

sadden the hearts and dim the eyes of youth as sensitive, ambitious, and capable as themselves, that by the frowns of adversity, are forced to take upon them tasks that try the courage and test the fidelity of manhood. What need have I to mention the toil, exposure, suffering, anxiety, the weighted upon my young heart, during those long years. Ask the parent, the head of a family, what it is to feel the responsibility of providing for a large circle of helpless ones, and feel that his two arms are their main stay and shield. Throw this load upon the shoulders of a lad that in years is little more than a child, and you will have some conception of burdens that made a stout, bold young heart prematurely thoughtful and grave. I speak not so much of the bodily, physical hardships and toils—they were severe enough, and if they had been lightened by the pleasures, pastimes, and merriment that belongs to youth, of themselves they were nothing, but the hard necessity that robs youth and boyhoods of its mirth and gaiety, is the saddest, and hardest to be borne.

I would not have my kind-hearted reader believe that I recall these scenes of my early life with one thought of bitterness or regret. I feel now, as I felt then, that all the hardships I suffered and endured were duties--responsible duties, that I owed to an afflicted father and mother, and my brothers and sister, who were unable at that time make their support.

After a time, a younger brother had grown large enough to assist me in providing for the family, and his assistance afforded me some spare time to work for myself. And being thus relieved by the help of my younger brother, when I became of age, I was the owner of a horse, saddle and bridle;--and kind reader, I would not have you