

# The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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## Select Poetry.

### MOONLIGHT ON THE GRAVE.

It shineth on the quiet grave  
Where weary ones have gone,  
It watcheth with angelic gaze  
Where the dead are left alone.  
And not a sound of busy life  
To the still grave yard comes,  
But peacefully the sleepers lie  
Down in their silent homes.  
All silently and solemnly  
It throweth shadows round,  
And every grave-stone hath a trace  
In darkness on the ground.  
It looketh on the tiny mound  
Where a little child is laid,  
And lighteth up the noble pile  
Which human pride hath made.  
It falleth with unaltered ray  
On the simple and the stern,  
And showeth with a solemn light,  
The sorrows we must learn;  
It telleth of divided ties  
On which its beams have shown,  
It whispereth of heavy hearts,  
Which "brokenly, live on."  
It gleameth where devoted ones  
Are sleeping side by side;  
It falleth where the maiden rests  
Who in her beauty died.  
There is no grave in all the earth  
That moonlight hath not seen,  
It gazeth cold and passionless  
Where agony hath been.  
Yet it is well that changeless ray  
A deeper thought should throw,  
When mortal love pours forth the tide  
Of unavailing woe.  
It teacheth us no shade of grief  
Can touch the starry sky,  
That all our sorrows we have here,  
The glory is on high!

## A Select Tale.

### THE RISING OF '76, OR THE NEGRO'S DEAD SHOT.

BY SMITH, ESQ.

(CONTINUED.)

"See what a hero the Bostonians make of you, Mr. Kennedy," said Stirling, laughing, who had determined not to leave his new friend till he was safe from the vengeance of Grey, who was following the company.

"I hardly think," answered the prisoner, "that these manifestations of feeling will recommend me to your general."

"True," answered the other, and he continued his march thoughtfully to the prison.

"I'm," said a soldier at Kennedy's side, "that negro will make hisself as tam trouble-some as vas tat tam rebel Atuck."

Tom looked negligently in the direction that the Dutchman pointed to, but started as he recognized his faithful Kit. He saw that he was watched by Grey, and fearing that he would see the slave made a warning gesture. Grey turned eagerly to the significant spot, but Kit had disappeared.

"Captain," said Tom, addressing Stirling, "there is a slave of mine in the city whom you saw with me, I suppose, this morning."

"Black as Erebus, and strong as Hercules," inquired the Captain.

"Exactly so," said the other.

"Well, I saw him in the crowd, just now."

"Will you find him out, and if possible let him come and see me?"

"Certainly; I will do everything in my power to promote your comfort, Kennedy, the devil take the Mister, and will also use what little influence I possess at headquarters to procure your release."

"Thanks! Captain, said the prisoner, gratefully. I merely wished to send Kit, to my uncle's, to let him (and he was about to say Mary and the name stuck in his throat) to let him know that I am safe."

"For the present," thought Stirling, for he was pretty sure what steps Gage would take in this affair. "He shall come tonight," he said aloud.

"They were now in front of the prison.—Stirling pressed his friend's hand, and speaking some words to the jailer, the power of which was strengthened by a handful of guineas, he departed, and Kennedy passed under the gloomy gate for the first and the last time.

Kit came to see him as Stirling had promised. The affectionate slave wept for joy as he kissed his master's hand, but was indignant when he saw the hand-cuffs, and the chain that bound his ankle.

"It's a sign Kit," said Kennedy, smiling, "that they think me dangerous."

After numerous messages to Mr. Claxton and Edwards—(the name of Mary was not mentioned—'She cares not for me,' he said to himself, and this reflection made him sad,) all faithfully put away in his memory, Kit took his leave.

Leaving the prison, Kit walked down the street to the Neck, on his way home again. As he passed by a window near which a number of officers were seated, he

heard one mention his master's name. Anxious concerning the situation of his master, Kit stepped around the corner, and the window being fortunately the one nearest to him, he was thus enabled to hear pretty much all that was said.

"You then think, Oliver, that his chances are small?"

"Yes, for this reason. You know well that Gage has always advocated violent measure, and as this is the first case with whom he can proceed to extremities, you may rest assured that he will not spare him."

"It's a pity," said the first voice, "for I never saw a man fight like him."

"How is it that Stirling has taken such a liking to him?"

"He told me that he had saved his life in the course of the fight. He did not say how for he was evidently in a hurry, and was coming from headquarters."

As the speaker ceased, Kit heard a door thrown open and a hurried step in the room.

"Great God! Stirling, what's the matter?" exclaimed all.

"Matter!" gasped a voice so inarticulate that it could be scarcely heard—"matter!—This is the matter. The man who saved my life this morning at the risk of his own, is to be hanged like a dog three days hence. I told the general that he had saved my life; I begged, I besought him almost on my knees to spare his life. He answered coldly—

"'Tis impossible," Capt. Stirling. Capt. Grey says that he is one of the most daring rebels."

"I left him. Had I stayed, I would have struck him to the earth. Apropos of Grey," he added in a calm tone, making a striking contrast to his former excited one, "Oliver can I speak to you privately?"

"Certainly," said the one addressed.

"Shall we go to my room?"

"The other acquiesced, and Kit again heard the door open and shut.

He waited yet for some time till he heard the street door open, and looking around saw Stirling come out and walked swiftly away. Kit ran after him.

"Cap'n said he, when he had overtaken him, 'is Mas'r Tom goin' to be hanged in three days?'"

"Yes," said Stirling surprised. "Where did you hear it?"

Kit told him frankly.

"Don't you think, Cap'n that he might escape from de pris'n?"

"How?" inquired Stirling.

"S'pose now Captain, I was to make a mas'."

"A mas? Why, what the deuce is a mas'?"

"One ob dose things dat a man puts on his face and makes him look like another man."

"O! a mask!" said Stirling, smiling.

"S'actly so. Well, den, s'pose I was to mak a mas' like my own face, and I was to go to the pris'n, and Mas'r was to put on this mas', and dress himself in my clothes he is as tall as I is. Well, den, we could change clothes and Mas'r could get out.—Eh!"

"Kit!" cried Stirling, admiringly "you are a noble fellow. But stay!" a sudden thought seemed to strike him. "Have you a knife or dagger belonging to your master about you?"

"Yes, Mas'r," said Kit, drawing a hunting-knife from his breast. "I brought this with me when we left Evergreen, early this morning."

Stirling took it.

"Now, said he, 'Kit, suppose a boat, or a canoe, that would be better, for it's swifter, and less liable to attract notice; suppose, then a canoe with four or five of Tom's friends was to be lying at one of the wharves opposite Charlestown on the night of day after to-morrow about seven o'clock. Your master by some accident or other might be there. Do you understand me?'"

"Ki! Mas'r! It take dis chil' to do dat!"

Very well. Now be off and give Kennedy's message; your master's life is as safe as your own. But mind, don't mention my name, and be careful to get cautious, brave, and trusty men."

"All right, Mas'r," said Kit, and with a scrape and a blow, the black joyfully pursued his way out of the city, carefully suppressing as enjoined the name of Stirling, and his rank and station.

Mary listened with feverish anxiety.—When Kit mentioned that Kennedy was to be hung the day after to-morrow, she grew pale as death, and sank almost fainting on a chair. But when Kit mentioned the prospect of escape, she wept, but it was not with grief.

As Kit ceased, the noise of the horses' hoofs was heard approaching the gate, and George Edwards was seen coming swiftly toward them.

Mary rose and entered the house; she did not wish to be seen weeping. Of course no one could blame her for weeping concerning her cousin. Would not her tender heart have made her weep for the danger of any relation? Of course! To be sure! Tom was only a second or third cousin, but—

Edwards had ordered Kit to come to him when he had seen his master. But as he did not expect him back for two or three days, he had come home like Mr. Claxton to make preparations for his stay in the provincial camp. He had accidentally seen Kit coming along the road, and had immediately ordered his horse and galloped over to see him.

Kit told him what he had just related to Mr. Claxton.

### CHAPTER VI.

Then each at once his falchion drew,  
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,  
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,  
As what they ne'er might see again;  
Then, foot and pointed eye opposed,  
In dubious strife they darkly closed.—Scott.

Grey's quarters were sustained, by his own request, opposite the jail; from his room he had a fair view of the prison, so eager was he to be near the man he hated, and gloat over his prospect of a deadly vengeance.

It was at the door of this house, at the very time that Kit arrived at Evergreen, that an officer in full dress uniform of Major of grenadiers knocked.

"Is Capt. Grey in?" he inquired, as the door was opened.

"Yes, your honor."

And Dennis retired.

Rightly conjecturing the object of this visit, Grey came down dressed, as the other, in full uniform.

Oliver bowed to him ceremoniously, his champagne remaining on his head.

Grey held in his hand; not on account of the higher rank of his visitor, for in affairs of this kind, though one might wear the insignia, and being of a higher rank, the circumstances of the case dispensed with that respect due by an inferior to a superior. But for the time being, Oliver was Grey's guest, and the latter showed him this courtesy on that account.

"My friend, Capt. Arthur Stirling, of His Majesty's, the regiment of infantry, desired me to visit you to know if you would do him the honor of crossing swords with him, if possible, this evening?"

"Nothing, Maj. Oliver, would give me greater pleasure than to cross swords with your friend, Capt. Stirling. Both the time and the weapons suit me, but Capt. Dalhousie will settle with you the necessary preliminaries. To him, therefore, allow me to refer you."

Oliver bowed and departed as ceremoniously as he had entered. Decidedly there is an advantage in civilization. A man comes to see you on an affair of honor, and you converse as calmly and politely as if he were the bearer of an invitation to a ball, instead of one to go out and let your visitor's friend have the honor of cutting your throat, or blowing your brains out.

At four o'clock that evening, Grey, accompanied by his second, proceeded to the rendezvous, where he found Stirling and Oliver, with the surgeon's of the former's regiment, awaiting them with the least possible patience in the world.

The spot chosen was a retired, quiet place, where they would not be liable to interruption, nearly opposite to Charlestown. A line of shrubbery screened them from the main road, whilst on the other side, the town was just far enough off to render movement's indistinct.

Much as has been said, and will continue to be said, concerning seconds in an affair of honor, a man will stand by and look on, and perchance see his friend shot, knowing, too that he was, to a certain extent, the cause of his friend's death. But look again. Could a brother be more careful than is that second? How anxiously he scans the mounting of the weapon, how he tries its temper, half-doubtful whether he shall throw aside and try another; and then, when he places his man, not a chip can be seen about the ground; the sun is placed as far as possible behind his principal, and having provided, as he thinks, against all emergencies, the word is given.

"Messieurs, to your guard!" cried Oliver.

The crossed blades glistened in the rays of the declining sun. The combatants were well matched. Stirling was considered the best fencer in his regiment, but Grey prided himself on his skill in all manly accomplishments; indeed, 'twas only on the assurance that he wasn't tryo in the use of foil that Dalhousie consented to act as his second, for Stirling's skill was proverbial.

For some time, the desire of the two gentlemen to disencumber each other of any superfluous amount of blood that they might possess, was not gratified.

At length irritated at the length of the contest, Stirling made a furious lunge at his antagonist, which was parried, and Grey, before Stirling could recover himself, pierced the fleshy part of his arm.—Grey stepped back.

"'Tis a mere scratch," cried Stirling; to your guard!"

Scratch though he said it to be, Stirling knew better. Already had he begun to grow faint from loss of blood, and he saw plainly that he could hold out but little longer. He made two feints quick as lightning, the first at the breast, the second at the throat, then pierced his collar-bone as if it were pasteboard, and immediately afterwards the sword of Grey flew thirty feet into the air, then dropped with a dull, heavy sound upon the turf.

Stirling placed his foot upon it, and saluting his crest-fallen antagonist, wiped the blade and returned it to the scabbard.

Had Stirling accomplished what he intended, Grey would have been killed.—The thrust was aimed at the breast but slightly parried by Grey; it inflicted a painful, but otherwise not dangerous or serious wound, as the surgeon now pronounced it.

The wounds of both were bandaged and Stirling, by the assistance of his friend's arm, was enabled to walk to his quarters, whilst the indomitable pride of Grey would not allow him to accept of any assistance whatever, though the drops of agony on his brow and an occasional tottering step, showing what he was suffering.

### CHAPTER VII.

I would recall a vision which I dreamed,  
Perchance in sleep, for in itself a thought,  
A slumbering thought is capable of years,  
And curls a long life into one hour.  
Byron.

It the reader has no objection, we will pass through the prison's ponderous gate when we will find ourselves in the court, upon which opens the door from the warden's house; as we have nothing to do there we will keep on to the next gate, which opens virtually into the prison.—We will take the corridor to our left; down two flights of stairs do we go, to the cells where the condemned prisoners lay heavily ironed.

Kennedy was calm, though slightly pale; the night before he had been told that he was to die the death of a murderer—as Stirling said, the death of a hound! And in two days! He, who two days hence was to be hanged!

"There is no mas, be he a Bayard or a Christian martyr, can contemplate the change from death to life, from his house, whether hovel or palace, to the drear cold, and silent grave, with feelings of perfect security."

He is indeed a pitiable object who can say—I die, not regretting a single thing that I leave behind."

Stirling had been twice the day previous to call upon him, and had obtained for him every luxury that money could afford, and the prison laws allowed.

He had promised to call this day, but he had not yet arrived.

Kennedy was waiting for him; he desired to send a letter to his mother. He thought continually of her, and he trembled as he considered the probable effect that this blow would have upon her. He was an only child; his brother and two sisters had died in their youth, and to him now clung the hopes of his parents. In him were their affections centred.

"Mother, mother!" groaned the condemned man, and he buried his face in his hands and wept.

He remained so for some time. He shook off his feeling, and regained his calmness. Hardly had he done so, when the iron door of his cell cracked on its hinges, and Stirling entered.

Stirling shook the captive's hand warmly; then, as he heard the door shut, and the footsteps of the jailer upon the stairs, he threw himself cavalierly upon the miserable pallet, and said, pettishly—

"Decidedly, I must speak to Gage about the miserable way that this prison is guarded. To be sure, the outer gate is strong enough, but then the keys of it hang in the warden's lodge just as carelessly as those of his spouse, though of far more importance. The first shut out a man from life, the second from the pantry. By the way, speaking of pantry, can't you commodate a hungry devil with some snack—a biscuit or two, and a piece of chicken. O, I beg pardon, you are in prison!"

Stirling paused for an instant, and Kennedy, tugging his chin on his two hands, started but said nothing.

"Now suppose," continued Stirling, "that a man desired to escape hence at any time to-morrow evening, for instance, it could be easily done. It puts me out of all patience. I must see Gage about this remissness. It might be tried this evening to be sure; if the man got out he would be easily caught again, since the barracks are close at hand and soldiers are continually running to and fro; but I understand that Gage has determined to remove the soldiers to quarters nearer the neck, so as to have them closer to the—rebel force as he was about to say, but he corrected himself—so as to have them nearer the minute men. But suppose, now, to-morrow evening, when the jailer, who by the way is a weak man and a great coward; brings this prisoner his supper that the prisoner was to present a knife at his throat and say: 'If you speak a word you are a dead man.' He would be dumb as a post, as deaf, too, if required; the man could rifle his pockets, in which he could find keys with which he could unlock his chains which done, he might gag and bind the jailer; then changing clothes, he could sally forth, take down the warden's keys, and let himself out. Nor would that be all; for doubtless, the prisoner has friends who would be waiting at one of the wharfs say a wharf opposite to Charlestown, for example, who could carry him swiftly across to the open country. Heigo! I must decidedly speak to Gage about this. A man could escape as easy as you please."

Again Stirling paused, still Kennedy said nothing, but slightly smiled, saying, intelligently as a smile could—I understand you."

The step of the jailer was now heard on the stairs.

Stirling sprang up, looking ludicrously dejected, and Kennedy was serious as a condemned man ought to look. Just as these changes were brought about, the cell door was again opened.

"The Governor's orders are, Capt. Stirling," said the man, "that no person, save the minister, can remain with the prisoner over ten minutes."

"Very well," answered Stirling, good-bye, Mr. Kennedy," he added, squeezing the other's hand; you go from here to a better place, where I hope we may meet again. Good-by! God bless you!"

Stirling departed, the door again grated on its hinges, and Kennedy was again alone.

So surprised was he at the beginning of Stirling's speech, that, barring the greeting at his entrance, he had not uttered a syllable. He now stood gazing at the door through which his friend had just passed.

At length, rousing himself from his reverie, he began thoughtfully to pace his narrow cell as much as his chain permitted.

### CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

## Miscellaneous.

### A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

James Morgau was a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled near Bryant's Station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the West, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field with a worn fence, and planted some corn. It was on the 17th of August, 1782. The sun had descended; a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding woods; the cane bowed through its influence and the broad leaves of corn waved in the air.

Morgau had seated himself in the door of his cabin, with his infant on his knee. His young and happy wife had laid aside the spinning wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon he accidentally found a bundle of letters which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they had acknowledged an early and ardent attachment to each other, and the personal left evident traces of joy in the faces of both, the little infant too, seemed to partake of its parents kind feelings, by cheerful smiles, playful humor and infantile caresses.

While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard; another followed in quick succession. Morgau sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, and they simultaneously exclaimed: "Indians!" The door was instantly barred, and the next instant their fears were realized by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians.

The cabin could not be successfully defended, and time was precious. Morgau, cool, brave and prompt soon decided.—

While he was in the act of concealing her under the floor, a mother's feelings overcame her; she arose seized the infant, but was afraid that its cries would betray its place of concealment. She hesitated, gazed silently upon it; a momentary struggle between duty and affection took place. She once more pressed her child to her bosom, and kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheeks, looked in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck, and wept aloud.—

"In the name of Heaven, Eliza, release the child, or be lost!" said the husband, in a soft, imploring tone, as he forced the infant from his wife, hastily took up his gun, knife and hatchet, ran up the ladder that led to the chamber, and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open, and the savages entered.

By this time Morgau had secured his child in a bag and lashed it to his back, and then throwing off some clapboards from the cabin roof, he resolutely leaped to the ground. He was assailed by two Indians. As the first approached he knocked him down with the butt end of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgau let fall his gun, and closed in.

The savage made a blow, missed, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgau at length got the ascendancy; both were badly cut, and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were deeper, and the savage fell to the earth. Morgau hastily took up the child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, basely engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgau was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put upon his trail. Operated upon by feelings of a father and a husband; he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to outrun or elude the cunning animal trained to hunts of this kind, he halted and waited till it came within a few yards of him, fired and brought him to the ground.

In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided near Bryant's Station, at Lexington, where he left the child, and the brothers left for the dwelling. As they approached, light broke upon his view; his step quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. Emerging from the cane-break, he beheld his house in flames, and almost burnt to the ground. "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other to support his tottering frame. He gazed on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few paces and fell exhausted to the earth.

Morning came, and the luminary of Heaven arose and still found him seated near the expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of "Eliza" on the ground, and his left hand lay on his favorite dog by his side; looking first on the ruin and then on his dog, with evident signs of grief, Morgau arose. The two brothers now made search, and found some bones burned to ashes, which they gathered together and silently confined to the mother earth, beneath the high spreading branches of a venerable oak consecrated by the most holy and pure recollections.

Several days after this, Morgau was engaged in a desperate battle at the Lower Blue Licks. The Indians came off victoriously, and the surviving whites retreated across the Licking, pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles.—James Morgau was among the last who crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was descended. As he beheld the Indians reappear on the ridge, he felt his wrongs and recollected the lovely object of his affections. He urged his horse and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh and fell; the Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair and applied the scalping knife.

At this moment Morgau looked up and recognized the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and knew it to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased his activity to fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp, hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgau crawled under a small

oak, on an elevated piece of ground, a short distance from him; the scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscalped, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band had after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle ground. Morgau was seated at the foot of the oak, its trunk supporting his head. The rugged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with the slain, the once white and projecting rocks, bleached by the sun and rain for centuries, were crimsoned with the blood that had warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the soldier.

The pale glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead; then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional terror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling by the hoarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, and the shrill and varied notes of the wild-cat and the panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgau beheld the scene with heart-rending sensations, and looked forward with the sympathy of despair on his own end.

A large and ferocious looking bear, covered all over with blood, now approached him; he threw himself on the ground, and silently commended his soul to Heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate.

The satiate animal slowly passed without noticing him. Morgau raised his head, and was about to offer him thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and awakened him to a sense of danger. He placed his hands over his eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate.

He now heard a rustling in the bushes; steps approached, a cold chill ran over him. "Imagination," was actively employed; death the most horrible awaited him; his limbs would in all probability be torn from him, and he devoured alive. He felt a touch; the vital spark was almost extinguished. Another, touch more violent than the first, and he was turned over. The cold sweat ran down in torrents; his hands were violently forced from his face. The moon passed from under a cloud; a faint ray beamed upon him, his eyes involuntarily opened, and he beheld his wife, who, in a scarcely audible voice exclaimed:—"My husband! my husband!" and fell upon his bosom.

Morgau now learned from his wife that after the Indians entered the house they found some spirits, of which they drank freely. An altercation soon took place; one of them received a mortal stab and fell; the blood ran through the floor on her. Believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud, and thus betrayed the place of her concealment. She was instantly seized and bound. The party, after setting fire to the house, proceeded to Bryant's Station.

On the day of the battle of the Blue Licks a horse with a saddle and bridle rushed by her which she knew to be her husband's. During the action the prisoners were left unguarded; made their escape and lay concealed beneath some bushes near the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit, and left the battle-ground, she, with some other persons who escaped with her, determined to make search for their friends, and if on the field, and living, to save them if possible from the beasts of prey. After searching for some time, and almost despairing of success she fortunately discovered him.

The party of Col. Logan found Morgau and his wife, and restored them to their friends, their infant and their home.

—Sally Jones says when she was in love she felt as if she was in a tunnel, with a train of cars coming both ways.

—Mrs. Partington expresses great apprehension that the people in California will bleed to death as every paper she picks up announces "another vein opened."

—Let a bachelor get a scratch upon his face, and it is said he has been in an awful fight; but when a married man appears with two black eyes, a swollen face and a severe headache, it is only said that he's fallen into a little "love spat."

—The poet Holmes describes a boarding-school very truthfully in the following lines:

They sent her to a stylish school,  
'Twas in her thirteenth June;  
And with her, as the rules required,  
'Twas towels and a spoon.

They braced her back against a board,  
To make her straight and tall;  
They laced her up, and starved her down,  
To make her light and small;

They pinched her feet and singed her hair,  
They screwed it up with pins—  
Oh, never mortal suffered more  
In penance for her sins.