

aine. He writes  
b. & is it eum to  
nurtuered with a  
childhood's hour—is  
merican humorist?  
roo. Why didn't  
Patent Travellin'  
as struck with his  
County Fair, &  
n and be a Pillist?  
tle know how the  
a. But my father  
n to worrit about  
that when I fust  
a moral exhibitor  
a Bass drum, I  
child—skuree 15  
er my yoothful  
mind of my own.  
t. "Go," he said  
the public!" (he  
the old man was  
g). He put his  
onto my hed, and  
I thought I saw  
nerable chin, but  
eker jooce. He  
or.

Betsy, is a reg'lar  
e. I like it be-  
don't print stories  
ing men into 'em,  
d fellers and the  
ce'ble idiots—so  
rally prefer the  
g idiots; but it  
merican literatoor.  
or the *Atlantic*,  
business. They  
went in and saw  
s was a high and  
quite gratified,  
the Grate Orgin.

ND WAS SPILT.  
on yes'd'y. My  
emotions. "&

this," I said to a man who was drivin' a yoke of oxen, "this is where our revolutionary forefathers asserted their independence and spilt their Blud. Classicground!"

"Wall," the man said, "it's good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards rasin' wheat t'ain't worth a dam. But hav' you seen the Grate Orgin?"

#### THE POOTY GIRL IN SPECTACLES.

I returned in the Hoss Cars, part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sot near me, and was tellin' a young man how much he reminded her of a man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and, smiliu' in a seduetiv' mamer, I said to the girl in spectacles, "Don't I remind you of some boddy you used to know?"

"Yes," she said, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stelin' a Bar'l mackeril—he died there, so I conclood you ain't *him*." I didn't pursoo the conversation. I only heard her silvery voice once more durin' the remainder of the jerney. Turnin' to a respectable lookin' female of advanced summers, she asked her if she had seen the Grate Orgin.

We old chaps, my dear, air apt to forget that it is sum time since we was infants, and et lite food. Nothin' of further int'rlist took place on the cars excep' a colored gentleman, a total stranger to me, asked if I'd lend him my diamond Brestpin to wear to a funclral in South Boston. I teld him I wouldn't—not a *purpuss*.

#### WILD GAME.

Altho' fur from the prahaories, there is abundans of wild game in Boston, such as quails, snipes, plover and Props.

#### COMMON SKOOLS.

A excellent skool sistim is in vogy here. John Slurk, my old partner, has a little son who has only bin to skoll two months, and

yet he exhibertid his father's performin' Bear in the show all last summer. I hope they pay partie'lar 'tention to Spelin' in these Skools, bec'ase if a man can't Spel wel he's of no 'kount.

#### SUMMIN' UP.

I ment to have allooded to the Grate Orgin in this letter, but I haven't seen it, Mr. Reveer, whose tavern I stop at, informed me that it can be distinetly heard through a smoked glass in his nativ town in New Hampshire, any clear day. But setim' the Grate Orgin aside (and indeed, I don't think I heard it mentioned all the time I was there), Boston is one of the grandest, sure-footedest, clearheadedest, comfortables cities on the globe. Onlike ev'ry other large city I was ever in, the most of the hackmen d'on't seem to hav' bin speshully intended by natur fer the Burglery perfession, and it's about the only large city I know of where you don't enjoy a brilliant opportunity of bein' swindled in sum way, from the Risin of the sun to the goin down thereof. There4 I say, loud and confinnered applau's for Boston!

#### DOMESTIC MATTERS.

Kiss the children for me. What you telle me bout the Twins grieves me sorely. When I sent 'em that Toy Engine I had not contempyulated that they would so fur forgit what was doo the dignity of our house as to squirt dish-water on the Incum Tax Collector. It is a disloyal act, and shows a prematoor leamin' tords cussedness that alarms me. I send to Amelia Ann, our oldest dawter, sum new music, viz., "I am Lonely sints My Mother-in law Died"; 'Dear Mother, What t'ho' the Hand that Spanked me in my Childhood's Hour is withered now?' &c. These song writers, by the way, air doin' the Mother Business rather too muchly.

Your Own Troo husban',

ARTEMUS WARD.