

filled with terrific images, and although he was unable to recal them distinctly, yet the bare and confused recollection caused an involuntary shudder. Reverting to more distant objects, the scenes of his misfortune rose strongly defined and colored, and joy at his providential deliverance overpowering every other emotion, a gush of tears poured over his hollow and flushed cheeks, and relieved the unwonted pressure. A slight repast of nourishing food, served him by an attentive matron, revived him still more; and when after a few hours the physician returned, he expressed a desire to hear all that had befallen him since his loss of consciousness.

A few words sufficed to explain. A passing carriage, which arrived immediately after the catastrophe, had discovered and borne him to the present shelter, where his wounds had been examined; and though they at first appeared mortal, yet, with attention and care their unfavorable symptoms declined; his recovery from the delirium which succeeded had been hourly watched with patience and anxiety, as well for the restoration of Workman's health, as also that he might best inform the outraged villagers of the perpetrators of the crime, for no clue was yet discovered to the really guilty, in despite of every precaution and minute inquiry. Certain footmarks had been measured, and also a print in the snow of a human form, known from its size not to be that of the unfortunate drover. As the drover heard the narrative of the kind Providence that had interposed between him and destruction, and had snatched him from the strong grasp of death in his veriest extremity, his heart swelled within him, and overflowed with gratitude that he could not find words to express. Each day rendered the prospect of his recovery more cheering and certain, and, on the first opportunity, in an interview with an attendant officer of the police, he disclosed all the particulars of the transaction, from the time of his rencontre at the "Heifer," to the last scene in the appalling tragedy. It was done more for the sake of form than any reasonable hope of success; especially as the evident disguise of the parties concerned, rendered a recognition extremely difficult and improbable. No pains, however, were spared to set on foot a legal investigation.

It now becomes necessary, for the sake of brevity, to change the scene of our narrative to the metropolis, where an active and energetic police had already been possessed of the full particulars relative to the robbery and intended murder; and well knowing the course of conduct usually pursued by such villains, a silent but unremitting search had been instituted within the precinct of London. The only guide in the mysterious labyrinth that involved the whole affair, consisted simply of

the following facts:—the description of the disguised individuals, and the measurement of the marks imprinted on the snow—both too insignificant to point suspicion in any definite direction. The landlord of the "Heifer," and the hostess, where the travellers had last been seen, were both interrogated, and their houses underwent the strictest scrutiny, but not the most trifling satisfaction was obtained. Both denied ever having seen the robbers before, and no proof could be adduced of the falsity of their testimony. In these embarrassing difficulties, it was thought proper to entrust the management of the business to a single man of tried courage, the most unyielding perseverance, and subtle cunning investing him with plenary authority, and giving orders to spare no time or exertions, but confine his whole attention to this particular subject. Day after day passed in fruitless wandering among the herds of guilty wretches that infest the land, and defy the arm of justice in the concealments of the city; the gaming table, the theatre, all were searched in vain.

"A long and a short!" said Storming Willie, (as he was familiarly called) while he turned over his papers with a puzzled air;—"a long—strong—thin; a short—thick—sandy—Scotch; humph! many such here, but not the thing; here have I been three days hard at work, and no game; let me see, 'twas done in the west—aye, well—yet they must be in town; it is the nature of the rogues to love company; money too—then they didn't walk—no, no, their laziness would rather be humoured—they will be for riding to London—in the coach it may be."

Full of a new idea, and as blithe as a hunter who has struck on the Fox's trail, he made haste to divest himself of his official appearance, and proceeded forthwith to one of the western stage offices where daily arrivals poured into the city. Here, on making the necessary inquiries as if for two of his friends, he was overjoyed at learning that as late as the day before, two persons of the appearance designated had arrived, and were set down at a quarter which was pointed out. Even the names under which they travelled he found no difficulty in obtaining, which, whether true or false, might prove of some utility.—On the wings of hope, yet trembling with dread of disappointment, he flew to — street, after obtaining the proper papers;—night had just set in, and seeing a house of entertainment close at hand, he bade his subalterns await his return, and entered, seating himself in a secluded corner and calling for a flagon of ale. Whilst endeavoring to mature a plan of operation, numerous persons passed to and fro, of all ages and sizes, but none of that peculiar formation which he longed to lay his hands upon. Once indeed he start-