THE HUNTSMAN'S ECHO.

PUBLISHED AT
WOOD RIVER CENTER, N. T.

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

Terms Per Year, ... $2.00

Independent in Everything--Neutral in Nothing.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER, 6, 1860.

Agents

For *Huntsman's Echo*, authorized to receive subscriptions and advertising, and also to receive and receipt for any monies.

N. T. Spoor, P. M., Council Bluffs, Ia.
A. D. Jones, Omaha, ... N. T.
W. D. Johnson, Florence, . . " "
John Reck, Columbus, . . . " "
H. J. Hudson, Genoa, . . . " "
Post Master, Fort Kearney, . . " "
D. Haines, Denver City . . . J. T.

NEW POST OFFICE.

A Post Office has been established at this place, to be called "Wood River."

This will be a great convenience to us, and many of our neighbors.

Down and Up.

That's the talk, when you chance to get down, don't lie there and snivel, but get up, crawl up, walk up, trot up, run up, roll up, tumble up, crowd up, and even, if necessary, climb up—any way so you are up again. We are again up—not, however, in the scale of worldly gain, but up Wood River, and here in our sanctum, making a few notes to fill a vacant column or two for the *Echo*, as we have escaped annihilation from the *Bugle*—which, by the by, is a wonderful paper, but, of late, not half so interesting as we hoped to find it—newly-wed correspondent gone East to rusticate and recuperate, and fighting editor, absent.—Ammunition all spent, and *Blaster* sobered—brought to a knowledge of some *unwelcome truths*, are reasons, doubtless, for so hastily dropping the foils, so patriotically seized of late, and valiantly wielded, and for so carefully avoiding a personal meeting with us through our lengthened stay at Council Bluffs.

Side remark, moral, etcetra, &c.—He who is brave when the *enemy* is at a distance, shouldn't skulk at his approach: "thereby hangs a tale."

From Ellisdale, via Council Bluffs and Omaha we arrived here, on Sunday, in time to regale upon a profusion of roast buffalo. As we came up the Platte Valley we were pleased to learn that, almost universally, the people were going for Morton. Crops seemed languishing and much injured. A nice shower fell on Saturday. At Cleveland, our good friend Col. Stevens presented us with half a dozen fine melons, of which he has an abundance of the very finest.—(Some rascals have visited his patch under cover of darkness and destroyed many—may their shadows dwindle!)—Many improvements are going on thro'out the Valley. The Telegraph line is progressing, and the poles and wire are laid along nearly the whole route, and poles set a part of the way.

Well, we must dry up this clatter, and go and make hay while the sun shines, and prepare to give our readers, in a short time, news fresh--five minutes from the Atlantic.

Can't Stand It!

Buffalo are again continually coming about our farm, ranche and office, bothering us by eating our *vegetables*, cropping the grass, bellowing and kicking up a dust generally; and not being able to stand it longer, we sent "the boys" and Doc F. out to drive them away; this resulted in prostrating the carcasses of two, and as dogs and wolves are scarce we have had to breakfast, dine and sup from their flesh since our return. We shan't try to stand it, and give timely notice that the *echo* of fire-arms will be a common thing in this neck of woods, unless these fearfully frightful looking creatures desist from *peeking* into our office, and dis-*composing* our printer.

U. S. Express Company.

Through the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Shepard, Div. Superintendant of the U. S. Express Company, the line of their operation has been extended westward to Kearney, affording a safe and convenient mode of transit to every part of the Union for all articles entrusted to their care. From the energy which has ever characterized this Company, we may safely conclude that they will, ere long, extend their operations to Denver. At present, however, they will unite at Kearney with the St. Joseph and Denver Express Co.

SEWING MACHINES.—We call the attention of persons out of employment to the advertisement of the Erie Sewing Machine Company in to-day's paper.

Gordon Arrested.

James A. Gordon, who fled from Denver some time since, was arrested recently, two hundered miles south-west of Leavenworth, and is closely confined in Leavenworth jail awaiting his trial for murder. He was captured by the sheriff of Arapahoe Co., Mr. Middaugh, an energetic officer, who came down with the Express coach, and headed off the prisoner who had taken the Arkansas route. He sent back a letter to a citizen of Denver, which fell into the hands of the sheriff, and led to the discovery of his movements, destination and subsequent arrest. It is said that he quietly surrendered and has made no attempt to escape. We can but regret that one so young, and, by nature, happily endowed, should be thus led to crime, infamy and a shortened existence by intemperance and uncontrollable passion. Oh, alcohol! Crime, the result of thy power is legion!

At His Old Tricks!

Hill, of the Harrison Co. *Flag*, has resuscitated, got a new office, and opened out—new series of flags—first number received. William means to be an orderly and clever fellow and a good Democrat, yet, he has a happy, though odd way of poking straws at us, and commences in first issue. Take care! William, "go, sin no more!" or your *flag* may be *struck*, and the *Hills* in your neighborhood get *tumbled and levelled*. We are a peaceable, quiet, *lone man*—abounding in good morals, and hard work;—(See *Bugle*)—and shan't allow our neighbors (?) even to insinuate naughty things against us—at least, if *truthfulness* or *respectability* is possessed, or even claimed. Look out, Spindleshanks! or we may get after *you*, but, keep your *Flag* waving and your loudest horn tooting; and as you know something of *fencing*, *rail* at those woolly Lincolnites up there. "Flax them out this fall, and we forgive you all!"

Personal.

Our old friend, Dr. Farner, of Council Bluffs, spent a few days with us last week, enroute "for the Peak." We had a general and collective good time—chasing pleasure and killing time and buffalo. Doc. goes out with F. Geesaman, and a stock of drugs, with the intention of opening a drug store in Denver. We wish them the fulness of good luck; for they deserve it. Doc. F. is one of the most jovial and companionable fellows in nature, and knows how to enjoy all the vicissitudes of life to the most superlative advantage, and is one of the best surgeons, and practical physicians in the West.

In our absence, our ranche was favored by a visit from our amiable, energetic neighbors over at Genoa, Major Gillis and sons—the first-named, agent for the Pawnee Indians.

The major and his friends were a few days rusticating in the sports of the chase, and were abundantly successful. It seems that the major's demand for troops to protect the Pawnees from the rapacity of the Sioux, has been endorsed at head-quarters, and already a detachment of horse and foot have gone over.

The Telegraph.

Workmen are busily engaged in putting up poles for the telegraph between Omaha and Fort Kearney. Most, if not all, of the wire has been distributed at convenient points, and will doubtless be finished in the course of two weeks.—The wires are rapidly being stretched between Omaha and St. Joseph, and when completed, we will be able to furnish our readers with Eastern news conveyed to us by flashes of lightning.

More Indians--Trouble among the Pawnees, quite a "skrimmage"--Two Sioux killed.

On Saturday last, a small War-party of Cheyennes, numbering 30, made a descent upon the Pawnee village, for the purpose of taking by a *coup-de-main*, any number of the ponies of the Pawnees. The attacked party gave the alarm—the other party retreated without any ponies, but pursued. Two of the aggressors were slain, and the remainder pursued for twenty miles. The detachment of soldiers from Kearney had just arrived, and encamped at some distance, but hastily with Major Gillis joined the chase, but could not get near enough to have a talk.

In their hot haste the Cheyennes left behind as a booty for the Pawnees some 8 or 10 ponies, and any quantity of moccasins, robes, and camp equipage.

Frank Leslie's

If you would read the most interesting, the raciest, funniest, and best of periodicals, send for *Frank Leslie's*, himself an artist of course—his pictorials are got up with more skill and beauty than those of any of his compeers.

His Magazine is beautiful—the Pictorial enchanting, and his Budget of Fun will cause your buttons to fly off for laughing.

GOLD DUST.—Those who are returning with any of this precious article, will do well to call upon Barrow & Millard, Omaha. They pay best price and advertise in to-day's paper.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ELLISDALE, IOWA, Aug. 18, 1860.

Dear Echo:—We are once again at our "old home" amid the hills and vallies of our favorite Ellisdale, and after an absence of near three months, again, for a few days, enjoying the association of friends and the joyous rompings of our "little ones."

We were five days in our downward trip, had a pleasant time, and saw many of the readers of the *Echo*.

On the 15th we attended the Democratic Territorial Convention, and assisted in the nomination for Delegate to Congress, J. S. Morton, a man that will get a large majority of the votes of the freemen of Nebraska, over the man, Daily, who defeated the appropriations asked for, and which we would have obtained, for bridging the two great rivers on the principal thoroughfare in our infant, yet highly favored Territory, and for other necessities.

We learn of many who anticipate becoming settlers in the great Valley of the Platte, soon.

Crops in this region are likely to prove heavier than was hoped. Wheat was seldom better, yet, the yield small—corn and grass will be light—say, half a crop.

We found both ferries on the Loupe Fork in excellent order, and roads as fine as could be. We hope our citizens of Buffalo county will keep the wild herds off their crops, for all will be wanted at a good price.

We would suggest to some enterprising Yankee, to take fast horses and a dozen men and go and fetch in a herd of a few thousand buffalo; the tender, juicy flesh, would fetch a good price in these markets. We anticipate starting back to our new home in a few days.

The excitement and enthusiasm for MORTON was high, and Ratification Meetings are being held mid the boom and roar of cannon, and shouts for "MORTON AND THE UNION." EDITOR.

Sharp Practice!

At the Shaving Saloon of our old friend, Bob Russel, on Upper Broadway, Council Bluffs, one gets a clean face and a clean shave of all superfluous beard and bristles, and just one dime—for nothing! Bob knows how to do it, and his darkey is an artist truly!

What! d'ye think
He'll shave you for nothing,
And give y' a drink?

A Speck of Indian Trouble.

Some two weeks since, an application was made to the Commander of Fort Kearney, for help to assist in repelling the Indians, (Sioux, Cheyennes and Kiowas) who had been committing great outrages upon settlers about two hundred miles west of the Fort, robbing them to a great extent. The answer returned to the applicants, was, that "at that time men could not be spared from the Fort, and it was with regret that the commander must leave the settlers to their own resources." The Indians had actually beseiged and ransacked one or two large stores in that section—rather a bad state of things certainly. But, I have the pleasure to relate, that on Tuesday morning last, a little after sunrise, a company of 57 men passed through this place on their way to Fort Kearney, they were a fine, robust, and lively looking troop, and though not arrayed in gorgeous plumes, they doubtless posvessed the true National feeling and principle—The Rights of Man, and Liberty, or, you know what! The commanding officer, Lieutenant W. G. Robinson, of the 2d Infantry, a most gentlemanly young man, halted at our office and seemed not a little entertained at finding a printing office on this "distant prairie." This, he said, was his first trip out here, he had brought his troop from Jefferson Barracks and that they were for a reinforcement to the garrison of Fort Kearney, but that he, himself, should return forthwith. The inhabitants of this region will learn with pleasure of this reinforcement at the Fort.

Lieut. Robinson also furnished an item of news, the import of which, was, that a Mrs Iler, who, with her husband was on the way to "The Peak," was shot through with an arrow, by an Indian belonging to "Dog belly's" party, on the 19th inst. It occurred about twenty miles above O'Fallon's bluffs, where she is now lying in a very critical condition.

It has since been ascertained that Mr. Iler had bought a mule of the Indians, for which he paid them fifteen dollars—they went on their journey, the mule being harnessed and forming part of their team. The Indians in the meantime repented of their bargain, pursued, and overtook them at the above-named place, and demanded to have the mule given back to them, their demand not being attended to they proceeded to head the team and possess themselves of the mule, when Mrs Iler jumped out of the wagon and resisted them and was shot through as stated above.

In trading with Indians, the "Whites" ought to act fair and honorable, and not make a property of them. I have often seen with regret that the main object of the Whites when they come in contact with Indians, is to "swop, swop," or, in other words, to get all they can out of them for little or nothing. The Indians are quite aware of it, hence a bad feeling is engendered; truly, "the love of money is the root of all evil." As people become wiser, and value truth and honor—doubtless, evils of every kind will be far less prevalent.

On the same day (Tuesday) passed down, from Fort Kearney, on their way to Genoa, (the Pawnee Reserve,) a troop of dragoons under the command of Lieutenant Berry—they were all well mounted and equipped, and seemed ready for very effective service. An addition to this force is soon to be made, sufficient to protect the settlers, and Pawnees from the Sioux and their allies. Accompanying the above was a small division of Infantry, numbering twenty men, under the command of Lieutenant Bond, they all seemed in fine order, well up to their duty—and their presence at their destination, will doubtless scare the belligerant Indians, and speedily restore quiet and confidence to the injured settlers. PRINTER.

Wood River, August 30.

Pike's Peak News.

From the Denver *Herald*, of the 11th inst., we copy the following items of news:

Dr. Morrison had been exhibiting a cabbage, raised by himself, on his ranch three miles below the city, which weighed nine pounds, was thirty-seven inches in circumference, and nine inches high.

The M. E. Church, South, are building a a new brick meeting-house on the west side of Cherry Creek, near the *Herald* office.

An actor by the name of John Langrishe has rented Apollo Hall and intends opening a theatre in it about the 1st of September.

The contract for carrying the U. S. Mail, once a week, from Fort Kearney to Denver—400 miles, is again advertised by Postmaster Holt—Bruce, of St. Joseph having failed to fulfil his contract with the government.

A correspondent of the *Herald* writes as follows, of Clear Creek mining:

The Clear Creek quartz leads are attracting the attention of mill owners.—The fact of the richness of Clear Creek quartz is now beyond dispute. We anticipate some fine things in leads.

Another ore has been discovered which we think is silver and copper mixed. it is very near the color of lead, and very heavy. A vein was struck near the surface that was eight inches thick. We presume the ore will soon be tested.

The Council Bluffs *Nonpareil* publishes a lengthy and able letter from L. M. Douglas, formerly of that city, dated July 29th. The well-known character of Mr. Douglas is such as to inspire confidence in whatever he writes, we would gladly publish his whole letter if our space would permit, but must content ourself with making only a few quotations.

"I hardly dare stake my reputation for veracity, by telling you that men are making money everywhere in the gold mines spreading over this Rocky Mountain country; but, nevertheless, such is the case, and will be for years to come; some are making money, others are not, for the reason that they are too easily discouraged.

Our company have been busily at work for the last two months, in one claim here, without making expenses; but now the dark cloud begins to disappear.—What was once a doubt, is so no longer. Now all are light-hearted and full of hope, that a week ago looked down-cast, and were down-hearted. We have found dirt that will pay from ten cents to one dollar to the pan, (most of it is of the ten cent kind, however,) and getting better all the time. On the claim next above the one we are on, they are taking out from one hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars a day, and it is getting better all the time. On the one below, they are doing fully as well. I cannot except any claim in the upper part of the gulch that is not doing well. But then, it is hard work to get the gold out of them, and that don't suit all that come here; so they make the excuse that they have very urgent business at home—and, by the time they get across the broad prairies to the Big Muddy, they come to the conclusion that it is all a "humbug" anyhow.

New gulches are being discovered almost every day, and some pretty rich ones, judging from report; it being the only means I have of telling anything about them, as I have not been to them, and don't think I shall go, as I have plenty to do at home.

The Rocky Mountain *News* of August the 8th, states that from the first of May to the first of August, there had been shipped by express, on freight, a little over $186,000, in gold dust. Estimated in the hands of passengers and in drafts, over a half a million. The Mountain City correspondant of the *News*, under date of August 6th, says:

"Since I wrote you last, there has not transpired very much of interesting or important matters throughout the mining sections through which I have been traversing. I find the quartz mills are not all fully fixed for permanent operation yet—and, so far as I could find out, they are not yet in a situation to enable me to attempt to give you a satisfactory list of items or statistics for a week or two hence. There are perhaps over one hundred mills here now, but not more than twenty-five of them may be said to be in a "crushing" condition—and these not quite satisfactorily settled in their system of operations. In Gregory's Diggings there are six or more mills now doing very well—making from $150 to $280 per 24 hours run—some more and some less. The Rock Island mill appears to be getting along very successfully, as well as several others, which I shall not specify at present—awaiting future statistics. Shearer & Co's mill, on Chase's gulch, has made an extra big yield this week. W. M. Todd, Esq., who carries on a large saw mill and shingle machine arrangement on Chase's gulch, remarked to me yesterday morning that Shearer & Co's mill had made the biggest run during the past few days of any mill or any run here thus far. From the size and appearance of the amount of amalgum at their cleaning up, it was considered there must have been over a thousand dollars in the pile. It may turn out much less and it may not—but good judges supposed there was an extra heavy yield, for mill successes, thus far.

The scores of rasters everywhere in operation appear to be paying well—so far as I can ascertain. Mule mills, rasters, and small crushers are multiplying as thick as toads in Egypt.

From the Blue River correspondent we learn that

the Georgia gulch as yet takes the premium, though the Humbug!! is near its equal; the rest are just being opened out and promise quite flattering. There is now in the Georgia and Humbug gulches some forty sluices and toms running daily, which yield on an average $20 a day per man. Two men took out in one day last week $316; another claim presented its proprietors with a $53 nugget of pure gold. The gold is generally coarse and heavier than any I have ever seen in the Rocky Mountains; the taking out of nuggets weighing from two to ten dollars is of a daily occurrence.

Buffalo.

Two buffalos have been captured this week in our immediate neighborhood, and at Kearney, it seems, they almost come into the town. The driver of the "Express" from Denver, I am told, was compelled to bring his team to a walking pace, near Kearney, because of the buffalo thronging the road. They give some intimation of being inclined to a closer acquaintance with the settlers; and well they may, considering with what assiduity and affection they are often sought for by them.

Whilst at the case this morning, a little after sunrise, my attention was attracted by the growling of one of our dogs, close to the office door, and on looking out to ascertain the cause, there, about thirty rods distant, was a buffalo taking a gentle walk across our townsite, I announced him to the "boys," who were immediately on the alert, took their guns and came out to salute friend buffalo, but from some cause known to himself he speedily made a retrograde move, and was soon out of (h)arm's way. *Typo.*

Indians.

We learn that a few days ago some 600 warriors of the Sioux and Cheyennes were at Fort Kearney, on their way to flax out their *friends* the Pawnees. As they will unexpectedly find some of Uncle Sam's boys there, ready to "talk" to them in earnest, it is more than probable they will go back disappointed. They passed down a few miles north of us.

GRASSHOPPERS.—We regret to learn that clouds of grasshoppers, migrating South, have for several days been doing considerable damage at some of the ranches above. All have left now we believe.

Game and Fruit.

Since our return we have taken time for one short ramble "among the elms," to see a beautiful supply of the rich brown clusters of grapes—large, juicy and sweet, tho' in a state of nature.

Of plums, we never saw so large, or quality better, growing wild, and they seem to be abundant, we enjoyed them to a "fulness."

We were not a little surprised at the unmistakable marks of numerous beaver, trees and brush cut off with their teeth, and their paths and slides and dams are all along Wood River—think we will send for traps and turn trapper, an accomplishment only lacking, and then, we believe we know everything in useful industry.

☞ The firm of Muir & Hammond, that has been doing business at Junction Ranche has been dissolved by mutual agreement.

☞ Marmoy, at "Lone Tree Ranche," is prepared to cater to the wants of everybody on the road, and is ever attentive and and obliging.

BARROWS, MILLARD, & Co.,
BANKERS AND DEALERS IN

GOLD DUST!

OMAHA, ... NEBRASKA.

-0-0-0-0-

Will pay the highest price in Cash for GOLD DUST; or, if desired, receive the same on commission, advancing SEVEN-EIGHTHS of its value, and the balance upon return of the Assay receipt—payab'e at the counter, or in New York Exchange, sent to any part of the United States. A small commission only will be charged for attending to the business.

Bank Buildings, Farnham Stre't, South Side. n14-tf.

Notice

Is hereby given, that the Firm heretofore existing and doing business under the style of Talbot & Boyd, is this day by mutual consent dissolved. The business in future will be carried on by Messrs. Talbot & Barrett, who respectfully solicit public favor. Their stock is well assorted and prices as low as any could expect or ask.

Kearney City, September 1st, 1860.

LONE TREE RANCHE.

S. J. MARMOY having purchased the above Ranche, announces to the traveling community, that he will spare no pains to make his ranche the most desirable on the Military Road. He is making

EXTENSIVE ADDITIONS

The house and stabling, so that ample accommodations can be ensured.

The location is the most desirable for Camping, being ten miles above the intersection of the Genoa Ferry road and half-way between Columbus and Wood River Centre.

Groceries,
Drugs,
Corn,
Oats,
Hay,

Always on hand. ☞ Board by the Day or Week. Stock wintered, as low as at any Ranche on the Road.

All who are desirous of feeling at home, put up at the "LONE TREE," where every accommodation can be had.

n10-tf.

Late News!

City Hotel,

One mile East of Elkhorn Bridge—on the hill, where the musqueto troubles neither man nor beast—is now supplied with everything for the comfort of the tarveler and his team. No pains will be spared to make all who favor this establishment comfortable and happy. Good stabling and room for wagons in the barn, and a good well of water, dug purposely for stock—plenty of water, and good grass. Fresh hay, corn and oats on hand.

☞ Cakes, Pies Crackers and Bread.

CHARGES MADE LIGHT!

tf. W. G. ROBINSON,
n14- J. HYMAS.

To Persons out of Employment.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Erie Sewing Machine. We will give a Commission, or wages at $40 per month, and expenses paid. This is a new Machine, and so simple in its construction that a child of ten years can learn to operate it by half an hour's instruction. It is equal to any Family Sewing Machine in use, and the price is but $15

Persons wishing an Agency will address

J. N. BOYLAN,
Secretary Erie Sewing Machine Company,
6w. MILAN, OHIO.

City Clothing Hall!

OMAHA, N. T.

M. HELLMAN, & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

DEALERS IN

READY-MADE CLOTHING

AND

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

FARNHAM STREET,
(Opposite Lacey & McCormick's)
-0-0-0-0-

Goods made to order at the shortest notice. Cash paid for hides and furs. n10-tf.

M. TOOTLE,

Sign of the

Elephant,

TOOTLE'S BLOCK,

FARNHAM STREET, - - - - - OMAHA, N. T.,

Retail & Jobbing Merchant,

Have just opened a splendid Stock of

Spring & Summer

GOODS—Also keep a complete Stock of Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Crockery, Woodenware, etc. which he offers at the lowest figures of any House in this market.

☞ Cash paid for hides and furs. n10-1y

PLATTE VALLEY HOUSE.

Three miles above North Bend N.T.

R. GRAHAM, - - - - Proprietor.

Accommodations for the wants and necessities of the traveling public. Good stables, hay, and grain, also **Blacksmithing** in all its departments—ox and horse-shoeing. Wagons repaired, etc., etc. n10-1y.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,

PHILADELPHIA.

A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases, and especially for the Cure of Diseases of the Sexual Organs.

MEDICAL ADVICE given gratis, by the Acting Surgeon, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty, Medicines furnished free of charge. Valuable Reports on Spermatorrhœa, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, and on the NEW REMEDIES employed in the Dispensary, sent to the afflicted in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. two or three stamps for postage will be acceptable.

Address, Dr. J. Skillin Houghton, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, Pres.
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Sec. n14.