

The Echo.

No. Ind.

"Never give up"
Linden Wood Nov 27th 1846.

Vol. 1st.

Editorial.

This month has been very, unpleasant, and every thing around looks gloomy, and as the times are dull and news scarce, you must not expect the first editorial we ever had the honor of writing, to be very lengthy or very interesting. Winter is very fast approaching and the day scholars are dreading, it very much as they have to walk through the snow and mud. The wild geese say by their flight that Old Winter is coming and they quack to this tune pre-para pre-para. There has been here an arrival from the South, which caused the notes of joy to be heard from one end of the house to the other. The joyful news "your father has come." sounded much sweeter than any

Town news, we ever heard, but we own Town news seldom travels over our stiles. We have heard however that a new Hotel was to be built in town and be kept by a nice young man, we presume he will be well patronized by an interesting portion of our citizens. Old Jerry still carries his precious cargo to the temple of Fame. We have heard of senator King's arrival in Jefferson City, and suppose we shall soon see in our papers that he is actively engaged in forming laws for our benefit. We have heard the Governor's message highly spoken of, but our pressing duties have prevented our reading it. We have had a call from our Old Grandmother and it did us good to see her white locks, & cob pipe once more. She had scarcely left us before a fashionable belle entered

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who is one of her illustrious
descendants. - The days are getting
shorter, and the nights longer.
We observed the new moon the
other night over our left shoulder.
We however hope it will not
prove an evil omen. Our ideas
are so crowded together, that
we have been obliged to let
them flow off promiscuously
this month, hoping, that when
the surplus is removed the
remainder will be exquisite.

Poetry. (Selected) -

"Take it easy" life at longest
But a lengthened shadow is,
And the brave as well as strongest
Dare not call tomorrow his!
Take it easy! for today
All your plans of wisdom long.
Take it easy! done with fretting,
Meet your neighbor with a smile,
From the rising sun to setting
Live the present all the while!
Take it easy! every now
Make in reference to now.

Take it easy, what is hidden,
Or is wrong, or seemeth so,

Leave it as a thing forbidden
Out of which a curse may grow!
Take it easy! never pry,
Into what will cause a sigh,
Take it easy! daily turning
To the monitor within,
On its altar always burnings
Keep an incense free from sin!
Take it easy! never fear
While you keep a conscience clear.

Take it easy! ever leaning
To the side of truth and right;
Happiness from virtue gleaming,
Peace of mind from wisdom bright.
Take it easy! for at best
Life is but a sorry jest.

Somnambulism.

One of our studious ones in her
dream imagined she was spelling
in her school and stood at
the foot of her class. She
thought the word "Chio," was
given out, and misspelled & she
heard her teacher say, next,
next, next, until it came to
her. And she spoke out in a
loud tone, Chigh-ho and an arching

up to the head of the class she found she was suddenly walking out of her bed, and she lay prostrate on the floor. We sincerely sympathize with her and regret that the old adage has proved true. — that pride must have a fall. —

Wanted. — by the proprietors of The Echo. a new set of Types. Whoever will furnish us with the desired articles shall forever inherit our love, friendships, and gratitude; and if this is not a sufficient reward we will make that person the object of our public thanks through the medium of the Echo. —

Lost. — lately the last remains of good sound sense which was possessed by a wise one. If any one has discovered the lost, they surely will not be so cruel as longer to detain it from the rightful owner, whose health in consequence is fast declining. —

Dialogue between the Stove and Blackboards

I was once at a boarding school and being in a room next to the schoolroom I overheard the following dialogue between the Stove and Blackboard.
 Stove, Good morning miss Blackboard! I hope that you are well! Although you have risen so late you look quite well. I think the sun must rise later at your house than it does at ours?

Blackboard, Yes! I feel quite well this morning, and thank you for inquiries about my health. You say that the sun rises later here than it does at your house. I think that you must be mistaken, why when the sun rises you are in bed asleep so how can you tell when it rises?

Stove, If I am not sadly mistaken, I am up and busy preparing for your visitors long enough before you or the sun either, you spoke before you

thought this time.
 Blackboard, Indeed miss Stove
 I think that you have a
 great deal of impertinence to tell
 me that. You ought to know
 that I never speak without being
 able to prove what I say as
 plain as 2+2 make four; the
 truth of my assertions all my
 visitors can prove.
 Stove, I think Mrs B. ~~sister~~
 standing all your boasting you are
 at least troubled with the
 disease of idleness or ^{want of} neatness,
 for Mrs B. if you ever noticed
 it, you have been so sleepy
 headed and ~~lazy~~ that you
 have not washed your face
 this week; it is now in
 the same uncleanly state it was
 on Friday evening. I think that
 the well must be dried up
 or water scarce in some way
 but before I would let my face
 go a whole week without washing
 I would dip it in a ^{wash} bucket,
 why! your face is all smeared
 over and is black as a coal.
 Blackboard, Well! Mrs S. you

need not be telling me about
 my faults for I am sure you
 look quite as badly. your face
 is dingy & rusty and to tell
 you the truth it looks as
 if it had not had a bit
 of luster on it for a whole
 week without washing your
 and if water is scarce I think
 luster must be equally so.
 Stove, Come Mrs B. it will
 not do to talk to me in that
 manner, for just stop and
 view yourself a moment you
 are at best only a great big
 awkward, long, ugly looking
 being. At my rate the young
 ladies do not like you as well
 as they do me for they are
 always standing around
 me and questioning who
 shall be nearest. They never
 go near you unless they
 are obliged to for oftentimes
 you make them angry
 and make them make wry
 faces and you also soil their
 delicate hands.
 Blackboard, and what is

more against you the young
ladies throw apple cores and nut
shells and all such things on
you and they all crowd around
you in in the winter and
complain of your being cold
and unfeeling and at other
times of your having the
vapours so dreadfully on one
eye endure you and indeed
you are so outrageous that you
are enough to try the
patience of Job himself, and
I will leave it to the clock
to decide if what I say is
not true.

(Clock.) Well my motto is
"every body fight their own
battles" and so I do not like
to get myself into a scrape
for either, but if you are
so anxious for me to decide
I will tell you, I think for
my part there is not much
difference between you.

(Blackboard.) Well for my part
I think Miss Stove that you are
too contemptible to be noticed,
so I will not have any thing

more to do with you or the clock,
either, for I will never be a friend
of his again for making so
unjust a decision.

(Stove.) I would not have so
much quarreling done over
me, as there is done over you.
The chalk is continually gritting
over your face. And another
thing I would not like to
have my back turned to the
window where it is exposed to
the cold all winter, and moreover

I cannot see how you can have
so much brass in your face:
for you stand back there
with such a brazen face
and stare at every one from
one month's end unto
another. And you see that

I am the most comfortable
of the two any how. The teacher
likes me the best, for she sits
by me all the time and
even the old cats approve
my kindness and lie down
by me. Well I'll bid you
adieu for I would not disgrace
myself by chatting any longer

with you, not even for
all the large sums that
you may be able to produce.

Moral

I now left the room well
satisfied that when one is
in the wrong it is hard to
convince them of the right.

Misses Ediths

It affords me pleasure to comply
with your invitation to correspond.
Permit me to give you briefly
some account of the land of
my birth.

Dear to every one is the land
of their birth! The early part of
my childhood I spent in
the north of Scotland in a
small town on the Murray
Firth. Farres the home of my
childhood I hail as the land
of my birth. Farres though small
is not less distinguished for
ancient works than the
larger towns in Scotland. To
the east stands a pillar of
stone called the Danish pillar
cut out of solid stone, fifty
feet in height. There are
different figures on it of men &

horses and also writing which our
forefathers are told that no one
ever read, except one soldier and
when he had finished reading
it he fell dead. This is one of
the tales of my childhood. To
the west of Farres stands King
Duncan's Castle - the same
Duncan who fell by Macbeth.
Three miles from the castle is
the Tull where Shakespeare says
Macbeth met the Witches. On the
river Findhorn is a grand chain
bridge and a great many travellers
from other countries visit it. It
was there I first spent the hours of
my childhood and I still must
call it the land of my birth.
Many tender tales are connected
with the land of mountains
moor and glen. I have heard
so much of my native land
that I hope to visit it before my
youthful days are spent. The heather
that blooms in my native land
must bloom once more for me.
No matter where a man is, he looks
back to the land that gave him birth
with fondness, though it may be
rough and rugged. Ask me the

spot I like best on earth, I'll
answer with pride to the land
of my birth,

Yours truly,
Jennie. —

'Summary:'

Various dangerous collisions have
taken place but no great damage
done.

Some of the good citizens have left our
town we understand, and we

desire to know whether they have taken
their music with them.

The only improvement of this month
is a new well.

The fated pony has taken her walking
papers. we should be happy to hear
from her Ladyship.

Our folly is improving fast and
has the partial use of his tongue. We
still believe that there is some hope
of his yet being "a great man".

Old Perry has succeeded the pony in
the daily trip to the Temple of Fame.

We have some thought of setting up a
ginger bread shop in the course of the
winter.

Great call for eye water lately. will
not some one respond.

I thank you for the impudence as the lady
said when she asked for the sauce.

A full supply of Deceit and ~~Covert~~
Have been passing the rounds for
some time.

Sately found a chappasell together with
some jewelry belonging to Queen Cleopatra.
Moral deeds are still performed some what
in this vicinity.

The song applied for, has not yet appeared.
It is our opinion that the new fashioned
Soots that we have ^{heard} of will not take
as the saying is.

Butter and Eggs as scarce as ever.
We have been told that Christmas is
coming but we see no signs of any
gifts.

The rules are still flourishing.

The flowers have all drooped and died.
The Sloop Diogenes was wrecked in her
last passage and the Curiosity has been sent
out in her place. We think she will meet
the same fate.

A new Packet called the Go Between
will daily run between this place and
St Charles after the first of January.
passage free.

We have seen a book called "German
without a master" and we would
like to know if some one will not
write a work called "Colburn without
an master."

Advertisements.

Strayed or Stolen,

One black horse of about 2 years of age with one eye and one ear, came in one foot, and a broken back and all of the rest and the rest of them soe.

For Sale,

A goodly assortment of old tin pans which will be sold very low or at cost.

Married.

Last Thursday evening Miss Wells to Mr. Beck. They are now tied together. We wish the happy couple much joy, and thank them for the plentiful supply of gingerbread we received.

Horse Market.

Only one horse offered at the last sale. He was so thin that a coal dealer bought him for a lantern. He intends to ~~put~~ light him up and stand him in his yard.

Wanted.

An apology wanted. Whoever will furnish one sufficient to satisfy the desires of the needy, shall inherit their forfeited esteem.

Puzzle -

A man had a basket of apples and gave to one man half he had and one

over to another he gave half he had left and one over to the third to the third he gave half he had left and three over. How many apples had he at first? Answer next month. There have not appeared lately any very new books, however we will mention a few that have been placed on our table. The life and death of the celebrated Mr. Old buck - The adventures of Hon. Thumb, The lament of old mother Hubbard also the Last Shoe. These are all, we can say excellent works and worthy the perusal of those who have not any thing better to do.

Remarkable Coincidence.

Two of our members had precisely the same dream with only this slight variation, One dreamed that she was wide awake and the other that she was fast asleep -

The irregularity of the mails has prevented our hearing from some of our correspondents and as we have depended upon foreign assistance we failed to reserve a column for the Juveniles but they shall ^{not} be overlooked in our next - Our next examination be on Thursday before Christmas.