

with the foot of the able leg in the stirrup, and the wounded leg brought up, at the knee joint, over the shoulder of the horse, or pommel of the saddle, as found least painful or inconvenient. The horse could not be suffered to go at any other pace than a walk, and therefore he walked me all through the night, stopping occasionally for our needed refreshment of food. During a great part of the night snow was falling, but in a moderate manner, and shortly after daylight I reached the inn about nine miles from town, where I hired a wheel carriage, and arrived at my friend's house on Thursday morning in time for breakfast, and for the meeting of the House.

This exploit, if it may be so named, soon became very generally known in town, and was talked about in some circles for a day or two. But, after all that may be said of it, it was not any wonderful achievement, but merely such as any young or even middle-aged man could perform, by a firm and fixed determination to accomplish it.

I have often been reminded of the following saying of that eccentric writer,—Rev. Laurence Sterne, the author of that strange work, "Tristram Shandy,"—
"Man betrays his own resources *ten* times, where nature does it *once*. There are many men, who in all stages of their lives, through their laziness and cowardice are like the slothful person mentioned in the Scripture proverb, and say,—I cannot go forth, "there is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets."

In here concluding this Treatise, I think I may fairly express the confidence, that I have even more