

There is a work called "The Horse," and another called "The Cow," and "The Dog," and so on; why should n't there be one on "The Galls?" They are about the most difficult to choose and to manage of any created critter, and yet there aint any dependable directions about pickin' and choosin' of them. I it any wonder then so many fellows get taken in when they go for to swap hearts with them? Besides, any one can find a gentleman that keeps a livery-stable to get him a horse to order; but who can say, "This is the gall for your money?"

No, Sir, it is a business that must be done by yourself, and no one else. I guess this will be the last of my rambles, and I hope to see you while I am spyin' into the wigwams in your diggins. I must say I feel kinder lonely here sometimes, tho' I aint an idle man nother, and can turn my hand to anythin' amost; but still there is days when there is nothin' that just suits to go at to fill up the gap, and them's the times we want a friend and companion. I have spent some wet spells and everlastin' long winter evenins lately in overhaulin' my papers completin' of them, and finishin' up the reckonin' of many a pleasant, and some considerable boisterous days passed in different locations since we last parted. I have an idee you would like to see them, and have packed them all up; and if I don't meet you, I guess I'll give them to a careful hand who will deliver them safe along with my sayin's and doin's on this trip.

I haven't methodized them yet; they are promiscuous, like my trunk. When I put my hand in for a stock, in a general way, I am as like to pull out a pair of stockings as not, and when I fish for stockings, I am pretty sure to haul up a pocket-handkercher. Still they are all there, and they are just as well that way as any other, for there aint what you call a connected thread to them. Some of them that's wrote out fair was notched down at the time, and others are related from memory. I am most afeard sometime, tho' I had'n't ought to be, that you'll think there is a bit of brag here and there, and now and then a bit of buncum, 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 git into a wrong pew that way. I should n'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