

The Chatham Record.

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Meadows of Rest. I remember the beautiful meadows...

I remember a grave in those meadows. Where slumbered a laughing-eyed boy...

I remember a silver-haired father. Who walked by the river ways...

I wonder if green are those meadows. If puffing and clear are the streams...

The Hero of Bunker Hill.

BY JAMES PARTON.

It is still a little uncertain who was in command of the American troops at the battle of Bunker Hill...

As the Seventeenth of June approaches, readers by read with renewed interest a certain inscription on a stone cottage in Roxbury...

On this spot stood the house erected in 1720 by Joseph Warren, of Boston, remarkable for being the birthplace of General Joseph Warren, his grandson, who was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

Another inscription testifies that Doctor John Warren, a distinguished physician, and brother of the general, was also born in the same mansion.

The writer of the latter inscription used a very inappropriate word when he called the modest abode of the Warrens a mansion. A lady descended from the hero, still living in Boston, has a painting of the old house...

It was the house of a Yankee farmer of the last century, who raised vegetables and fruit for the Boston market...

The British soldiers in Boston taunted Joseph Warren with having been 'a bare-legged milk-boy,' and nothing is more probable than that all the four Warren boys, each in his turn, carried milk around for their father.

When Joseph was a boy of fourteen, a terrible event took place upon the Warren farm. On a day in October, 1755, when the farmers thereabouts were gathering their later apples...

His brother members of the Legislature endeavored to dissuade him, especially his intimate friend and roommate, Elbridge Gerry...

And so, on that burning hot summer's day, after tolling through the night in the service of his country, he did not appear in the chamber at Watertown, when the hour arrived for opening the session of the legislature.

To General Putnam, he said: 'I am here only as a volunteer. Tell me where I can be most useful.'

tion went on in the way the father had planned before his death. In due time Joseph Warren graduated...

But now came on the troublous times preceding the Revolutionary War, and every man had to choose which party he would serve.

His politics excluded him from many of the wealthy families of Boston, which led one of the Tory doctors of the town to say, 'If Warren were not a Whig, he might soon be independent and rich in his chariot.'

His practice, however, was extensive and sufficient. When John Quincy Adams was an old man he liked to tell of a service rendered him by Doctor Warren when he was a little boy of seven.

General Putnam, in 1774, drove in from his parish in Connecticut, a flock of one hundred and thirty sheep as a free gift to the town of Boston after the closing of the port.

When the British troops came to Boston, the mere sight of them was almost too much for Doctor Warren's philosophy. One day he overheard a group of officers say, as he passed, 'Go on, Warren, you will soon come to the gallows.'

On the great day of Lexington three of the Warren brothers were in the midst of the strife. Joseph, Samuel and John. Dr. Warren was busy with his patients, when a messenger brought the news to him of what had taken place on Lexington Green.

During the chase of the British troops from Lexington he served sometimes as surgeon and sometimes as a citizen cheering on the soldiers. A British musket ball struck a pin out of his hair close to his right ear.

It was sold of him, at the time, that wherever the danger was the greatest, there Warren was sure to be seen. When he resumed his duties as a physician, he made up his mind that, if it came to a fight, he would not offer his services as surgeon, but as a soldier, and he made known this purpose to his friends.

His brother members of the Legislature endeavored to dissuade him, especially his intimate friend and roommate, Elbridge Gerry, who entreated him not to risk a life so valuable to the State at that moment.

And so, on that burning hot summer's day, after tolling through the night in the service of his country, he did not appear in the chamber at Watertown, when the hour arrived for opening the session of the legislature.

To General Putnam, he said: 'I am here only as a volunteer. Tell me where I can be most useful.'

He said: 'Oh, what a treasure it would be to possess you Miss de Boodle! I should rest content the remainder of my life.'

She said: 'No doubt, as you know very well that I am retired on a cool million.'

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN. THE ROBIN AND THE CHICKEN. A plump fat robin flew down from a tree...

THE CHINESE BED. In its simplest form, the bunk is merely a wooden surface supported by four legs.

THE TERRIER AND THE BULLDOG. I heard a good story a few days ago, says a correspondent of the Boston Post...

WHAT THE YELLOW BIRD SAID. Run, chickens, run! Mary has just emptied the crumb tray at the back door...

German Etiquette. Perhaps the best criterion of the minuteness of German etiquette is the little unwritten code on pocket manners.

A Real Treasure. He said: 'Oh, what a treasure it would be to possess you Miss de Boodle! I should rest content the remainder of my life.'

A Sententious Epitaph. The following quaint epitaph on husband and wife—the husband having died first—is to be seen in one of the Parisian cemeteries: 'I am anxiously awaiting you.—A. D., 1827.'

Non-Committal. 'I say, doctor, who you know medicine from A to Z, what do you do yourself when you have a bad cold?'

OSTRICH PLUMES. Turning Feathers into Bright Articles of Adornment. The Work and Wages of 3000 Girls in the Metropolis.

The Rhinoceros. This animal is a disagreeable looking beast and of no especial use to man. It does not seek the society of mankind...

The Locomotive in Palestine. If the Turkish government consents it is probable that Palestine will be invaded by locomotives...

Pen Picture of an Arab Mare. She was the most beautiful mare I have ever seen, of pure Najd blood, grey, with flea bitten spots...

Curious Facts About Malaria. In certain experiments made by the help of the Prince of Wales, an examination of air taken from the Roman marshes showed that in malarious districts the poison is raised above the level of the ground...

Thoroughbred and Standard Horses. A horse may have been bred up to a certain ideal or approved standard, and yet be far removed from a thoroughbred animal.

Pell a Victim. Tom—'What has become of that young man who achieved some fame by the publication of an essay on The Foolishness of Marriage?'

Humorous. A branch office—A log cabin. The hired girl lives out all her days. The pugilist is very fond of striking features.

Humorous. 'How cool this conservatory is.' 'Yes, papa says there's nothing like a hot-house to cool off in.'

Humorous. 'Would-be Purchaser—'How much for this picture?' Artist—'The price is \$5000.'

Humorous. The editor who advises his readers 'never to climb a tree after a panther' may mean well, but his advice is superfluous.

Humorous. Little Bobby—'Ma, will I go to heaven when I die?' Mother—'If you are a good boy you will.'

Humorous. Customer—'How much are those trousers?' High-Priced Tailor—'Twenty dollars.'

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