

and then a bit of bunkum, and that some things are made out of whole cloth altogether. It's nateral for others to think so, Squire; and who cares what the plague they *do* think? But you ought to know and be better sartified, I reckon, than to get into a wrong pew that way. I shouldn't wonder a morsel, if you publish them, that folks will say my talk and correspondence with great statesmen to England and sich big bugs, was the onlikeliest thing in the world.

Well, so it is, but it is a nateral truth for all that. Facts are stranger than fiction, for things happen sometimes that never entered into the mind of man to imagine or invent. You know what my position was as *attaché* to our embassy at the court of St. James Victoria, and that I was *chargé* when ambassador went to Oxford and made that splendiferous speech to the old dons, to advise them to turn Unitarians, and made a tour of the country and spoke like a ten-horse steam-engine on agriculture, at the protection dinners; and it was ginnerally allowed that his was the best orations on the subject ever heard, tho' it's well known to home he couldn't tell a field of oats from a field of peas, nor mangels from turnips, if he was to be stoned to death with the old Greek books at the college, and buried