

to whom I was devotedly attached, the restraints and confinement of school were almost insupportable.

My first teacher was a Mr. Schmidt, an educated Swede, who, in fact, was nearly as restive under confinement as I was, and one day, near the Easter holidays, led by Mr. Schmidt, we did break from school en masse on hearing the cry of the hounds as they closely packed, followed a red fox near the house. We were not long in saddling up and joining in the chase. Mr. Schmidt, who was no horseman when he first arrived, soon became an expert rider. He was also a famous skater and was the first and only man I ever saw cut his name on the ice with the heel of his skate with ease and facility. This gentleman is still living in New Orleans, or was a year ago, in the successful practice of the law, a profession he adopted soon after leaving his occupation as a teacher. His advanced age does not seem to have dimmed his sprightly disposition or impaired his bodily activity.

Mr. S. was followed by a succession of tutors, undergraduates of Cambridge College, some of whom have risen to eminence; amongst them, and the last was Mr. Blanchard, who came to us an Unitarian but was proselyted by my Mother who was an ardent Episcopalian. I have frequently been at the old Chester Church which was eight miles distant and endowed by Queen Anne herself, when, on a rainy day, my Mother and her children and an old maiden Aunt who lived just as far in the opposite direction, and a few black servants composed the whole congregation.

Always, when my father was from which was not infrequently, my Mother read the morning prayers from the Church service, and required the attendance of all parties white and black. Notwithstanding the effect of this practice, followed up by the purest example of Christian charity, on my tutor, on me it