

company enjoy some beef and bread, ere they retire for the night, let me have a word with thee before thou art disgusted with this long letter, and hast left the remainder unread.

Art thou a lady? Well, I fervently hope I am honoured with such a reader. Now tell me, did that distance of "twenty-six miles" seem very long to thee? Dost thou impeach my veracity? I protest Madam, I have told the truth. Yes, and I will surprise thee yet more. I am acquainted with young ladies in England, who spend a few weeks every year in walking not less than 20 miles a day. In Scotland, Norway, Switzerland or elsewhere they travel to see grand scenery, and they travel on foot. Now thou hast never walked five miles a day in all thy life; thou hast even grumbled at walking half a mile to church. Dost thou charge with vulgarity these healthy English beauties, for using those powers of locomotion which in America the sex has ceased to recognize? They must plead guilty, and when it is considered that such trivial things as good health, beauty, and a freshness at forty which American ladies lost at six and twenty, are the only results of this outdoor exercise (which, by the way in a smaller degree they take daily), we must all join with thee in censuring them for refusing to give up a mode of exercise which they hold in common with the meanest beggar. That thou mayst see these English damsels in the fulness of their folly, let me add that I am acquainted with some who have taken the highest standing at Ladies Academies, who have even attended the Ladies Classes at University College, and who despite the pride of birth, and the splendour of talents, and the thoroughness of education, have stooped to learn all the mysteries of the kitchen, at the "School of Cookery," in Kensington, yonder.

Yes, my fidelity to facts compels me to state the whole, and it must be added, that music such as Mozart or Handel discoursed, has more than once lost all its charms for me, when I reflected that these handsome, shining fingers had taken their turn in lighting fires, kneading dough, scouring pots and pans. And then in agony of soul I have asked myself "Will these English people never learn that ladies are degraded by knowing how to perform such menial services? Can they not understand that it is better to be pillaged by servants, on account of the mistress' ignorance of their duties, than to have her dignity compromised by any acquaintance with the kitchen." Further, my estimable countryman, I can go to show thy—Why our party has finished breakfast and is leaving Guilford.

A walk of eight miles in less than two

hours brings us to Ash. This part of Surrey is quite hilly, and our road lay along a range of hills, which commanded a fine view for many miles around. Apart from the beauties of the scenery, I enjoyed myself exceedingly by enquiring of all whom we met the distance to Ash. "It's four miles" said A. We passed another milestone and again enquired, "Full six miles," said B. And thus we walked, and to all accounts the village was receding faster than we approached it, till our last informant, when the village was in sight, declared he did not know the distance, but thought "it might be four miles." In fact I never met with people who have such crude ideas of distance. To some hundred enquiries, I am not certain that ten correct answers were obtained; and yet the people were always obliging and ready to direct us.

Of the Villages something must be said. They have neither the life and business of Canadian Villages, nor the beauty and cleanliness of English peasant homes. They are old, dirty, stagnated. The larger ones, such as Guilford, supply every comfort to the traveller, the smaller are not always to be relied on. We had expected one day to dine at a little village called Walton St. Laurence. We had walked many miles, were footsore, weary and oh, how hungry! No signs of life were visible at our approach, presently several children were seen playing in the gutter, and their enjoyment was evidently at its height, when our approach, I am sorry to own, interrupted them. They pointed towards the inn, which we soon entered. Our captain, as usual, ordered dinner, but things were not favorable.

"Can you give us mutton-chops for four" said he. "No," said our host, "but I'll give you some bread and cheese at once." "But we must have mutton." "Well my wife's away and you can't have it, so I'll bring you some good cheese." "My dear sir," we remonstrated, "'tis now 4 o'clock, and we have had no dinner; if we go to yonder butcher shop and bring some mutton, will you have it cooked?"

"Gentlemen," roared he in a hoarse guttural tone, "my wife's away, I'm alone," and stroking a protuberant waistcoat concluded, "I can't leave the tap."

This gentleman, who was *not* a fair specimen of inn-keepers, we left at his tap and proceeded to buy some mutton to carry to the next inn. But lo! the mutton was exhausted, and the next inn had nothing, not even cheese, on we staggered, like hungry beggars, till we finally got some salt ham and eggs.

What has been said of this country village applies, with some slight modification to all of the same class. Though

delighted with the country, we did not learn to love the villages.

Now let me give you another glance at a little village. We have passed through Berkshire and are in Buckinghamshire. At Chalfont, St. Giles, as at every village, there are two or three inns. Here Milton once lived, and we are inquiring the house at one of those inns. The smart little bar-maid is about twelve years of age. I began by asking her if any great men were buried in the church yard there.

"No Sir, I never heard of any bigger than six feet," said she.

"Ah! Did Milton once live here?" asked I.

"Yes Sir, the house is up the hill."

And now anxious to see if she knew where he was buried, I asked again, "Was Milton buried here?"

"I do not know Sir," was the answer, "he wasn't living when I came here."

Amid convulsions of laughter we ascended the hill but, with due reverence peered curiously about that old brick house, whose timbers are visible through the mouldering exterior. Nor did we hasten thence, we leaned over the fence where the divine bard had often stood, and while in solemn silence we marked that humble cottage, one, at least, believed in a Heaven where Milton sits,

"And drinks his full of pure immortal streams."

Now, I have not space for the most interesting scene of all--the village church, and the service on Easter Sunday. I had intended to describe the fat vicar with £800 a year, a private income, and a married fortune, who preached for 15 minutes on the disappointments of life; to bring your readers to our inn directly after service, where the church warden and others assembled to test our landlady's beer and spirits; to give them scraps of our conversation on church matters, among which the oracular church warden declared the day was coming when churches must be voluntarily supported—but I have not room. Yet must I tell you of that church meeting in a village through which we passed on Monday. *It was held in the inn*, which, as usual stands opposite the church. We were having refreshments as the people entered. I have not heard the issue of the meeting, but fear they would not be unanimous for as each one ordered his "drinks" I observed that no two called for the same. Some took brandy, others whiskey, others a mixture of ale and brandy, &c., but all were different. One of our company profanely hinted they had assembled to determine on the local beverage for the next quarter, but their real business seems to have been the election of church officers. Whatever disadvantages attend such a place of meeting to transact church business, one