

**A PICTURE OF  
LIFE. VOL. I**

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A Picture of Life. Vol. I by James Oliver Miller

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**JAMES OLIVER MILLER**

**A PICTURE OF  
LIFE. VOL. I**



# A PICTURE OF LIFE.

[*Burns Family of Monticuty*]

BY

JAMES OLIVER MILLER,

(*The Orange County Farmer.*)

APPLE COTTAGE, MONTGOMERY ON THE WALLKILL,  
ORANGE CO., N. Y.

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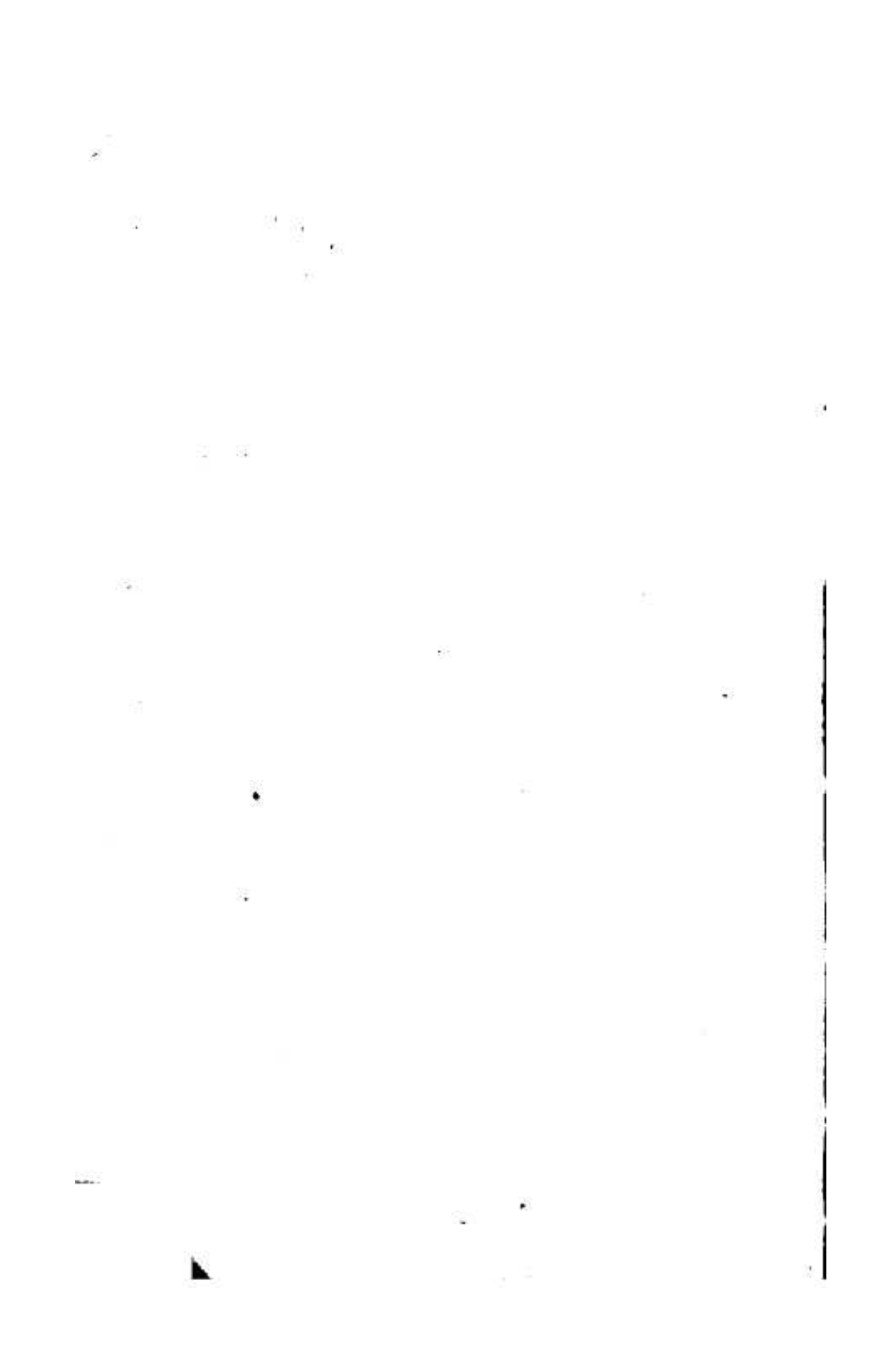
MY CHILDREN, AND THEIR MOTHER,

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED,

BY THE AUTHOR;

AND ALSO TO THE MEMORY OF AN HONORED MERCHANT,

WOR 19 FEB '36



# A PICTURE OF LIFE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION.

**I**N the rock of distance Columbus saw the Statue of America, and cut it out in 1492.

Ferdinand kindly cheered him, and Queen Isabella sold her jewels to provide the artist with his costly tools.

By the magic power of enterprise, the statue became alive, and its cheeks glowed with beauty and health.

Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Holland, and Russia coveted the maiden, and seized hold of her garments.

In 1776, the maiden withdrew her hand from England, but allowed some of her tresses to fall on the British throne, where they still linger lovingly. Since then one hundred years have bloomed and faded.

But this one thing we desire : from the lofty corri-



dors of this Centennial—1876—to send down through all the ages to come, this beseeching cry, “ Oh, ye giddy-minded men and women,—youths and maidens,—what treasure do ye hope to take to the Centennial of the Ages—Time’s grand Review—The Judgment Day, where the Judge is the King Eternal, and the least prize secures an immortality of honor and bliss ?”

Cheer up, ye fallen ones, stand carefully, ye that have not fallen, and form this resolve, “ By God’s help we will take ourselves, and our children.”

Should this cry be heard, and the memory of this first American Centennial be kept green, this Picture of Life will not be drawn in vain.

Very deeply indeed do we realize the dignity and the solemnity of life. But there are cares and troubles as well as dignities and solemnities.

In order that for a season ye may forget your troubles and be refreshed against the burden of your cares, listen kindly while we strive to please you.

Some form of entertainment is a necessity of our nature. Why is it that the aged man is willing to take his seat in the corner and his wife to take hers in the opposite corner? It is simply because having solved the problem of life, they now live in Memory-land.

They have nearly made the voyage of Time. They began the trip in childhood—gathering the flowers



that adorned the shore. In manhood and womanhood, they breasted the storm. They went far out upon the deep—now tossed up to the very stars—and now plunged down, down to the depths.

But they fainted not—and at length the winds died, and the waves, though long sobbing, like a troubled child fell asleep on their mother's breast,

And in the cottage on the shore,  
They tell life's story o'er and o'er.

## CHAPTER II.

SERIOUSLY, almost sullenly, came a lad into a Kentucky school-room, nearly fifty years ago.

He took his accustomed place, and opened out his book to study; but the tears dulled his vision.

He was a goodly lad to look upon—straight as an arrow, and light-stepping as a fawn.

He had red cheeks and a white forehead; soft plentiful hair, and bright eyes, of so dark a grey as to seem nearly black. The boy's name was Jonathan Boone; but for brevity's sake he was called "Johnnie Booney."

Soon after, two other lads entering the school-room with boisterous manners and flushed faces, were halted by these words of the master, "Boys, what excuse for your delay?"

The elder, while a frown rested on his brow, replied,

"Johnnie Booney."

So sad a charge against so kind a boy must be investigated, and forthwith the lad and his accusers stand face to face.

*Master.*—Henry, make known thy charges.