

man, as many shillings rendered him my firm friend, and half the number of minutes sufficed to close and effectually bolt and bar the gate.

The post-boy having by my orders tied up the horses to a rail on the other side of the gate, we all three entered the turnpike house, where with breathless impatience I awaited the arrival of the carriage. In less time than even I had imagined possible, the sound of horses' feet, combined with the rattle of wheels, and the shouting of the drivers, when they perceived the gate was shut, gave notice of their approach.

"Wait," exclaimed I, laying my hand on the boy's arm to restrain his impetuosity, "wait till they pull up, and then follow me, both of you; but do not interfere unless you see me attacked, and likely to be overpowered."

As I spoke, the horses were checked so suddenly as to throw them on their haunches, and, amidst a volley of oaths at the supposed inattention of the turnpike-man, one of the party (in whose coarse bloated features and corpulent figure I at once recognized my old acquaintance of the billiard-room, Captain Spicer) jumped down to open the gate. This was the moment I had waited for, and bounded forward, followed by my satellites, I sprang to the side of the carriage. A cry of joy from Clara announced that I was recognized, and with an eager hand she endeavoured to let down the glass, but was prevented by Cumberland, who was seated on the side nearest the spot where I was standing. In an instant my resolution was taken; wrenching open the carriage door, and flinging down the steps, I sprang upon him, and seizing him by the coat-collar before he had time to draw a pistol, I dragged him out head foremost, and, giving way to an ungovernable impulse of rage, shook him till I could hear all the teeth rattle in his head, and threw him from me with such violence that he staggered and fell. In another moment Clara was in my arms.

"Clara, dearest! my own love!" whispered I, as, shedding tears of joy, she rested her head upon my shoulder, "what happiness to have saved you!"

There are moments when feeling renders us eloquent, when the full heart pours forth its riches in eager and impassioned words; but there are other times, and this was one of them, when language is powerless to express the deep emotion of the soul, and our only refuge is in silence. Clara was the first to speak.

"Frank—tell me—what has become of Mr. Fleming—the pistol shot—that maddened plunging horse—I am sure something dreadful has happened."

"He is indeed severely injured by the fall," replied I, wishing the truth to break upon her by degrees; "but I was unable to remain to learn a surgeon's opinion—and this reminds me that I have still a duty to perform; Cumberland must be detained to answer for his share in this transaction;" and leading Clara to a bench