

BUNKER HILL.

Bunker Hill is over yonder in Charleston. In 1776 a thrillin' dramy was acted out over there, in which the "Warren Combination" played star parts.

MR. FANUEL.

Old Mr. Fanuel is ded, but his Hall is still into full blarst. This is the Cradel in which the Goddess of Liberty was rocked, my Dear. The Goddess hasn't bin very well durin' the past few years, and the num'ris quack doctors she called in didn't help her any; but the old gal's physieians now are men who understand their business, Major-generally speaking, and I think the day is near when she'll be able to take her three meals a day, and sleep nights as comfy as in the old time.

THE COMMON.

It is here, as ushil; and the low euss who called it a Wacant Lot, and wanted to know why they didn't ornament it with sum Bildins', is a onhappy Outeast in Naponisit.

THE LEGISLATUR.

The State House is filled with Statesmen, but some of 'em wear queer hats. They buy'em, I take it, of hatters who carry on hat stores down stairs in Dock Square, and whose hats is either ten years ahd of the prevalin' stile, or ten years behind it—just as a intellectooal person sees fit to think about it. I had the pleasure of talkin' with sevril members of the legislatur. I told 'em the eye of 1,000 ages was onto we American people of to-day. They seemed deeply impressed by the remark, and wantid to know if I had seen the Grate Orgin?

HARVARD COLLEGE.

This celebrated institootion of learnin' is pleasantly situated in the Bar-room of Parker's, in School street, and has poopils from all over the country.

I had a letter, yes'd'y by the way, from our mootual son, Artemus, Jr., who is at

Bowdoin College in Maine. He writes that ho's a Bowdoin Arab. & is it cum to this? Is this Boy, as I nurtuered with a Parent's care into his childhood's hour—is he goin' to be a Great American humorist? Alars! I fear it is too troo. Why didn't I bind him out to the Patent Travellin' Vegetable Pill Man, as was struek with his appearance at our last County Fair, & wanted him to go with him and be a Pillist? Ar, these Boys—they little know how the old folks worrit about 'em. But my father he never had no occasion to worrit about me. You know, Betsy, that when I fust commenced my career as a moral exhibitor with a six-legged cat and a Bass drum, I was only a simple pesant child—skuree 15 Summers had flow'd over my yoothful hed. But I had some mind of my own. My father understood this. "Go," he said—"go, my son, and hog the public!" (he ment, "knoek em," but the old man was ullus a little given to slang). He put his withered han' tremblinly onto my hed, and went sadly into the hous. I thought I saw tears tricklin' down his venerable chin, but it might hav' been tobaecker jooce. He ehaw'd.

LITERATOOR.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, Betsy, is a reg'lar visitor to our westun home. I like it because it has got sense. It don't print stories with piruts and honist young men into 'em, making the piruts splendid fellers and the honist young men dis'gree'ble idiots—so that our darters very nat'rally prefer the piruts to the honist young idiots; but it gives us good square American literatoor. The chaps that write for the *Atlantic*, Betsy, understand their business. They can sling ink, they can. I went in and saw 'em. I told 'em that theirs was a high and holy mission. They seemed quite gratified, and asked me if I had seen the Grate Orgin.

WHERE THE FUST BLUD WAS SPILT.

I went over to Lexington yes'd'y. My Boosum hove with sollum emotions. "&

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A excell John Slurk who has on