

has been told, on oath, that—' (here the speaker's voice faltered, as if with the embarrassment of conscious falsehood,) 'that you are bent on taking away her life—that—that—never be happy till you are removed from England.'

"What!" exclaimed Fowler, nearly at the top of his voice, involuntarily recoiling from the speaker, rising for a moment from his seat, and elevating his hands with amazement.

The speaker proceeded, but in a somewhat broken tone. "It matters not whether you deny it or not, or even whether it be true or false in itself—it is *believed*; and the lady will die of terror, or you must quit for foreign parts, where she will handsomely provide for you." Fowler continued silent; but the person who had been speaking to him observed that so much of his face as was not concealed by the bandage over his eyes was become of a corpse-like colour.

"Every thing has been done to persuade the lady that you mean her no harm; it *has*, indeed." The speaker paused, as if waiting for a reply; but poor Fowler spoke not. He seemed utterly stunned by what he had heard. There was a dead silence in the room for some time.

"Fowler," said the voice, in a gentle tone, while the speaker took hold of his hand; 'do you hear what I am saying?' Fowler's lips moved, as though with the vain attempt to speak, and presently he was heard muttering absently "*Kill a lady!*" * *

"You said she was *here*," stammered Fowler.

"Yes: and you shall hear for yourself," was the reply. "Open the door!" continued the speaker, in an authoritative tone. He was obeyed; a door was unlocked. Presently was heard the rustling of a female dress, and the sound of half-stifled sobs and sighs.

"Ah!" shrieked a female voice, 'there he is! I shall die! Take me away. He has sworn——' and she fell, as if in a swoon.—One or two of the persons present affected to be attending to her; and shortly were announced symptoms of recovery.

"Do you hear, Sir?" inquired the voice of him who had so long addressed Fowler; 'this lady swears she is in fear of her very life for you, guilty wretch——' "Then she is a liar greater than there is in hell, and you are all devils!" roared Fowler, springing from his seat, and tearing off the bandage from his eyes; for while his hands were resting upon his knees, they happened to come in contact with the knot of the cord which tied his legs; and while the attention of those around him was for a moment directed to the female who had just entered, Fowler contrived unperceived, to slip the knot, dropped the cord, and sprang from his seat, as has been told, with

the air of a madman. In a twinkling, he had felled to the floor a man on his left, who was in the act of levelling a pistol at him; but he had scarcely hit the blow, when he shared a similar fate, for he was the next moment himself completely struck senseless on the floor by a fearful blow on the head, from the butt-end of a pistol.

When Fowler recovered the possession of his faculties, he found himself in such strangely altered circumstances, that he could scarcely persuade himself that they were *real*—that he was himself awake. He was so weak that he could hardly prop himself up on his elbows in a bed, laid upon the floor of a small room, apparently a cellar, which was lit by a little lamp burning in a niche of the wall, and the ruddy glow of a small wood fire. He looked round him for an instant, with a confused bewildered stare, and then fell back on his bed exhausted with the effort of sitting upright.—He did not know that he had lain there for upwards of a fortnight, during which time he had suffered all the agonies and paroxysms of a violent brain fever, without having received any medical assistance! It was fortunate that he was during all that time, tied hand and foot for he might have destroyed both himself, and those around him. He had been bled several times in the temple by a few leeches applied by the old woman who attended him; and this, added to a low spare diet, was the only means adopted to snatch a poor unoffending individual from a cruel and premature death! His mysterious captors, indeed, could not, even had they felt so disposed, summon in medical assistance without risking fatally their own safety by discovering their almost unparalleled atrocity. But they would have rejoiced in nothing so much as his death under disease for that, they supposed, would have rid them from a world of suspense and trouble—an infinity of peril.—Twice did one of the complotters urge upon his principal the dark and bloody proposition of murdering their prisoner as he slept; but was answered, that Fowler's death was not required—only his absence from England.—Nevertheless, one incident will show the fearful jeopardy in which Fowler had been placed: he awoke once at midnight, and found himself alone, the pinioning cords loose about his arms, and a keen edged butcher's knife lying close by his right hand! To be Continued.

More than one.—A clergyman of Blackheath, was reproving a married couple for their frequent dissensions; which was very unbecoming, both in the eye of God, and man, seeing as he observed, that they were both one. "Both one!" cried the husband, "were your reverence to come by our door sometimes, you would think we were twenty."—*Eng. Magazine.*