

to the groom about what I had suffered; he gave a command to the groom who made the pony ready and then put me carefully on its back; I took the bridle and was led by the groom on our way to my mother's house. When the groom knocked at the door, she opened it, and at first she looked very glad, but she afterwards changed her behaviour when he told her of my affliction. I was brought in and laid on the sofa. When the night drew on, the doctor and friends attended me, and applied seven leeches which sucked the bruised blood out of my leg, as it was swelling very much, but it soon got well.

At one time my father bought a goat; he paid one sovereign to the man for the goat; it was very useful and supplied us with milk. My father built a small house for the goat to live in; I used to take pleasure sometimes in cleaning it out; the goat always butted with its head whenever I put my hand or foot to its head, this it always did. Was not this very funny? One day my eldest brother, William, and myself, took pleasure in riding on the goat's back, which made it very furious, and it ran awkwardly round a tree several times, so that we nearly fell off. I did not recollect how long it was, but after this my second brother, named John, and myself, amused ourselves very much; he tied the goat with a rope to a long heavy trunk which it could draw, that I wondered how of its strength, it ran through the gate from the garden to my father, who was making a rabbit cage, when he saw the goat, he boxed my ears for some minutes, he smiled, "dear father" answered I to him, that I did not intend to hurt, but my brother tied it himself—he did not confess it. Some weeks after, my father determined to sell the goat again, so I was ordered and led the goat with a string by my hands, and passed along with him from our homes and went through the marshes a long distance, and came in sight of a tavern on the railroad side. Dear friends, you see the tavern that I would not drink any strong liquors, nor taste the drops of them at all, for fear it will bring me into poverty. I am, in habits, a teetotaler. Before I reached the tavern, my father took fun and tried to go backward, and left me, however the goat followed him constantly as I could not draw it to the tavern. After that, as we came into the tavern, where a certain man who bought and paid