

particularly classical. My conductress pointed to one signature, in especial, which was, she said, an object of great curiosity, and which a "most respectable person," — "*just after the execution,*" — had come a day's journey to see. It was that of the hapless "John Tawell, Great Birkenstead, Hants," who about two years ago was hung for the murder of his mistress. It had been added to the less celebrated names, for so the legend bore, on the "21st day of seventh month 1842;" and just beside it some kind friend of the deceased had added, by way of postscript, the significant hieroglyphic of a minute human figure, suspended on a gibbet, with the head rather uncomfortably twisted awry.

I had made several unsuccessful attempts to procure a guide acquainted with the walks of the poet, and had inquired of my conductress (an exceedingly obliging person, I may mention, — housekeeper of the gentleman to whom the outermost of the two gardens belongs), as of several others, whether she knew any one at once willing and qualified to accompany me for part of the day in that capacity. But she could bethink herself of nobody. Just, however, as we stepped out from the garden into the street, there was an old woman in a sad-colored cloak, and bearing under the cloak a bulky basket, passing by. "O!" said the housekeeper, "there is just the person that knows more about Cowper than any one else. She was put to school, when a little girl, by Mrs. Unwin, and was much about her house at Weston-Underwood. Gossip, gossip! come hither." And so I secured the old woman as my guide; and we set out together for Weston and the pleasure-grounds of the Throckmortons. She was seventy-one, she said; but she walked every day with her basket from Weston-Underwood to Olney, — sometimes, indeed, twice in the day, — to shop and market for her neighbors. She had now got a basket of fresh herrings,