

to join in the fun, I partake in the general uproar. Yes? The sound is still in my ears, or the remembrance. But the cows had a glorious time, and so had we to get them out again.

Watching the cows one morning (this time by myself when it all happened)

At one corner of the paddock underneath the sod fence, ^{a hole had been made} so as to let the water, that was dammed up on the opposite side, divert into the ditch to supply the cows with their drinking water. The water so dammed up would be at least about two feet deep. This particular morning, I was standing on the top of the fence leaning ^{over} on a rail (which had been placed there and nailed to two upright stakes, placed there really to "mend a gap") & admiring myself by seeing myself reflected in the water. In the same manner as the stag mentioned in our school book:

This stag quenching his thirst in a clear stream was struck by the beauty of his horns, at the same time reflecting on the slowness of

his legs, said, What a pity it is that so fine a creature as I am should be furnished with a so despicable set of spindleshanks, just then he heard the cry of the hounds, and he made off with all speed into the forest, but his horns or antlers, of which he had been so proud, became entangled in the branches, and he was held there until the hounds came up, and killed him. He realised when too late, that his legs had been made for use, & his horns for ornament, & the ornament was of little use in danger, and but for them he would have escaped the hounds. But to get back to myself, whilst reflecting & viewing myself, suddenly the rail I was leaning ^{on} broke, and I found myself floundering in the water below. However I got out as quickly as possible, stripped myself of all my wet clothes and laid them out on the fence to dry in the sun, & continued to mind the cows, naked