

HISTORY OF MY LIFE.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—For several years, I have considered it my duty to write a book or a pamphlet and give it to the people and humanity at large. I have attempted on two or three occasions to write my life, but having very little education and having never written a full book at school in my life, I was afraid to attempt it. My family was poor or what is termed the “middle class” in England. From my earliest recollections I was naturally of a restless disposition but greatly attached to my mother, I had several narrow escapes of life while quite young and one of the marks I carry on my face, while I do not remember how I got it. My mother called it “her mark,” as I was marked for life. At another time, while one of my brothers and I were looking out of an aloft window at the men coming home from ploughing, when my brother said to me: “Come in or I’ll push you out.” I was a little overbalanced at the time, and trying to recover myself, I fell head foremost on a stone pavement, and was picked up by one of the men and carried to the house with a cut on my head, but, by kind nursing, I was soon around again. My next little risk was when one night that my mother was milking a cow that had long and wide horns. We used to call her “The Irish Cow.” I caught the old cow by the tail, and while swinging to and fro, she did not like my methods, when she suddenly turned around as if to say: “I will stop your fun,” and gave me one great hoisting into the air; but the laws of gravitation brought me down again. She, catching me, gave me a second dose, but the next time I came down, I was out of her reach, but fell on the top of a gate and rolled off into the yard and was picked up again