

The Echo

"Never Give Up"

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#### Editorial

This month has been very unpleasant and everything 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 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 the tune pre-pare, pre-pare. 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 and cob pipe once more. She has scarcely left us before a fashionable belle entered who is one of her illustrious descendents. 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 the 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 neighbors with a smile,  
From the rising sun to the setting  
Live the present all the while!  
Take it easy! Every vow  
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 altars always burning,  
Keep an incense free from sin  
Take it easy! Never fear  
While you keep a conscience clean.

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 front of her class. She thought the word "Ohio" 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 Ohigh –ho, and marching up to the head of the class she found she was suddenly walking out of bed; and she lay prostrate on the floor. We sincerely sympathize with her and regret that the old adage has proved true – that pride goeth before a fall ----

Wanted – by the proprietors of The Echo a new set of Types. Whoever will furnish us with the desired articles will forever inherit our love, friendship 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 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 BLACKBOARD

I was once at a boarding school and being in a room next to the school –room, I overheard the following dialogue between the stove and the 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 your 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 that 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 4; the truth of my assertions all my visitors can prove.

Stove: I think, Miss B., notwithstanding all your boasting you are at least troubled with the disease of idleness or want of neatness, for Miss B., if you had 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 tub. Why! Your face is all smeared over and is as black as a coal.

Blackboard: Well, Miss Stove, you need not be telling me about my faults for I am sure you look quite as badly. Your face is dingy and rusty and to tell you the truth it looks as if it had not a bit of luster on it for a whole year! And if water is scarce, I think luster might equally so.

Stove: Come Miss B. it will not do to talk to me in that manner for just stop and view yourself a moment. You at best are only a great, big awkward, long, ugly looking being. At any rate the young ladies do not like you as well as they do me for they are always standing around me and quarrelling who shall be nearest. They never go near you unless they are obligated to for often times you make them angry and make them make ugly faces, and you 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 the winter and complain of your being cold and unfeeling and at other times of your having the vapours so dreadfully that no one can 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 everybody fight their own battles around here," and so I do not like to get 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 contemptable to be noticed so I will not have anything 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 to stand back there with such a brazen face and stare at everyone from one's month's end into another. And you see that I am the most comfortable of the two anyhow. The teacher likes me for she sits by me all the time and even the old cats approve my kindness and lies down by me. Well, I'll bid you adieu for I would not disgrace myself for 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 Editress

It afford 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 everyone is the land of their birth! The early part of my childhood I spend in the north of Scotland in a small town on the Murray Firth. Forres the home of my childhood I hail as the land of my birth. Forres 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 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 can 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 Forres stands King Duncan's castle the same Duncan who fell by Macbeth. Three miles from the castle is the hill where Shakespeare says

Macbeth met the witches. On the River Findhorn is a grand chain bridge and a great many travelers 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 mountain, 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 than blooms on 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 of like best on earth. I'll answer with pride 'tis 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 fated pony has taken her walking papers – we should be happy to hear from her ladyship.

Our Stilly 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 Jerry 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 wear lat ly, will not some one respond?

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

Full supply of Deceit and Flattery have been passing the rounds for some time.

Lately found a chappparell together with some jewelry belonging to Queen Cleopatra.

Moral deeds are still performed in this vicinity.

The song applied for has not yet appeared.

It is our opinion that the new fashioned bookts that we have heard of will not take as the saying is.

Butter and eggs are as scarece 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 not 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 book called "colburn without a master."

#### Advertisements

##### Strayed or Stolen

One black horse of about 27 years of age with one eye and one ear, lame in one foot and a broken back and all of the ----- and the rest of them sore.

##### For Sale

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

##### Married

Last Thursday evening Miss Halls to Mr Neck. They are now tied together. We wish the happy couple much joy and thank them for the bountiful 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 latern. He intends to 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 and one over. To the third he gave half he had had and three over. How many apples had he at first. Answer next month.

There have not appeared lately any new books, however we will mention a few that have been placed on our table. The Life and Death of the Celebrated Mr. Oldbuck. The Adventures of Tom Thumb. The lament of Old Mother Hubbard, also the last shoe. These are all we can say excellent works and worthy one perusal of those who not anything 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 mail 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 will be on Thursday before Christmas.