

colored, square-shouldered, deep-chested, English-looking man, with good sense and frank good-humor broadly impressed on every feature. The warm day and the long walk had rendered me exceedingly thirsty: I had been drinking, as I came along, at every runnel; and I now asked the landlord whether he could not get me something to slake my drought less heady than his ale. "O," said his companion, taking from his pocket half a dozen fine jargonelle pears, and sweeping them towards me across the old oak table, "these are the things for your thirst." I thanked him, and picked out of the heap a single pear. "O," he exclaimed, in the same tone of refreshing frankness, "take all, take all; they are all of my own rearing; I have abundance more on my trees at home." With so propitious a beginning, we were soon engaged in conversation. He was, as I afterwards learned from my host, a very worthy man, Mr. Hales, of Pemberton, the last, or nearly the last, of the race of old English yeomen in this part of the country. His ancestors had held their small property of a few fields for centuries, and he continued to hold it still. He well remembered Cowper, he told me; Newton had left Olney before his day, some sixty-five or sixty-six years ago; but of Thomas Scott he had some slight recollection. The connection of these men with the locality had exerted, he said, a marked influence on the theologic opinions and beliefs of the people; and there were few places in England, in consequence, in which the Puseyistic doctrines had made less way. The old parishioners of Newton and Scott, and the town's folk and neighbors of Cowper, had felt, of course, an interest in their writings; and so there were more copies of the "Poems," and the "Cardiphonia," and the "Force of Truth," and the "Essays," scattered over the place, than over perhaps any other locality in England. And so the truth was at least known in Olney, and its neigh-