

SWALM (L.B.)

LIFE

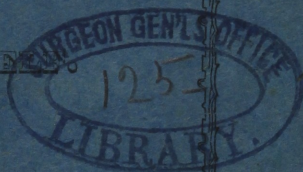
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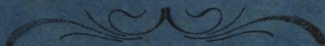
LEVI B. SWALM,

EMBELISHED WITH A LIKENESS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.



"God's Providences are sometimes dark and mysterious."



NEWBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE PUBLISHER.

1853.

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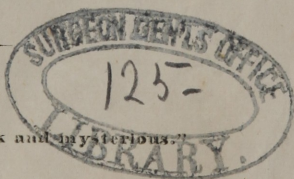
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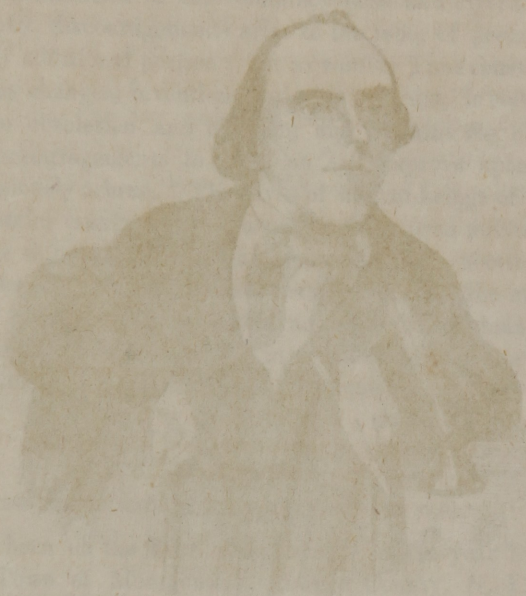
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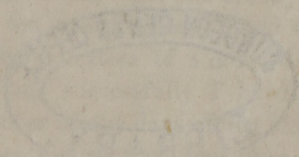
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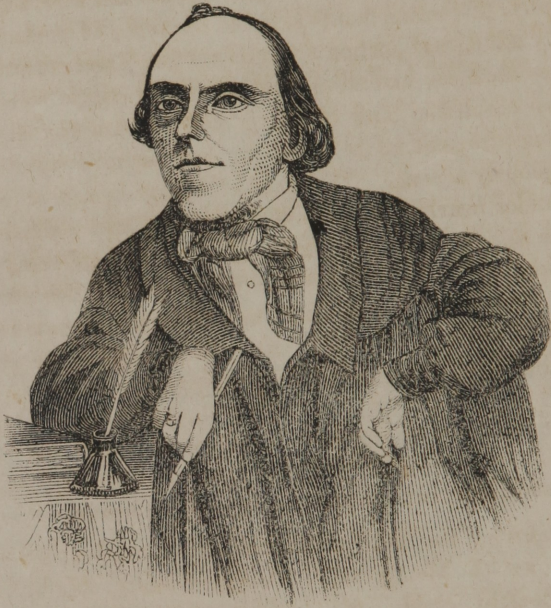
LEVI B. SWALM

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853,
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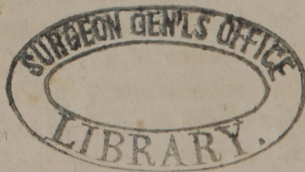


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Levi B. Swalm,



LIFE OF LEVI B. SWALM.

INTRODUCTION.

In consideration of the voluminousness and diversity of biography, discouragements arise to the labor of promulgating any additional portion; but as voluble Time constantly produces changes, inventions and new subjects, it rolls the old into obsolescence and oblivion, and sustains the new—hence encouragements to press on and improve upon the past copiously accrue. The lives of human beings of both sexes, under nearly all circumstances, have been published, but none so peculiarly singular, impressive and affecting as the present one. In the present state of things, the multifarious conditions, occupations and pursuits of mankind are some of the best sources of instruction; and in the subject of this memoir is exhibited an unique case.

CHAPTER I.

THE BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD OF LEVI B. SWALM.

I was born on the 20th of September, in the year 18—, in the Town of Montgomery, Orange County, N. Y., a regular, healthy child. My parents, at that time, were happily situated on a small farm, which they purchased a few years prior to my birth, a place peculiarly fit for the health, amusement and happiness of children. My infancy was escorted by health, vigor and speedy progress. At the age of nine or ten months I talked and walked, and manifested symptoms indicative of a great deal of feeling and enjoyment. Thus successfully I lived on the course of time, till a number of the days of my childhood had passed on, when suddenly a most grievous change took place with me. At the age of two years and four or six months I was seized with the Inflammatory Rheumatism, which so severely operated upon my whole system about one year and six months, as apparently to render my life doubtful and a

healthy recovery impossible. One of the most scientific physicians procurable prescribed to my cure, but success failed, and medicine gave no appreciable relief. All the devoted care and attention of my mother and the deep sympathy of friends combined, could not preserve me from the sad consequences of my disease. A few months subsequent to the attack my joints began to draw crooked, and continued to draw until I was brought into a state of absolute aduncity and helplessness. About then, the knowledge of my case being extended far and wide, a recipe for the cure of Inflammatory Rheumatism alone was sent to my parents, as a ministering Angel of aid, which they gladly received, prepared the medicine per prescription, administered it to me, and it immediately relieved, and soon perfectly cured my disease, but could not restore me to the use of my limbs. The cure was so complete that I have not had the least-sensation of rheumatic pain since, though frequently exposed to all changes of weather. A strong, healthy constitution, and the full, vigorous use of all my senses, were spared to me with my life; but alas! the inability of regular, free motion seems to have been destined to be my heavy, poignant cross throughout my whole life-time.

My health restored, I had my life to lead out—and what was it? a life of confinement, monotony and tastelessness? Not precisely so; my constitution was too strong to be easily borne down. I was spirited and prospective. I was yet able to handle some things, and to amuse myself with play-things and the scenes transacting about me. Sometimes I was carried out, and nature and inventions still delighted me. School-children I heard talk of teachers, lessons, and their plays at school, but none of these pleasures had I the privilege to participate in. Primers were sometimes presented me, and I admired them merely for the pictures they contained. Being singularly afflicted, no lessons or other tasks were enjoined upon me. My father being a musician, I was led to imitate the tones of his instruments with my voice, and was successful in soon becoming an admirable singer, and the many about delighted to hear me. Many of those who came to hear me sing gave me money,

and thus I was amply encouraged by strangers as well as by my own parents. As this chapter contains only the glimpses of eight years of my life, suffice it here to say, that within this period, after being cured of rheumatism, I was several times severely taken with the diseases of the day, such as fevers, &c., and my life despaired of; but God kindly raised me, probably for some wise purpose, known to himself.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HIS EIGHTH TO HIS FIFTEENTH YEAR.

When I was between eight and nine years old, my parents commenced moving about in the pursuit of farming occupation, which opened to me more of the various scenes of human life, and also natural diversity and inventional curiosity. Though I was too young to aptly receive much impression from such a life of changing locations, I deeply felt myself too far away from my birth-place, that sacred portion of earth most dear to my heart. We had a large rented farm, a numerous stock, and a variety of rural business, and my attention was paid principally to my pet chicken, toy amusements and other objects about me, so that time did not hang heavily upon my spirits. As I grew older I paid more attention to the presence of company, of which we always had a large share, and felt more and more interested in their conversation. Sometimes our visitors made me the object of their special attention, and commended me for beauty and vivacity, by which I felt much flattered. My feelings became deeper and more intense, and my thoughts grew stronger, more pious and systematic, but did not yet much regard the indignities sometimes imposed upon me because of my misfortune. Having a good, faithful mother, and no other than boyish necessities, which were supplied, I had no permanent cause of grief. Though my physical abilities were much limited, and the sphere of my life small, I put in my time satisfactorily, and felt as buoyant as the air I breathed.

Between my tenth and twelfth years my mind was immensely perplexed with vile thoughts. Sometimes they would so profusely crowd into my mind as to make me feel most sadly fearful and miserable. I tried every means in my power to expel them, but tried in vain. I felt as though the master demon stood behind me, ready every moment to tear me. To be at enmity with God, I felt a most painful condition, most ardently wished in my heart to be liberated from the awful plight, and then was relieved.

At thirteen I felt a fanciful inclination to books, sometimes leaved them over, demureingly read a little in my own untutored manner, and felt somewhat profited and gratified. As I knew but very little more than the letters and their combination, I resolved on saving my cents to buy a spelling-book. I was successful in carrying out this resolution, and purchased a nice, replete work, which I much liked. Not having the encouragements that indolent nature needs, I frequently laid my book by with no very strong determination to ever take it up again to successful usage. Led by curiosity, I once in a while endeavored to use it, and by perseverance surmounted difficulties, and in a short time became a tolerably fluent reader in easy readings. Towards the end of my fourteenth year I began to lose enjoyment in my usual amusements, and to experience by slow process a renovation and change of feeling.

CHAPTER III.

HIS CONVERSION AND EDUCATION.

At the commencement of my fifteenth year I underwent a complete change of moral feeling. I became sedate, thoughtful, and deeply impressive. The canopy of my mind was clouded with gloom and sadness, and disgust filled my soul. I felt my need of different pursuits and enjoyments to make me happy; that enjoyments, in the existing state of things, generally had to be obtained by acquisition; that I had by disease almost totally lost my natural powers of acquisition; that the world was too degenerate and rude to disinterestedly supply the wants and wishes of a fellow

creature in a satisfactory manner, and, therefore, I was ruined and wretched for life-time, and I wept.

Constitutionally changed from the boy to the man, I more clearly saw nature in her various phases—in her phases of beauty, loveliness and desirableness. I felt myself very sensitively alive to the interests and pleasures, as well as the crosses and pains of life, but saw no way to be gratified. I thought of the good God and of prayer. The thoughts that God could in his mercy relieve me and make me happy; that prayer was a gift to man, making mutable the immutable laws of nature, and according to the promise could gain any and every blessing, came forcibly to my mind, and I tearfully prayed from the deep feeling of my heart. Thus God opened to me a way of acquisition, the only safe, reliable way, though often it is lingering, dark and doubtful, and I felt somewhat relieved and happy.

Sincere prayer being a mentally relenting act, I felt my hard heart melt by its glowing ardor and percolate from its gross portions, and conducted nearer and nearer to God. It became a very agreeable act of devotion to me, and I loved it and the prayer-hearing God whose favors I sought. Four blessings I made the special subjects of prayer: the perfection of mind, spiritual holiness, and personal restoration or physical enjoyments and happiness—and the fourth is known to every poet. Then I began to read the New Testament, and Church Poetry, and though difficulties the most deterring attended my progress, my efforts were blessed with successful advancement. In this mood of ameliorating exertion, I was soon favored with the fruits of the new birth, and felt that I had passed from death to life, from darkness to light; and I “saw all things new.” I felt that God was mine and I His; that all things were possible with him; and that all things were possible also to those connected to him by faith through Jesus Christ.

My taste for a finished education then amply and strongly developed itself; and thus another conflict was opened against the immobility of my disabled condition. No one seemed to consider me worth the expense of an education or anything else, and therefore the alternative occurred that

I must get learning by the force of my own genius, or do without it. The renitency of my nature arose with all its exasperated power against the adversities which assailed me, and I resolved to have an education at all hazards. Self-acquisition was the only mode, in my possession, of pursuing a course of study, and this mode I adopted and rigidly maintained, and though my progress was slow and my way dark, I found them sure and safe. The bower of prayer I chose as my college, reason as my instructor, and genius as my class-mate. Once in a while a professional gentleman called upon me, and I asked his inspection and aid, and received his approbation on my former lessons.

Unaccustomed in going to church, three years passed between my conversion and church membership. I was about eighteen when connected in full communion with the church, the First Reformed Dutch Church of Montgomery. Being unwell at the time of my examination and connection to the church, I could not go out, and want of means prevented me from going till six months after my connection. I was a little over eighteen years old when I had the privilege of hearing a sermon preached at church. Time attested the fact that I belonged to a rich, powerful church, and the means and ways of helping me to a liberal education were made subjects of social consideration; but difficulties were exaggerated, and neither my own church, nor the classis of Orange, nor the Literary Fund, arrogated to itself the blessed privilege of aiding me to that which alone could make me competent to myself or any one else, but it rather arrogated the blessed privilege of leaving an unfortunate man to labor alone, long and hard, for his education. It was deemed most expedient to bestow favors and funds on those who had not only brain, but also body; and I hope those who have received the preference may be suitably qualified to serve well in return, and let the unfortunate reap to himself the benefit of his labors.

CHAPTER IV.

RESIDENCE IN BLOOMINGBURGH.

Very impatient, by want of money, I determined to pay

attention to some useful art. I cherished a strong preference for the Chemical art, and though totally unacquainted with that branch of science, I experimented, and succeeded in compounding an excellent article I sold by the name of Boot Polish. This proved a lucrative business, and I felt a new era at hand, and I was pleased beyond expression. But as it was the genius of Fate to let nothing go along well with me, both my ambition and progress were retarded for two or three months, when circumstances so changed as to open means and ways to my long and much wished mode of living—that I and my mother might live quite alone in a village or city. On the 15th of December we moved to the Village of Bloomingburgh, where I first commenced the business of school-teaching for a livelihood. My school was select, and at first very successful. For three weeks I labored with profit, and great, increasing delight. My happiness at liberation from the thralldom of penury and non-occupancy was so great that not a single cloud obscured my mind; but this was happiness too good to be lasting.

At the beginning of the fourth week I was taken dangerously ill with the inflammation in my throat, and thereby lost my school and my young company. This was a most painful shock to me, but as a christian I tried to bear it patiently. I sent for the young physician of the village to visit me, and he proved a most faithful physician and friend. My disease grew worse every day. On the ninth day it left my throat and settled on my lungs, and I became more ill every hour, until I was conducted to the last ebb of existence, and thus remained thirteen weeks, unexpected by those around me ever to recover. I felt that I was not then to die, but to still live for some desirable object, and I was not disappointed. When man gave me up, God raised me. My health improving, I again cherished the habit of thinking for our own interest, and resolved to leave the tenement we then occupied.

On the first day of April we moved into the parsonage house, a few steps distant, where we lived one year. Moved and settled, I again taught school, and although not very successful with my school in some respects I was in others,

and lived very happily. The place was elevated and beautiful, and nicely suited my taste. To promote my interest, convenience and pleasure still more, I had me a neat hand-wagon made to order in which I hired boys to ride me out. Not getting advance pay for my labor as an instructor, I preferred some occupation that would bring me cash, and, therefore, opened a candy store, and practised the chemical art. A few days proved this a more profitable business than the former. By my third purchase I laid in quite a heavy stock, with clear prospects and bright hopes of doing well; but before I could make a considerable sale out of my last lot I was again taken ill, and my business totally ceased during my sickness. Three weeks I laid at the door of death, and then slowly recovered. Again able to calculate, and pursue business, I opened my establishment, and found my goods tarnished by neglect and age. This I found to be the best business for me, at least until I acquired a liberal education, and set my mind on it. Engaged in speculative business, I desired a more moneyed place than Bloomingburgh, and resolved to leave at the expiration of the year. I concerted plans, and put them into timely execution, to follow my resolution.

CHAPTER V.

RESIDENCE IN MONTGOMERY.

We moved from Bloomingburgh to Montgomery on the third day of April, 18—, where, within a few days, I opened a shop and vigorously prosecuted my business, and in proportion to my stock and notoriety, I did as well as I expected. In October following, being requested to lecture on the subject of Temperance in the Academy Hall of Montgomery, I accepted the privilege and prepared for the service. The evening was appointed, and notice duly given. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, the air salubrious, and the temperature comfortable. I went to the Hall at an early hour, that I might not be confused, and was unexpectedly favored with a large, crowded, respectable audience. Not accustomed to speaking in public, I studied

and delivered my lecture verbatim, and received the plaudits of the place. I was very glad to hear that my service pleased my auditors. Time passed on uniformly, and my first year in Montgomery expired. My annual expenses counted over, I found that I had done business sufficient only to live and increase my stock a very little. The second year I began with brighter hopes and prospects, and my business increased with greater rapidity. I added to my business the manufacture and retail sale of some choice articles of perfumery, and found it an excellent addition. Under the bearing of prosperity my feelings became more vigorous and strong, and I advanced in my studies with greater speed and success. By the friendship of the generous I became well known, much respected, and amply patronized, and felt that probably there were some happy days for me yet. At the close of the year, by comparison, I saw that my business had nearly doubled. The third year I commenced with stronger feelings, calculations more firmly based on existing means, and larger amounts. My popularity still advanced, and my patrons consisted of people far and near, strangers and acquaintances. I saw that people approved and admired my industry, and, therefore, would not be likely to withdraw their patronage. At the end of the third year my business proved to have been satisfactory, and I counted on greater enterprises and attainments. The fourth year, when about carrying out greater calculations and designs, I perceived my business on a decline, and though I enlarged my stock, I did not do the amount of business I expected. I watched my sales with strict scrutiny, hoping they would recruit, but hoped in vain. My business went on at a gradually waning ebb throughout the year. I most ardently prayed to God to sustain my business, which sustained me, that I might not be conducted back to my former state of idleness and moneylessness—but my prayers seemed vain, and I received not the blessings sought. By this I was led to doubt the truth of the doctrine of prayer and the mercy of God, and, therefore, commenced a course of anti-christian reasoning. But the more I reasoned, the stronger became my convic-

tion of the truth, purity, sanctity and necessity of the christian religion. I boldly ventured, on the criterion of my own simple judgment, that there was no danger in candidly searching truth, however opposite it might appear to prevailing notions—and I found it was so. I had a desire for a progression. Divinity had been my peculiar choice from my first development of literary tact, but did not wish to undertake a thing so sacred, unless circumstances and a peculiarly large portion of grace would enable me to be a very good man, for hypocrisy I hated in the very depth of my soul. The practice of medicine seemed to be rather tasteless to me, though I evidently could make it a profitable employment. But I had a strong, irresistible taste and disposition to read and practice law, though I could not expect much pecuniary interest by that profession. I obtained from one of my young friends a book of first lessons in civil government, and found the principles of law to precisely suit my taste and necessity. The adversities which had always been a prevalent part of my life, rendered me a very unyielding subject, and that I regarded a great qualification in the practice of law. The legal profession I regarded as an absolute necessity to me, as it would be always a powerful defence at hand in lieu of my great clogs of physical power, so that I had not enough for self-protection at all times, but to know when, where and how to touch the letter of the law, was power ample to make a giant tremble.

The fifth year I commenced with no aspiring hope, and, therefore, was not disappointed. Business got no better, and I determined on a change of place as soon as possible. At that time I graduated in the acquisition of a liberal education, which placed me in possession of more ample means of getting along, and I boldly confided in the unequalled qualification. At the last of September I prepared to move to New York.

CHAPTER VI.

RESIDENCE IN NEW YORK.

On the 6th of October, 18—, we moved to New York City. This was my first journey on a steamboat, and my

first entrance into any city. In riding from the boat to our place of residence we passed through a long street or two, and I was much delighted with city phenomena. A few days residence in the city gave me more and greater views and knowledge of it, and though I was much pleased with city life, did not see the beauty and greatness I anticipated. We lived in New York one month, and at a favorable opportunity moved over to Brooklyn, where we remained six months. I did not like Brooklyn as well as New York, and having no occupation, I felt very discontented and unhappy. On the first of May we moved back to New York and again pursued shop-keeping, but as the genius of Fate evidently strove against me I could no more than make a plain living. Nothing could discourage me but such an occurrence, because one might have the genius of Homer, and could not execute to advantage while the potent hand of Fate is directed against him. Shop-keeping I abandoned, and devised means to live by my literature. Not having received any diploma, certificate, or written recommendation to public regard, I requested one of a lawyer with whom I had been intimately acquainted since I had lived in the city, and he kindly wrote me this, to which another gentleman of high qualification and standing in the city afterward readily subscribed his name as a reference :

“Understanding from my friend, Mr. Levi B. Swalm, that he is about offering himself as a public teacher of youth, I take the greatest pleasure in recommending him as every way qualified for the task. From a long acquaintance with him, and an intimate knowledge of his acquirements, I esteem him peculiarly fitted for such an important duty. A long course of study has prepared him not only to teach with success the Elementary branches of education, but also to make them proficient in light and eloquent literature. I know from his habits of thought and study that he will do his duty perfectly by all who may submit themselves to his tuition. I recommend him most cheerfully to public patronage.

New York, Nov. 1st, 1849.

CHARLES R. SMITH, Esq.

PETER B. GUERNSEY, M.D.

I taught school, and sometimes lectured, and that business went on well. Having lived in the city two years and four months, my mother took sick and died. The sickness and death of my mother would have been a death stroke to me, had I not been blessed with the special grace of God.

Though I was by the special grace of God spared from the fatal consequences of grief over my mother's death, I rather would in some respects have fainted and died. To live in this hard-hearted, degenerated world in my unfortunate condition, without the devoted attention and aid of my mother, or some other sincere, desirable friend, is more painfully escathing to my heart than death; but God sometimes leads a favorite child through dark paths to most happy enjoyments. To a poetic temperament like my own the society of a mother is near and dear, but of this sacred enjoyment I have been bereaved by the resistless ingress of death, and my loss I can but lament with a sad heart and tearful eye. My soul fondly hovers over her grave, and there lingers in grateful recollection of her strong affection and ceaseless kindness to me while living, and when she died, committed me to the care of our Heavenly Father. Though I cannot call her up from her quiet slumbers beneath the sod, I hope to see her beyond the confines of the tomb, and part no more.

My nearest friend in life
 By death is torn away ;
 But still there 's vivid hope
 We 'll ere long meet again.

CHAPTER VII.

THREE YEARS A PUBLISHER.

Five years had gone by since my graduation in the acquisition of a liberal education, and I had not yet received the amount of pecuniary benefit by it as I anticipated. Being qualified by taste and physical ability for a literary labor only, my mind was almost constantly seeking a sphere of literary employment. A long time I received no encouragement from any professional department. To be an author, I feared the animadversions of the austere world; to be an instructor, did not at all times well satisfy; and as an assistant editor there seemed to be no vacancy for me. Urged by necessity as well as desire, I resolved upon the experiment of being an author and publisher. Forthwith I commenced preparing a small book upon the subjects of love, courtship and marriage, and as an act of imperfect shrewdness, to avert the too

imposing censure of fault-finders, I interspersed my own poems with those of others, so that it would push the genius of the world to know which were mine. My undertaking was not to be smoothly successful at first. The sickness and death of my mother, and the embarrassment of circumstances, greatly perplexed and enervated my mind and retarded my progress. Difficulties somewhat abating, I put my book into press, and with the aid of those generous-hearted acquaintances about me, I readily paid my printer's bill. My sales were good for two or three weeks, and then lagged for want of means to go out before the public. My heart grew faint and sad. By-and by my energetical perseverance obtained a competent boy to convey me out in my hand-wagon, and I received profitable patronage.

Having lived quite alone about four months since the death of my mother, I was induced by urgent circumstances to leave New York to spend a short time in the precincts of Otisville, a recently built village on the New York & Erie Railroad. With the greatest feeling of reluctance, I left the city on the 15th of Jan., 1851, and felt that I was leaving the only place of friendship and interest; but I looked into the depth of the future, and hoped. In New York I was surrounded with warm-hearted, confiding friends, who often visited me, and kindly diffused their sympathy and smiles upon me in a manner which would delight the soul of any capable of enjoying convivial pleasures. At Otisville I lived seven months, and frequently went to the depot to sell books to car passengers. The inhabitants treated me with respect and generous feelings, but nothing could reconcile me to remain in the place. Toward the last of August I went to Montgomery to visit the grave of my mother, and thence to start out as a traveller or return to New York. It was on Saturday afternoon I satisfactorily found myself at the house of ———, a short distance east of my native village. Being unwell, I did not go out for a few days. The third Sabbath I went to church, and started early that I might have time to go to my mother's grave. I saw it—she there slept quietly, unconscious of the turmoil and strife of this boisterous world. Alas! alas! she could not open her eyes upon her son, who fondly blanched his soul over her; she could not recognise him; she could not speak to him! In the care of the tomb he had to leave her! I took a few days' ride out in the country to sell books, and sold as many as I could in the city, and felt encouragement to be a traveller. To hire a

conveyance took a large portion of my profits, but I thought the time would come when I could have one of my own. In October I hired a boy, and went to New York. I took a night-boat, and in the morning found myself in my much loved city. After breakfast I went to Broadway to sell books, and at night returned to take lodging on the boat, and by counting found myself well paid for my day's labor. Then I concluded to live on the boat till I could well suit myself with a boarding-house, but my attention to business was such that the week passed by before I found one. On Saturday afternoon I was necessitated to either return to Newburgh with the boat or to such a place in a hurry, and I chose the former. Sunday morning I was in Newburgh, and desired to take a ride to Montgomery, and put my desire into execution. Arrived at Montgomery, intending to remain there a while, I discharged the coach. I resumed and continued travelling till the last of December, when I went back to New York. It being near night when I arrived at the city, I went to the house of my friend, Mr. ———, and stayed over night. In the morning I went out in quest of a boarding-house, and found one, where I remained till the last of May. Then I enjoyed myself tolerably well, and felt comparatively contented. My business thrived well in the city, and it thrived well as a traveller. During April and May my mind considerably vascillated between the disposition of remaining in the city and that of again going out as a traveller, and closely ruminating my circumstances in connection, I suffered the latter to predominate. In April I took a trip to Newburgh and Montgomery, and finding the weather cold and the spring backward and dreary, made me feel sad, and I hastened back to the city.

Having lately added to my stock of books the outline narrative of my own life, I considered my success as a travelling publisher safe. Toward the last of May, spring appearing in her usual gaiety and beauty, I took my leave of New York to roam in the West and the North. A week or two I stayed in Montgomery and took short tours. Satisfactory success as a traveller required me to have a conveyance of my own, and having a small sum gathered by my business, I purchased a horse and wagon and started west. Five weeks spent in my first tour proved profitable, diverting and agreeable. I recruited my stock of books and prepared more clothes, and started on my recent tour, which involved

more time than the first, and on my way back I was visited with the misfortune of losing my horse.

Oct. 15, 1852, commenced my travels in the State of New Jersey. Find the people generous and agreeable. The second hotel I stopped at found such fascinating friendship as induced me to stay while my business permitted. To this house, I think, I was directed by a special providence. May 27, 1853, visited Haddonfield, was unprofitably received and troubled with gross incivilities. Was not paid for my visit, except by the experience of knowing how ungenerous a place it is to me. May 30, 1853—to-day visited Woodbury, and as I drove into the village was called an imposter, and shamefully abused by a man, or rather a two-legged animal, and the females of the house. At once I considered myself grossly insulted, and in the pungency of my deeply exasperated feelings severely retorted him, and grieved at the contumely of the females. The fiend then threatened to give me a house where he said I ought to be. My agitated feelings and ignorance of jury law made me ill at ease, and for my own safety and credit I sought to take counsel. Not knowing where to find a law office where I might get reliable counsel, I went to the Clerk's Office, and found him a gentleman and friend. He directed me to Mr. H., a lawyer of superior talent and feeling. I went to his office, found him in, stated my case, and was advised to pursue my interest as usual, and if disturbed, inform him, and he would defend me. June 1, 1843, finished my business in Woodbury and left the place. The loud threatening voice of my enemy passed away harmless as the braying of an ass. Found generous friendship and patronage in Woodbury. So far I very much like my travels—they have forcibly taught me useful lessons, which I more highly appreciate than all the money I have seen.

CONCLUSION.

Kind reader, permit me to say a few special words to you. I proffer you the epitome of my life, from which you can learn my constitution, temperament, feelings, and the mysterious state into which disease has brought me. You also perceive that I am, constitutionally, an active being, and cannot rest in dormancy, seclusion and disinterest, and am able to efficiently labor only as a scholar; will you not, therefore, grant me more ample attention

and patronage? Oh! reader, if you knew or felt how exceedingly painful it is to a sensitive mind to be a unfortunate, you would liberally draw from your own bosoms to him the utmost of your sympathy. You would not withhold any of your powers to soothe and make him happy; you would not suffer him to endure any of the evils which generally follow misfortune: such as disrespect, inferior treatment, isolation, &c., but would surely defend him from them. I am most sincere in my observation and pleading for the afflicted, and hope you will be as sincere in your attention, remembering that the most fortunate are liable to the greatest misfortune.



them.

afflicted, a