

HUMAN BEINGS.

Chacun à son tour.

My history, my dear Bob, will afford you but little amusement, however, as you wish to hear something of my early life, in a few words I will give it to you.

My father, Jacob Surface, was one of many brothers, and enjoying a small competency he married at an early age, for he was but twenty one years older than myself; and both being extravagant ran through in a short time all they had. My mother died when I was but four years of age, and of course I can have but a faint remembrance of her. However, I have been told she had but a comfortless life with my father who, peace to his soul, had a villainous temper of his own. Unnatural as it may seem my mother detested me, out of compliment to my father who lived eight years longer than she did, and died leaving me as a legacy to one of his brothers. My uncle placed me at a boarding school, and then after a few years, I left it for the care of a clergyman, the kindest being I ever knew. He was instructor, parent and friend, and many a heart-yearning had I after I left him to once more be the companion of his rambles, and his fireside.

At the age of eighteen my uncle placed me in his counting house, and from my steadiness of habit (I always had a reflecting mind) he gave me a share in his business which was a lucrative one, and in a short time I became master of a handsome sum of money. My cousin, my uncle's only child, became the object of my tenderest regards, I loved her fondly—madly—and was equally beloved in return. Being four years my senior, she at first raised some slight objections which I combatted, for what has age to do with the heart? the affections? My uncle consented, and every thing was arranged for our nuptials, when one evening complaining of a head-ache, arising, as we supposed from a slight cold, she was induced to retire at an early hour, and never rose more from that bed, death claimed her—and I lived to soothe the broken heart of her parent who left