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a merry jest with the old soldiers. There is no place in the wide world calculated to recall to my mind retrospection more pleasant than the soil of old Warren, for it was there I spent my boyhood days, and the memories of many a manly little fellow, who with me, spelled once the first lessons in the old log school house, and the dignified mien and deportment of the same in after life, through all their trials and disappointments are as fresh and as well defined