-house is to the mariner
upon the sea shore. It will guide
hundreds to the harbor of virtue and
safety.

The author always the most ap-
preciated is he who is the author of
his own fortune.