

traordinary sensation seized me, as if some fiend had brained me with a club. Recovering from my stupor I found myself straddle of the beam of the plow, and the horses out of sight. The plow had struck a hidden root, the double tree had parted in the middle and the lines around my neck jerked me suddenly over the handles and onto the beam. Limp and sore I found my poor horses at the stable door, who saluted me with a snort. Patting them gently I led them back to the plow. Do you think that that intimidated me? No, but still I could not forget my poor father's counsel. I learned afterwards to hold the lines in each hand and not around my neck, and thus avoid another thunder clap.

It was not only with the plow that I found myself astray, but in a thousand other things. Laboring then under these serious disadvantages I struggled along for want of being educated in the mysteries of a farmer's life; for though ever so simple, they are as necessary to learn and master, as is Blackstone to the advocate, Abernethy to the physician, Watts to the engineer, or belles letters to the philosopher.