

controversy went on, till the three solid Englishmen, worried at their meal by the incessant noise, interfered in behalf of the groom. "Thou bee'st a foolish man," said one of the farmers to the coxcomb; "better to be driven by a groom than to wrangle with a groom."—"Foolish man!" iterated the other farmer, "thou's would have broken the groom's neck and thee's own."—"Ashamed," exclaimed the commercial gentleman, "to be driven by a groom, at such a time as this,—the groom a good driver too, and, for all that appears, an honest man! I don't think any one should be ashamed to be driven by a groom; I know I would n't."—"The first un-English thing I have seen in England," said I: "I thought you English people were above littlenesses of that kind."—"Thank you, gentlemen, thank you," exclaimed the voice from the other room; "I was sure I was right. He's a low fellow: I would box him for sixpence." The coxcomb muttered something between his teeth, and stalked into the apartment beyond that in which we sat; the commercial gentleman thrust his tongue into his cheek as he disappeared; and we were left to enjoy our pudding in peace. It was late and long this evening ere the *six o'clock* coach started for Hales Owen. At length, a little after eight, when the night had fairly set in, and crowds on crowds had come pouring into the town from the distant race-ground, away it rumbled, stuck over with a double fare of passengers, jammed on before and behind, and occupying to the full every square foot atop.

Though sorely be-elbowed and be-kneed, we had a jovial ride. England was merry England this evening in the neighborhood of Stourbridge. We passed cart, and wagon, and gig, parties afoot and parties on horseback; and there was a free interchange of gibe and joke, hail and halloo. There seemed to be more hearty mirth and less intemperance afloat