

ten gallows, the ancient and ghastly sign-board, and there perhaps it still swings.

But, avoiding unnecessary digression, we will introduce the reader to the inn itself, a compound of wood and stone of various forms and dates, of but one story, and containing under its ample roof several rooms beside the general sitting and drinking apartment, which was entered immediately from the front. This apartment, ornamented by its bar, its shining pewters, and the more shining face of the veteran tapster, offered at least one convenience at the season of which we write; the vast expanse of fire-place was piled with well dried faggots, that sent a roaring torrent of flame up the chimney, and diffused a cheerful gleam among the group that clustered around the hearth. It was a cold, frosty night in November; the moon careered in her silver chariot through a cloudless sky, and the cricket chirped in the corner, as if in unison with the old fashioned clock that everlastingly ticked-ticked above its resting-place. There were ranged about the fire, four persons, (including mine host) whose features and expressions were fully revealed by the broad blaze, at which all gazed vacantly during a long pause in the conversation, only interrupted by a deep draught, and a long drawn sigh, as the liquor found its way to its destination.

"I say, old Harry, another flagon!" shouted one of the guests, into the ear of the nodding publican, as he despatched the contents of a huge measure, "another flagon!" fore George, your malt has been well managed, old one."

The speaker was rather tall, and of a slender though muscular frame; his hair, dark as the raven's wing, curled profusely over his head, and luxuriated in a formidable pair of jetty whiskers, his eye was deep, restless, and fiery, and his whole demeanor testified that he was better off than one half of the world, and as independent as the other. At his loud summons the host bustled about with habitual alacrity, and soon satisfied his obstreperous wants. Of the other two travellers, the one was a short and somewhat plethoric body, with reddish sandy hair, gray eyes, and a huge mouth armed with a complement of the finest ivory; unlike the careless and rather tawdry dress of the tall stranger, his dreadnought of stout woolly cloth, betokened a deal of respect for his personal convenience; and the grave and severe expression of his embrowned features was hailed with no pleasurable emotions by the third individual of the group.

"It's a braw night," quoth he of the dreadnought, to the silent figure at his side, "ye ha doubtless travelled mony a mile in the twinkle o' the moon—ye ha may be been aboon Lun-

nun wi' yer quadrupeds and the journey is no that easy in these times?"

"And why not?—the roads are good, and the air makes one stir briskly, if he would not have his fingers chilled. But I did not say that I had been to Lond'n."

"Na—na—very true, but the bit whippie in your hand, wi' its knock down physiognomy, made me opine ye kenned the distinction between a cow and a sheep, and ye lo'ed the gowd o' the Lunnuners o'er weel, not to take yer beasties there. A gude market is Lunnun?—if Ise mistaken, mayhap ye would inform me?"

To this interrogatory, characteristic as it was of the nativity of speaker, the drover returned *no direct* answer. "I have heard it said, that one might meet with a worse sale for his cattle than in the great city, but there are many towns between this and there, where the folks do not expect to get what is good without paying for it."

The gentleman of the whiskers listened with interest to this cross questioning, but observing its object waxing uneasy, he at once put a stop to its continuance. "Let him alone, Sawney, have you no manners, hold that wagging tongue within its walls."

"As yer honor wulls; only I don't see the harm of speering at the truth, if a man be honest and worthy like."

"Thank ye, gentlemen," said the drover, as he finished his can of ale, "thank ye both, but I shall be under the necessity of pushing a few miles further before the little hours, and it is scarce nine o' the clock yet. A merry sitting to you, friends." So saying, he paid the reckoning, whistled to his dog, that rose lazily from his snug corner, and left the house.

John Workman was one of these men, who, with a moderate degree of shrewdness, and an unwearied perseverance, have raised themselves from dependence and poverty to a competent livelihood, who are rich enough to be idle, but not too proud to labor. Long habitude in the occupation of a drover, had rendered its constant pursuit almost a matter of necessity; he seemed at a loss when unengaged in its duties, and he therefore continued to flourish his long-lashed whip, and shout forth commands to his obedient herds, as they proceeded to some populous city, even to the metropolis, there to satisfy the wants or luxurious whims of the purse-proud cits. It was indeed whispered that plodding John, (as he was familiarly called,) had other motives in visiting London than the mere sale of his live stock. The profits which previous industry had realized, were said to be vested in city property, and that he sometimes returned to his "grazing" with more money in his purse than all his horned cattle were worth, to improve his grounds, to enlarge his business, and increase the comforts of domestic life. One