Master Humphrey's Clock: Barnaby Rudge: Part 65

Charles Dickens

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.wpi.edu/barnabyrudge

Recommended Citation
https://digitalcommons.wpi.edu/barnabyrudge/20
MASTER HUMPHREY'S
CLOCK
BY "BOZ."
SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1841.
WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. CATERMOLE & H. E. BROWN.
BARNABY RUDGE.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHAT TO OBSERVE; OR, THE TRAVELLER'S REMEMBERER.
By Colonel J. R. Jackson, Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society.
In one volume, post 8vo, 609 pp., 12s.
In a portable volume are propounded questions on almost every subject of human investigation. The ignorant in such matters are taught, the well-informed are reminded, what they should observe, in order to derive all possible information, and benefit from their travels, or from their subjects in foreign lands or in their own country; and the least scientific will find that they may, by the simple observation and collection of facts, as pointed out in the present work, confer immense benefits on science, and greatly promote the spread of useful and interesting knowledge.
MADDEN & CO., 8, Leadenhall Street; CHARLES SMITH, Edinburgh; J. CUMMING, Dublin.

WORKS OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS.
Handsomely bound in cloth, with edges marbled, price 8s. each, the First and Second Volumes of
MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.
with illustrations by G. Cattermole and Hablot Browne.
In three volumes, post octavo, price 25s. cloth.

OLIVER TWIST.
with an introduction by the author.
Each in one volume octavo, price 1s. 6d. bound in cloth, 1s. 4d. whole-bound morocco, gilt.

THE ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.
and a portrait of the author, engraved by Finden, from a painting by D. Maclise, A.R.A.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.
with forty-three illustrations by "Phiz."

SKETCHES BY "BOZ."
with forty illustrations by G. Cruikshank.

WRITTEN CARICATURES;
A SKETCH OF PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHY.
FROM HINTS IN THE PARIS CHARIVARI.

WITII FORTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS, BY J. LEECH.
"Numerously written, and capitally illustrated. There is much quaint, quiet, undeniable fun in this little book."—Sunday Times.

SKETCHES OF YOUNG COUPLES.
with six illustrations by "Phiz."

SKETCHES OF YOUNG CENTLEMEN.
with six illustrations by "Phiz."

Just published, price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

SKETCHES OF YOUNG LADIES.
with six illustrations by "Phiz."

POCKET TRAVELLING MAPS.
Mounted in cases adapted to the Waistcoat Pocket, 1s. 6d. each.

MAPS OF THE ENGLISH COUNTIES.
engraved by Sidney Hall.
with the mail and coach roads correctly coloured.

Price Two Shillings, double the size of the above.

YORKSHIRE, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.
complete sets of the above, uniformly mounted and lettered, in a neat case, may be had, price four guineas.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND,
CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

To surround anything, however monstrous or ridiculous, with an air of mystery, is to invest it with a secret charm, and power of attraction which to the crowd is irresistible. False priests, false prophets, false doctors, false patriots, false prodigies of every kind, veiling their proceedings in mystery, have always addressed themselves at an immense advantage to the popular credulity, and have been, perhaps, more indebted to that resource in gaining and keeping for a time the upper hand of Truth and Common Sense, than to any half-dozen items in the whole catalogue of imposture. Curiosity is, and has been from the creation of the world, a master-passion. To awaken it, to gratify it by slight degrees, and yet leave something always in suspense, is to establish the surest hold that can be had, in wrong, on the unthinking portion of mankind.

If a man had stood on London Bridge, calling till he was hoarse, upon the passers-by, to join with Lord George Gordon, although for an object which no man understood, and which in that very incident had a charm of its own,—the probability is, that he might have influenced a score of people in a month. If all zealous Protestants had been publicly urged to join an association for the avowed purpose of singing a hymn or two occasionally, and hearing some indifferent speeches made, and ultimately of petitioning Parliament not to pass an act for abolishing the penal laws against Roman Catholic priests, the penalty of perpetual imprisonment denounced against those who educated children in that persuasion, and the disqualification of all members of the Roman church to inherit real property in the United Kingdom by right of purchase or descent,—matters so far removed from the business and bosoms of the mass, might perhaps have called together a hundred people. But when vague rumours got abroad, that in this Protestant association a secret power was mustering against the government for undefined and mighty purposes; when the air was filled with whispers of a confederacy among the Popish powers to degrade and enslave England, establish an inquisition in London, and turn the pens of Smithfield market into stakes and cauldrons; when terrors and alarms which no man understood were perpetually broached, both in and out of Parliament, by one enthusiast who did not understand himself, and by-gone bugbears which had lain quietly in their graves for centuries, were raised again to haunt the ignorant and credulous; when all this was done, as it were, in the dark, and secret invitations to join the Great Protestant Association in defence of religion, life, and liberty, were dropped in the public ways, thrust under the house-doors, tossed in at windows, and pressed into the hands of those who trod the streets by night; when they glared from every wall, and shone on every post and pillar, so that stocks and stones appeared infected with the common fear, urging all men to join together blindfold in resistance of they knew not what, they knew not why,—then the mania spread indeed, and the body, still increasing every day, grew forty thousand strong.
So said, at least, in this month of March 1780, Lord George Gordon, the
association's president. Whether it was the fact or otherwise, few men knew,
or cared to ascertain. It had never made any public demonstration; had
scarcely ever been heard of, save through him; had never been seen; and was
supposed by many to be the mere creature of his disordered brain. He was
accustomed to talk largely about numbers of men—stimulated, as it was
inferred, by certain successful disturbances, arising out of the same subject,
which had occurred in Scotland in the previous year; was looked upon as a
cracked-brained member of the lower house, who attacked all parties and sided
with none, and was very little regarded. It was known that there was discon-
tent abroad—there always is; he had been accustomed to address the people
by placard, speech, and pamphlet, upon other questions; nothing had come,
in England, of his past exertions, and nothing was apprehended from his pre-
sent. Just as he has come upon the reader, he had come, from time to time,
upon the public, and been forgotten in a day; as suddenly as he appears in
these pages, after a blank of five long years, did he and his proceedings begin
to force themselves, about this period, upon the notice of thousands of people,
who had mingled in active life during the whole interval, and who, without
being deaf or blind to passing events, had scarcely ever thought of him before.

"My lord," said Gashford in his ear, as he drew the curtains of his bed
betimes; "my lord!"

"Yes—who's that? What is it?"

"The clock has struck nine," returned the secretary, with meekly-folded
hands. "You have slept well! I hope you have slept well? If my prayers
are heard, you are refreshed indeed."

"To say the truth, I have slept so soundly," said Lord George, rubbing his
eyes and looking round the room, "that I don't remember quite—what place
is this?"

"My lord!" cried Gashford, with a smile.

"Oh!" returned his superior. "Yes. You're not a Jew then?"

"A Jew!" exclaimed the pious secretary, recoiling.

"I dreamed that we were Jews, Gashford. You and I—both of us—Jews
with long beards."

"Heaven forbid, my lord! We might as well be Papists."

"I suppose we might," returned the other, very quickly. "Eh! You really
think so, Gashford?"

"Surely I do," the secretary cried, with looks of great surprise.

"Humph!" he muttered. "Yes, that seems reasonable."

"I hope, my lord—" the secretary began.

"Hope!" he echoed, interrupting him. "Why do you say, you hope! There's
no harm in thinking of such things."

"Not in dreams," returned the secretary.

"In dreams! No, nor waking either."

—"Called, and chosen, and faithful," said Gashford, taking up Lord
George's watch which lay upon a chair, and seeming to read the inscription on
the seal, abstractedly.
It was the slightest action possible, not obtruded on his notice, and apparently the result of a moment’s absence of mind, not worth remark. But as the words were uttered, Lord George, who had been going on impetuously, stopped short, reddened, and was silent. Apparently quite unconscious of this change in his demeanour, the wily secretary stepped a little apart, under pretence of pulling up the window-blind, and returning, when the other had had time to recover, said:

"The holy cause goes bravely on, my lord. I was not idle, even last night. I dropped two of the hand-bills before I went to bed, and both are gone this morning. Nobody in the house has mentioned the circumstance of finding them, though I have been down stairs full half-an-hour. One or two recruits will be their first fruit, I predict; and who shall say how many more, with Heaven’s blessing on your inspired exertions!"

"It was a famous device in the beginning," replied Lord George; "an excellent device, and did good service in Scotland. It was quite worthy of you. You remind me not to be a sluggard, Gashford, when the vineyard is menaced with destruction, and may be trodden down by papist feet. Let the horses be saddled in half-an-hour. We must be up and doing!"

He said this with a heightened colour, and in a tone of such enthusiasm, that the secretary deemed all further prompting needless, and withdrew.

"Dreamed he was a Jew," he said thoughtfully, as he closed the bedroom door. "He may come to that before he dies. It’s like enough. Well! After a time, and provided I lost nothing by it, I don’t see why that religion shouldn’t suit me as well as any other. There are rich men among the Jews; shaving is very troublesome;—yes, it would suit me well enough. For the present, though, we must be Christian to the core. Our prophetic motto will suit all creeds in their turn, that’s a comfort." Reflecting on this source of consolation, he reached the sitting-room, and rang the bell for breakfast.

Lord George was quickly dressed (for his plain toilet was easily made), and as he was no less frugal in his repasts than in his Puritan attire, his share of the meal was soon despatched. The secretary, however, more devoted to the good things of this world, or more intent on sustaining his strength and spirits for the sake of the Protestant cause, ate and drank to the last minute, and required indeed some three or four reminders from John Grueby, before he could resolve to tear himself away from Mr. Willet’s plentiful providing.

At length he came down stairs, wiping his greasy mouth, and having paid John Willet’s bill, climbed into his saddle. Lord George, who had been walking up and down before the house talking to himself with earnest gestures, mounted his horse; and returning old John Willet’s stately bow, as well as the parting salutation of a dozen idlers whom the rumour of a live lord being about to leave the Maypole had gathered round the porch, they rode away, with stout John Grueby in the rear.

If Lord George Gordon had appeared in the eyes of Mr. Willet over-night, a nobleman of somewhat quaint and odd exterior, the impression was confirmed this morning, and increased a hundred fold. Sitting bolt upright upon his bony steed, with his long, straight hair, dangling about his face and fluttering..."
in the wind; his limbs all angular and rigid, his elbows stuck out on either side ungracefully, and his whole frame jogged and shaken at every motion of his horse’s feet; a more grotesque or more ungainly figure can hardly be conceived. In lieu of whip, he carried in his hand a great gold-headed cane, as large as any footman carries in these days; and his various modes of holding this unwieldy weapon—now upright before his face like the sabre of a horse-soldier, now over his shoulder like a musket, now between his finger and thumb, but always in some unencouched and awkward fashion—contributed in no small degree to the absurdity of his appearance. Stiff, lank, and solemn, dressed in an unusual manner, and ostentatiously exhibiting—whether by design or accident—all his peculiarities of carriage, gesture, and conduct; all the qualities, natural and artificial, in which he differed from other men; he might have moved the sternest looker-on to laughter, and fully provoked the smiles and whispered jests which greeted his departure from the Maypole inn.

Quite unconscious, however, of the effect he produced, he trotted on beside his secretary, talking to himself nearly all the way, until they came within a mile or two of London, when now and then some passenger went by who knew him by sight, and pointed him out to some one else, and perhaps stood looking after him, or cried in jest or earnest as it might be, “Hurrah Geordie! No Popery!” At which he would gravely pull off his hat, and bow. When they reached the town and rode along the streets, these notices became more frequent; some laughed, some hissed, some turned their heads and smiled, some wondered who he was, some ran along the pavement by his side and cheered. When this happened in a crush of carts and chairs and coaches, he would make a dead stop, and pulling off his hat cry “Gentlemen, No Popery!” to which the gentlemen would respond with lusty voices, and with three times three; and then, on he would go again with a score or so of the raggedest, following at his horse’s heels, and shouting till their throats were parched. The old ladies too—there were a great many old ladies in the streets, and these all knew him. Some of them—not those of the highest rank, but such as sold fruit from baskets and carried burdens—clapped their shrivelled hands, and raised a weazen, piping, shrill “Hurrah my Lord.” Others waved their hands, or handkerchiefs, or shook their fans or parasols, or threw up windows and called in haste to those within, to come and see. All these marks of popular esteem, he received with profound gravity and respect; bowing very low, and so frequently that his hat was more off his head than on; and looking up at the houses as he passed along, with the air of one who was making a public entry, and yet was not puffed-up or proud.

So they rode (to the deep and unspeakable disgust of John Grubey) the whole length of Whitechapel, Leadenhall-street, and Cheapside, and into Saint Paul’s Churchyard. Arriving close to the cathedral, he halted; spoke to Gashford; and looking upward at its lofty dome, shook his head, as though he said “The Church in Danger!” Then to be sure, the bystanders stretched their throats indeed; and he went on again with mighty acclamations from the mob, and lower bows than ever.

So along the Strand, up Swallow-street, into the Oxford-road, and thence to
his house in Welbeck-street, near Cavendish-square, whither he was attended by a few dozen idlers; of whom he took leave on the steps with this brief parting "Gentlemen, No Popery. Good day. God bless you." This being rather a shorter address than they expected, was received with some displeasure, and cries of "A speech! a speech!" which might have been complied with, but that John Grueby, making a mad charge upon them with all three horses, on his way to the stables, caused them to disperse into the adjoining fields, where they presently fell to pitch and toss, chuck-farthing, odd or even, dog-fighting, and other Protestant recreations.

In the afternoon Lord George came forth again, dressed in a black velvet coat, and trousers and waistcoat of the Gordon plaid, all of the same Quaker cut; and in this costume, which made him look a dozen times more strange and singular than before, went down on foot to Westminster. Gashford, meanwhile, bestirred himself in business matters; with which he was still engaged when, shortly after dusk, John Grueby entered and announced a visitor. "Let him come in," said Gashford. "Here! come in!" growled John to somebody without; "You're a Protestant, ain't you?" "I should think so," replied a deep, gruff voice. "You've the looks of it," said John Grueby. "I'd have known you for one, anywhere." With which remark he gave the visitor admission, retired, and shut the door.

The man who now confronted Gashford, was a squat, thickset personage, with a low retreating forehead, a coarse shock of hair, and eyes so small and near together, that his broken nose alone seemed to prevent their meeting and fusing into one of the usual size. A dingy handkerchief twisted like a cord about his neck, left its great veins exposed to view, and they were swollen and starting, as though with gulping down strong passions, malice, and ill-will. His dress was of threadbare velveteen—a faded, rusty, whitened black, like the ashes of a pipe or a coal fire after a day's extinction; discoloured with the soils of many a stale debauch, and reeking yet with pot-house odours. In lieu of buckles at his knees, he wore unequal loops of packthread; and in his grimy hands he held a knotted stick, the knob of which was carved into a rough likeness of his own vile face. Such was the visitor who doffed his three-cornered hat in Gashford's presence, and waited, leering, for his notice. "Ah! Dennis!" cried the secretary. "Sit down." "I see my lord down yonder—" cried the man, with a jerk of his thumb towards the quarter that he spoke of, "and he says to me, says my lord, 'If you've nothing to do, Dennis, go up to my house and talk with Muster Gashford.' Of course I'd nothing to do, you know. These ain't my working hours. Ha ha! I was a taking the air when I see my lord, that's what I was doing. I takes the air by night, as the howls does, Muster Gashford." "And sometimes in the day-time, eh?" said the secretary—"when you go out in state, you know." "Ha ha!" roared the fellow, smiting his leg; "for a gentleman as 'ull say a pleasant thing in a pleasant way, give me Muster Gashford agin' all London
and Westminster! My lord ain’t a bad ’un at that, but he’s a fool to you. Ah to be sure,—when I go out in state.”

“And have your carriage,” said the secretary; “and your chaplain, oh! and all the rest of it!”

“You’ll be the death of me,” cried Dennis with another roar, “you will. But what’s in the wind now, Muster Gashford?” he asked hoarsely, “Eh? Are we to be under orders to pull down one of them Popish chapels—or what?”

“Hush!” said the secretary, suffring the faintest smile to play upon his face. “Hush! God bless me, Dennis! We associate, you know, for strictly peaceable and lawful purposes.”

“I know, bless you,” returned the man, thrusting his tongue into his cheek;

“I entered a’ purpose, didn’t I!”

“No doubt,” said Gashford, smiling as before. And when he said so, Dennis roared again, and smote his leg still harder, and falling into fits of laughter, wiped his eyes with the corner of his neckerchief, and cried “Muster Gashford again all England—hollow!”

“Lord George and I were talking of you last night,” said Gashford, after a pause. “He says you are a very earnest fellow.”

“So I am,” returned the hangman.

“And that you truly hate the Papists.”

“So I do,” and he confirmed it with a good round oath. “Look ye here, Muster Gashford,” said the fellow, laying his hat and stick upon the floor, and slowly beating the palm of one hand with the fingers of the other; “Oh-servy. I’m a constitutional officer that works for my living, and does my work creditable. Do I, or do I not?”

“Unquestionably.”

“Very good. Stop a minute. My work is sound, Protestant, constitutional, English work. Is it, or is it not?”

“No man alive can doubt it.”

“Nor dead neither. Parliament says this here—says Parliament ‘If any man, woman, or child, does anything which goes again a certain number of our acts—how many hanging laws may there be at this present time, Muster Gashford? Fifty?’

“I don’t exactly know how many,” replied Gashford, leaning back in his chair and yawning; “a great number though.”

“Well; say fifty. Parliament says ‘If any man, woman, or child, does anything again any one of them fifty acts, that man, woman, or child, shall be worked off by Dennis.’ George the Third steps in when they number very strong at the end of a sessions, and says ‘These are too many for Dennis. I’ll have half for myself and Dennis shall have half for himself;’ and sometimes he throws me in one over that I don’t expect, as he did three years ago, when I got Mary Jones, a young woman of nineteen who come up to Tyburn with an infant at her breast, and was worked off for taking a piece of cloth off the counter of a shop in Ludgate-hill, and putting it down again when the shopman see her; and who had never done any harm before, and only tried to do that, in consequence of her husband having been pressed three weeks previous,
and she being left to beg, with two young children—as was proved upon the trial. Ha ha!—Well! That being the law and the practice of England, is the glory of England, an't it, Muster Gashford?

"Certainly," said the secretary.

"And in times to come," pursued the hangman, "if our grandsons should think of their grandfathers' times, and find these things altered, they'll say 'Those were days indeed, and we've been going down hill ever since.'—Won't they, Muster Gashford?

"I have no doubt they will," said the secretary.

"Well then, look here," said the hangman. "If these papists gets into power, and begins to boil and roast instead of hang, what becomes of my work? If they touch my work that's a part of so many laws, what becomes of the laws in general, what becomes of the religion, what becomes of the country?—Did you ever go to church, Muster Gashford?

"Ever!" repeated the secretary with some indignation; "of course.

"Well," said the ruffian, "I've been once—twice, counting the time I was christened—and when I heard the Parliament prayed for, and thought how many new hanging laws they made every sessions, I considered that I was prayed for. Now mind, Muster Gashford," said the fellow, taking up his stick and shaking it with a ferocious air, "I mustn't have my Protestant work touched, nor this here Protestant state of things altered in no degree, if I can help it; I mustn't have no Papists interfering with me, unless they come to me to be worked off in course of law; I mustn't have no biling, no roasting, no frying—nothing but hanging. My lord may well call me an earnest fellow. In support of the great Protestant principle of having plenty of that, I'll, and here he beat his club upon the ground, "burn, fight, kill—do anything you bid me, so that it's bold and devilish—though the end of it was, that I got hung myself.—There, Muster Gashford!"

He appropriately followed up this frequent prostitution of a noble word to the vilest purposes, by pouring out in a kind of ecstasy, at least a score of most tremendous oaths; then wiped his heated face upon his neckerchief, and cried, "No Popery! I'm a religious man, by G—!

Gashford had leaned back in his chair, regarding him with eyes so sunken, and so shadowed by his heavy brows, that for aught the hangman saw of them, he might have been stone blind. He remained smiling in silence for a short time longer, and then said, slowly and distinctively:

"You are indeed an earnest fellow, Dennis—a most valuable fellow—the staunchest man I know of in our ranks. But you must calm yourself; you must be peaceful, lawful, mild as any lamb. I am sure you will be though."

"Ay, ay, we shall see, Muster Gashford, we shall see. You won't have to complain of me," returned the other, shaking his head.

"I am sure I shall not," said the secretary in the same mild tone, and with the same emphasis. "We shall have, we think, about next month, or May, when this Papist relief bill comes before the house, to convene our whole body for the first time. My lord has thoughts of our walking in procession
through the streets—just as an innocent display of strength—and accompanying our petition down to the door of the House of Commons."

"The sooner, the better," said Dennis, with another oath.

"We shall have to draw up in divisions, our numbers being so large; and, I believe I may venture to say," resumed Gashford, affecting not to hear the interruption, "though I have no direct instructions to that effect—that Lord George has thought of you as an excellent leader for one of these parties. I have no doubt you would be an admirable one."

"Try me," said the fellow, with an ugly wink.

"You would be cool, I know," pursued the secretary, still smiling, and still managing his eyes so that he could watch him closely, and really not be seen in turn, "obedient to orders, and perfectly temperate. You would lead your party into no danger, I am certain."

"I'd lead them, Master Gashford"—the hangman was beginning in a reckless way, when Gashford started forward, laid his finger on his lips, and feigned to write, just as the door was opened by John Grueby.

"Oh!" said John, looking in; "here's another Protestant."

"Some other room, John," cried Gashford in his blandest voice. "I am engaged just now."

But John had brought this new visitor to the door, and he walked in unbidden, as the words were uttered; giving to view the form and features, rough attire, and reckless air, of Hugh.
CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

The secretary put his hand before his eyes to shade them from the glare of the lamp, and for some moments looked at Hugh with a frowning brow, as if he remembered to have seen him lately, but could not call to mind where, or on what occasion. His uncertainty was very brief, for before Hugh had spoken a word, he said, as his countenance cleared up:

"Ay, ay, I recollect. It's quite right, John, you needn't wait. Don't go, Dennis."

"Your servant, master," said Hugh, as Grueby disappeared.

"Yours friend," returned the secretary in his smoothest manner. "What brings you here? We left nothing behind us, I hope?"

Hugh gave a short laugh, and thrusting his hand into his breast, produced one of the handbills, soiled and dirty from lying out of doors all night, which he laid upon the secretary's desk after flattening it upon his knee, and smoothing out the wrinkles with his heavy palm.

"Nothing but that, master. It fell into good hands, you see."

"What is this!" said Gashford, turning it over with an air of perfectly natural surprise. "Where did you get it from, my good fellow; what does it mean? I don't understand this at all."

A little disconcerted by this reception, Hugh looked from the secretary to Dennis, who had risen and was standing at the table too, observing the stranger by stealth, and seeming to derive the utmost satisfaction from his manners and appearance. Considering himself silently appealed to by this action, Mr. Dennis shook his head thrice, as if to say of Gashford, "No. He don't know anything at all about it. I know he don't. I'll take my oath he don't;" and hiding his profile from Hugh with one long end of his frowzy neckerchief, nodded and chuckled behind this screen in extreme approval of the secretary's proceedings.

"It tells the man that finds it, to come here, don't it?" asked Hugh. "I'm no scholar, myself, but I showed it to a friend, and he said it did."

"It certainly does," said Gashford, opening his eyes to their utmost width; "really this is the most remarkable circumstance I have ever known. How did you come by this piece of paper, my good friend?"

"Muster Gashford," wheezed the hangman under his breath, "agin 'n' all Newgate!"

Whether Hugh heard him, or saw by his manner that he was being played upon, or perceived the secretary's drift of himself, he came in his blunt way to the point at once.

"Here!" he said, stretching out his hand and taking it back; "never mind the bill, or what it says, or what it don't say. You don't know anything about it, master,—no more do I,—no more does he," glancing at Dennis. "None of us know what it means, or where it comes from: there's an end of that. Now, I want to make one against the Catholics, I'm a No-Popery man, and ready to be sworn in. That's what I've come here for."
"Put him down on the roll, Muster Gashford," said Dennis approvingly. "That's the way to go to work—right to the end at once, and no palaver."

"What's the use of shooting wide of the mark, eh, old boy?" cried Hugh. "My sentiments all over!" rejoined the hangman. "This is the sort of chap for my division, Muster Gashford. Down with him, sir. Put him on the roll. I'd stand godfather to him, if he was to be christened in a bonfire, made of the ruins of the Bank of England."

With these and other expressions of confidence of the like flattering kind. Mr. Dennis gave him a hearty slap on the back, which Hugh was not slow to return. "No Popery, brother!" cried the hangman. "No Property, brother!" responded Hugh. "Popery, Popery," said the secretary with his usual mildness. "It's all the same!" cried Dennis. "It's all right. Down with him, Muster Gashford. Down with everybody, down with everything! Hurrah for the Protestant religion! That's the time of day, Muster Gashford!"

The secretary regarded them both with a very favourable expression of countenance, while they gave loose to these and other demonstrations of their patriotic purpose; and after asking the candidate a few unimportant questions, proceeded to enrol him a member of the Great Protestant Association of England.

If anything could have exceeded Mr. Dennis's joy on the happy conclusion of this ceremony, it would have been the rapture with which he received the announcement that the new member could neither read nor write: those two arts being (as Mr. Dennis swore) the greatest possible curse a civilised community could know, and militating more against the professional emoluments and usefulness of the great constitutional office he had the honour to hold, than any adverse circumstances that could present themselves to his imagination. The enrolment being completed, and Hugh having been informed by Gashford, in his peculiar manner, of the peaceful and strictly lawful objects contemplated by the body to which he now belonged—during which recital Mr. Dennis nudged him very much with his elbow, and made divers remarkable faces—the secretary gave them both to understand that he desired to be alone. Therefore they took their leaves without delay, and came out of the house together.
"Are you walking, brother?" said Dennis.

"Ay!" returned Hugh. "Where you will."

"That's social," said his new friend. "Which way shall we take? Shall we go and have a look at doors that we shall make a pretty good clattering at, before long—eh, brother?"

Hugh answering in the affirmative, they went slowly down to Westminster, where both houses of Parliament were then sitting. Mingling in the crowd of carriages, horses, servants, chairmen, link-boys, porters, and idlers of all kinds, they lounged about; while Hugh's new friend pointed out to him significantly the weak parts of the building, how easy it was to get into the lobby, and so to the very door of the House of Commons; and how plainly, when they marched down there in grand array, their roars and shouts would be heard by the members inside; with a great deal more to the same purpose, all of which Hugh received with manifest delight.

He told him, too, who some of the Lords and Commons were, by name, as they came in and out; whether they were friendly to the Papists or otherwise; and bade him take notice of their liveries and equipages, that he might be sure of them, in case of need. Sometimes he drew him close to the windows of a passing carriage, that he might see its master's face by the light of the lamps; and, both in respect of people and localities, he showed so much acquaintance with everything around, that it was plain he had often studied there before; as indeed, when they grew a little more confidential, he confessed he had.

Perhaps the most striking part of all this was, the number of people—never in groups of more than two or three together—who seemed to be skulking about the crowd for the same purpose. To the greater part of these, a slight nod or a look from Hugh's companion was sufficient greeting; but, now and then, some man would come and stand beside him in the throng, and, without turning his head or appearing to communicate with him, would say a word or two in a low voice, which he would answer in the same cautious manner. Then they would part, like strangers. Some of these men often reappeared again unexpectedly in the crowd close to Hugh, and, as they passed by, pressed his hand, or looked him sternly in the face; but they never spoke to him, nor he to them; no, not a word.

It was remarkable, too, that whenever they happened to stand where there was any press of people, and Hugh chanced to be looking downward, he was sure to see an arm stretched out—under his own perhaps, or perhaps across him—which thrust some paper into the hand or pocket of a bystander, and was so suddenly withdrawn that it was impossible to tell from whom it came; nor could he see in any face, on glancing quickly round, the least confusion or surprise. They often trod upon a paper like the one he carried in his breast, but his companion whispered him not to touch it or to take it up,—not even to look towards it,—so there they let them lie, and passed on.

When they had paraded the street and all the avenues of the building in this manner for near two hours, they turned away; and his friend asked him what he thought of what he had seen, and whether he was prepared for a good hot piece of work if it should come to that. "The hotter the better," said
Hugh, "I'm prepared for anything."—"So am I," said his friend, "and so are many of us;" and they shook hands upon it with a great oath, and with many terrible imprecations on the Papists.

As they were thirsty by this time, Dennis proposed that they should repair together to the Boot, where there was good company and strong liquor. Hugh yielding a ready assent, they bent their steps that way with no loss of time.

This Boot was a lone house of public entertainment, situated in the fields at the back of the Foundling Hospital; a very solitary spot at that period, and quite deserted after dark. The tavern stood at some distance from any high road, and was approachable only by a dark and narrow lane; so that Hugh was much surprised to find several people drinking there, and great merriment going on. He was still more surprised to find among them almost every face that had caught his attention in the crowd; but his companion having whispered him outside the door, that it was not considered good manners at the Boot to appear at all curious about the company, he kept his own counsel, and made no show of recognition.

Before putting his lips to the liquor which was brought for them, Dennis drank in a loud voice the health of Lord George Gordon, President of the Great Protestant Association; which toast Hugh pledged likewise, with corresponding enthusiasm. A fiddler who was present, and who appeared to act as the appointed minstrel of the company, forthwith struck up a Scotch reel; and that in tones so invigorating, that Hugh and his friend (who had both been drinking before) rose from their seats as by previous concert, and, to the great admiration of the assembled guests, performed an extemporaneous No-Popery Dance.
THOS. HARRIS & SON'S

ACHROMATIC TELESCOPES.

Warranted unsurpassed by any other instrument at the price. To make the purchase and possession of a telescope be sent free, to any part of the kingdom, and exchanged if not approved of, or if not found equal to the description and price under the seal of the makers.

A pocket telescope to show objects 8 miles off 2s. 6d.

A pocket telescope to show objects 16 miles off 5s. 6d.

A pocket telescope to show objects 90 miles off 4l. 9s.

THE HARRIS & SON'S, Opticians to the Royal Family, No. 32, opposite the British Museum, London, established 180 years. Represented to their best customers with a house of the same name.

FLUTES.—Eight-keyed COCOA FLUTES, tops, Backs and Roaches containing a very real Flute, will be sent, CARRIE FREE.

P. 145, Holborn, From all Printers.

Astonishing! The Planista, No. VI., for June, contains Five graceful Gallops, and John Barnett's last new set, entitled "Ronces." The whole, composed of five, is by post, 1l. 6d.

The Planista, Nos. I. to V., price 1l. each, consists of five, composed of twelve, by T. Moore, Esq., Hor, Russell, &c. Quoted by the Author's successors to Price and Rose, the "Treffidell," and the "Treffidell," and by Waiters, by Julian, "The Planista deserves to be well known. It is a charming work, and as such as it is charming,"—Morning Herald, March 8. Published monthly by Sherwood, etc., Rochester, 8s., Strand; andTempleman, 8s., Regent-street. * * * For post address "Editor of Planista, 8s., post-paid."

By any Music-seller or any Agent of "Harmpy's Clock" will procure the Planista, if ordered.

W. M. Tozer, Boot & Shoe Manufacturer, desires the attention of the Public to his immense Stock of Boots and Shoes, which will be furnished with every article necessary for sale in the above-stated city.

London, 8s., Royal Colonade, Stapleford, &c.

LONDON & BRIGHTON SHOE DEPOTS,
46, Grosvenor Street, London, and 6, Royal Colonade, Harrow's.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. W. G. S. on his being furnished with every article necessary for sale in the above-stated city.

LUXURY IN SHAVING.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S AMBROSIAL
GOSSNELL CREAM, patented by Prince Albert, is a most delicious cream, palatable to all the good qualities of the finest Nappo Soap, without the disagreeable smell imparted by the latter. Both are stations of a genuine state. At a single penny appearance, produces a creamy lather, which will not globule, and ends in a beautiful finish of the above.

Invented and prepared by his MAJESTY'S PER FUMERS, original establishment, 15, Regent-street, and 17, Three Kings Court, Colonnade, facing the Prince's Architect, Greenwich, on application, or if wanted, post-paid.

M. TOZER, PROPRIETOR,
London and Regent-street.

DE LARA, SEALING WAX Manufacturer to his Majesty, has the honour to announce to his Nobility, that his ROYAL ELECTRO-MEDICAL SEALING WAX is now ready for sale, at his Mancunian Hall, 23, New Bond-street, and 67, Housesdown, in boxes at 2s. 6d. Wholesale Acreman & Co., Strand; Dibbs, Fleet-street; Reeves & Sons, Clerkenwell, T. Hind, Chelsea ; J. Reynolds, 3, Oxford-street; and Messrs. Rimm & Edinham, Manchester.

SOLD AT
corn, Seals, &c., at the manu-factory, 15, Bridge-street, and for Exportation at the man-ufactory, 23, Bridge-street, and for Exportation at the manu-factory, 23, Bridge-street.

Joseph Gillott Wholesale and for Exportation at the manu-factory, 15, Bridge-street, 12th doz. per Bottle.

J. CLAYTON, 53, Oxford-street, and for Exportation at the manu-factory, 23, Bridge-street, 12th doz. per Bottle.

Joseph Gillott Wholesale and for Exportation at the manu-factory, 15, Bridge-street, 12th doz. per Bottle.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S very super-\n
Furnishes indispensable proofs of the high estimation in which his name is held by all Stationers, Book-sellers, and other dealers in Pens throughout the United Kingdom.—The last text of the cele-\n
JOSEPH GILLOTT Wholesale and for Exportation at the manu-\n
JOSEPH GILLOTT Wholesale and for Exportation at the manu-\n
THE TOILET OF BEAUTY

Carpet and Floor Cloth Manufacture.

TO ANY PART OF THE KINGDOM, and exchanged if not approved of, of the highest quality, Frank Banks, Glades, etc., in every description.

Just published, price Two Shillings, Part I.

The Pictorial History of France.

Just published, price Two Shillings, Part I.

G. M. Stewart, Author, of "History of Napoleon," illustrated by upwards of Five Hundred Engravings on Wood, by George Borrowman, after the Designs of Francis Davie, London; Wm. 2. Oce & Co. and Cooper Corner, Paternoster Row. Sold by all Booksellers.

PRACTICAL REMARKS ON DÉCORATIVES OF THE SPINE, CHICHE, AND LIMBS, STIFFNESS AND WEAKNESS OF THE JOINTS, MUSCULAR CONTRACTIONS AND JOSEPH AMBREW, Surgeon, 52, December Street, Portland

LONDON: Printed by Longman & Co., in...
FINDEN'S ROYAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.

Published this day.

First Right—containing the following subjects, engraved in the finest Line manner, from the Original Pictures——

PREPARING MOSES FOR THE FARE
TRENT IN THE TYROLI
THE FIRST DAY OF OYSTER
Delivered in a handsome Portfolio—Price, Prints, 1s. 6d.; India Prints, 3s. 6d.; before Letters, 4s. 6d.

LONDON : Published by the Proprietors, at 18 & 19, Southampton Place, Bloomsbury; and ACKERMANN & CO., Strand.

NEW WORKS.

Now really edited by

LADY LYTTON BULWER.

THE PRINCE-DUKE AND THE PAGE.
A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo.

"Glory, greatness, and goodness are the three sicks with which manrega envy, hatred, and ingratitude."

THE WOOD SPIRIT.
A Novel. 2 vols. post 8vo.

"It is replete with invention, fancy, imagination—all the higher attributes of genius."—Nanny and Military Gazette.

THE LAST DAYS OF MARY STUART.
A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo.

"Will be read with avidity by every good Protestant."—Morning Herald.

THE THIRST FOR GOLD.
A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo.

"In historical romance we do not know her equal among the novels of the day."—Edinburgh Journal.

THE INTERDICT.
A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo.

By Mrs. Seward.

"We are satisfied that we have joined a combination of incident and character cannot fail to interest and amuse."—Britannia.

FRANCE SINCE 1830.
2 vols. 8vo.

By Thomas Bailey, Esq.,

Author of "A Visit to St. Petersburg."

THE SECRET FOE.
An Historical Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo.

By Miss Ellen Pickering.

ALSO, by the same Author.

WHO SHALL BE HEIR?
A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo.

"No novel of the present day is more eminently entitled to rank with Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austin."

THE QUIET HUSBAND.
A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo.

THE FRIGHT.
A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo.

NAN DARRELL.
A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo.

CHRONICLES OF LIFE.
A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo.

By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.

"These Chronicles do very great honour to her talents."—Literary Gazette.

"Their merit is unquestionable."—Sunday Times.

THE PRELATE.
A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo.

By the Rev. R. Smith.

"It is impossible after perusing but a few pages of this work, not to feel strongly interested in its story, or to be struck with the powerfully-drawn characters introduced into it."—Argus.

CELEBRATED FOR BOYS' CLOTHING.

DOUNDEY AND SONS,
49, LOMBARD STREET—ESTABLISHED 1781.

Hose Suits, 26s.; Best Cloth, 30s.; Camel Cloths, 8s. 6d.; Cloth suits, 11s.

A GENTLEMENLY SUIT OF THE BEST QUALITY... £3 12 6

Superfine Dress Coat... 42 7 6

Fine cloth, 20 10 0; Silk linings, 1 10 0

Shirt or Shaving Coats... 1 10 0

Standing Dress Gowns... 8 10 0

Mosses or Muslin Trousers... 1 10 0

Ladies' Riding Habit... 4 4 0

The new Waterproof Cloak... 11 11

CONTRACTS BY THE YEAR.

Two Suits per Year, Superfine... 2 10 S

Three Suits per Year, ditto 10 10 0

Four Suits per Year, ditto 14 10 0

(The Old suits to be Retained.)

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN

Prefering their Clothes Fashionably made at a FIRST-RATE LONDON HOUSE, are respectfully informed, that by a Post-paid Application, they will receive a Free Copy explanatory of the System of Business, Done for Measurement, and a Statement of Prices. Or if Three or Four Gentlemen write in, one of the Travellers will be despatched immediately to wait on them.

49, LOMBARD STREET.

BRADBURY AND SONS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.