

man. He was so good as to raise a few pounds amongst his friends, to clothe us, and to bury my poor father. He likewise gave my mother a small hovel on his estate, rent free, to live in.

“There were five of us, and I, who was the eldest of the party, but a boy of eleven years of age; yet, with these hands, I contrived to earn the scanty pittance of bread for my distressed mother and family; and if I saw a smile upon her sorrowful countenance, I was more than repaid. I not only worked the live-long day, but often till midnight, when the moon was clear, in digging peat off the cold moors.

“When I had reached my sixteenth year, I entirely supported my