

REMINISCENCES.

was dug out to a depth of three or four feet and walled up. The boy stooped down to drink, and, losing his hold, plunged in head first. I think it was my father who was fortunately near and saved his life.

It was my nephew James's fortune to be away at school the greater part of his life until grown up,—when quite young with his relatives in Nittany and Pennsville; afterwards for several years at a private school for boys at Litiz, Pennsylvania; and then at various seminaries. I think he was not quite twenty-one years of age when his father died and the responsibility of his father's business devolved on him and his next younger brother, William. Their father, in failing health, was much distressed when he saw that it had become necessary to relinquish the responsibilities of his business into hands so young and, as he supposed, so incompetent to successfully conduct it. If he could have seen the future, no doubt his life would have been prolonged, but it was not given him to know how ably and successfully the business that fell into those young hands (so well established) was augmented and improved by them. After many years of a very successful career the relations