

whole County. About the time I went to West Point in 1826, that journalistic pest, the County newspaper, commenced to make its appearance, and its advertising columns were filled with notices of Sheriff's sales, and its editorials with complaints of hard times.

The first and only school I ever attended from under the paternal roof was called "Washington College", an immense building, the corner-stone of which was laid by General Washington. It was located on a beautiful and commanding site, in the adjoining County of Kent, overlooking Chester Town and Chester River. It was never completed, but was burned down and afterwards rebuilt in a moderate sized Academy. At the time I was a student, it was presided over by a then eminent D.D., and it was there I received my first great moral shock in life, and learned my first lesson in the injustice and corruption of man.

The chapel of the College was yet unfinished, having nothing but the bare walls and roof, and was used by the Faculty as a cow-pen, and the gable end as a ball alley. The dairy woman of the College was a mulatto of rare physique and striking appearance, and was generally seen at her work with her rounded and well proportioned arms bare to the shoulder. My elder brother and I went as usual towards sun down to the ball alley to play. An unlucky blow sent the ball through an open bull's eye window into the Chapel. I ran round to the open door to recover it and there beheld an unexpected spectacle. The first thing I saw was the milk pail upset and its snowy contents flowing over the dirt floor of the Chapel, and next, a scuffle between the Doctor who was a very large man, and the strapping milk maid, in which she appeared to be beating him over the head. My brother, more knowing than myself, fled out of sight. I, intent on recovering the ball, continued my search until my presence was discovered.