

I returned to Stourbridge, where I baited to get some refreshment, and wait the coach for Hales Owen, in an old-fashioned inn, with its overhanging gable of mingled beam and brick fronting the street, and its some six or seven rooms on the ground-floor, opening in succession into each other like the rattles of a snake's tail. Three solid-looking Englishmen, two of them farmers evidently, the third a commercial traveller, had just sat down to a late dinner; and, on the recommendation of the hostess, I drew in a chair and formed one of the party. A fourth Englishman, much a coxcomb apparently, greatly excited, and armed with a whip, was pacing the floor of the room in which we sat; while in an outer room of somewhat inferior pretensions, there was another Englishman, also armed with a whip, and also pacing the floor; and the two, each from his own apartment, were prosecuting an angry and noisy dispute together. The outer-room Englishman was a groom,—the inner-room Englishman deemed himself a gentleman. They had both got at the races into the same gig, the property of the innkeeper, and quarrelled about who should drive. The groom had argued his claim on the plea that he was the better driver of the two, and that driving along a crowded race-ground was *difficult and dangerous*: the coxcomb had insisted on driving, because he liked to drive, and because, he said, he did n't choose to be driven in such a public place by a groom. The groom retorted, that though a groom, he was as good a man as he was, for all his fine coat, — perhaps a better man; and so the

sorrows, in the form of a nightingale, over the tomb of Zuleika. “For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit birds,” says the poet, “we need not travel to the east: Lord Lyttelton's ghost story, and many other instances, bring this superstition nearer home.” The Lord Westcote, Lord Lyttelton's uncle, who related the story to Johnson, succeeded to the title and estate, and the present Lord Lyttelton is, I believe, Lord Westcote's grandson.