

thing indeed was wanting, which money failed to obtain, and that was a wife. His frequent absence, his roving and precarious life, were no temptations to his former fair school-mates, and though John had a near prospect of a grey head, and his fortieth year, none had ever heard him sigh for the pleasing charms of wedlock. It was indeed reported that a young damsel, now a doughty maiden of thirty-five, had received, and rejected his addresses, and that his heart had ever since remained proof against all amorous attacks. His only love, his most devoted attachment, was bestowed on his trade; his honesty, punctuality, and well-known responsibility, procured for him a large share of patronage. Unwearied and alone, he pursued his way over the greater part of England; alone, did I say? no; the only being for whom he evinced any extraordinary feeling—his faithful, old, and well-trained dog, trotted at his side, and momentarily cast a glance of affection towards his master.

In this way he left the hostelry of the "Heifer," reflecting seriously on the inquisitive curiosity of the Scot, and distrustful of the appearance of his companion. He had with him a large sum of money, chiefly in notes, and he felt desirous of reaching the next village, about ten miles distant, while the moon shone, and rendered the travelling comparatively safe. The atmosphere was beautifully clear, not a single cloud met his eye, as he threw a cautious glance around: the grass, the hedges, the trees, the very road, sparkled with hoar-frost, that seemed to reflect, as in unnumbered mirrors, the bright beams of the moon, and the glittering rays of the twinkling stars. Though he had travelled all the day, weariness did not oppress him, but his step was as elastic, and his eye as sprightly, as when he rose from his morning slumbers to commence the labors of the day. Nearly two hours had flown, and yet the expected village was not in sight, the well-known spire did not rise from its embowering grove to cheer the lone traveller, and he beheld, with no ordinary anxiety, the moon gradually sinking behind the western hills. Fear—a strange and undefined sensation crept over his mind; horrid tales of highway robbers, and mid-night assassins, rose from the recollections of his childhood, and though good fortune had ever spared him the displeasure of such an encounter, still, he verily believed that it might be his turn yet. To tell the truth, although John was usually undaunted in danger, he was now but illy prepared for a demonstration of his pugnacious qualities;—darkness had succeeded the uncommon brilliancy of the night; the cold, before unfelt, while visible objects engrossed the attention, became piercing and painful; light fleecy clouds swept hurriedly over the face of

Heaven, and the wind awoke with low and mournful music. John drew his upper garment more closely around him, and as he turned up his well-furred collar for the protection of his face against the driving snow, he muttered something of "snow-drifts, and the comforts of the chimney-corner," and then relapsed into silence. He had advanced but a short distance when he was startled by a low and rough growl, and pausing, he saw the fiery balls of his companion's eyes gleaming fearfully through the gloom. Again he uttered a discontented whine; the drover strained his hearing, attempting to catch the sound of any approaching danger, but the gusts of wind constantly sweeping around, rendered every effort unavailing; suddenly, however, a rumbling sound broke on his ear, and the next instant his eye could distinguish a light, covered cart, flying against the storm, as swiftly as a feather might have been borne upon it. It was impossible to hail it, and perhaps useless; he therefore bade Tray keep quiet, and pursued his way with renewed confidence, which was greatly increased on discovering that his journey was nearly at an end, and his apprehensions entirely unfounded.

It was usual with him on arriving at this part of the road, to send Tray forward to his well-known stopping place to give notice of his coming; and calling the dog to him, he patted his head and bade him "hie on." The animal bounded forward as if perfectly conscious of the importance of his mission, but scarce had the sound of his feet died away, before his loud bark came redoubled and fiercely on the air as if in contest with some one. The drover hastened onward, and to his astonishment discovered a man in furious battle with the dog, with difficulty defending himself with a heavy cudgel from his incessant and spirited attacks.

"In the name of fury," shouted John Workman, the equilibrium of his usual calmness destroyed by this unexampled impudence on the part of Tray; "in the name of Satan—you whelp of the devil—down! down!—Ah! bite, will you?" and he interlarded these exclamations and interrogations with a few well applied blows with his whip, that brought the animal crouching to his feet. "I ask pardon, friend," he continued, addressing the stranger, who stood leaning on his club, puffing and blowing from complete exhaustion, "has this unruly cur done you any injury?" "The dog is a carnivorous animal," said the stranger, wiping his brow; "and his muscular conformation has been peculiarly adapted for seizing and retaining, *unguibus ac dentibus*, all soft and yielding substances."

"Corni—ung—yes, yes, he can bite," observed the drover, doubtfully, and endeavoring to comprehend more fully the unaccu-