

nor to cast a shade of suspicion on its reality as a principle of conduct.

In the middle of a weary ascent immediately over the old yeoman's hamlet of Pemberton, the horse that dragged us fairly stood still: and so we had to get out and walk; and though we paced over the ground quite leisurely enough, both vehicle and driver were left far behind ere we got to the top of the hill. We paused, and paused, and sauntered on for a few hundred yards at a time, and then paused again and again; and still no omnibus. At length, the driver came puffing up behind us afoot, on the way to Newport Pagnell, he said, for another "hanimal," for his "poor hoss" had foundered on that "cussed hill." My fellow-traveller, the presumed deacon, proved considerably more communicative than his companion the minister. He had, I found, notwithstanding his gravity, some town-bred smartness about him, and was just a little conceited withal; or, I should perhaps rather say, was not quite devoid of what constitutes the great innate impression of the true Englishman, — an impression of his own superiority, simply in virtue of his country, over all and sundry who speak his language with an accent not native to the soil. But I never yet quarrelled with a feeling at once so comfortable and so harmless, and which the Scotch — though in a form less personal as it regards the individual entertaining it, and with an eye more to Scotland in the average — cherish as strongly; and so the Englishman and I agreed during our walk excellently well. He had unluckily left his hat in the vehicle, bringing with him instead, what served as his coach-cap, a pinched Glengary bonnet, which, it must be confessed, looked nearly as much out of place on his head as Captain Knockdunder's cocked hat, trimmed with gold lace, when mounted high over philabeg and plaid, on the head of the redoubted