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LARRIMER & WARD.

Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT.

The period embraced in this volume reaches from the arrival of General Gage in Boston, May 17, 1774, to the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775. Of the events which precipitated the crisis during this year of suspense and struggle, the first was the closing of Boston harbor, according to the provisions of the port bill, which had been enacted by Parliament in March, and reached the devoted town May 10.—During the time which intervened between its reception and execution—scarcely the space of three weeks—the whole continent was moved in sympathy and indignation, and as "one great commonwealth" made the cause of Boston its own. The immediate consequences of this measure may be easily imagined.

"On the first day of June, Hutchinson embarked for England: and as the clocks in the Boston belfries finished striking 12, the blockade of the harbor began. The inhabitants of the town were chiefly traders, ship-wrights and sailors; and since no anchor could be weighed, no sail unfurled, no vessel so much as launched from the stocks, their cheerful industry was at an end. No more are they to lay the keel of the fleet merchantman, or strengthen the graceful hull by knees of oak, or rig the well-proportioned masts, or bend the sails to the yards. The king of that country has changed the busy workshops into scenes of compulsory idleness, and the most skilful naval artisans in the world, with the keenest eye for forms of beauty and speed, are forced by act of Parliament to fold their hands. Wantscowled on the laborer, as he sat with his wife and children at the board. The sailor roamed the streets listlessly without hope of employment. The law was executed with a rigor that went beyond the intention of its authors. Not a scow could be manned by oars to bring an ox, or a sheep, or a bundle of hay from the islands. All water carriage from wharf to wharf, though but of lumber, or bricks, or lime, was strictly forbidden. The boats between Boston and Charleston could not ferry a parcel of goods across Charles River: the fishermen of Marblehead, when from their hard pursuits they bestowed quintals of dried fish upon the poor of Boston, were obliged to van-port their offering in wagons by a circuit of thirty miles. The ware-houses of the thrifty merchants were at once made valueless; the costly wharves, which extended far into the channel, and were so lately covered with the produce of the tropics and with English fabrics, were becoming solitary places; the harbor, which had resounded incessantly with the cheering voices of prosperous commerce, was now disturbed by no sounds but from British vessels of war.

"At Philadelphia, the bells of the churches were muffled and tolled: the ships in port hoisted their colors at half-mast: and nine-tenths of the houses, except those of the Friends, were shut during the memorable First of June. In Virginia, the population thronged the churches; Washington attended the service, and strictly kept the fast. No firmer or more touching words were addressed to the sufferers than from Norfolk, which was the largest place of trade in that 'well-watered and extensive dominion,' and which, from its deep channel and nearness to the ocean, lay most exposed to ships of war. 'Our hearts are warmed with affection for you,' such was the message; 'we address the Almighty Ruler to support you in your affliction. Be assured we consider you as suffering in the common cause, and look upon ourselves as bound by the most sacred ties to support you.'

"Jefferson from the foot of the Blue Ridge of the Alleghanies, condemned the act, which in a moment reduced an ancient and wealthy town from opulence to want, and without a hearing and discrimination, sacrificed property of the value of millions to revenge—not repay—the loss of a few thousands. If the pulse of the people beat calmly under such an experiment by the new and till now unheard of executive power of a British Parliament, 'and the young statesman, 'another and another will be tried, till the measure of despotism be filled up.'"

Passing over the anxious counsels of the next ten months, we come to the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775, which is described in a singularly compact narrative, of which we give a few paragraphs of the sequel:

"In the disparity of numbers, the Common was a field of murder, not of battle; Parker, therefore, ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire. These random shots of fugitive or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was, perhaps, grazed, and a private of the 10th Light Infantry was touched slightly in the leg.

Jonas Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington, had promised never to run from British troops, and kept his vow. A wound brought him on his knees. Having discharged his gun, he was preparing to load it again, when as sound a heart as ever throbbed for freedom was stilled by a bayonet, and he lay on the post which he took at the morning's drum beat. So fell Isaac Muzzey, and so died the aged Robert Monroe, the same who, in 1758, had been the ensign at Louisburg. Jonathan Harrington, Jr., was struck in front of his own house on the north of the Common. His wife was at the window as he fell. With the blood gushing from his breast, he rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on his hands and knees towards his dwelling: she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on the threshhold. Caleb Harrington who had gone into the meeting house for powder was shot as he came out. Samuel Hadley and John Brown were pursued and killed, after they had left the green. Ashahel Porter of Woburn, who had been taken prisoner by the British on the march, endeavoring to escape, was shot within a few rods of the Common.

"Day came in all the beauty of an early spring. The trees were budding; the grass growing rankly a full month before the time: the blue bird and the robin gladdening the genial season, and calling forth the beams of the sun, which on that morning shone with the warmth of summer; but distress and horror gathered over the inhabitants of the peaceful town. There on the green lay in death the gray-haired and the young; the grassy field was red 'with the innocent blood of their brethren slain,' crying unto God for vengeance from the ground.

"The British troops drew up on the village green, and, after a halt of less than half an hour, marched on for Concord.—Upon their approach children and women fled for shelter to the hills and woods, and men were busy in hiding the military stores. The rural militia of Concord formed on the usual parade ground near the village meeting-house. About two hundred appeared in arms on that day. The minute company from Lincoln and a few men from Acton, pressed in at an early hour, but amounting in all to not a quarter of the British. They retired accordingly to an eminence about a mile to the north, where they waited for aid. The British entered the village about seven in the morning, and at once proceeded to search for stores in different places. Meantime the minute men of Acton, under the command of Isaac Davis, with small bands of husbandmen from the neighboring hamlets, had increased the number of Americans on the rising ground above Concord bridge to more than four hundred. The whole was a gathering not so much of officers and soldiers as of brothers and equals, of whom every one was a man well known in his village, observed in the meeting house on Sundays, familiar at town meetings, and respected as a freeholder or freeholder's son.' They saw before them within gun-shot, British troops in possession of their beloved town, and in the distance a still larger number occupying their town, which from the rising smoke, seemed to have fallen a prey to the flame. They had as yet received only uncertain rumors of the events at Lexington. At the sight of fire in the village their first impulse was to press to its rescue.

"The village messenger in boots of the old men, spoke a few words with one another and went back to their places. Barrett, the Colonel, on horseback in the earthen, gave the order to advance, but not to fire unless attacked. The calm features of Isaac Davis, of Acton, became changed; the town schoolmaster, who was present, could never afterwards find words strong enough to express how his face glowed at the word of command. 'I have not a man that is afraid to go,' said Davis, looking at the men of Acton, and drawing his sword he cried 'March.' His company being on the right, led the way towards the bridge, he himself at their head, and by his side Major John Buttrick of Concord, with John Robin on of Westford, Lieutenant Colonel in Prescott's regiment, but on this day a volunteer without command.

"Thus these three men walked together in front, followed by minute men and militia, in double file, trailing arms. They went down the hillock, entered the bye-road, came to its angle with the main road and there turned into the causeway that led straight to the bridge. The British began to tear up the planks; the Americans to prevent it, quickened their steps, the British fired one or two shots up the river: then another, by which Luther Blanchard and Jonas Brown were wounded. A volley followed, and Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, the latter a son of the deacon of Acton church, fell dead.—Three hours before, Davis had bid his wife and children farewell. That afternoon he was carried home and laid in her bedroom—His countenance was little altered, and pleasant in death. The bodies of the two other of his company who were slain that day, were also brought to her house, and the three were followed to the grave yard by a concourse of the neighbors for miles around. God gave her length of days in the land which his generous self-devotion assisted to redeem. She lived to see her country touch the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, and when it was grown great in wealth and power, the United States in Congress paid honors to the husband's martyrdom, and comforted her under the double burden of sorrow and more than ninety years.

"As the British fired, Emerson, who was looking on from his chamber window near the bridge, was for one moment uneasy, lest the fire should not be returned. It was only for one moment; Butrick leaping into the air, at the same time partially turning round, cried aloud as if with his country's voice, 'Fire, fellow soldiers, for God's sake;' and the cry 'fire, fire, fire,' ran from lip to lip. Two of the British fell; several were wounded. In two minutes all was hushed. The British retreated in disorder toward their main body; the countrymen were left in possession of the bridge. This is the world renowned battle of Concord; more eventful than Agincourt or Blenheim."

The retreat of the British from Concord was attended with lavish effusion of blood. During the day the loss of the British was two hundred and seventy three in killed, wounded and missing; while on the American side forty nine were killed, thirty four wounded, and five missing.—The next night the men of Massachusetts streamed in from every quarter to the number of thousands, though without artillery or warlike stores, but with brave hearts, determined to rescue the liberties of their country. The spread of the alarm is described in one of those episodes of poetic eloquence with which the historian occasionally diversifies the course of his narrative.

"Darkness closed upon the country and the town, but it was no night for sleep.—Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war-message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village; the sea to the backwoods; the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop, till it had been borne north and south, and east and west, throughout the land. It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot. Its loud revel broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and ringing like bugle notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river, till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale. As the summons hurried to the south, it was one day at New York; in one more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watch-fire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mt. Vernon, it was set forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onward and still onward, and thro' boundless groves of evergreen to Newbern and to Wilmington. 'For God's sake forward it by night and by day, wrote Cornelius Harnett by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border, and despatched it to Charleston, and through pines and palmettos, and moss-clad live-oaks, still further to the south, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savanah. Hillsborough and the Mecklenberg district of N. Carolina rose in triumph, now that their wearisome uncertainty had its end. The Blue Ridge took up the voice and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghenies, as they listened, opened their barriers that the 'loud call' might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga, and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that the hunters who made their lair in the matchless valley of Elkhorn, commemorated the 19th of April by naming their encampment Lexington."

The chief remaining point of interest in the volume is the battle of Bunker Hill, 'from the vivid pictures of which we must content ourselves with the closing portion.

"The royal army exasperated at repeated losses before an enemy whom they had professed to despise, and by the sight of many hundreds of their men who lay dead or bleeding on the ground, prepared to renew the engagement. While the light infantry and a part of the grenadiers were left to continue the attack at the rail-fence, Howe concentrated the rest of his forces upon the redoubt. Cannon were brought to bear in such a manner as to rake the inside of the breastwork from one end of it to the other, so that the Americans were obliged to crowd within their fort. Then the British troops, having disencumbered themselves of the knapsack, advanced in column with fixed bayonets. Clinton, who from Copp's Hill had watched the battle, at this critical moment, and without orders pushed off in a boat, and put himself at the head of two battalions, the marines and the 47th, which seem to hesitate on the beach as if uncertain what to do. These formed the extreme left of the British, and advanced from the south; the 5th and 43d battalions, formed the centre, and attacked from the east; on their right was the 52d with grenadiers, who forced the now deserted intrenchments.

"The Americans within the redoubt, attacked at once on three sides by six battalions, at that time numbered seven hundred men. Of these some had no more than one, none more than three or four rounds of amunition left. But Prescott's self-possession increased with danger. He directed his men to wait till the enemy were within twenty yards, when they poured upon them a deadly volley. The British wavered for an instant, and then sprang forward without returning the fire. The American fire slackered, and began to die away. The British reached the rampart on the southern side. Those who first scaled the parapet were shot down as they mounted. Major Pitcairn fell mortally wounded, just as he was entering the redoubt. A single artillery cartridge furnished powder for the last muskets which the Americans fired. For some time longer they kept the enemy at bay, confronting them with the but ends of their guns, and striking them with the barrels after the stocks were broken. The breastworks being abandoned, the amunition all expended, the redoubt half filled with regulars and on the point of being surrounded, and no other re-enforcements having arrived, at a little before four, Prescott gave the word to retreat. He himself was the last to leave the fort: escaping unhurt, though with coat and waistcoat rent and pierced by bayonets, which he parried with his sword. The men, retiring through the sallyport or leaping over the walls, made their way through their enemies, each for himself, 'without much order' and the dust which rose from the dry earth now clouded the sun, and the smoke of the engagement gave them some covering. The British, who had turned the north-eastern end of the breastwork, and had also come round the angle of the redoubt, were too much exhausted to use the bayonet against them with vigor, and at first the parties were too closely intermingled to admit of firing; it also appeared that a supply of ball for the artillery, sent from Boston during the battle, was too large for the field-pieces which accompanied the detachment.

"The little handful of brave men would have been effectually cut off, but for the unfailing courage of the provincials at the rail fence and the bank of the Mystic.—They had repulsed the enemy twice: they now held them in check, till the main body had left the hill. Not till then did the Connecticut companies under Knowlton, and the New Hamshire soldiers under Stark quit the station, which they had 'nobly defended.' The retreat was made with more regularity than could have been expected of troops who had been for so short a time under dicipline, and many of whom had never before seen an engagement. Trevett and his men drew off the only field piece that was saved. Pomeroy walked backward, facing the enemy and brandishing his musket till he was struck and marked by a ball. The redoubt, the brow of Bunker Hill, and the passage across the Charlston causeway, were the principal places of slaughter.

"Putnam, at the third onset, was absent, employed in collecting men for a reinforcement, and was encountered by the retreating party on the northern declivity of of Bunker Hill. Acting on his own responsibility, he now for the first time assumed the supreme direction. Without orders from any person, he rallied such of fugitives as would obey him, joined them to a detachment which had not arrived in season to share in the combat, and with a respectable force took possession of Prospect Hill, where he encamped that very night.

"Repairing to headquarters, Prescot offered with three fresh regiments to recover his post. But for himself he sought neither advancement, nor reward, nor praise, and having performed the best service, never thought that he had done more than his duty. It is the cotemporary record, that during the battle 'no one appeared to have any command but Colonel Prescott,' and that 'his bravery could never be enough acknowledged or applauded.'—The camp long repeated the story of his self-collected valor, and a historian of the war, who best knew the army, has recently awarded the highest prize of glory to Prescott and his companions.

"The British were unable to continue the pursuit beyond the Isthmus. They had already brought their forces into the field more than a third of those engaged lay dead or bleeding, and the survivors were fatigued and overcoyed by the sense of their adversities. The battle put an end to all offensive operations on the part of Gage.

"The number of the killed and wounded in his army was to his own account, at least 1054. Seventy commissioned officers were wounded, and thirteen slain.—Of these there were one lieutenant colonel, two majors, and seven captains. For near half an hour, there had been a continued sheet of fire from the Provincials: and the action was hot for double that period.—The oldest soldiers had never seen the like. The battle of Quebec, which was half a continent, did not cost the British as many officers as the battle of Bunker Hill, which gained nothing but the place of encampment.

"Sir William Howe, who was thought to have been wounded, was untouched, though his white silk stockings were stained from his walking through the tall grass, red with the blood of his soldiers.—That he did not fall was a marvel. The praises bestowed on his apathetic valor, on the galantry of Pigot, and the the conduct of clinton, reflected honor on the untrained farmers, who, though inferior in numbers, had required the display of the most strenuous exertions of their assailants before they could be dislodged from the defences which they had but few hours to prepare.

"The whole loss of the Americans amounted to 145 killed and missing, and 304 wounded. The brave Moses Parker, of Chelmsford, was wounded and taken prisoner; he died in Boston jail. Major Willard Moore received one severe wound at the second attact, and soon after another, which he felt to be mortal; so, bidding farewell to those who would have borne him off, he insisted on them saving themselves, and remain to die for the good cause, which he served in counsel and in armor. Buckmaster was dangerously wounded, but recovered. The injury to Nixon was so grert that he suffered for many months, and narrowly escaped with his life. Thomas Gardner, a Member of Congress from Cambridge, was hastening with some part of his regiment to the redoubt, but as he was descending Bunker Hill, he was mortally wounded by a random shot. His townsmen mourned for the rural statesmen, to whom they had unanimously shown their confidence; and Washington gave him the funeral honors due a gallant officer. Andrew McClary, on that day unsurpassed in bravery, returning to reconnoitre, perished by a chance cannon ball on the isthmus.

"Just at the moment of the retreat, fell Joseph Warren, the last in the trenches. In him were combined celerity, courage, endurance, and manners which won universal love. He opposed the British Government, not from interested motives, nor from resentment. A guileless and intrepid advocate of the rights of mankind, he sought not to appear a patriot; he was one in truth. As the moment for the appeal to arms approached, he watched with joy the revival of the generous spirit of New England's ancestors; and where peril was greatest, he was present, animating not by words alone, but ever by his example. His integrity the soundness of judgment, his ability to write readily and well, his fervid eloquence, his exact acquaintance with American rights and the infringments of them, gave authority to his advice in private, and in the Provincial Congress. Had he lived, the future seemed lardened with honors; he cheerfully sacrificed all for his country, and for freedom. Sorrow could now no more come nigh him, and he went to dwell in men's memories with Hampden.

"His enemies recognized his worth by their exultations at his fall. By his countrymen he was 'most sincerely and universally lamented; his mother would not be consoled. His death, preceded that of his wife, left his children altogether orphans, till the Continent, at the motion of Samuel Adams, adopted them in part at least as his own. The Congress of his native State, that knew him well, and had chosen him to guide their debates, and recently to high command in the army, proclaimed to the world their 'veneration for Joseph Warren, whose memory is endeared to his countrymen, to the worthy in every part and age of the world, so long as virtues and valor shall be esteemed among men."

THE LAST OF THE RANDOLPHS.—On the 4th inst., died at the Court House of Charlotte county, Va., St. George Randolph. By this decease a great lineage becomes extinct, and a large patrimony is divided. He was the eldest son of Richard Randolph of Bizarre, and nephew of the celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke, who regarded him with an affection as sincere as it was in his wayward nature to feel towards any human being. St. George had peculiar claims upon the tenderness of his kindred, for he was destitute of the facilities of hearing and of speech, and could only manifest the quickness of his intellect in that untaught but expressive pantomine which is instinctively acquired by the deaf mute. Losing his father at an early age, he was affectionately cared for by his nearest relatives and was sent to France for an education, that could not at that time be given him in the United States. On his return to America a sad dispensation fell on him—reason left its throne. The circumstance gave Randolph of Roanoke the most poignant grief, and he refers sadly to it in his letters. That was forty-three years ago, and since then St. George had remained hopelessly insane. Yet (says the Petersburg Express) there was a certain nobility in the appearance of the old man, as we have seen him wandering about the fields with his leonine beard falling in white masses over his bosom, and his fine, restless eye, imparting animation to a countenance of singular and striking interest even in its gloom. Kind hands smoothed his pillow, and his end was peace. And thus died the last of the Randolphs.

Where Mosquitoes Come From

These pests of summer are hatched from the animalcules, commonly termed the "wiggle tail." If a bowl of water is placed in the summer's sun for a few days, a number of "wiggle tails" will be visible, all the while moving in the fluid they resemble little specks of an inch in length, coming longer on the surface as they approach maturity, as it seeming to live on influences derived from the two elements air and water; finally they will assume a chrysalis form, and by an increased specific gravity sink to the bottom of the bowl. A few hour only elapse when a short black haze or hair will grow out on every side of each, till it assumes the shape of a caterpillar. Its specific gravity being thus counteracted, it will readily float to the surface, and be wafted to the side of the bowl by the slightest breath of air. In a short time a fly will be hatched and escape, leaving its tiny house upon the surface of the water.

Any one who has had a cistern in the yard has doubtless observed the same effect, every summer, although he may be ignorant of the beautiful and simple process of developement. If a pitcher of cistern or other water containing these animalcules is placed in a close room over night, from which all mosquitoes have been previously excluded, enough mosquitoes will breed from it during the night to give any satisfactory amount of trouble. In fact, standing by a shallow half stagnated pool an a mid-summer's day, the full development of any number of "wiggle tails" to the mosquito state can be witnessed, and the origin of these disturbers of night's slumbers thus fully ascertained.

☞ A Jew in Cincinnati was making handsome gains by the sale of lottery tickets, and invested his said gains in real estate, when fearing prosecution and fines on account of his illegal business, he conveyed it to his wife. After a while he grew jealous of his wife, and, satisfied of her infidelity, he resolved to take poison but was dissuaded by his friends. At this juncture, his wife, with all his property in her possession, has commenced suit for a divorce, whereat he feels uncomfortable.

☞ An American in England; the prevalence of duelling summed up:

"They even fight with daggers in a room pitch dark."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed a thunder-struck Johnny Bull."

"Possible, sir, (returned the Yankee;) why I've seen 'em.,'

THE DRUMMER BOY OF LUNDY'S LANE.—Major-General Winfield Scott, while on the frontier during the border difficulties, at a complimentary dinner given him by the citizens of Cleveland related the following characteristic anecdote that occurred during the battle of Lundy's Lane, in the last war: In the very midst of the battle, his attention was arrested by observing at a little distance, where a whole company of riflemen had just been cut down by the terrible fire of the enemy, three drummer boys quarreling for a single drum, all that was left to them. Soon the two stronger ones went to "fistcuffs," while the third quietly folded his arms and awaited the issue of the contest. At that moment a cannon ball struck the boys, and killed them. With one bound the little fellow caught the drum from between them, and with a shout of triumph, and a loud 'rattoo,' dashed forward to the thickest of the fight. Said the general, "I so admired the little soldier, that I rode after him, and inquired his name, which was ——, and directed him to find me at the close of the battle; but I never saw him afterwards." At this moment, Mr. ——, one of the most respectable merchants in Cleveland, and with a smile and a bow, informed the company that he was the "Drummer boy of Lundy's Lane."

SPEECHES.—Mr. Jefferson said he had been in deliberative bodies with General Washington and Dr. Franklin, and that he had never heard either of them make a speech more than fifteen minutes long, and then always directly to the point. He adds that there were no members who possessed more influence, or who were listened to with more profound attention.—Mr. Jefferson himself we believe, was never noted for much speaking, although every speech he made told among the members. One secret of Patrick Henry's almost super-human eloquence was that he never spoke unless he had something to say, and always stopped when he had gotten through. Mr. Madison and Chief Justice Marshall, were famous for the strength and compression of their speeches. In general it may be set down as an incontestible fact, that when a man makes a long speech, he has not digested his subject properly, either from indolence, from want of time, or from lack of capacity. Compression requires study, and is the most difficult of all the arts connected with either writing or speaking. Mr. Webster, in his famous speech in the Indian Rubber case, apologised to the Court for its length, on the plea of want of time to condense his ideas.

An Honest Confession.

A farmer and his son Hans having been to market in the next town, and disposed of their load of potatoes, got ready to return home. The farmer laid himself comfortable down and commenced sleeping while Hans drove the horses.

Soon Hans commenced thinking about the big peas and pork his mother had promised to keep for him until his return, smacked his lips and drove the horses faster.

The old man lifted himself upon his elbow and exclaimed: "Hans, don't drive them horses so fast: they had a good full load this morning," laid himself down and snoozed again.

A little time the horses were driven slower, then Hans thought again about the pork and peas, and imagining the old man asleep, whipped up the horses at full speed.

The old man sat up in the wagon a second time and exclaimed: "Hans, how many times do you want me to tell you not to drive them horses so fast? Obey, I'll have you to drive them horses so fast? Obey, I'll have you to know, if I would have done so why I'd have done it!"

"The devil of a father you must of had," replied Hans.

"What," cried the father, "Boy, I have a thousand times better father than ever I had."

A Wife in Trouble.

"Pray tell me my dear what is the cause of all those tears?"

"Oh such disgrace."

"What disgrace?"

"Why I opened one of your letters supposing it addressed to myself. It looks more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all? Why, what harm can there be in a wife's opening her husband's letters?

"No harm in itself. But the contents—such a disgrace."

"What, has any one dared to write me a letter unfit to be read by my wife?"

"Oh, no. It is couched in the most chaste language. But the contents!"

Here the wife burried her face in her handkerchief, and commenced sobbing aloud, when her husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had the means of nearly breaking his wifes heart. *It was a bill from the printer for nine years subscription.*

☞ A suit came off the other day, in which a printer named Kelvy, was a witness. The case was an assault and battery that came off between two men, named Brown and Henderson.

Mr. Kelvy, did you witness the affair referred to?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what have you to say about it?"

"That it was the best piece of punctuation I've seen in some time."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, that Brown dotted one of Henderson's eyes, for which Henderson put a period to Brown's breathing for about half a minute.

The court comprehended the matter at once and fined the defendant fifty dollars.

☞ Franklin seized lightning by the tail, held it fast and tamed it; Morse put clothes on it, and taught it how to read and write and do errands.