

in England, and a not inadequate idea of the kind of quiet, comfortable-looking people whom I might expect to meet in a second-class carriage. But my fellow-passengers this evening were of a different stamp. They were chiefly, almost exclusively indeed, of the male sex, — vulgar, noisy, ruffian-like fellows, full of coarse oaths and dogged asseverations, and singularly redolent of gin; and I was quite glad enough, when the train stopped at the Wolverton station, that I was to get rid of them. At the station, however, they came out *en masse*. All the other carriages disgorged similar cargoes; and I found myself in the middle of a crowd that represented very unfairly the people of England. It was now nine o'clock. I had intended passing the night in the inn at Wolverton, and then walking on in the morning to Olney, a distance of nine miles; but when I came to the inn, I found it all ablaze with light, and all astir with commotion. Candles glanced in every window; and a thorough Babel of sound — singing, quarrelling, bell-ringing, thumping, stamping, and the clatter of mugs and glasses — issued from every apartment. I turned away from the door, and met, under the lee of a fence which screened him from observation, a rural policeman. "What is all this about?" I asked. — "Do you not know?" was the reply. — "No; I am quite a stranger here." — "Ah, there are many strangers here. But do you not know?" — "I have no idea whatever," I reiterated: "I am on my way to Olney, and had intended spending the night here; but would prefer walking on, to passing it in such a house as that." — "O, beg pardon; I thought you had been one of themselves: Bendigo of Nottingham has challenged Caunt of London to fight for the championship. The battle comes on to-morrow, somewhere hereabouts; and we have got all the blackguards in England, south and north, let loose upon us. If you walk on to Newport Pagnell, — just four miles, —